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The LADY'S MAGAZINE
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 Fine Arts, Drama, &c
IMPROVED SERIES.
ENLARGED.
VOL XIII.

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ADDRESS
TO
THE READERS
OF THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM,
ON THE
COMMENCEMENT OF ANOTHER YEAR SINCE ITS IMPROVEMENT.
1835.

We, last year, felt it necessary to enter at considerable length upon
the details of what had been done towards improving this variously-
adjunct publication, both at home and abroad, which happily are no
longer requisite. That what was then promised has been fulfilled, we
look not to dull retrospect to tell; “where bright eyes so abound,” and
ladies’ love hath so far condescended in throwing the scarf of their
protection over us, as to inspire little less than the confidence of the
“preux chevalier”—sans peurs et sans reproche.

We, therefore, honourably and conscientiously proceed to commence
a New Year without fear of any “Knight or Baron bold” that can
erase the lists with us. We have taken the stand of the old 1756, but
we have also marched with the march of the age; we have fairly
confronted our opponents, and, what is more, we have pulled up their
visors, and found the visage, as well as the form, less robust than our
own—the colour evanescent, the eschutcheon sans pretence! How,
then, can we fear?

But, having thus boldly entered the lists of 1834, it is still neces-
sary to guard against “reproche;” we, therefore, deliver a scroll of
our own pretensions; and here we must, for the present, take leave of
figure, and proceed to fact.

I. EMBELLISHMENTS.—The Historical Pictures, from old masters,
iluminated by colouring and gilding, besides being unique in such a
work, are perhaps the nearest approach that has been attempted to-
wards the admirable efforts in “effigies” that formed the labour and
closed the life of the immortal Charles Stothard. We desire to approach
further, and we confide in future accuracy of drawing, engraving, and
ornament in all embellishments. While those that relate to the fashion
of female costume, we can safely aver, are the very freshest that can
be obtained from the centre of fashion for Europe, it may be now said
all the world, we are happy to cultivate native talent, and promulge
it to the utmost of our power. There are, indeed, ephemeral embellish-
ments which we might have added, such as partial portraits of particular existing personages, and façades of railways; but while we contemplate such a permanent record of the great and good, as well as distinguished, females of all ages and countries, we have thought right to begin at the beginning, to produce a regular historical series down to the present, and we would hope to be carried on to future time; and as to mechanical improvements which are rife in our days, without any disparagement of the intelligence of ladies, we do think it better to refer such of them as may be interested to the Mechanics’ Magazine.

II. Literature.—Of the historical characters forming our first head, on the series of ancient pictures from the olden time downward, we can vouch the fidelity and some claim of style. Of other prose writing, we desire to offer none but such as shall illustrate historical facts or domestic life, and furnish pleasing and instructive narratives justly fitted for the rational amusement of ladies in a vacant hour, with something now and then that may suit the lounge of male relatives of all the liberal professions. In that of war of “either arm,” of course, the minor and most affecting interests are chiefly desirable—more particularly such as affect the domestic character.

Of Poetry in a Magazine, the estimation, we know, has, till within a very few years, been very low; and from the time when Cave commenced the “Gentleman’s,” and that when Robinson commenced the present (both bibliopes of worthy memory), the selection of poetical communications has been matter of great difficulty—no well-constructed mind being inclined to repress the efforts of genius in its opening bud, nor always prepared to apply the severe critical shears to those of maturer fancy. To act justly between our subscribers and correspondents, we trust ours will not be deemed a very hard rule:—we know we have some classical correspondents to whom, on whatever subject (always provided that the ancients have not stolen their best thoughts!) admission must be ever ready, because such efforts tend to correct taste, not only in ladies but gentlemen, so far as included within our views, before stated. For all the rest, we require that there shall be both rhyme and reason—no “pastorals within the sound of Bow,” nothing that cannot illustrate some sentiment or awaken some dormant feeling, and conned and scanned over and over again. There is another acceptable species, which the French call Vers de Société—those short, smart epigrammatic pieces that, like the Improvisation of the Italians, excite pleasure by their origin, and are very agreeable, not only to the social circle, but every where.

Under this head must come that (we know not why) generally fearful topic—a review of the passing literature of the time. All that we can say of it is, that we shall (whether favoured collectively by the usual compliment of booksellers or not) endeavour to acquaint our readers with whatever can be useful or pleasing to them; and where
we cannot praise we will not blame, unless it should be prominently necessary, as to check vice or immorality. Occasion may serve when we can add information to a review, so as to form an agreeable essay on the subject. According to our present course, we shall have little to do uncomfortably; but we feel that, instead of alluding to all these austerities, we ought rather to be en chevalier, endeavouring to please.

III. Science, Art, Music, the Drama, &c.—For the reason just mentioned, we profess not to teach science in its common acceptation to ladies. We have already furnished one reference, and we can furnish more where they may be delighted by details; but it must be allowed to us, with our adoration of all the perfections, as well as the excellent sense of woman, to desire to lead rather than enforce attention—to beguile rather than impel to what we think is for the advantage of the sex.

As to Art, where shall we find a just criterion? We look with great fondness to Sir M. A. Shee, from early recollections of his proficiency in every art: but, suppose we had the power to ask him, what could the poet of modest, though justly indignant, "Rhymes on Art," say even now, beyond the caprice of the moment? For details, therefore, we must refer our leading notices to the taste and judgment of the ladies alone; to whom we look with fondness in many quarters for the best possible aid.

So, as regards Music. Here, indeed, we are often inclined to say to our fair friends, O, cruel, that ye do not enable us to be just, and lead the whole world into the very harmony of the spheres! As an instance of the necessity of their aid, we must put every piece of music to the all-detecting power of the violin; in many instances, it must be evident that very pretty music will not bear this: in some cases a string may be broken in vexation, and then—we say nothing!

As relates to the Drama, we well know what it ought to be; we are well acquainted with its origin and history, but are not so wedded to antiquity, or the schools, as to expect wonders in modern times; and really, in all questions regarding it, we can never lose sight of that memorable antithetic verse of Johnson, written for his friend Garrick—

"The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
For we who live to please must please to live."

What, therefore, we have endeavoured, and will endeavour to do, is to mark talent, and the will to exert it, wherever we can find a trace—to laud any encouragement offered to it by managers—record the judgment of any who shall produce and advance it in a manner useful to the public. We shall go on, in noticing any trait of genius, taste, even just industry in authors and actors, though always requiring something of moral utility from both one and the other, to our unqualified praise.
IV. MISCELLANEOUS OCCURRENCES.—Under this head we are desirous of furnishing, at the end of every month, such facts as arise from passing events, in a form agreeable to ladies; and not only that, but as no unpleasing offering to the male friends, who, in all the social arrangements of life, must be found of their pleasing domestic party at one time or other. We think this often-considered, insignificant head capable of being improved infinitely beyond any thing that we have been enabled to show, and we think also that we can here independently fulfil our wishes. Why should there not be a useful and moral application of many of the passing facts of domestic history, as well as that of human nature, that are communicated daily by the journals? Even in the ordinary notices of “Births, Marriages, and Deaths,” those very interesting circumstances of human life, too little considered, we have endeavoured towards improvement, and shall endeavour more. Why should they not be made, in some degree, a record at once religious, moral, statistical? For ourselves, our kind subscribers will always find us ready to sustain any feeling on the subject. While we furnish, undeniably, the best efforts of fleeting fashion, we have feelings consonant to their own in all that concerns domestic affairs, whether of happiness or misery.

Upon the whole, we know not that we can do better than quote the words of a Sexagenarian friend and correspondent of the olden period—“I wish,” said he, lately, “you could do this and that; and but, in truth, now that I have looked at all your cotemporaries, I think you quite as good in your literature, often better, and am constrained to express my surprise at what you have done.”

It is now high time to resume our chivalric figure, and with all necessary appanage and “appliance to boot,” saluting our fair readers on our own ground, in all due prostrations, of course, hope they will allow us to say, to this season of hope and promise, that we,

“In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize!”
MAGDELEINE DE VALOIS
First wife of Henry IV of France.

Born 1552, Died 1610

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

VOL. VI.
No. 43 of the series of ancient portraits.

1835
MEMOIR OF MARGUERITE, QUEEN OF FRANCE,
DAUGHTER TO HENRY THE SECOND, AND WIFE OF HENRY THE FOURTH,
OF FRANCE.

(Illustrated by an authentic whole-length Portrait, splendidly coloured.)

The youngest daughter of Henry the Second of France, and his queen Catherine de Medicis, was the third Marguerite de Valois, celebrated for her brilliant wit, genius, and literary talents. As to beauty, she greatly surpassed the other two,* being far handsomer than her great aunt, Marguerite, queen of Navarre, or her father's sister, Marguerite, duchess of Savoy, though these ladies were admired in their day for their personal attractions; but the subject of the present memoir was unfortunately deficient in virtuous propriety of conduct, without which the most splendid endowments of mind and person are worse than worthless to woman. Some allowances were to be made for her unfortunate education, reared as she was in the most corrupt and wicked court that ever was seen in Christendom. The charitable reader will marvel that the favourite daughter of Catherine de Medicis was beneficent, generous, humane, frank, and sweet tempered, as well as imprudent.

Her virtues were her own, and her frailties the effects of evil example. The beauty of Marguerite is somewhat disguised by the ugly costume worn in her era: the farthingale is frightful enough; but the manner of dressing the hair, many degrees worse than a wig, requires the most perfect features to make a woman even look passable. However, an examination of the annexed portrait will convince the reader that the Princess Marguerite must have possessed a high degree of majesty and loveliness of person.

Marguerite was born the 14th of May, 1552. Brantome has exhausted all the powers of panegyric in his delineation of her character. The praises which he bestows on her virtue might as well have been omitted, but the encomiums which he pays to her beauty and talents shecerably merited. The assemblage of charms, accomplishments, and winning qualities which she possessed, rendered her almost irresistible. She sung and played on the lute with exquisite skill;
and in dancing, it was admitted that no lady of the court was her equal, whether to slow, or stately, or lovely measures. In fact, her elegant dancing was so famous, that Don John of Austria, the illegitimate brother of Philip the Second, made a journey incognito from Brussels to Paris, for the sole purpose of seeing this princess dance a minuet at some court gala. At this time she was in the first bloom of her beauty; her complexion was clear and animated, her hair of the finest black, and her bright hazel eyes full of alternate fire and languor; her person was above the common height, slender, yet beautifully rounded; and the majestic grace of her movements, spoke the princely line from whence she sprung.

A biography of this last princess of the house of Valois would not be complete, if confined to the enumeration of the many virtues of the generous and beneficent kind that she possessed. It must be confessed that there is in existence a document which would impute to her profligacy so unprincipled, that charity itself could not extenuate it; yet at the same time it must be owned, that the most respectable of her contemporaries speak of her with the admiration due to the most exalted of her sex. The document here alluded to is still to be seen in the Vatican—it was drawn up at the time when Henry the Fourth was soliciting the divorce from this lady. The charges against her are of the most atrocious and scandalous nature, and it was certainly presented to the pope by the ambassador of Henry; yet we shall prove that, in all probability, Henry lived and died in perfect ignorance of the existence of such a paper. In this part of the memoir, it is only necessary to mention some of the imputations cast on the character of Marguerite. The first is, that she was guilty of licentious conduct at the age of eleven or twelve years old; yet any errors committed by an infant of that tender age, must have been the fault of those who had the care of her, and her attendants only ought to be accountable for the wrong. When she was a little older, the Prince of Martinique was mentioned as her favoured lover, on the proof that she had worked him a gay scarf that he wore everwhere, and had given him a beautiful little dog, which he carried on his arm, and often hugged and kissed in public. Yet should guilt be attached to a princess, who might give a lapdog and a scarf to a cousin without intending any harm? Many other charges succeed these puerile ones, perhaps with as little foundation; for the paper is evidently a gathering of court scandal. That era was the one in which printing, becoming common, had given rise to all sorts of secret memoirs and political falsehoods: party malice left few characters unseathed in that age of civil and religious warfare.

There is one charge which, from some corresponding passages in history, and in the written memoirs she has left, may be concluded was certainly true; this is a criminal intimacy with the Duke of Guise. Yet, if mutual affection and a vowed betrothment, from which the lovers were torn by violence, offers any excuse, that excuse may be pleaded for Marguerite and Guise. An ardent love had for many years subsisted between the Duke of Guise and this princess. Although Guise and his whole family supported the crown and the Catholic religion with all their might; yet a jealous hatred subsisted between the French kings of the house of Valois and the princes of the house of Lorraine. Those of the line of Lorraine were distinguished for their talents and beauty; and above all, for that lofty and majestic presence, which made emperors and kings look as plebeians in comparison with them. The dukes of Lorraine were lineal descendants from Charlemagne, while the kings of France only claimed the throne from the successful usurpation of their ancestor, Hugh Capet; and though these princes appeared to conduct themselves as subjects to the established family, still there was that conscious dignity in their bearing, which served to remind their sovereigns that the princes of Lorraine were by right their masters, and that they were no unfit representatives, either in grandeur of mind or person, of the majestic Charlemagne. To the most heroic of this lordly line had Marguerite plighted her faith, when the envious hatred of her brother, the Duke of Anjou, who afterwards murdered the Duke of Guise, and the crooked policy of her mother, Catherine de Medici, forced the plighted lovers to break their engagement, and obliged the princess to give her hand to her cousin, the King of
Navarre, afterwards the great Henry the Fourth of France, son of the heiress of the titular kingdom of Navarre, Jane, the daughter of Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis the First, and Henry d'Albert, king of Navarre. Jane married Antony, duke de Bourbon, who, in the exclusion of female heirs from the crown of France, was the next male heir of the Valois line, although of such antiquity, that the surname was different.

The marriage of the daughter of Catherine de Medicis and Henry of Navarre was the treacherous lure to the unhappy protestants, of whom Henry was the acknowledged leader. They were then struggling in an unequal civil war for their religious freedom; and they were led to believe that this alliance would be the pledge of peace and goodwill from the reigning family, while it was only meant to throw them off their guard, that the massacre of St. Bartholomew might be effected more completely. The affection that Marguerite cherished for Guise made her a most unwilling victim; while Henry seems to have been perfectly contented with the bride given him—indeed, he well might, for she was then in her twentieth year, and the beauty of the court.

Davila enumerates with great exactness every circumstance relating to these inauspicious nuptials. The Cardinal de Bourbon, uncle to the bridegroom, performed the marriage ceremony, in presence of the whole court, accompanied with a royal magnificence. Davila expressly declares, that when the Princess Margaret was asked, whether she would take the King of Navarre for a husband, she remained obstinately silent.

This perversity on the part of the bride produced an ominous pause in the ceremony, when the King of France, her brother Charles, putting his hand on the back of her neck, forced her to bow her head, whether she would or no. This was taken as an assent by the cardinal, who proceeded with the marriage; although the bride, at the conclusion, protested vehemently that to be deprived of the Duke of Guise, to whom she had given her promise, and to be married to his enemy, were things to which her mind could never be reconciled. The young King of Navarre manifested no resentment at the alienation of his bride's affections, but showed every mark of attention to win her good graces. One should pause at the contemplation of such events, on the habits of the times, to prevent the disgust which naturally follows their description. In this marriage, the artful sacrifices that were made to the King of Navarre's protestant prejudices are worthy of remark. Charles the Ninth, says Le Grain, was resolved that the marriage should not be celebrated in a manner conformable to either religion, and, as it was to be deprived of the sacramental rites of the Romish church, it could not be performed in the cathedral of Notre Dame. A great scaffold was erected before the gate of the cathedral, on which Henry and Marguerite were betrothed and married the same day. This done, the bridegroom went to a Calvinist meeting to hear a sermon, and the bride entered the cathedral to assist at a high mass. Sully does not dwell on these ill-fated nuptials—his intimate friendship with both bride and bridegroom makes this silence a point of delicacy—he merely says that it was foretold that the bridal favours would be crimson at that wedding; but first they were black, for Jane, queen of Navarre, the mother of Henry, died a few hours afterwards, and the whole court went into the deepest mourning for her death. There was a suspicion that she was poisoned, but without the slightest foundation.

Six days after this marriage, the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew's anniversary was perpetrated. It would swell this memoir into a volume, if half the extraordinary incidents connected with the various personages of the French court that have only been mentioned here were detailed; but, leaving Sully, Henry, Guise, Catherine, and Charles the Ninth to history, it suffices to mention the romantic adventures in which Marguerite was concerned, which she relates with great spirit in her memoirs.

There never was written a more interesting autobiography than that left by this princess; the scene she depicts descriptive of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, not only ranks highly as an historical document of first-rate authenticity, but is told so simply with such entertaining naïveté, that it is a real treat to the reader.

On the evening preceding the massacre, Margaret was at her queen-mother's couche, who ordered her to retire:

"As I made my courtesy (says she),
my sister of Lorraine (Princess Caude of France, married to the Duke of Lorraine),
took hold of my arm, and, stopping me,
burst into tears. 'My God!' said the princess; 'do not go, sister.' This frightened me
extremely. The queen, my mother, per-
ceived it, and calling my sister to her,
reprimanded her very severely, forbidding
her to say any thing to me. I saw plainly
that they were arguing together, but could
not hear their words, and the queen com-
manded me rudely a second time to go to
bed. My sister, melting into tears, bade
me good night, without daring to say any
thing else; and I went out all trembling and
terrified, without being able to imagine what
I had to fear."

Marguerite had been married but six
days, and on retiring to her chamber,
she found the King of Navarre, her hus-
band, in bed; but there were forty or
more Huguenot lords in her apartment
surrounding the bed, and talking ear-
nestly to Henry on the subject of the
wound just received by Admiral Coligny,
and on the troublous aspect of affairs in
France. All night these guests con-
tinued in the royal chamber. Till day-
break the king rose. Queen Marguerite
now continues,—

"My husband rose early in the morning
to play at tennis, before he should see the
king. He and his gentlemen left me. I,
perceiving it was day, and supposing that
the danger my sister had predicted was over,
worsted in want of sleep, told my old
nurse to shut the door, that I might rest
without interruption. About an hour after-
wards, I was awakened out of a profound
sleep by hearing the door knocked at very
loudly with hands and feet, and a man cry
out, 'Navarre: Navarre!' My nurse, think-
ing, it was the king, my husband, who
wished to come in, ran to the door, and
opened it immediately. The person, how-
ever, that knocked thus violently, was a
Monsieur de Tejan, who was wounded in the
elbow with a sword, and had another wound
in the arm with a halbert; he was closely
pursued by three archers of the king's guard,
who altogether bounced into my chamber.
Tejan, in the struggle for his life, threw
himself on my bed, and seized me round
the waist. I had never seen him in my life
before, and in my terror did not know which
was intended to be killed, him or me. At
last, however, it pleased God, that Monsieur
de Nancy, captain of the king (my brother's)
guards, hearing our cries, came in, and find-
ing me in this situation (although he was a
man of great humanity), he could not for-
bear from laughing heartily, then storming
at the soldiers for their insolent intrusion,
he drove them out, and granted me the life
of the poor wounded gentleman, who never
left hold of me, even after the danger was
past. I made De Nancy summon my at-
tendants, and ordered them to dress De
Tejan's wounds, and make up a bed for him
in my closet, where he was safe."

The reference already made to the
habits of the times is peculiarly neces-
sary here; although there is little doubt
of the character given of the sweet-tem-
pered, generous, young woman, feeling
for the miseries of her fellow-creatures,
and nobly protecting the oppressed pro-
testants, although her own religion and
prejudices were on the contrary side, and
her inclinations had been sacrificed in
her marriage with Henry.*

But her alarms were not over with the
expulsion of the murderous soldiers from
her bed-chamber:—

"When I had changed my night-dress
(she says), for it was drenched with blood
from the wounds of poor Tejan, M. de
Nancy came again, and informed me that
the king, my husband, was in the apartment
of the king, my brother, and that not a hair
of his head should be touched. Then en-
volving me in a large wrapping gown, he
conducted me to the apartments of my sister
Lorraine, which I entered more dead than
alive. For as I was passing through the
ante-room (the doors of which were all
open), I saw a gentleman of the name of
Bourse, in endeavouring to escape some
soldiers that were pursuing him, fall down
dead at my feet, run through with a halbert.
I fell down at the same time in a swoon, in
the arms of M. de Nancy, firmly persuaded
that the same thrust of the halbert had run
us both through. Recovering, however, I
made the best of my way to my sister's bed-
chamber, where I found M. de Meossins,
first gentleman of the bed-chamber to the
king, my husband, and Armagnac, his first
valet-de-chambre, who came running up to
me, entreating me to save their lives. I
then hastened to pay my respects to the
king and queen, and, falling on my knees,
by my tears and prayers, prevailed on them
to spare these unhappy gentlemen."

Catherine de Medicis, her mother,
whose purpose was effected of lulling
the Huguenots into security by the mar-
riage of her daughter, Marguerite, with
Henry of Navarre, would now have broken
that union by a divorce; but Mar-
guerite, who knew that the murder of
Henry would instantly follow this dis-
union, positively refused to part with the
husband they had given her. This con-

* Here one cannot fail to remark a certain
coincidence with the fate of Rizzio and Mary,
queen of Scots.
duct was the more generous, as it has been seen that the princess was a complete sacrifice in this union, and that the death of the husband, forced upon her, would have left her free to marry the great Duke of Guise, by whom she was still passionately beloved, and who had made the first impression on her heart; but the generous girl thought that this much-desired union was too dearly bought at the price of the blood of her gallant cousin of Navarre, whom she esteemed as a friend and relative, but from whom she separated herself as soon as she could, not caring to live with a husband whose habits were any thing but convivial, and who could not possess her undivided affections.

One of Shakspeare’s earliest productions, the comedy, or rather mask, of Love’s Labour Lost, was certainly written in allusion to the union of the King of Navarre with the Princess of France. There is no historical likeness, indeed—no part of the plot has a shadow of historical foundation, and, like all poems or dramatic pieces, got up to suit passing or recent events; it is inferior in construction to his more independent dramas, still it is replete with interest, if we consider that the gallant King of Navarre, with his merry lords, Biron and Longueville, were meant to recall to an English contemporary audience Henry of Navarre, and his brave Biron and Longueville—indeed, the very introduction of these French names, so popular as the partisans of Henry, plainly indicate who Shakspeare alludes to; since the haughty names of Biron and Longueville would have been rather attached to the French court than to the cortège of such a shadowy kingship as that of Navarre, if Shakspeare had not meant to designate the hero who was then filling Europe with his renown, and whose political situation in regard to France, when he was only King of Navarre, caused the proudest of the French nobility to rally round him. The Princess of France, with all her sprightly coquettises, her quips, maskings, &c., in alliance with the mad-cap Rosaline and other of her maidens, ready to all purporses of merry mischief, to plague and tantalise their lovers—forms a portrait as like the witty Marguerite of Valois as the pen of history or biography ever drew. At the time Love’s Labour Lost was first repre-

sented, Marguerite was still the wife of Henry, although both were impatient of the chain, and struggling at either end of it with all their might: yet, as Love’s Labour Lost was certainly one of the earliest written productions of Shakspeare, it is possible that it was written before the nuptial infidelity of Henry the Fourth and Marguerite of Valois was generally known in England; since the court scandals of Europe had not in those days, even with their new progress by the press, easy and speedy conveyances to circulation as at present.

To return to this somewhat bewildered story—Henry of Navarre and Marguerite de Valois had scarcely been united a few weeks before they began to quarrel, it is very evident that Marguerite would have commenced hostilities much sooner, had she not been fearful that Henry’s life would have been sacrificed immediately, had she manifested her disinclination to live with him, in the midst of the murderous frenzy that possessed the leaders of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; and the generous girl seems to have acted as if she had been an attached and anxious wife while the danger lasted, for the purpose of saving the life of her cousin, whom she regarded with a very sincere sisterly friendship, although the thought of marriage to a prince of such habits, besides her own predilection, was exceedingly repugnant to her.

It has been seen that her mother and brother forced her into this union, even without the appearance of consent; yet, as soon as she was married, they treated her with all the estrangement of an alien that was inimical to their interests. Marguerite was a zealous, though not a cruel, Roman Catholic: her dislike to her marriage, and the difference of religion, kept her separate from her husband; and yet her family were as jealous and suspicious of her, as if she had been the bosom counsellor and beloved wife of Henry of Navarre.

In 1588, Sully mentions a visit to Vincennes, where Henry of Navarre then held his court. He expected that the king would have introduced him to the Queen of Navarre; but Henry told him that, after a good deal of disagreement, Marguerite had left him, and returned to the court of France, where Henry the Third, her brother, had quarrelled with her, and confined her to the Louvre.
Here she commenced writing her memoirs, and spent her time incessantly in the study of elegant literature. She was afterwards removed to the castle of Agen, where her captivity was embittered by poverty and the most miserable deprivations. From this place she made her escape, disguised as a country girl, riding on a pillow behind the Marquis de Lignerac as a peasant. She then went to live at Carlat. The Marquis de Conillac, one of the partisans of the League, surprised the castle of Carlat, and taking Marguerite prisoner, shut her up in the castle of Usson, in Auvergne, one of the residences belonging to the dower of her mother, Catherine de Medicis.

While Henry III. held his sister in this cruel confinement, he caused her lover, the Duke de Guise, to be assassinated. His bitter hatred to Guise would appear to have manifested itself from the moment he became attached to Marguerite, and received her marriage promise. While the unhappy rage of Guise against the protestants in the dismal massacre of St. Bartholomew, was aggravated by the circumstance, that he had been deprived of his betrothed, and that she was united to their leader and his foe, Henry of Navarre.

Perhaps the most important event in the life of Marguerite was the murder of her lover. The double marriage of both had not divided them; and the seclusion of twenty years at the castle of Usson, in which she immersed herself after his death, although the diadem of France had descended on her brow, shows how deeply she felt the loss of Guise; indeed, she does not attempt to deny their mutual passion, criminal as it was, at a time when he was husband of the Princess of Cleves, and she the unwilling wife of Henry of Navarre. That Guise aimed at the crown of France, is most evident; that Henry the Third was justified in putting him to death, is most certain; but that the deed was done with that degree of cowardly treachery, which rendered it a base assassination, is as true. A modern French author and antiquary of profound research, M. Alexander Dumas, thus describes the state of the castle of Blois, when he visited it in 1830 on an official mission to La Vendee:

"Blois was the first place at which I made some stay. I was anxious to see that castle stained with blood; I ascended its stair of streets. I vainly searched under the grand gateway for the equestrian statue of Louis the Twelfth, before which the venerable Duchess of Nemours invoked vengeance for the double murder of her grandsons, the Duke of Guise and Cardinal Lorraine. I proceeded to the court; I admired the noble quadrangle built under the reign of four French monarchs, each side presenting its peculiar architecture. The wing of Louis the Twelfth, beautiful in its severe simplicity. The façade of Francis the First, with its ornamented colonnades; the staircase of Henry the Third, cut into open work, like Brussels lace; and the cold, flat building of Mansard. The keeper of the castle and I could not agree as to the place where the Duke of Guise was stabbed; but could the antiquary be deceived? I found it at a glance. There was the flight of stairs by which the Duke of Guise left the hall where was held the assembly of the states of Blois—there was the corridor leading to the king's own oratory—there was the landing where he was stabbed; and the very place where Henry the Third, pale and trembling, lifted the tapestry portière that covered the entrance into his private cabinet, and said in a low voice, Messieurs, tout est-il fait?—Gentlemen, is it all over?" At that moment he saw the blood flowing towards the door, and his feet were presently stained with it. Then he came out and kicked the poor corpse in the face; but after he had done this valorous deed, he recoiled, alarmed at his own courage, saying, Seigneur, mon Dieu, qu'il est grand! il parait plus grand encore mort que vivant,—"Lord God, but he is a great man, and he seems grander dead than alive."

Who would believe that reads these dastardly acts that Henry the Third had once been the hero of France? and that his personal valour was very great. It only shows what distinct qualifications are physical and mental courage. Dumas continues to say,—

"Then I was shown the chimney where the bodies of the two brothers were burnt after being hacked to pieces, and the window out of which their ashes were thrown to the wind."

Here were subjects on which Marguerite might meditate to agony in her solitude.

During the latter part of the tumultuous reign of her brother Henry, Marguerite was greatly embarrassed in pecuniary circumstances. When this distress became known to her sister-in-law, Elizabeth of Austria, the widow of Charles the Ninth, this princess, who had retired into a convent near Vienna, divided with Marguerite the jointure paid her by the kingdom of France—an act
of generous friendship not always found in the annals of royal families.

Marguerite became nominally Queen of France, in 1589, on the death of her brother, Henry the Third; but she remained a voluntary prisoner in the retirement of Usson, which domain was part of her inheritance at the death of her mother and brother. She was so much captivated by the beauty of the castle, that she continued to reside there for twenty years after she had first been imprisoned there. It is odd enough that although she did not love her husband, she was extremely jealous of his mistresses; and although anxious and willing to be divorced from him, she vowed she would not give up her place to enable him to marry his mistress, the fair Gabrielle, against whom she cherished a lively feminine hatred, and whom Henry would have assuredly wedded, had not death removed her from him.

Sully was as anxious for a proper alliance for Henry as ever Marguerite could be; and these two real friends of Henry appear to have consulted together, to manage the divorce in a manner best consistent with Henry's honour and interests.

Out of three of Henry's ministers, there was one who was the creature of his mistress, and flattered the king's weakness, by persuading him to marry her after the divorce had taken place; this was the Marquis de Sillery. Queen Marguerite was, as already appears, perfectly willing to have her marriage dissolved, and joined with Henry in soliciting the pope to dissolve it, according to Sully. In this application, nothing against the honour of the princess was urged; the grounds alleged were, the non-consent of the princess, too near a degree of kindred, unsanctioned by a dispensation, and the want of the Catholic rites. But when Marguerite heard that, instead of espousing a princess, Henry meant to raise his mistress to the throne of France, she nobly declared that she would not resign her place to give rank to an infamous woman, and that she would oppose the divorce strenuously, if Henry did not pledge his word to marry a virtuous and royal bride, to give suitable heirs to their royal line. This determination made a pause in the divorce, and raised the rage and malice of the fair Gabrielle against Marguerite, who stood in the way of her queenship. Her next measure was to persuade Henry to recall his ambassador at Rome, who she urged was too dilatory in the matter of the divorce, and appoint Sillery in his place. This was done; and there is no doubt that this creature of the king's mistress solicited the divorce in a new fashion, by bringing against Marguerite all the infamous charges contained in the memorial still existing in the archives of Rome. It is certain that Sully knew not of this document; and it is inconsistent with the main character of Henry, and the great friendship that afterwards subsisted between him and his divorced wife, that he should have ordered it. There is every reason to believe, under the facts already stated, that it was a collection of all the court scandals furnished by the memory of Gabrielle d'Estrees, in revenge for Marguerite having withdrawn her consent from the divorce, and hoping that the marriage would be still set aside under the plea of Marguerite's adultery. This scheme, however, was defeated by the sudden death of the fair Gabrielle, to whom history, under all circumstances, has given too favourable a character.

After the death of this ambitious woman, the divorce proceeded with Marguerite's consent on the original motives: meantime, Henry had the weakness to give a written promise of marriage to a new mistress, Henriette de Balzac Entragues.

Sully describes the manner in which he tore to pieces this contract in a style that is well worth reading: it may certainly be considered as a comic romance of history, although Sully was in a state of too great tribulation at his master's weakness and folly, to intend any droll effect in the narration. A full detail of this curious scene will be given in a memoir of Henriette, to which we refer the reader.

While this intrigue was proceeding at the court of France, Henry's ambassadors were demanding for their king the hand of Marie de Medicis, the daughter of the Duke of Florence; and Sully managed so well, that the marriage contract and divorce came too near for Henry to do any thing foolish during the time he was free, although Henriette continued to be the plague of the lives of the new queen and Sully to the last hour of Henry's reign.
Marguerite did not leave her retirement at Usson till a year after the birth of the dauphin. It appears to have been Henry’s particular wish, only to be accounted for on the ground already mentioned, that Marguerite should be near him at Paris after their divorce. But that high-spirited princess did not wish to leave her retreat, till she was convinced that she should be received in the capital of her ancestors with the distinction due to the last survivor of the royal and illustrious name of Valois.

Among other extraordinary measures of the age, as already noticed, this is singular:—Henry, who considered Marguerite in the light of his friend and the preserver of his life, declared that her rank at court should be next the queen; and that she should be received with the honour due to his best beloved sister, he wrote to her an affectionate letter, beginning Ma sœur, and made magnificent preparations for her reception in Paris. Indeed, their greetings were so very affectionate, that the bystanders were a little scandalous, at the supposition that Henry was going to fall in love with his former wife; and, in addition to our former remarks, it may be said it is no wonder. Sully writes—

"On the 26th of July the king went in person to visit her at the Bois de Boulogne, where she then was, having only passed through Paris. His majesty went at seven in the evening, and returned at ten. This interview passed with mutual satisfaction on both sides. The king spoke of the defeat of the Bourbons at the battle of Usson: she consented to what he proposed; and he never did any thing relating to her affairs without first ascertaining whether it would be agreeable to her. On the 28th of the same month she came to Paris to pay her respects to the queen, who came to the Louvre to receive her: afterwards, on the 4th of August, she went to St. Germain to see the dauphin, and stayed there four or five days with their majesties. Henry had no greater pleasure than the company of his children, as his frequent journeys to St. Germain’s proved. Queen Marguerite returned to the Bois de Boulogne on the 11th of the same month, much pleased with their majesties’ affectionate behaviour to her. The palace of the Bois de Boulogne, wherein she at first resided, was built by Francis the First, and is sometimes called the castle of Madrid."

From this time Marguerite resided in Paris, where she was always treated with the utmost distinction: she was extremely fond of the king’s children, and stood godmother to several of them. The chronicles of those times continued to abound in scandalous stories of Marguerite’s early life; these were doubtless the effect of malice, since Sully, whose morals were even severe, mentions her invariably with the utmost respect and admiration; he mentions none of her frailties, excepting a disposition to be a little too profuse in her expenditure.

She built a fine palace in the Rue de la Seine; and when Henry the Fourth gently hinted at the great expense it would be to finish it, she reminded him that prodigality was a family failing. She gave balls with elegant taste, of which, as Henry in the gaiety of the time visited them, Marie de Medicis was naturally jealous, particularly after what had been said on the return of his former wife to court.

As an author she ranks highly: the Memoirs de Marguerite are extremely entertaining. The translation of Plutarch’s Lives, by Amyot, was a very favourite book of hers; and she transfused into her own style in her Memoirs that naïveté of the old French which is so much prized in Amyot’s works. She thus forcibly expresses the effect that solitude had on her mind:—

"I received these two advantages from my misfortunes and imprisonment; I acquired a taste for reading, and I came to have a love for religion, for which I never should have cared, had I remained surrounded by the pomp and vanity of the world. For these advantages I am perhaps not so much indebted to accident as to the wise dispensations of Providence, which had the goodness to engange for me two such powerful remedies against the evils which were to befall me. Sorrow, contrary to gaiety, which carries our thoughts and actions out of ourselves, makes the mind rally within itself, exert all its powers to reject the evil, and to seek after that sovereign and supreme good—the knowledge and love of Almighty God."

Like all her race, she was extremely liberal to scholars and men of talent, and bountiful to the poor. Her palace at Paris was the rendezvous of all the beaux esprits of the capital. The author of La Mère et du Fils* speaks of her with the same affectionate respect that Sully always does: this historian says,—

"Like a true heiress of the Illustrious

* Marie de Medicis and Louis XIII.
house of Valois, she never bestowed a gift on any one without making an apology for giving so little. She was the patroness of men of letters, loved to hear them talk, her table was constantly surrounded by them; and she learned so much from conversing with them, that she spoke better than any woman of her time, and wrote more correctly, than most persons of her sex are capable of doing. In short, as charity is the
queen of all virtues, this great princess crowned hers by giving alms, which she did with a most liberal hand to all that stood in need of them. There was not a religious house in Paris that did not feel the effects of her bounty, nor a poor person who had recourse to her that did not meet with relief: therefore God, out of his mercy, repaid her, with usury, for that which she had shewed his people, giving her grace to make a truly Christian end."

She died on the 27th of March, 1615, at her palace in the Fauxbourg St. Germain; having survived the assassination of her former husband and friend about six years. The pleasures of independent sovereignty soon consoled Marie de Medicis, the queen-regent, for the loss of her royal lord; but Marguerite, after all, seemed sincerely to mourn him!

The palace built by Marguerite has since been demolished. Her body was interred in the church of the Little Augustins, founded by herself.

"She was greatly regretted (says the author of Memoirs of the Regency of Marie de Medici), being a princess abounding in goodness of heart, and truly desirous of promoting the welfare and repose of the kingdom, being one withal that never had injured any person but herself."

Marguerite made the young king the heir to her landed possessions, and distributed the rest of her property among Henry's other children.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

The costumes have now arrived at the settled fashion of ruff and farthingale, so celebrated in the Elizabethan age. Although we fear that Marguerite must plead guilty to the introduction of this hideous fashion, since she is the first lady that appears in the round enormous hoop; the hoops that we have seen preceding her of the Spanish vertugardin, first introduced by Elenora of Austria, second queen of France, the First, were much smaller, of the form of a bell, and by no means ungraceful. The head dress of Marguerite is a greater sin against taste than her petticoat: her fine black hair being tortured over a cushion that is fluted like a melon-shaped pudding. Her enormous open ruff is fluted, and, edged with points, it opens with the corseage of her dress nearly to the waist, and shows a rose-coloured brocaded stomacher. The sleeves are carved into numerous slashes of black and white satin, each slash caught with studs of gold and pearls set in a crosslet, very rich; but instantly reminding the reader of Shakspeare, of the sleeve that so vehemently raises the wrath of Petruchio in the Taming of the Shrew.

"Thy gown? why, ay; come, taylor, let us see't.
O mercy, Heaven, what masking stuff is here?
What? this, a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down, carved like an apple tart?
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slash and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.
"Taylor—You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion of the time.
"Petruchio—Marry and did; but if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
"Catherine—I never saw a better fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, or commendable."

But to proceed with this elaborate costume, which might well raise a satirical spirit in Shakspeare. The dress is made of black satin, and the skirt is bolstered out till the lady appears to stand in a huge drum. On the summit of this, and surrounding the pointed waist, is a fluting or full flouncing of the material of the dress, which, being stiffened, sat round the waist like a small table; and on this part of the dress, the fair wearers, when their arms were folded, rested their hands and elbows. The skirt of the dress is bordered with two rows of cut velvet; it is round in shape and of prodigious fullness, and is just raised to show a splendid scarlet petticcoat, fringed and richly bordered with gold and green embroidery. The gloves are white leather, worked with gold; they are made according to the military mode of the times, with a very high cuff trimmed with points. Queen Marguerite holds a large fan of the modern fashion. Her necklace is a double row of large pearls, clasped in front with a diamond, from which depends a large pearl tassel.
Hark! the New Year comes ringing in;
But is it then a mortal sin,
To cast a thought on that just past.
Although it must be deemed the last?
Ah! who could harbour such a thought,
When many a grace of life unbought,
The last good year hath furnished
To all around?—nay, God forbid!
And though much gloom hath been besprent,
Bethink we of some solacement;
Who hath not kindly tale to tell,
Of that to which we bid farewell?
As all must wish to warmly cheer
The infant glories of New Year!
Age will look back to time now past,
For age nor time will always last,
Or old or young, still let us cheer,
Without regret, the young New Year.
And if old age may be distress'd,
Strive that young hope be not depress'd.
What has been, may be—ring bells, ring!
Of all of promise let us sing.
Oh, let us hail the slightest ray
Of promise for a future day!
Ring bells, ring to that intent,
Your measures are not idly spent.

TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES.
BY MISS AGNÉS STIRCKLAND.
No. III.—THE PRISONER OF STATE.
(Continued from vol. ii. p. 373.)

[We regret extremely that this Number of the English Chronicles should have been compelled to submit to division, but, from the lateness of its arrival and pre-arrangements, it was unavoid-able. The continuity is, however, not disturbed.]

"The pale and purple rose
That wrought so many direful wars
When England's barons fought a prize."

"Old Song in Purcell's "Orpheus Britannicus."

"I would I had more champions of your temper, gentle Suffolk," returned the queen; "for you are all for the cause, nought for self."

"Aye! 'tis well to be the son of a favoured minion," muttered Somerset; on whose jealous ear the commendations which Margaret had just lavished on the young lord chamberlain sounded harshly.

"I cannot tarry to requite your un-"mannerly speech, Beaufort," returned Suffolk; "which as coming from you, believe me, I regard with the contempt it merits."

"Contempt—contempt!" reiterated Somerset, "and from a plebeian knight, Pole or Poole, I am not certified which way the name be spelled; and well I know it hath no place in the herald's books, an I should go there to ask for information thereof."

"You will not find a bend sinister on the escutcheon of the founder of my house," retorted Suffolk; forgetting the commendations the queen had just lavished on his temper. "I wis your grandfather was called the bastard of Lancaster, ere John of Gaunt took his concubine, Kate Swineford, or Swinford, to wife in his dotage."

"For shame, my fair Lord of Suffolk," interposed the queen; "are you also minded to increase our manifold perplexities, by plunging yourself into a quarrel, by unmanners flings at the princely pedigree of our cousin and well-beloved counsellor, the Duke of Somerset, whom
we account of the royal lineage of Lancaster?"

"Aye! to the confusion of the legitimate princes of that family are the base-born Beauforts so received in the court of England," muttered the Duke of Exeter's ear.

Suffolk nodded a significant assent to the observation, and was about to address some provoking rejoinder to the Duke of Somerset, but was prevented by an impatient gesture from his royal mistress, who stamping her foot exclaimed —

"Mort de ma vie! My lords, are ye engaged in a second dispute on descents for our royal amusements and the advertisement of our Scottish friends withal! Paradu, I should like to know whose escutcheon is without a blot among ye all! I trow it is in the power of the least distinguished among ye, to win cantons of honour and bordures, to grace your shields and emblazon your banners, in the coming melee that we must have with the traitors of York and Warwick! See, therefore, that ye spend not your valour in vain brawls before we call ye, in the name of St. George and Lancaster, to the field!"

Suffolk, somewhat disconcerted by the conviction of well deserving the rating which his choleric temper knew not how to brook, mounted the fresh steed which his squire had brought to the church portal, and without other refreshment than a draught of consecrated wine, which one of the priests brought him in haste from the sacristy for a stirrup cup, he started off on his new and perilous Enterprise.

Although a description of his person, with a reward of a hundred nobles for his apprehension, was affixed to the gate of Carlisle, which was in the hands of a Yorkist garrison, such was the terror which the report of Queen Margaret's army produced, that the young duke was permitted to pass unchallenged by the warder.

In Lancashire and Westmorland the duke traversed through a friendly district, where all appeared eager to welcome and speed him forward on his journey; and he observed with pleasure, the great families in those counties were arming their retainers, and straining every nerve to raise recruits for the queen's service. The red rose was in every bonnet, and the name of Lancaster on every lip. As he drew nearer to London, Suffolk perceived with much regret, that Margaret's success in raising troops in the north had produced feelings of gloom and alarm; and before he reached Hertford, he found it necessary to assume the disguise of a friar, in order to escape the danger to which every person suspected of being an emissary of the Lancastrian party was exposed.

Wherever he came, Suffolk took due care to enlarge on the queen's preparations for the deliverance of her royal husband, and had multiplied the numbers of her northern army, and the supplies of arms and money she had obtained from the queen-regent of Scotland so daringly, that he might be said in his own single person to have done the work of an armament; so completely had his reports spread terror and consternation among the friends of the white rose. The most important part of his enterprise had been achieved; but having pledged himself to deliver Queen Margaret's greetings and private instructions to the king, from whom also he hoped to obtain some important information respecting the Duke of York's proceedings, he determined to set at nought all personal considerations, and seek an interview with his royal master in the Tower.

After various ineffectual attempts, for the king was now strictly guarded from all access, he obtained admission to his presence in the disguise of a friar from the adjoining Minories, whom the Duke of York permitted to visit his royal prisoner.

The sprightly young courtier was sadly troubled to repeat either ave, paternoster, or creed, without betraying his secular ignorance; and had he been requested to read a page in the huge breviary book, which he ostentatiously carried under his arm, his incapacity to do so would have rendered his imposture apparent. Suffolk, however, shrewdly calculated, that if challenged to such a test, the person by whom he might peradventure be questioned, would in all probability be as ignorant as himself; and that consideration gave an assured boldness to his demeanour which disarmed suspicion, and he passed into the royal presence without let or hindrance.

"So far so well," thought the young duke; but there he erred, for by an unlucky contingency, on which he had not calculated, the Duke of York was with
King Henry at the critical moment he had chosen for his visit; and it was in consequence of this circumstance alone that he had so easily obtained admittance into the presence of the captive sovereign, who was somewhat indisposed that day; and on hearing that the learned Minorite friar, Matthew, craved an audience, had prevailed on the Duke of York to indulge him with the solace of his company for an hour. York courteously acceded to the royal prisoner's request, but thought proper to be present at the interview.

"Benedicité! holy father," said he, addressing the counterfeit friar with an air of the greatest affability on his entrance.

"Salve regina," stammered the luckless Suffolk, forgetting in his confusion, at the sight of the awful duke, the lesson in which brother Matthew, of the Minorites, had wasted some hours in instructing him.

"Salve regina! forsooth!" repeated the Duke of York; "is that the best salutation you Minorite friars can bestow on Richard Plantagenet? We'll no reginas here."

"Crede domine deus," blundered poor Suffolk.

"Aye! aye! we don't take you for a heretic, so you may spare us the confession of your faith, Sir Minorite," said the duke.

"Ora pro nobis," continued the sham ecclesiastic, who began to experience a fearful suspicion that the duke understood Latin.

"Spare your prayers till you are at the gallows' foot, for they may stand thee in some stead, but here they will be of small avail to thee, master friar," observed York; "for even if, perchance, that cowl of thine should cover a shaven crown, it will not protect thy knave's neck from a rope," continued he, twitching off the grey hood that concealed the golden ringlets and handsome features of the truant lord chamberlain. Suffolk, rendered desperate at this unexpected detection, sprang upon the Duke of York, and would have plunged his dagger into his breast, had not his arm been arrested by King Henry, who exclaimed, with great earnestness—

"Nay, God forbid that our princely kinsman's blood should be foully spilt in our very presence, and me sitting by consenting to the deed!"

"Now out upon such unkindly scruples," cried Suffolk, exasperated beyond all patience at the interference of his royal master, which had enabled the Duke of York to recover his guard, and after a momentary struggle to disarm his daring antagonist, and hold him captive in his stalwart grasp. "Had your grace but let me alone," continued he fiercely, gnashing his teeth, "I had ridded you of your worst enemy ere now."

"Nay, marry, but you are mistaken, Suffolk," returned the king; "for I should then have been left wholly in the insolent hands of that pestilent traitor, Warwick, who hath never designed to show me the slightest courtesy: whereas, my good cousin of York, albeit he wrongfully pretendeth to uphold his title to the crown of England as better than mine own, hath always entertained me like a king."

"It may be so," returned Suffolk, sullenly; "and I am right glad that your grace is so well satisfied with the usage you receive in your doleful prison-house; but, for my part, I should have thought your grace would have received more contentment in seeing your traitor cousin slain by my hand, than in knowing that your faithful servant, and trusty peer, would be doomed to an ignominious death, for attempting to do you a service."

"Nay, gentle Suffolk," returned the king, "my cousin York will, I trust, permit me to intercede with him for your life."

"Not I, in sooth," responded York, sternly; "for well he describeth to die for the treacherous part he hath played in carrying intelligence to and from Queen Margaret, to say nought of his murderous attempt on my life, even now."

"Alack! poor Suffolk," said the king, "all this evil hath come upon thee by reason of that profound ignorance whereof thou didst so lately boast thyself in the pride and naughtiness of thy presumptuous heart; whereas, thou mayest now perceive that a little knowledge of Latin would have saved thy life."

"May Heaven grant me patience," cried Suffolk, stamping with bootless rage; "but I vow it is worse than the thoughts of block or halter to me, to know that I have incurred this peril for a king who talks so like a pedagogue!"

The warrior statesman, on whose fiat the fate of the youthful duke hung, in
spite of all his efforts to preserve a stern countenance, could not refrain from smiling at the angry vivacity with which his luckless captive made this observation.

"Nay, marry, my good cousin of York," said the king, "an thou enjoyest the shrewdness of yon malapert boy's jest against me, so much I pray thee take pity on him and spare his life, as if it be only for the jest's sake."

"I am willing to remit the extremest penalty, which he hath incurred by his late exploit, in consideration of your grace's supplication in his favour," said the Duke of York, "but then it shall be on condition of his revealing all he knoweth of the queen's contaminous proceedings in the north; therefore, sir spy, speak out and truly, an thou hasten to preserve life and limb."

"I would suffer myself to be hanged, drawn, and quartered a thousand times o'er, ere I would preserve my recreant life on such terms, Duke Richard," replied the prisoner, "were it not that I wot well that I can do no harm to my queen and cause by my confession; therefore do I accept thy conditions, provided thou wilt pledge thy knightly word that I shall not be slain after I have spoken."

"I pledge it," said York.

"Thou must also assure me, faithfully, my lord duke, that thou wilt not evade thy guarantee, by turning me over to thy son, Edward de la Marche, nor yet to the Earl of Warwick, to be dealt with according to their mercy, which I trow will be but small," rejoined Suffolk.

"I promise to hold thee safe from the vengeance of my princely heir, and from all other harm, an thou wilt speak truly all thou knowest of Queen Margaret's designs and present strength."

With all the pleasure in life, my lord duke," replied Suffolk; "and I hope, in the first place, that it will give you and my royal master here (to whom I was verily charged to bear my sovereign lady's loving greetings) much content to hear that she is in excellent health and spirits, as also our fair young lord her son, Edward, prince of Wales, who growth daily in stature and understanding, and promiseth to become a very hopeful prince."

"An thou tellst me nothing more to the purpose than such impertinent folly, my lord chamberlain," interrupted York, angrily, "I will cause thee to be hanged as high as Paul's spire within the hour!"

"Gramercy, mighty duke!" returned Suffolk; "I thought it would pleasure you to hear the message which I was charged by Queen Margaret to deliver to my lord the king, first, and the rest will come in due rotation."

"Discuss the same to me then, without delay, my lord chamberlain, or were the penalty of trifling with a prince in his angry mood," rejoined York, sternly.

"Nay, my Lord of York, I will tell you right gladly, an you will have a moment's patience with me; but if you frown and fume at that rate, you will put all the particulars of Queen Margaret's force out of mine head, as completely as you did my priestly learning even now."

"Pray thee, my fair chamberlain, have a care how you chafe my cousin York, at this time, by ill-timed gibing, which verily becometh not a man who standeth in peril of life and limb," said King Henry.

"I shall send the Earl of Warwick to deal with him, since he seeth me at nought," observed York.

"'Twere pity to give his mightiness that trouble," returned Suffolk, "since I am not only ready, but willing, to inform your lordship, for your satisfaction, that our sovereign lady, Queen Margaret (to whom I communicated a verbal copy of the summons addressed to her, (which you enforced our royal lord to sign and seal, commanding her immediate return to court,) intendeth to render due obedience to the same, and she enjoined me to advertise King Henry that such was her purpose."

"Humph!" observed the duke; "and whom doth she intend to bring along with her?"

"To the best of my recollection, some six-score thousand Scottish spears, which have been lent to her by that gracious Lady Mary of Gueldres, the queen-regent of Scotland, on certain conditions."

"What be they?" demanded the duke.

"That she should, forthwith, contract our hopeful young Prince Edward of Wales to the Lady Margaret her daughter, sister to the Scottish king; which royal alliance hath so raised the aforesaid drooping spirits of the friends of Lancaster, that even the cravens of the cause bear themselves right gallantly on the occasion, and are ready to ruffle it with the boldest of the York braggarts on their own dunhill."

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"What meanest thou by that saucy similitude, boy?" demanded York.

"I mean this dirty sink of all iniquity, the city of London, where every paltry 'prentice lad sporteth a white paper cockade in his flat cap, and crieth 'Hey for the rose of York! down with nobility and the royal throne of Lancaster!'"

"We are glad to hear that our loving commons are so well affected to our cause," observed York; "and is this all thou canst tell us, sir spy, of the queen's proceedings?"

"Nay, marry, scarcely half of the good news with which she commissioned me to cheer our well-beloved liege," responded Suffolk; "only it irketh thee so sorely, my Lord of York, to hear it, that I deem it most prudent to say no more."

"Say on, thou malignant imp of Lancaster!" cried the duke.

"Well, then, my good lord, I am bounden, since it is your pleasure to hear these things, to tell you furthermore that, albeit, I passed through your garrison town of Carlisle in open day, and read mine own proscription on the walls and gate, no one there durst take me into custody, through fear of Queen Margaret's army, to which they have since then rendered the town on indifferent good terms, as I have been informed."

"The dastardly villains!" exclaimed the duke; "but, perchance, you lie only to vex me."

"That were pity," observed King Henry; "for a lie is a deadly sin, and ought never to be incurred lightly."

"I speak the truth, my liege," returned Suffolk; and if that vex the Duke of York, I will hold my peace, or devise such fictions as may put him into a better mood."

"Wilt thou swear, audacious boy, that thou spokest nought but the truth, when thou didst affirm that Queen Margaret had spirited up six-score thousand men?" demanded York.

"Nay," returned Suffolk, coolly, "I should be loth to swear to a precise number, seeing that a multitude of well-appointed recruits from all parts have flocked to the red rose banner ere this; and on the word of a nobleman, I do aver, that all Lancashire, Westmorland, Cheshire, and part of Yorkshire, were rising to join Queen Margaret on her London march; and my good lord, you may expect to see her here in less than three days with all her northern chivalry, led by those two valiant princes, the Dukes of Exeter and Somerset, for whose return to London you raised so notable a coil."

"An it be really so," said the Duke of York, after a moody pause, "we must e'en tax our friends and followers to assist in giving them as warm a welcome as circumstances will admit; and by the holy rood, we will not tarry for them here, but show these invaders of the public peace our readiness to encounter with them by marching northward to give them greeting on the road. We shall leave our trusty Earl of Warwick to guard our good city of London, and our royal cousin Henry of Lancaster, meantime, from all foes; and as for this saucy prating springald, whom, for our word's sake, we doom not to the death which his late tricks have merited, we will send him to our castle of Ludlow, there to be put in strict ward in one of the nether apartments of the donjon keep, on meagre diet, till his saucy tongue is a little tamed, and our farther pleasure known."

It was in vain that Suffolk protested against this arrangement, and even humbled himself so far as to offer something very like an apology to the Duke of York for the reckless license of speech in which he had dared to indulge himself. The duke assured him that he had laid a much lighter punishment upon him than his insolence had deserved, and bade him esteem himself fortunate that he was not hurried to the block, without either trial or shrift, which he told him would undoubtedly have been the case had he left him to the mercy of the Earl of Warwick.

On the 2nd of December, 1460, the Duke of York left London at the head of five thousand men only, and marched northward to intercept Queen Margaret in her advance to the metropolis. He expected to be joined on the road by his son Edward, earl of March, with a mighty reinforcement of troops from Wales and the western counties; but finding himself disappointed in this calculation (for the young earl, mistaking his father's plans, proceeded towards London with his army), he was compelled to throw himself into Sandal Castle, to
Tales of the English Chronicles.

avoid an engagement with the queen, whose numbers, though scarcely a sixth of what they had been represented by the Duke of Suffolk, were still very superior to his own.

Ludlow Castle, the place of his destination, was the strong hold of the Duke of York’s principality, the marches on the borders of Wales, where his ancestors, the Mortimers, had for ages maintained almost an independent sovereignty, setting at times the monarchs of both England and Wales at defiance. There, as a place of the greatest security, the Duke of York had sent his wife and children during the present contest between himself and the king, or rather, we should say, the queen; for had it not been for his energetic consort, the mild and easy tempered Henry would have allowed his ambitious kinsman to exercise all the functions of royalty without remonstrance.

The Duchess Cieley, with her three fair daughters, Elizabeth, Margaret, and Anne, and her two youngest sons, George and Richard, soon after distinguished by the titles of Clarence and Gloucester, were residing at Ludlow Castle at the time of Suffolk’s arrival with the strong escort, which had been appointed by the Duke of York to conduct him thither.

This party was composed of Welshmen, wholly ignorant of the English language, in which Suffolk had vainly exerted all his powers of persuasion, with offers of mighty bribes, to induce them to let him go. Not even their leader could comprehend one word that he said, nor did the Welshmen even know who he was; but the captain of the troop informed the castellan of Ludlow that he was a notable enemy, whom the Duke of York had commanded to be very strictly kept.

This expression was construed by Sir David Griffin into an intimation that the noble prisoner was forthwith to be dealt with according to the tender mercies which the feudal magnates usually extended towards such of their foes as fell into their clutches. So he incontinent introduced the unfortunate young nobleman into a dark, dismal dungeon, loaded his person with fetters, and set before him the hospitable refection of a loaf of coarse bread and a pitcher of water; furthermore, he accommodated him with a truss of clean straw and an earthen lamp, and then left him to the enjoyment of his solitary meditations.

The first thing the hopeless captive did, was to spurn his earthen pitcher and fling his brown loaf to the other end of his narrow cell; then he rent a handful of his golden ringlets from his head, and dashed himself upon the damp pavement in a transport of impotent rage, execrating at the same time the king’s unseasonable interposition in preventing him from taking the life of his enemy, till wearied out with his profitless fury, and believing that, forgotten by all the world, he should be doomed to pine away his life in dismal incarceration, he burst into a passion of tears, and finally wept himself to sleep.

The three ladies of York were walking on the ramparts of Ludlow Castle, with the duchess their mother, to enjoy the first glimpse of wintry sunshine that had been visible for many days at the time of his arrival. The circumstance, of course, excited their attention; and the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, the Duke of York’s eldest daughter, recognised with much surprise, and no slight degree of compassion, in the guarded and fettered captive whom she saw delivered to Sir David Griffin for incarceration, the handsome lord chamberlain with whom she had more than once danced galliards and courants at the splendid court of Queen Margaret.

I will not say that the Lady Elizabeth of York had preserved a very tender remembrance of the courtly gallantry with which he had entertained her on such occasions, but she had certainly allowed herself, in the solitary hours that succeeded her removal from court, to draw amusing contrasts between the rough manners and uncouth demeanour of the fierce border chieftains whom her brother the Earl of March was wont to feast at Ludlow Castle, and those of the graceful, elegant Duke of Suffolk. When she last beheld him, he was tricked in all the splendid robes and insignia of his office, with his gold staff in his hand, fluttering from fair to fair, full of gay spirits, and through the cygnous of all ladies’ eyes selecting herself as the principal object of his attention—now pale, sullen, weary, and woful, with drooping crest and fettered hands, he appeared before her at a time and place when she least expected to see him, apparently unconscious of her vicinity, and regarding every object around him with looks of scorn and bitter rage.
In the first emotion of her surprise, Elizabeth of York uttered an exclamation of the deepest sympathy, and pointed him out to her two younger sisters; but they chid her for expressing compassion for a Lancastrian, and appeared rather amused at the calamitous circumstances in which they beheld so zealous a partisan of Queen Margaret placed.

Elizabeth turned indignantly away and sought her own apartment, where she indulged herself in sorrowful musings on the unfortunate prisoner till the entrance of Winifred, her bower woman. From her she learned the particulars of the hard measure he had received from her father's seneschal.

"Chains, bread and water, and straw, in a damp dungeon in the keep, and this the first week in a cold December, heard ever any one the like for so amiable and handsome a young noble?" exclaimed the Lady Elizabeth. "He will perish under such hardships, unless some relief be afforded him."

"Alack! yes, my lady," replied Winifred, "shall I try to beguile Rice, the sub-warden of the keep, into allowing us to pay him a charitable visit in the morning."

The Lady Elizabeth was frightened at the proposition, and charged Winifred never to mention such a thing in her hearing again.

She went to bed, and dreamed that the handsome lord chamberlain knelt at her feet with clasped hands, and besought her to remove his heavy fetters; and this vision of the night made such a lively impression upon her fancy, that when Winifred entered to dress her, she breathed a deep sigh, and asked her "if she knew how the hapless captive in the keep had sped that night?"

"Oh, yes, my lady, to be sure I do," replied Winifred; "he is like to be starved with hunger as well as cold, I hear; for he hath broken his water pitcher, and will not eat his barley loaf, poor gentle; and Sir David Griffin vows he shall have nought else till his proud stomach be humbled, which Rice tells me will never be the case."

"I always hated the sight of Sir David Griffin," said the Lady Elizabeth; "but I will defeat his malice by feeding this unfortunate young nobleman myself:" so she benevolently spiced a cup of clary and toasted a white manchet with her own fair hands, with which, attended by the faithful Winifred, she proceeded to the dungeon to cheer the poor prisoner. He was in a most disconsolate mood when she entered, half dead with cold, and anticipating a very dismal Christmas in his present lodgings.

The unexpected visit of so illustrious and beautiful a maiden, to say nothing of the comfortable refection which she brought him, had, however, an almost miraculous effect in raising his drooping spirits. The handsome lord chamberlain was himself again, and expressed his grateful sense of his lovely visitor's kindness in such winning terms, that she resolved not only on doing every thing in her power to ameliorate the rigour of his confinement, but to take very decisive steps for his deliverance; and so charmed was the youthful captive with the beauty and amiable sympathy of the daughter of his foe, that ere many meetings had past between them, he vowed by every saint in Cupid's calendar, that for her sweet sake he was ready to sacrifice all former friendships, and resign every consideration of party hostility.

"And to assume the white rose badge of York, withal?" demanded his fair tempter.

"Aye! if, by so doing, I might win its loveliest blossom for my bride," replied the enamoured captive.

The Lady Elizabeth immediately communicated this declaration to her lady mother, who was not wholly ignorant of the compassionate visits she had paid to the imprisoned duke; and as the young lady had entered her nineteenth year, the duchess thought it was high time that she should be either married or betrothed.

The doubtful issue of her husband's perilous contest for the succession to the throne of England, had deterred other nobles and foreign princes from seeking the alliance of the ladies of York; and the maternal pride of the Duchess Cicely had been so deeply mortified at this apparent slight, that she joyfully admitted the prospect of the Lady Elizabeth's alliance with the Duke of Suffolk; but dissembling the satisfaction it gave her, she suffered a consent to be apparently wrung from her by the united entreaties of the lovers, and assured the enamoured captive that the Duke of York's consent could only be obtained by his giving up
the cause of Lancaster, and becoming a faithful adherent to that of York.

Party attachments and political principles are too often sacrificed on a more ignoble shrine than that of love. As a man of honour, Suffolk ought perhaps to have resisted the mighty temptation with which his fealty to the cause of Lancaster was assailed, and remained a partisan of the red rose, even at the expense of his happiness; but the records of history assure us that he became the husband of the Lady Elizabeth of York, and assumed the badge of her family, to which he remained a firm adherent for the rest of his life.

AMBITION!

THE CURSE OF THE MIGHTY.

"'Under Napoleon when he lay in state was his cloak of blue cloth, embroidered with silver, that he wore at the battle of Marengo. It served afterwards for the pall at his funeral.'"

Oh! say, was it meet, that the vanquished should sleep
In the Conqueror’s mantle—and glitters it here;
That the heartless should mock, and the pitying weep,
As it covers his death-bed, and floats o’er his bier?

'Twas the robe of the Monarch, the Victor, and now
When the laurels then gather’d in freshness and pride;
Are plucked from that pale and undiadem’d brow,
Should its splendour the throneless and captive deride?

Yet it mars not his rest, who now slumbers with those,
Who beheld when array’d in the battle he stood—
He dreams not of sceptres, though sunk in repose,
With those who subscrib’d him a King with their blood.

The record still lives, but 'tis one that doth tell
Of a kingdom departed, a glory o’ercast;
Of the lightning that flash’d ere the thunderbolt fell,
And the heart that was scath’d as its radiance past.

It tells of a parent—a husband—and yet
Of one who has died as the childless and lone—
O where were the flowers when that sun darkly set,
That had turn’d to its ray when in brightness it shone?

'Tis a tale of the dead, let the living beware
Of the phantom he follow’d—the height whence he fell;
As the peace-blighting fiend smiled exultingly there,
And lips that ensnared laughed his funeral knell.

Let them think when the dying in loneliness lay
Unsoothed by affection—what glory may cost;
And pause o’er the price of ambition, lest they
Should count it like him, when its purchase is lost.

Rever’d be the relic—'tis worthy a fame
That affects not the many, and where are the few,
Who have stood, when the fire of adversity came,
To their colours so firm as the mantle of blue?

For with him in his wave-bounded prison 'twas found,
Whom it deck’d when in triumph and victory led;
In freedom, in bondage, still clinging around
The Emperor and Exile—the living and dead!*

* We found this article among originals in our portfolio; yet, on seeing it in print, memory leads us to fear it has appeared before. If so, it affords a lesson worthy of repetition.

Vol. VI.—No. 1.
THE MILL CHURCH.
A Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ELLEN NEWTON."

"'Tis religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion will supply,
Solid comfort when we die."

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less." — WATTS.

Let a landscape be ever so enchanting,
a village ever so rural, or a city ever so magnificent, if there be not some min-
ster with its time-worn fretted spires rising above the ordinary roofs, some white stone church, some crumbling moss-grown abbey, or some giddy steeple tottering in the skies, although we may gaze upon the scene with delight, yet it seems as if some object were wanting; something whereby to express man's gra-
titude to that Great Being who made, sustains, and can destroy the very beauties in which he revels. It is like a garden of green leaves, twining in all their luxury, yet without a flower. But when we look down from the mountain-path, and behold the town sleeping in the bosom of the vale, with the tall tower of the house of prayer rearing its head, as if to watch and guard the cottages gathered around it—when the sound of the merry bells comes sweeping through the morning mist, which curls around the tops of the hills, or wraps the green trees and blooming hedgerows in its dewy veil—when the joyous peals welcome the pride of the village and the happy bridegroom to the sacred altar, where, kneeling before their God, they plight their vows, what ad-
ditional joy fills the breast, what pleasure then expands the heart; we gaze with double delight upon fair nature's face, because man has not neglected to erect a place of public praise unto his Maker.

And then, again, when the laugh is hushed, and mirth banished far away, to give place to the wet falling tear and rending sigh; and the form of the being who so lately was all loveliness and beauty, now cold and pale, shaded by the black pall, with its snow-white contrasting bor-
der, is borne along the vaulted aisles, echoing only to the measured tread and the sobs of the mourners, what awful thoughts fill the mind. There sleeps one in a lasting slumber, who breathed, lived, loved, like myself; yet now no more moves, sighs, or looks for kindred sympathy. Where then is that spirit which felt these delights? It has left the body—left this earth; and my own spirit, even this which now actuates these very thoughts, must follow in its flight.

What a quiet home for the reckless remains is the country church-yard, with its small grass-grown hillocks and humble gravestones—what a soft and silent pillow, on which to sink to sleep, when the bustle and cares of this life are past. There we may lay down our weary heads and be at peace, no disturber of our re-
pose—no anxious thoughts can intrude there, all around us is still as an infant's slumber. Often, when I have felt proud, angry, or ungrateful, have I strayed to the lonely church-yard, and wandering from one tomb to another, read the little tableted inscriptions, and then felt quieted! Here were many who seemed to have lived only to die—many drawn away in the loveliness of youth—many in the vigour of manhood; and how few, when old age had whitened their hairs, and made tottering their footsteps! and yet, I have been spared.

These are the inspired spots which rouse the better feelings of our nature—these the edifices from which the whispered prayer ascends as grateful incense. O then, Women of England, protect the altars of your God! What more likely to induce, than the sweet words of reli-
gion flowing from the lips of women? Ye would not like to see England filled by ignorance, cant, and superstition. Let not rash, impure, and unholy hands dis-
mantle and desecrate the sacred temples of so much beauty. Be it yours, O fair ladies, to guide the stranger on the road—to steer the bark, which has lost its compass, in safety to the haven of rest!—be it yours to instruct your children to bend the knees, and fold their tiny hands in prayer, for their country and their God! Then will the sweetly-scented crown of flowers, the golden harp of a thousand strings, be yours.
The Mill Church.

Such were my thoughts, which I almost spoke aloud, as one Sunday, last spring, I strayed through the thick underwood of Epping Forest (think not, reader, of the land of Cockaigne, for some parts are still secluded), following a sheep-track as my only guide. My mind was occupied, and I hardly observed whether I was going, or what were the objects around me, when, stumbling over some loose stones, I awoke from my reverie. I looked up, and beautiful indeed was the scene which met my gaze. I stood upon a road which wound down the grassy side of one of the Essex hills, decorated with its little clumps of oaks. Before me stretched the valley in all its slumbering loveliness, with the silver branches of the little known, yet ancient river Lea,* which sparkled as they heedlessly dashed over the shallows, or lay smooth as a mirror, dozing in the deeps, flowing in their graceful bends through the green meadows. Every here and there the white smoke slowly curled from some humble cottage, until it faded away among the hanging foliage. To the right rose the elegantly sculptured cross of Waltham, marking the spot where, in the year 1291, the body of Eleanor, queen of Edward the First of England, stopped on its way from Hareby, in Lincolnshire, to Westminster, where it was interred: a little nearer, the remains of the Abbey, bearing the same name, reared its grey mouldering form. We need hardly repeat what all know, that it was built so far back as the reign of Canute the Great; but even what little now remains (for it is said to be part of the original building), is entirely divested of its former magnificence. King Harold is believed to be buried near that antique pile. Just above it, in the landscape, was the tall, red-brick mansion, called Theobalds, the seat of H. Mieux, Esq. To the right, in the distant horizon, might be traced the new spire of Highgate; and by it, far over the thickly-cattled marshes, a dull mass pointed out the site of London, with its round cupola of St. Paul's, conspicuous above the minor roofs. Low in the vale was Durance, formerly the residence of the sanguinary Judge Jeffe-

* The Empress Maud, we think, wetting her clothes in it at the "Old Ford," built that little bridge, long admired, between Stratford and Bow; and now, we fear, in progress of annihilation, like many other things. 

ories, where the chase once spread its magnificent trees over the land. Near the town, now called Enfield, a large white building peeping from beneath the shrouding branches, I recognised as the mansion of the late famous and eccentric Abernethy, now occupied by his amiable widow and daughters; and above it the stately dwelling of — Harman, Esq., an immensely rich Russia merchant. Cheshunt Church, too, with many other interesting spots, added fresh beauties by their presence. In truth, it was a delicious view; and not a whit the less, because it was within the power of all, instead of requiring hundreds of miles of travel. One of those skies, which a May morning in its maiden mirth delights to unroll over fair nature, extended its azure breast above me, studded with but a few light, fleecy clouds. I could hear the skylark reveling in its glory, far beyond the stretch of the naked eye; and ever and anon some chorister arose from the long grass, and, fluttered its song, accompanied flight until I lost it in the immensity of heaven: nor was each leafy bush without its sweet warbler. The melody of the birds, mingled with the dropping of the dew, which they shook from the trees with their downy wings as they flew away, and the hymn of thanksgiving poured forth from the rising grass and refreshed earth, in their subdued murmurs of gratitude and joy. The little flowers were slowly opening their fairy leaves, to peep at the matin sun, or court the gay butterflies and hummingbees. Every object seemed to have awakened to praise the Divine origin of all.

With reluctance I tore myself away from the enchanted spot, and slowly took my course down the hill: the blooming hedgerows, drooping with the weight of their garlands of May, shed their sweet fragrance on either side—fond nature's incense. On I strayed until the river Lea, winding between its banks of wild flowers, rolled at my feet. I seated myself upon the wooden bridge to look at the hills, and try to trace through the faint mists, which yet lingered in flimsy forms upon their summits, the path I had just trodden. I had scarcely rested upon the stile, when the sound of human voices, in the sweet harmonies of sacred music, burst upon my ears. Beautiful, though rustic, were the strains: the soft, high
female notes mingled with the full bass of the males, until they seemed to pour in one stream to heaven. It was from a long white building, bearing more the appearance of a mill, than a place of worship; yet the little belfry, ornamented with a weather-cock, and containing a single bell, erected on the roof, might perhaps, in some slight degree, give it the semblance of a rude church. The sides and roof of the edifice were crowded with windows, and the river flowed round it on all sides, making the plot of ground on which it stood a complete island; so that from these causes, and from the water rushing beneath the building with great violence, it evidently was a mill. Whilst I was conjecturing what it might be, and what was the meaning of these unusual sounds, I heard a footstep crossing the bridge behind me. I got off the stile to let the traveller pass, when the stranger accosted me with the salutation of
"fine morning, sir!"
"It is indeed," I replied.
"The late showers will thicken the grass amazingly, sir; and I don't doubt but, after all, we shall have a good crop," continued the stranger. "Have you come from town this morning?"
"Yes, I have; and have just been enjoying your beautiful views from the hills, and am now wondering what is the meaning of the sounds I have heard from yonder building. Perhaps you can inform me."
"O sir, don't you know? That is young Mr. —'s; he is the best young man in all the neighbourhood. Did you never hear him?" He invited, and I followed to hear.

We entered by a low door into a room fitted up with benches and a few pews; it might perhaps hold a hundred persons. The congregation consisted of about forty children, girls and boys, dressed in uniform, plain, homely garb; a few gentle, looking people, and about thirty of the villagers. The clean white-washed walls, and the total want of all kinds of ornament, added to the healthy, cheerful faces of those around us, gave the little sanctuary an appearance very different to what we are accustomed to meet in the metropolis: though the extreme neatness perhaps, in some degree, made up for want of the decorations of labourd art. We took our seat on the nearest form, opposite the oaken pulpit, raised a little above the level of the floor. In it stood a young man in the act of opening the Bible. Such a pure, yet sad expression played over his face, that it at once rivetted my attention. He was tall, with black hair, shading a high pale forehead: his cheeks looked as though a short time back they had bloomed with health, but now were wan and wasted. His piercing dark eyes, subdued by sorrow, rested upon his little flock.

He read that expressive chapter, the 9th of St. Matthew's gospel, but even his clear fine tones seemed like a voice from the tomb. The beautiful church liturgy followed the lesson; and never did its depths, its sweetness, and its truth, strike me so forcibly as on that day. We then sang a hymn, and the service closed with a sermon from the 11th chapter of St. Luke, 9th verse—"Seek, and ye shall find;" which it would be impossible, if expedient, to describe.

The morning's devotions being over, I left the mill church with my new-made friend, and having regained the verdant meadows, the old gentleman, for so he seemed to be, proposed that we should court the shade of some neighbouring tree, and there he would relate to me the story of the worthy man whose words I had just been listening to with admiration. We selected an ancient oak, the green branches of which hung over the rippling stream. The fish were sporting in the limpid flood: every now and then we could see their silvery sides sparkling as they darted out of the dark weeds, or from the grass hung sides, into the depths of the river. Above us the bright blue sky peeped through our leafy tent.

"What a pleasant resting-place from the intense heat of the meridian sun," observed my companion, as he seated himself upon the soft turf; "how Izaak Walton would have enjoyed this cool arbour. Here the old angler would have loitered, and reasoned upon temperance and rural felicity, or entered into a dissertation upon how he would catch those big chubs asleep under the opposite bank, till those who heard him would have been quite won by his pleasant talk."

"Ay, that he would," said I; "and then I can fancy the milkmaids I have seen here, coming along with their pails full of the nutritious juice, and the old boy stopping them, and patting them under the chin, and coaxing them to sing
him a song for his dish of fish; and then the pretty blue-eyed girls, with their large gipsy bonnets, laughing at him for his gallantry and love of music, till at length they start off into a song something like this:

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

The young lark has left his warm nest for the sky,
In heaven he's greeting the day;
His brown wings are lost, 'mid the soft azure die,
Then girls to the milking, away.

Each wild bud has open'd her red coral lip,
And seems to the zephyr to say,
Come hither my love, and my dewy kiss sip;
Off maids to the milking, away.

The horn of the bargeman is sounding afar,
The Lea bears his craft on her way,
And morning won't own e'en the light of a star,
They speed to the milking, away.

The marshes resound with the lowing of kine,
As they watch for the sun's first ray;
And now his broad beams o'er the dim landscape shine,
Trip then to the milking, away.

Come arise from your slumber, shake the wet grass,
And sing the sweet Rans-des-vaches' lay;
Up, up, and begone—take, each rosy-cheek'd lass,
Your pail to the milking, away.

"Well done, well done," said my old gentleman; "you are such a pleasant companion, and recite so good a song. I think we must contrive to have a day's fishing together, and then after our sport is over, we can retire to some hedge ale-house, and you can, on that day, sing me some of your rustic ditties."

"With all my heart; but now let's have the story of poor Mr.——, in whom, from his appearance, preaching, little curious church, and all, I am so interested, that I am getting quite impatient to hear it."

"Well," said he, "it was in the fall of the year 29, a family came to reside in the white villa, which stands at the corner of our Green—you must have passed it as you came down the hill."

"It has green verandahs, and looks on the beautiful view?" I answered.

"Yes, the same; they seemed nice, genteel sort of people, and with their two children, Henry and Susan, lived very quietly, and were much liked in the neighbourhood. Henry (the young man you saw this morning) was then about one-and-twenty, and his sister a few years older. Poor children; not more than ten months passed by, before they lost both their parents by the stern hand of Death: severe, indeed, was the stroke to them. That stroke was parried in this way; by way of occupying his time which now hung heavily on his hands, as there was no church for a long distance from the spot, Henry determined to use his endeavours to lead his simple neighbours into the path to heaven. The old silk mill struck him as being the best place in which to congregate them (and fortunately the proprietor very kindly consented to his occupying the room we were in this morning:—you saw he had a large school of girls and boys—they are his pride)."

"But, my good friend," said I, "what makes him look so melancholy?"

"That is to come. I am afraid it will be a long and sorrowful story, sir. There was a very poor woman lived in a small cottage (if we may call it by that name, for it was more like a shed,) in the marshes. The mother of seven children was laid helpless upon a bed of sickness, by that dreadful malady, the scarlet fever, and her husband, a lazy vagabond, out of work. Henry, hearing of their distress, went to visit them, and, if in his power, relieve their necessities. He found them in a state of the most abject misery and filth; the children were all too young to minister much to their mother's wants, and the poor woman, with a heated brain and throbbing pulse, raved in all the horrors of delirium. His heart was full; and as by his personal exertions he could render them no service, he turned away from the sickening sight, and quickly retraced his steps to the village, in order to send the nearest resident medical man down to the hovel, telling him that whatever expenses might be incurred he would thankfully repay.

Two days having elapsed, and Henry hearing that little hopes could be entertained for the poor woman's life, again went down to visit the house of desolation. He felt much at the idea of entering the filthy cottage, though determined to do his duty—but how changed did he find the scene; instead of the children in filth and rags, they were tidy and clean, the floor was freshly sanded, the bed covered with clean white linen, and the
invalid, though evidently much weaker, yet far from delirium, and comparatively happy.

S— eagerly inquired who had made this change in her habitation and clothed her children—who had supplied her with jellies, and all comforts which he now observed about the room.

"O, sir," replied the grateful woman, "it is a young lady—such a lovely creature—she has been here all the morning, dressing and washing and feeding my helpless children; and she has been reading such sweet words of comfort to me, sir. She tells me I may yet be forgiven, and find a home in heaven. May God bless her a thousand, thousand times!"

"Hush!" said Henry, "you must not exert yourself. Who is this kind lady?"

"I don't know, but she told me to call her Kate, sir."

"Do you expect her again?" inquired Henry; "I should be happy to meet one capable of such things."

"She said she would come again this evening, sir, but desired me to tell no one this, or that she had ever been here; but I could not help, as my duty, telling you, sir, who have been so kind to me."

There was evidently a feeling of admiration, mingled with curiosity, in his breast respecting the fair visitor. In the evening, he again went down the dreary marshes, in hopes of encountering her. As he had turned down the lane which led to the little cottage, he saw a female, wrapped in a cloak, hurrying by on the other side of a hedge. He could catch but a glimpse of her form, but that was sufficient to convince him that it was no mean rustic, but the figure of an elegant woman. He pressed forward to the cottage; she had been there, and was gone.

Domestic affairs calling S—— to the metropolis, and his charge being in such good care, he did not again visit the cottage for some days. The sun was sinking low in the horizon, kissing the green meadows with its beams, as the coach which brought Henry from the smoky town stopped about two miles from his little villa, then earliest spot to which it came. As he walked along, fully impressed with the holiness of that moment, when the glory of the day hides his bright fire-clad form behind the shading world, then slowly drags his crimson train away, until the earth is lit alone by twilight flickering lamp, he was almost inspired to exclaim with the fervour of nations that watch all changes of the day with respect—"Ave Maria!"

Byron, with his unhappy aptitude, has considered the Ave Maria at close of day as a signal for love; but it is here to be remembered that Mrs. Smith's hut lay between S—— and his home. He determined to call. He gained the marshes, his hand was on the latch of the cottage-door, when the sound of sacred song arrested his progress. 'Twas a soft, low, female voice, which made up in melody and fascination for its want of strength.

The voice died away, and all again was silent.

Young S——'s heart throbbed quickly, as he once more put his finger upon the latch—the door opened, and the supporter of the sick was before him. She was seated on the bed-side of the invalid, an open Bible lay upon her small white hand; on her long silken lashes still trembled a pearly tear; her light brown hair fell in a few careless ringlets on her pale rose-bloom cheeks; and a cloak loosely thrown aside displayed a form, the grace of which might vie with the agile antelopes. At the entrance of the stranger the young maiden arose and blushed, as if ashamed at being found thus occupied. The deep glow but added fresh lustre to her charms. As S—— gazed upon that innocent blush, he thought he never had seen a being so lovely, or so good. The two tenders of the poor woman's wants and hopes remained silent.

"Lady," said S——, "I beg pardon, I will no longer interrupt the sweet employment in which you were engaged, when I unseasonably entered." He turned to retrace his steps.

"Sire," replied the young lady, "I am perhaps more the intruder here than yourself. It was not till after your visit to Mrs. Smith that I heard of her distressing case. You will allow me to yield back again your own post. I have, indeed, stayed longer than I ought; it is getting quite dark;" and she drew her cloak closer around her, and arranged her straw bonnet, decorated only by a simple white ribbon.

"Nay," continued S——, "if you are going towards the village, and will not think me rude, I will do myself the honour
The Mill Church.

The moon, as it just bursting through the murky clouds, like some pure virgin rising from her mossy couch, throwing off each clinging fibre that hung about her lovely form; the silver beams cast their lengthened wings upon the water, which lay ast as still as death. Every now and then another and another star awoke from its fairy rest, until at length the wide blue arch of heaven trembled with its myriad lamps; the birds were hushed within their sheltering nests,—“Dame Nature” seemed to have ered herself to sleep. As the young couple took their way towards the village, they talked of religion, of poetry, music, of all those finer breathings of a highly-cultivated female mind, until they reached the hamlet. Here they parted, for the lady would not suffer him to conduct her home.

The young people again met by accident at the cottage of the poor woman, kindred feeling drew them together. S— had found, from other visits of religious benevolence, that the lady was the daughter of Dr. O—, the very medical man whom he had called in to the sick woman. Her father had related to her the sufferings and misery he had witnessed; and Catherine’s heart was not of a mould that she could listen to a tale of woe, and know that she could relieve, and yet withhold her aid.

Six months rolled by, and Henry and Catherine had often met; and each time they did so, seemed happier than before. The mellow tints of evening were shading one of those landscapes, so beautiful in the fall of the year, when each tree is clothed in a different coloured robe, one still retaining its bright green summer dress, another having doffed it for some warmer garb of reddish brown, or deepened ochre; again one has its mantle of ruby, another its veil of amber; here you espied a russet cloak, there a gown of olive; when Henry proposed to her, that they should go down and see how Mrs. Smith and their little proteges were thriving; for though the poor woman was quite recovered, they still looked after her, and she was now more comfortable than ever. They reached the little cottage, now covered with honey-suckle and neatly thatched, every thing evincing frugality and contentment. The visitor distributed their sweetmeats and playthings to the children, and again left that family which they had been the means of making so happy. How delightful is it to record such examples, of which from the highest circles we have many, very many from the next grade; and who that has visited the bed of sickness, and the famishing family, and relieved their according to their means, has not felt a delight almost beyond conception. It can easily be conceived what sweet thoughts were the result. Those sweet thoughts proceeded till Catherine said to Henry—“I am yours—yours alone.”

It need hardly be said—he pressed the fair object to his heart. The two lovers, in all the fond delights of first spoken mutual love, strayed along the banks of the stream, until the pale moon, robed in her blue mantle, smiled upon their plighted vows. Need it be said that Henry S— gazed upon her residence with a feeling as if it held something to him most sacred: a light approached a casement, overhung with roses and jasmine—it was, he was sure, the chamber of his beloved: a form passed the window—it was, doubtless, the figure of Catherine. The lover caught the transient shadow, and in a full, manly, but subdued voice, commenced the following stanza:

“Fair maiden, the dew on the wild flower’s falling,
The mists wrap the old willow tree; The nightingale sweet from the woodland is calling,
But, sweet one, my song is to thee.
May sleep silently steal o’er thy soft hazel eyes,
Refreshing their glance for the morrow; Be thy cheeks deeply dipp’d in the rose’s pure dyes,
And thy breast, O! never feel sorrow.
Good night!”

A female voice took up the closing cadence.

“Good night! yes, good night! but fond youth we are parting,
To meet yet again on the morn
When the bright buds unfurled, and young birds are darting
In joy from the boughs of each thorn.”

How far the theme might have been prolonged, let the old troubadours tell—the lover turned, and left the spot—Months, however, passed by in all the pleasures of reciprocal affection; when, instead of the flush of health which once spread over Catherine’s cheeks, a hectic
The Mill Church.

glow now usurped its place; her form was not so round and beautifully moulded as formerly; still she and all looked forward with joy to her bridal-day, which was fixed for the first of spring's own month. Henry watched her short hurried cough, her unnatural colour, and peculiar vividness of eye, with deep concern, as regarded the intervening winter.

The month of April arrived. Catherine had been worse, but was now much recovered; the thoughts of, and preparations for, her wedding, seemed to have roused her; and her friends rejoiced in the consideration, that she would now hold the advantage she had gained of the disease. It was the last day of the month. To-morrow was to be her bridal. The happy pair were seated in an arbour where first their affection had been particularly whispered. It was a spot that thenceforth they both dearly loved, and had decorated with all those little refinements only known to lovers. The first blossoms of spring twined with the green branches of the clematis, and the fond clinging ivy—emblem of woman's heart. They had been talking about happiness derivable alone from beneficence. A guitar was lying on a little tablet of Italian marble—for both were passionately fond of music—and although Catherine was forbidden to sing, yet she could not refrain from an attempt. By the side of the instrument a bunch of wild flowers, which she had gathered as they passed through some meadows, shed their sweet perfume.

"Henry," said Catherine, "I am very happy, yet, I know not how to account for it, I feel as if I should not be long with you, but seek my home far, far away—it's very strange."

"Do not talk thus," replied S——, "you have now recovered, and may God long spare you to be my cheerer and comforter."

"I think," added she, "this bunch of wild flowers, poor fading buds, are something like myself. They are sinking to an early tomb, Henry," she smiling, said: "I will keep them, and often look at them, as the last flowers Kate Orkney ever picked!"

The reply of her lover was, "they are innocent companions for holy thoughts. One cannot look upon a blossom, with its velvet petals so exquisitely coloured, its many stamens, protecting calyx, the green leaves, the downy stems, and tender roots, and then consider that, a few months ago, all that existed of it was a little insignificant seed—one cannot do so without perceiving the omnipotence of God. You will, sweet love, I trust, pluck many a flower for me!"

"O yes, Henry, that I will, to hear you speak so in return. But now I'll sing you a song, as the requiem of the flowers.

She took the guitar, and struck a few mournful chords, and sang thus:

Burst your strings my own guitar;
Cease to twinkle distant star;
You but break my silly sleep—
Do not wake me here to weep.

Soft then—soft then—
Breathe no sound;
Stir not—light not—
Dying ground.

The sound of the guitar fell away into mournful cadences, as she said, "There Henry, there's a dirge for you. I shall be better in the morning."

The morn was ushered in by merry bells; the dew still hung in sparkling drops upon the grass, the cattle had scarcely shook it from their manes, or the sun drunk it with his scorching lips, when a group of young people entered the ivy-clad church of Chingford, paced the stone aisle, and stood before the altar. The church is a picturesque little building, situated upon a rising ground, and commands a fine prospect; nearly the whole of the exterior is covered with ivy, and I believe formerly the inside greatly also, but man and his wisdom has demolished the whole of it, and instead of green leaves we now have whitewash. There are several antique escutcheons on the walls; and on Sundays, if reader, when in the neighbourhood, you feel inclined for a romantic stroll, let me advise you to walk to Chingford Church—you will think yourself far distant from so great a city as London—and hear a good plain sermon, and the rustic music of clarionets and violoncellos. Imagine now a bride, dressed in a robe of snowy whiteness, falling in graceful folds around a form of exquisite beauty, with a pure white veil thrown in elegant carelessness over her head, shading her blushing cheek, a moss-rose seemingly trying to escape the thralldom of her glossy hair; and a white satin shoe, with a flower of the hypatica for a bow, setting off the little foot which peeped out from
The Mill Church.

beneath the hanging drapery. This gave the *tut ensemble* of a lady of no mean beauty. The bridgroom, a fine tall young man, with dark brown hair, and eyes which told of a soul of deep, yet melancholy feeling, was of a robust form. The bridesmaids also in white habiliments. Need I say, that the party before the altar had met to celebrate the nuptials of Henry S—— and his lovely Catherine. The beams of the morning sun, prying through the curtains, congratulated the bride elect, on finding her much better, than when the evening before it shed its last glowing rays over her pale face. Before the mist left the marshes, they had started from the little hamlet, and were now bound together by those sacred bands, imposed by our holy religion, in its beautiful marriage service. As the happy party left the church, the joyous pageants seemed to rush through the ivy walls, and over the sleeping forms of those who once lived, and perhaps had been in the same joyous situation as the laughing group.

The day had stretched from his slumbers, when they again entered the village; for it was deemed prudent, from the weak state of Catherine's health, that the new-married couple should spend the honey-moon in their own comfortable home. Henry's sister was to live with them, and they looked forward to nothing but happiness. As they walked up the little garden, in front of the cottage, the smiling village girls, in their Sunday dresses, strewed roses, and all the sweetly-scented flowers, on the path: indeed, the holyday was never to be kept with more ceremony, yet less care, than on this occasion. The bridal bed was strewn with modest violets and lilies of the valley. Heartsease and forget-me-nots, with green laurel, were hung in festoons round the room, in sweet confusion of all the classics. It was a mirthful scene. The day passed by in all its joy and gladness; and as evening shades began to fall, it was proposed they should row up the river, and break the silence beneath the willows, with the notes of merry instruments. Immediately the skiff was afloat; and awnings formed from boughs of the trees, hung over with garlands. The gentlemen having fully equipped themselves, sped back to the house to conduct the ladies down to the boat. All were assembled, and only waited the arrival of the bride and bridegroom. They were amusing themselves, when Henry, alone, came running down. "Is Catherine here?" he hurriedly asked.

"No," — "no," sounded from different voices in the group; "we have not seen her for some time."

They all hurried back to the cottage, but she was no where to be found.

"Oh, she must be playing you some trick, S——, like the mistletoe bough," said one of the youths who had joined their festive party.

They searched the garden; S—— in his anxiety had wandered far before the others: he examined each favourite nook in the shrubbery, but still without success: at last it struck him that she might be in the bower by the side of the river; whither he ran in hopes of finding her, as perhaps she had gone for her guitar. He reached the arbour, brushed the blossoms from their stems, in his eagerness to enter the shrine hallowed by fond remembrance: all gracious God! what a sight met his glance. He staggered against the lattice-work for support.

Stretched upon the seat, lay his own true love, pale—pale as the dead. Her long brown hair had broken the twining stems that bound it, and fell upon her snow-white neck; her eyes were shut—the bosom heaved no sigh; and in her little hand was clasped the faded bunch of wild flowers, "the last that Kate Orkney ever picked." Like those buds of beauty, she, who lately was so lovely, now drooped her angel face in death. Dead, did I say? — Yes, dead to all worldly cares—all human misery and wickedness; but blooming, freshly spreading in that summer clime, where flowers neither fade nor die.

Henry drew near to his earthly joy—his only love: he took her hand, it was cold and stiff; he kissed her yet rosy lips, there arose no fond breath from them; he sprinkled her pallid brow with water; he, half frenzied, called upon her name, "Catherine! — Catherine! — my life—my love! why—whither hast thou fled?—will you not speak to me? — It is your own Henry, by all the vows you have vowed to me,—Speak! — speak! — yet again, one little word—Catherine! — Catherine! !" and he covered his face with his hands. Again he cried, "Where
am I?—where is Catherine?—" and he tore his hair from his head in all the madness of despair. "Where is Catherine?—She is dead.—Who said that she was dead?—By her innocent face, and by all the love I bear her, I'll brand him on the teeth a liar—I'll tear him limb from limb, and leave his bones to whiten in the noon-tide sun. But, oh!"—he deeply groaned; a big tear started from his swollen eye, as returning sense brought the sad truth before him. "Yes, she is dead—dead!" and he burst into a flood of tears. He knelt down by the pale, cold corpse of her he loved; and between his sobs prayed, "Father—teach me to say—thy will, O God, be done!"—His head fell upon her round white arm, it cooled his burning brain. He spoke not, but tears fell fast to the ground.

Thus the wedding-party found them—naturally horror-struck. She who was to have been the occupant of a bridal bed, now to be the inhabitant of a tomb.

Grief took the place of merriment, cypress boughs were twined in lieu of roses, and tears were shed instead of joys. How chill and void appears the room in which lays the lifeless form of one we dearly loved: the domestics creeping about, as though they feared to awake the sleeping corpse; perhaps the silence only broken by the note of some sweet bird, revelling 'mid the green trees in the full shine of nature's face, seeming to say, "I am happy! How art thou?" The warbler's voice, in such an hour as this, pierces to the very soul, and sickens so that the most volatile cannot but reflect.

Poor Henry leant over the coffin to take a last kiss, a last long look, of the form of his own loved bride. How altered her blooming cheek—it was white, and cold as ice; her little hand, now quite still, held in its grasp the book of God. She was gone to receive a crown of glory in a better and never-ending sphere.

The appointed hours rolled heavily over the house of sorrow. The form of the bride, followed by a long train of mourners, was borne to its last home. 'Twas a sad sight to see the village girls, they who had strewn roses on her path upon her wedding-day, now following their gentle mistress, whom they loved so well, though she now knew them not, down the lanes and green meadows, and with their white kerchiefs, in vain endeavouring to stay the tear of sincerity and affection. They passed over the bridge by the mill, and many of the thinking crowd thought how often and how lately had they seen the object of their grief in that edifice, listening with soul-enwrapped attention to the words of peace, from the mouth of him who now sorrowfully consigned her to the grave.

But whither did they take her? Where she wished to lie—where the murmuring stream will flow beside her, and the scent-ed buds will droop to kiss the dew from the green grass sod—where her love was first whispered—where her breath was last drawn. See! now they have reached the hollowed spot; for sacred it is—sacred by a mourner's prayer. Hark! the church service is read over her—she loved it when alive. They lower her down,—the coffin touches the bottom of the grave,—the earth is falling on the coffin with a hollow sound,—nothing is seen but dust—she has gone—gone for ever. Oh! what grief rushes through the hearts of those that sincerely stand around. * * *

A few weeks passed by, and life was as before, Catherine—was forgotten! Thus we too generally put down life as the main chance, and forget eternity.

Who is he with bosom uncovered, bareheaded, kneels upon yonder green sward?—Who is he who appears not to heed the approaching tempest?—What mortal leaves his warm hearth, to brave the snow-drift and the freezing blast?—Who is he that forsakes the friends of his home, his sheltering bed, for the wet grass and spirits of the mist—the voice of man for the hootings of the owl—the breast of affection for the cold, cold earth. It is Henry S——, leaning o'er his dear one's grave in prayer. He has come to tell her he will try to be happy, and do his duty to God and man. And he has done it to the extent of human power. For though grief still clings to his heart, and remembrance of the past still haunts his brain, though sorrow pales his cheek, yet he visits and comforts the poor and sick; carries on his labour in the mill church, with a new and sad delight, for near it he looks on the grave of her he loved.
The old gentleman, whose piecemeal tale has been told continuously, concluded it by leading our steps along the river to the spot. A little raised luxuriantly green grass marked the lowly bed of beauty; a slab of pure white marble was erected at the head of the grave, with only these simple words engraved in black letters upon it—

"To Catherine,
From Henry,
May-day, 1832."

The tomb was almost enveloped in a wreath, or rather veil, of luxuriant flowers, entwined together, like affection round the heart, so closely, that nor storms, nor whirlwinds, could ever disunite them; even though they should be borne down, they would still fall tightly clasped together, and perish in each other’s embrace. While we stood gazing upon the enchanted cell, a shower of rain, one of England’s own summer showers, refreshing the parched earth, and causing it to send up a scent more fragrant than the spices of Arabia, came stealing with its cooling influence from the skies; the drops trickled through the branches of the shrubs, wetting the grass-grown grave and snowy marble. I could not help likening them to the tears of woman, shed over some darling object, as they quivered on the leaves and flowers. The stream gurgled along close to the bower, lulling, as it were, with its music every ruder sound. And at night some twinkling star, good angel of her rest, poured its pure crystal light,

"Cheering—trembling spark,
Fond, beauteous watcher of her pillow."

My companion remarked, that it was a very different scene to that of Catherine’s last song.

"Yes," I replied, "then she seemed to sigh for solitude and silence—here it is all endearment and life; and I must say, I think this the fitter for a maiden’s grave, for one so good as Catherine."

As I walked home, I could not help ruminating on the singular manner in which I had spent the day, and yet to me it was a delightful one; I had enjoyed the fresh air of the country, and listened to agreeable conversation; and ladies, I can assure you, I look forward with pleasure to spending many more hours upon the Essex hills, gazing on views, most of the objects of which have to me much interest; or wandering with my rod and line on the banks of the romantic Lea; for I affirm, notwithstanding Johnson (who knew nothing at all about it) defined angling, "as a worm at one end of the rod and a fool at the other," that the solitary angler enjoys more moments of sweet meditation than almost any other person. Hear what old Izaak Walton, the father of all honest anglers says and sings,—"No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman in preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cow-slip-banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, ‘ Doubtless, God could have made a better berry, but, doubtless, God never did;’ and so, if I might be judge, God never did make more a calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

"I’ll tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them, as Charles the emperor did of the city of Florence, ‘That they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays.’"

Could this have been written by a fool? Are the feelings those of one? Read "The Complete Angler," and I am confident none will despise, but, on the contrary, regard with admiration the character of the true followers of the ancient fisherman. Why should not ladies be anglers as well as archers, and fish in pleasant waters?

I assure them, I shall not neglect to revisit often the primitive place of worship on the Lea; and if ladies happen to find themselves in its vicinity, and any be of a romantic temperament, one that can colour the outlines of a scene with a peculiar glow, who, like the poet, gazes upon the world from a fairy-stained window, which imparts beauty to all objects seen through it, and, above all, who can overlook little trifles in ceremony, I pray them to bend their steps thither, checking all expectation of seeing anything very extraordinary in the Mill Church.

E. G.
AN ADDRESS FROM THE LATE YEAR.

"Tempus fugit."

The butterfly beauteous in summer's bright day,
Flits from flower to flower, but passes away;
For like mine too its course is but short—as time flies,
Soon the bright wing turns dim and the butterfly dies.
Yes I once had my spring, and in youth's happy hours,
Have I wander'd quite gay, amid spring scents and flowers;
And I've had too my summer, that season of joy,
And thought it would last without any alloy.
Until autumn came on, and the leaf fell and dead,
Once beauteous, now floats o'er the silvery bed
Of yon river, and whispers to it and to me,
Canst thou say that the next knell may not toll for thee?
And then gloomy winter—the cold bitter blast
Proclaims that my reign (thirty-four) cannot last:
For my life to the page of this book (ere it close
For the year) I refer, and what will it disclose?
A bright scene of fashion—the Muses—"chit-chat,"
A little of every thing 'bout this and that:—
But my breath it grows fainter, my brief course is run,
I express a last wish, pray welcome my son!
The charms of this book through the ensuing year,
Will teach sense as well as first fashions to wear.

Wiseton, Dec. 30. J. C. H.

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

(Continued from vol. v. p. 310.)

When the ceremonies for the reception of the urn was over, (religious ceremonies with these people always take place,) they proceed to the inauguration of the pophar regent, which was performed with no other ceremony but placing him on a chair of state, with his face towards the east, on the top of the highest hill in the nome, to show that he was to inspect or overlook all, looking towards the temple of the sun, which stood directly eastward of him, to put him in mind that he was to take care of the religion of his ancestors in the first place. When he was thus placed, three hundred and sixty-five of the chiefs of the nome, as representatives of all the rest, came up to him, and making a respectful bow, said, Eli Pophar, which is as much as to say, Hail, father of our nation; and he embracing them as a father does his children, answered them with Cali Benim, that is, my dear children. As many of the women did the same. This was all the homage they paid him, which was esteemed so sacred as never to be violated. All the distinction of his habit was one greater sun on his breast, much bigger than any of the rest. The precious stones also, which was set in the white fillet binding his forehead, were larger than ordinary, as were those of the cross circles over his head, terminated on the summit with a large tuft of gold, and a thin plate of gold in the shape of a sun fastened to it horizontally. All of them, both men and women, wore those fillet-crowns, with a tuft of gold, and a thin plate, but no sun on the top except the pophar.

As soon as the ceremonies and rejoicings were over, which were performed in tents at the public expense, he was conducted, with the cheerful acclamations of the people, and the sound of musical instruments, to a magnificent tent in the front of the whole camp facing the east, which is looked upon as the most honourable, as first seeing the rising sun; and so on by easy journeys till he came to the chief town of that nome. The reason why these ceremonies were performed in the different nomes was to show that they all depended on him, and because the empire was so very populous that it was impossible they could meet at one place. I cannot express the caresses I received from them, especially when they
The Life and Adventures of my Great-Great-Grandfather.

found I was descended from the same race, by my mother’s side, and so nearly related to the pophar.

When I came first into their company they all embraced me, men and women, with the most endearing tenderness: the young beautiful women, as well as others, calling me brother. I cannot say but some of them expressed a fondness for me that seemed to be of another sort, and which afterwards gave me a deal of trouble; but I imputed it to the nature of the sex, who are unaccountably more fond of strangers, whom they know nothing of, than of persons of much greater merit, who converse with them every day: their mutual jealousies gave me great uneasiness afterwards. But to say a word or two more of the nature of these people: they are the handsomest race of people I believe nature ever produced, with this only difference, which some may think a defect, that they are all too much like one another; but if it be a defect, it proceeds from a very laudable cause; that is, from their springing from one family, without any mixture of different nations in their blood. They have neither wars nor traffic with other people to adulterate their race, for which reason they know nothing of the vices such a commerce often brings along with it.

Their eyes are something too small, but not so little as the Chinese; their hair is generally black, and seems to be a little cropped or frizzled; and their complexion brown, but their features are the most exact and regular imaginable; and in the mountainous parts towards the line, where the air is cooler, they are rather fairer than the Italians. The men are universally well-shaped, tall and slender, except through some accidental deformity, which is very rare; but the women, who keep themselves much within doors, are the most beautiful creatures, and the finest shaped, in the world, except being so much alike. There is such an innocent sweetness in their beauty, and such a native modesty in their countenance, as cannot be described. A bold forwardness in a woman is what they dislike; and in every thing the women are the most chaste I ever saw, which is doubtless owing to the early and provident care of their female governors.

The visitations which we made to carry the urns, gave me an opportunity of seeing the greatest part of their country as soon as I came there; though the pophar, with a less retinue, and with whom I always was, visited them more particularly afterwards.

The soil of the country is very fertile, not only in different sorts of grain and rice, with a sort of wheat much larger and richer in flower than any Indian wheat I ever saw, but particularly in an unexhaustible variety of fruits, legumes, and herbs of such nourishing juice, and delicious taste, that to provide fruit for such numbers of people is the least of their care; not but the industry and ingenuity of the people, joined with their perpetual peace and rest from external and almost internal broils, contribute very much to their riches and fertility. Their villages being built, most of them, on the rivulets for manufactures and trades, are not to be numbered. Their hills are full of metallic mines of all sorts, with materials sufficient to work them: silver is the scarcest—nothing more plentiful than gold; it comes out oftentimes in great lumps from the mineral rocks, as if it went out from between the joints, and was thrown off by the natural heat of the earth, or other unknown causes: this gold is more ductile, easier to work, and better for all uses than that which is drawn from the ore. Their inventions, not only for common conveniences, but even the magnificence of life, are astonishing. When I spoke of their fruits, I should have mentioned a small sort of grape, that grows there naturally, of which they make a wine, sharp at first, but which will keep a great many years, mellowing and improving as it is kept; but the choicest grapes, which are chiefly for drying, are cultivated among them, and a very little pains does it. Their wines are more cordial than inebriating; but a smaller sort, diluted with water, makes their constant drink. I do not remember I ever saw any horned beast in the country, except goats of a very large size, which serve them with milk, though it is rather too rich; deer there are innumerable, of more different kinds than in Europe. There is a little beast, seemingly of a species between a roe and a sheep, whose flesh is the most nourishing and delicious that can be tasted: these make a dish in all their feasts, and are chiefly reserved for that end. Their fowl, wild and tame, make the greatest part of their food; as to
flesh meat, they do not eat much, it being, as they think, too gross a food. The rivers and lakes are stored with vast quantities of most exquisite fish, particularly a golden trout, whose breast is of a bright scarlet colour, as delectable to the palate as to the eye. They suppose fish to be more nourishing, and easier of digestion, than flesh; for which reason they eat more of it; but having no rivers that run into the sea, they want all of that kind.

Their horses, as I observed before, are but small, but full of metal and life, and extremely swift: they have a wild ass, longer than the horse, of all the colours of the rainbow, very strong and profitable for burden and drudgery; but their great carriages are drawn by elk: the dromedaries are for travelling over the sands. The rivers, at least in the plain and low countries, are cut into canals, by which they carry most of their provisions and effects all over the country. This is only a small sketch of the nature of the country: yet I must say, that for riches, plenty of all delicacies of life, manufactories, inventions of arts, and every thing that conduces to make this mortal state as happy as is possible, no country in the known world can parallel it; though there are some inconveniences.*

Nothing very extraordinary happened until I came away, unless I reckon the extraordinary happiness I was placed in, as to all things in this life, in one of the most delicious regions of the universe, married to the regent's daughter, and should be called upon to speak of the deplorable loss of her with my only son;—the one indescribable, the other sufficiently known to every parent.

I shall give my readers a succinct account of their religion, laws, and customs, which are almost as far out of the common way of thinking of the rest of the world, as their religion.

The religion of these people is really idolatry in the main; though as simple and natural as possible for heathens. They indeed will not acknowledge themselves to be heathens, in the sense we take the word; that is, worshippers of false gods, for they have an abhorrence of idolatry in words as well as the Chinese, but are idolaters in effect, worshipping the material sun, and paying those superstitious rites to their deceased ancestors; of which part of their religion I have already given. These people, however, acknowledge one supreme God, maker of all things, whom they call El, or the most high of all. This, they say, natural reason teaches them, from an argument, though good in itself, yet formed in a different way of arguing from other people: they say all their own wisdom, or that of all the wisest men in the world, put together, could never form this glorious world in all its causes and effects so justly adapted to its respective ends, as it is with respect to every individual species; therefore, the author of it must be a Being infinitely wiser than all intellectual beings. Though they make a god of the sun, they do not say he is independent as to his own being; but that he received it from El. Some of the wiser sort, when I argued with them, seemed to acknowledge the sun to be a material being created by God; but others think him to be a sort of vicegerent, by whom the El performs every thing, as the chief instrumental cause of all productions. This is the reason they address all their prayers to the sun, though they allow all power is to be referred originally to the El. They all of them, both men and women, rest satisfied in their belief, without any disputes about it; thinking it much better to adore him in the inscrutability of his essence in an humble silence, than to be disputing about what they cannot comprehend: all their search is employed in second causes, and the knowledge of nature, as far as it may be useful to men.

As for the immortality of the soul, rewards and punishments in another life, they believe both, though they have an odd way of explaining them. They suppose, without any hesitation, that the soul is a being independent of matter, as to its essence, having faculties of thinking, willing, and choosing; which mere matter, let it be spun ever so fine, and actuated by the quickest and the most subtle motions, can never be capable of. The rewards and punishments in the next life, they believe, will chiefly consist in this—that in proportion as their
actions have been conformable to the just ideas of the Supreme Being in this life, partaking still more and more of his infinite wisdom, so their souls will approach still nearer to the beautiful intelligence of their divine model in the next. But if their actions in this life have been inconsistent with the supreme reason in God, they shall be permitted to go on for ever in that inconsistency and disagreement, till they become so monstrously wicked and enormous, as to become abominable even to themselves.

Of their laws and customs, over and above what has been said already of the nature and customs of these people, I shall here observe, that their laws are very few in number, but then they are prodigiously exact in the observance of them. I have often heard the pophar, contrary to his custom, make very severe reflections on the lawyers of other countries, who make laws upon laws, and add precepts upon precepts, till the endless number of them makes the fundamental parts to be forgotten; leaving nothing but a confused heap of explanations, which may cause ignorant people to doubt whether there is really any thing meant by the laws or not. "If I forbid my son," said he, "to do any wrong to any one, what need is there of reckoning up all the particulars by which a person may be wronged? Show but the fact on both sides, any man of sense and equity can tell if there be any wrong done. For if you multiply an infinity of circumstances, it will be much more difficult to decide what is right, or what is wrong, than if you precisely and absolutely forbid all injury whatsoever." It is almost incredible with what nicety and equity, and how soon, their judges determine the few disputes they have among them. To weigh the merits of the cause by the weight of the purse, would be counted by them one of the greatest enormities. There are no courts for disputes of this nature; all is done by laying the case before their public assemblies, or before any one or two prudent just men; and the affair is finally decided at once. All the law for Mean and Tuan among them is, thou shalt do no wrong to any one, without entering into any further niceties. Such as explanatory suppositions, say they, oftener show people how they may ingeniously contrive to do an injury, than how to avoid it.

Their laws, therefore, are nothing but the first principles of natural justice, explained and applied by the elders, in the public hearing of all who have a mind to come in when the facts are brought into dispute.

The worship of the Deity, and that excessive and ever superstitious reverence they pay to their parents, both alive and dead, is so carefully inculcated to them from their youth, that there is no need of any written laws to enforce it. They look upon a man to be possessed with some brutal soul, who should pretend to call in question or neglect his duty.

There is a positive law among them not to shed human blood voluntarily. They carry this fundamental law of nature to such a height, that they never put any one to death, even for murder, which very rarely happens; that is, once in several ages. If it appears that a person has really murdered another, a thing they think almost impossible, the person convicted is shut up from all commerce of men, with provisions to keep him alive as long as nature allows. After his death the fact is proclaimed, as it was when they shut him up, over all the nomes. His name is blotted out of their genealogies; then his dead body is mangled just in the same manner as he killed the innocent, and afterwards burnt to ashes, which are carried up to the highest part of the deserts, and then tossed up into the air, to be carried away by the winds blowing from their own country; nor is he ever more to be reckoned as one of their race, and there is a general mourning observed throughout the country for nine days. All in the respective nomes, men and women, are to be present at the more signal punishments; and parents are obliged to explain to their children the wickedness and horror of the crime, for a warning for the future.

There is also one particular I must mention relative to injustice. If, for example, the elders find there has been any considerable injustice done, the criminal is obliged to restore nine times the value. If any one be convicted to have imposed upon the judges, he is to be sent out to the skirts of the country, to live by himself for a time proportionable to his guilt, with a mark on his forehead, for all persons to avoid him, lest he should instil his principles into others. All other matters are regulated rather by custom than by law.

The succession of the eldership has something very particular, and even in-
tricate in it. To express at the same time the superiority of the elder son and the equality of independence, I shall endeavour to explain, as well as I can, the right thereof. The eldest son of the first pophar is always grand pophar when he is of age to govern, which is at fifty at soonest; but if the direct line fails, not the uncle's son, nor any one in that nome, but the right heir of the next nome; and so of all the five nomes; if they should fail in all the nomes, the right heir of the second son of the first nome, and so of all the rest. This, they say, has happened several times since their first establishment; which is not much to be wondered at, if they are so ancient as they pretend. Thus, though the grand popharship be confined to the eldest in some sense, in effect it belongs to them all; but if the next heir be a minor, as he is always judged to be till he is fifty years of age, the eldest of that age, of the second son of the next nome, is regent till the heir be out of his minority, and so on; insomuch that, in order to divide the superiority among them as equally as possible, he who has the next right to be grand pophar is never to be regent. All other public officers, teachers of arts and sciences, overseers of all the public employments, &c., are so constituted by the grand pophar and sanhedrin, with associates of every nome.

(To be continued.)

THE SAILOR’S LASSIE.

The light'nings were gushing,
The death-wind was rushing,
And young Mary sat lone in her cottage one day;
She thought of her lover,
A wild ocean rover,
And a tear dimm'd her eye for the lad far away.
She rais'd her long lashes—
The soft silken sashes,
By affection were wet as she gaz'd on the sky;
Those red lips they trembled,
They had not dissembled,
For she pray'd to that God, who would hear her faint sigh.

The mad foaming billow,
It rocks my love's pillow,
Where the spectred storm's bursting along the dark main;
The tall masts are groaning,
The tempest is moaning;—
On! but send to his warm home my lov'd one again.

"Sweet angel that's keeping,
Thy watch where he's sleeping,
Guide his bark safely back to his own native shore;
Though near him, or distant,
Poor Mary is constant,
She will fly to his arms, to be parted no more."

"What sound is that stealing?"
She rose from her kneeling,
And wiped trickling drops from her blush-laden cheek:
O sure it was nothing,—
The faithful hound sniffing;
"Why, good ranger, O why? what is it you seek?"
The noise again rustles,—
Again the dog bustles,—
The latch gently rises on her cottage door:
Mary's lips they are burn'd,
For her sailor's return'd,
And he vows with a kiss, "they'll be parted no more!"

E. G.
THE MAID OF KOSTAC.

AN ISLAND TALE.

"Amidst the barren sands and rocks so rude,
She and her love had made their bower."

Don Juan, Canto 11, Stanza 203.

The waters of the Cattegat may appropriately be termed the Northern Archipelago. They contain numerous clusters of islands,—lovely, but only so in the stern and rude magnificence of nature. They are unblessed with Ionian softness; but there is the crag, the mountain, the dell, and the torrent. They possess a climate—cold, but serene—boisterous, but invigorating and healthful: classic song celebrates not their charms nor their fame; but on them dwells a scattered race, hardy as their native rocks; and in their dales blooms many a maid, lovely as the flowers of the Cyclades.

The manners of their inhabitants are primitive; they unite the occupations of the hunter, the fisher, and the shepherd; they are children of nature, possessing neither the fierce passions of the savage, nor the insidious cunning of those whose heads have gained by the corruption of their hearts: they are intelligent, kind, and hospitable. This many a shipwrecked mariner has experienced, and found here a disinterested humanity, which he would have sought in vain for in some countries which boast of high civilisation. Soft feelings exist amongst these barren rocks; the gentler emotions of the heart are indigenous to every soil, but they flourish purest far away from the vices of

"Solitudes, called social."

At the extremity of the Cattegat, immediately where the stern mountains of Sweden and Norway frown close upon each other, like the grim warriors who, in other times, covered their sides, lies a cluster of these rocky islets. Their situation is picturesque and beautiful. They lay about six miles from the Swedish coast, in the midst of a noble bay, which receives the waters of the fords and rivers which diverge to Christiania, Fredrikshall — renowned as the spot where the heroic Carl received his death-wound—Stromstled, and to several other places. The shores of the opposite land are bold and high, and lined with the ever-green pine from the tops of the mountains to the margin of the ocean, with here and there the dull grey rock peeping between, affording an agreeable contrast to the surrounding verdure. The scene is enlivened by the uncommon brilliancy of the sea, the fishers' huts scattered along the shore, and by the presence of the fishers themselves pursuing their avocation.

Kostac, the centre island of the group, has a high peak, which lifts itself proudly above its neighbours, and serves as a beacon to the home-coming bark. A church stands at the foot of this hill, whose tall spire and shining roof is seen at intervals between the rocks as the ship glides along the coast. Here the whole of the islanders are collected on the Sunday morning—philosophy not having as yet made its appearance amongst them; and here their business is transacted, for want of other opportunities, and friendships renewed between those who rarely meet elsewhere. In winter the islands are dreary and uninteresting; but when May has melted their snows, they become as beautiful and inviting, and they burst into loveliness with the suddenness of the appearance of the snow-drop, the cowslips, and the primroses, which bloom profusely in their dales. Even before the snow has entirely left the ground, the bright green patches of vegetation occasionally visible, contrasted with the white snow around them, with the deeper foliage of the pine, the dark heather or the dun stone of their rocks, make them appear inexpressibly beautiful at a distance from their shores, or from the tops of the hills.

On the island we have named, Kostac, an old officer of the Swedish army had chosen his residence. He was neither hermit nor misanthrope, though certainly disappointment and misfortunes contributed to make him prefer solitude to the silly glamour, the empty parade of insipid sociality.

He had served the great Charles, had contributed to his successes, and had shared in his reverses. The latter he felt severely. The fire and energy of his old
ancestors, the conquerors of Rome, was not extinct in him; and he could not view, without poignant regret, the reverses, the humiliation of his country. The distracted state of her councils, after the death of Charles; the imbecility of her rulers; her weakness; and the lamentable defeats experienced by her hitherto victorious armies, was too much for him, and he retired where scarcely the intelligence of her disgraces would reach his ear.

He did not fly to his solitude alone; a tender and faithful wife, and a daughter, yet a child, who gave promise of surpassing loveliness—and the flower did not disappoint those who had watched the opening bud—accompanied him to his lonely isle.

A few years were spent by the veteran in comparative ease on his sea-beat rock; the petty cares of the world did not annoy him; its remembrance had almost died away, with the memory of the disappointments he had experienced in society.

Crime came not near him—she is not the child of solitude; health shrank not from him—
for Her home is in the rarely trodden wild.”

The storms of life seemed to have passed away, and a soothing, but, alas! a deceitful calm, cheered the evening of the soldier’s days: he was surrounded by those dearest to his heart, and, as regarded himself, he had no wish ungratified. Uninterrupted bliss, however, is not the portion of humanity; and experience daily convinces us of the truth of this sad reflection. Storms soon dissipated the temporary calm, and they pursued him to the grave.

The death of his wife was the recommencement of the old man’s sorrows. How often we are told of the inutility of mourning for the departed, particularly for those who descend to their graves with the furrows of time depicted on their brows. This is the language of the cold and the heartless; the tear of a friend is worth more than the homage of a world; and melancholy is his rate who is borne to his eternal home, when no eye is there to weep—no breast to sigh.

The wife of the veteran was old, and age was death’s only weapon; exhausted nature gave way, and she sank calmly, and without a pang, into an everlasting sleep. But could her aged, her loved partner—could the daughter of her bosom—now blooming in all the beauty of her joyous spring-time—regard their bereavement with indifference? Alas, no! Death rarely severs hearts, long united by love, without fixing in the survivors a dart, which rankles there for a time, but soon reunites it to the bosom where long it reposed, and which it pants to rejoin. Honoured be the remembrance of the virtuous; may their memories never depart from the breasts of those whom they loved! Grief is the alloy of bliss; but it must not on this account be contemned: for in vain shall we search for aught quite free from qualities of a deteriorating nature.

Time passed rapidly on, but it lightened not the old man’s grief. In age, misery is abiding, for hope comes not to aid us; but in the morning of our days, the deepest impressions are more transient, and the keen grief of the young gradually settles down to a mournful, but calm serenity, far apart from forgetfulness, yet unallied to despair; thus it was with the island maid—the lovely Brita.

Seven months had the grave held the mother and the wife. The elder appeared again upon the coast, and prepared his downy nest; the plover had returned from his migration, and the scream of the lapwing told that spring was nigh. The snow rapidly disappeared from the ground, and nature burst into life in beauty and glory; the lark on high, and the blackbird welcomed her resuscitation; the maiden found much that soothed her melancholy, but the old man saw nought that sympathised with his sorrow, except his Brita.

One evening in this delightful season, Brita, as she frequently did, went to visit the grave of her mother. Around it she had planted the various wild flowers of the island, and these she tended with an attention which mournful affection alone could inspire. Her task was done, and she knelt and wept. In this situation she was observed by a young man, whose general appearance indicated that he was not an inhabitant of the islands. He watched her for several minutes, but she was unaware that any eye beheld her, and would probably never have known
that she had been seen, had not a dog, which accompanied the stranger, barked at the moment he was about to turn away from the church-yard; for he deemed it not exactly consistent with honour to act the part of a spy, even on a maiden.

How trifling are the incidents which effect, and even form, the destinies of mankind!

The dog’s barking excited her attention, and with surprise she beheld a stranger watching her; and he, being aware that he was perceived, deemed it improper to go without an explanation.

It is not surprising that she should have lingered a moment to gaze on the seraphic Brita. He beheld her bowed to the earth, her streaming eyes turned to heaven, and her sweet lips murmuring the dear name of her earliest friend, of the loved object upon whose grave she knelt and watered with her tears. At the first glance, he could scarce refrain from believing her to be one of those bright beings, who, though invisible, ever follow the path of the good; and the hour, the deep solitude, the scenery, and the glorious creature on which he gazed, might well raise such an illusion in the mind of an enthusiastic youth, an adorer of the ideal, a frequent dweller in those blest scenes, the creation of the imagination.

He accosted her, and to behold her nearer and to speak to her, raised still higher his admiration. As is too often the case, the bright visions of fancy were not destroyed by approached reality: he beheld her beautiful as imagination can picture the beatified.

She flew not from him; innocence is fearless; she listened to his remark, and responded to his queries. She had lived apart from the world, even as an imprisoned bird; she knew not of coquetry and reserve, nor of the artificial boundaries raised by society; she acted as her heart prompted—nature’s child; her actions had their origin in, and her purity was, the purity of nature.

The old gentleman observed the stranger, and invited him to his dwelling; he had fled from the world, but he was kind and hospitable to man, and ever welcomed him to his door, and spread for him his frugal table. A few words made him acquainted with his guest. He was a gentleman residing on the opposite coast of Sweden, and the heir of an illustrious family, and of a noble name. We shall only state his character as it appeared to the veteran, who, in other days, had made mankind his study, and was not apt to be deceived by appearances; but he too often regarded man only through the vistas of disappointment and sorrow. He beheld in his visitor a virtuous and honourable man! but he deemed him an enthusiast, a fond dreamer, to whom the romance of life was new, who had not lived long enough to discover its staledness and its vanity. The old man’s was a lettered solitude, and he was not blind to the intellectual powers of his young friend. He listened to his warm and generous sentiments, to his bright sallies, with something approaching to delight; and the youth was no less pleased at finding a being whose imagination had often depicted, a person who appeared to have left the world behind him, with its passions and its follies. Between such minds there would soon arise a sympathy. The old man’s long nurtured indifference gradually thawed; he was charmed with one fresh from the world, but untainted with its frivolities or its vices; the youth was delighted with him who rose above it, and who appeared to have conquered that almost impregnable fastness—self.

Without much difficulty the young gentleman was persuaded to stay until the morrow, and he suffered his boat to be sent away, being assured of a conveyance to the main land.

This was the first time Brita had seen such a being. As his were not the manners of the fine gentleman, neither was his beauty that of the delicate fopling. Strength and vigour appeared to have done their utmost for his manly frame; the glow of health, of honest pride, and the consciousness of independence, added charms to his open, ingenuous countenance, and sat united on his noble brow. It is needless to say more—she had not seen such a being, but her young dreams had portrayed him.

Poor maiden, she listened to him as the free tenant of the air listens to the call-bird, unaware of the fowler’s nets; she trusted to her strength, ignorant of the snares spread by love, and her young heart became entangled: who could have triumphed over a similar temptation? Instantaneously with the birth of passion, her breast throbbed with a thousand
emotions, hitherto without existence, even in her sleeping thoughts; the outline marked by nature was filled up in a brief moment, and delightful was the first view of the sunny landscape; its hues were brilliant, its features simply and sweetly grand, and it promised rest and delight for ever. She loved—in a moment she loved! The voice of nature was heard in her emotions; she could not quiet her heart by cold calculations; she dreamt not of future ills; she was unaware of the existence of the thorns which encircle the roses of love, and she yielded her soul to the untold delights of love's first dawning.

It will not be supposed that Lindenberg (this was the stranger's name) could behold the sweet Brita with indifference; this fair flower could not be gazed on coldly even by the cold; and he was the child of enthusiasm and romance: he could scarce refrain from considering her a young Peri, who had suddenly broken upon his dream. For a moment he was dazzled, overpowered by her beauty; but the storm subsided, and was followed by that delightful calm which succeeds both the elemental and the mental conflict. The wind ceases to rage, but the billows for a time lift their proud heads; so it was with his heart; the tumult of delight was soothed, but still other impressions remained. Why dwell on the subject? mutual affection filled their bosoms, and seldom has love had fonder, fairer votaries.

The morning came, but Brita was spared the sorrow of seeing Lindenberg depart; she was not yet to feel that love has torments equal to its delights. A very little persuasion induced him to prolong his visit. Their days flew pleasantly along; they wandered o'er the mountain rocks, and by the rugged shore of the islet, and searched in the low grounds for the flower and the herb; and the chains which bound their young hearts acquired a firmness, indissoluble.

Day after day Lindenberg appointed for his return to the main land, and yet he went not, for the society of Brita had become indispensable to his happiness. At length, necessity compelled him to leave her for a short time. The distance being so short, they parted without much regret, hoping soon to see each other again.

In this they were not disappointed. Lindenberg soon revisited Kostac, where all his hopes were centred. Happiness appeared to smile upon the lovers—to strew their path with its sweetest flowers.

We pass hastily over a few months: the lovers were seldom apart, for Lindenberg's boat often greeted the longing eyes of Brita; and did necessity separate them, they looked forward to the morrow to be re-united. Gladly the old man saw their love; he hailed it as a star which promised to cheer the gloom of his winter, to light him forward in peace to the grave.

The summer was nearly past, the sea-birds' young took to wing, and here and there a falling leaf were tokens of the approach of the brief autumn of the north. A day had been appointed for the nuptials of Lindenberg and Brita, and it was near at hand. No accident occurred, no ill omen appeared, like a meteor of evil, even for a moment, to darken their fair prospects; their was that bliss which only reciprocal love can give, and which scarcely admits of increase. Brita revelled in her happiness; but as the appointed day approached, misgivings arose in the breast of her aged parent, he was too well aware of the instability of every thing human to feel unalloyed happiness. His ever watchful daughter marked his moments of care.

"O! my father," she would say, "why look you on me and sigh? Do you doubt my affection? Do you imagine that my love for Lindenberg has diminished that which I entertain for you? No! father, no! it never can"—and she fell weeping into his arms.

"No, my child, I doubt not your affection, but I tremble for your happiness. I have too often had the cup of bliss snatched from my lips not to fear for you; but let me not destroy the iris of hope which glads your path, or bedim the brilliancy of the summer sky which smiles above you; I will not lay a burden on your fond heart—I will dispel my illusory misgivings, and be cheerful for your sake."

The morrow was to behold the union of Lindenberg and his Brita, and the ceremony was to be performed on the island.

Lindenberg had lingered for a week at Kostac, unable to leave his love; but business of importance compelled him to go to the main land before his nuptials,
and the evening preceding the morning, which he hoped would bestow on him an invaluable treasure, he went. Brita fondly whispered him to stay: stern necessity for once compelled him to deny her request; she saw him go, and a tear bedimmed the lustre of her eye, and her heart was sad. Her father bade him farewell with a sigh, which did not escape her attention, and tended to increase her melancholy.

Brita, soon after his departure, retired to her chamber, where she sat and watched the moonlit waters, which in the morning were to restore him to her arms, and she fancied she beheld his boat in the distance, gliding over their unruflled bosom; and she wept as the idea crossed her mind, that it might never again return.

The morning came, but O! how different from the preceding evening: winter had advanced in one of those sudden transitions peculiar to the north. The wind raged fiercely, the snow was drifting thick along, and had already covered the hills. Brita rose from her sleepless couch, and gazed with anguish on the turbulent sea. Her lover came not; and this would have caused no surprise to any other person, but Brita well knew that the storm would not detain him; she truly believed that love like his would endeavour to surmount every obstacle. Despite the gale and the snow, the fond entreaties of her agonised parent, and the assurances that the storm alone prevented Lindenberg’s coming, she would not be detained, but flew forth to seek him. Her nature appeared to have acquired for the occasion immense strength and hardihood; she rushed from side to side of the island, and climbed with apparent facility the highest and the steepest mountains: it was, however, in vain; the snow concealed every distant object. Several hours had past, it was near noon, but as yet his boat approached not the island. Once more the distracted maid flew to the beach, followed by her wretched sire, there to await his coming. Alas! she did not wait in vain; he came to the shore; but not as the joyous bridegroom, burning with glad anticipation—he came as a weed, cast by the stormy of ocean upon the sea-beat strand! Let us haste to close the melancholy recital. She perceived a corpse approaching the beach, and soon distinguished those nobler features which had been to her the stab of hope, the beam of delight. She gave one fearful shriek, and sprang into the ocean: the sympathising waves washed the corpse towards her; she enfolded it in her embrace, and expired on its bosom. Her sire, overpowered with anguish, rushed to save his child; the billows received him into their arms, but the strength of his youth was departed; he found his death amidst the billows’ foam, and shared the lovers’ watery grave.

Why should we descend to poetic fantasies? else might it be said that the spirit of the storm sang their requiem—the moanings of the sea-nymph resounded by the shore. Thus died the aged and the young, the fond and the fair; stem and flower together passed away. Kostac is now desolate: even its church has been suffered to fall into ruins—its hills are forsaken—its vales are no longer cheered by the smiles of beauty; it is the lonely object of the wanderer’s regard, the subject of the fishers’ evening fall.

W. L. G.

**Petition of a Horse.**—In the days of John, king of Atri, an ancient city of Abruzzia, there was a bell put up, which any one that had received any injury went and rang, and the king assembled the wise men chosen for the purpose, that justice might be done. It happened that after the bell had been up a long time, the rope was worn out, and a piece of wild vine was made use of to lengthen it. Now there was a knight of Atri who had a noble charger, which was become unserviceable through age, so that to avoid the expense of feeding him, he turned him loose upon the common. The horse, driven by hunger, raised his mouth to the vine to munch it, and, pulling it, the bell rang. The judges assembled to consider the petition of the horse, which appeared to demand justice. They decreed, that the knight whom he had served in his youth should feed him in his old age; a sentence which the king confirmed under a heavy penalty.

**Immense Fete at St. Petersburg.**—At the last inauguration of the pillar to the memory of the Emperor Alexander, not only the court, the clergy, and foreign princes, attended in the greatest splendour, but a hundred thousand men in arms attended to honour the occasion.
THE RISING OF THE NILE.—By G. R. CARTER.

The Nile—it flows through many a vale
Where Sculpture's relics lie,
And in its tide the gorgeous clouds
Are imaged from the sky;
Pyramid and tomb
Its sunbright waters lave,
And the fields receive their spring-tide bloom
From its fertilizing wave.
The Nile—it is renown’d in song
As a deep and mighty river,
It nobly foams and speeds along,
Like an arrow from its quiver!
The land hath changed its creed,
Temple and shrine are riven,
And Egypt's sons have ceased to bleed
For rights by Freedom given.
Old Memnon's harp, when daylight breaks
Like fire upon its strings,
Is silent as the dark Siroc,
With death upon its wings.
Pharaohs and Ptolemies,
The kings who ruled of yore,
Now sleep with conquer'd dynasties,
Where they shall rule no more.
Their memory lends a charm,
Majestic Nile! to thee;
And the haughty piles, that on thy banks,
Have bow’d to Time’s decree:
Nor shall thy ancient fame
From its "pride of place" depart,
But kindle a congenial flame
Within the wanderer's heart.
The sound of festal flutes
Rings through the sapphire sky,
And the mingled tones of a people's voice
O'er the distant waters die:
Hark! to the loud acclaim!
How it swells and falls the while!
And the pulse-like throb of rapture greets
The rising of the Nile!
Like a conqueror, when the vines
Lie crush'd beneath his car,
The river rolls its rapid tide
O'er hill and plain afar;
As the spring from Horeb's rock
Through a pathless desert pour'd,
So the hallow'd waters of the Nile
Their draughts of life afford.
But Freedom's dawn shall soon
Disperse the cheerless gloom,
Which weighs upon the lovely land
Like shadows of the tomb!
Her buried fanes again
In the light of day shall smile,
And the sistrum greet with its silvery sound,
The rising of the Nile!
THE DETENEES.

At that period of the French Revolution, when its distracted kingdom was governed by the "Directory," and a salutary dread of an introduction of its fatal principles to our own shores caused an eye of rigid inquiry to be directed to all who landed upon them, whilst resident in one of our watering-places, on the eastern coast, my attention was one morning attracted by a considerable crowd surrounding two females, whose dress bespoke them to be foreigners, and who, on a nearer approach, I found to be French women—a lady and her servant. Perceiving the former was in vain endeavouring to make herself understood by the rabble that followed her, I immediately accosted her in her own language, asking her if she was inquiring for any person, to whose residence I could direct her. A smile of thankfulness lighted up her pale countenance, which seemed to speak "variety of wretchedness" as she thanked me, and said she wished to find that of Monsieur S——, an emigrant gentleman, who had long been an inhabitant of the place, and, she believed, a respected one. The dress of both females was calculated to excite the attention of the crowd that surrounded them. The servant, carrying a little dog under her arm, wore no hat, but one of those Normandy caps, so singular in their appearance; whilst her mistress had on a black velvet bonnet ornamented with gold lace and tassels, a dark cotton gown with a very gay pattern, and blue stockings with red clocks to them. It was not likely that two persons thus attired should pass unnoticed, even in a town where persons of all nations were constantly landed from the packets that were stationed there.

As the crowd did not disperse, I accompanied the lady to the residence of Monsieur S——; and having seen her seated in his drawing-room, I was preparing to take my leave, after her having been introduced to me as Mademoiselle Julie de V——; when addressing me in English, which he now spoke fluently, but which the stranger evidently did not understand, he requested me to stay, whilst he mentioned to me some circumstances respecting the lady I had so accidentally met with. He told me, Mademoiselle de V—— had landed the preceding day—that she had been particularly recommended to his care by a cousin of hers, some time resident in London, who informed him that she was on her route into Devonshire to visit some English friends, and would remain in Y—— only a night or two after reaching it—that being equally a stranger to this country and its language, he was requested by her relative to direct her how to proceed on her journey, and to place her in a lodging till she continued it. He added—the lady arrived only yesterday, when she immediately sought and found me. She asked me to put a letter for her into the post, addressed to the friend she was going to in Devonshire—informing her of her safe arrival in England, and that she should proceed on her journey as soon as she heard from her. This morning I received a letter from her cousin in London, which I beg of you to peruse, and to tell me how you advise me to act. The writer of it said, he had been shocked to learn, that in consequence of some accusations brought against her by an English lady, whose name he mentioned, his cousin was accused of coming over with revolutionary intentions, and that an order of arrest against her would be issued by our government as soon as it was known she was landed on our shores. "Yesterday," added Monsieur S——, "she arrived, worn out with fatigue and the horrors she had witnessed in her own country, and evidently exhausted both by bodily and mental suffering." Mademoiselle de V——, suspecting that our conversation, although she did not understand it, alluded to her, sat observing with evident anxiety, when Monsieur S—— put her cousin's letter into her hand. On perusing it, the pale countenance of the reader became still paler, and her tears flowed rapidly as she exclaimed, "Merciful heaven! what! accuse me of coming over with revolutionary intentions—me, who have been the victim of it in my own country—who have had family, friends, fortune, all sacrificed to it, and am now flying from its horrors!"

Whilst the unfortunate lady remained overpowered with surprise, grief, and terror, Monsieur S—— gave me, in English, the following outline of her sad history. Julie de V—— was left an orphan at an early age, and in conse-
quence of it was adopted into the family of her uncle, the Count de F——, together with a widowed sister. He was himself a widower with an only daughter, the age of Mademoiselle de V——, and the young cousins grew up together in strong and sisterly affection. The count was unfortunately a man of very large possessions. I say, unfortunately, as, in consequence of it, he, like too many others, fell a victim to the insatiable cupidity of Robespierre; for, scarcely forming a pretext for the mandate, this monster of cruelty, after confiscating his property, consigned the count and his helpless family to prison. That to which they were to be conveyed was so crowded, that Julie was separated from the other victims, and taken to an adjoining one, which, like that, looked into a court, where a guillotine was erected, that day and night performed its cruel work.

Not many mornings had elapsed when attracted by a more than usual bustle in the court-yard, she ran to her prison window, and saw her uncle, aunt, and cousin—the latter a beautiful girl of seventeen—led in succession to the guillotine.

She fainted at the sight, and felt that the measure of her griefs was indeed full to overflowing—that she had now nothing more to live for, and that to her the guillotine would then indeed have been the welcome messenger of death. Morning after morning did she rise from broken slumber and terrified dreams, with the hope that she should soon receive the awful summons; but morning after morning arrived, and it came not. At length, one evening, at midnight, the hour when the gaoler was, according to his usual custom, visiting the cells, in name and bid the intended victims prepare themselves for their doom the following day, and each, as was their wont, asked eagerly, “is it my lot?” he burst upon them with happier tidings, told them Robespierre was dead, and they were at liberty! Exclamations of frantic joy broke from the lips of all her companions, snatched thus suddenly from their hourly expected fate—but, alas! from those of Mademoiselle de V——, none escaped. “Ah! what,” she cried, “is liberty to me, now I have no longer either a relative or friend—or even the shelter of a hovel to fly to? I am alone in the wide world—a desolate and friendless orphan.” “No, not without a friend or a home. Young unfortunate!” exclaimed the gaoler, who had ever, even in the exercise of his office, shown himself a man of great humanity, “I will take you to my own, where my wife, who is an honest and good, although a poor woman, will shelter and try to comfort you.” Comfort was already in the offer, and gladly—gratefully—did Julie avail herself of it. “She would do so, at least for a time,” she said, “as she thought she might obtain intelligence of some friends of her family, who were said to be sojourning in Normandy, whither she determined to seek them, as soon as she should have strength to undertake such a journey from Paris.” There she did, in the course of a few weeks, proceed, having experienced every heartfelt, though homely, kindness from the gaoler and his wife. At Caen she remained some time, when an unforeseen occurrence gave a new impulse to her feelings—a new colouring to her life.

I inquired of Monsieur S——, to whom the letter was addressed, which he said he had put in the post for her—he named a name I had casually heard; and from whom, I also asked, does this terrible accusation proceed? “From Miss B——,” he replied. “Impossible!” I said; “as she is the sister of the lady to whom Mademoiselle de V——’s letter was, you say, addressed.” When, turning to the poor emigrant, under the supposition that Miss B—— might be some jealous rival, I asked her if she knew that lady? “Not at all,” she replied; “but she had heard a friend mention her having a sister of that name resident in England.” Convinced upon hearing this, that there must be some mistake of persons, Monsieur S—— agreed with me, that it was better to keep her arrival a secret, in the hope that the order of arrest might be eluded, till the mystery was cleared up. I then took my leave of Monsieur S——, leaving the unfortunate lady under his care. I called upon him the next and two succeeding days, but not finding him at home, or hearing anything from him, I concluded our poor emigrant had at last found a resting place. My astonishment therefore was great, when, upon meeting Lady L——, a few days afterwards, she accosted me by saying, “I am happy to tell you the French lady is out of prison, and her English friend, Miss B——, now with her,
has been anxiously, but vainly, endeavouring to find you out, and to express her gratitude for your attentions to Made-moisselle de V——. But before conducting you to her lodging, it may perhaps be desirable for you to know, as you appear ignorant of it, what has passed since you left her at Monsieur S——'s. The following day, her arrival having transpired at the Alien-office, the order of arrest was served upon her, and she was brought for her examination before the mayor. Upon seeing her, I could not help observing to him, that the young foreigner did not look like a person who could form a revolutionary thought, but had rather the appearance of one brought to the brink of the grave by sorrows and suffering, and that it seemed cruel to consign her to a prison. "Could she not rather," I asked, "be placed in a lodging?" The mayor replied, "that he consulted her comfort in sending her to the prison, rather than to a private lodging; as, in the latter case, she should be under the necessity of placing two sheriffs' officers with her, under whose surveillance she must constantly remain." He went immediately to the prison, and gave orders for the apartments there to be prepared with every possible comfort for her reception, and desired the gaoler's wife, who could speak a little French, to pay her every attention. But my narrative here must break into another channel, by giving the history of the English friends, for whom she had forsaken her own land and that of her fathers, and to whom she had said in the language of Ruth, "where thou goest, I will go; and thy people shall be my people."

(To be continued.)

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"FAREWELL."

There is a word of gentle sound,
Which often makes my bosom swell
With love to friends no longer found,
It is the word "farewell," "farewell."
It brings to view scenes long gone by,
Whilst fancy back to childhood flies;
It bids the heartfelt deep-drawn sigh,
Of unforgotten friendship rise.
Its simple sound will bid the tear
Of fond endearment quickly fall;
And all to sweet remembrance dear,
Before our eyes again recall.
'Tis uttered by the wedded bride,
As first she leaves her native dell;
She slowly quits her mother's side,
And whispers out "farewell," "farewell."
The sailor, when he leaves his home,
Perhaps to see that home no more,
Ardent, the boundless sea to roam,
Exclaims, "farewell, my native shore!"
The warrior, reckless e'en of life,
Flies th' invader to repel;
Yet drops a tear when to his wife
He promptly, fondly, breathes "farewell."
So shall one mark two lovers part,
And the soft tears that freely fell,
A soft emotion fills the heart,
To hear the last "farewell." "farewell."
Yet not alone in tones so soft
Have I this sound from others heard;
But it has been my lot full oft,
With tears to murmur out this word;
Scottish Marriages.

And soon the time will come when I
Must use this parting word again,
When death’s dark doom is drawing nigh,
And earthly joys are on the wane.
O may that moment tranquil be,
Which sounds my life’s departing knell:
O may my spirit upward flee,
And joyously bid earth “farewell.”

Oct. 6, 1884.

T. Hollins.

SCOTTISH MARRIAGES.

We cannot help thinking this quite as
good a heading* to a very simple article,
as one which has led, in the work of a
cotemporary of the last month, and that
something is necessary to amend his ideas
a little on the subject. But we have also
a much higher purpose; it is that of dis-
abusing her majesty, the Queen of Eng-
land (of the sweet and delightful sim-
plicity and numerous virtues of whose
court at Meiningen we happen to have
some knowledge), of a very vulgar pre-
judice attempted to be enforced against a
large, religious, moral, learned, sensible,
and highly commercial portion of the
great kingdom, over which she has been,
for us, doubtless, happily, called to pre-
side as consort of our most gracious
monarch, according to the laws of the
realm.

Now our cotemporary has chosen to
give the first prominence to an article,
which commences by deploiring "that
the sacred ceremony of marriage, in an
enlightened country like our own, should
be performed by a vulgar, low-born,
iliterate, course-minded Scotchman—
that it should be held as valid by the
parties, and the people at large, in this
miscalled land of freedom!" A case is
then quoted for the useful amusement of
ladies of the very highest rank, from
which all we can find is, that the late
Lord Erskine was so married to his second
wife; and that this gave rise to much
verbiage in a court of justice between
Mr. Scarlett and Mr. Brougham—that the
author thinks much better of one than of
the other; and that the witness who was
bandied between them was dressed in
black, with a clerical hat, &c.

We must therefore take leave, in our
own way, to disabuse this writer, as well

* His title is, “The Scotch Blacksmith, and
Gretna-Green Marriages,” where no black-
smith appears!

as his exalted readers, of the idea, that a
marriage by a Scotsman, properly autho-
rized, is not only as good as a marriage
by a clergyman of any other country;
and, moreover, since he seems to be igno-
rant (for he has not said anything about
it) that the natives of Scotland can be
married at all respectably in that country,
to endeavour to amuse our readers, while
we show that they can; at the same time,
that we declare to our young friends
that Gretna-Green marriages are not re-
spectable even in the eyes of Scotland.

We are now to show that they do re-
spectably marry there. Moral Scotland
has provided by law, that no man shall woo
a woman to his arms, and then cast her off;
hence the moment he appears before any
person with her as his wife, she becomes so,
according to law. We shall not obtrude
on our readers, quotations even from that
beautiful law:* nor say more upon it,
than that even common people choose
to have the mutual consent, preparatory
to connubial love, ratified before a civil
magistrate. Hence only, doubtless, arises
the authority of Gretna Green; any per-
son, whether blacksmith, or the man who
honesty carries a pack at his shoulders
through a district of villages for supply of
necessaries in primeval fashion, called
there a merchant, if he happens to have
there the appointment of a magistrate, is
equally capable as any other. English
folly, under the influence of passion, has
alone raised the eminence of this place,
as was formerly the case in the precincts
of the Fleet Prison,† excursions to Rome,
&e., which produced what is called the
Royal Marriage Act.

Now come we to say what is re-
spectable in Scotland, and we shall take

* The curious may look into Sir W. Mackenzie,
Erskine (not the Lord E.), &c. &c. &c.
† See also the recent publication on Fleet
marriages.
A Collegian's Breakfast.

Health—hunger—happiness—a glorious fire;
What could imagination more desire?
And see—the fragrant coffee steaming high,
And rolls delicious, all inviting lie;
And the crisp toast—and eggs—and ham appear,
And numerous other items in the rear.
The cheerful damask beautifully white,
Catching the lustre of the morning light:
The ruddy children—jocund ever found,
Their chubby heads the table dotting round;
And the glad husband—and the happy wife—
And the snug cottage far removed from strife.
The fine old grandsire fills the huge arm-chair;
His ancient hound, of matchless breed—and rare
Couchant—and calm—but full, and quick of eye,
To catch the crusts his master's hands supply;
While the black kitten trembles to assail,
Yet rashly springs at Nero's spotted tail!
Without—the searching winds of winter blow;
Within—repose and warmth and comfort glow;
And peace, if peace on earth may yet be known,
In this calm spot, hath fix'd her quiet throne.

Tacet.

[We cannot help thinking our College friend had chummed himself so domestically, as to give him full entree to our Court.]
I ought to have said, in mentioning the Floral games of France, that they originated in lady’s love and female energy, and that prizes were long given to such as best described them; which prizes were characteristic of the flowers of remembrance given to her parting lover, by her who originated them. The tradition from French verse may be hereafter given. Those prizes were a golden violet, a sprig of eglandine, or a marigold in silver; and the display was helden in such respect, as to attract kings and queens to Toulouse.

To return to antiquity for a while. Sculptors and painters were but rarely crowned. Phidias would appear to have obtained a crown for his thundering Jupiter; but Appelles does not seem to have been so distinguished, though he had the honour to receive from the hands of Alexander the lovely Campaspe; who, having painted, he admired. There were also other honours of a solid nature. Nicomedus offered to pay the immense debts of the city of Gnides for the Venus of Praxiteles, and was refused. Attalus and other sovereigns offered enormous sums for good paintings when within their reach. Artists delighted, nevertheless, to exhibit their works at the Olympic games; though in Thebes, the worst effort incurred a fine to the public treasury. Of all artists, however, those of immediate utility, and on whom the external splendour of cities, whose very remains are our admiration, depended, architects, seem the most neglected by antiquity; no crown or prize is recorded: few edifices bear the name of their author!*

Music must be left to its own historians. Terpandros gained for it a prize at the Pythian games.

In modern times, Italy, &c, have honoured architects; but the proudest crown to be afforded in this world, is that which England accorded to Wren, in his sepulchre and memorial being below the dome of his great work, the basilique of St. Paul. Proud, indeed, is it for his memory, that it should be inscribed—

“Si quavis monumentum, circumspice!”

—If you want his monument, look around.

Many other proofs might be added. Kneller, the Prussian painter of the school of Rembrandt, was ennolded, as well as Lely and others, and became state painter to five English monarchs; and, according to Pope’s verse, inscribed on his tomb,

“Rests crownd by princes’ honours, poets’ lays.”

Sir Joshua Reynolds has a statue in St. Paul’s; and he who worthily once lamented Reynolds “without a stone,” is now Sir Martin Archer Shee, president of the Royal Academy.

Other talents obtained the crown, but they would require too much space to describe.

I must also rapidly run over the passion, approaching to delirium, for gymnastic exercises; to which, in Italy, it became the fashion to award the most brilliant crowns in the Olympic, Pythian, and Nemean games, and the combats of the Circus: firstly, because Mr. E. L. Bulwer, who has written so much and so well, has, while this article was printing, illustrated the very subject beautifully; and lastly, though far from leastly, it is a matter which should be briedly treated before ladies. To assist drawings, it may be said, boughs of wild olive, holm-oak, smallage, pine, or the barren laurel, formed their crowns; as the delirium proceeded to excessive luxury, these symbols were represented by gold.

After referring to the recent work of Mr. Bulwer, it need only be added, that Philip spoke with more pride of the crown that he had obtained in a chariot-race, than of that of Macedonia. When

* On this subject is worthy of notice, the rule of the Ephesians as quoted by Vitruvius. An artist charged with the construction of a public building was obliged to estimate its cost to the end, and his property became the guarantee of his estimate. If on completion the edifice cost no more than the estimated price, the state honoured the artist by decrees, which immortalized his talents and his name. If it cost but a quarter of the amount beyond his estimate, the public treasury paid it, but he lost his glory. If it cost more than that addition, it was at the architect’s pecuniary expense, besides that of a general opinion of his want either of judgment or of probity.
Alexander was desired to seize the palm from the hands of ordinary victors who bore it along with their crowns, he worthily answered—"Where are the kings with whom I should dispute it?" On the foot-race which, with other exercises, became also prominent, Agathon said to King Herod, "Crown him who by the lightness of his feet outsteps the horse or the deer; but send among the bulls and the bears the conquerors of the Panharmatia, victors only in wrestling and boxing.

What had been approved by the physicians of antiquity as healthy exercises, fell by an immoderate love of pleasure—the spectacles—luxury—so low, as that an ancient writer observes, the crowns of Crotonians shamed those of Thraseabulus, Demosthenes, and Eschylus. After this, the Pythian, Isthmian, Nemean, Iselastian games need hardly be mentioned. They possibly encouraged every thing in military tactics by land and sea; but history, of which there is plenty as concerns them, scholars and all, leave this in doubt.

If the ladies have not shared generally the distinctions relating to the crowns of talent, which it is evident became so degenerated, even in the very, very olden time, as to be unworthy of them, they have many reasons to counterbalance any neglect of antiquity. Without reference to the present times, or the just and universal influence of the sex over all the fortunes of man, that sex supplies personification to the Muses and the Graces—of Science and Art. One lady was elevated by her contemporaries to the rank of tenth Muse. Corinna, as already stated, conquered her countryman Pindar. To speak of later triumphs, would be to write the history of woman. The ladies of England and France are now, and have long been, through their talents, speaking with an eloquence infinitely superior to any other.

I cannot, however, quit this portion of my subject, without reminding the sensible and highly-talented ladies who honour this work, that the crown of talent was continued down to the last ages in England; and that, under an authority no less grave than Dr. Johnson, Miss Knight, celebrated in the literature of her day, with intelligent companions, determined on conferring it with their fair hands on that "British Socrates;"

and, so far from his repudiating it, he subsequently conferred the same honour by his own hands, with all the pomp which his circumstances would allow, on a lady, Charlotte Lenox, author of some excellent novels, as "Euphemia," "The Female Quixote," &c., and translator of Brunoy's "Greek Theatre." His teadrinking hilarity of that night has been recorded unkindly; but de mortuis nil nisi, &c. It was a kind, and, it is believed, well-deserved, effort of Johnson, by congregating his then great friends about him, to do honour to an unfriended female of talent, so as to raise her fame with the world.

CROWNS OF VIRTUE.

It is hardly necessary to say, that, under this head, the ladies have in all times peculiarly shared.

In treating of antiquity, there is some difficulty in distinguishing between the sacred and what are called profane virtues. To evince respect to the former, it shall be mentioned that St. John the Evangelist, having with others, according to custom, ascribed to the olive the crown of Jesus Christ, the holy Tertullian engaged in a controversy to prove that not even the radiant circle, usually appropriated in pictorial representation, was fitted to him who is the source of light! He preferred that of thorns, as representing his immolation for the good of human kind. Even on this, learned men, from Clemens Alexandrinus downwards, have disputed, whether the crown was of bramble, black or white thorn, juncus marinus, &c.; only now mentioned to show the interest manifested by the lesser ancients on crowns. Even St. Jerome authorised a distinction in the crowns of martyrs, between those who suffered sanguinarily at once, and such as sustained what may be called a living death. To the one he accorded the crown of violets and roses; to the other, that of the lily. "The crown of the holy virgins," says Capella, "is a diadem of seven rays, because the number seven is the most austere of pure or first numbers, which suffers no division, and cannot produce any other!"

We come now to the more pleasurable subject of Civil Virtues, under which head all claims to the honour of the crown might, and perhaps ought to be ranged; as the efforts of science, letters, and arts, ought to have no other object.
For instance, the Martial, designated by the term honour, Clement of Alexandria caused two temples to be raised on a line, so constructed together, that such only as had passed through the temple of virtue could arrive at that of honour. It is not known to the present writer, whether the twin temples of Numa to good faith and peace, were of the same construction. But the Antiope of Euripides tells us of corona famae, a crown destined for "reverence of the gods, filial piety, and submission to the laws." Surely this crown was not, and the writer would trust is not, difficult of attainment—the crown of good fame.

One must not stop here to inquire into the ancient distinction between science and wisdom. Mankind is not to this moment agreed even as to the true signification of philosophy. The crown of virtue was, therefore, placed with equal pleasure on Socrates, Esop, and Themistocles. To Socrates, indeed, according to Plato, Alcibiades gave the crown of good counsel and wise resolution (corona consilia). Nausicles, &c., obtained a crown of liberality, for supporting, by his own means, soldiers in an emergency of the country: Demosthenes the same, for yielding a portion of his patrimony to rebuild the walls of Athens. In Greece and Rome the martial virtues so prevailed, as to lead the forms of crowns to all. The best of these would appear to be that which was earned, after refusal of a crown by the amiable son of Vespasian, Titus; who, when, on the approaching fall of Jerusalem under his power, the people approached with admiration to crown him as victor, said— "Crown the irritated gods, they alone have produced this cruel victory!" This sublime sentiment obtained for him from Apollonius another crown, that of moderation in success, corona temporantiae.

The leading crowns of martial virtues shall be described as briefly as possible, with the view before mentioned. The vallaris honoured him who first forced an enemy's defence: it was at first of simple leaves, but afterwards of gold. So those were made which the dictator Posthumius presented after the seizure of the camp of the Latins, near Lake Regilla; a change worthy an unworthy man. Vertical rays on the base of a palisade, indicated its character. The muraria was to the same effect as regarded a city; it was, perhaps, more naturally of gold or silver, representing a wall with its towers. The navalis, the same as regarded boarding an enemy's vessel, and granted to the Roman Agrippa. The Athenians conferred it on such as equipped a ship of war at their own expense. It was of gold, and ornamented with the beaks of ships. The cirica was appropriated to him who had preserved another, and was honourably presented by the person saved, though but simple branches of oak charged with acorns. Generals of armies, however, adopted the crown to be conferred by themselves, and then its form was imitated in gold.† It was thus honourably indeed conferred on Coriolanus. The oak, symbol of strength, of the riches of nature, of civic virtues, under wise governments, furnished also the tables (say now tablets) on which Aeneus Martius caused the first Roman laws to be engraved. It was the tree of Jupiter among the Romans—the image of Divinity among the Celts. Its crown was decreed to Augustus, because he was believed to have rescued his country from anarchy, as well as enhanced civilisation. The oak and the laurel crowned the palace of the Caesars at Rome. The obsidiomalis (the only appellative that cannot be made English by abstraction of the last syllable) was, as the Latin term imports, in honour of him who had defended his country's interest by holding out against an enemy; and it, of all others, worthily retained its simplicity. It was composed only of the herbage of the green turf—the simple grass found everywhere; so that the acknowledgment of so great a benefit might not be retarded. Glorious emblem! and in my mind equally glorious is it that the goldsmiths (most worthy artists as they always have been) could not imitate ornamentally the turf on which the true patriot earned his crown, or on which he would have died! The Roman consul Minutius placed it on the head of the virtuous Cincinnatus. The triumphalis was divided into the greater or lesser triumph: the latter occurred on victories in minor war, as pre-

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* Such was one foundation of the house of Lonsdale in England.
† The last Odessa journal mentions a fine specimen of the gold crown imitative of laurel, lately found on the head of the defunct, in opening an ancient tomb at Kertsch. It weighs 36 zolotiks, or 13 ounces, and is of pure gold.
viously to its declaration against the public enemy, or over rebels or pirates; when the victor walked to the temple, with the simplest sacrifice, and crowned with myrtle. Yet this was once aggrandized in a manner to make our country proud. Plautius, on returning to Rome after a very doubtful conquest of a province in the south of Britain, the Emperor Claudius dignified his ovation by going before him to the gates of Rome hand-in-hand. As to the greater triumphs, they have been described in narration and in art to nausea. Paulus Emilius had carried before his car four hundred crowns, imitative of laurel in gold, as tributes from the people he had conquered! Here the subject naturally drops; they were turned into money, called coronaion gold, which, instead of being distinguished as aurum coronarium, ought to be stumped with the exclamation auri sacra fames! To relieve this feeling, how exquisite is it to contemplate Coriolanus, after having earned the civic crown, and merited many others, returning to be crowned in the presence of his mother, and receiving her embraces amidst tears of joy!

It has been observed that the laurel is the symbol of greatness, indeed it is particularly evinced among ourselves; it has, however, been remarked, and justly, that the laurel of the triumphal crown bears only leaves, while that which repose on the brows of sovereigns bears also flowers—happy emblem of the advantages which nations expect from the wisdom, virtue, and foresight of him who wears it.

However, further consideration this way belongs to crowns of power. To conclude the ancient portion of this subject; Lycurgus permitted the virtuous dead to be crowned. The Thessalians obtained leave from Thebes to bury Pelopides, who they crowned with gold. Crowns were sometimes offered in propitiation. The Carthaginian ambassadors, on negotiating a peace, after the defeat of Hannibal, presented to the Roman senate a golden crown. Alcibiades returning from exile, was presented by the people which had injured him with coronets of gold, &c.; when, recollecting his sufferings, he could not refrain from tears. It was, nevertheless, a triumph to virtue over misfortune, though not seldom, as in his case, almost too late.

As to the sacred or civic virtues, all these pleasing but variable distractions have been perhaps well transferred to the titles, robes, and the ornaments, as chains, medals, &c., of modern times; with the exception of the royal crowns, still properly preserved in all their splendour, for the more solemn inauguration of kings and queens, to the exercise of every virtue, requisite to all the people of a nation.

Every title, whether martial, municipal, or otherwise, received by any member of the community, is as a bond for the exercise of superior virtue over the ordinary people, on the just principle that “Those who think must govern those who toil.”

We must now say a few words on honours of the humbler virtues, as continued to the present day. The advance of these from ancient times downwards, does not seem to have been equal to that of the others; and yet all modern states have some memorials of them, though, like other trophies, they have been changed into other means of beneficence.

These are not deficient in England, though they want the continuity of the crown; and it is to be feared that unless the means of beneficence referred to are accompanied by some emblem, and closely superintended by those who confer beneficence, the effect may often not be produced: but this is no question at present for these pages, and therefore we will hasten to conclude an already too long portion of this article, by reference to the origin of a custom elsewhere, which was admirably described before in this work.

The most pleasing institution is in France, that of the Crown of Roses. The remote village of Saleney in Picardy, about a league from Noyon, is the scene of this delightful reward. Its institutor, the venerable St. Medard, in the sixth century, after rendering moral and religious the two dioceses over which his apostolic character had caused him to be placed, consulted the innocent pleasures of his children, for such they were; and perhaps recognising at the same time the customs of which, in their conversion, he was constrained to deprive them, he established this festival, at once the conciliation of their prejudices and the encouragement of virtue. It is conferred on the young females of highest excellence in the village, and of the most virtuous family.
Upon the sister of St. Medard, says tradition, was first conferred the crown of roses. "To this rose," says Madame de Genlis, "is attached a purity of morals, which, from time immemorial, has never suffered the slightest blemish. To this rose are attached the happiness, peace, and glory of the Salencians."

"This rose," adds the same fair writer, "is the portion, frequently the only portion, which virtue brings with it—this rose forms the amiable and pleasing tie of a happy marriage. Even fortune is anxious to obtain it, and comes with respect to receive it from the honourable hand of virtuous indigence.

Louis XIII., under the administration of Richelieu (163—), presented to the queen of the rose a blue ribbon and a silver ring; which, to increase the honour, he sent by the Marquis de Gordes, captain of his guards, from Varennes. Since that honourable epocha, streamers of blue ribbon, surround the crown of roses, and a ring is fastened to it; while a blue ribbon in the manner of a scarf, ornaments the white dresses of the attendant girls.

To these honours (1766) succeeded a revenue equally simple, but which, nevertheless, has the merit of giving them solidity and permanence. M. Morfontaine, lord of the manor, settled a yearly income of one hundred and twenty livres (£1, sterling) upon the girl then elected queen, to be enjoyed by her for her lifetime; but afterwards to be paid to each maiden as she should be chosen, on the day of her election. Curiosity is alive to know the cause of perpetuating the salary to its first object.

The festival of the rose is held annually on that of St. Medard. In claiming the honour, to be irreproachable is not sufficient. "There is," remarks Madame de Genlis, "a kind of nobleness of which proofs are required—a nobleness not of rank and dignity, but of worth and innocence. These proofs must include several generations, both on the father's and mother's side, so that a whole family is crowned upon the head of one; the triumph of one is the glory of the whole; and the old man in grey hairs, who sheds tears of sensibility on the victory gained by the daughter of his son, placed by her side, receives in effect the reward of sixty years spent in a life of virtue.

"By this mean, emulation becomes general, for the honour of the whole; every one dreads, by an indelicate action, to dethrone either his sister or his daughter. The crown of roses establishes goodness, rectitude, and morality in every family; it attaches the best people to the most peaceful residence."

[Many advances on the festival of the rose has since occurred; a delightful specimen of which appeared in our French correspondence of October last.]

THE ANNUALS.

1. The Keepsake for 1835. Edited by F. M. Reynolds.


We are well pleased to find that the "Keepsake" is once more asserting its claims to the title of the magnificent annual. Last year it was a woful failure, both in literature and embellishments: we kept silence on that subject, yet our fair readers will allow that a silence on our parts, in regard to any publication that especially concerns them, is severe criticism. We do not profess to praise exclusively every thing that is offered to their notice; many a critical but is, perforce, mingled with all independent discussion: nevertheless, the works that we subject to this close ordeal, our subscribers are aware, possess wheat as well as chaff. Alas! what can be done with those that are made up entirely of dross? Those persons may sift and bolt and puff them that like the task—for our parts "we'll none of it." On this principle were we best pleased to pass by in silence the "Keepsake" for 1834—former beauties and excellencies pleaded that it was but a temporary eclipse—the event has so proved—and this year we recommence our agreeable task of examining a new "Keepsake," worthy of the fame of former years.
The frontispiece presents us with the dignified and graceful figure of a noble matron, the Viscountess Beresford, from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence. This portrait has before been engraved in a fashion magazine, but as the attempt was there a failure, it enhances the value of the present print; the drawing is very spirited; the outline is well reduced from the original: we have, nevertheless, seen richer and better finished engravings from the burin of C. Heath. "My Aunt Mansfield" possesses no pictorial excellence of any kind. "The Novel," as it is entitled, is in reality "The Letter:"—exquisite delicacy of tone and tint, combined with bold relief, are observable here: the figure from the waist to the feet is not sufficiently defined, or the design would have been admirable.

As a lively representation of a national custom, the print of "The Sledge" deserves great attention: the tone of frosty mistiness in the air is very good and natural: the animals are stiff and wooden. "The Love Quarrel," by Eliza Sharp, is nobly designed: the figures and faces of the females are expressive and beautiful. The engraving of this plate does F. A. Heath great credit. "The Letter" (now we know why the other "Letter" was called "The Novel") is pretty, and perhaps will please some young ladies more than a plate of higher order. The story of the "Gipsy Children" is prettily made out by the pencil of Miss L. Sharpe, as to grouping and expression, but her backgrounds want force to throw her groups forward: there is a flatness in her design which we think study might rectify; her heads are much too large in proportion. Edwards has bestowed a good deal of fine art in the engraving of this plate.

We cannot award much praise to the two plates from Stephanoff. "Carolina" is a pretty creature, but her cavalier is detestable: "The Spirit of the Wye," much beneath mediocrity. Neither of these are well engraved. "The Lady Blanche," by Cattermole, is a beautiful scene: the figure of the lady possesses much delicate beauty. C. Heath has not taken much trouble with any other part of the plate; he never offends glaringly against taste in his neglect, yet we see symptoms of the hurried monopolist in all that at present issues from his hand. "The Discovery," by Stothard, resembles the designs with which he illustrated the old "Novelist's Magazine"; it is an inferior drawing of his earlier and more vigorous style. Roll's engraving is better than the design.

Goodyear is generally a favourite artist of ours, and he has shown great richness of art in the tone of the engraving from the splendid design of "Surry's Vision of Geraldine." Surry is very ugly; it is true, he is like the picture of Holbein, but it is a caricature resemblance. Messrs. Goodyear and Cattermole might have allowed themselves, methinks, to flatter the hero a little, knowing how severely rigid Holbein was in his portraits. The "German Lovers" are too sentimental and theatrical to please us.

The next is a print from Miss L. Sharpe, called "The Widowed Mother," full of sweet poetic expression, of true feeling, and every pictorial merit, except proportion; the heads are too large: it is a fault that she must amend, in order to do justice to a rapidly perfecting talent. It now remains to name the plate that has been long expected as one of first-rate excellence—this is "La Valière," painted by Chalon, and engraved by C. Heath. It is a rich and elaborate engraving; and there is actually some resemblance in the face to the historical portraits of this unfortunate beauty:—there would be more, but for a defect in the further eye and eyelid, which mars the expression, and caricatures the countenance.

The literature of the "Keepsake" is decidedly of a superior order this year; it contains a "novelle de société" of a sprightlier cast than annuals usually admit into their pages: a few more papers, such as "My Aunt Mansfield," would redeem these publications from the charge of insipidity. This lively tale is well relieved by its neighbour, by Lady Julia Lockwood. "Anger and Retribution" is founded on a cottage story, something like that of Fazio. Lady Julia has entered into the feelings of the poor with that truth and just observation on human nature that do honour to her rank; for she must have made herself familiar with the sufferings of her fellow-creatures to draw a sketch so vivid and life-like. "The Love Quarrel," by Miss Agnes Strickland, is a powerful historical tale: the conclusion is strikingly dramatic. Lord Morpeth's critical verses on novels...
The master has gold in a purse so fair,
And he knows how to spend far better than spare.

But the dove that was ta'en from the chestnut tree,
For nothing but love it serveth me;
I hate it gone on a morn in May,
But it looked in my eyes and begged to stay.
I showed it the woods so green and fair;
I hate it list to the breezy air,
To the coo of wild doves, so soft and low;
But it clung to my hand and would not go.

Ay, then, let the little foot-page so gay,
Mimic his master as best he may;
Let Mistress Ann be as grave as an owl,
And the henchman put on his darkest scowl.
I like far better than all the three.
The true little dove that serveth me;
That is always loving, and meek, and good,
And hath left for me its own green wood.

Besides these pretty papers, we note
with approbation "The Splendid Fetter,"
by Miss Agnes Strickland; "Another Day in the Island," and the "Sister of Charity."

__The Cabinet Cyclopedia — Europe during the Middle Ages. Vol. 4. Longman and Co.__

We own that we cannot help feeling disappointed with this volume, as well as with its predecessors on the same subject, for there is a dryness in the narrative that we could not have expected to find; and we think that Strutt, Henry, Warton, and Turner, notwithstanding the author of the "Middle Ages" deprecates the two latter, have rendered the costume of the olden times far more attractive to the general reader. We want more lively pictures of civil life, and less of the church, especially under the Norman and Plantagenet dynasties. Our chronicles are so minutely rich in descriptive passages, that we think more use might have been drawn from them than has been done. The stores of information, furnished by the author, are rich in some places, but partial; the history of the manners, customs, and domestic usages of this island, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is a blank in the hands of this author; in its place he gives us a mere ecclesiastical history, interspersed with a few saints' biographies; and we must own that the history of the church has been better illustrated in other volumes of the Cabinet Cyclopedia. We want more passages like the following:—

"The surprise of the French is described as excessive, when Becket proceeded to Paris to negotiate a marriage between Prince Henry and a daughter of their king. He was accompanied by 200 knights of his household, besides many barons and nobles, and a whole army of domestics, who were well armed and magnificently attired; the chancellor himself had four-and-twenty changes of apparel. His trains of waggons and sumpter horses was endless; and to pursue at leisure his favourite diversion of hunting and hawking, he had abundance of dogs and birds, with the necessary domestics. When he entered a town he carefully exhibited his pomp. The procession was headed by 250 boys singing English ballads; next advanced his hounds with their keepers; then his waggons, carrying his wines, viands, wardrobe, kitchen utensils, chapel books, &c.; next his sumpter horses, with their grooms; then the squires of the knights, carrying the shields, and leading the steeds of their masters; next, other armour-bearers and pages; next, the falconers and their birds; then cup-bearers and other gentlemen of the household; behind them the knights and clergy, riding two and two, in solemn state; and lastly, the great chancellor himself, with his familiar friends. Well might the people exclaim—What a wonderful personage King Henry must be, when his chancellor can thus travel!"

These are pictures of a nature that impress themselves on the minds of the readers, and rise in mental view whenever the country or era is mentioned.—The account of the boys that marched before Becket singing English ballads, forms a feature in the costumes of the times that stands in bold relief in the memory. In similar features do chronicles abound; we regret to see so few of them enrich this volume. Between pages 115 and 280, there is scarcely anything likely to make a pleasing and useful impression on the minds of the readers; yet the era is wonderfully rich in materials, from which the historian ought to have gathered a rich harvest. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the author is no longer confined to Saxon saints and legends; but the civil history of Europe, with all its customs and characteristic traits, is recorded or implied
in chronicle with graphic minuteness. Supposing our author had to write on the manners, modes of life, and costume of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, would he limit it to the lives of Tillotson, Wesley, Whitfield, Rowland Hill, Drs. Porteus, Horne, Sutton, Blomfield, and Howley? It is true, that some of these distinguished men might occasionally be briefly mentioned, according to the proportion of the influence they held over the public mind; but England in the middle ages, though much more influenced by her churchmen than in these latter days, presented an infinite variety of pursuits and customs, more than is to be found in the biographies of St. Anselm, St. Bartholomew, St. Edmund, St. Ailred, Grosstette, and Wycliffe; and we consider that most valuable space has been occupied by these very dry and comparatively useless details. The history of the middle ages would not have been complete without some notice of the church, yet there was a very great deal that is worthy of remark going on outside the cloister as well as within. To leave these times, so bare of illustration, seems a strange caprice in so learned an author.

The beginning and end of the volume is occupied to much greater advantage than the middle of it, and contains interesting and amusing disquisitions on the poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, enriched by many well-chosen extracts from scarce poesies and homilies; and the work concludes with criticisms and specimens from the Norman and English vernacular poetry. From the Saxon literature we extract part of a sermon which, we think, even in these days, would produce a sensation in a country congregation——

"Now hear the spiritual vision of a certain old man—he saw the soul of one forced to leave the body; but the soul durst not issue forth because she saw execrable fiends standing before the body. 'What art thou doing?' inquired one devil; 'why not come out?' Will Michael the archangel, with a legion of angels, come to carry you away?" 'No fear of that,' replied another devil; 'I know this soul well; day and night was I with her.' When the soul saw and heard these things, she began miserably to cry and to exclaim, 'Woe unto me that I was ever born! that I ever entered this impure accursed body!' Then looking at it she said, 'Vile wretch, it was thou which did seize the substance of other men, which was always intent on laying up treasures on earth, which arrayedst thyself in sumptuous apparel: when thou wast scarlet I was black, thou wast cheerful but I was sorrowful, thou didst rejoice while I wept: Now thou art a loathsome corpse, fit food for worms, a time thou mayest remain here; but while I in misery and wailing must be led to hell, let the body also be afflicted with various torments.' And the devil cried out, 'Pierce his eyes, because with them he planned all manner of injustice.—Pierce his mouth, because with it he eat and drank what he liked, and uttered what he pleased.—Pierce his heart, because in it there was no religion, mercy, or love of God.' These things sorely afflicted that miserable soul, to which they fastened very black wings; and when they were taking it away it suddenly beheld a glorious light, and it asked the devils what this meant, and they replied, 'Dost thou not remember that it is that celestial glory and joy from which thou wast taken when thou didst enter the body—now shalt thou pass through these beautiful mansions, but there thou must not remain—now shalt thou hear the angelic hosts and the glory of the saints, but there thou art not permitted to stay.' Again the wretched soul, with much anguish, wept and said, 'Woe unto me that ever I beheld the light of the world!' The devils conducted it, wailing and groaning, and delivered it to certain fiery dragons which breathed flame and brimstone; into the raging furnace of their open jaws it was cast. Wherefore, dearest brethren, let us place this before our eyes as a warning—let us acknowledge and believe that such punishments await the wicked."

1. The Exiles of Chamouni, a Drama; and the Rose of Cashmere, an Oriental Opera. By C. D. Sillery, Esq.


The scenes of the "Exiles of Chamouni," and the general cast of the story, are in broad imitation of Lord Byron's "Manfred," save that all the shadowy and mysterious magical allusions, which form part of the charm of that exquisite poem, are here broadly and ludicrously defined. It is seldom that we deform our pages with passages out of taste, yet here is a scene that is so complete an example of the abuse of imaginativeness, that we cannot help quoting it, as an instance of the present wretched custom of authors writing down every absurd vagary that enters into their heads, without correction——
Scene 3.—A Forest.

Enter Zurich, hurriedly.

Zur.—The wolf! the hideous wolf pursues me still!

[Enter a wolf, with a human face.
And hunts me forth, to torture me with dreams;

Worn out and weary,—[the revelies]
I shall rest me here.

A voice from the cloud.

From the stars to the moon
In my airy balloon,
Through infinity's ocean I sweep;
The blood from my side,
The cobweb hath dyed,
And lulled the wild spirit to sleep.

Zur.—The indistinctness of delirious thought,
Intoxicates my drowsy soul to slumber.

He sleeps, and his dream is represented.—The forest is filled with fiery serpents and black skeletons—great owls, ravens, and vultures are seen fluttering among the branches of the trees, on which huge spiders are busily weaving webs, like white nets, in which crickets and scorpions are entangled. A goat is dragging off a murdered child. A wolf springs from the forest, and growls larger than an elephant—a shower of fire issues from its eyes and nostrils. Two students, dressed in black gowns, with foci under their arms, and without heads, enter; followed by a black, with the head of an eagle and the tail of a peacock. A great blue dolphin, on human legs, walking upright—the demon cholera; a red lobster, with a bull's head and eyes of fire, in the same position—the fiend of scurvy fever; and a terrible, shapeless, cloudless animal—the nightmare, follows. Ape is seen stirring large cauldrons—blue spectres and hideous reptiles ascending in their smoke; a thunderbolt breaks on the summit of a mountain, and shatters it to pieces; from an atmosphere of fire, where the hill stood, a fiend with the wings of a dragon advances towards Zurich, and touches his forehead with blood, while a low, hollow voice exclaimes:—

Through the deep-dyed flood
Of the infidel's blood,
Through the furnace flames we go;
And we bring thee a wave
From the red pool, to lave
And to cool thy burning brow!

He wakes,—the incantation is dissolved. He starts up, and passing his hand over his forehead, which is marked with blood, after a short pause, exclaims:—

The wolf! the hideous wolf pursues me still!

[Exit Zurich, pursued by the monster.

Lord Byron's assertions, that he wrote that weighed and scanned every line they wrote with the most scrupulous care, and, as may be seen by the variations annexed to their works, scarcely ever published a line without careful and refining polish. Unfortunately, the herd of modern versifiers who still continue to imitate Lord Byron, have taken his splenetic or boasting assertions for definite rules of his manner of composition, they, therefore, abjure correction, write the most rapid extravagances, and publish all they write. How would the very master they deify rage, and fume, and rave himself into an ecstacy of male-diction, could he now behold the doings of his self-elected school of disciples!—However, rest beside his restless spirit, it were cruelty to wish him such a purgatory!

The remaining portion of the volume is occupied by an opera, called the "Rose of Cashmere." Here Mr. Sillery places himself on the same ground with Moore. A miserable infatuation it is in writers, that, although the vast book of history and human character is spread open before them with endless diversity, that they will persist in climbing up another man's pedestal, and endeavour to thrust him from it, or to perch themselves by his side—they always fail, for imitators must fail; and then they look smaller and meaner by comparison, than if they had laboured to raise some original eminence for themselves. By this encroachment on appropriated subjects our author has done himself irreparable wrong, he has lost all claims to freshness and novelty, and prejudices his readers into drawing invidious comparisons at the first outset. This is the more to be regretted, as some pleasing descriptive lines occasionally occur in the latter poem; and these lead us to suppose that Mr. Sillery has powers of composition equal to the generality of poets that now appear in the annuals.—It would be unjust to quote a faulty passage without a specimen from a better portion of the book:—

Peri.—Ah! 'tis the feast of roses—now I see,
Far down the vista, lamps and torches gleam.

As if the "yellow road" had fallen from
heaven,
To banish night by artificial day.
I'll seek my father's solitude; our cot
Is sweeter far, in its sequestered peace,
Than all the pompous palaces of kings—
Fear not, my father, for thy daughter
comes! [Ezra Pern Zada.

Enter AMRA.

AMRA—Exquisite angel! by the light of
love,
Whene'er I wander thou art with me still,
Thou gem of heaven! thou goddess of
the earth!
Day follows the encircling thy fair form,
Where'er the wild flowers kiss thy fairy
feet.
My love! my life! my light! no words
can paint
Thy beauty or thy innocence of soul,
Fair as the morning when the world
awake—
Exquisite angel! o'er her virgin brow
Roll the rich ringlets of her glossy hair
In wavy gold, down to the slender
waist—
Her dewy lips, like radiant rubies,
blush
To kiss each other; and her lustrous
eyes
Of liquid jet, beneath the raven fringe
Of their long silken lashes, smile in light,
So languidly, so tenderly, so sweet,
That in the heaven of each bright orb, a
soul
Seems all enthroned in eloquence and
love!
Health's rich carnation blushes on her
cheek—
Her form is slender as the bending reed;
As softly musical her silvery voice;
Her step as light as snow on fallen snow;
Her heart all love, her soul all inno-
cence;
A paradise of innocence and light,
Wherein flow streams of thought, like
molten gold.
*Tis not the temple of my gods I worship,
But the great beings proudly veiled
within—
*Tis not my Peri's form or face I wor-
ship,
But the intelligence therein enshrined.

Air—Amra.

By the flowers of the valley,
All bending with dew;
By the light water lily,
Of exquisite blue;
By the bright skies above thee,
All cloudless and clear;
I love thee—I love thee,
Sweet Rose of Cashmere!

Young Peri of Paradise,
Shadows are fleeing:
Sweet angel of bright skies,
Bless'd be thy being!
Oh! rest thee o'er thee,
Thou'rt ever be dear;
For I love thee—I love thee,
Sweet Rose of Cashmere!

The "Metrical Exercises," by Harriet
Rebecca King, though so modestly en-
titled, possess many claims to the notice
of readers: the verses are of a reflective
or religious cast, and are evidently the
productions of one familiar with afflic-
tion, but who has turned its uses to a
high and exalted purpose: they are the
breathings of a mind chastened and pu-
rified. We select one poem, which is
of the feminine and tender cast that
pervades the whole of this pleasing little
volume:

THE BROKEN HEART.

"She never mentioned her lover's name,
but would lay her head on her mother's bosom
and weep in silence."—Sketch Book, vol. ii.
p. 254.

I saw thee in thy cradle bed,
A fair and lovely child;
Around thee fortune's halo spread,
Whilst love parental smiled.
I saw thee once in after years,
When life and hope were young,
Ere yet thine eye was dimm'd by tears,
Or sighs thy bosom wrung.
And once again I see thee now,
Still lovely, young, and fair;
But that wan cheek, that marble brow,
Of what a tale is there!
The secret, slow-consuming sting
Of wounded love and faith,
Has loos'd the silver cord of life,
And set the links of death.
But gently draws the conqueror nigh,
No king of tears now;
He brings a promise from on high
Of peace to such as thou.
And she who watches—he who prays,
To these what hope is given?
That which the fainting spirit stays,
The hope to meet in heaven.

The Princess, or The Beguine. By
Lady Morgan. 3 vols.

With all her faults, whether of omis-
sion or commission (the latter a crying
sin, as regards foreign individuals) we
are happy, we must confess, to hail Lady
M. again, even briefly, in our pages. We
think we see her lolling against the left
corner of her ottoman, talking the best
sense in the world in the most amiable
manner; and see the fine person of her
excellent and talented husband, Sir
Charles, after having acted as page of
entrée, inclining his ear to her sometimes
erroneous propositions.

We can, moreover, remember the time
when one amongst our critical coterie
recommended to her then publisher,
Colburn, her learning German, and going
to Germany, as a scene where she might derive vast stores of knowledge for future efforts in the romance of novel, if one may coin such a term. We forget the exact period, but it can be marked by the fact of her ladyship having gone to Germany, and it being announced from the newspapers of that country, that an order of state was issued against her remaining there! Her ladyship’s residence in France and Italy also led her into many of those very nationalisms (let us again coin a word), which we recollect she refused formerly to admit in England, although the authority was Johnson.

With all this we rejoice to see the highly-talented woman again in the field. For of all ladies, she is one whose work can be taken up and laid down again, and resumed, never failing to leave something on the tabula rasa of the most vacant mind—malgré much scandal, and almost obvious personality.

The scene of her present work is divided between London and Belgium—the period, 1833; and here are characters in both places of that period drawn from the life, and, sorry are we to say, that they are often drawn truly. Were we to quote, we must quote the whole three volumes, for no one passage can be understood without the other; and after reading all, we are really glad to have done with it. Lady Morgan is undoubtedly a very clever woman, but, as we suppose the German government thought (to use her own anglo-gallicism) clever, dupet.

Panorama of Père la Chaise.

The usual beauty of all Mr. Burford’s efforts attends this. You have all the facts with the best prospect, which is everything; if we think it rather sombre, it is probably because we are rather sombre ourselves. Let us endeavour to surpass Père la Chaise.

We have now seen Mr. Leigh’s “Panorama of Rome,” extensive and beautiful. It conveys so many images of our earliest studies and of our later travel, that we will not in present straight of time say all we feel upon it, satisfied that every modern visitor of the first city of the Seven Hills, which taught arms and law to the world, and is now again interesting, will be sure to possess themselves of it.

Society of British Musicians.—We are most happy to add our announcement with praise of the progress of this institution. The cognoscenti find faults which we do not perceive in our simplicity, and others find individual beauties that we confess do not strike us; but we have so much delight in any thing contributing to a British school of taste, that we determine to be pleased, and only to wish it extensive success. On a future occasion we shall endeavour to bring before the ladies particularly, and technically, the claims of the Society to their attention.

The Inglezina of Italy.—We lament to learn that Miss Davies, who we lately mentioned incidentally as having, from her native musical talent, enjoyed this cognomen in the land of song, is, in her old age, now suffering great privation in London! Thus transitory are human affairs—human success!

Musical Somnambulist.—Dr. Abercrombie has related, according to the Herald, the following singular fact, upon an orphan girl, aged seven years, who slept in an apartment which was divided only by a thin partition from another, in which lived an itinerant fiddler (we suppose it must have been in some country place). This man, it seems, possessed a taste superior to his vocation, and practised in the night much good music. It produced none but disagreeable sensations, perhaps from her rest being disturbed. The poor girl became ill, and was received into the good house of a benevolent lady for care. Some time afterwards the family were struck by occasional chords of sweet music, such as are produced by a good violin, without the power of ascertaining whence they came! Endeavour after endeavour was unsuccessful, till accident, from some necessary attention to the bedside of the little sick stranger, discovered that they arose from her lips while sleeping. Not only the music that had formerly disturbed her, but the very tuning of the violin was so reiterated. Let philosophers tell how.
The minors have really been emulating the majors; and as neither Terence, of whom we have been speaking, nor Plautus, were regulars, we really hold them more highly in our good opinion than ever, for they have illumined a region of dulness in many spheres.

Adelphi has been as classical as "the Westminster"—thanks to Mr. Bulwer's beautiful romance of history, "The Last Days of Pompeii." In representing this piece the theatre has put forth energies of which we had no conception: and if Mr. Buckstone could only have for once forgotten his "gallery" friends, particularly on so really splendid an occasion, and not put good old Mr. O. Smith and gallant Mr. John Reeve, not indeed in toga sittae, &c., but à la Westminster petticoats, nothing would have been left for us to wish.

Olympic has been going on as merrily as Olympia in its best days, and has moreover anticipated what we took the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Arnold, as to national airs.

Madame Vestris, in her "Welsh Girl," has so delighted us. "St. Mark's Eve" is also a very pleasant bit, and well supported by Mrs. Orger and Keeley.

Strand Theatre.—Not is Mrs. Waylett a whit behind, who, we are glad to hear, is doing well with her "Victoria tickets," to elude the gentleman who took upon himself the office of lord chamberlain, while vacant, to threaten a talented woman striving honourably for bread; while she has not deceived the public. Besides Forrester and Williams, we must particularly notice Oxberry, for reviving the pleasure we have received from his father, whose line he most successfully follows. She has a piece from the pen of Mr. a'Becket: almost classical music by A. Lee and Miss M. A. Glossop. She has, moreover, called to her aid the fascinating Mrs. Nisbet, doubly interesting from her approaching re-marriage with an M. P.

In addition to other novelties, has been produced two of the most successful pieces; the one called "Twelve Months," the other a burlesque on "Manfred." The latter was the Christmas novelty; and a perfect sensation was produced by the mysterious tragedy of Mitchell as "Man-Fred," a ruined master chimney-sweep. Miss P. Horton, who is already an eminent favourite, plays Anne Starkie with infinite humour, and sings two or three difficult airs, in imitation of Grisi, with a degree of success. We are happy to find her talents warmly appreciated.

Fitzroy.—This theatre is now in the hands of Mr. Laurent, of the French plays, with Mr. Broad as manager, and the acquisition of Wrench. French and English pieces are to be mingled, with prospect of success.

Sadler's Wells has produced great spirit on a little subject, "Jack Sprat and his
Wife,"—grand as the pantomimic treat of the festival. All else goes on as well as possible.

**Pavilion** is supplied with "Hot Boiled Beans and Butter," which gratify its Christ-

mas visitors.

**Surrey** has been also going on well in its pursuit. A new version of the "Jacob Faith-

ful" of Captain Marryat, R. N., is successful.

A panorama particularly pleased us.

**Victoria** may resound its own name within its walls, which by the way having been extended for public accommodation beyond the foolish law of a very sily mem-

ber of parliament, brought Mr. Glossop, as his own advocate, before the magistracy.

Bless us! we could not help exclaiming, is this the same man we met on a certain even-
ing, previous to an expedition to Cadiz, at the Anglo Italian hotel of Giuseppe Bernachi,* in the Rua Corpo Santo? How improved! here we have him with a fine theatre, amply provided with attractions, and with his two musical daughters prepar-
ing for Opera, not in the South of Europe, but of the Thames—*Viva Glorioso rector!* We shall not fail to do justice to his efforts for the new year.

We shall look about us to do the same for all his respectable cotemporaries.

**American Theatre.**—**Mr. C. Mathews, having recovered health, was to be at home in Philadelphia (Chesnut Street Theatre) on the 30th Nov. Mrs. Terman, late Miss Jarman, was very great there. Madame Celeste drew multitudes in New York; and though last, not least, Sheridan Knowles had a good benefit at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 18th November.

**Birmingham Town Musical Hall.**—

The Christmas festival is preparing here with great éclat. A large band will be led by Craner; and there will be the novelty of two concertos on the organ, which is now completed, by Mr. Adams. The most eminent vocal and instrumental performers are engaged.

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**Paris Chit-chat, &c.**

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEWS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Dec. 20, 1834.

Voici, ma bonne amie, le jour de l'an qui nous arrive à grands pas; but it is true we no longer hail its return with the same de-
gree of pleasure as formerly, lorsque les bon-
bons, les caramels, les cadeaux faisaient nos délices: you must remember Ma Clorinde, when immured in our dreary cloister, what a charm the words jour de l'an possessed for us. It is, I believe, that each succeeding year we become more ré raisonable, mais, hélas! aussi chaque année nous vieillissons—Oh! la triste chose que de vieillir! Mais à bas la tristesse! et parlons toilettes, et fashions, et réunions: à propos de réunions. I met Milord Brougham nearly every day during his stay in Paris, either at dinners, or balls, or soirées: les Français sont fou de lui, et vraiment c'est un homme charmant—il dit que je parle Anglais comme un ange! We have a great many other foreigners of dis-
tinction in Paris just now: et surtout beau-
coup de jolies Anglaises. You ask me for dinner dresses—eh! bien, I shall give you ensembles de toilettes, from which you may select. D'abord, I must tell you that the toi-

lettes à l'antique are only adopted this year by les manuans, qui jouent à l'époque, or who are content to faire tapiserie in a ball-
room, for velvet dresses are certainly too heavy for dancing. I have described these dresses to you so often, that it is unnecessary to do so again.

**For Ball or Dinner Dresses.**—The make universally worn is a plain corsage, fitting tight to the bust; with or without draperies à la Sévigné, the one as general as the other. A mantille of blonde, or what is perhaps prettier, a pelisse décolletée, is frequently worn over a dress made with a corsage plat. You know what a mantille is, but a pelisse décolletée I shall try to de-
scribe. It is sometimes made of blonde, but more frequently of the same material as the dress, and trimmed with blonde. It is cut as low in the neck as the dress, and attached to it by the small livré or piping that goes round the neck of the corsage. (I speak of a low dress.) These pelisses are always deep on the shoulders, nearly covering the sleeve: some are pointed, but the prettiest are rounded off, which sits better over the sleeve; some are cut square, and some rounded at back, sufficiently deep when the blouse is on to reach to, but not hide the waist— they are almost cut away to a small point in front, which fastens beneath the ceinture; and some are cut the same at back, the point being brought beneath the ceinture, but this is not quite so becoming as when they are cut square or simply rounded. They are edged all round with a livré of satin, the colour of the dress, and

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* Of this same Giuseppe, a good little man with a fine large family, we have an Anglo Italian MS. account of his running round the world, which may one day amuse the readers of the L. M. and M.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.

Boulevard St. Martin, N° 61.

Chapeau en velours de Maurice Suchaud.

Robe en satin pompe de passementerie du chat et de Mâle Delamée, Rue des Filles, L. Thomas.

Ecarlate en satin garnie de frange de M. Magnan et Brachet, Rue Richelieu, 93.

Lady's Magazine. Published by J. Page, 102 Fleet Lane, London.

1834
trimmed with a deep full of blonde, put on very full, and diminishing gradually in width as it comes to the front; at the waist it is as narrow as possible. Four small rosette bows of gauze or satin ribbon give a pretty finish to the pelerine; one front and back, and one on each side. I mentioned lately that the conturiantes were to bring in flounces again, I am not sorry to say that they have not succeeded: a few, however, have been adopted in the toilette à l'Antique, that is to say, the front breadth of the under dress, worn with the open robe, has one, two, or three flounces, put on à la Nissia de l'Enclos (in lessons).

In dinner or grand costume d'opera, black is decidedly the colour in vogue amongst our merceresses, black velvet, black satin and figured satin, &c. &c. in opera dress. What contrasts singularly with this costume, and what is indispensable, is a mantoncino of white satin, lined and trimmed with swan's down! c'est un caprice de jolie femme, ce sempre bene puisque la mode le veut. A pretty dinner ensemble is a dress of black velvet or satin broché, corsage plat, pelerine decollée of white blonde, plain short full sleeves without soffets, but with three ruffles à la Louis XV.; chapeau de white satin à l'Aigle Serc, or à la Castillane, with a bird of Paradise, dyed a jet black.

A dress of satin broché couleur ramoneur, made as above, but with long white blonde sleeves, épaulettes and cuffs of the satin of the dress, coiffure à la demioiselle. This splendid coiffure has been brought into fashion by the wonderful microscope exhibited here by Dr. Warwick. You know the demioiselle is the name of a fly (a midge, I believe, in English), but so small, that it can scarcely be distinguished by the human eye. The head of this insect, as seen by the trained eye of Dr. Warwick, is decorated with a splendid plume of feathers, and which has beenimitated by the coiffeurs here for the benefit of the Parisian belles.

A dress of white Cauchemare, corsage plat, short sleeves, and pelerine decollé trimmed with two rows of very narrow Cauchemare bordering; a turban à la Juive of the same, without ornament. This dress is simple and most distingué.

A pretty costume I saw an evening or two ago, was of very pale pink velours épinglé, the sleeves and pelerine decollé of white blonde, ornamented with bows of pink satin ribbon: the back hair braded, with pink cheville intermixed in the braid; the front in bandeaux lisses, with a fersimonie of diamonds crossing the brow. Chenille is much worn in the hair at present, and has a pretty effect. At the same ball I observed several dresses of gaze à dammiers (in squares, like those of a chess-board) in two colours, or two shades of one colour: there were also several of tissu de Médine, a very beautiful gaize, broché en soie et or. Turbans seem a favourite coiffure this winter: they are made of Cauchemare, dentelle, broché en or, plain and figured gaizes, or white tulle de soie and satin broché, blue, pink, &c. A dress of pink tulle de soie, worn over satin the same colour, the corsage croisé en caïde, and the skirt of the dress made to appear as if it crossed and opened at the side; the corsage, sleeves, and down one side of the dress, was a wreath of small roses with silver foliage.

Another beautiful dress was of white crepe embroidered all over in gold peas: the corsage was à la Grecque, and ornamented on the shoulders with diamond agraffes. The turban was of gold lama.

A dress of blue satin dentelle, the skirt slightly looped up at the left side with a bouquet of blue and white flowers: the hair at back à la Grecque, the front hair in bands, with a crown of white roses, placed à l'Egyptienne.

A dress of green velvet embroidered in gold, a very light pattern; sleeves à la Venise, trimmed with blonde, open to the shoulder; the underneath sleeves of white satin: a Mussulman turban of white and pink Cauchemare, with a diamond ornament in front, En voila ma chère amie de quoi choisir au moins pour le mois de Janvier.

HATS.—Velvet and satin hats are those most in vogue: the fronts, as I mentioned in my last, are worn much closer to the face; the crowns are high, but less pointed than they were. The hats are trimmed with rich satin ribbons; feathers are more worn than they have been for some time, and flowers are nearly out.

Furs are very little worn this winter, boas not at all, except a few at the Italian Opera—those of swan's down.

CRAVATTE.—There are small cravattes made of coloured satin called des caprices; they are lined, and trimmed with swan's down, and are fastened round the neck with a brooch.

COLOURS.—Scabions, grenat, chocolate, ramoneur, mahogany, violette des Alpes, lemon, pink, light blue, gros blue, and one or two shades of green: the first three and the green are worn for hats, those and the others for morning and evening dresses. Maintenant chère amie il faut te dire adieu! Mon Mari m'appelle pour sortir, et il n'aime pas d'attendre. Que les hommes sont mechants! les vieillards surtout!

Je t'embrasse de tout cœur,

L. de F.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(NO. 1.)—DINNER OR EVENING DRESS.—Dress of pink satin, the corsage plain, and fitting tight to the bust, with draperies à la Sévigné put on. The dress has short sleeves (see plate), over which are long full ones of
Miscellany.

The Language of Flowers.—We have before noticed this subject in various ways; our article on Crowns has something concerning them as to Greece and Rome; but we know not if we have the following, quoted from our Asiatic contemporary: according to the Mussulmans:—A grape-stone signifies "my dear soul!" a plum, "I pine with sorrow!" the Narcissus, "I am your slave!" an apple, "do not think of me!" a pistachio-nut, "I am angry with you." Bouquets are made up, termed salam—the well-known Arabic term for salutation; which, as in the south of Europe, is supplied with letters, with this difference, that our contemporary attributes their use in the east to persons who cannot write or read; while in the south, we well know, these and others form a delightful correspondence for such as can read and write well, particularly in the incipient stages of virtuous love, where female seclusion prevails. The salam also, is well understood in Spain and Portugal. As to Italy, the influx of strangers will, we think, soon efface its character altogether. We must not forget, however, a moral application of the eastern poetical philosopher Zadi, though we might find much of the same kind in our own rural church-yards:—"I once saw some roses in the cool grass, and I exclaimed—What! has that vile herb dared to place itself beside the fragrant rose?" "Be silent," answered the grass, "the generous soul never forgets its former friends; although I cannot vie with the rose in lustre or perfume, both of us spring from the same soil." A Combination against Providence.—The autumnal gales have this year committted some ravages on the east coast of England, and have particularly directed their attacks against that pleasant promenade, called the Gunhill, at the pretty sea-bathing town of Southwold. This place is a town corporate, and it seems the supine corporation take these aggressions in most amusing dudgeon. Nevertheless, the unceremonious N. W. gales being, it seems, no respecters of persons—(not even of Suffolk corporation men)—and holding, as it is supposed, their commissions from above, have audaciously sliced off about ten feet of this picturesque little plain, and extended their devastations to the four old cannon relics of "pale Culloden," presented to the town by Duke William of Cumberland—the numeriflu victor of that far-famed field. How this town found favour in his eyes, tradition saith not; but these cannon being a private present to the town, they are retained on their lofty turf fortifications, proudly bristling over the German ocean in these unwarlike times, when other more formally fortified towns on the coast were enforced to put on a peaceable appearance. All these matters of pride and place ought to be considered, to excuse the extraordinary sensation of indignation with which the attack on this Gunhill, by the winds and waves, has been received by the corporation. The senior bailiff called a council on the occasion, in which he made a speech, setting forth that it behoved the corporation to consider the state of the Gun hill, "for," continued the worthy burgomaster, "it was the most beautiful place that was ever seen, and, as Providence had thought proper to attack it, it was the duty of the town to step forward in its defence.
Du s'Aboue Boulevard, St. Martin, N° 61.
Coiffure exécuté par Lecomte Brady.
Coiffeur des Corps de France et d'Angleterre.
rue Taitbout, 23.
Robe en Crêpe lyre garnie de Roses et de toiles de plumes.

The corporation," he declared, "were unable of themselves to meet the expense; they had met with misfortunes of late—such as the harbour, the mud at Blackshore, beside a ruinous law-suit; but if the corporation, the gentry and the townspeople, would hang together, in a string, he doubted not they would soon be relieved from their difficulties." It is to be hoped that the Suffolk papers will record the issue of the contest between Providence and this town-corporate.

ROGUES, GREECE AND TURKEY, LOVES OF LORDS AND LADIES, INDIAN RETROSPECTIONS, OLD WOMEN, AN ATTACHE, A PERSIAN'S LODGE. All England, with her Collins', her Jones', Ousely, Xe. &c., have long delighted even in the Dories of Persia. I'll go to the English court, and see what I ought to do." "Nay," said Baba, his attendant, "before thou risest from thy rest, bethink thee of inscribing the poems, which always instruct as our fathers were wont to consider them. Thou hast said there are English that delighted even in our history, and stimulated it in the song of Hafiz, the Houriess, &c., we all know that others have shared in our native pleasures; doth it not beit thee, O Mirza, to consider the mysteries of the court poet of England?" Mirza agreed, and his "attache" brought to his couch, within the brief period of a hour's smile, what should tell him the best he could do in his divided consideration.—We know he must have been a good deal struck by the articles which form our head; though that patient, contemplative silence, so remarkable in the Persians, and so worthy of imitation, prevents us from recording it. He was, however, heard muttering in a gibberish, half English, half Arabia—"What! the rogues of Greece, Turkey, India despoiling the loves of lords and ladies, in the all-governing England! Old we ren! (we have no word for that in Persia) a pauper's lodger—does that mean a man who sells himself and the court annually?" Mirza reclined again on his couch.

Doubtless the Persian ambassador must be an ignorant man, at least as regards the books and things of this country, however poetical, wise, or any thing else they would not have at home. He has studied our language, our friend Abbas tells us, very closely; but then he unfortunately mistakes words for facts, and thinks people who are simply occupied in making books with very lofty names to sell, know all about courts, which, very properly, they never think about! We have not yet been able to see what was the result of his last reclining doze—not even an idea of his highly-interesting hookah, sandals, ablutions, poetical dreams, or any thing else; all we could learn was an account of various fits and starts, with exclamations against such as being authorised to communicate a whole volume of the poetry, dreams, and intentions of the British court, not enabling him to learn matter for his guidance. "Poor dear man!" said Abbas, who has been long here with a former celebrated Persian resident, and so say we.

TAPESTRY OF THE SPANISH ARMADA. There is something we can not hesitate to say, excessively ridiculous in the history of its abstraction from the Parliamentary House of Lords. Here is a national trophy that must be dear to the heart of every Englishman in particular, from the remembrance of the virgin queen, aided by the winds of heaven to disperse an invading enemy, left like mere lumber to be cleared away by a servant, and sold for a trifle accordingly. We will say no more at present, perhaps our Persian friend, Abbas, may inform us also on this, for we really do not think any English friend can.

STATISTICS. A new division of Russia has been made. — Distinct of iron—moss-land—forests and pastures—land and barley districts, noting those before uncultivated—rye and flax—wheat and fruit—maize and wine—olives, sugar-cane, and silkworms.

CAUTION TO NURSES. — We suppose it must have been a very young nurse who, a few days since, fondly, no doubt, dandling an infant at a second-floor window, suffered it to escape from her arms in the usual unfortunate exertion, and be dashed to pieces! The late Duke of Leeds was wont to jest on the origin of his honours, arising from a similar accident in the Thames.

MARCH OF INTELLECT. — DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE. ANOTHER INCENDIARY. — In the eastern quarter of London, a boy seven years of age, being left with his younger sister, lighted a match and set fire to her clothes, by which she was so burned as to expire in agony at the London Hospital. Being rebuked the next day, he replied with non-chalance, "I only set sister on fire!" Mr.
Baker, the coroner who held inquest, spoke of the necessity of "some punishment being enacted by the legislature against persons leaving their children," and also spoke of the boy being "unpunishable, as under seven years of age." Alas! there has always been too much legislating without a just knowledge of the state of society. Is it possible that Mr. Baker has lived to his good age, without knowing that thousands of the British people are obliged to leave their children daily, perhaps with a mouldy crust both to amuse and keep them from starving, while they go forth, both man and woman, to earn in all seasons, at all hours, a scanty pittance? And what good would Mr. Baker have done, if he had had a law by which he could have tried the male child for murder? We are sure the worthy coroner did not think of these things, and our sole purpose is to win him to think of them, for amendment of our present laws.

**Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**

**BIRTHS.**

At the Cape of Good Hope, the lady of Sir J. Herschel, K.G.H., of a daughter. — At Rowdens, Devon, the lady of C. Stirling, Esq., of a daughter. — At Filleigh House, Devon, the lady of Capt. Flint, of a son. — In Upper Harley-street, the lady of Le Marchant Thomas, Esq., of a daughter. — At Hartfield-grove, Sussex, the lady of G. T. Greendale, Esq., of a daughter.

**MARRIAGES.**

On the 9th instant, at Trinity Church, Clapham, by the Rev. K. M. R. Farquhar, vicar of Flore, in the county of Northampton, and chaplain to Lord Howard of Effingham, Alfred Jones, Esq., of Lower Grosvenor-street, to Mary, only child of S. Hillatt, Esq., of Clapham-rise, Surrey. — In Somerset, C. Bunton, Esq., to Mary Anne, second daughter of G. H. Carew, Esq. — Dr. Spurgin, of Guildford-street, to Rose, only child of J. Down, Esq. — In Hants, Frederick, third son of the late H. Yates, Esq., of Derbyshire, to Stella Maria, only child of T. Scotland, Esq. — At Tunet, W. Leonsdale, Esq., to Sarah, fourth daughter of J. Green, Esq. — On the 11th, at Stepney, Middlesex, by the Rev. T. Barnby, W. H. Oxberry, Esq., of the Theatre Royal English Opera House, to Eleanor M. Lancaster, late of the Theatre Royal Edinburgh, and third daughter to the late highly-esteemed comedian, Henry Lancaster, Esq. — At Stapleton, near Bristol, G. F. S. Mathison, Esq., of the Royal Mint, to Eliza, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Greene, of Oldbury Court, Gloucestershire. — W. Webber, Esq., of Suffolk, to Eliza, daughter of the late Sir T. Preston, Bart., of Barlow Hall, Norfolk. — Sir A. Malet, Bart., to Miss Spalding, daughter of Lady Brougham and Vaux.

**DEATHS.**

Commander Lovett, son of the Admiral, aged 76. — Mrs. Smith, relict of the Rev. J. Smith, vicar of Melksham, and Prebendary of Salisbury, aged 74. — Mr. Ackerman, for 35 years steward to the Duke of Rutland. — H. Harford, Esq., of Berks, aged 76. — At Camberwell, J. Joyner, Esq., aged 80. — Caroline, wife of the Rev. T. Pennant. — In Dublin, of a sudden attack of erysipelas, Gen. Sir A. Fitzgerald, Bart. — J. Woodgrove, Esq., of Sussex, a worthy magistrate, at an advanced age. — Mr. Parkinson, of Change-alley, aged 63. — William Thwaites, Esq., of Fenchurch-street, aged 88. — Mrs. Drew, of the Grange, Devon, aged 88. — W. Holmes, Esq., of Kennington, aged 78. — E. Knapman, Esq., of H.M.'s Corps of Gent. at Arms. — In Lancashire, J. Peel, Esq., aged 83, paternal uncle of Sir R. Peel, Bart. — In Scotland, the celebrated preacher, Mr. Irving. The Rev. Dr. Chalmers pronounced his eulogy at Edinburgh, while he lamented his errors. — Lieut. C. T. Lewis, late of the 21st regt., by an accident in shooting; the neighbourhood spontaneously attended his funeral. — In Holland, C. Van Ollen, aged 104. — At Somers'-town, H. Bone, Esq., R.A., enamelpainter to the king, aged 80. — In France, M. d'Ormay, member of the Roman Academy of Sciences, aged 103. — The Rev. T. Sites, forty-two years vicar of Gainsborough, Notts, aged 69. — At Streatham, Mrs. Smith, aged 76, daughter of J. Adams, Esq., Harbodens. — Francis Jane, youngest and only surviving daughter of J. Bowder, Esq., Grosvenor-place, Catherine Clarke, relict of Lieut.-Col. Nicol, late of the 10th regt. — C. Streetfield, Esq., of St. John's College, Oxford, aged 23. — Miss C. F. Potter, aged 49. — In Scotland, Major-Gen. Stirling, aged 80 years, passed to the last in good health, notwithstanding service in America, Egypt, the Peninsula, &c. — Suddenly, at Notting-hill, T. Phipps, Esq., aged 60. — The Rev. Isaac Frowd, fifty-seven years vicar of Bishop's Castle, aged 82. The Earl of Powis, whose tutor he had been at College, followed him to the grave. — Thomas Say, the American naturalist, aged 47 only, at New Harmony, Indiana State. For what he has done we must refer to the National Gazette of the United States, or the compressed statement from it in the Athenaeum, which honours his name.
MARGUERITE DE FRANCE
Duchess of Savoy

Born 1524. Died 1574.

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

No. 24 of the series of ancient portraits.

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MARGUERITE OF FRANCE, DUCHESS OF SAVOY,
YOUNGEST DAUGHTER TO FRANCIS THE FIRST.

(Illustrated by an authentic whole-length Portrait, beautifully coloured. From the collection of the King of France.)

The princesses of the house of Valois were remarkable, not only for their beauty and talents, but for a lofty generosity of character, which led them to protect the oppressed, and to be the munificent patrons of learning and the arts; nor did they extend indiscriminate patronage to literature. The three accomplished Marguerites of the house of Valois possessed considerable genius, and were refined judges of merit; and their approbation was still more gratifying than the rewards they bestowed. In the course of the present series of memoirs, we have often had occasion to mention the noble qualities of the first of these Marguerites, the sister of Francis the First;* the second is the subject of the present memoir, and was the niece and pupil of that celebrated Marguerite, queen of Navarre. Marguerite of France was the youngest child of Francis the First and the good Queen Claude, who died a few months after the birth of this princess. Her aunt, the Queen of Navarre, undertook the education of this infant, together with her sister, Magdalene, afterwards married to James the Fifth of Scotland. The Queen of Navarre was generally considered as a convert to the reformed religion, and it was supposed that she imbued her two nieces with the same principles; yet in Magdaleune and Marguerite of France, this predilection did not manifest itself in any opposition to the established religion of the state and government, but only in a generous and feminine compassion for the tormented and ill-treated protestants. After the death of her father, Francis the First, and the loss of her adopted mother, the Queen of Navarre, who soon followed her beloved brother to the tomb, the Princess Marguerite of France was looked up to by all the men of genius who had been protected and encouraged by her father and aunt, as possessing that elegance of mind and delicate perception of what is beautiful, that had so greatly distinguished this royal brother and sister. Marguerite was much beloved by her brother, Henry the Second; not perhaps with that romantic friendship which had united Francis and his sister of Navarre, for these two had not been born on the throne as Henry and Marguerite were, and had experienced the hopes and fears of comparatively private life and limited circumstances. Henry and

* See her Portrait and Memoir in a former Number.

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Marguerite were all that remained of a family of five grown-up princes and princesses: Magdalene, Francis, the Dauphin, and Charles, duke of Orleans, had all been cut off in the bloom of life, previous to the death of their father. Marguerite, during the life of her aunt, had declined all the alliances proposed to her. She was six and thirty when Emanuel Philibert, duke of Savoy, came to Paris, to be present at the ratification of the peace between Henry the Second and Philip the Second of Spain. The hand of her unfortunate niece, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the King of France, was sacrificed to obtain this peace. Duke Emanuel was captivated by the beauty of Marguerite, which was still unimpaired, and having the opportunity of pleading his suit in person, Marguerite was induced to accept him; when it was represented to her that an alliance with Savoy, whose sovereign kept the barrier of Italy, through which France was so easily invaded, would be most beneficial to her native country. These nuptials were concluded on the same ill-fated day that united the beautiful Elizabeth of France to the morose Philip of Spain, and saw the death-wound of Henry the Second given in the encounter which he engaged in with Count de Montgomery, at the tournament proclaimed to honour these double nuptials. One of the ladies of Marguerite is said to have beheld the fate of the king in a dream or vision the night before the marriage of Marguerite, and to have related it to her royal mistress while at her bridal toilet. This lady saw in a dream the king thrown to the ground by a wound in the eye, inflicted by a lance, a splinter from which struck the Dauphin by rebound in the ear, and extended him breathless near the dead body of his father.

Soon after the death of Henry the Second, Marguerite departed for Turin with her husband. Here she soon became so popular for her virtues and beneficence, that she obtained the appellation of mother of her adopted country. She lived fifteen years at Turin, greatly beloved by her husband and subjects.

Her death happened in 1574, in her fifty-first year; it was occasioned by over fatigue and exertion in attending to the hospitalities of her court, when her nephew, Henry the Third, having relinquished the elective crown of Poland when he inherited that of France, visited her at Turin, on his return from Poland. She is said to have given him some most excellent counsel relating to his conduct in France: of which Henry, to his own misfortune, did not avail himself. The anxiety she felt to entertain the king and his train during their stay in her capital, and her exertions to render Turin agreeable, threw her into a pleurisy; of which she died on the 14th of September, a few days after the departure of the king her nephew, and during the absence of her husband, who had attended the King of France to his own dominions as far as Lyons.

Few princesses have died more lamented. Elegies were made to her memory by the most celebrated poets of Italy and writers of France, to whom she had extended her munificent patronage.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

The head-dress is very different from that worn by the ladies whose portraits have hitherto been described. The hair is folded back from the temples over a small cushion: on the summit of the cushion some of the hair is fastened like a cord, and wreathed with scarlet ribbon. This arrangement is partly concealed by a small black velvet cap, or toque, banded with a thick gold cord. This head-dress resembles, in form, the cap worn by the nobles at the court of Queen Elizabeth, and seems to have succeeded the fashion of those worn by Henry VIII. and Francis I. It was probably adopted by the ladies in riding tires.

The dress is a close gown of green velvet, square in the corsage, and doubly bordered all round with broad brocaded silver ribbon. The sleeves are green velvet, slashed with little cuts of white satin, and curiously wrought all over with a chain-work of the brocaded silver lace. The waist is cut rounding to the shape rather than pointed: no belt or cordelière is worn: there is a double trimming of silver brocade ribbon from the corsage to the hem of the dress. The neck is covered with a chemisette of a sort of open-work net, it is made with a collar and ruche, which stands close to the face; that and the ruff are edged with crimson silk: the wrists have ruffles of the same material. When the dresses were worn closed in front like the present, it seems to have been the mode for the ladies to
draw up the skirt, to show the richness of the petticoat or under robe. This is very elegant, being rose-coloured, worked with bands and pattern of gold cord. It is most probable that the present dress was an open robe at pleasure, but is fastened down the front of the skirt for the convenience of riding. The shoes are of green velvet, with three white slashes on the front: they are enormous in size, as usual, but there is the improvement of being pointed at the toe: while the flat slashed piazzelles, we have described in a former portrait of Eleonora of Austria, were of an immense breadth. Marguerite holds an elegant feather fan screen, of a very beautiful form. The centre is made of glass, through which the holder could reconnoitre any one without being seen to look at them. It is singular that this princess is represented without a single ornament of jewellery on her person.

The black velvet cap worn by the Duchess of Savoy, was soon after worn generally by the middling classes of females in England. Of this being the case, we have the testimony of Shakspeare; for, among the other trials that Petruchio makes use of to break the spirit of poor Catherine, he deprives her of just such a cap as is worn by Marguerite.

"Here is the cap your worship did bespeak."

"PETRUCHIO—Why this was moulded on a porringer—
A velvet dish—fy! fy! Why this is a cockle or a walnut shell; A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap—
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger."

"CATHERINE—I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time And gentlewomen wear such caps as these."

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THE DEAD ROBIN.

When last I heard that peaceful lay
In all its sweetness swell,
I little thought so soon to say—
Farewell, sweet bird, farewell!

All cloudy comes the snowy morn,
Poor Robin is not here!
I miss him on the fleecy thorn,
And feel a falling tear.

For oft that winter-loving note,
Ere night was well away,
My peaceful slumber sweetly broke,
Hailing the peep of day.

How still is now that little heart,
How glazed those merry eyes;
That form, once full of life and grace,
Unmoved before me lies!

And can it be—that I must lie
As mute—as low as he?
Will some kind friend then heave a sigh,
And love to tell of me?

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THE SAVAGE.

BY MRS. GEORGE CROOKSHANK.

"From seeming evil, still educing good."

"I will tell you what, my old friend," said the wealthy Mr. Meredith, in a confidential chat one morning with a brother merchant, "I tell you, pity in a young man is akin to love; and as I will have no trimmers of trumpery, no chippers of frippery, to claim kindred with me, off goes Bob across the Atlantic—to Aleppo—to the Antipodes; and I trust salt water and a burning sun will cure the young man of his pity."

"What alarms you?" inquired his friend.

"Why, a little miss with a baby face
attracted his notice; she is an orphan. Her parents, very honest folks, I have heard, died lately; and so, from pity my nephew has set her up in the marketplace as a milliner, and from pity, no doubt, will visit her; and fearing pity might lead him too far, I say off he goes to America—a good opportunity, a fair occasion, alias excuse, offers. I have misgivings that our correspondent in New York is playing false, for remittances are not punctual, and his communications very unsatisfactory; so Bob shall go on a voyage of discovery.

"Do you forget," observed his friend, smiling, "that the Yankee lasses are famous for their guessing, and expecting, and calculating, and your nephew will be a rare speculation; and to catch him, will crown the ablest guessing calculator among them."

"A savage—a Yankee, catch Bob! No—no, Simpson; he knows his old uncle better than to run such a rig: why he had better run a muck.* I excrete the Yankees, and he knows it; and I mean to sell every acre of plantation in the rebellious country of savages."

The friends separated, each strong in his own opinion respecting the voyage of Bob, who was unconsulted on the whole business.

"Well, my dear sir," said Robert Belmore, observing his uncle lost in a reverie, as they were seated tête-à-tête over their wine, "have you determined that I shall cross the Atlantic?"

This the young man said laughing; for he neither wished nor believed his uncle had been in earnest when he first mentioned the plan.

"Yes, nephew, to the Yankee land you must go;" adding satirically, "and take all your stock of pity with you."
The satire was perfectly understood. "I will," retorted the youth; "perhaps I may need it all."

"Let us proceed, nephew, in our arrangements. I find it necessary, indeed indispensable, that some one interested and well acquainted with circumstances should go among these Yankees on a voyage of discovery; and though I have always hated, I could not despise, the Americans, for I believe them honest in their dealings, that is, their commercial dealings; for their 'I guess, I expect, I calculate, I reckon,' do not suit a straightforward, upright, and downright Englishman. So my long respected, and, I hope, respectable correspondent and agent by no means answers of late my calculations: so I say, amongst the savages you must go. But, hark ye, Bob, I love you—I loved your poor mother: you are all I have in the world; and you shall have all I have in the world, and when you marry, Bob, you shall give your old uncle a snug nook in your house, and I will love your wife and love the little ones; but mind ye, no Yankee savage to devour me, it would be worse than flipperyshipper: if you do, I will never see her—I will cast you off, and you might live on her cross-Atlantic uncivilized beauties."

"You send me on a dangerous voyage, dear sir," said his nephew; "I must weather many storms between Scylla and Charybdis. If I escape the rock of flippery, it may be to sink in the gulf—of Yankee fascination!"

"Bob—Bob!" cried his uncle, every feeling softening as he viewed the fine countenance of the youth he so doted on, "you will never break the heart of your poor old uncle—you will never——"

"Never! my more than father," exclaimed Belmore, in sympathy, with his kind uncle—"never think the thought that can give you pain: no more then of flippery nor Yankees, I am ready to do your bidding—so au revoir."

While preparations are making for the young man's departure, which were made with every attention to his comfort and accommodation, we will more particularly introduce Belmore and his uncle to our readers. Old Meredith, the Liverpool merchant (which for thirty years had been his denomination), was left by his father at twenty-two with one thousand pounds and a young sister, who looked up to him as a brother—a father—a protector. To make his way in the world, he, like many others, from being nobody, by integrity and assiduous attention to business worked his way till he became somebody; and he never felt so proud, or looked so erect, as when pointed out as old Meredith the Liverpool merchant. Probity, poverty, and perseverance, are truly said to be the best qualities to make a rich man; and these Mr. Meredith often boasted were the foundation of his fortunes, which, at the time we write

* See religious customs in India.
of, were immense. He traded to every quarter of the globe, and every quarter poured its treasures into his coffers. His young sister had been his first and dearest consideration; and while a clerk, he had devoted his little store to the education of this darling, who repaid his love with all the affections of her innocent heart. At eighteen she quitted a London seminary, and was placed at the head of her brother's little household, over which she presided with an elegant economy. He laboured for her comfort; and when at leisure in an evening, while she played all his favourite music, he would, in the satisfied hilarity of his heart, throw his arms around her and sing—

“To keep my gentle Jessy,
What labour would seem hard?
Each toilsome task how easy
Her love the sweet reward.”

He was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty, but none had charms to induce him to take a wife who might not love his sister; and when he was joked upon remaining a bachelor, he answered with seriousness, “My sister, until provided for, must be, and is, sister—wife—child to me.”

Thus they lived in the purest harmony, when this fondly-loved being married; her husband was a younger brother, and only rich in virtues. He died within a year after their marriage, she being within that short interval of time—wife, mother, and widow.

“Now,” cried the fond, devoted brother, “I will never marry! or what might become of the poor broken-hearted widow and her orphan boy?”

The boy’s claim was to be strengthened, for, at the age of three years, it pleased Heaven to recall his mother; but he felt not his loss—never did feel it. His uncle would weep over him, press him to his bosom—“you are my own, all that is left.” The blooming boy would kiss him, and bid him not to cry, for they would go together and see dear mamma: “you know, dear uncle,” he would say, “mamma is gone to a beautiful country to be happy, and if I am good I shall go to her; and when I go I will not leave you, but take you with me, for I will always stay with you.”

“Yes, my boy, you shall be unto me as a son; and I solemnly swear, that for your sake I will never marry, all I have shall be yours: ” and religiously he kept his word, for his high appreciation of beauty never went further than his saying to his favourite, “I wish I could marry, but I cannot; but you will take a gift from a bachelor;” and then present the admired one some valuable trinket, which was always smilingly and gratefully accepted by the blushing girl, who would say, “there is no harm in taking it from the no-marrying, eccentric bachelor Meredith.”

But to proceed with our tale.

Every preparation was made, every arrangement finished; Belmore’s most extravagant wishes were anticipated—to ensure his comfort and respectability. The parting of the old man with the idol of his heart, and the solace of his age, was almost too much for either. The good man prayed for every blessing on his head; and in leaving him, said, “Remember, I am your only parent: return to me good as you leave me. Think that you are my only joy; and, if anything but good befalls you, your fond uncle’s grey hairs will be laid low in sorrow; and then, Bob, you could never be happy; for, from the hour of your birth until this, you have been my hope by day and by night. There are few errors your old uncle would not forgive; but never bring me a young savage: I hate them—all those Americans—man, woman, and child.”

Young Belmore promised; and he embarked for the land of guesses and calculations.

His separation from the affectionate old man had left impressions of duty and obedience on his mind, which gratitude is certain to excite in the generous heart. He felt his consequence, and knew that he was the solace and dearest support of one who, from infancy, had been to him as the most indulgent father. He believed himself invulnerable, and that he had imbibed too much of his uncle’s prejudices to even cast an eye of favour on transatlantic beauty; and if good intentions could ensure duty, our young negotiant would have been safe.

No, thought Belmore, the unawakened feelings of my heart are in no danger, and can never be aroused by a cold-blooded, illiterate, calculating American. Too surely it is illiberal and ignorant to prejudice a whole nation by the principles and manners of a few straggling emigrants; one might as well, on dis-
The son was a handsome young man, with little talent, but much good nature. He greatly liked young Belmore, and with his father and mother, devoted great part of his time to render his residence among them delightful; and delightful, too delightful, perhaps, we ought to say, it proved to him; but his delight was neither in the benevolent attentions of the worthy father, the amiable manners of the mother, nor the good humour of the son: no—the attraction was the lovely daughter.

Emily Hadall was indeed beautiful—she had the light hazel eye, surrounded with the blackest eyelashes, so peculiar to the Americans, with an arched brow that indicated that genius dwelt there, and seemed to say that her thoughts were more of heavenly than of earthly cast. The usual expression of her eye was melancholy; but when her mirth was excited, her eye alone would tell the most unobservant, that hers was the pure joy of the heart. Her smile drew every heart to her, and rendered her apparently like that bird, the huma, which never touches the earth, for her spirit seemed to wander free; and she was as if she neither knew sin nor sorrow, so buoyant was her temper. Her complexion was of that clear, transparent cast, so often found among American girls, and so admired by the English—truly she was a lovely girl: winning manners, a candid nature, a generous and sincere heart, with a gentle temper, were united to a noble firmness of mind, and a powerful energy, when occasion called for execution. She shone in the home circle, yet her accomplishments pleased in the crowd.

Such was the fair figure that unconsciously tempted young Belmore to forget his promises,—his old uncle, his prejudices, his threatenings,—in short, he forgot all but his love; and their hearts had taken shelter in each other's bosom, before either surmised they were in danger.

The parents of Emily were sensible. The nephew and heir of the rich Meredith was a splendid marriage for their daughter; but, in the pride of parental love, they judged nothing too good or too great for their incomparable Emily. Totally ignorant of the prohibitions and prejudices of Mr. Meredith, without hesitation, but with joyful willingness, they yielded their darling to the entreaties of the exultingly happy Belmore, who, in
obtaining his bride, stifled every obtruding recollection as it arose, that could interrupt his delirious dream. He had arranged and settled all his uncle’s commercial affairs most satisfactorily, and had written to him to dismiss apprehension that the alarm was unfounded; and instead of the house of Hadall and Co. being insolvent, or that he and his partners were capable of any unfair dealing, they were generally esteemed as men of stern and inflexible integrity, and their funds and plantations in the most flourishing condition.

Soon after the marriage, Mr. Hadall found it advisable to personally visit some valuable lands he had purchased in the southern states; and as he never travelled without his family, he easily prevailed on the young husband to accompany them to Charleston.

Borne on prosperous gales, they soon reached the distant port, and were welcomed by the southerns with kindness and hospitality; and though the country is dull around, Belmore seemed to forget that America was not his home. Love and harmony, the courtesies of the civilized, and the grotesque grimacing, guessings, expectations, and calculations of Yankee conversation, made the time pass rapidly.

In one of their morning excursions, Emily happily leaning on the arm of her enamoured husband, and indeed an arm is wanting to assist one to wade ankle deep through the dust of the unpaved streets of Charleston, Belmore’s eye was attracted by a tree which stood in front of the late Bishop S——’s mansion. There was nothing uncommon in the tree, yet the trunk of it was carefully fenced round with deal-boards, to defend it from the blasts which blow with relentless fury at certain seasons of the year, and from the destroying hands of those who had not hearts to reverence a relic which deserved immortal veneration.

Belmore sought the history of this tree, and it was as follows:—When the British generals, during the long and sanguinary struggle between Great Britain and America, were victorious, and with all the military pomp of conquerors took possession of Charleston, their emissaries had informed them that the gorgeous church plate, with the valuable and superb plate and jewellery belonging to the bishop was hidden about the premises, and known only to a certain Maudaur and his wife. Some of them soon entered the modest dwelling of the prelate; a dwelling more dignified by the primitive virtues of the reverend owner, than either the grandeur of architecture, or the magnificence of its interior appointments.

General ——— commanded the attendance of Maudaur and his wife; they instantly appeared, and made a low obeisance to the conqueror, that they would have shed their blood to humble and subdue.

“You are commanded,” said the general, with stern coolness, “to immediately give up or discover where the plate belonging to the church and this house is concealed.”

“Maudaur no like do dat,” answered the negro.

“Dog! refuse at your peril.”

“Me black, me no dog, me man’s heart.”

“Scoundrel! the plate or the gibbet.”

“Me no care, me no fear;” and Maudaur stood firm with his arms folded, while he beheld the apparatus preparing by the soldiery to hang him.

The wife drew near to her husband—she was questioned.

“Woman save your husband, reveal where he has hidden the treasure.”

“No great massa, me true, me no do bad ting.”

“Hang her up first,” cried the general, provoked.

Maudaur darted forward, “Ora! hang Ora!”—his breast heaved with convulsive gasps, conflict rent his brain: he could die, but he could not see Ora die; and he seemed driven to the agony of betraying his trust, when the wife fell at his feet.

“Maudaur!” she cried, clapping his knees—“Maudaur! massa be good fader, he been fader here, he teach go to good fader up dere; you tell, Ora no know you up dere. He save us de lash, he neber lash—hang no bad as lash. Me go good fader first; no give de fine cup, keep us from bad debil; me no tell, Maudaur no tell—he no love Ora up high. Do what you do white mans—black mans true.”

Her firmness, her fortitude, her pure simple piety, her faith in the efficacy of the hallowed cup, her fidelity to her master, confirmed the shaking duty of her husband. They clasped each other by the hand, kissed each other, and with
quiet steps walked to the fatal tree, where all was ready for their execution; they looked a last look, raised their tearful eyes and spoke—

"We true—we go together; good father take us up in bright, sunny sky."

The rope was around their necks, only a word and they were in eternity,—but that word was not to come from a noble English conqueror. Their fortitude, their fidelity, their affection for each other, called forth every generous feeling of the victorious commanders, they were affected even to tears, the impulse of mercy was irresistible. "Remove the ropes!" cried the general: "faithful beings, enjoy your triumph— you are safe."

The poor creatures fell into each other's arms, and sinking to the earth, blessed their merciful conquerors.

"The black pray for the white man," exclaimed Maudaur, "when the good father again give the blessed cup!"

They had been tried, severely tried, but it was only meant as trial, for the noble heart of General —— never meditated one act of cruelty or dishonour.

An amnesty was soon signed by the contending powers, and Charleston evacuated, when the bishop resumed his holy functions. Kind and compassionate and liberal to all his slaves, we need not add, he nobly recorded the heroic fidelity of Maudaur and his Ora. He gave them freedom, and a pension for life, though his house was always their home; and to commemorate their exemplary conduct, he ordered the tree (under which the plate was actually buried) to be preserved and defended from storms and mischievous hands, by strong palisades around it.*

In such contemplations Belmore often indulged: yet the rich enjoyment of present felicity, every consideration of the future was forgotten, and all its consequences driven from the memory of Belmore; still there were moments when thought would obtrude, and his uncle's just resentment, his own broken promises, and the effects they might produce to his beloved Emily, would wring his bosom. In the mean time he became a father to a beautiful boy, and then indeed he did think: serious apprehension seized him, and yet he could not determine to disclose the state of his mind to her most interested, and best calculated to still and soothe the tumults and increasing anguish of his heart.

Repeated letters from his uncle entreated his immediate return to England; momentous concerns he alone could regulate, bade him remember that America was not his home; and added, he wondered he could stay so long among the dull Yankees and wild savages. At length his commands became peremptory and imperative, and the day of return was fixed. It was one of sore trial to poor Emily to leave her parents; and amidst the tears and blessings of those who had cherished her from infancy, loaded with valuable presents, and comforted with the promise that they would visit England the following year, Belmore and his wife and child embarked for England.

During the voyage, Emily often pleased herself with fancied descriptions of how she would love her uncle, and sing droll Yankee songs to amuse him, as she used to do to her father; and she would teach their boy to lip his name first, and pretty words to please him, and teach him the savage dance. Thus she would prattle on; nor ever conceived the silence and coldness with which Belmore heard her, could proceed from aught but the languor and impatience caused by a tedious stormy voyage.

One morning she came unexpectedly into the little cabin, when he appeared absorbed in thought with an open letter before him; she playfully caught it up, saying, "she would see who robbed her of his thoughts," when her eye caught a few words which fell on her heart like bolts of ice. It was from the old deceived uncle; the words were—"Return, my boy, directly; if you stay much longer in savage land, you will grow a savage yourself. I should have plagued misgivings from your long absence, only you promised never to think of a savage Yankee; so make haste home, for here is a pretty English girl that I have courted for you, and you have nothing to do but to marry and be happy!"

Poor Emily, where now were her happy anticipations—all faded, all sunk in the first trial her heart had ever known. Her husband now attempted no further concealment; he confessed his distress, his fear in approaching his fond, deceived uncle, and the invincible

* This anecdote was related by the bishop's only daughter.
dislike, the deep prejudice he had against all of her country, and his own broken promises. "Then," cried Emily, calm in her distress, "I shall be an outcast in your country—driven from your home, without a home—considered a savage, treated as a savage! Oh! my husband, why did you so deceive me—why lure me from hearts that loved me—why induce me by tempting and tender words to the undoing of my peace? My own valued me: you knew I should be despised, rejected, and yet you took me; and now what am I?" But," continued the indignant and disappointed girl, the colour rising higher and higher over her beautiful face, while an innate dignity shone in her mild eyes and supported her spirit, "I will spare myself undeserved insults—I will avert your uncle's triumph over the poor savage; my form is human, and my heart less inhuman than that of your proud, prejudiced uncle; and when I enter his presence, he shall welcome me."

The young husband gazed at his lovely wife with looks of admiration and tenderness, blended with astonishment; her mild, yet firm demeanour, the spirit and the affection she displayed, though she tried to suppress it, raised her in his estimation, and he beheld her a being superior even to what he had conceived her. He took her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart. "My loved, my unequalled Emily, my wife, my soul's treasure, fear nothing—I am your own, you are mine—we are one—your home is my home—your fate is my fate—I will live for you, work for you, perish with you, but never leave you!"

Seldom, very seldom, do the assurances of fond attachment fail to soothe the mutually attached heart. Emily was soothed; and on their arrival at Liverpool, Belmore conducted his wife and child, with their attendants, to the handsome and hospitable mansion of Mrs. Craven, an old friend of his mother's, and to her he confided his whole story.

She had always loved Belmore, as the son of her early lost, and ever lamented friend; she admired Emily's beauty, and her gentle and amiable manners soon secured her esteem and friendship; but she could administer little comfort, give him little hope of his uncle's forgiveness, for she had daily witnessed the impatience and irritation of his temper at each repeated excuse for remaining in America.

And when alone with him, she assured Belmore a wife was provided for him, a very fine young woman, the daughter of a neighbouring baronet. "Your uncle often regretted, and blamed himself for sending you away; for spite of his confidence in your promises, he feared some pretty Yankee savage might enrage you, and then he would say—'Bob is lost to me for ever; I would never see him, never hear of him—no, never!'"

Mr. Meredith was at his country seat, some miles from Liverpool; and Belmore taking a fond leave of his wife, left her to the care of Mrs. Craven, and with a tumult of hopes and fears, resolutions made, and resolutions broken, he set out for the residence of his uncle. Poor Emily no longer felt a heroine, with her husband fled her spirits; she was a stranger in a strange land, she had no claim to friendship, no pretension to the notice of any—she looked back, in spite of herself, regret mingled with the thought—she looked forward, and clouds, doubts, and darkness rested upon every faint hope she dared indulge—she looked around, all was desolate—she looked up, and her pure spirit communed with the God of consolation, and she felt comforted. In this composed state of mind we shall leave her, and follow Belmore to his anxiously expecting uncle.

The porter at the lodge-gate was a stranger, so Belmore passed unrecognized; and leading his horse up the avenue in silence, gave him to a groom, and well knowing every winding of the shrubbery, entered the house by a garden door of the parlour, where he beheld the good old man enjoying a serene slumber: he appeared in health, but paler and thinner than when he left him; and as well to calm and collect his own disturbed thoughts, as not to interrupt a sleep he fancied ere long he was destined to disturb, he walked quietly behind the sofa. Mr. Meredith soon awoke, and half rising, said, "What a dream! I thought my boy was about to be scalped by the wild Indians; oh! that he were here."

"He is here, my dearest uncle," and Belmore hurried forward—warm was his welcome. "My beloved boy!"—"My kind uncle!"—"Only comfort of my age, my only hope, welcome is the sight of you!" such were the joyous expressions of the old man. "Ah! Bob, your old
uncle is nearly worn out, fretting for your return. Those savages kept you too long—faith I was coming after you, I was so afraid they would impose some of their Yankee daughters upon you. I would never have seen you. How is old Hadall?

"A worthy man—got a son and daughter, eh?—like them very well across the ocean," added his uncle triumphantly; and leaving no time for his bewildered nephew to reply, "a fine girl waiting for you, with wealth, and birth, and beauty—all ready for the wedding—you shall give me the first boy, I bargain for that."

Poor Belmore, he could delay no longer, but said, "I have brought you one, sir."

"What!" almost roared the uncle, staring in his face—"what! a black?"

"No, one fair as a cherub."

"And the mother?"

"Chaste as beautiful."

"Who is she? what is she?" gasped the uncle.

"My wife!"

The uncle's face grew pale as marble—his eyes fixed—his life dropt, and his hands unclaspings those of his nephew, he fell, as if lifeless.

The bell was rung, the old housekeeper soon appeared with restoratives. The poor uncle was too soon sensible for his own peace—speech was restored.

Belmore waited in agonizing suspense—he feared the calm silence portended an awful storm, and involuntarily he knelt to his uncle, and his contrite looks were deprecatory of resentment. There was still a pause, in which the breathing of the old man was distinctly heard—he seemed to be collecting all his energy—he cast one look on his still prostrate nephew—on his long-cherished child. At length he spoke—

"Rise, young man, rise, and leave me, and for ever; for what you have dealt to me, I give you wealth, and a broken-hearted old man's good wish.—Robert, I leaned on you for support, and you have fallen and crushed me.—Come no more near me, Bob; I must not even hear a name once so dear to my ear—friends in mercy will not remind me of what I have lost."

"My father! my benefactor!" interrupted Belmore. "I cannot leave you; I could have better borne your curses, than endure your kindness. Hate me, spurn me, but do not——" Emotion choked his utterance.

Large drops gathered in the uncle's eye, he looked pityingly upon his nephew, and with a sigh that seemed as if it would rend his very heart, yet in a voice of stern determination, he bade him go.

"Go, nephew, go—and be happy, if you can." He slowly walked from the room. Once he paused, he looked back and said, "Farewell—for ever!" and the door closed between them.

For some moments Belmore was lost in bitter thought. My kind, disappointed uncle, how I have outraged his confidence and destroyed the fabric affection had raised, and humbled all his proud hopes to the dust: yet kind, considerate old man, he has neither degraded nor exposed me before his household.

Such were the harrowing reflections of the disconsolate Belmore. He left his uncle's house, and hastened to Mrs. Craven's, where the sootheings of poor Emily administered all the comfort so petrified a mind could receive. She, cradled in fondness and indulgence, could scarcely understand that she, the beloved of so many, was an obnoxious being to any one. So extraordinary did it appear to her guileless heart, that had she not seen it so deeply affected her husband, it would only have excited her wonder, and her pride would have attributed it to English eccentricity.

After the interview with his nephew, Mr. Meredith lived a very retired and secluded life,—he associated with very few but on commercial business. Mrs. Craven was always welcomed; but upon one condition, that the name of his nephew should never be mentioned.—"For," said he, "I will neither see him, nor hear of, or from, him or his," and he shuddered as he uttered the word, "wife. He shall be an alien to my heart as well as my hearth."

He made Mrs. Craven the medium of his will respecting pecuniary matters, which was an unlimited power to draw for what sums he pleased: "for I do not forget," he added, and his voice was tremulous, "no, I do not forget, he near my nephew; he is still the son of a dead sister, whose angelic truth and temper blessed me."

From this period the subject was prohibited, and thus time rolled on. The young couple's establishment was conducted with elegant simplicity. No advantage was taken of their uncle's liberality; and yet that liberality was honoured
by the propriety of their appearance and domestic appointments.

Emily, who was very delicate, was ordered to a quiet watering-place, to enjoy the salutary breezes of the sea, where she soon recovered, and was restored to her usual health and spirits. The weather was sultry, and one afternoon that her husband and Mrs. Craven, who had accompanied them in this excursion, had gone to town on business, she took her book, intending to indulge in a solitary meditative ramble on the sea-shore.

The scene was calculated to encourage sober reflection. In the dark hanging woods behind, all was still and tranquil as the grave; a little Gothic chapel, whose whitened steeple glittered in the sunbeams through the foliage, added a solemn and melancholy beauty to the scene. No sound was heard save the plaintive ring-dove, cooing for its mate in the ivied porch; and at intervals, the rushing of the advancing tide over the ridges of rock which rendered that part of the shore so grand and picturesque.

Emily had been for some time seated on a low rock, and so interested with the distant view, that her eye had only wandered over that part of the shore, but on turning round, she beheld the waves fast approaching where she sat; and in advancing to reach the path through the wood she saw, or fancied she saw, among a cluster of rocks called the Holm, something move. It might be a sea-bird, but on looking fixedly, it was larger—probably a dog—"poor brute," she said, "I trust he can swim, or he is lost." But what was her horror when she saw a handkerchief waving. It was a human figure,—he was stretching out his arms for assistance,—most awfully perilous was his situation!—every advancing wave threatened to overwhelm the rock and bury him in the deep.

Emily possessed an admirable presence of mind, no aid rested in her own feeble efforts, but she flew to a fisherman's hut at no great distance, and he and his cobbie in a few minutes were buffeting the dashing surges which were rolling with destructive fury over the Holm. The figure was still visible, but a few moments would have engulfed him in the world of waters. The fisherman, with outstretched arm and strong grasp, dragged him into his cobbie, and brought him senseless and exhausted, and laid him on the sand. Emily was in an agony of suspense; she dispatched the brave and active fisherman for a carriage and medical aid, while she with her handkerchief and scarf dried and chaffed his benumbed limbs, and wrung the briny water from his grey hair. "Thanks to the Highest, he lives! he breathes!" she cried, as the carriage and people arrived; when, to finish her good work, she ordered him to be conveyed to her own residence, and with charitable care had him attended to bed.

Before the evening closed, the physician pronounced him in a raging fever; but what was her astonishment, her distress, and yet her thankfulness, what a conflict of feeling struggled in her breast when her husband, on looking at the insensible stranger, exclaimed—

"My uncle! Beloved Emily you have saved my uncle!"

He it proved indeed.—To divert his gloomy hours he had taken lodgings at— for the summer, little conscious that the accidental circumstance would lead to such important and serious consequences.

Emily watched and waited on Mr. Meredith, during all the stages of his dangerous illness, with a daughter's tenderness and care; her only rest was on a couch placed by the side of his bed. She administered his medicines, and often, when she gently wiped the dews of pain from his aching brow, her tears fell fast and bitter upon his face. Many a fervent prayer did her innocent lips inspire for his recovery; and where prayer is ever heard, her's found acceptance. In a few days he was pronounced out of danger, reason and recollection feebly dawned; and then his nephew no longer ventured into his room, excepting when he slumbered. At these times Emily would ardently pray for forgiveness for her unintentional error, and for entire restoration of the sufferer, and that peace might be restored to those brows from which she alone had driven it.

When the fever was subdued, his recovery was progressive, and his mind gradually became collected. One morning that Mrs. Craven was softly crossing his room, he called to her by name—

"My dear Mr. Meredith," she said, "I am delighted to hear you speak, and you know me."

"Come here," he replied feebly, "tell me what has happened; have I been long ill? Some dreams have been fearful—
only one bright vision—was it ideal, or what fairy being has glided about me? Surely I heard a sweet voice—felt a soft hand: satisfy me, tell me what has been—and he pressed his forehead, as if striving to recollect: "I was on a rock—the waves rushed upon me—how came I here?"

"Dear sir, do not weary yourself—the fair creature you saw was no vision, she has watched you and waited on you through your illness, and was the agent of the Almighty to save your life when the waves were overwhelming you—now you must repose, and your fair nurse will attend you when you awake. Left alone—his thoughts were busy, strange ideas and images flitted over his brain, and he could neither separate nor connect them into any thing like rationality.

The day approached, the hour of trial drew nigh, which was to decide their fate.

One morning that Emily had assisted him from the bed to the sofa, she had arranged his pillows, and she had, with a sportive smile, said, "Be very obedient and take your sago, and I will sit and work beside you." He took her hand, looked her full in the face, and said, "Beautiful creature, how can I repay your kindness? had I youth and worth—had I an empire, I would offer it you." She attempted not to withdraw her hands, "I had once a rich prize I could have offered—but he is dead to me—he would have deserved you. He was the last leaf of the old tree—it has perished, and I am left. But I see you are married," pointing to her ring, and looking an interrogation.

Emily trembled as she answered, "Yes.

He resumed—"Does he equal you in goodness?"

"Ah!" she replied, her mild eyes glistening with tears, "in everything I am inferior to him—he is good, and but for one fault—"

"Sweet girl, are you happy?"

"No, no—I have made him miserable, I have made another wretched."

"You!" exclaimed the uncle: "can I contribute, can I?

Her fixed look alarmed him, the moment to both was tremendous—she exclaimed, "I am—I forgive a savage!"

She threw herself on her knees, almost senseless.

The bell was rung by Mr. Meredith with violence—he requested to see Mrs. Craven. As that lady entered, he exclaimed, looking with an indefinable expression on the kneeling girl—"If death ensue, I must go home—thank you, and bless you for all you have done for me!—I——"

"Not I," said Mrs. Craven, looking sternly at the implacable old man—"not I, but that heart-broken being, who has nursed you, soothed you, administered to all your wants, she has been unto you as a daughter: can you——"

"Take me home, ere I die."

He seemed mad; but whether from rage, sorrow, or a return of delirium, none could tell. The physician consented to his removal, as the lesser evil, to his continuing in the house raving.

With much difficulty he was placed in a carriage and taken home, and sinking exhausted on the couch on which he was placed, breathed out to his attendants, "Leave me." Shortly the old housekeeper entered the room, he called for pen and ink, and his clerk.

He then scrawled a few lines, and turned over the page, ordering his clerk to address it to Mrs. Craven.

"Sir! honoured sir!" cried the clerk, who had nursed Belmore as a boy,—"I trust—I hope—I entreat."

"Neither, do neither but send, send before I die, or she—It may be too late."

The letter was sent, and found Belmore and his exhausted wife in the deepest sorrow. How bitterly he reproached himself for his indiscretion—for his beloved Emily's unmerited distress—for his uncle's cruel treatment of her—for that deceived uncle's too probable death: yet when he looked in the face of his uncomplaining lovely wife, could he repent the step he had taken, however much he grieved for the consequences.

She was weeping and reclining on her husband when the letter arrived.

It contained but few words:

"You have nearly killed your fond old uncle, come to him; and bring your little savage and her boy, to bless and be blessed before too late."

They soon arrived at the long desolate mansion, which was so quickly transformed into the abode of bliss. Mr. Meredith lived to a good old age, surrounded by grand nephews and nieces. He would frequently say, "Why did you bring this little savage, Bob, to upset all my old notions?" But Emily knew that the old man was never in higher glee and good humour, than when he called her his own dear "SAVAGE."
ODE.—VALENTINE'S DAY.

Hail! Nature's festival benign,
Mysterious grace of Valentine;
When spring returning decks the plain,
Leading the first of Flora's train
O'er the fresh breeze in mantle coy;
— Birds clust'ring in new life and joy,
The music of the groves awakening;
Buds their little shelters breaking;
Brightening sun with genial glow;
Streams that gently murmuring flow;
Riant all the landscapes play,
In the lengthened beams of day,
Glittering from the morning dews:
Now, when each pure Nature woos,
All pleasures seem to congregate,
And every songster wins a mate,
Pious maids their patrons seek,
With upcast eye and pallid cheek;*
Nymphs and swains, with mystic care,
Strive to meet the form most rare;
That haply they their wreaths may twine,
In honour of Saint Valentine!

VALENTINE-DAY.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

So "sad and gentleman-like" is the world become, so averse is the "pensive public" to coarse mirth and even innocent folly, that if the great magician of the north had not condescended to call one of his immortal stories "St. Valentine's-Day," the memory of such day would, in the course of a short time longer, have been clean blotted out. Who is there in these political, phrenological, perfectibility times, that would degrade their talents and confess to their imperfect education, by the antiquated folly of choosing a valentine, or own to the misfortune of meeting one they did not choose? Still less could any one be found who would condescend to paint, cut, or write, those curious missals called valentines by the grandmammies of our present race of young people, and occasionally held by these ignorant and nearly obsolete personages in no small estimation.

Sooth to say, the folly was a pleasant one, it arrived at a period when the infancy of spring gives promise of its maturity, when the birds sing and build; when snow-drops and crocuses spring in our gardens, and green plants peep under the shelter of our hedges; when we can say the days are really a little longer, and there are hours in them when the sun shines glowingly, and "the air smells wooingly." There is a kind of general hope diffused over the face of nature which finds its way to the heart of man; and from this sweet sensation (experienced more fully in those warmer climates where the custom originated) probably arose the idea of marking the time, by especial observance, as St. Valentine's-day.

Not but the good bishop whose name it bears might be a man of such congenial feelings and kindly bearing, as to render the day of his festival well suited for the record of amatory and friendly feelings. Though doomed himself to celibacy, he might not be averse to seeing the youthful part of his flock making a preparatory step towards that bourne which he deemed desirable to those who were necessarily less hallowed and consecrated than himself. I have been acquainted with several ministers of his church, and always found them as amusing, and even mirthful, men, "within*

* On the day of the festival of St. Valentine, patron saints were, and still are, in many parts of the world, chosen, according to an institution of the saint while bishop.
the limits of becoming mirth,” as I ever met with; and if to this canonized father we impute the “quips, and cranks, and wanton wives,” by which country maidens for many an age sought to gain for valentines those who had pleased their eyes, touched their hearts, or sued for their smiles—if even he were the first mover of all those paper hearts and darts, triangular embellishments and uncouth rhymes, which have “sped a sigh” from house to house, and perchance from palace to palace, let it not be deemed derogatory to his sanctity. We may safely answer for it, that the devil’s advocate, in the day of his canonization, accused him of neither injustice to heretics or cruelty to Jews. Never did he play the grand inquisitor to a trembling delinquent, or give countenance to an auto-da-fé. No! his kind heart never administered the question beyond awakening a modest maiden’s blush, nor his tortures proceed further than was necessary to recall a recalcitrant swain to his duty. Peace be to his ashes and honour to his memory—if it must now sink into oblivion beneath the weight of political economy, mechanic institutions, and intellectual improvement, let us at least acknowledge that time was when he called into existence tender thoughts and sportive sallies, ingenious contrivances and innocent manoeuvres, that he gave his votaries the power of exhibiting wit, taste, and poetry, and the power also of hiding their deficiency; and to crown his merits, he was for one day in the year a warm friend to the revenue.

Well do I remember, in my early days, a spruce damsel, who, albeit no longer young, was both sprightly and pretty, and moreover the deliverer of all the letters which then made their way to that busy commercial town; which now, doubtless, has some half-dozen men employed for the same purpose. A busy time was Valentine-day to her; and many a time was the well-clipped, well-thumbed, and curiously-directed package about to be delivered to the anxious heart of an expecting servant-maid, or a wishful apprentice, kindly dropped back into its place, as the glance of a watchful eye informed her that a mistress was now in the kitchen, or a master was approaching. Less happy were the daughters of the family, to whom, from the same repository, were delivered probably beautiful sheets of fair devices and original poetry, received with glowing cheeks, and perhaps disdainful looks, and reproachful guesses at the “silly coxcombs who wrote them;” yet not unfrequently treasured with anxiety, hope, and curiosity, unknown in the young breast till then. Many a time has a valentine awoke sensibilities till its arrival, latent and unsuspected, but from that eventful hour condemned “to sleep no more.”—Many a mother has then read in the glowing cheek and downcast eye a call upon her own watchfulness, a remembrancer of her own past emotions; and hope has mingled with solicitude, as she scanned the same lines probably once offered to her own eye, or improved as the improvement of the times demanded.

For even in these past days of popular folly, be it known there was improvement—several of our old poets had celebrated the day, and Shenstone has a very pretty Valentine addressed to a lady his friend; nevertheless, it must be owned that the most general posy ran thus—

"The rose is red, the violet blue,
The lily sweet, and so are you."

To which was frequently added the more sober assertion—

"The ring is round and hath no end,
Such is my love for you, my friend."

But now and then, either reading or genius added the novelty of opposite verses, to prettily-drawn and delicately-cut valentines. I have certainly seen some so ornamented, that they might be called “works of art;” and had the honour of inventing or recalling lines, which the owners were delighted to insert with crow-quill pens in the smallest possible hand. From eighteen to twenty-one, I confess (without shame, but certainly not without sorrow,) to have been a great sinner for my friends in this way. I never remember dispatching more than one myself; but I was always willing to do my best for those who demanded help, especially if the paper yelpt a valentine was intended to be rather a satirical squib, than the usual affection of a love epistle. I had at that time a very particular, and almost unnatural, dislike to fops, and dress being at its very worst, (as portraits about 1791 testify, after which came in Brutus heads, &c.) the power of being saucy and satirical behind the curtain was irresistible.

But, alas! having at the request of one
Valentine-Day.

friend written some of my best, and most pretty behaved verses, they were copied by another, and dispatched with all due secrecy to the brother of the former, who was residing about an hundred miles distant. The youth most unfortunately happened to be himself peculiar, and charmed with his epistle, he transcribed it to his sister, entreating her, if possible, to discover the author, since the postmark was Bath, where she was then visiting. In reply, she told him, “it was written by a beautiful girl then under the same roof with herself,” which was true so far as handwriting went, the unlucky scribbler of rhymes being then far distant. Unhappily the young enthusiast, in the ardour of curiosity, or whatever it might be, got into the first coach he saw, flew to Bath, beheld the unlucky valentine, and fell as desperately in love as man need to be; but on the day after, being urged by his sister to return to parents, whom his absence would render wretched, he tore himself away, and finding no other conveyance, got upon the outside of a vehicle just starting. It was the beginning of March, some frost and snow, wind and sleet, assailed the young traveller, who was unprovided with any proper clothing; few gentlemen doing then, what many now do every day. Enough to say—he reached home in a brain fever, and in three days was a corpse.

Poor young Willis! I never saw him—never saw the fond parents who thus lost their only son; but many a tear have I shed for them, and for his sister’s sorrows—sorrows! which I had so great, yet innocent, a share in causing. It will be justly concluded, that on hearing this sad story, my penchant for writing valentines was gone for ever. Nay! that for years the very word was abhorrent to me, and made me shudder like a guilty thing. We are all inconsistent at times, or at least appear so, in consequence of that tendency to change, which is stamped upon all the feelings, situations, and purposes connected with our very existence; let me not therefore be condemned too decidedly, if with such recollections I have yet been the apologist of a custom “more honoured in the breach than the observance,” and have looked back with a degree of regret to the folly of tens of thousands once found pleasant. If it were not for retracing and re-feeling the sentiments, emotions, and endearments produced by memory in early life, who could keep alive the energies and affections necessary for happiness in that gloomy season of existence, when new pleasures are impossible, and new friendships nearly so. Autumn may boast its fruits, but the mind must recur to spring for those flowers which were at once the most beautiful and the most evanescent life has afforded.

In looking back on the customs, the superstitions, and the thousand follies of past days, people in advancing life are frequently more inclined to defend that which is indefensible; because they believe, that could they discover them, the young of the present day, with all their awful advantages of intellectual culture, have yet their weak places. They cannot allow that human nature itself is altered, and that old heads do grow on young shoulders; and even when compelled to believe the powers of steam and education, and acknowledge the wonderful superiority of the present race of Misses, even in their teens, as evinced in pale faces, musical fingers, contempt of frivolities, and preference of reality over romance, they console themselves, by believing that the fair philosophers lose in merriment what they gain in wisdom. Like other elderly ladies, I am subject to this conclusion; and without desiring to restore the by-gone days of valentines, and love-philtres, or even ghost stories (though I deem all ghosts most poetical and interesting beings), I yet cannot help giving a sigh to the young feelings drawn out by them, and to wish, in short, that “young love” had some little corner left in this wise world of ours.

So far as I can judge this is no longer the case; either the prudence I revere, or the ambition I despise, has completely banished the sweet, but perhaps frequently silly, predilections, which were at one period the great movers of early life. Matrimonial alliances are now matters of arrangement, convenience, suitability; in which neither the tender attachments of growing preference, nor the rapid advances of “falling in love,” have anything to do. The mind that has been sobered down to obedience by the toils of fashionable education, may be easily guided to the ends required by a thoughtful parent, who, it is probable, will direct
To the Wind.

Wild as the billow awaked from its slumbers,
Thou blendest at midnight thy mystical numbers;
Child of the storm! from what deep mountain cave
Does thy harp pour its strains to the hollow-voiced wave?

When clouds on the brow of the sky are reposing,
And silver-wing'd stars their bright eyes are unclosing,
How welcome thy cadence! to those that review
The fairy illusions they've ceased to pursue.

Or when billows, like snow-wreaths, are foaming in vain,
To engulf the proud vessel alone on the main,
Thy thunder resounds o'er the ocean beneath,
Twin-born with the tempest—the herald of death!

Thou wreathest the grass where the violets are springing,
And the rills, just released from their fetters, are singing;
In autumn thy voice which responds to the floods,
An echo awakes in the desolate woods.

Swift as an arrow discharged from its quiver,
Is thy course o'er the tide of the dark-winding river;
And when thou art hush'd on the calm summer sea,
The mermaid seems anxiously waiting for thee.

Invisible minstrel! thy home is unknown,
And no mortal hath e'er bow'd his knee to thy throne;
But thy voice, as it swells and expires on the ocean,
Is the voice of the Being who hears our devotion.
THE PIRATE HELMSMAN.

A Tale of the Ocean.

"What's the use of spinning your long yarns to me!" grumbled old Ben Fearnough, as he whiffed the smoke from his dingy tobacco-pipe—"it's no use, I say!" as he eyed the haggard figure of a seafaring man, who stood at his door. "Why don't you get to work—why don't you get a ship!" The wretched being looked keenly at old Ben, as he slowly ejaculated—"That's the answer I receive from every one; go and get work—go and get a ship—ah! 'tis easily said, but not so easily done—I have already been out of a birth for seven months—I have tried every thing; day after day, but without success, my body has gradually wasted away, till I have become a mere skeleton, through absolute want. I had heard that old Ben Fearnought was a good-hearted fellow, and possessed the heart of a true seaman—it was this that caused me to enter your house and seek for shelter. I have not tasted food these two days; a few short hours and I shall die, perhaps before you——"

"If you do, I'll——", said old Ben: "here, you lubber; here's that will set your jaw-tacks going." He pushed the drooping mariner into his tap-room, and placed some good provisions before him—"Eat—heartyly, and here is something to wash it down;" so saying, Ben retired to his bar. "I don't half like the looks of that fellow," muttered Ben, as he cast another glance at him: "his voice is like the croaking of a half-starved raven; and judging by his appearance, one would suppose he had dropped from a gibbet. I'll know more of him before we part." The stranger had finished his repast, and rose from his seat: a faint ejaculation of "thank ye" dropped from his lips, as he bent his sunken eyes on the ground. "Why don't you look me in the face?" roared Ben; "I'm not going to eat you; you look at me as if I was a constable, and you was a——"

"A what?" rejoined the stranger, sharply.

"A thief or a murderer!" replied Ben. A pause ensued, Ben eyed him keenly, and exclaimed—"You have found your voice rather suddenly; but, however, distress has probably put you out of sailing trim, and old Ben is not the swab that would run down the vessel (even of an enemy) that hoisted signals of distress: here, take a swig at the grog-bottle before you go home."

"Home!" reiterated the stranger; "alas! I have no home." Ben, who had moved towards the bar, turned shortly round, ejaculating, "no home?"—"Alas! none," rejoined the stranger.

"That's hard lines, indeed," said old Ben; "and although your looks don't recommend you, I cannot bear the idea of turning you adrift at this late hour, on such a tempestuous night." A loud clap of thunder at this instant rolled awfully over their heads—"Hark! there's a voice, a gruff one too, that gives assent. Here you shall stay to-night—I am about to close my house, and then you shall turn into bed; but mark me, you depart not until you have given some account of yourself. My house has always been in good repute, and I have never made it a custom to receive lodgers at night, without first being assured that they were true men—but I see you are worn out with fatigue. Here, Richard, take the lantern, and light this man to bed. The room that stands next to yours will suit—so bustle-up stick and away." Richard lighted the lantern, and led the way. The stranger pressed the hand of Ben, and would have given utterance to his grateful feelings—but his voice faltered, a tear stole down his cheek, he essayed to speak, but could not, and he followed Richard in silence.

Old Ben put down his pipe, and prepared to lock up his house for the night. —"That's a rum subject," ejaculated he; "I can't tell what to make of him: he must either be a bad one, or else some poor fellow who has not been one of fortune's favourites. Well, no matter, if he is one of the former description, I do not fear him; and if he is really the victim of undeserved misfortune, he shan't be sent adrift without a shot in his locker." Richard having conducted the stranger to his bed, returned to the tap-room, where he found Ben busied in putting away the glasses and measures which had been left on the tables by his last set of customers.

"I have put the stranger in the bed-room as you ordered," said Richard.
"Have you so," said Ben; "and did he find the use of his speech before you left him?"

"No," replied Richard; "no sooner had I pointed out the bed, than he doff’d his jacket, threw himself on it, and was fast asleep before I left the room."

"Well—well," said Ben, "the poor fellow is overcome with fatigue, no doubt he’ll be a new man in the morning; put up the shutters and make all fast, and then we’ll turn in for the night."

Richard obeyed, and having fastened all the windows securely, was about to close the door, when the appearance of one of the superior police excited his attention.

"You are late," said the officer.

"Not twelve o’clock," replied Richard.

"I am aware of that," observed the officer; "but your house is generally closed at an early hour."

"Master has gone up to bed," observed Richard; "but if you want anything, I will call him down."

"By no means," rejoined the officer; "but when he rises in the morning give him this paper, and tell him to post it in the most conspicuous part of his premises."

So saying, the officer gave Richard the paper, and giving the spur to his horse, was out of sight in a moment.

Richard entered the house, and having safely bolted the street door, opened the paper, observed it was a printed placard, but not being in possession of the accomplishments of reading, he was totally incapable of judging of its contents; and a fortunate circumstance it was for the party whom it most especially concerned.—Richard, therefore, merely laid it on the table, and taking up the light, bent his way toward his bed, and was soon sound asleep.

Ben Fearmonought had been an old sailor, and had fought under Rodney, and several of the heroes of his time. He had been a careful man from the first hour he entered on shipboard, so that when his wounds, coupled with declining years, had rendered him incapable of serving any longer as an able seaman, he found himself possessed of money sufficient to enable him to take a small public-house in the neighbourhood of ——; and Ben being so well known and so well respected among the seamen, it is no matter of surprise that he carried on a brisk trade. Business gradually increased, and in three years Ben could carry enough in his pocket to keep him comfortably for the remainder of his days. He was a rough, uncouth sort of fellow in his manners; but he was of a most worthy, benevolent disposition: in short, he might be termed a rough diamond.

As the church clock struck six, old Ben turned out of bed, and was soon busied with his man Richard in preparing his house for the reception of customers. As soon as he opened the bar, Richard brought him the printed paper which had been left by the police-officer on the previous night. Ben unfolded it, and read—

"One Hundred Pounds Reward.
Murder!"

"Escaped from the prison-ship, Joseph Martineau, who stands charged with the wilful murder of Maurice Perceval, officer of the watch. Whoever will give such information as will lead to his apprehension, shall be entitled to the above reward. He stands five feet eleven inches in height, dark eyes and hair, and has a scar on the forehead."

Richard had swallowed every word as his master read it. "I’ll be hanged," exclaimed he, "if that ain’t the stranger that’s asleep up stairs!"

"How do you know that?" roared Ben, angrily.

"Why, he has dark eyes and dark hair, and has a scar on his forehead; I’ll be off at once and give information before any one else, and then I shall get the reward."

"Avast heaving, you long-shore lubber!" exclaimed Ben. "How dare you go to spin me such a lying yarn as that? Is it because the man is poor and in want, that we are to suppose he is a murderer? No, no, poor fellow, he hasn’t got the strength of a mouse, nor is he able to protect himself, much more assail another."

Richard shook his head. "Master," said he, "depend upon it that he is the man we want; and an hundred pounds is too good a bargain to be let slip through one’s fingers so easily." But Ben cut him short by saying, "Richard, I am ashamed of you; would you go and bring my house into disrepute, as having offered shelter to a felon? I say he can’t be the man; and
even suppose he was, it’s no business of mine, I am not a thief-taker.”

“Well, but then,” said Richard, “the law must be obeyed.”

“Aye!” rejoined Ben, “according to your notions the law would urge you to drag this poor fellow to prison, whether guilty or not. Now, according to my notion, the law of humanity directs me to leave him to his chance. If he really is guilty, there will be plenty of hands eager to lay hold on him; and if guiltless, I shall have the honest reflection of knowing that I did not falsely detain him.”

Richard shrugged up his shoulders, and again shook his head.

“Why, you ill-looking, blood-sucking swab, what do you mean by shaking that half-timbered head of yours? I’ll tell you what, my land-shark, if you don’t get your sails in better trim, you’ll get swamped at last, and down you go.”

“Down!” echoed Richard. “No; I would rather not go down: if I get this reward, I shall stand a chance of rising in the world.”

“Yes, you soul-selling swab, you’ll rise with a vengeance. You’ll be strung up to the yard-arm, if you pursue this course. Out of my sight. Get about your work, and let’s have no more of your palaver.”

Richard turned sulkily aside, and quitted the room. Ben remained fixed in thought: one hand grasped a napkin, while the other held a half-cleaned tumbler. “I wonder,” ejaculated he—“I wonder how such fellows can dare to look an honest man in the face. What do the deuce ails me? That fellow has put all my sails aback, and I feel, as it were, as awkward as a vessel in a ground swell, without a breath of wind to help her over the dead sea. Well, I may as well go up and see if the stranger is stirring. Ben turned towards the stairs, when his attention was arrested by hearing several voices in the passage leading from the street: in an instant he recognised the voice of Richard, who entered the room, followed by several police-officers, the chief of whom thus addressed himself to Ben:

“As I suppose you are the landlord of this house, I have to inform you that I have a warrant to search for a felon whom we suspect is here concealed.”

“Well,” replied Ben, “search away; there is no guilty person within the house that I know of. Follow that jackal (pointing to Richard)—follow that bloodhound, and he’ll lead you to your prey, if any be here.”

Richard darted up the stairs, closely followed by the police, and, rushing hastily into the stranger’s room, exclaimed, “Now seize your prisoner!” He drew back the curtains, but the bed was empty—the bird had flown. The stranger, who had risen early, had overheard the conversation between Richard and Ben: he had watched him closely, and from the window above had observed him skulk out of the house and run towards the police-office—in an instant his mind was made up; he threw up the window, and finding it not too high, he, without hesitation, dropped from it into the street, and was speedily beyond the reach of pursuit.

Richard and the officers finding themselves disappointed in securing their prize, returned to the tap-room, where they found Ben busily employed in attending to his customers. “Well, did you find your man?” inquired Ben.

“No!” replied Richard, “you took good care of that; you doubtless gave notice of our approach, that he might escape.”

“What!” exclaimed Ben; “dare you tell me that confounded lie to my face? Why you long-eared, jibing lubber, if I had you in my nip, I’d give you monkey’s allowance. Let me come at him!”

Ben would have struck Richard to the ground, but was prevented by the officers.

“Hold!” said the chief, “we must not allow our informer to be assaulted in our presence. And let me tell you, sir, that circumstances are so strong against you, as having aided in the escape of a suspected person, that it is my duty to take you before a magistrate, where you will have an opportunity of explaining your conduct.”

“Before a magistrate!” exclaimed Ben—“take old Ben Fearnought before a magistrate! Look ye, Mr. Landshark, I have sailed under his majesty’s flag for thirty years, during which time no complaint was ever made against me for a breach of discipline or neglect of duty. I have been in thirteen severe engagements, and received three wounds, the scars of which will go with me to the grave. I have received a good character from every commander under whom
I have served; and, therefore, let me tell you, it’s hard lines that I don’t understand, to be pulled up before a magistrate at my time of life.”

“Hard lines, no doubt,” rejoined the officer; “but we have a duty to perform, and therefore, as you are a loyal subject, you will at once perceive the necessity of submitting.”

Ben found there was no appeal against this decision, and flipping on his broad brimmed hat, after making arrangements necessary during his absence, accompanied the police-officers.

The customers at Ben’s house were not a little surprised when they heard that he had been taken before the magistrate. The news spread like wildfire; rumour, with her many tongues, had magnified it into various shapes: some said that he had committed a murder thirty years ago; others, that he was an accomplice of the proscribed Joseph Martineau: in short, had the various reports been summed up together, the total of his suppositional crimes would have outnumbered the session-list at the Old Bailey. But two hours elapsed ere Ben returned; the magistrate finding the evidence insufficient, and taking his former good character into consideration, discharged him at once. But when he entered his house, he did not receive his usual hearty welcome. No, every eye bent a half-inquiring glance upon him as he entered: no one spoke, all was cold suspicion; they looked at each other, and then glanced at the proclamation offering 100l. reward.

Old Ben Fearnought perceived at once that he was an object of suspicion; his heart beat violently, he gazed around him like a man bereft of sense; he turned on his heel, and dashes down his hat and stick with violence, hastily ascended the stairs. A few hours were sufficient to make up his mind; he no longer looked upon his native England as his home; all climes were now alike to him; he resolved to quit the country for ever. He had no relations except a niece, who occasionally attended to assist him in the domestic affairs of the house—to this girl (just entering her twentieth year) he determined to leave his house; he called her into his room, the moment she entered she perceived the agitated state of her uncle’s mind, and endeavoured to console him. “No, Martha—no!” exclaimed old Ben, “I have lived too long in England; I have hitherto been looked upon with that respect which an old sailor who has fought and bled for his country deserves, but I cannot bear to be sneered at by a set of weathercock monkeys. Sit down, my good girl, and I will put you in possession of this house, and all within it. If, after two years I do not return to England, it becomes your own.” Martha would have spoken, but the old man waved his hand in token of silence and she remained mute whilst he gave her his parting, perhaps his last, directions.

Ben had no sooner settled this affair at home, than he made his way to the nearest sea-port. A vessel was about to leave England for Quebec; a few words with the captain settled his business, and ere another week he was on the Atlantic. The first three weeks of their passage passed without any remarkable incident, but on the 20th day an event occurred which placed old Ben in a dangerous predicament. The sun was going down, when the man on the look-out called—“Strange sail on the larboard!” The master took his telescope, and discovered it was a schooner, wearing a broad black stripe—its colours, a hand and dagger. The master declared it to be a pirate—all was consternation on board: what few arms they had, were quickly delivered to those who were most likely to use them with effect; and the master swore if the intruder was not heavy mettled, he would get her athwart ships and run her down. The pirate (for such indeed it was) gained fast upon them, and in another hour their guns were served; every thing that bravery could suggest was achieved on board the merchant vessel. The master and mate were both killed; and old Ben, who was not idle, had got an awkward wound: another hour, and the pirate was alongside. The marauders rushed on board. Ben used his cutlass to some effect, as the pirates’ gaping wounds would testify; but he could not prevail against numbers. He received a severe blow, which brought him to the ground. Many hands were raised above his head; and he was about to fall a victim to the pirates’ vengeance, when one of the crew, who appeared to be vested with some superior authority, rushed forward, and in a stentorian voice called out—“Hold! I command you! I, whom you
have elected captain, claim the privilege of taking this man as my prisoner—his life must be preserved at all hazards. Take him to my cabin, and see that his wounds are attended to with care." Ben was accordingly conveyed on board the pirate's ship, and laid upon a couch, where exertion and wounds soon seemed to seal his wearily eyes in sleep. The unusual noise and bustle occasioned by the pirates overhauling the treasures which they had taken from the merchant vessel, did not allow Ben long repose. He arose from his couch, and feeling sufficient strength, ascended to the deck, where all was bustle and merriment. The pirates were gambling for plunder; cards, dice, and money were spread promiscuously about the deck.

Ben turned from this scene with disgust, when his eye fell upon the helmsman—he paused, and endeavoured to collect himself—he advanced slowly towards him, and in a low voice exclaimed, "We have met before!"

"We have," replied the helmsman, quietly; "but say no more at present. The crew are now half gone in liquor, and I dare not trust them with the helm; but in an hour hence we shall bring up, and then I will meet you below. Go down, and wait patiently."

Ben went, and endeavoured to guess who the helmsman could be; he had a faint recollection of his features, and felt assured it was not the first time he had met him, but when or where he could not call to mind.

The sound of approaching footsteps roused him from his reverie; and a voice, which he recognised to be the helmsman's, was heard on the gangway, as he descended, calling, "Keep her head to the southward."—"Aye! aye! sir," replied the voice above. A short moment and the helmsman stood by his side. They gazed at each other steadfastly. At length the helmsman broke silence thus: "I perceive you do not recollect me; I am not surprised, because when last I appeared before you, I had been two days without food, and had been hunted through the country for many a day, until chance led me to your charitable door; you stretched forth your hand, and saved me from perishing."

"What!" exclaimed Ben, "are you the poor half-starved fellow? Why, how you are altered; who could ever suppose such a thin spar as you looked to be, would change to a stout-limbed fellow, near six feet high, and that miserable voice come out into one loud enough to vie with half the boatswains in the navy."

"It is true," replied the helmsman; "and you will be convinced further when I remind you that I overheard the conversation between yourself and your servant, when that rascal wished to deliver me to the police, but which your noble mind spurned."

"Eh—what!" ejaculated Ben, still confused, from his injuries—why, who are you?"

"I am Joseph Martineau, whose head is worth an hundred good English pounds. You saved my life, and I have saved yours in return—we are now quits."

"What!" exclaimed Ben—"have I been shielding a pirate! a murderer! from the hands of justice?"

"Easy sailing, my old boy," said Martineau; "listen to my tale, and then judge for yourself."

"Come, none of your long yarns," said Ben, "I had one of them some time ago—but go on, I'll listen."

Martineau bolted the cabin-door, and drawing his seat nearer to Ben, thus proceeded—

"About two years since I was attached to the frigate as master's mate, and by close attention to my duty, I was reckoned one of the best steersmen in the service; I was in favour with the captain and all the officers, and in all times of danger or difficulty my opinion was always called for, and received with attention. I was happy in my situation, and I had no wish beyond it. At that time I loved, and was beloved by my dear Jane—oh! she was loveliness exemplified: I longed for the moment when we should be once more on shore in England. A few months passed, and my wish was gratified. I had a fortnight's leave on shore: a junior lieutenant named Perceval, who had received instructions from me in navigation, and who had generally been on rather a friendly footing with me on board, accompanied me; and in order to lessen our expenses, we travelled together. I arrived at the village where my beloved Jane resided. The lieutenant had thirty miles further to travel; I invited him to spend the day with me, he instantly consented: we entered the house—my dear Jane flew to
my arms. Oh! good old man, 'twas a happy day.

"Jane's father and mother gave us a hearty welcome—all was happiness and joy. I hinted to the old people that our marriage might take place before I returned to my ship; Jane's father gave me a hearty slap on the shoulder, saying, 'Well, my boy, all will be right; we'll talk the matter over to-morrow.' I was elated, and shaking the old man by the hand, and taking a farewell kiss of my sweet Jane, I left the cottage with my friend Perceval.

"When we returned to our inn, Perceval shook me by the hand, saying, 'I give you joy, Martinou; she's a beautiful girl, and will doubtless make a most amiable wife: but I must bid you farewell, as I shall quit the village at day-break.' I wished him a safe journey, and we parted. I retired to my room, and was soon asleep; but my dreams were full of evil prophecies. I rose early in the morning, unrefreshed; and a sad foreboding, which I could not account for, hung around my heart. The windows of the inn overlooked the cottage of my Jane; and as I looked forth, I thought I beheld a figure similar to that of Perceval pacing to and fro before the cottage. I was at a loss to account for what I had seen, but still I dreamed not of what was passing. The clock struck nine, and I prepared to visit my dear Jane. A sailor makes a quick toilet; therefore, in half an hour, I was at Jane's cottage. But, oh, Heaven! how different my reception. The old people returned my salutation with coldness; and I could perceive that Jane had been in tears. I looked around me for an explanation, and at length finding no one inclined to break the silence, I stepped forward, and taking the trembling hand of my Jane, inquired what was the occasion of their coolness. Jane cast an inquiring glance towards her father, but could not speak. The old man, however, advanced, and with a look bordering on austerity, informed me that circumstances had occurred which rendered it advisable for his daughter's welfare that my intended marriage should be broken off altogether. Had the lightnings of heaven struck through my heart, it had been a kindness. My whole frame seemed paralysed. I stood motionless—lost—everything swam around me. The old people, I suppose, felt ashamed of an explanation, and had skulked out of the room. When I recovered myself, I was about to rush out of the house in despair, but was met by Jane, and from her I learned that Perceval had played me false: he had become enamoured of her, and had treacherously made proposals to espouse her; and, in order to strengthen his pretensions, had not failed to blacken my character, which he represented as most dissolute—while he represented himself as a man of credit and independent fortune. The old people were dazzled with the prospect of riches, and mealy decided that he should be the husband of Jane, while I was to be discarded. I could hear no more. 'Jane, my beloved Jane!' I exclaimed, 'if you love me, consent to quit this house tonight, or at day-break. I will be waiting at the wicket-gate; a chaise shall be ready, and, ere twenty-four hours, you shall become my wife.' She consented; and it was agreed that, in order to prevent our being overheard, not a word should pass between us. But our scheme was foiled by the cunning of the villain Perceval, who, by some means, had got intelligence of our plan; and earlier than the appointed hour he attended at the wicket, and gave the signal. Jane, supposing it to be me, followed him to the carriage, which drove off rapidly. What then was my surprise, on arriving at the appointed spot, to find the father and mother, who had missed their daughter, vowing vengeance against me, as having decoyed her from her home. Maddened with rage, I dropped on my knee, and vowed that I would search the villain out, and wreak my vengeance on him. I provided pistols, and rushed into the road: chance directed me which path to pursue. I thought I heard the rumbling of carriage-wheels, and presently a violent crash. I rushed across the field, and darting in front of the chaise, levelled my pistol at the head of the postilion, and ordered him to stop, or instant death awaited him. The rage of a lion had filled my heart; I beheld the villain Perceval in the chaise, seated by the side of Jane. In an instant I dragged him out: 'Villain!' cried I, as I thrust a pistol into his hand, 'take your ground.' He did so. I fired, and shot the monster through the heart; he reeled, and fell: at the same moment, discharging his pistol, a horrid shriek struck upon my ear—the fatal
bullet had pierced the heart of my beloved Jane! Great Heaven! my misery was complete—I dashed myself in agony on the earth. The report of the pistols attracted the notice of the neighbouring peasantry—I was arrested, brought to trial, and by the same talent that obtained for me praise in behalf of my country, condemned to die. I, however, escaped from prison; and, after being hunted through the country till I had nearly perished, I presented myself at your hospitable door. After my escape from your house, I hastened to the sea-shore, and got a berth on board a smuggling vessel; we were pursued by pirates, and taken. I joined their crew. In an engagement with a king's cutter, the pirate captain was killed; and I being the best steerer-man, was elected by the unanimous voice of the crew. Thus you are in possession of my history up to this moment.”

* * * * *

A sudden bustle was now heard on deck—Martineau rushed to the cabin-door—several voices were heard from above, shouting, “Two brigs of war to windward!” Martineau rushed on deck, followed by Ben. The pirate crew were completely intoxicated—the brigs rapidly gained upon them, their shot played heavily on them—Martineau took the helm; a shot struck the binnacle, and shivered it to atoms: another moment, and a second shot struck Martineau on the neck, and almost a headless corpse he reeled, and fell at the feet of Ben.

Ben quickly decided what course to pursue; he rushed to the spot, where the survivors of the merchant crew were confined, he forced up the hatches and released them, and they instantly took possession of the vessel. Ben hailed the nearest of the king's ships—“Cease firing, and lay too, and I'll bring her alongside of you.” Ben put the helm down, and was soon alongside the brig. He went aboard, and related all the particulars of his adventure, and concluded by saying, “There's all the rich cargo safe and sound aboard of her—of the vessel I know nought.”

The captain of the king's ship testified his approbation of Ben's conduct, but laughed at the idea of his wishing to quit England. “Tush—tush, man,” said he; “you are at this moment in the highest favour. Captain R——, with whom you served ten years, long ago, presented a memorial to the Admiralty in your favour: your pension is doubled; and, rely on it, your conduct in this last affair will put you higher on the list.”

Ben felt his heart lighter than it had been for many a day; and when the Cliffs of old England once more appeared in sight, tears of joy rolled down his furrowed cheek. When he got on shore, he quickly proceeded towards his house; and on entering the bar, the first object that met his sight was a young man, who appeared to be acting as landlord, and near him was a cradle containing a sleeping infant. He stopped short—stared at the strange young man, and exclaimed, “Sliver my topsail-yard, if I know what to make of all this! what's become of my Martha—my niece? What! is she dead?” “Your niece!” exclaimed the young man; “bless her, she is alive and well; her husband is now before you, and this dear infant is her's and mine.”

“Hey!” roared Ben, “this has been sharp sailing—but where is the jade?” “Here, my dear uncle!” exclaimed Martha, as she rushed into the room and embraced him: “oh! this is indeed a happy day,” continued she; “and it is with pleasure that I resign to you your house and property.” “Not a stick,” roared Ben—“not a stick: it is all your own; only give me a corner to lay my old hulk in harbour for life, and the rest is yours for ever.” Martha and her husband, as may be easily supposed, testified their gratitude for his generosity, and Ben was soon supplied with every comfort he could desire.

Here he cast anchor for life, the remainder of his days were happy, and in his 84th year old Ben cut his cable, and set sail for those regions where eternal happiness is ever the reward of the virtuous brave. C.

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.—The long contemplated penetration into Central Africa from the Cape of Good Hope, in which some partial attempts, we believe, have succeeded, commenced early in the month of July, under Captain Edge, 98th regiment, stationed there, Dr. Smith, Messrs. Bell and Barrow. They were accompanied for a short time by Sir J. Herschel, and other scientific gentlemen. Great hopes are entertained of this new scheme of discovery in the country where so many have failed.
TO A FRIEND,

Upon receiving a Box made from some of the Wood of the Houses of Parliament, after the late Conflagration.

BY MRS. COCKLE.

A present worthy of the giver's name,
Of grateful friendship claims the guardian care,—
What tho' it marks destruction's awful flame,
Yet busy memory loves to linger here,
Amidst a senate's eloquence that breaks
On the charm'd ear, as if with magic power;—
Again at Fancy's call, a Chatham speaks,
And gives to glory many an added hour.
Again in patriot pride a Canning falls,
Manhood's rich bloom, yet lingering on his brow;—
Again a Pitt to honour's councils calls,
Nor fears in Fox to find a rival now.
Spirits of other days! I see ye stand,
All radiant 'midst your England's threatened night,
Still hail in you, my country's saving band,
And 'midst the tempest-hour her beacon-light.
Oh! may it guide us thro' this darkening cloud,
That hangs portentous round our brighter day,
And gild with holier beam the appalling shroud,
Which casts its shadow trembling o'er our way.—
If heard around these venerated walls,
Pours the rich tide of eloquence again,
Britons—remember 'tis your country calls,
Nor let that sacred call be made in vain.
And if this treasure'd gift should henceforth prove,
The prized historian of the by-gone hour,
Be it amidst a grateful nation's love,
For the hush'd storm at peace—its wild notes heard no more!

THE DETENUES.

(Continued from p. 41.)

Henrietta Vernon was one of a large English family, which, during the peace of Amiens, for the advantages of education, joined to motives of economy, went to reside at Caen, in Normandy.—Scarcely were they fixed there, when the marriage of two daughters they had left in England, rendered their presence at home necessary. Their intention was to remain there but a month—during which period, seven younger children were to be left under the care of their elder sister and brother; the former seventeen, the latter eighteen years of age.

"It will be," said Colonel Vernon, in parting from his children, "but a short separation." How little did he then foresee, that it would be to one of the party an eternal one; but I must not anticipate events—ere that that month was passed, the short peace of Amiens was suddenly broken up, and amongst the hundreds of detenues was the little English family, which had already attracted much attention and admiration at Caen. The shock was at first softened to them, by the expectation that it would be but a temporary deprivation of their parents' presence and protection; but months succeeded months, and no passports could be obtained to or from either country.

They had, however, in the mean time, experienced the most soothing and daily attentions from a neighbouring family, to whose care Colonel Vernon had confided them—but they had also experienced severe trials. Fears of the guillotine, to which they had once nearly fallen victims, rendered confinement to
The Detained.

their own grounds, during a period of
many months, a necessary precaution;
and the eldest son only escaped being
drawn as a conscript, by proving rather
under the standard height. He had be-
come (instructed in the school of mis-
fortune) intelligent beyond his years, and
many external advantages were added to
his various acquirements: whilst his
est eldest sister had grown up with manners
and person the most attractive, and all
that was most pleasing in both countries.
She possessed, too, a strength of mind and
steadiness of character, that enabled her
to become the guide and instructress of
the little circle, to whom she was destined
to supply a mother’s place: the warmth
and the strength of her affections will be
unfolded as I proceed in my narrative.

During this period of anxiety to the
young English girl, Julie de V—— had
resided at Caen, where her desolate and
unprotected state had procured her some
friends, and universal commiseration.
Her story at length reached the ear of
Henrietta Vernon, who exclaimed upon
hearing it—“Unhappy as I am, here is
one still more desolate and unprotected
than myself; and even in my cheerless
situation, it may be in my power, by
sympathy and kindness, to throw a ray of
brightness over hers!” Impressed with
this generous feeling, she sought an in-
troduction to Mademoiselle de V——.
Misfortune attracted them to each other,
and every succeeding interview served
to strengthen an intimacy commenced
under such circumstances. Julie be-
came at length a daily visitor to her
English friend—soon to discover, that
strong as were the impulses of friend-
ship, more powerful ones still were,
ere long, to be called into play. Hen-
rietta’s brother was a year older than
herself, and her sorrows naturally excited
the strongest feelings of compassion in
a mind accustomed so early in life to strug-
gle with his own.

Her’s seemed to add another link to
the chain of sympathy, which bound so
many young and unprotected beings to
each other. This was one, that was
destined never to be broken. A few
months after the introduction of these
children of misfortune to each other,
Henrietta received intelligence of her
father’s death—that father who had been
cherished in her young heart with al-
most idolatrous fondness. Colonel Ver-
non had left France in ill health; and the
lengthened separation from his family
had so preyed upon his mind, that anxiety
and grief increased an illness which, in
the prime of life, terminated his exis-
tence. At the period this afflicting news
reached Henrietta, she was painfully oc-
cupied in nursing the younger branches
of this little bereaved family, through a
fever of the most malignant kind; and
during successive days and nights did
she, with almost maternal solicitude,
watch by the pillow of the young suf-
f erers, nearly hopeless of their recovery.
In these moments of accumulated trial,
was there no one to aid her—to whisper
hope and comfort to her, thus struggling
with affliction? Yes, there was one be-
sides her heavenly comforter—it was
Julie. She not only sympathized in her
sorrows, but she shared all her fatigue.
Day and night was she, too, by the side
of those now almost orphan children:
their remaining parent had never shown
that strong attachment for them, they
had ever experienced from the one they
had lost; and upon his death, they felt
themselves, indeed, bereaved and unpro-
tected, save by Him, who is ever the pro-
tector of the innocent.

The full tide of gratitude burst from
the bosom of Henrietta, as she exclaimed,
“Julie—dearest Julie! I never can forget
your kindness to me in these hours of
affliction; and should future trials be
your’s, you shall not find me unmindful
of your kindness to me, and these hope-
less little ones.” The eyes of her brother
spoke a stronger language even than
gratitude, as he added his thanks to Hen-
rietta’s; and seconded her entreaties, that
she would henceforth have no home, but
that they wished her to share with them.

From that period the friends no longer
separated; and three years passed in such
intimate association, equally strengthened
the bonds of love and friendship.
Fortunately the family at Caen, to whom
Col. Vernon recommended his children
during his expected short absence, gave
all the protection in their power to afford
them. Twice had their influence saved
them from the police; and in the diffi-
culty of procuring remittances from
England, supplied them with money, and
softened every trial to the utmost of their
power. The Count de Valmont had
shown them almost paternal attention.
His only son, and the heir to his large

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property, had seen and marked all the beautiful unfolding of Henrietta's character. During a long period, he had watched it with an admiration that at length ripened into love; and with the full approbation of his parents, he made her an offer of his hand and his splendid inheritance. Gratitude prompted her to accept his proposal; but she steadily refused to become his bride, till she had obtained the sanction of her now only remaining parent. Matters were thus circumstanced, when (after an absence from England of five years) she received, for herself and the family, passports for her native shore, with her mother's injunctions to avail herself of them immediately. Was this long and once so anxiously expected mandate calculated now to add to her happiness, or that of her brother? Well might Henrietta's heart make that inquiry.

It seemed, on the contrary, to awaken every painful feeling in their bosoms, for would it not separate them from those become now so dear to them? England and English associations were almost lost, from their long residence in another kingdom,—where the first strong impressions of the heart had not only been awakened, but fostered,—and those passports, which had been so long and so anxiously wished for, reached them now, not as a source of happiness, but rather one of sorrow. Henrietta and Julie wept upon each other's bosom. "Never—never!" exclaimed the latter, "will I separate myself from you: your country shall henceforth be my country." "And my home be ever your home,—my friends your friends,—dear Julie!" replied Henrietta; whilst her brother's eyes spoke more powerfully than words. Ah! young and happy enthusiasts! why must the cold lessons of the world be so soon taught to such generous and confiding hearts?—After this conversation, it was agreed that Julie should remain in France only a short period, to dispose of a small portion of property, which the benevolent exertions of some friends had preserved for her from the wreck of her uncle's large fortune; and that she should, as soon as the business was arranged, join her friend in England. With the anticipation of this meeting, and of its being an early one, the lovers parted: and Henrietta, with the whole of the young and interesting family, to whom she had during five years supplied a mother's place, found themselves once more under a parent's roof.

Grown beyond recognition, they seemed there, and in their mother's heart also, almost as aliens: so thought poor Henrietta, who alone was old enough to judge and to feel. Upon her the eye of welcome appeared to beam but coldly; and there, where in her early years, and during the life of her father, she had so "garnerd up her heart," she now appeared but as a "stranger amongst strangers." From the difficulty of communication between the countries, ignorant of almost all that had befallen her children during their long separation from her, Mrs. Vernon applied to Henrietta for a detail, which to a mother ought to have been one of strongest interest, and no less so of admiration of the conduct of a daughter, who, with judgment and discretion beyond her years, had supplied her place so affectionately to all around her. The detail was given by her—the simple unvarnished history of their trials of various kinds; and the affecting narrative was closed, by the information of the attachments and engagements she and her brother had formed in France, and of the anxiously-expected arrival of Julie in England. Mrs. Vernon listened to it without a comment, till at its conclusion, she declared her dislike of all French connexions. But as this appeared to be merely a passing observation, it rested not on Henrietta's mind, which was tranquillized by this long-dreaded communication having been made. Yet often would the cloud steal over some sunny hour, and often in lonely communings with her brother would she talk of that "pleasant France," and of all they had there loved and left. With all a lover's impatience did he anticipate Julie's arrival, and look forward to that period, so often and so fondly talked of, when in his own peaceful England, wandering by her side, and no longer in fear of guillotines or conscriptions, they might renew those vows of unchanging attachment, which had been first breathed amidst sorrow and suffering in another kingdom.

Alas! how little did Albert Vernon foresee the cloud then gathering around them.

(To be continued.)
The Historical Keepsake.

We are afraid we omitted this in our account of the annuals, and we are sure that it did not deserve omission; because, though the engravings, which are numerous, are not equal to the usual pretensions in these works, there is some good matter; and the account of Anna Boleyn (notwithstanding the vituperation against her in all catholic countries) belongs particularly to the ladies.


The works of Mrs. Bray justly hold a high place in modern literature. No person reads them without deriving from them a store of rare and valuable information. Her style is refined, elegant, and singularly impressive, when her story leads to solemn and awful subjects, in the development of which her talent peculiarly lies. A pure and elevated moral pervades whatever she writes. Her descriptive passages are beautiful, having the beauty of truth, as they are paintings from native scenery. Some of her digressive sentiments are axioms full of that wisdom which pertains to a benevolent and philosophical observer of human life. It is not the first time that Mrs. Bray has won praise from us; and we can recommend her new romance of "Warleigh" as a work that contains all the excellencies we have named, and as possessing a higher degree of entertainment than some of her preceding historical tales.

The scene is her present residence, Devonshire, in the neighbourhood of Dartmoor; and we find in the pages of "Warleigh" many curious traditions and superstitions appertaining to that wild and singular region. She has been very successful in drawing the character and portrait of Roger Rowle, a Dartmoor outlaw of some celebrity in the traditionary history of that district. Sir John Copplesone, the evil hero of the tale, is another character that she has ably transferred to her pages from the local history of the county of Devon. Dame Ghee, a dabbler in sorceries and all kinds of mischief, is a personage that carries no little interest with her, as will be seen in the scene we now extract:

"It was towards the evening of the day on which Gabriel died that Dame Ghee, whose vocation led her much to scenes of gloom and awe, was busied about the body; aided by Nanny Raffles, the old woman we noticed in a former chapter, as acting the part of an inferior nurse under the high rule of the dame. This great mistress of arts, both visible and invisible, useful and terrific, with her assistant, at the time we open this chapter, were, according to the customs of Devon (to this day not entirely extinct), occupied in what was called 'dressing the clay'—that is, deckling the corpse; which was laid out on the bed with various flowers, rosemary, &c. The following conversation took place between the two women:

"'Nanny,' said Dame Ghee, 'this is watching night; has the housekeeper sent up the stoup of juniper waters and the horn spoon?'

"'The juniper and the horn spoon are both here,' replied the old crone; 'but sure you'll not be so bold as to stir the powdered elder leaves with it, till the dogs begin to howl, and the dead man is done dressing? It's no good charm, dame, I take it, without you mind such signs; and if you miss one of them, the browny* will come up, and scat you with your own stick though it be of shrew ash, for a half-done charm is the death of him: it will let him have no peace, and gives him as great pains as he does us when we offend him, and he sends us the rhenuates.'

"'The browny, you old fool!' replied Dame Ghee, in a very unceremonious manner; 'what talk you of the browny! he fears me more than I do him; for if he fails me at a pinch, I can split an elm tree, and wedge him in, as closely as they do, in the north of Devon, a field-mouse that has run over a sheep's back, and made the animal paralytic. Give me those bundles of rosemary, and the ivy twigs, and the bay.'

"Old Nanny Raffles obeyed; and, as Dame Ghee continued her death-service of decoration, her companion observed, 'Well

* The browny is a western spirit as well as a Scotch one. Borlase says, that in Cornwall, even in his day, the country people invoked the assistance of the browny at the swarming of bees.
now, I declare that's well done. There's no body between this and Brent-tor, that can stretch and dress a body like you. He looks as pretty a corpse as Tom Nightshade; young Nightshade's old father, that you dressed, dame, after he was hanged, and as I have heard tell, you lopt off his right hand to make a hand of glory of it.'

"Hush," said Dame Gee, 'let not the walls heart of that matter. The Gubbins's have the hand not a fine hand for them it is. It was dried in the dog-days, and it's a candlestick fit to hold a light to the fiend himself, did he need any other than the fire that glimmers forth from his own horns.'

"That hand of glory is a fearful thing, as I have heard tell," said Nanny Raflles, her old, grey, and envious eyes twinkling with pleasure as she looked on Dame Gee, whose powers she beheld with emulous admiration. "I would give a crown, if a crown I had to give, to know what it's good for; what's its worth?"

"The hand of glory," replied Dame Gee, "is not the touch of the ungraved dead. It's worth only to those who are night-breakers of strong doors and rich men's houses. For if a candle be placed in it, made with charmed things, when lighted and suddenly held out, all who behold that hand and that flame shall straight submit themselves in silence to the bold man who bears before him such a torch, and become stupider, motionless, dull, void of all spirit; the blood in their bodies shall be turned to ice, and their vital functions become heavier than lead. Now to our business. Have you locked up all the cats in the house, and covered all the looking-glasses?"

"The maidens have done it," replied Nanny; "for not one of them would stay in the house with a dead man in it, unless they had been minded to keep off the devils that long both for the soul and body of the departed. As I came up here just now, before you did, I found the old gamekeeper and his wife making a moan for the dead as loud as that of Rizpah, when she was watching the bodies of the slain, as worthy Master Hezekiah Hornbuckle said at the Sabbath preaching. Nanny pronounced these last words with a sigh; for amongst the other qualities of this gossip was that of an inclination to attend the holding-forths of the various sectaries of the time; she had a good memory, and, though so old, could repeat chapter and verse, after the minister: it was shrewdly thought she would have become a zealous religionist, only that in order to be such, possibly she might have been required to leave off some of those very sins she had 'most a miss' to, namely, the sins of witchcraft and divinity, in the cultivation of which she seemed to be in a fair way under the auspices of Dame Gee.

"And what did the gamekeeper lament for?" inquired the priestess of the ceremonies.

"He lamented," said Nanny, "that the parliament had put down the soul-bell, as a popish and super-righteous thing; for, said the gamekeeper to me, it is a hard case for a dying sinner, since every body knows the devil can't abide bells, and the sound of the soul-bell kept him off: so the spirit, being left out first, was sure to gain the start, and got by it what sportsmen call law; but now the parliament have put it down by acclamation."

"Proclamation, you mean, you poor ignorant body," said Dame Gee.

"Well, acclamation or proclamation, it's all one and the same thing in these days. But now, said the gamekeeper to me," continued Nanny, "now that they have put down the soul-bell, I have read in a book that a man has no more chance than a hare with the dogs at her throat; for the devil will stand at the bed's-head ready to catch a sinner's spirit the moment he gets loose."

"Leave thy praying about the soul-bell," said Dame Gee, "and light the candles that I have placed on yonder table, that all things may be done decently before the house-keeper comes up; for this night does she come to be touched under my directions."

"Good lack!" exclaimed Nanny Raflles, "for what ill? Hath she a wart, or a tumour, or a wen?"

"She hath some swelling in the throat," said Dame Gee; "but a dead man's hand will cure it, when properly touched under my special directions, or I know no leechcraft. And now light yonder tapers at the end of the room."

"There are seven of them," said Nanny; "an odd number, and a lucky one. For, as the minister said, 'there is much in numbers.' The seventh day was for rest after making the world: and then there were seven altars built by Balaam, and seven oxen and seven rams were sacrificed upon them; and seven times about the walls of Jericho seven trumpets were blown. And there were seven golden candlesticks, and seven churches in Asia, and——"

"Seven devils are in thee, woman," said Dame Gee in an angry voice, 'that thou standest there preaching instead of doing my bidding. Stay a moment, however; one thing I had forgot. Do not light the candles yet, but come hither, and help me to tie down his thumbs."

"The two women now proceeded to perform a rite, which we have heard was practised in some remote parts of the west of England even so recently as during the last century. This was to fold the thumbs of the dead man within the hand; a superstitious rite, supposed to have originated with the Jews; as the thumb, in this position, resembles a character in the Hebrew alphabet
that was anciently used to signify the name of the Almighty; and the thumb, when bearing this similitude, was held to be capable of keeping aloof the power wicked spirits were at all times so determined to exercise over the dead man's soul.

“Having accomplished this purpose, Dame Gee said to her assistant, ‘Now give me the salt, and the dead man's candle.'

“Old Nanny Raffles immediately brought forward a pewter plate, upon which was piled a heap of salt and a candle. Dame Gee placed the plate upon that side the breast of the deceased containing the heart, and the candle close to his head. It threw upon the latter a strong light, and showed distinctly all the ghastliness of death. The bandage was still round his brows, as it had been left by the surgeon after dressing the wounds that occasioned his decease.

“Old Nanny gazed upon him. ‘Now I look on his face by this light,' she said, ‘he reminds me with that bloody head of his, broken as it is by the hard rocks that knocked the spirit out of him.—I say he reminds me of a corpse that I dressed some twenty years ago, when Sir Walter Radcliffe came so strangely by his death. I remember the night when I was sent for by the housekeeper at Warleigh to come up, with as little noise as might be, to stretch a dead man, and make him decent for the pit; and I went, and there was a clutter of business in the house: and I had just made him nice with flowers and rosemary, and had put the poorest of the salt on the dead man's heart, and a fine corpse he was to see, when old Sir John Coppelstone came in; but he was not old then, and he looked——'”

“‘And how did he look?’ said Dame Gee, for the old crone made a pause in her tale.

“‘Looked!’ exclaimed Nanny Raffles, ‘like to be told, and so I told him. ‘Do I?’ said Sir John; ‘why, its like enough, for Sir Walter was my friend, and took his hurt in my cause. I wish to know what wounds he has upon him, for to-morrow he will be crowned.’—‘Wounds!’ quoth I, ‘why, wounds that will cry out, and tell ugly tales at the judgment day. He has wounds enough upon him for one man's death, and maybe for two, if all comes to light.' With that Sir John Coppelstone sighed, and took up a sprig of rosemary, as if he didn't know what he was about; and then he questioned me somewhat, but I didn't hear it plainly; and when I asked him what he meant I got another question,—What's that salt for, what are you doing with it?'—Lord, Sir John,' says I, 'don't you know it's the soul salt, that every one puts on a Christian body, to show that he did not die like the beasts that perish, but has a spirit to be saved as well as to be damned; and with the hearing of that, Sir John Coppelstone fetched another sigh, very like a groan. So I, seeing his grief, said, to cheer him up again, ‘Never fret for the dead, sir, for the dead won't fret for you; and glad should you be to see Sir Walter thus, for there was a hard parting between the body and the spirit; though I, who sat up with him the night afore he died, drew away the pillows from under his head; for I knew if there should happen to be pigeons' feathers in them he would die in strong agonies; and so he did, for all my care: and long before his hour came, well did I know which way he was going; for as I sat up all night, I heard how hard he breathed, and, as if the death-watch told time to it, it ticked as loud all night as if it had been a mortal dial, agoing and agoing with never a stop. And some do say that old Molly the cook saw his fetch, and that a bay-tree in the garden suddenly withered: it was one he had planted when a boy. And as I was a nursing and a watching, as I might be now, there came three distinct raps at the bed's head, so we all knew there was a summons.'

“‘Whilst Nanny spoke, a clear, solemn, and loud rap made her start up: ‘Lord have mercy upon us!' she exclaimed, ‘what is that?'

“‘What is that, you old fool?' said Dame Gee; ‘why go and open the door, and see; I will be sworn it is the housekeeper come to be touched; but she is come before her time; we can do nothing till the moon is up and full, and shining as bright as silver. Open the door, I say.'

“It was the housekeeper who now ventured to enter the dismal chamber of death. She felt some reluctance to join in the unhallowed rites to be performed; and much feared, in her own mind, Sir Piers would not quite approve the method of cure she was about to try for her disease. Sir Piers had re- commended the care of treatment far more simple, and far less injurious both to body and soul; namely, that she should hang three spiders about her neck, and take a certain elixir three mornings fasting: a mode of cure highly approved by Sir Piers for all glandular swellings, and one set down in his diary by the famous Sir William Ash mole, as having been tried on himself for an ague with the happiest effects.

“But the housekeeper, who considered her master's knowledge, and that of Sir William Ashmoles's into the bargain, as nothing at all in comparison with the profound skill of Dame Gee, determined to take her own course, though in a quiet way; and so, notwithstanding she kept three ready-bottled spiders (the finest and the fattest the housemaids could sweep down from their snug birth amongst the old hangings at Mount Edgcumbe), in order that she might apply them as so many pendant amulets, should occasion, or rather her master, absolutely
require its being done, yet she now had stolen up, full of terror and full of faith, to be touched by the dead man as a certain mode of cure under the auspices of the mistress of charms, spells, and all manner of witchcrafts.

"Nothing, however, was to be done till the sun was quite risen and shining in the heavens. But Dame Gee recommended her to sit still, and not to be running about the house at that hour of the evening. So down they all sat together by the embers of a very small fire; for they would not keep a large one on account of the corpse: and the housekeeper thinking a cup of strong water would be absolutely necessary to raise the spirits of all parties on such an occasion, she produced from her capacious pocket a little, long-necked, basket-bound bottle, filled up three small drinking horns, and turning her back towards that part of the chamber where stood the bed, that she might not see the body, signified with a nod that way, for so she was temperate even in the midst of her terrors, and waited patiently the expected hour.

"The other two, who had each a professional love of death-beds and charm-houses, were far less nice in their feelings and stronger in their nerves; and they now solaced themselves from the wicker-worked bottle, not at all discommoded, though the dead man, as it were, was staring them full in the face; and, maybe, they would not have relinquished the cup, even had he started up to take shares with them. The awe of funeral deceptions did not so far effect their spirits as to tie up their tongues, though it naturally suggested a theme for sport and all the various modes of stretching, dressing, and making handsome the dead, as old Nanny called it, was entered upon, or discussed with the utmost critical nicety such topics would admit. At last it became a question, whether a person who died of a gunshot or of a sword-wound made the prettiest corpse. Dame Gee contended for the former, Nanny Raffles for the latter; and at last old Nanny appealed to the housekeeper to settle the debate, by asking her if she remembered the body that lay at Plymouth Castle whilst Sir Piers Edgcumbe was held prisoner there, and what a handsome one it was.

"The housekeeper shook her head, and said, with a sigh, 'I never think of that time without its bringing to my mind one who was a great sufferer, and who I heard of but this morning; for Trim Foretop told me, the Widow Raleigh had set up her rest at last in a poor mean cottage at Tamerton Fallow.'

"'The Widow Raleigh!' said Dame Gee: 'I have heard something about her; but I scarce know who she is; yet I think I saw her once, and told her more than she wished to hear. Was she not the wife of one of the king's chaplains?'

"'Ah, truly,' said the housekeeper: 'he was Doctor Raleigh, the nephew of the famous Sir Walter Raleigh, who lost his head to please the Spaniards, as every body said, in the time of King James.'

"'The more fool he,' said old Nanny, 'to lose his head to please any body but his self.'

"'He couldn't help it,' replied the housekeeper; 'for in those days, the same as they do in ours, they never ask a man whether he's pleased or no before they take off his head. But it's away with him! Tower-hill and a sharp axe, and off it goes: and I often sit and think, when I hear of these things, how much easier it is to take off a head than it is to put it on again. Heigho! it's a wish thing, after all, to be blood-minded, as poor Mistress Raleigh did witness, and none more so.'

"'I wish you would tell us the story about Mistress Raleigh,' said Dame Gee; 'for though I know well enough what was the end of it, yet I never heard all the particulars.'

"'I'll tell them to you with all my heart,' replied the housekeeper, 'for I like to make myself pleasant among friends. Doctor Raleigh married a gentlewoman born and bred, Widow Raleigh, that was as sensible as a man and a woman takes count of. Well, you must know, he stood up for the king, as good cause he had, for King Charles had been a bountiful master to him; and when the rebellion broke out, he was sequestered and hurried from prison to prison, suffering all manner of barbarities. At length he escaped, and went to attend upon his royal master at Oxford. During this time poor Mistress Raleigh was turned out of house and home, till she was so distressed that for two nights she lay in the open fields, and none durst take her in, for it was a parliament and a hanging matter to deal with her; though it had been only for the good of one's own soul out of charity.'

"'But how did Doctor Raleigh get into trouble again after his escape to Oxford?' inquired Dame Gee.

"'You shall hear,' said the housekeeper: 'his great friend was Sir Marmaduke Eilford, who heard of poor Mistress Raleigh's terrible distress; and her husband having been put in a prison where there was the plague, had suffered so much before his escape, that he was too weak to go in search of her himself. Sir Marmaduke, therefore, kindly did it for him, and, as I have heard, at the risk of his own life, he preserved Mistress Raleigh and her infant girl; who, but for him, must have perished on the open moors: but he searched day and night, till he found and saved her. Sir Marmaduke took her home with her poor baby, and treated both as if they had been his own flesh and blood. The good doctor soon after joined his wife and
child, for the king’s forces getting the day in the west, enabled him once more to go back to his living; but it did not last long, for my Lord Goring being defeated, and as many thought by his own fault, for he was a very swearing, wicked man, the rebels again got the upper hand.

"I remember Lord Goring very well," said Nanny Raffles, "as well as I do Sir Richard Grenville, for they had both red noses, and would sit and sot over a drumhead when they had no other table."

"Ay, that they would," said the housekeeper; "they ruined the king’s affairs in the west; and though I don’t like to use ill words, yet I say the devil take both of them."

"I dare say he will in time," said Dame Gee, "for he never loses his own: but go on."

"Doctor Raleigh was with his wife," continued the housekeeper, "when he found himself obliged once more to fly for his life. He sheltered himself in Bridgewater, where he did his duty manfully for the king. He was taken prisoner when the town yielded, and then came sorrow indeed! Confined in Plymouth Castle, a brutal fellow named Barrett became his keeper; and this man would, for money, sometimes let the prisoners out for a while, unknown to the committee under whose direction he acted. Doctor Raleigh gave him no money, maybe he had none to give. Yet wanting to see his wife, who he heard lay grievously sick, the doctor applied to the committee for leave to see her."

"And did they deny him?" said Dame Gee.

"They did," replied the housekeeper, "for they feared he was rusted in a plot for the king. The unhappy man was, on this denial, imprudent enough to complain, that it was hard he could not go out who asked permission of the committee to do it, when so many of the other prisoners who did so asked leave of no one but Barrett, and paid him for gaining it. That villain, on hearing this, vowed he would be the doctor’s ruin; and too soon did he keep his word."

"It is as I have heard, then," said Dame Gee,—Barret acted from motives of revenge; because the committee, after this discovery, deprived him of these bribes, and took them themselves."

"It was so," replied the housekeeper; "for one day the wretch entered the doctor’s chamber, as he was writing to his wife, and would see the letter. The doctor refused, and high words rose between them; till Barrett, drawing suddenly his sword, he passed it through the hand of the unfortunate Raleigh. To tell all the sorrow his death occasioned would be vain; his very enemies looked aghast when they heard of it. But his poor widow, who shall speak her distress?"

"I will," said Dame Gee, "for I witnessed it, and before she heard the worst, as she stood by the holy well; and, in her agony, for she was half frantic with suspense and fear, inquired of the spirit of the water if her husband might be living or not. I saw her look like yonder corpse, as she cast her eyes upon the deep, still pool, that gave no sign, that showed no change, like the death it thus told."

"But her grief after a while gave her a bold spirit to demand justice for the deed," said the housekeeper. "She prosecuted Barrett for the murder: but the villain’s sister swore that Doctor Raleigh struck his murderer first; and so the fellow was acquitted, on the ground of its being an act of self-defence. Yet that false-swearer was fearfully punished."

"How punished?" inquired old Nanny.

"Not by the hand of man," said the housekeeper, "for God dealt alone with her. He visited her with a terrible judgment. She was struck in a moment, and became a pitiable, miserable creature; and as I have heard from those who saw her, her face was so drawn that it was dreadful to look upon her. She died trembling, railing, and cursing her brother; exclaiming in her last agony, that Barrett had made her damn her own soul, by false-swearing before the judges, to save his worthless life. But it’s no use being wicked, for bad things will come to light, do what one may to hide them.

"See!" cried Dame Gee rising, "the moon appears unclouded: look how she shines out from amidst her fleecy clouds, like a bride in white and silver. Now is the hour we must put out the lights, and then you shall be touched," she continued, "turning to the housekeeper; only have faith, and the cure is certain."

"Must the lights be put out?" said the housekeeper, in a tremulous voice. "I had hoped there was no need for that. I am timorous, and have had the head-ache all the evening."

"Fear not," said Dame Gee, "no spirit will trouble you whilst I am here; though by the angry look yonder man’s brow wears even in death, I doubt not he will walk for many a night after he has been laid in the pit."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the housekeeper, "don’t say such a thing, or I shall never abide coming near him, let alone his touching."

"I tell you once again," said Dame Gee, "that so long as I hold in my hand this wand of shrewdness there is nothing to fear. You are as safe from the spirit in this chamber, as you would be if you were now floating out at sea in one of yonder ships on this fine night."

"And if the worst comes of it," said Nanny Raffles, "and the dead man should walk, two clergymen, that is, provided they are real bishop’s clergymen, and not gifted
tinkers, and such like godly souls as are preachers, now-a-days, under the parliament,) why two clergymen, I say, as I have heard tell, can at any time lay a ghost in the Red Sea, by only talking Latin to it; a tongue your ghost cannot abide for the life of him, no more than he can the Red Sea.'

"Peace!' said Dame Gee; 'what we do, we must do before the clouds cross the moon. Now mark me, mistress,' she added, addressing herself to the housekeeper, 'you must stand by the side of that bed and wash your hands thrice in the moonlight, whilst I say something; and then strike the dead man's hand three times over your neck, and you are cured. You may then quit the chamber; but after this is done, for your life speak not, till you shall have past the threshold of the door, where I am now going to thrust down this sprig of rosemary.'

"Dame Gee performed this preparatory movement with much solemnity: she returned, like one of the witches in Macbeth, pressing her finger upon her skinny lip in token of silence. The scene was one that would have made no bad subject for the singular and imaginative genius of Egerton, delighting, as it does, in embodying spirits of a visionary world. The corpse was dressed with a variety of flowers,—those beautiful objects in creation that seem so well adapted for man in all the stages of his being. In his infancy, they become the sweetest toys of his innocence; in youth, they image his beauty and his bower; and in death, they are as emblems of his fragile and quickly-fading existence; whilst strewn on his grave, by the hand of affection, they become as fresh tokens that the memory of the just is ever sweet and lovely to the soul. How appropriately, therefore, were sprigs of ivy, laurel, placed about the body of the deceased, as signs and symbols of eternity, lest the careless or the thoughtless should be tempted to confound the decay of the spirit with that of its earthly house.

"Thus decorated with flowers and evergreens lay Grace-on-High Gabriel; his ashy countenance still showing by its expression the terrific state in which the soul had quit the body; though every feature, fixed and rigid, declared the spirit of life was extinct and gone. As Dame Gee extinguished the candles, the moon, whose beams shone directly on the dead man's face, for the bed stood opposite the window, touched each stern feature with a cold and silvery light, and gave to the head, thus imperfectly seen, a shadowy and terrific character, which curdled the very blood of the old housekeeper, as she stood and looked upon it. Her first sensation was extreme fear, and a strong inclination to cry out; but Dame Gee, who probably expected such an alarm, again pressed her finger on her lip to betoken silence.

"She now extended her left hand to the trembling housekeeper, holding in the right the formidable ashen wand; and having placed her patient in a proper attitude, as a long stream of moonlight fell upon that part of the bed near which she stood, thrice, by signs, the mistress of spells motioned to her to use the action of washing her hands in the brilliant but impalpable element of light. She obeyed; when Dame Gee, seizing hold of one of Gabriel's hands, said in a low, hollow tone, as if muttering to herself, 'The joints are not stiff: another—near to him in kindred or in kind—another will go soon;' and, taking up the dead hand, thrice with its cold and clammy fingers she touched the trembling housekeeper, as the witch repeated these lines:

Thrice I touch, and thrice I chill,
Thrice to charm away thy ill;
'Tis done—depart hence free from pain,
Ere the moon grows dark again.

"The housekeeper, whose terrors had risen to such a height during the operation of touching, assisted as they had been by the effect of the deep, solemn, and measured tone in which Dame Gee uttered her incantation, required the assistance of that worthy and her sub-priestess to lead her out of the room. No sooner had she crossed the threshold, than the use of her tongue returning, she employed it to declare, 'that not for worlds would she go back again;' and appeared in such a state of nervous excitement and alarm, that old Nanny Raffles was obliged to accompany her to her own room, and to procure help to prevent her fainting, which the housekeeper declared she was about to do in a tolerable articulate voice, for one in such a predicament.

"From this circumstance, Dame Gee became installed as the sole watcher of the dead; and having locked the door inside, so as to prevent old Nanny's sudden return, the next thing the artful woman did was to light one of the tapers by the embers of the mouldering fire: and having placed it on a little, ugly, crooked-legged table, (that an imaginative person might have looked upon it, till it was fancied into the resemblance of some uncouth elfin attendant, now offering his back to hold a light for the convenience of his mistress,) she set about employing herself in the way we shall relate.'

Much we wish that the whole of the dialogue of "Warleigh" was as dramatic in its cast and execution as this scene. Unfortunately, Mrs. Bray injures her romance by the erroneous practice that we often notice — of telling in set speeches, matter which ought to be communicated in brief narrative. Dialogue should only be used when a life-like development of character gives spirit and fire to the speakers, it should be dropped
the very moment this captivating power ceases. Can this animating interest be sustained through speeches that are frequently a page and a half in length, followed by replies equally heavy and wiredraw? We regret these defects more, because, as the volumes are very large, seasonable compression might have been adopted, and yet have left the romance of the proper three-volume size. How many beautiful situations and finely imagined circumstances are deformed and annoyingly interrupted by this injurious propensity to wiredrawing, on which Cooper has wreaked his fame in several of his last works. The propriety of thought, the delicacy, the fine imagination of Mrs. Bray, prevent us from wishing away any part of the story, characters, or modes of action in "Warleigh;" but we long to prune and cut away all the superfluous dialogue and wire-drawn interruptions to the stream of interest, as we have done in the foregoing scene, and then to read "Warleigh," comprised indeed in less bulky volumes, but cleared of the heavi ness that occasionally hangs on its best passages.


This work, which Lady Morley has sanctioned by her name, is written in a light, graceful, and pleasing style. It may be classed in a grade between the fashionable novel de société and the domestic tale. There is the good feeling and natural writing that we look for in the domestic novel, while the follies of high life are in some scenes touched with harmless, playful satire. Lady Whitby’s picturesque charity-school is deservedly ridiculed; and it is ridiculous that will do good, since it is not levelled at the charity of the great in regard to the education of the poor, but at the misjudging abuse of it.

The story of Dacre is very slight, yet sufficiently interesting to keep the attention alive. The scenes in the suburban residence of Mr. Wakefield are well done; and the story of Dacre himself is very artfully interwoven with the underplot. There are many clever little digressive passages interspersed with the narrative, that show a delicate and observant mind; and the reader is never startled with the implied worldliness that seems thoroughly imbued in the very nature of fashionable writers. Here is a specimen of the pleasingly expressed train of thought, which forms the charm of this work:—

"It was about the middle of the day, when Dacre found himself at the door of a brown brick villa, on the outskirts of the town. Mr. Wakefield was the creature of habit; and as he had found it convenient, when daily engaged in business, to reside in one of the many roads that lead to the east end of London, it had never occurred to him, when his occupation was gone, to change either his residence, or his belief that the desideratum of life was an easy and constant communication with Tower-hill or the Elephant and Castle. The door was opened by a thick-set foot-boy, whose ill-fitting livery suggested the idea that he had just stepped into the gaudy-coloured clothes of his taller predecessor, without any regard to the variety in human form. In answer to the question of, whether Mr. Wakefield was at home, the boy said he would go and ask master—" Master said he was at home;" and whilst Mr. Wakefield was carefully coming over the note and card which Dacre had sent in by way of introduction, the foot-boy was desired to show the gentleman into the drawing-room, with the comforting assurance, that "Master will be with you directly, sir." When Dacre felt himself so near the moment of interview with Mr. Wakefield, and thought how much the happiness of his friend might depend on skilful management during the coming hour, he began to grow a little nervous, and looked round the room and examined its contents with something of that desire to forget the object of his mission, which often creates a wonderful degree of curiosity in the waiting-room of a dentist or surgeon. In the centre of the room was suspended a small glass lustre, carefully enclosed in a dirty white bag; between the windows was a mirror, to show people what they are not; and over the chimney-piece was a portrait of Mr. Wakefield, in the full dress of a sheriff of London. Round the sides of the room hung various other portraits of the family; and Dacre amused himself in speculating on the degree of relationship they had borne to each other. An elderly lady, with a long crimson nose, light yellow gown, and muslin turban, sat in her frame with great matronly dignity. A miss of fourteen in her square white frock, bright coral necklace, and glowing arms, stood screwing her face away from the robin she held in her hand. A large space was occupied on the other side by a little boy on a wooden rocking-horse—the latter done to the life, and the child to match; and two smaller compartments were filled by a young gentleman in his college cap and gown, and a middle aged man, with his coat as blue, his waistcoat as orange, his buttons as
bright, and the fit as true, as though the artist had been a tailor instead of a painter. The furniture was scanty, and not very comfortable, and the tea-caddy, with its Lenox case, seemed a cherished and conspicuous ornament. But Dacre observed, on looking round the room, that there were other ornaments which seemed rather to belong to the frippery of women, than to the probable taste of the retired merchant.

"A table which stood in the corner was exclusively allotted to the sweepings and gleanings of ladies' bazaars and fancy toy-shops; a stuffed canary bird was flying out of its basket into the face of a large black velvet cat; and there were tempting fruits of stone and wax—cottages for work-boxes—castles for thimbles—and birds for needle-cases, with bodkins for their bills—ingenious devices for making pincushions useless, and pen-wipers unfit to be used; whilst papers of all colours were tormented into every conceivable form, for some unconceivable purpose.

"Dacre approached the table; and, for want of something better to look at, cast his eye on this medly of tasteless ornament and useless ingenuity: little did he expect that even among the more valuable knick-knacks of toothpick-cases, vinaigrettes, old watches, and had miniatures, that he should discover any object of interest to himself."

But we cannot omit the description of Mr. Wakefield's parlour, and with this will conclude our specimens of this very pleasing novel:

"The arrival of letters from home is always a moment of excitement to those who are travelling abroad. It recalls us at once to all we have left—to the cares we would forget, the sorrows we would efface, the joys that are passed. The messenger is expected with feverish impatience, and yet we tremble to receive the tidings. The letters are placed in our hands; and quicker than thought, the directions are looked at, the hand-writings are recognised, and we glance at the seals, to desery if any have come on a message of death.

"Some are sure to tell of change; and the change will startle, when its progress is unseen. Perhaps we read that friends will join us in our pilgrimage abroad, their fortunes broken, or their health impaired. We hear the men we left in power have ceased to rule. The splendid mansion where we danced and feasted, is now the prey of creditors, who once decked it so richly for pleasure. The house that wept a father's death, now lights its halls in honour of its heir. The giddy flirt has pledged her troth—the reckless youth has learnt a husband's fondness and a father's care—the widow wears again her bridal robe—the laughing girl we saw so full of life, now droops beneath the blight of pale consumption—the child who frolicked at our parting, is cold and stiff within its early grave. The afflictions we grieved for, now ceased to afflict; and the joy we rejoiced at, is turned into sorrow. Yes! we read of such changes in them whose image we have long been familiar; we marked them not when we were near, but when removed to a distance they show us the progress of life."

"How sadly this progress is watched by the mind, which is dead to all changes, and stands still in its grief! How dispiriting to see the healing powers of time, in others close the wounds of sharp affliction, and yet to feel it has not plucked from out the heart the deep canker of disappointment?"

"Sketches in Portugal during the Civil War of 1834. By Capt. ALEXANDER."

"Civil war of eighteen hundred and thirty-four!" Heaven help our simple hearts and heads, we had not an idea that there was what could be called civil war in Portugal last year—at least, sufficient to call for the services of the Captain of the England, India, Russia, the Americas, Africa, and ultimately, doubtless, of all the world!

How all this is, we cannot, we confess, clearly understand; he has, however, chosen to quote an English lady, and talk of a nunnery in a manner that brings him under our review, and, as we think telling untenable stories (to call them by no harsher name, immoral), under our censure. And if it be true that the captain is employed by the Royal Geographical Society to report on the new and interesting settlements of South-east Africa, we trust that his reports will, if like his "Sketches," be taken by that valuable institution at least cum grano salis.

We have always thought that the honest people of Portugal hardly suffered more from the intestine wars of the brothers of Braganza, than from the British visitors who have from time to time selected this country, so peculiarly as a subject for hasty disquisition, rash deduction, unmerited censure, and the most ludicrous mistakes. So far has this been carried, that it has long been held a capital jest by the Portuguese to describe to simply-curious inquirers their country as a perfect desert, its inhabitants (always pretentiously excepting an aristocratical few) as mere barbarians; and their delight if they could only get such inquirer, and a few of his or her friends, to culti-
vate both! Away the inquirer runs and makes a book; so that the idea of an English tourist in that little kingdom, fruitful in all that can interest intellectual man or woman, as well as the lover of nature, has actually become quite obnoxious and contemptible in the eyes of every well-informed Portuguese.

Turning over the leaves of the present book with every desire to see something new, we happened to glance at an account of the Theatre of San Carlos, of which we have spoken before, so famous for its music and protection of musical talent throughout Europe. What do we find?—

"San Carlos is well known to be one of the most magnificent temples of music in the world; and I found the dimensions of the interior very grand and imposing; the royal box fronting the stage, occupying the whole space from the ceiling to the ground tier, was, on the occasion of my visit, filled with a green curtain. I looked in vain for a gallery; and found that the gods were here compelled to descend from their usual pre-eminence to the after-part of the pit, for mortal foot to be placed above the head of royalty was not thought correct;—this was something quite oriental.

"The scenes and gilding were much in want of being refreshed; however, from being rather dingy, they looked venerable with age. Heaven defend me from such another pit as that of San Carlos! the bottomless pit, for torment, resembled it. I was advised to take a box, but declined, as I was alone. However, I had not long attempted to sit on one of the benches of the pit (the floor of which I observed to be unswept and dusty, and with pieces of paper and orange-peel liberally scattered about), when I was so assailed with fleas, that I found there was to be dancing in the pit as well as on the stage; while the nose was regaled with a smell of bilge-water from some neighbouring drain."

Why, here is not a word for the music or the performers, the taste of both of which is so pre-eminent; but what is worse, some very foolish errors. San Carlos is not "magnificent," nor grand, nor imposing, either in exterior or interior, for it resembles very much our Pantheon in Oxford-street, while yet a theatre; and it is greatly modelled on the plan of the ancient Roman theatres, so much so, as the same windings are obliged to be threaded to the boxes, over lobbies paved with tiles, as those of the Romans were two thousand years ago; but it is chaste, elegant, and commodious in all its parts, with a stage capable of any thing.

We have no doubt that the royal box in front of the stage, the royal family not being there, was screened by the graceful folds of the green curtain; but we do regret that the captain could find no gallery above it, because hence a fine oriental vision of royalty falls to the ground; for there really is a gallery above the royal box, and its appropriation is so complimentary to the Portuguese nation, as that not one of its temporary and more than half-hidden occupiers dare approach the pit. They consist of mental out-door servants, and possibly a few females of doubtful character, who, from the national love of music, are just barely tolerated to be obscurely present towards the ceiling, and that only by a gracious grant of royalty, which the people would not otherwise permit. The captain, unhappy man, must have been exceedingly solitary, or exceedingly mean beyond all others, since he, with a few others, could have gotten a delightful box at about 2s. 4d. a-piece, the price he paid for going into the pit. We cannot, indeed, pity him for that calamity of fleas which he professes to have incurred and preserved throughout his floating visit to Portugal. For if it was so, the fleas of all Lisbon (not of the pit) must have congregated around his leg, as he walked, in imitation of the Liliputians with Gulliver; and hence his account would form an admirable new programme for the theatre of flea-industry in Regent-street. Orange-peel and torn billets-doux and some dust will find their way to the pit of every theatre, but certainly not more to that of San Carlos. The captain's smell of bilge-water must have been carried from on board ship, Why did he not get rid of it by some of the odoriferous liqueurs in the modest salon, or pretty shops near the door, or the delicious waters of the beautiful fountain? The San Carlos is in the purest as well as most fashionable part of Lisbon, and possesses a site which descends in some places at an angle of forty-five degrees to the Tagus!

Descending, we suppose, from the opera, our author found beggars and dogs in the streets, and he wondered! and he learned, it seems, the Portuguese language; but we hope he will improve in it before he reaches the Portuguese set-
tlements, for he talks of an old lady very well dressed sitting daily on a heap of dry mud in the Rue d'Alcêrim (Rosemary-street—the Bond-street of Lisbon), sending a little girl to ask for alguma coisa, which he translates as "something for the kitchen." Now, thing is not spelt coisa, but cousa; and kitchen being cozinha in Portuguese, he mistook simple something for what he has described; but what is worse, no lady is necessitated so to sit in Lisbon, all decayed ladies being provided for by a respectable brotherhood, who go forth on certain evenings by torchlight to collect alms for them, to be delivered privately, of which they render a just account. Neither is it true that shopkeepers permit their customers to be "bored" by two or three old women entering with them for "reis"—no such individual coin existing; and the amount of five of them, the smallest copper coin now extant, being only an English farthing! The nature of reis would lead us into arithmetic, which is not called for here. Of the diversion afforded to the captain by certain insinuating fellows asking something for a convert, in red gowns, we shall say nothing; because, we believe, our readers need hardly be told that such a thing never occurred in a Roman Catholic country.

"Besides the abominable state of the streets," says the captain, "the municipal authorities are highly to blame, for allowing the most horrid objects to expose their sores in public. I saw an old villain actually rubbing sand into his leg one morning, to excite compassion by its inflamed appearance." Now, we think, we could convince not only the captain, but the Royal Geographical Society, that this is a most gratuitous censure of both a government and individuals, without the slightest shadow of proof. Of "objects," the captain might surely have seen enough in London; though he gives us only this instance in Lisbon; and on the rubbing of sand, he should have told us something more: had it been copper, our medico-military friends would have explained the matter in a moment; but it should have been previously known to the author, that the sand was not, as we think, of a quality to be justly prescribed by the Portuguese surgeon as a medicament! In such case, surely, "old villain, &c." must be too harsh terms. To Captain Alexander, who has been over three quarters of the globe, and is gone to visit the other quarter, it seemed surprising and primitive, to see "flocks of brown goats" (driven somewhere or other, for we can say he never saw them, as he says, in Lisbon,) and a few cows: we must tell this author, that in countries where oxen are the general beasts of burden, that cow's milk is rather scarce and poor, from which latter quality, naturally, few seek it; not so goat's milk—it is rich, healing, and plenty. But instead of flocks of goats, one or two at most approach regularly the passage to your house, and stop and wait patiently to be milked before your face by a female, who never once conceived that even the justly renowned water of Lisbon aqueduct, the "mother of waters" (Mai das Agos), could be mixed with it! About calves, the captain is puerile in the extreme.

The author has used the word "bore," therefore, we will condescend to use the word "hoax." Oh! how the witty Portuguese must have hoaxed, aye! and quizzed him, when they enabled him to write about "certain old ladies, boxed up in an ancient flower-painted coach, which slowly jolts through the streets, dragged by two fine bullocks, and a servant in livery behind it;" and about a young fidalgo (nobleman), when on horseback, practising equestrian evolutions before his family mansion, because he had a safety iron chain round his body affixed to the saddle! Why, it is well known that the Portuguese are among the best horsemen in the world; and that Prince Michael led in advance of the Duke of Wellington, in an hunt at Stratfieldsay, as well as remained in simple uniform, steady, under two hours' heavy snow and rain, while private dragoons were cloaked in front of the Horse Guards, London. The story of the "water-cart, drawn by rams, and directed by a rapaz or boy (rapaz means boy), with a long stick, and perhaps a straw dress on him if it happens to rain," is of the same complication. Goats draw child's chaises in London suburbs, but water is conveyed in barrels from the fountains to the houses of Lisbon by men who form an important fraternity—Agadeiros.

Then "the shops in Lisbon have no great show of goods in them;" they do not make great show or pretence of any kind, but they are filled with the best
commodities of every kind: the produce of which, in almost any case, would well fill Captain Alexander's pockets!

"The jewellers of the Rua d'Aurea (Gold-street) had two high glass-cases with their trinkets at the door, and nothing else inside." The trinkets in those cases Captain Alexander could not buy with tolerably filled pockets; while "inside" is the chief stock, averaging equally with London. "The booksellers, like the other tradespeople, were very indolent, and would hardly rise off their seats to answer a question, or hand a tome." The booksellers are not like other tradespeople, being mostly learned men; but all the Portuguese tradespeople are the politest, the most assiduous to please, by-Captain Alexander could not buy with tolerably filled pockets; while "inside" is the chief stock, averaging equally with London. "The booksellers, like the other tradespeople, were very indolent, and would hardly rise off their seats to answer a question, or hand a tome." The booksellers are not like other tradespeople, being mostly learned men; but all the Portuguese tradespeople are the politest, the most assiduous to please, by showing every thing, without pressing purchase: they are, however, accustomed to be treated with the utmost politeness by their Portuguese customers, and therefore naturally shrink from opposite conduct on the part of a foreigner; and if repeated, on a second visit, we dare say would sit still. Who can blame them? The British officers formerly made this discovery, and afterwards dealt very pleasantly with them. The "abominable state of the streets" themselves, that has been so often promulgated, as if London was to be characterised by the back streets of St. Giles or Rag-fair, we pass over this one remark, that the streets the captain has named are as well paved as London; including, in a large portion, foot pavements defended by immense stone posts.

We come now to the lady and the nun:

"An English lady, who had lately visited a convent, told me that she spoke with a nun who had been immured for thirty years. 'I cannot describe to you,' she said, 'how tired, how worn-out I am with my hopeless confinement. I would consent to die to be allowed to return for one year on the world; and I have an ardent desire to mingle even for one month with society; but, alas! I cannot escape from my imprisonment.' "My informant also said that in the church of the convent she saw some gentlemen most devoutly crossing themselves; and on remarking their piety afterwards to a friend,—'You are mistaken,' was the reply; 'these pious gentlemen were engaged in making signs to the nuns, who were peeping at them through a grating behind the altar.'"

In this (to make nothing of the contrast quoted) we are sorry to be obliged to say there is not a word of truth. Whither would the poor woman, possibly above fifty years of age, and after thirty of seclusion, have flown for refuge? And all acquainted with Roman Catholic countries know that "the gentlemen" were "making signs," not to nuns (who they could see and converse with through a grate in their own visiting apartments), but to ladies with whom the mass is the proximate means of incipient courtship, and who would probably, ere long, become their wives.

Even the very common ceremonies on the passing of the host to the sacramental consolation of the dying, are erroneously described. So are the poor shipwrecked sailors, on paying their devo-
tions to the shrine of San Francisco.

We should follow the author to Cintra, Fresno, Cortez, battle of Almoez, Oporto, &c. &c.; but that we find a description of such a nature of his suburban, as well as metropolitan races, as to prove to us that we should afford no satisfaction to our readers. These are his words—

"The gardens of quintas (country-houses, villas,) are usually surrounded by high walls, and the houses themselves are near the road, so that the ladies, 'as is their custom of an afternoon,' may see the passers-by. There is always a large well in the midst of the garden, with a heavy combination of wheels and buckets round the circumference of one of these, to irrigate (with the labour of a bullock) the plants disposed in rectangular beds. Opposite the windows of the drawing-room is commonly a square tank bordered with flowering shrubs; whilst Neptune among rock-work brandishes his trident at the gold fish swimming about among aquatic plants. There are good horse and mule stables at most quintas, hen-houses and rabbit-houses;—whilst parrots and macaws are lightly chained to perches on the walls of the house."

Now the suburban villas of Lisbon are just the very subjects that have escaped mis-description in the numerous writers of whom we have complained, from their general attraction, both exterior and interior. Well, we will grant the captain up to the very well in the garden, abating only its combination of wheels, which are as simple as in the days of Adam! nay, even the rectangular beds "for plants; but the melee of" tank, Neptune, and gold fish, horse and mule stables, &c. &c., have sickened us; and it is evidently useless to inquire whether he saw this English, or that Dutch, the Chinese, Indian,
South American, or any sort of garden, or
grove of orange, lemon, olive, or even the
graceful pine, &c., of the desert; vine-
yard in its varieties; hedges of geranium,
rose, myrtle, jasmine, &c.

As to the captain’s military anecdotes,
they are the very refuse of Colonel
Hodges, Captain Mins, Captain Boyd,
&c. &c. The man has run too fast to
read as well as look, and we would hope
has therefore inconsciously left behind
loose papers, from which a most injudici-
ous friend has made a book—aye! and
with plates—a half-guinea book. This
is the best we can say of it; and it is
really high time that somebody should
put an end to this sort of trash; for if it be
vicious to calumniate an individual, what
must it be to calumniate a whole nation?
Portugal, for seven or eight centuries
connected with England, is perhaps now
in a more interesting position than ever;
with a constitution approximating to our
own, and a young and talented queen just
married to the man of her heart, both
with no other apparent ideas than the
happiness of the Portuguese people, and
the continuance of that connexion with
England on a firmer basis. Surely, flying
writers should have some respect to a
principle that more or less governs all
nations, and not write, or at least suffer
to be published, what they do not know.
We pant eagerly for statistical facts that
would interest the ladies, as well as be
important to gentlemen; for while we
 gladly hail (or eun) the young queen,
and her virtuous husband, we wish also
to hail, as they well deserve, the other
ladies, and even the good female peasantry
of Portugal.

Francesca Carrara. By the Author of
"Romance and Reality," &c. In
3 vols.

At a moment when the public attention
appears completely engrossed by the
stormy excitement of politics, the bustle
of electioneering, and the accusations and
reclinations of contending parties, this
long expected work has emanated from
the press. For once in our lives, we will
use the phraseology of the old puritans,
and say, “it was a seasonable mercy,”
At any rate, it is a refreshment, for which,
O fair and gentle L. E. L., we cannot be
too grateful, after we have been vapoured
or stunned for the last six weeks with
nothing but political pamphlets and odio-
ous newspapers, filled with fierce discus-
sions, assertions, and contradictions,
respecting the relative merits of Whig
ministries and Tory ministries, which
answer no other purpose than to irritate
the quarrelsome, and to disturb the
peaceably disposed. From angry eph-
emera like these, which are only born of
the tempestuous temper of the times, and
will only be remembered for the mischief
they do and the pain they inflict, we turn
with delight to a work like “Francesca
Carrara,” where the purest, the noblest,
and the loneliest feelings that can lend a
grace to humanity, are poured out with
the vivid perceptions of poetic genius,
and the majestic strength of prose.

The scene opens in Italy, and it needed
not the magic letters L. E. L. to assure
us that the rich pictures of that enchant-
ing land were coloured by the glowing
imagination of the fair author of “L’Im-
provvisatrice.” We trace her peculiar
beauties in every page. Her Francesca
is a lovely creation. All that woman
should be in tenderness, sweetness, and
spotless faith, untired in the performance
of duty, uncomplaining in the midst of
suffering, retaining the same simplicity
and unaffected grace of her natural
character, while receiving the homage
of the magnificent Louis Quatorze,
and the reigning object of attraction in
his court, as when we first commenced
our acquaintance with her in the ruined
Palazzo di Franchi.

The antiquary and historian are sur-
prised at the deep research and accurate
perception of character, which has enabled
Miss Landon to introduce the whole
brilliant dramatis personae of the last
year of Anne of Austria’s regency into
her work, and to play with the peculi-
larities of each, so as to render them
effective agents in her story. Those who
require information as to the most re-
markable personages who figured in that
eventful era, should read “Francesca Car-
rara;” and they may depend upon the ac-
curacy of what they will there find, which
is moreover related in the most piquant
style. Her portraits of Christina of
Sweden, Anne of Austria, Cardinal Ma-
zarin, the fair Mancini—his beautiful
and beloved nieces, Mademoiselle Mont-
pensier, and the superbe Louis himself,
are all admirable. We will treat our
readers with one scene, which affords a
lively exemplification of Miss Landon's powers in this way.

"I must be early in my attendance on the queen to-day, and you shall accompany me," said Madame de Mercour to Francesca.

"Mademoiselle de Montpensier, so long an exile from the court, has at last obtained permission to return: she will arrive this morning. Have you any curiosity to see this heroine of the Fonde?"

"I indeed have," answered Francesca; "my only fear is, in seeing so many new faces, that I shall forget from remembering too much; the whole of my former life would not fill one week of my present existence."

"I too, recall," replied the duchess, "how bewildered I felt at first. I really lost half of what I wanted to observe, through fear of losing any. But you must be quick. I myself long to see if our princess returns with her former unbroken spirit. There is a saying of her, which is the key to her whole character. Some one was talking to her of her grandmother, Madame de Guise, when she exclaimed, 'She is my grandmother at a distance—she is not queen!'"

"On Madame de Mercour's arrival at the palace, she found the carriage and guards in waiting, the queen having decided that she would do her niece the honour of going to meet her.

"As we have deemed a reconciliation expedient," said Anne to Madame de Mercour, as they passed down the steps, "we must do it with a good grace; a flourish of trumpets and a few extra guards are a ready way to mademoiselle's heart."

"The carriage proceeded about a mile, when a courier announced the princess's approach, who arrived almost as soon. The carriage, which was at full gallop, stopped suddenly; the guards deployed round, and mademoiselle alighted. She advanced with the step of an empress, till she came beside the queen, when, dropping on her knee, she kissed the hem of her robe, and then the royal hand. This, however, Anne would scarcely permit, and raising the penitent, embraced her with seemingly cordiality, exclaiming, 'I am very glad to see you: you know I was always fond of you.' The princess again kissed her hands. 'Not but what I have sometimes been very, very angry with you. I did not mind the Orleans business; but it is to la perte Saint Antoine, well for you I was not near—I could have strangled you!'"

"Ah, madame!" was the reply, "I deserve it, since I displeased you; but it has been my misfortune to be connected with people who induced me to act contrary to my duty."

"I have said all I meant to say—it is as well to have it over at once: but henceforth it is a forbidden subject,—one, indeed, quite forgotten; and I shall love you as well as ever; and again they embraced. 'Though it is six years since I have seen you,' exclaimed Anne, 'you are not the least altered; instead of that you are handsomer than ever; your being rather more enamelled suits you, and your complexion is brilliant to a degree.' "'Has your majesty,' rejoined mademoiselle, 'heard that I have actually some grey hairs?' 'I am surprised,' said Anne, 'to see so many at your age.'"

"I was resolved," observed her companion, "that you should see me as I am, so have not worn powder. Then, as if unwilling to admit them as a defect, she added, 'But my mother had them before she was twenty; and grey hairs are quite an heirloom on my father's side.'"

"At this moment the king arrived, he had been riding and was covered with dust; but that was, as his mother observed, the more flattering, for it marked his impatience to see their visitor. On his entrance, the queen presented mademoiselle. 'Here is a young lady who is very sorry that she has been so wicked, and promises to be very good in future.' The king laughed. 'But where is your brother?'

"'He is coming in the carriage; he would not spoil his dress by riding, he is adored to distraction.'"

"At last the Duke of Anjou arrived, dressed, as his sister said, to distraction. He wore a garb rather fanciful, of a silver grey colour, trimmed with crimson, and a narrow edging of silver; the lace round his throat was of the finest point; and some time before he was seen, his perfumes announced his approach. The youthful prince was just at the age when love of dress is a passion. The duke embraced his cousin with extreme cordiality, which was greatly increased by her ready compliments on his growth and appearance."

The straw with blue ribbons was the badge of the Fonde, formerly that of the League.

There is infinite richness and variety in these volumes, which are as full of descriptive beauty as of moral truth. Of this the following is an instance:—

"It is no 'romantic phantasy,' no 'eternal constancy,' no 'dying for love,' no 'hiliguated affection,'—phrases so strangely misunderstood, and still more strangely misapplied.—no vain dreaming sentiment, when I say deeply is that woman to be pitied whose first attachment has been ill-required. The qualities most natural to youth are at once destroyed,—suspicion takes the place of confidence, reserve of reliance, mistrust instead of that ready belief in all that was good and beautiful. Knowledge has come to her too soon—knowledge of evil, unqualified by
the general charities which longer experience infallibly brings; but her age has lent its own freshness to this first great emotion, it became unconsciously a criterion, and thus judgment is harsh because the remembrance is bitter. Another affliction may, and in nine cases out of ten does, supersede the first; and it is well that it should. The daily contentment of life, the household happiness of hourly duty and hourly love, are not to be offered up in vain sacrifice to the un pitying past; but not the less at the time did the disappointment appear too heavy—not the less cruel was its influence over the mind; the ideal of love is gone for ever—its poetry a dream—its fairy land a departed vision: Francesca felt as if life had suddenly lost its interest, yet it was not the lover that she regretted, but the love. Never more could the future be one vague but delicious hope; never more could she turn away disbelieving from the tale of treachery and inconstancy; never take refuge in the depths of her own imagination and find comfort in her own belief of perfect love. Her taper sinking in the snuff-needle, warned her how late, or rather how early, it was; for a shadowy light made the chamber dimly visible; she drew back the heavy curtain, and in came the bright sunshine and the cool fresh air. Below lay the garden, where arches of gathered flowers dropped, deserted and withered, beside the fresh growth on the natural bough. Most of her lamps were extinct, but they glittered golden in the morning light; and in some few, a pale white flame yet struggled with day. As she left the window, the mirror opposite caught her eye—that mirror which she had left the evening before, radiant with the graceful aids of dress. She started back at the contrast, her hair was dishevelled, and pushed from the forehead in tangled masses, while the wreath added to the unseeliness by the contrast of finery; her face was wan, and her eyes red and heavy with watching, to say nothing of tears; while the parched lip had not a vestige of colour. Her dress, too, had lost its freshness and its gaiety; the bare neck and arms were strangely at variance with the broad daylight and quiet morning. The very first glance suggested the propriety of going to bed; leaning for a few minutes at the open casement, she breathed the pure and sweet air, which at once revived and soothed her; then, closing the curtains, she retired to rest, and thoroughly worn out, body and mind was soon asleep."

There are, also, many of these bright, playful little turns, which gave so lively a charm to "Romance and Reality," but the mournful does predominate; and there are many passages to whose pathetic beauty, gentle readers will be fain to accord the tribute of their tears.

In a word, "Francesca Carrara" is a work which bears the most powerful impress of genius, taste, and feeling. A work, that, like "Waverley," would have built a new name for a distinguished author, had it been her pleasure to publish anonymously, that which lends a prouder lustre to the bright wreath of immortal fame, which was won by the "Minstrel Lyre" of Lord Byron.

Two Old Men's Tales—The Deformed, and the Admiral's Daughter. In 2 vols.

The author of this awkwardly-named work is inferior to none of his contemporaries in the power of captivating and absorbing the attention of his readers. The tale of the "Deformed" is a most original one, and the character of Lord St. Germain's is peculiarly noble and beautiful; but why end the story with a miracle? Is a writer so finely skilled in the internal workings of the soul, ignorant that Providence rarely interposes for the punishment of guilty persons by the violent means of thunder-bolts, but rather leaves them to that inward misery to which all outward punishments are slight indeed? It is almost a moral wrong when a natural and influential author makes use of means that are violent and almost impossible, particularly when they assume the form of judgments on the guilty. It is one of the most difficult lessons for erring human creatures to learn, although scripture is most earnest in teaching it, that miraculous judgments seldom single out the wicked; and a deep observer of human life, such as the writer of this tale is in every other particular, ought to have made his catastrophe more consistent with the usual government of events, than the punishment of the vile marchioness, by her favourite son being struck dead from the heavens. With this exception the tale is faultless: the playful beauty of Lilia, and the generous, though erring, character of Lord Louis, are delightfully drawn.

Although too prone to depict the sad
passages in human life, the author can write with charming playfulness, as in this scene:—

"He was interrupted by Lilias, who flew to him, her face streaming with tears.

"My Lilias, what is it? They will not let me get any flowers; and the marchioness is angry with me for touching her roses. I said they were for you, but she is very, very angry, and bade me take care how I presumed to gather her flowers; and they are all very cross with me—and, oh! when shall I get flowers for you? sweet flowers—such as I used to gather for your Fontainebleau—orange flowers, and carnations, and roses, that you loved so—and I dressed your room all over with them when you were ill!"

"Never mind, little girl, we—kissing the tears from her glowing cheeks and brimming eyes, we must not touch other people's things, you know—no one likes that. I did not know they were in the marchioness's garden when I sent you. We must have a pretty little garden of our own in some nook or other; and then my Lilias shall bury me in roses, if she likes. But don't cry—it is wrong and I would rather never touch a rose more, than that my Lilias should do what is wrong or weak." 'But it is so hard,' said the little one, indigantly sobbing. 'They take every thing themselves, and they give you nothing. Lady Geraldine has a lap full of roses, and you, who are so good and so kind . . . .' 'My dear, roses are more proper things for Lady Geraldine than for me. You know I am quite a man now, and roses are for ladies.' 'But you like them though.' 'I like them, my Lilias, when you bring them. But if you will fill your flock with daisies, it will do as well. I saw some under the trees. Go and gather me a bunch of them.' 'Ah! how very, very silly what I be dead because you may not shoot—you have horses, and fanfans, and pheasants, and guinea pigs, and rabbits—all of your own—own—own.'

"You know nothing about it at all, you silly, little, exquisite, charming darling; so give me a kiss, and don't betame me."

"No, I shan't,' said Lilias; 'I have made a vow—'

"'You a vow!'"

"'I shan't kiss any one in the house but Mrs. Cartwright!'"

"'Nonsense! that piece of grey marble!'

"'She's not a piece of grey marble, said Lilias, firing up, and you are a very naughty boy to call her so—she's very good—she's very clever—she's very kind; and if she is pale, that's prettier than great red cheeks, like yours, and hers were crimson.'"

"'Softly, my Lilias,' said St. Germain's, 'defend your friends, but don't abuse your adversaries.'"

"'Oh! let her abuse me, the pretty little vixen; but I will have a kiss.'"
"No, brother, not now, you will vex the child—shall I speak to the marchioness about your gun?"

"That was what I was going to ask you, St. Germain's; I really shall be prodigiously obliged to you—it is monstrously absurd, is it not?"

"We must remember," said St. Germain's, "she is a woman and a mother—and a doting mother—so much love as you receive will bring its inconveniences."

"I wish she would give me a little less of both then," was the undutiful answer; "however, do see what you can make her—she minds you a deal, I can tell you, when you speak in the proper way."

"But I am afraid I shall not be able to speak in a proper way, in this case," said St. Germain's, laughing; "that is, according to your idea of the proper way—very decisively—for you are her own son, and she has a right—"

"Don't talk of rights, bothering—will you do it or not?"

"I will try—but I will not speak in a manner that you ought not to wish me to do; that is to say, imperiously, decisively, as you call it."

"Well, well, manage it any way—but let me have my gun; and Lilia, I will—I will shoot you a dove!"

"Don't!" said Lilia, "I don't want a dove shot, I'm sure!"

"Why, you simpleton, I thought you loved birds."

"I don't love to have them shot, and I don't love you for shooting them!"

"Don't you? but you must—for I cannot live without shooting—or without sweet, pretty Lilia loving me; and so good bye—for you are so cross—I'd better be off;" and he left us whistling away his dogs."

The tale of the "Admiral's Daughter" is one of feminine guilt and sorrow; it is deeply touching, though at intervals, like the former tale, replete with flashes of playfulness and female fascination. Inez is a true woman, both in frailty and in suffering.


We only mention this work, to show, from an erudite ancient history in the style of the Old Testament, that such studies have attained a certain degree of fashion; and that, therefore, the tales of our Great-Great-Grandfather, adapted to modern times, is not out of vogue. We are, moreover, so fond of Queen Isabel of Spain, who advanced of herself the means of discovering countries that have since, as colonies, made nations proud, that we could not avoid the opportunity of saying, as we think could be borne out from history, that she had nothing to do with the persecutions under which the rabbi with the long nomes and his friends suffered. In this, as well as other things, we apprehend Ferdinand would, like other men, have his own way; and the expulsion of the Jews has been so favourite an axiom in Spain and Portugal, long since the sixteenth century, as to remove some odium even from Ferdinand himself. We need hardly say, that the work cannot fail to be acceptable to the daughters of Israel.

Chances and Changes: a Domestic Story. By the Author of "Six Weeks on the Loire." In 3 vols.

When we heard that the fair authoress of "Six Weeks on the Loire" was preparing a novel for the press, we anticipated a treat, for the style of the former work gave promise of the talent that has been fulfilled in "Chances and Changes." It gives us pleasure when a woman of highly-cultivated mind and true genius will write a really domestic story, it is a species of literary production so extremely acceptable to all readers of fiction, and one so strangely neglected by modern writers. Alas! Miss Austin, Mrs. Brunton, and Jane Taylor, are among the departed—we reprint their works again and again, and wonder why they have no successors to depict the ever-varying scenes and feelings of the fireside, and the interior of the English home, to instruct the ladies of the land, with their sweetly-serious blame, or playful admonitions covertly conveyed in true and just sketches of character. With these views, and with this sense of the value and importance of the domestic novel, the perusal of "Chances and Changes" gave us no little pleasure; and we can assure those of our fair friends, who have no more "Emmas," or "Mansfield Parks," or "Disciplines," that another accomplished lady has entered most successfully on the same useful and delightful path of literature. The character of her heroine, Catherine, is a very charming one, without a trait of affectation or sentimentality—two sad drawbacks, in our opinion, to the charms of ladies, whether real or sup-
positional ones. Colonel Hamilton must captivate the imagination of every lady reader; and we fear with all his faults, vagaries, and fooperies, they cannot hate him sincerely enough to be rejoiced that he loses his Catherine, and is made very sufficiently miserable at the finale, as all such serpents are, and ought to be. There are few names introduced in "Chances and Changes" that have not distinct characters; far different from the works we daily encounter, where we so often complain of an over-numerous nomenclature, unrelieved by a single distinguishable character. Our author, too, shows the greatest taste in remarks on literature, and is a lady of classic attainments; which is perceptible, though very unostentatiously so, in the course of the story. Her taste in poetry and in ancient music is refined, and her botanical allusions so very pretty, that we want more of them. We were much pleased with a riddle (and we have in general a complete antipathy to charades and enigmas and such "small deer"). Now, ladies, you must either guess it or read the book; our authoress says it is an old one—however, here it is, old or new, it is excellently well expressed:—

"Come tell me this riddle without any pother,
Five legs on one side, and three on the other;
Two eyes on my forehead, and four on my back,
One tongue that is silent, and two that can clack."

The scene of the country ball, with the apothecary-steward's squiring, and introducing his lady-patients to patient partners, is a very lively one, and we must extract a clever bit or two from it:—

"It would be mighty entertaining, thought Colonel Hamilton, for a man like me to go among a set of cherry-checked girls and flaxen-headed youths, and dance in a room over a stable, and hand negus about with slices of lemon swimming in it, and call for hot rolls and butter at tea. It may all do very well for Mr. Pugh, who can put his partners to stand in a draught of air, and may amuse himself with calculating how many sore throats and coughs he will get on his list by it; but I shall contrive to make myself tolerably happy at home."

"When Hamilton had declined going to the assembly, he was thinking very little of playing chess with Mr. Neville, and less of giving Edward Longcroft an opportunity of paying attention to Catherine unobserved, Men of the world, however, can always get themselves out of such scrapes by easy assurance, as they plunge themselves into by waywardness or impatience.

"No, indeed," said he, "I will keep no one at home to play at chess with me. I will stay by myself, and play at patience."

"'Ah!' said Catherine, 'I wish I could see you—how impatiently you will play, and you will lift the cards and cheat yourself. I am sure you never will have resolution to play fairly."

"'Well, then, I will go to this famous ball with you, and then I shall have some chance of keeping myself honest.'

"'And of playing at patience, too,' said Catherine, laughing; but without the slightest idea that he had any intention of going—though when she stood before the glass, and saw how well she looked in a dress of pale-blue crepe, trimmed with white roses, and her head ornamented with a delicate pearl spray, a present from Louisa Longcroft, she could not help thinking it a little unfortunate, that perhaps the only time when she had a chance of looking at all like the women of fashion, on whose elegance and grace he had so often expatiated, he would merely see her for a moment, as she went into the room to wish him good evening.'

Her wayward lover, however, follows her to the assembly, where he is disgusted and annoyed by over-hearing the following dialogue:—

"'Well, Miss Brayswick, why I declare you look quite blue, I am afraid you are cold.'

"'La! Mr. Pugh, I am sure now you mean red, and I dare say I am a fine figure, it is so hot.'

"'No; surely you don’t think so. I was just going to ask if I might bring you a little fire on your fan.'

"This was a standing joke with Mr. Pugh, who never failed to avail himself of it, so long as the fire afforded him an opportunity; and Fanny as constantly delighted him with laughing, and telling him he might bring it in his pocket, as she could not spare her fan."

Lays from the West. By Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, Connecticut.

This lady has been called the "Mrs. Hemans, of America;" but if the critical comparison means to imply that she sings with an imitative mocking note, we must deem it an unjust one. Mrs. Sigourney is, in truth, a charming poetess, with an original style of her own, as our readers may judge by the following specimens from the pretty little volume lately published in England.
We are glad to see an American writer pointing out the disgrace that clings to her country as a slave-holding people.

We have a goodly clime,
Broad vales and streams we boast;
Our mountain frontiers crown sublime,
Old ocean guards our coast:
Suns bless our harvests’ fair
With fervid smile serene,
But a dark shade is gathering there,
What can its darkness mean?

We have a birthright proud,
For our young sons to claim;
An eagle soaring o’er the cloud,
In freedom and in fame—
We have a scythe of keen,
By our dead fathers bought;
A fearful blot distains its white,
Who hath such madness wrought?

Our banner o’er the sea
Looks forth with starry eye,
Emblazoned, glorious, bold, and free,
A letter on the sky:
What hand with shameless stain
Hath marred its heavenly blue,
The yoke, the fasces, and the chain,
Say—are the emblems true?

This day* doth music rare
Swell through our nation’s bound,
But Afric’s wailing mingle there,
And Heaven doth hear the sound:
O God of power! we turn
Our confidence to thee;
Bid our loved land the lesson learn,
To bid the slave be free!

A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

Come gather closer to my side
My little smitten flock,
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock—
Who boldly led God’s people forth
From Egypt’s wrath and guile,
And once a cradled babe did float
All helpless on the Nile.

You’re weary, precious ones, your eyes
Are wand’ring far and wide,
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide?
Who could to Wisdom’s sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim;
Ah!—never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother’s name.

*Tis time to sing your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove;
Come, press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love:
My sheltering arms can clasp ye all,
My poor deserted throng,
Cling as ye used to cling to her
Who sings the angel’s song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed song,
Come, warble loud and clear,—
Alas! alas! you’re weeping all,
You’re sobbing in my ear;
Good night—go say the prayer she taught,
Beside your little bed;
The lips that used to bless you there,
Are silent with the dead.

A father’s hand your course may guide,
Amid the thorns of life;
His care protect these shrinking plants,
That dread the storms of strife.
But who upon your infant hearts,
Shall like that mother write?
Who touches the springs that rule the soul?
Dear mourning babes, good night!

THE CORAL INSECT.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build on the tossing and treacherous main,
Toil on, for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-base structures and domes of rock;
Your columns the fathomless fountains have,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
Ye’re a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavements spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria’s king;
The turf looks green, where the breakers rolled
O’er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold,
The sea-snarled isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant, ’neath the billows dark,
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
’Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield,
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up;
There’s a poison drop in man’s purest cup;
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death?

Ye build, ye build—but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devour’d in their sin;
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams on your weary eye,
As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,
Their noteless bones in oblivion hid;
Ye slumber unmarked ’mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

* July 4th, the anniversary of American independence.
Hyacinthe; or, the Contrast.

This is the work of a lady, of whom we know nothing more than that she teaches religion and virtue in simple and yet elegant language. We think this is quite enough to say.

Tales of the Trials of Women. By Mrs. C. Hall.

This lady, always clever, has brought upon us in this work many painful sensations. “Surely, surely, Mrs. Hall can never have experienced any of these trials herself,” said we to ourselves; for so true are her descriptions throughout the whole of the United Kingdom, that one would have supposed her to be unhappy everywhere, where it was not known that she was all the time very happy in one stationary spot near London. Her work is one, though not entirely accordant with our conceptions, tending to excite thought and awaken the heart; and on this ground we cordially recommend it. We may, perhaps, hereafter make some extracts, but at present we think we might injure rather than benefit the publication. This applies equally to the foregoing notice.


As to the new system on memory, we say nothing; but as to the abridgment of history, we might praise much, for the author has said much in few words, which is exactly what we like. We are sorry that, in the latter part, he has shown, perhaps, an amiable prejudice in politics; but all writers of, or on, history, have done the same in all times; and, therefore, we congratulate ourselves in having occasion to say no more; since ladies very properly care nothing for politics, unless when called upon to comfort and advise, nay, to assist a husband, a brother, or a son, for defence of the altar and fireside, which all history shows they know well how to do. We would recommend this book, notwithstanding its school-master Latin-talk and learning, as a very good exercise for boys, and even girls, when—

“Young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.”

Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Nation, &c. By J. Dunmore Lang, D.D.

From the pen of an able writer, whose account of New South Wales we lately noticed, and has a certain connexion with that work. He maintains that America was peopled from the South Sea islands, as well as many other propositions which are quite worthy of consideration, both from the interest of the subject and the character of the writer; but as we already know, from our own sources, that New South Wales has a population of highly respectable and talented ladies, and are doubtful whether the doctor’s disquisitions at more length would gratify either them or our readers, so we content ourselves with saying what we feel, that the work deserves praise.

Cage Birds; their Natural History, &c., and Methods of Catching them. From the German of J. M. Beckstein, M.D.

The matter of the secondary title to this little work so drove us away from it, as hardly to permit us to mention it here; for we cannot bear delusion in any shape. Yet perhaps there is something morbid in our present feelings; for, in the progeny of birds, however caught, after being domesticated, care supplants all other considerations; and on this account we notify to such of our readers as delight in these little offerings of nature, the means of rearing and preserving more than two hundred species. We cannot call the work scientific, though composed by a scientific man. The translation is very fair; altogether it is just such a book as the Germans know well how to make.

The Antiseptic Manual, or Art of Preserving every description of Alimentary Substance.

This little unpretending book has, we can say, in it what is worth much more than its price, one shilling. We could have wished that the author had extended it at least to another sixpence, if not half-a-crown, and thus been enabled in some respects to be more explicit—more ready to the ear of those at the kitchen stoves or dressers. As it is, with all the fear of good Mrs. Glasse (we think the bookseller added the final e), and the
learned French Doctor Lemery (notwithstanding the change of chemical nomenclature), and also these parentheses before our eyes, we believe this to be, as far as it goes, a very useful adjunct to every family. As to provision merchants, the author might as well have left them to their own provision; for, even in regard to foreign climes, the Manual should only be directed to domestic use: the going further, gives an air of quackery to what really does not deserve it. We are quite sure there is enough in it to make it of some use anywhere, and so we commend it.


This little work should be in the hands of all young persons, as it would teach them how to be attentive when addressed, without which they are frequently considered deaf and dull of apprehension. Mr. Curtis justly remarks, that "Many are undoubtedly deaf from sheer negligence: they have, according to the clever, though eccentric, Dr. Kitchiner, only hearing enough to catch the sound of the dinner-bell, and sight sufficient to find a spoon; they are accustomed never to attend when first spoken to; but answer you with a 'Was that you?' 'Pray did you speak?' 'What did you say? Eh? what? eh?' and their idleness and inattention daily growing upon them, they become in time really deaf; not from any defect or disease, but from absolute sluggishness. With such persons it is obvious the aurist has nothing to do. They must, if they wish to hear, rouse themselves from their lethargy, and, as Virgil has it, arrectis auribus, listen attentively to those who address them."

At page 36 are directions particularly essential to ladies, not only as relates to this faculty, but on all occasions:—

"Few need to be told, that if they wish to hear well, and avoid deafness, they must guard against wet feet, thin shoes, cold currents and draughts of air, keeping on wet clothes, sleeping in damp rooms and unaired beds, going into the night air from heated apartments, living in marshy and low situations, &c. Shunning these things, those who would retain their hearing unimpaired till old age, should attend to their general health, breathe a pure air, take as much outdoor exercise as they can, live on plain but nutritious food, keep the mind calm and tranquil, and be especially careful to attend to their digestive functions."

We cannot refrain from adding the following remarks on ear-trumpets, which, relating chiefly to age, will show the popular manner of Mr. Curtis treating his subject. We extract from page 53 of this abridgment:—

"Of their use. Those who are obliged to have recourse to a trumpet, should begin with one of a moderate degree of power, and use it as sparingly as possible, never employing it when they can do without it; for the less a trumpet is used, the more rest that is given to the ear at a time, the better and longer will it answer the purpose.

"Of their abuse. Ear-trumpets are intended for those who would otherwise be unable to hear at all; yet we often see persons using them, who, if they were to exert themselves a little, would be able to hear without them. This may be considered as an abuse of them; and such persons should recollect, that trumpets act on the ear as glasses do on the eye. Many have injured their hearing by improper trumpets; and, in like manner, many have hurt their sight by unsuitable glasses."

This we think will show that both old and young—aye! and adults and adolescents—may usefully read here.

Facts and Fictions; or, Gleanings of a Tourist: a Series of Tales. By the Author of "Rostang." Smith and Elder.

This is a very pretty-looking little volume, got up with the neatness and taste for which the publishers are celebrated. It contains four tales: "Annette," "Hartland," "The Foundling," and "Sackville." The literary merit of these compositions is of the same grade as of the tales that make up the chief part of the annuals. Pleasing passages occasionally occur, which bespeak the author capable of far better writing; his besetting sin is the want of chastened taste. Let him be convinced that it is the power of delineating individual character that gives concentrated interest to a tale, and not a variety of incidents, however marvellous they may be. Pantomimic changes from England or Scotland to Algiers or Greece are in very bad taste, even on the theatre where the eye is diverted with a change of scene; they are worse in the narrow compass of a tale of a quarter of a volume.

The tale of "The Foundling" is interesting till it skips off to Algiers, then possibility is violated in the denouement; as for probability, it is out of the ques-
tion. The tale of "Annette" is the most finished of the collection; yet we regret to find it occasionally marred by out-breaks of fustian romance—ladies seldom draw from side-pockets small stilettos, and plunge them into their sides, excepting on the boards of a coarsely-contrived melo-drama.

Our author has powers for something better, or we would not endeavour to correct his faulty taste; he has much to learn before his talents are ripened and chastened into literary excellence.

The Present State of Aural Surgery.
By T. Wright, Esq.

This gentleman, who we believe had the appointment of aurist to Queen Charlotte, seems to have been induced to publish, by recent publications of Messrs. Curtis and Stevens. The importance of the organ treated, renders all facts worthy of attention; therefore of such as are calmly presented we say, "he that hath an ear let him hear."

All surgeons allow, that the analysis of the causes of deafness, and the proper application of the means of relief, is beset with great difficulties, and that improvements in this arduous branch of surgery are the results of tedious study and patient experiment; as this is the undeniable truth, we think it matter of great regret, that unkindly feeling should exist between practitioners, and that failures, even if such really exist, should be proclaimed with triumphant rancour, when owing to the impracticability of examination, and deafness arising from so many totally opposite causes, some cases may have eluded the experience and sagacity of professed aurists. An angry and irritable spirit is always blame-worthy, it impedes the greatest talents, and obstructs the success of the most decided genius; a mild and philosophic temper is no bad accompaniment through every path of life, but more especially is it indispensable to men of public characters. Mr. Wright mentions various of his experiments, as with iodine and electricity, in which success had only been obtained in a few instances; how, if his brethren of the profession had proclaimed with exultation the cases wherein his experiments had failed, would this conduct have been either candid or just?

That part of the book that treats of his science is calculated to be useful to the public, as recommending a mild, painless and cautious method of treatment, in preference to violent and daring means, which are generally productive of exquisite pain to the patient. Human nature too intuitively shrinks from pain, to render a cruel method of treatment over popular. Patients, especially timid females, will naturally say, "I will first try Mr. Wright, since his mild methods may be successful, and, at all events, I shall suffer no agony under his hands." This mode of reasoning is undeniable; and we think that Mr. Wright had better wholly have employed his literary powers, in setting forth to the afflicted the advantages of a lenient and cautious method, in so difficult an organ as the ear, rather than in attacking warmly all whose practice differs from his own. Mr. Wright evidently does not think that his success in life is equal to his merits,—that may be the truth: we know nothing of his private character, excepting what we can gather from the work he has sent us, yet we should not scruple to declare that the hostile and intemperate spirit which pervades this little book, would place self-created bars in the way of the most highly-gifted man's advancement. At the conclusion of the book is a petition to the House of Commons, praying for the foundation of a National Institution for the relief of the Deaf and Dumb, according to Mr. Wright's mode of treatment; from which we think little need be hoped on the part of an American, when nothing can be done in this way for native surgeons. Did we not hear Mr. Wright lecture well on his subject in London many years ago?

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the poet of "The Pleasures of Hope," who has been some time with the French literati in Algiers, is, it appears, about to return with some very valuable and curious materials, which he has collected for a work on the manners and customs of that people. If we learn from the work what changes the French have produced in the Algerines, it will doubtless be a most interesting one, for it cannot fail to be political-literary; and hence, may instruct our governors, as well as afford instruction and amusement to ourselves.
Music.

It is astonishing how the provinces are striding over London in this respect; while the metropolis has been without the chance of an opera, and concerts worth notice—"few and far between"—Liverpool and Manchester have already provided themselves with an opera, Madame Kyniterland prima donna.

On the 6th, the annual concert, for the benefit of decayed housekeepers, took place at Birmingham, with great success, having received between 400l. and 500l.—thanks to the new room. Miss Lloyd eminently distinguished herself—her fine and powerful voice being heard well—particularly in "Hush ye little warbling quire." Mr. Linley also exerted himself to advantage. All did their best.

Novello, full of figure and fun, has collected for the new year songs, the words of which were furnished for each month of the last to a periodical "Monthly Repository." The words have been already admired, as extracted by the newspapers, and the music is neither unsuitable nor unworthy of attention.

Madame Sala's annual concert at Brighton on the 17th was well calculated to have better sales than, owing to electioneering distractions, it received. That lady had obtained the aid of Mrs. H. R. Bishop, Mesdames Brizi and Seymour, Signers Brizi and Piozzi, Shrivall, and H. Phillips, who were all well received; and Madame herself was very spirited. Nagel, the new wonder of the day, from Sweden, also elicited the best powers of his violin, if possible with more effect than when he played before their Majesties.

The "Musical Gem" has claims to be considered, in the several departments of music, literature, and the fine arts, so equally that, like the cordelier and St. Francis, we are somewhat puzzled where to place our saint. It will be exceedingly acceptable to the collectors of portraits; for the likenesses of Rubini, Grisi, and Ivanoff, are excellent, especially that of Rubini. The portraits of Rubini and Grisi are from the pencil of Deveiria. There are two or three pretty designs that will please very young ladies; but we prefer authentic portraits to any species of embellishment, for they give permanency to the most ephemeral publications. These portraits are accompanied by slight biographical sketches of these popular vocalists. The music is certainly of an elegant cast, quite to the taste of the present day, which prefers the showily sentimental to deep-touching sources from which spring the soul of original melody; yet why should we require original melody of an age that can give every grace of high finish, but is too refined to produce the charm of wild, fresh, original airs; we must be content with what we find here—harmony, elegance, and scientific refinement. We do not think the editor of the "Musical Gem" happy in the poetry written to his music; they are pretty-looking lines, but the songs want the fire and animation of poetry that will live and breathe beyond the present year. The best, the very best, is this plaintive song, by A. Hamilton Earle, Esq.

"There is an eye that sees thee,
When thou thinkest thou art not seen;
That weeps o'er every hallowed spot,
Where thou hast ever been.

"There is a heart that loves thee,
Which thou hast ever known;
Its truth it never can impart,
Its sorrow is its own.

"There is a love that dies not,
Though thou thinkest it long hath flown;
In secret still it sighs for thee,
That love is thine alone.

"There is a woe that feeds on
The anguish of the breast,
The worm that blights our fairest hopes,
The love that ne'er was blest."

Our fair friends will be delighted with a rich variation of one of the Stockhausen airs by Moschelles. We are no great admirers of the rage for transmuting into quadrilles and gallopes the airs of every opera, grave or gay, yet the ladies will, we know, welcome with pleasure the present arrangements of "Maometto" and "Pré au Clerc."

Fine Arts.

The Imperial Academy of the Fine Arts in Russia are to receive fifty pupils, to be educated, at the expense of government, in architecture. When their studies shall be concluded, they are to serve government in the department of public buildings for a number of years.
Drama, &c.

King's Theatre.—The last of the reports which seems to have ground has returned to M. Laporte! It is stated that the assignees of Mr. Chambers have let it to him at the low rent of 8,000L, with permission for concerts, which they had before desired to withhold! So that by the beginning of March an opera may be furnished. This establishment, always in difficulty, producing contempt for more than the last half-century, will never be a really national theatre of dramatic music, until its royal and noble friends shall take it under their peculiar patronage, so far as to prevent its being entirely at the mercy of or subject to the degradation to which it is submitted by the failure of successive adventurers. M. Laporte, perhaps the most respectable of these, failed in his undertaking of our native drama (a Frenchman conducting the British stage! proh pudor!). We trust he may do well this time, if the attempt be determined upon. It is said that he has at his call, Lablache, Ivanoff, Rubini, Tamburini, the Grisi's, Taglioni, Duvernay, Perron, and the Eislers; with Albert to conduct the ballet. Poor Mailiburn, according to all accounts, he can no longer command.

Drury Lane.—On the 10th was produced a two-act comedy, entitled The King's Seal. The plot, as delivered, consists of Henri Quatre being persuaded by Sully to marry the Princess of Medici, while he is attached to the Marquise de Verneuil, who becomes alarmed. Her fears are lulled by the Marquis de Bassompierre bringing her a letter; but she perceives another sealed with the privy signet to a lady connected with her rival, gets it into her possession, breaks the seal, and sees her fate. The letter must be delivered to the lady for whom intended, and the seal must be replaced. An engraver, Bertholas, is applied to by a page, Gaspard, to furnish the mean: he suspects treason, locks the messenger up, and goes to Sully. Gronikind, the engraver's servant, goes on his own part to the King himself, who orders a guard to Bertholas' house, to seize all found there. Meanwhile, the page escapes through the engraver's niece, Lina; and Sully and Bertholas having arrived there, are seized and conveyed to the Hotel de Verneuil, where the King, Count Bellegarde, Bassompierre, and other courtiers, are to attend a masked ball. Dresses had been provided for the King and Bassompierre, which they exchange; and while Madame thinks she is making interest with the other, the King discovers himself, and forgives her, making several under marriages. Bertholas had a loyal speech adapted to the present time, which, however good, might as well have been omitted, as creating collision in the audience. The piece was, however, on the whole, well received, on being announced for the next evening. Cooper Warde, Vining, W. Farren, Harley, Brindal, in the principal characters, acquitted themselves creditably; as did also the ladies—Misses E. Tree, Clifton, Taylor, Murray. Harley, of course, bore away the applause with the fair American.—Mrs. C. Gore, it appears, has had the assistance of Mr. Kenney, long celebrated, in framing this piece. On the 19th, a little piece, called The King's Word, by Captain Addison, relieved the pantomime, which, with some advance of the clowns, is still well received. The new piece is penned from one of the many incidents in the life of 'The Merry Monarch,' Charles II., and it was successful.

Covent Garden.—The Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee, of Farquhar, has been cut down to a three-act piece, under the title of Off for the Continent. The circumstances of a century and a half ago are not quite adapted to the present day; however, the little piece served, we dare say, the manager's purpose. Mr. Wallack, about whose quarrel with the press there was some demur, was very lively in Sir Harry Wildair.

New English Opera House.—The French Plays. These performances commenced, as we before notified, in the past month, and in rather an indifferent manner; but D'Auberge des Adrets, and its whole life, the actor le Maitre, in its principal character, the rou Macaire, has quite redeemed it with the British public; if the boldness and immorality of the first piece performed required such redemption, of which, unhappily, we are not quite sure. Here is a murder and a killing of one thief by another; many incredible circumstances which we confess would prejudice us against it, were it not for the many pleasantry that accompany these transactions through the piece, and the excellent acting so truly French that pervade the whole, and makes one quit the theatre light-hearted in spite of one's self. This piece, we believe, failed in English hands, and no wonder; but the adopting father, bridegroom, bride, and her father, mother, son, colleague in villany, and revengeful desperado, are so well managed by the French, as to render the thing really an interesting petite tragedie, something more than comedie larmaiente at least, and yet above what we consider melo-drame. Such talent as is evinced deserves high commendation, and we trust it will meet with the success it merits, without thinking for a moment of our own theatres.

At this theatre was commenced, on the 21st, a series of masquerades, intended to enliven the young and the happy with something in the shape of the forego carnival of the olden time, we presume, since the "Adieu to Meat," which the term simply implies, has now long been a sorry thing even in Catholic
countries. However, it succeeds still here; and so long as it pleases, and serves the theatre, we will be pleased. The theatre is not large, but it is elegant; and if wit does not always prevail, there is merriment. Who would discourage this in a season when our climate is very changeable, and in times when distraction is best changed into enjoyment.

**Olympic.**—We cannot, for the life or soul of us, be angry with a lady, and therefore we will just suppose that Madame Vestris has some gentlemen at her elbow with whom we may quarrel, just as the gentlemen at the theatre of St. Stephen's quarrel with certain gentlemen at the elbow of a king or queen of England. We saw *Telemachus*: or, *The Island of Calypso*, advertised in the papers and on the walls. We thought on all the delights of adolescence, when the book is presented as a French exercise, and then we thought of the amiable Archbishop Fenelon, and the mourning peasant's cow redeemed by him amid the furies of war, and away we hastened to Olympia. But—*O fie!*—not Madame V——, but Messrs. Planche and Dance. We found it a travesty. We need not say a word more!—On the 26th was produced a new piece; the burthen of which is on Liston, as usual, and therefore commands success. Madame, the manageress, has been confused by an inflamed sore-throat.

**Surrey.**—On the 10th had a very successful night, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum, named from Judea, confined to Hebrews. An address, written by Mr. J. Dias, was most effectively delivered by Miss Waterton, and all the performers acquitted themselves in the most creditable manner.——On the 26th was produced an entire change of pieces. The new ones, we learn, have been very well received.

**Victoria Theatre.**—One performance at this theatre, and also at its friendly adjunct, the Strand, has derived a mournful celebrity. It is the *Rifle Shot*, in which a Michigan chief is the principal performer, for the purpose of furnishing a faithful picture of Indian manners by means of himself, and male and female of his tribe. This is good. The precision and safety of the chief's shot is thus described:—At one side of the stage, and close to the orchestra, is erected a stout plank, cut into the form of a tree, and having in its centre a solid piece of wood, about 2½ inches thick, which precludes the permission of the rifle-ball. An apple slightly squared at each end, having in the centre of the part exposed a black wax, is then placed on a short skewer projecting from the middle of the wood. The chief, at the opposite side, coolly holds his rifle, and with the greatest nicety pieces the very core of the apple. The exhibition of Indian manners by real Indians was undoubtedly a good idea, though much of the interest which they always create in their native abodes must naturally be lost. In speaking of the unerring aim of Makondee, we want information of the distance at which he can fire on the stage, and must not forget the precision—the exquisite skill to which our English amateur riflemen have attained, as we have witnessed, and are detailed in the *Seppettaria* of Captain Beaufy—Malgê this, the matter is well imagined, the public pleased, and the theatre served.

**Garrick Theatre.**—It is singular enough that we who so pant for a moral in the drama, should have omitted, in our account of Christmas amusements last month, a moral where it was least expected.

**Christmas Pantomimes.**—The period for the performance of these mirthful exhibitions of *feat* and *dumb minstrel*, as the Greeks called them, being, as is well known, the 26th of December, late at night, and therefore, to say nothing of the necessity of seeing them all, to speak truly of their several merits, even if a compilation were to be extracted from the various published opinions, conflicting according to local partialities of writers, our doing this would bring us beyond the period at which these pages are printed off. Hence, last month, we could only furnish our young readers with a notice of what they were to expect from the titles: which simple notice, without explanation, had two or three good objects:—firstly, not to anticipate their pleasurable surprise in the manner of the good man agreeably rallied by Addison, who, in the playhouse, always told his friends what part of the plot of a piece was to come next; secondly, to send them to see them all; and though last, not least, to invite them to employ their memory in nursery stories; and, where they failed, to turn to their books on the holiday, on any point of history or romance. We are sorry that one of them should have considered our not doing more a *sae omission,* but it is thus we hope to justify ourselves, promising, like good boys, to do better next time. We have also now the pleasure of saying, that *King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table*, which we favourably announced last month, has kept its ground till the present, with full attraction; *Harlequin and Queen Mab* has also done well, and might have done better, we think, if we had seen more of the stories mentioned by Milton,—

"How fairy Mab the junkets eat.

—Was pinch'd and pull'd;" etc.

We also told of the spirit of *Little Jack Sprat and his Wife*, at our ancient favourite, Sailer's Wells: and of *Hot-boiled Beans* and very good *Butter*, at the Pavilion; omitting hardly any other worth notice, unless that which furnished the moral, dear to our hearts, of Tommy and Harry, and *Oranges and Lemons*, say the bells of St.
Clement's: for which latter, also, we take shame to ourselves from the pleasure we have ever felt

"When the merry bells ring round."

It is clear, therefore, that no churlish feeling kept us from doing what was at this time impossible, as well as what we have been taught to think injudicious, and been told by the veteran pantomimo, Farley, to be injurious to theatres, to have every trick explained in print before shown. We conclude this already too long article by saying, that all Christmas efforts in this way have been eminently successful; are well worth seeing; and we trust will improve theatrical treasures, in a manner to reward the liberal outlay which has every where been displayed, almost without precedent.

Oratorios.—The Society of British Musicians have very worthily provided, it seems, if success shall crown their efforts, in this respect. The anniversary of King Charles's Martyrdom was fixed for their first experiment at Covent Garden theatre, of which our period of going to press prevents our speaking. Then for Lent, they determine to avoid the conscientious objection of the Bishop of London last year to the attempted renewal of their own ancient mysteries, and modern continental fashions for the embodiment of Sacred Music. This is indeed a worthy, a truly national effort, of which we pray for decisive success.

By some accounts from Italy, whether true or false we know not, it would appear that Mad. Malibran, on returning home from performing in Otello, had been stabbed with a poniard in the throat, so as to prevent her from the power of ever exercising her talent again! It is supposed to have been the act of some rival in disguise. Happy England! where such uses of the Italian poniard and the Spanish cuchillo are still unknown.

At Gloucester, an actor is announced from the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena theatres.

The Adelphi, Olympic, and Strand theatres, have been entering upon a rivalry, which we had only anticipated from the rival widows. Apropos, we have now another young widow started at the Fitzroy, Mrs. Nesbitt, with very great success; newly-ornamented house, new pieces, and fashionable audiences.

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London Chitchat.

FROM ALL QUARTERS OF FASHION.

The bustle of elections is unfavourable to the gay world, since ladies no longer, as in the last age, display their beauty on behalf of a husband, brother, or friend of the family; and London may be said to be yet out of town in Christmas festivities. Yet our microcosm is not without something to talk about.

To begin at the highest source, our gracious Queen has named five Thursdays in the ensuing season for her drawing rooms. Thursday, March 5th (for the celebration of her Majesty's birth-day); Thursday, April 2d; Thursday, April 30th; Thursday, May 14th; Thursday, May 28th (on which is celebrated his Majesty's birth-day); and the last is Thursday, June 25th. The Knights of the Garter appear in their robes on the birth-days.

The hospitable reception by their Majesties of the nobility, gentry, officers of all arms, &c. &c., at their palace at Brighton, is the first general theme; a delightful accession has been obtained from the arrival of the Princess of Hesse Homburg, formerly our beloved Princess Elizabeth, who has delighted her royal brother by accompanying him in his daily drives. The Turkish ambassador has been quite excited, and furnishes much anecdote, which we will not repeat.

The next is the sojourn near Hastings, the last of the royal progresses, of the Princess Victoria and her amiable mother, who seem to have spread delight and comfort wherever they have gone. Hastings has been absolutely a little Brighton, as respects the royal entrée; while old institutions have received a powerful aid, and new ones been created in the cause of charity, and the benefit of the town.

A foreign journal, a week or two back, announced a settled marriage of the Princess Victoria with an amiable young prince of the house of Orange; on this we should expatiate, but that we think we should be as likely to know of such a settled fact as our foreign contemporary.

Of those progresses of our most excellent young Princess—neither of the red nor the white rose, but the flower of England,—in company with her amiable mother, we should have delighted to say much—of the graceful beneficence exercised at St. Leonard's, and every where else; but that we know, in this instance, the theme of the poet has been actually realised; that the amiable pair really "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." We are, therefore, silent for the present—although such things are matter for history.

The next royal mention is the arrival of a Napoleon in England, to be received with all honours by the government, as king-consort of Portugal. This is the Prince of Eichstadt, Duke of Leuchtenberg, grandson (we believe) of the celebrated French dra-
matic writer, Beauharnois, by Josephine, afterwards Empress of the French, the chosen love of Donna Maria, now the beloved queen of that interesting country. May they be happy, and so make their honest people! The young prince while in London was naturally the lion of the day.

Apsley-house has been greatly enlivened since the Duke of Wellington's return from the Belvoir birth-day, and 'Lord Norreys' marriage. On the 14th, it was a scene of high splendour and interest, though not graced by the presence of ladies, being in honour of the young bridegroom, Duke of Leuchtenberg, now Prince Augustus of Portugal; to compliment whom were invited the representatives of the old and new world:

Austria M. Hummelauer.
Prussia Count Stoeckendorf.
Hanover Baron d'Ompeda.
Bavaria Count Jenison.
Netherlands Chevalier G. W. Dedel.
Belgium M. Von de Weyer.
Sweden Baron Rehauzen.
Denmark Baron Blome.
France M. Pontois.
Spain General Alva.
Portugal Senhor de Menezes Sarmento.
Sardinia Count d'Aigle.
Naples Count Ludolphi.
Turkey Namik Pacha.
Greece M. Tripolli.
U. S. A. M. Rey.
Brasil Senhor Araujo Ribeiro.
Mexico Senhor Garro.

All the ministers in town attended; as also Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Lord Mahon, and others of the nobility. The Prince was attended by his suite and Sir Andrew Barnard. It may easily be supposed, that all eyes were directed to the young king-consort, who, though it might be said diffident, displayed no maurenaise honte on the occasion. The Greek, we have learned, was quite classical; and as for the Turk, he must certainly, on this as well as his Brighton visit, have received a certain billet, amounting to a dispensation from Mahomet! The Senhores were peculiarly merry in their own language, though diplomatic French, of course, prevailed. Apropos, M. Pontois, being only chargé des affaires, was particularly modest in his demeanour. The Italians—all, indeed, were lively, and did due honour to the occasion.

The Duke of Leuchtenberg arrived at the Clarendon on the 11th; having passed from Munich through Brussels, with the royal honours of its court. His Highness dined with their Majesties, when the King presented him with a gold box and some fine horses.

On taking leave of the Duke of Wellington, the Prince received from his grace the military present of a rich sabre, of which he expressed his high appreciation, as coming from the conqueror of Europe.

On the 21st, at half-past eight in the morning, the Prince embarked from Pearce's Hotel, Falmouth, on board the Monarch steamer, with Count Mejan his tutor, Baron Gustavus Billing his private secretary, who have accompanied him from Bavaria; also the Marquis Fidalgo and the Baron de Sa Bandeira, two distinguished Portuguese noblemen, who were commissioned from Lisbon to escort his highness. The vessel was fitted up in a most superb manner. During his embarkation, a royal salute was fired by the Portuguese frigates, Don Pedro and Duchesses of Braganza, and his Britannic Majesty's ship Astrea; a fine band on board the steamer playing the Portuguese national anthem. At nine, the vessel proceeded on her voyage, and it being a calm, soon left the Portuguese frigates behind. The larger frigate was intended to have conveyed his highness to Portugal; but his very natural impatience to join his amiable consort, preferred adding to the wings of Love the paddles of a steam-boat; and thus he is, doubtless, before our publication, at her feet!

One striking change in the royalty of Portugal we must not omit, because it marks a determination to preserve and promote the ancient British connexion. Nothing could hitherto induce the Portuguese royal family to use any other than Portuguese carriages, beautifully executed indeed, but in the style of the reign of Anne of England; now an English suite of carriages have been obtained. The Portuguese nobleman, Baron Quintella, has for years had English carriages, horses, coachman, and grooms; and the British ambassadors and consul-general; but this is the first change in royalty.

One more matter of royal chat remains. It seems that the Landgrave of Hesse dying, the reigning prince of Electoral Hesse took possession of the domains as his natural heir, and was proceeding to do a number of good things, till he received the astounding news of the widowed landgrave being pregnant. This news has thrown the lamentative into disorder, since the issue, if male, succeeds to it instead of the Prince of Hesse ——.

Duke of Rutland's Birth-day.—The 5th of January was celebrated at Belvoir Castle with all the baronial splendour of the olden time. From the hours of twelve to two, dinners to tradespeople and servants and their friends, enlivened the ancient castle on the mount, to the high satisfaction of the surrounding neighbourhood, as well as the noble visitors who had arrived. Then came the grand banquet at seven, in the state dining-room, powerfully illuminated by lamps of the period of Louis Quatorze; and which, formed with classic enrichments, and superb services of gold and silver plate, relieved, by sculptured vases of flowers, a scene of striking beauty. To this entered a large, though
The Marquis and Marchioness of Anglesey and the Ladies Paget were at Rome last month, intending to remain there during the winter months. In May they return home.

The Sardinian Court is, it is said, about to send a Diplomatic Agent to the Diet, who is to be Count Rossi, the husband of the celebrated singer, Madamee Belzoni, of Scotts.

Brussels papers to the 24th inst. are taken up with details of the illness of the Prince of Orange.

Disdainful of election coalitions, or any other considerations, we have been favoured with notices of several "marriages on the tapis in high life," to which our solemn gravity does not permit us to give life, till the noble and gentle parties shall themselves be agreed on the matter, when we will not fail to give what authentic intelligence we may receive.

**Fashionable Negotiation of Marriage.**

—Mademoiselle de Perigord, only daughter of the Duchess de Dino, niece of Prince Talleyrand, to Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, heir-apparent of the principality. The gentleman 17, lady 14.

Count Sandon, the Hungarian noble, who has been recently allied to the Princess Leontine Metternich, is the foreign magnate with whom Captain the Hon. Cecil Walsingham would have fain broken a lance ten years ago, at Melton, in honour of the English ladies. The Count at one period was a suitor for the hand of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Strachan, now Countess Berchold. It is a curious circumstance, that the Hungarians display much more congeniality with the English than with the Germans or French; perhaps from a notion of some sort of affinity between their constitution and that of Great Britain. At the grand festival lately given in honour of the inauguration of Prince Esterhazy, as obergassen of the county of Edinburg, the five leading magnates present were proficient in our language, and decided Anglo-Manciaes. The young son of the Prince Esterhazy is supposed to have fallen in love with the young daughter of the Duchess de Dino, niece of Prince Talleyrand.

The lord of the manor and freeholders of the beautiful Rushall Common, Tunbridge, have determined on erecting an animated and perpetual mark of respect to the Princess Victoria; and for this purpose are clearing the ground adjoining to Queen Anne's grove, to receive rows of trees, to be called the "Royal Victoria Grove." A day is being fixed to plant the first tree, and there will be a public dinner on the occasion. The pleasing compliment has excited great interest. The Victoria School will also be opened on the princess's birth-day, in May next.

**Ladies at Cabinet Dinners.**—Here is certainly a grand improvement on the part of our fair patrons, from east to west of the town. That a lord mayor of London, in
inviting his Majesty's ministers, should also, in conjunction with his lady mayoress, invite their ladies, might be deemed to arise from his being unusual; but when we see a minister inviting his colleagues and also their ladies, it becomes a different matter. We trust the fashion will spread to the further humanization of the male sex.

**Masquer Balls.**—It is thrown out in some circles, that a desire exists to more perfectly assimilate these delights with those of Paris, by addition of the concerts, serious, burlesque, and picturesque, and sort of panorama caricature, and a lottery of fine things on the plan of Venice. We dare say that our Parisian letter will tell us how they go on at the French Opera;* but we do not find that English fashionable, in any number, have yet come to a determination in their favour, and perhaps we should be sorry if it were otherwise. We need not propound that Paris is not yet London, nor London Paris; or that, not in all cases do the amusements of the one suit the other.

Of our poor dear Opera, that scene of all that is pleasant—in dress—what can we say? To have to send agents to Robert and Severini, at Paris, is absolutely ultra-montane!

Let every lady take especial care of her jewels; for such robberies of them, in their uttermost concealment, take place, as are truly extraordinary.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton, of poetic celebrity, has published an indignant disavowal of her editorship of the "Court Magazine."

An authentic portrait of the celebrated beauty, Marian de Lorme, who influenced the court of France, under the sway of Richlieu, will shortly appear in the "Lady's Magazine," splendidly coloured in the style of illuminated miniature. It will be accompanied by a memoir of her eventful life, and will be farther illustrated by a translation of the first act of Victor Hugo's far-famed tragedy of *Marian de Lorme."

We understand that the statue of Lord Byron, by Thorwaldsen, intended as a monument to that immortal poet, has arrived in London, and been refused admission into Westminster Abbey, on account of the immorality of the noble lord's writings.

The Honourable Mr. Murray and lady, of Bradnich, attended a ball at the Assembly-rooms, Sidmouth, on New Year's-eve; he had been previously in full health and spirits, and not long after expired in a fit of apoplexy.

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**Paris Chit-chat, &c.**

*(From our own Correspondent.)*

**NEWS FROM PARIS.**


I shall commence, ma chère Clarinde, by telling you that at length our balls are véritablement commences: and I think this is likely to prove one of our most brilliant seasons since 1800. The first ball, at the Theatre Ventadour, took place a few nights since: the principal attraction was a Mazurque, danced by one hundred dancers, all in different Russian costumes! It was really something worth seeing, and I had engaged a box, when—would you believe it—M. de Fl—chose to catch a violent cold, and I was actually obliged to remain at home! Quel ennuyeux Mari que le mien! indeed, I do not know how he could have expected such an act of conjugal devotion, on my part; but he seemed to do so. I recollect a few years ago, that a jolie Anglaise, Mrs. ——, remained at home with her husband, a Frenchman, from a ball at court, because he had the tooth-ache! this was talked of in our circles pendant au moins trois semaines. All the men wished for such a wife, and set her up as an example to their ladies; et quant à nous autres femmes—we talked and wondered, and wondered and talked, until the subject was really worn threadbare. It certainly was an act of devotion that a French-

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* We found on the arrival of our Paris intelligence we were not disappointed,
damask curtain: those at the Pavillon are of damask, the colour amaranth, fringed with gold, and looped up at each side with the most costly gold cord and tassels. It is easy to perceive that the Prince is a lover of the fine arts, les objects d’Arts sont reproduits partout, et sont d’une coquetterie exquise. Three thousand persons attended this ball. Their Majesties and the young Princesses were present. The Princess Clementine grows tall, and becomes prettier every day, and more like the Queen of the Belgians—ma beauté par excellence. The Princess Mary looked very well: her dress white satin, ornamented round the bottom with small bouquets of very minute crimson flowers, and two larger bouquets up the front of the dress. The corsage was plain with Sévigné’s petit, the sleeves short and full, ornamented with three small bouquets. Her royal highness wore her hair in bands, the back hair high in braids and coques, intermixed with flowers the same as those on the dress. The Princess Clementine was entirely in white.

I think it wise to warn you that I should continue my descriptions. White tulle dresses (of course you understand by this plain white) were the most general.

The Duchesse de B—— wore one of these dresses: a wreath of vine-leaves, with gold tendrils commenced at the waist, went down each side of the front, increasing in size as they went down, and round the bottom of the dress. A very small bunch of grapes (en pierres fines) was placed in the centre of the front of the corsage; the same at back, and one on each shoulder. Her coiffeure was to match.

Madame P—— was also in white, her dress open in front, and held back with bouquets of precious stones placed at distances. She had a turban à la Juive, also of white tulle, with a bird-of-Paradise dyed black, elle etait ravissante. Her sister, Madame Célestine, made her début there. Her dress, of course, was simple—a white gauze soude, in small flowers, over white satin. This demoiselle is counted very fair; entre nous ma chère, si elle was in England is called “French white,” rather inclining to yellow! With such a complexion, she should not have worn white.

Madame le H—— wore a dress of pink gauze over pink satin. The dress was intended to appear as if it opened at the side, where five bows of satin ribbon, from each of which sprung a bunch of diamond wheat, were placed at distances; the corsage à la Sévigné; and the sleeves, which were short and full, were ornamented with the same. Rose flowers were the front hair in bands; the back, a high hair en couronne; but round her head was a kind of Fôrinière, flat and extremely narrow, but of gold open work; a magnificent opal, set in diamonds, was in front. These new Fôrinières are coming in, and are very light and beautiful. Opale is the most fashionable stone for the centre; it may be set in diamonds, rubies, emeralds, topaz, &c, &c, according to the dress with which it is to be worn. A small bird, about the size of a bee, his wings extended, and perched upon a branch of gold filagree-work, is also a new and splendid ornament; the bird may be entirely in diamonds (with ruby eyes), or he in different coloured jewels. A small light bouquet, every flower in different stones, with foliage of gold filagree-work, is also one of our nouveautés. The bird or bouquet to be placed over the left ear.

Another beautiful dress was à l’antique, of light blue satin, broché all over in a running pattern with silver; the corsage perfectly plain, ornamented on the shoulders shut and down the front with small diamond sprigs; the skirt, which was open in front, was also looped back at distances with diamond sprigs; the sleeves were à double sabot, but so short that they did not reach to the elbow. The dress was worn over a white broché satin petticoat, with two deep flounces of rich blonde put across the front breadth. The coiffure was à la Manucini; a single long blue feather was placed rather at the back of the head, where it was retained by a diamond sprig, similar to those on the dress; two other sprigs were placed amongst the tufts of curls of the front hair. Diamond necklace and ear-rings.

A very pretty pink gauze dress, worn over white satin, was looped up about as high as the knee, with a bouquet of blush roses; the sleeves were ornamented with the same; the coiffure was a pink gauze turban, without any ornament whatever.

Dresses à l’antique, of velvet and satin broché, were numerous; the corsages à pointe, and sleeves à double sabot, with ruffles à la Louis XIV.; but these were worn for the most part, par les Maman, et les dames d’un certain age. Of the other dresses the corsages were invariably plain, and fitting tight to the bust, with or without draperies à la Sevigné; the sleeves short and full, and not à double sabot; the waists are worn long, and the dresses so long that only the point of the shoe is visible. White kid gloves are more worn than silk mittens; they are ornamented at the tops by a puffing of satin ribbon, with two ends on the dress in the colour of the dress. As to the hair, there is no decided fashion for it, bandeaux with a braid en couronne on the top of the head; the coiffure à la Clotilde, which you know, consists of braids coming down at each side of the face: this, I must say, is one of the most unbecoming. The coiffure à la Manucini and à la Sevigné, that of Noir de l’Enclos, the chapeau à la Dubarry, à la Agnès Sorel, the turban à la Berthe, are all in vogue; in fact, the style of coiffure is as much as possible adapted to the style of the
dress. The supper was in the Salle de Spectacle, and presented a coup d'œil, magnificent beyond description.

In walking dress, Manteaux are still adopted by our belles: the capes are large, as I described to you last summer; and the sleeves, à la Vénitienne, open from top to bottom.

Black satin Redingotes are much worn in carriage costume: the grande mode is, not to have them fastened down the front, but to let them fly open; they are worn over a richly embroidered white muslin underdress; these redingotes are wadded, and are worn with a large shawl; the sleeves are enormous.

Velvet and satin Hats are the most fashionable. The crowns are tolerably high, the fronts worn very close to the face; they are trimmed with rich satin ribbons, and some add feathers: these are not, however, very general; but black velvet; and much ribbon as possible is put into the little cap, worn underneath the hat, either in small bows or leaves.

There are some new Mantelets for the theatre, or for going into or coming out of a ball-room. They are in shape like the mantelletta described to you last summer, only the ends in front are not quite so long, nor so wide; they are of pink, blue, green, &c.; satin, well wadded, and trimmed all round with swansdown. You cannot imagine how delightfully warm they are, and at the same time how light. I would recommend you to have some of them made.

The Colours prevalent for ball-dresses, are white, pink, and blue: for velvet dresses à l'antique, black, crimson, green, and purple: for hats, chocolate, marron, amaranth, and two or three shades of green. Black satin or velvet hats are a good deal worn, lined and trimmed with pink.

Ma belle, ma belle, I am come to the end of my paper, and must, though with regret, say adieu! Aime moi un peu, car je t'aime beaucoup. Toute à toi,

L. de F.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 3)—Grand Soirée or Dinner Dress.—Dress of white gaze de Chambery, worn over white satin. The corsage is made to fit tight to the bust: a mantille or pélérine décolletée of pink satin (see plate), trimmed with two rows (one excessively deep, the other rather narrow), is worn over the corsage; the mantille is open on the shoulders, and brought together with two small bows of satin ribbon; it is cut rather deep on the shoulders, and sloped off gradually towards the centre of the front and back, where it is as narrow as possible.—(See plate.) Three full folds of satin, in the style of a drapery à la Steiglé, depend from each side of the front of the mantille, and are fixed low down on the centre of the front of the corsage by a full bow of satin ribbon; another smaller bow is placed at the top of the centre of the corsage: the mantille is edged all round with a narrow piping or liséré, and to which are attached the two falls of blondé; round the bottom is an excessively narrow blondé, standing up. The sleeves are short, and excessively full. The skirt of the dress is made en tablier.—(See plate.) Two rouleaux of satin, to which a very narrow blondé is affixed, go down each side of the front of the dress, in the style of robes; these rouleaux, which are very small at the waist, where they are close together, gradually increase in size and distance as they go down. A spiral wreath of full-blown roses goes from top to bottom, at each side, between the two rouleaux; a large bow of satin ribbon, from which springs a high bouquet of roses in the centre of the front of the lower part of the dress. As much ribbon as possible is put into the little cap, worn underneath the hat, either in small bows or leaves.

(No. 4)—Walking or Carriage Costume.—Satin redingote, the corsage plain and fitting tight to the bust. The redingote trimmed with silk braid, the colour of the satin: two rows placed close together go down the front from top to bottom; and two rows, but placed at a distance from each other, are round the bottom. A kind of mantille of black lace, very deep on the shoulders, rather narrower at back, and diminishing gradually to a point in front, until it reaches the waist, is worn in the style of a pélérine with this redingote.—(See plate): a double row of the same silk lace is placed a little above it. The collar, which is of black lace, is edged with a narrow piping of black satin, and trimmed with a deep black lace. The sleeves, which are enormously wide, are finished at the wrist with a deeper cuff than those lately worn. Green satin hat, the crown made slanting, higher at front than at back.—(See plate): the front, which is worn as close as possible to the face, is very long at the sides, where it is rounded off;
Le Follet Courrier des Salons
Boulevard St. Martin N° 61.
Bonnet Château-M me de Beaumarchais.
Etole en soie. Amour vaine de fleurs et de satin des titres de Magenta-Baudet & Richelieu, 93.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.

Boulevard St. Martin N° 63.

Chapeau en velours creu d'un coin en tissu. Maurice Beaurain.

Redingote en satin ormeau de broche en faïencerie.


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the trimming, consisting of a bow placed at the right side, and which retains a bird-of-Paradise (the bird dyed black, the long plumage the colour of the hat), is of the richest and the widest satin ribbon: a second bow finishes the hat at back. The Cranotte chapeau round the neck is of green gauze, to match the hat; the ends are fringed, and it is fastened in front by a brooch. Black shoes. White silk stockings. The reticule is a round basket cut in four pieces, the cover like the top of a parasol. (See plate.) The frame is made in gilt wire, and the satin stretched upon it; it is finished underneath by a silk tassel, and suspended on the arm by a ribbon. Shoes of satin royal. The hair is in plain bands. The second figure shows the back of the dress.

The Parisian ladies are adopting the use of calèches of an evening: a fashion we should like to see more general here: the size and lightness with which they are made, prevent the possibility of disarranging the head-dresses, and they are a great preservative against cold: they are now made with capes arranged with whalebones, to prevent any weight or pressure on the dress.

Animal Flower in the Island of Grenada. There is a very singular animal flower (or zoophyte) found inhabiting the side of the rocky wall that lines the carriage next to the town, about two feet below the surface of the water, and consisting of a worm emersed in a cylindrical tube fastened at the ends to the rock, and throwing out its oz tentacula at the other or outward end, the rays when extended standing in a sort of funnel shape, the flower bearing an exact resemblance to the purple passifloras or grannadillo (or passion-flower). When fully expanded, this flower is peculiarly sensitive of the approach of any thing towards it; and it is next to impossible to obtain one in that state, as it is immediately retracted (something in the manner of a snail when its horns are touched), even on the undulation of the water within its tubular shell. Whether this shell is separable from the rock at the will of the innate, has not yet been clearly ascertained, conflicting accounts being given.—History of the British Colonies.

Natural Suspension Bridges. Spiders, when they want to cross walks, or indeed any other space, spin threads till they are blown by the wind to the opposite side, where they soon attach, and then they work their passage. The French Institute had lately a learned discussion on the subject.

The Blind Man’s Bible.—We cannot but think a great deal more has been said on this subject than necessary, from the Philadelphia Gazette, both upwards and downwards in this country. Nature, it is well known, augments one sense or one power in proportion to any physical defect, either original or adventitious; witness, for instance, Captain Derenzy’s “Hand for the One-handed,” lately reviewed in our pages—in fact, all history. The plan of Mr. Snider so lauded, is simply printed letters so raised that they can be felt! Is this spelling, which it is at most, equal to reading? Let any who doubt look back to Milton’s d’uighers.

Sensible Petition.—The Herald has vol. VI.—No. 2.

Miscellany. furnish under this head a document from Joseph Vincent Novaack, assistant nurse, barber, and night watchman of the hospitalship Dreadnought, and interpreter of the German, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dalmatian languages! The document is certainly a curiosity in its way, full of quaintness, misspelling, &c., but certainly a “sensible” appeal to the honourable gentlemen who govern the hospitalship; for it states that many shavings (of the sick, we suppose) are very disagreeable; and he calculates that his wages amount to about a farthing a shave: leaving nursing, watching for eight hours a night, and the interpretation of six languages, to be done for nothing. It is pleasant to find that his petition has not been without avail, and that the attention to it is considered by him a honour to human nature!

American Politeness.—A young American, with whom I had been in company a few days before in one of the first houses in New York, was seated at the long table between two females, one the wife of a driver, the other that of a lamplighter, both past the age when young men are flattered by being at the elbow of a belle. I saw him with perfect attention serve both his fair neighbours before he thought of himself, and during the whole repast continue his civilities with so much grace, that the example might serve as a salutary lesson to many a European coxcomb, who certainly will not put himself to inconvenience for the sake of being attentive to females of so medium a station in life, and to whom nature has refused the advantage of beauty. A young Frenchman could not help remarking to the American, that he was surprised at seeing a man of birth, of blood, condescend so far as to enter into conversation with a couple of vulgar women. The American answered, that it appeared to him equally extraordinary, how a man of birth could ever forget the respect due to every female by a person of education, let her rank be what it may in society. “Civility
to all women," said he, "is considered in America as a distinctive proof of a well-bred man."—Residence of Three Years in the United States and Canada.

**Benjamin Franklin, the honoures of his age—of all ages! Can it be possible that the following is true?** "In a church-yard in the centre of Philadelphia is the grave of the truly great Franklin, covered with a plain flat stone, inscribed:

Benjamin

&

Deborah

Franklin

17920.

The author of the work, indeed, flourishes about this being his best monument; and we could also talk of a certain Rufus, recorded by Pliny, of Frontinus, &c. But can it be that American taste and talent, such as we know it to be, has furnished no memorial, not for him, but for themselves, of the benefactor of his country—of the world! We cannot believe it, and invite our transatlantic brethren to exploit for us this new field of glory. Give the following extract under this head, because of the nonsense that has on all sides been uttered on the United Americans; but at the same time, we, who recollect Ledyard's description, and have traced it through some foreign climes, can hardly join in it, but rather wish it could be unhand-somely treated by any thing in the shape of man any where! However let us honour our brethren across the Atlantic.

**Crowning an Architect.**—It will be seen that this is in reference to our article on crowns, in which the neglect of this art by the ancients is mentioned. The inauguration took place recently in France; and we are indebted to that excellent and cheap literary companion, the "Athenaeum," for it, and for a painful accompanying fact. The subject was Lours, who, amongst other things, built the principal theatre at Bordeaux, so much admired. The mayor of that city pronounced his eulogium—the air was rent with cheers and bravos when he placed the laurel crown on the bust of the artist, for, alas! he lived not to receive the crown of talent. Thus continues the amiable and sensible writer quoted: "Honours paid to the memory of a man of genius are [now] the usual reward for a life of neglect and suffering. Lours long struggled against poverty and misery, and died in a state of utter destitution at the Hôtel Dieu* in Paris!" Yet this was the man deemed ultimately worthy of the crown of talent on the scene of its exercise!

* A sort of English hospital and poor-house. See Mercier Tableau de Paris.

**France—**the extract of sugar from beet-root, extending to numerous manufactories! We know that saccharine matter can be obtained not only from this, but many other things; but who prefers even Mrs. Dr. Primrose's gooseberry wine to the juice of the grape? Who would take potato whiskey, rather than the brandy brought down the Cogniae, or rather the Charente rivers? Is it indeed a buman idea of chemistry; but one might as well try to burn clay instead of coal, as to aim at superseding the sugar-cane.

**Supernatural Visitation at Jerusalem.**—It seems that accounts have arrived from the fathers of the monastic establishments for the care of the holy sepulchre, of earthquakes, that have again rent temples in twain, and destroyed no considerable part of the city; that, in fact, all the horrors of the ever-lamentable crucifixion had, for the first time since that period, overspread that already gloomy portion of the earth. We must wait for further information, as we did of the late fatal eruption of Vesuvius.—Vesuvius is now covered with snow!

The number of children burnt to death by being left to play with fire, is shocking. Four in one week—eight in two months. Surely something must be done to remedy the evil, though not by Act of Parliament.

**Female Members of Parliament.**—The old principle of the French ladies in 1789, seems to be in action in 1834; since the excellent "Gossip" of the "Athenaeum" states in a recent number, that "Mrs. Grimstone pleads with indignant words for the introduction of women into the senate. How we are to defend ourselves we know not (says the writer), for the sex are daily acquiring more and more power among us!" So be it, we say; and so we are sure would the editor of that work say, for the bettering of our natures. The same writer mentions that the Hon. Mrs. Norton is to be the future editor of the "Keepsake." For ourselves, we must add that a male subject does actually at present send what is to be done in the management of this Magazine, and yet he is never so happy as when he receives the instructions of his female contributors, to whom the world is infinitely more obliged than himself; and really, what is more, he finds that the more that he permits them to direct, he finds them less troublesome. And he must say from some experience, that he really thinks the same principle would be generally serviceable to married life.

**Jack of Hylton.**—The following service is done and has been observed since the year 930, from the lord of Essington to the lord of Hylton; namely, that he of the former manor shall bring a goose every New Year's-day and drive it round the fire in the hall of Hylton Castle, at least three times, while Jack of Hylton (a small hollow brass
image or idol—an edifice of Saxon origin—is blowing the fire: after this, the lord of Essington carries it into the cook, and when killed and dressed, carries it himself to the table at the lord paramount of Hylton and Essington, as suit and service, and receives a dish of meal for his own mess.—Morning Advertiser.—We should think this service is now commuted. Its origin was doubtless simple; a grant of lesser manorial right, perhaps, for having supplied geese for a festival. It must, however, belong to the Norman rather than Saxon period.

Of Caspar Hauser, of whom every body has heard so much, from Germany, we are favoured by the “Athenæum” with the inscription on an upright stone, erected at his grave:—“Hic jacet, Caspar Hauser, enigma sacrum et tempus, MDCCCLXXXIII.” We may indulge in the use of the Latin, but think it may be freely translated, Germanically: “Here lies Caspar Hauser, the riddle of his time; unknowing his birth, he secretly died 1833.” Thus endeth the chapter of this poor half-idiot, which English patronage strove in vain to make much of.

Walking on Water.—Among the numerous attempts that have occurred in past years to this end is now to be numbered, it seems, the invention of a Swedish fisherman, attended with complete success! He does it by means of slight tin shoes, each of the shape of a mule shoe, attached together, but at a length to allow the feet to take the wanted alternate advance of each other. If the thing be done, we should suppose it must be by a floating of the feet, as they are carried over ice by the skate. The South-Sea Indians, and we believe the Chinese, have long had something of the kind for temporary expedients. We have had in our own possession shoes composed of tin, worked up in the bark of trees, of precisely the same form. It is droll enough also, that, as to shape, our own ancient sumptuary laws prescribe the wearing of shoes, the points of which require that they should be supported by certain chains!

Cure of Madness.—That “there is a pleasure in madness which none but madmen know,” is a truism in all our memories: that every man has a portion of mania in his composition is equally evident. To this may be traced all the various prominent features of mankind, whether derived from the passions of love, zeal, eagerness, anger, avarice, or, in short, devotion to any selfishly-adopted pursuit. At length the labours of our worthy ancient Battye, seem to have attracted the attention of no smaller men of the present age than Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Murray. For as this notice is concerned, our only end is to mention an anecdote so produced (and which has run the round of the papers), of the effect of music:—A gentleman, it seems, was reduced by mania to a state of immovable stupor, and so remained fixed a considerable time, neither speaking nor moving. He started on hearing a street-organ play. His judicious friends, on perceiving this, caused him to be so visited repeatedly, and he recovered! Now, we have within our own experience more than one case where the most violent paroxysms had occurred, the usual resort of a private asylum, a keeper at home, &c., which were set right by assimilating the subject with the ordinary external objects of his previous life: in one case conversations, in which he was wont to delight, with an utter abstraction of all terror; in another, with the same abstraction, leading him to the objects of taste in art, &c., with which he was familiar, and telling him to write a book! The two were successful. We have naturally been much gratified by the reports of the Middlesex Asylum at Hanwell; but this institution, which we would hope is conducted in a similar principle, is not one to speak of under this head to our readers.

Revolt of the Sisters of Charity!—How odd it sounds! yet it appears from the French papers that such has been the case, and we are sorry to read it in the Morning Herald of London. It seems that a nœur de charité, attending the Hôtel Dieuf (as the hospitals of France are called) at Lyons, had offended against some regulation of this House of God, from which she was consequently to be expelled, and at six in the evening the prefect of the department arrived for that purpose. Lyons, as is well known, has been always a very spirited part of France; and its spirit of resistance to the powers that be, seems strangely to have caught these meek and lowly beginners. They determined that Sister should be removed, and therefore in a body they surrounded the prefect and his people, and pummelled them handsomely; ringing the tocsin for aid, from the too ready Lyonnois. When, in fear of being overpowered, they barricaded themselves, with their offending sister, in a court-yard, lit a fire in it, and bivouacked till day-light. How the affair ended, or whether there be any truth in it, our final Paris letter will probably tell.

Oatmeal a Preventive of Dropsy.—It would seem that this lamentable disease is infrequent in Scotland; and that this is ascribed to the general use of oatmeal in that country. We would gladly hear any, particularly so simple a preventive, did we not fear that the too prevalent use of this nutrition induced other diseases, from which the Southrons are free. Perhaps an intermediate course might be well; but this we must leave the medicals to determine. For as this notice is concerned, our only end is to mention an anecdote so produced (and which has run the round of the papers), of the effect of music:—A gentleman, it seems, was reduced by mania to a state of immovable stupor, and so remained fixed a considerable time, neither speaking nor moving. He started on hearing a street-organ play. His judicious friends, on perceiving this, caused him to be so visited repeatedly, and he recovered! Now, we have within our own experience more than one case where the most violent paroxysms had occurred, the usual resort of a private asylum, a keeper at home, &c., which were set right by assimilating the subject with the ordinary external objects of his previous life: in one case conversations, in which he was wont to delight, with an utter abstraction of all terror; in another, with the same abstraction, leading him to the objects of taste in art, &c., with which he was familiar, and telling him to write a book! The two were successful. We have naturally been much gratified by the reports of the Middlesex Asylum at Hanwell; but this institution, which we would hope is conducted in a similar principle, is not one to speak of under this head to our readers.

Revolte des Sœurs de CHARITÉ!—Comment cela se présente! mais il paraît que des sœurs de charité, travaillant à l'Hôtel Dieu (c'est ainsi que les hôpitaux de France sont appelés) à Lyon, ont commis des fautes contre les règles de leur maison, et que le préfet devait les faire expulser. Lyon, c'est un lieu, on le sait, où les esprits de résistance sont de tous les jours à l'œuvre; et ces pauvres jeunes sœurs, qui ont eu l'audace de commettre une faute, ont osé résister. Le préfet est arrivé; il a trouvé les habitants de l'hôtel enfermés dans leur maison, avec leur sœur enlevée, et ont été punis de la manière la plus sévère. Ils ont enfin réussi à se barricader, et à faire un feu en pleine ville; ils ont attendu la venue des secours, jusqu'au lendemain. Comment la chose s'est-elle terminée? Nous ne pouvons le dire, mais nous savons que l'affaire a fait grand bruit à Paris.
other in the plate armour of Henry VIII. — supporting the chair” in the Old Gate-room of St. John’s-square, Clerkenwell, made us think that some remnant of the templars still existed, till we recollected that, if so, we should certainly have been informed by Sylvanus Urban, to the monthly covers of whose, still surviving and improving, Magazine we never refer for an excellent view of the gate itself. We were soon, however, undeceived, by finding this assemblage only the convivial dinner of an association, under the above title. Nevertheless, we must express pleasure at this meeting over the gate of nearly 1000 years, under which a Johnson of changeful seamen, or it failed, have passed in adversity to obtain a dinner, or the means of obtaining it, in literary adversity, from Edward Cave. Hence dear to literary men or woman is his name, and “The Gentleman’s Magazine,” which he projected, “known,” as Dr. Johnson said, “wherever the English language is spoken,” in the proprietors of which he has a worthy successor in John Bowyer Nichols.

Governor Loo’s Last! — That extraordinary, yet far from judicious, people, the Chinese, still continue their ancient notions of the British and their trade. On the latter announcing the cessation of the East India Company, the governor of Canton issued an edict, in which, among many other curiosities, are these:—” A petition from the late English barbarian chief has been received, stating that the Company will not come any more to barter its nothing for the necessaries of life, as tea, silks, &c. As to that nation’s experiment, his first trial was to make no innovations, then I will drive them back to their own country.” Among other regulations, natives are not to forget the dignity of the empire by being servants to barbarians. We need not remind our readers, that the Chinese consider that all Britain must inevitably fall, but for tea!

New Cooking Apparatus—Winn’s Solar Stove.—We are always happy in announcing to our fair readers any thing under this head; but really there has been, and is, so much mystification about this object, that we will not venture to tell a word more than has been told, so far as we have heard. An experiment was first tried before some official persons at the West India Docks, and then it came westward to Leicester-square; from both reports, it is a most wonderful contrivance, and all we pant for is, to try it in our kitchen, or even parlour. “A brass vessel twenty-two inches high, by twelve wide and six deep, in appearance a miniature chest of drawers, surmounted by an inverted crescent to hold water, it appears by elementary heat, invisibly imparted, prepared in two or three minutes by cooking any thing excellently, and producing water at the highest boiling heat, remaining hot for three hours after, without further in the whole process being capable of execution by an infant, and so pure as not even to soil white gloves.” We have condensed the accounts, but this is the whole we can get of the matter. We await more.

Worthy Modern Labours.—More than twelve thousand labourers are employed in damming up the Nile at Damietta and Rosetta, in order to produce regularity in the inundations of the Nile, on which the fertility or sterility of the surrounding country depends. We trust that when this work shall be finished, these thousands will be sent to open the isthmus of Suez, the project of thousands of years.

Notiz o manitsevsicatatsin.—Pronounce this beetle word, it is the original Mexican for country curates.—Lit. Gazette. We have no doubt the worthy editor will tell us how to pronounce, in his next, and quote some Mexican vocabulary at least; for we are sure there is no such word, which language has long been that of Mexico. The number of letters (29) would be no wonder, since we recollect among some rambling quotations in Scott’s “British Code of Duel,” an English word comprising 22 letters and eleven syllables.

Sea-Fish Pond.—At Port Nessock, in Wigtounshire, a large salt-water pond has been formed for cod: it is a basin 30 feet in depth and 160 feet in circumference, hewn out of the solid rock, and communicating with the sea by one of those fissures which are common to bold and precipitous coasts. Attached to it is a well for catching water for the fishermen, and the rock is surrounded all round by a substantial stone wall, 300 feet in circumference. From the inner or back door of the lodge a winding staircase leads to the usual halting place—a large flat stone projecting into the water and commanding a general view. When the tide is out the stone is dry, and the stranger sees with surprise a hundred mouths open to greet his arrival. Many very curious anecdotes are told by the Scottish Journal from which we quote of the manners and customs of the fishes in their newly-domestic state, as eating from the hand, &c. One cod-fish who has grown, it is said, to nearly seven feet, since its confinement from the ocean, and become blind, comes to the stone and lays down his head to be fed, and even patted by a fisherman, kindly attentive to him.
THE AMERICAN INDIAN PRINCESS.

This interesting creature, wife of the celebrated Michigan chief, Makoose, died at her lodgings, No. 100, in the Waterloo-road, Lambeth, on Sunday, the 18th of January. Her name was Ash muk warre be gun o je Beener, or "the dancing mouse." She was perfectly sensible of her approaching end, and refused to take any medicine, saying that the Great Spirit would be offended if she tried to evade his summons; and that not having, to her knowledge, committed a single evil action, she was not afraid to obey that summons. In consequence of the apprehensions of the chief, her husband, that she would not be buried as became her station, she was received into the Christian church, and baptised on Sunday morning, a few hours before her death, by the name of Antoinette o whow o qua. On the same evening that she died, and for some time after her demise, the grief of her husband knew no bounds. Whilst her sister and followers joined in a wail the most heart-piercing, the wretched chief, after prostrating himself with violence, and beating his head against the floor, caught the dead body in his arms, entreating it, with the most passionate expressions, not to leave him alone in a strange world. The interpreter describes his language as beautiful, and almost approaching to sublimity; and well may he be believed, when so many "talks," and other specimens of Indian eloquence are before us, drawn from the true source of the sublime — heaven, earth, sea, the rising and setting sun, mountains, woods, &c. Monday and Tuesday following her demise, persons were allowed to see her remains, which excited much admiration from the beauty of the features. The body was in an elegant black coffin, richly ornamented, the plate of which bore the simple inscription—

Antoinette o whow o qua,
Died 18th January, 1833,
Aged 26.

The body was dressed in the manner of the country, over which (why we know not) was a richly-worked shroud, and down each side a strip of green cloth trimmed with red; a few leaves of laurel and a bouquet on her bosom; ear-rings loaded with ornaments in her ears, and other jewels at her sides; her cheeks painted red. Tuesday afternoon, at four, (after considerable persuasion of her husband to a temporary burial,) was fixed for her funeral, at St. John's, Waterloo-road, when, in consequence of the unhappy chief having been made one of the Dramatis Personae, it was attended by the following gentlemen—Messrs. W. Keane, H. Wallack, Wetty, E. Lancaster, Miller, and Gale. The mourners were the chief and his wife's sister, with three of the Indians that accompanied him to England; after them Messrs. Carbonel, Oxberry, &c.

When the Christian ceremony was over, to which poor Antoinette had been made entitled, then were Indian ceremonies kindly permitted—then was the white rosette emblem of her purity, strewed upon her—then did her husband pray the Great Spirit that none might profane the hallowed spot where all his joys and hopes were deposited, figuratively, as usual, marking on the stone nearest to it the image of the Preserver—then did Shaw-wash (big sword) he-ratically pronounce her name. All the qualities that become an Indian princess. On return to his desolate home, while the gentlemen who attended him were present, he addressed them in a manner that we should have preferred to have received from his interpreter, though we are obliged by the communication of Mr. Miller, 6, York-road, to the Morning Herald, for some preservation of it, as communicated to him in French, which he translated rather theatrically for the public. He thus said what we think is something like the following:

"Friends! She whom I have lost was the joy of my soul—her loss was all my hopes concentrated, all my delight. Three years before we came to this country was I united to her, and during that period our only happiness was in each other. If accident separated us, the only thought was when we should meet again, and the hours were pain-fully counted. When I resolved to come here, fearing for her, I implored her to remain; she would not hear me: 'No, to you I am bound in heart and spirit; your life is my life, and whether it be suffering and despair, or happiness and glory, your fate be mine to share!' She's gone—we have given her to heaven—I am not a weeping man, but tears burst from me now like the waters of the great torrent; the goodness that here abounds is balsam to my sad heart, the only drop of consolation fate could yield to my desolate bosom."

It seems that the unhappy princess died of consumption, the usual fate of all Indians, from Prince Lee Boo downwards, who are induced to visit the country of high civilization. Sir A. Carlile is said to have attended her, but in vain! It is also asserted that the very day of her funeral was fixed for her husband's introduction to the King of England. Unhappy chief! what does all this avail thee now? solitary—forlorn—estranged. The history of his arrival in this country, with his wife and family, has been given out as arising from a claim of remuneration from England for certain territory abstracted from the tribe of himself and wife; but, however it may be mixed up with this, we much fear that the chief object of their con-
ductor has been their exhibition, from the great and just fame of Makonoose as a rifle shot.

We have done.—Poor Autoinette is no more, her husband is desolate! and this is all we have any right to obtrude on the “Lady’s Mag. and Museum.” Still, permit us a few more last words, on behalf of woman. It was really repulsive to us to read in the newspapers, that the deceased was demoted a squaw! We know that, in the Indian dialect, this means, simply, female; but there is also an Indian adjutant, that we think belonged to her. This we know, that the celebrated and highly intellectual Colonel Brown, of St. Vincent’s, the hero of St. Augustin, and intimate friend of the late Marquis Hastings, actually married an Indian squaw; and found her so faithful to him, that he obtained the assistance of her whole tribe, in favour of the British army in America; and what was more, towards the old question concerning savage and civilized existence, to the end of a life, approaching towards 100 years, preserved Indian habits, even at Holyland’s hotel, in London.

**Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**

**BIRTHS.**

On the 15th January, in Guilford Street, Russell-square, the lady of Robert Walter Carden, Esq., of a daughter.—Jan. 21, the lady of W. Judd, Esq., of Curzon Lodge, Old Brompton, of a son.—Jan. 19, the lady of A’Court Holmes, of a son and heir.—Jan. 10, Countess de la Warr, of a daughter.—Jan. 15, the lady of E. T. Cardale, Esq., of Bedford-row, of a son.—Jan. 12, Madame Garcia, wife of Signor Garcia, of a son.—At Zodingen, Switzerland, the lady of Capt. G. J. H. Johnstone, R. N., of a daughter.—At Lake House, Wanstead, the lady of T. Hood, Esq., of the “Comme Annual,” of a son.—The Countess Lancelot (Duchess de Berry), of a daughter, which died soon after.—The lady of J. Dawn, Esq., of 8th Hussars, of a daughter.—The lady of Sir Hugh P. H. Campbell, Bart., M.P., of a daughter.

**MARRIAGES.**


**DEATHS.**

Lately, at her uncle’s, S. Taylor, Esq., St. Anne-street, Liverpool, after a few hours illness, universally and most deservedly beloved, respected, and deeply regretted, Marianna de Bellinghurst, eldest daughter of the late amiable and lamented Captain John Taylor, of the 54th regiment of Foot, and of the Royal Flints militia; grand-daughter of the late Captain George de Bellinghurst, R.N., and great grand-daughter of the late William de Bellinghurst, Esq., (J.P. and M.P.) of Mythen Hall and Plyle Park, near Guilford, Surrey, and High Bellinghurst, and Gaste–street, Sussex, and great niece of the late Admiral T. Rodrick, cousin to Lord Middleton. Her sweetness of temper, amiable disposition, engaging manner, matchless virtues and accomplishments, endeared her to all who knew her, and had the pleasure of her acquaintance, and all deeply lament her sudden and early death. The irreparable loss of her will be ever deeply mourned by her incomparable afflicted mother, brother, and sisters. She was a lady by flower.

The sweet remembrance of the just Shall flourish, when they sleep in dust.

Jan. 16, suddenly, Lady Susan Lygon, daughter of Earl St. Germain’s, Colonel Lygon was attending his election, and hastened home, but saw her no more alive.—Jan. 20, Lady M. Villiers, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clarendon.—At Dresden, by a fall from a library steps, M. Fr. Ad. Eber, the celebrated bibliographer, aged 48.—Mlle. Duchesmay, the pleasing actress, whose talents were displayed in an assembly of her contemporaries at Notre Dame.—At Tralee, in Ireland, Jan. 17th, Judith Brew, a pauper, aged 110. She never wore a shoe or stocking, and enjoyed health to within a week of her death.—Jan. 1, William Gorginge, aged 89. For sixty years he hunted on foot, and has often beaten some of the best horses of the hunt.—Jan. 15, J. Bragg, of the Society of Friends, Lieut-Col. M. Watt.—Jan. 15, at her chateau de Chimay, the Princess de Chimay, formerly Madame Tallicon, so celebrated for her beauty, and the part she played during the late revolutionary period. Jan. 21, died, of an apoplectic fit, Lady Dinorben, aged 50. The Duke of Sussex, who has been on a visit to Kimnall-park, was to have celebrated his birthday there.—Charles Lamb, the celebrated Elisa, in the 81st year of his age. His eulogy has been already well pronounced in “The Athenaeum” and other works; but we have some original remarks from an excellent correspondent, of which we shall avail ourselves next month.—Mrs. E. Parker, aged 80.—Mrs. Clapham, aged 90.—Miss M. Tapper, aged 80.—J. Bailey, aged 92, parish clerk at Keinton, Dorset. He never used a stick, and never once missed performing his duty for 56 years. —At Nassau, New Providence, of yellow fever. Henry, son of the late C. M. Williams, Esq., of Jamaica, aged 20.—At Padstow, aged 73, Mrs. Rawlings, widow of the late T. Rawlings, Esq.—Jan. 16, at Attleborough-halls, Warwick, George Greenway, Esq., aged 74.—Jan. 6, aged 69, the Earl of Portman, by which the title becomes extinct.—Jan. 22, Alderman C. Smith, aged 85.—At Paris, aged 79, M. Lafontaine, the celebrated painter and judge of pictures.
MARION DE LORME

Born 1665. Died 1690.

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

No. 25 of the series of ancient portraits.

1835.

Bebbe and Page, publishers, no. 2 Fetter Lane, London.
THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM
OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

MARCH, 1835.

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

MARION DE LORME.

(Illustrated by an authentic whole length Portrait, beautifully coloured.)

The drama of Marion de Lorme raised Victor Hugo to the first literary station in France; at the same time it revived the history of this erring and unfortunate beauty, and linked her name with a species of enchantment from the time of its representation. In consideration of our limited space, we shall, for the present, confine ourselves to the discussion of this drama, and a specimen of it: merely premising, in the way of explanation, that Marion was a female of low birth, who had risen to a bad eminence at the court of France by means of the passion with which she had inspired Cardinal Richelieu; that, at the time when her intrigues were producing the greatest scandal, she fell passionately in love with a young gentleman of small fortune, but high sense of honour; and finding that he scorned and loathed beauty when unaccompanied by virtue, she made a desperate struggle to regain the paths she had forsaken, and become worthy the love of an honourable man. This struggle forms the groundwork of Victor Hugo's tragedy; and the agonies by which the heart of Marion is purificed are certainly nobly defined. There is, too, a fine contrast between the characters of the lofty-minded and sternly moral Didier, and the gay, reckless, medlesome Saverny; perhaps the last was the most difficult, and required the greatest genius to draw. For the first three acts the reader is constantly provoked with Saverny, as the most impertinent coxcomb that ever troubled the scenes of a tragedy; but his character assumes depth and interest, and, as it unfolds, gradually captivates the reader by its generosity and intrepidity. The first act of Victor Hugo's tragedy shows Marion with much of her original character and way of life hanging about her. She has experienced the first feelings of love for Didier, by accidentally meeting him in Paris— as yet they have not spoken, and he is in utter ignorance of her course of life, but her beauty has made a powerful impression on his heart. Fearing that his passion will never be returned, he has withdrawn himself to Blois, whither Marion follows him, having stolen away from the cardinal and the court, and established herself privately in a retired house with only one female attendant. Here she improves her acquaintance with Didier; they meet and converse, and she grants him an interview at midnight; but, in the preceding day, she is discovered by one of her old admirers, Saverny, whose regiment has been ordered to Blois. Saverny pays her a most mal apropo visit that very evening;
Marion de Lorne.

(The First Act is at Blois.)

Scene I.

Marion's apartment: at the end of the stage a window opening on a balcony; on the right a table with a lamp, near it a fountail; to the left a door, over which falls a tapestry portière. Marion de Lorne, negligently attired, sits at the table working at her tapestry frame; near her the Marquis de Saverny, a fair young man, dressed in the extreme of the fashion of 1635.

Saverny (leaning towards her) — Let us be reconciled, Marie.

Marion — We will be reconciled a little further off.

If so it please you.

Sav. — What pretty scorn!

Disdained itself, its lovely on those lips.

Come, come, be placable.

(Trying to take her hand.)

Mar. — You forget yourself.

Sav. — Not so, my beauty; I remember —

Mar. (aside) — Troublesome, intolerable coxcomb!

Sav. — Nay, tell me, madam,

Wherefore you've fled from Paris? — for what reason

We've searched for you in vain at the Place Royale?

I find you here at Blois concealed. Ah, traitress!

For what have been hidden here these two months?


I am free, I suppose?

Sav. — Free! oh yes, madam!

But are those free whose hearts you've stolen away?

There's mine for one — there's Gondi's* for another —

* The Abbe Gondi, so famous afterwards, under the name of Cardinal de Retz, as the great agitator of the Fronde,
He, who, before us all, the other day,  
Skipped over half his mass, at the high altar,  
And made short work, having a duel on hand  
On your account, ungrateful as you are.  
Then since you vanished from amongst us,  
There's Nesmond, Pressigny, d'Arquien,  
Causade,  
Have been so ugly tempered, so morose,  
That e'en their very wives wish your return,  
To make their husbands less intolerable!  
Mar. (laughing)—And Beauvillain?  
Sav. —Nay, he detests you!  
Mar. —If he so asserts,  
He is the only one who truly loves me.  
But the old president—how is't that you're quite  
Forgotten him?  
Sav. —Oh! he still goes on—loving your portrait;  
But since your flight he's made an elegy,  
And sung it dolefully to that fair shadow.  
Mar. —Sure it is full two years since he began  
To love me thus—in effigy.  
Sav. —Now let me ask you,  
How you can coldly fly adoring hosts  
Of friends and lovers?  
Mar. (seriously, and lowering her eyes)—Marquis, I'll frankly tell you  
The cause of my retreat! On my awakened heart,  
These brilliant follies—these enticing sins,  
Have left a deep contusion, and I seek  
Some close retirement, perhaps the veil,  
Beneath whose sacred shelter I shall mourn  
The witeness of my youth.  
Sav. —Now do I believe  
Some planned intrigue beneath this feint he's hidden!  
Mar. —What matters your belief—I'd like to know?  
Sav. —Oh! I will give due courtesy of credence,  
To ought and all you please to invent;  
Provided only, Marion, that your fictions  
Bear countenance of probability:  
But to suppose you'll shroud beneath a veil  
The playful lightnings of those brilliant eyes,  
So splendid in their darkness, 'tis too much  
To expect from one who knows you. Come,  
you're in love  
With some one, whom you've followed to this province.  
Mar. (calling to her attendant)—Rose,  
what's the hour?  
Dame Rose (from within)—Well on to midnight.  
Mar. (aside)—Midnight!  
Sav.—So here's a subtle turn,  
As if to say, Away with you.  
Mar.—I live here retired;  
Unknown to all at Blois, and knowing no one—  
Besides, this street is lonely, fully of robbers,  
And those who walk it late may meet a mischief.  
Sav.—Well, I'll be robbed!  
Mar.—May be—assassinated!  
Sav.—They may assassinate me!  
Mar.—But—  
Sav.—You are divine, my beauty!  
But these devices will not rid you of me!  
I go not, Marie, till you frankly own  
Who is the happy swain who fills my place.  
Mar.—No one.  
Sav.—Come, I'll keep your secret!  
We of the court, 'tis true, have giddy heads,  
Are curious, rash, and meddlesome—yet  
We boast that we can keep a lady's council  
Whenever she confides to us—What, still silent?  
Then here I tarry. (Seats himself.)  
Mar.—Well, I care not  
Whoever knows it—you've guessed a right.  
I love another, and await his coming.  
Sav.—When?—and where?  
Mar.—Now, and in this room. (She goes to the balcony, and listens.)  
Perhaps he's here (returning). No, he comes not. (To Saverny.)  
Are you now satisfied?  
Sav.—Not much.  
Mar.—Depart, I pray you.  
Sav.—I'm going—but first name to me this gallant,  
For whom I'm driven away?  
Mar.—His name's Didier—that's all I know of him.  
My name's Marie—that's all he knows of me.  
Sav. (with a skunt of laughter)—Really and truly?  
Mar.—It is the simple fact.  
Sav.—Oh saints of heaven, here is a fine romance!  
Worthy the times of peer and paladin.  
But when your hero comes—deigns he to enter here  
Like humble me—or does he scale your window?  
Mar.—Perhaps—But now I've told you all—go quickly.  
Oh, how he worries me! (Aside)  
Sav.—At least you know  
Whether your lover's a real gentleman?  
Mar. (putting him gently to the door)—I know nothing about him.  
Sav. (returning)—Yet one word—  
I had forgotten—(taking a book from his bosom, and giving it to Marion)  
Here's a book,  
Writ by no vulgar hand—you're its heroine.  
Mar. (reading the title)—"The Garland of Love, to Marion de Lorme."  
Sav.—This "Garland" is the rage at Paris—that and the Cid—  
Nothing goes down but them.  
Mar. (taking the book)—Very gallant, indeed!  
And now good night! Rose, show the marquis down.  
Sav. (turning back)—Marion! Marion!  
Alas! she heeds me not. (He goes out.)  
Mar. (shutting the door on Saverny)—Oh! go—go—go!
Marion de Lorme.

Scene 2. (Marion alone.)
I dreaded lest Didier—
Hail! Midnight strikes! (she counts the strokes)
—Midnight!
And he not yet arrived.—(she goes to the
balcony, and looks into the street.)
No one is there! (She sits down on an
air of petulance.)
I’m not much used to wait a tardy lover!
(A young man appears on the balustrade of
the balcony, he clears it lightly, he throws
his sword and cloak on a chair. He is
dressed in black, in the costume of the
times. He makes a step forward, then
stops and gazes on Marion some instants,
who sits with her eyes solemnly fixed on
the ground. At last he looks up.)

Scene 3.
Mar. (reproachfully)—Oh! it is fine
To make me wait for you, and count the
clock!

Did. (gravely)—Some minutes past
Before I could persuade myself to mount
your balcony.

Mar. (pinned)—How so, monsieur?
Did.—Communing with myself
I stood beneath your walls, and thought
how pure,
How peacefully, in your first light of beauty,
You dwelt above. And shall I (was my
thought)—
Shall I, unworthy, pluck this virgin lily,
Trouble the freshness of this limpid fountain,
And send the sullying cloud of earthly
passion
O’er the calm azure of a spotless soul?

Mar. (aside)—Hey-day! here’s a fine moral
preachment!
Sure he’s some Huguenot!

Did.—I had resolved
To quit the dear temptation—to relinquish
The advantage that your innocent love had
given me;
When, through the darksome stillness of the
night,
I caught the magic sweetness of your voice:
Then all my scruples fled, and here I am!

Mar. (alarmed)—You heard me speak?
With whom?

Did.—Nay, I know not—another voice
replied
In deeper accents.

Mar. (quickly)—That was Dame Rosette,
My old attendant. I had been talking to her.
Her voice is rough and man-like. (Aside)—
’Tis well, Savery went
Out by the farthest door. Meantime, I’m
glad you came,
And left me not to weep and wait. Sit here.
(She shows a seat near her)

Did.—No, at your feet. (He seats himself
on a stool at the feet of Marion, and
contemplates her for some minutes
silently.)

Listen to me, Marie.
I have no name but Didier. I never knew
Father or mother—little owe I to them.
They laid me down, a poor forsaken babe,
On the church steps; there was I found,
Waiting and helpless, by an aged woman,
Of humble station. Out of Christian pity,
She took me, tended me, and cherished me;
Became both nurse and mother—at her death
She left me all she had—a thousand francs
In yearly rent; on which I’ve since lived
frugally,
But lone and cheerless, till my twentieth
year.
I travelled then—I saw my fellow-creatures,
And found the more I knew, the less I loved
them—
For on that mirror called the human face,
I saw but pride, despair, and misery:
And some I hated, and the rest despised:
So now you see me, young in years, ‘tis true,
Yet old in feeling—finding the world bad,
But mankind worse, I shunned my species,
And lived on joylessly, sad, poor, and
desolate,
Without a gleam of comfort, till I knew you;
When, angel-like, you broke across my
heart,
And with your seraph beauty cheered my
life.
I met you first in Paris, oft encountered you
At the same turn of the street; and when I
found,
From day to day, I lived but on the hope
Of these same mute encounters, where as
yet
Our eyes but spoke of love, I took the
alarm,
Dreading the growth of passion without
hope—
I fled from Paris, hoping to forget you.
Strange chance! I find you here; then break-
ing down
All scruples, all resolves, I spoke to you;
I found you gracious—now dispose of me.
I, to your will, devote my life, my being—
Speak! tell me you accept it!

Mar. (smiling)—How strange you are!
How singular a creature! different
From all I ever heard, or ever thought of:
Yet, as you are, I love you!

Did.—You love me! Oh! take heed you
utter not
Those words of awful import with light
meaning—
You love me! Can you, then, think what
‘tis to love
With that intense devotion, whose clear
flame,
Ever increasing, purifies the soul?
And in the close recesses of the heart
Burns the vain fragments of all other pas-
sions,
Yet, in its own deep happiness, is mourn-
ful.
Say, can you love me, with a love like this?

Mar.—Indeed!

Did.—Oh! you know it not!
Your soft, serene existence could not bide
The depth and fervour of the ardent fire
Marion de Lorne.

That beats in every vein which feeds my life.
You rise before my fancy, like some spirit
Purer than earth can own; you render bright
The life against which my thankless heart
Rebelled.
That life has been a charmed one since you
Blessed me
With your angelic presence; for till I saw
You
I'd struggled and I'd suffered—but ne'er
Loved!
Mar.—Poor Didier!
Did.—Marie!
Mar.—Indeed, indeed, I love you!
Yes, I do love you—e'en as you love me—
More, more, perhaps! Our fate is one,
And I am all your own!
Did. (kneeling)—Oh! deceive me not;
For if to my deep love a love as pure re
Sponds
The world itself could not suffice to dower it.
Thus at your feet my days will still flow on,
All joy, delight, and bliss—but, oh! deceive
Me not!
Mar.—Nay, name your test, and if I
Swear from it!—
Did.—I need not ask you if your hand is
Free?
Mar. (embarrassed)—Why—yes.
Did.—Then be my wife.
Mar. (aside)—Oh! why am I unworthy
Of his love?
Did.—You hesitate. Oh, I comprehend!
The offer is presumptuous—from an orphan
Foundling!
Nay, 'tis too bold; I'll rid you of my pre
Sence
And of all impertinence—Adieu!
(He turns to go.)
Mar. (holding him)—Didier! Didier! what mean you?
(She bursts into tears.)
Did.—Pardon (taking her hand)—
But wherefore hesitate. Know'st thou not, Marie,
We to each other are a world—a country—
A heaven! Why turn away and weep,
When we may be so blest?
Mar. (breaking from him)—Wretch that I am!
We may not—never!
Did.—Oh, I am once more answered!
I'll speak no more—forget I ever urged
A scorned, unwelcome suit—I go.
Mar. (aside)—Ah! this is agony!
(Aloud)—You know not how you rend my heart—
Hear me explain to you.
Did. (turning haughtily from her)—What
Were your studies, madam,
When I arrived?
(He takes the book from the table and reads
"The Garland of Love, of Marion de Lorne.")
(Bitterly)—Oh, yes! the beauty of the day!—(Flinging
the book on the ground violently.)
Vilest of creatures—worst among women!
Mar. (trembling)—Monsieur!
Did.—Who brought this infamous book?
How came it here?
Mar. (fearfully, with downcast eyes)—
By chance, I—
Did.—What should you know—you,
Whose candid brow
And innocent glances speak a mind en
Dowed
With fairest chastity—what should you
Know
Of such as her, and of such love as her's?
Marion de Lorne! why, 'tis a name
Of darkest infancy, borne by a woman
Of peerless beauty, but of heart deformed.
A Phryné, who sells love to all mankind—
Her love were shame and horror!
Mar. (sinking into a chair, and covering
Her face with her hands)—Oh! mercy! mercy!
(Steps are heard beneath the balcony, and
The clash of swords; then the cry)
Muder!
Did.—What is this cry?
(They cries continue.)
Help! murder!
Did. (looking from the balcony)—Some
One is being murdered.
(He snatches his sword and gets on the
Balustrade. Marion flies to him, and
Holds him by the cloak.)
Mar.—Stay, if you love me!
They will kill you, Didier!
Did. (leaping into the street)—I bring
You help,
Hold firm, monsieur!
(Clash of swords below.)
Did. (without)—Strike home!
Have at you, wretches!
(Uproar of voices and steps, and clash of
Swords beneath.)
Mar. (looking from the balcony)—Oh,
Heavens! six against two!
Voice in the street—But this man is the
Devil!
(The clamour ceases by degrees; steps are
Heard running away. Didier re-appears
On the balcony: he turns, and speaks to
Some one in the street.)
I've got you clearly off; now hasten home.
Sav. (without)—What! without thanking you,
Or seeing who I thank; that were ungrate
Ful.
Did.—Away with you, while you are safe:
I'll quit you of your gratitude.
Sav.—Nay, I will thank you!
(He climbs the balcony.)
Did. (trying to put him down)—Yes! but
You mount not here; and if you are
So willful in your thankfulness, speak below.
(They struggle.)
Scene 4.
Sav. (leaps into the room)—Pardi,—here
Is a tyranny!
To save my life, and put me to the door—
(That is to say) the window. No! never.
Marion de Lorne.

Shall I be saved by a brave gentleman,
Without even saying—Marquis—
—Tell me the name your called by, monsieur?
Did.—Didier.
Sav.—Didier of what.*
Did.—Didier of nothing.
All you need know of me is, that I succoured you.
All that I know of you is, that you're safe,
And that I wish you gone.
Sav.—Fine manners, truly.
Now I'd as lief been killed before your door,
As to be hampered with an obligation
To such a churlish spirit. On my faith,
Without you I were dead. Six thieves!
Six rascals!
Yes—six stout poniards against one slight sword!
Your valiant arm prevailed above such odds,
And now you'll not be thanked! Ah!
(Perceiving Marion, who strives to avoid his notice;)
Here is the cause my presence was unwelcome;
I interrupt, it seems, a tender interview.
Forgive me, pry'hee! (Aside)—I swear I'll see the lady!
And I should know this room. Why, 'tis the same!
(Approaching Marion, and recognising her;)
So it is you, Marie; and this is him
Of whom you spake e'en now!
Mar. (whispering)—You are destroying me!
Sav.—How?
Mar.—I never loved till now!
Did. (scowling at them sternly)—On my soul!
This man surveys her with unblushing glances!
(He overturns the lamp with a blow of his fist.)
Sav.—How now? you've put us in eclipse!
Where is the lamp?
Did.—Out; and we'll begone anon.
Let us depart together.
Sav.—You're blunt and sudden.
Did.—Tis my humour.
Sav.—A rude one 'tis, methinks; yet let that pass.
I owe my life to you: should you e'er want
A friend at any time, ask at the Hôtel de Nesle,
At Paris, for one Gaspard de Saverny.

* The territorial appellation pertaining in France and Scotland to the higher classes, and shown in French, by the significant de, in itself a title of nobility, is here intended for by the aristocratic Saverny of his nameless rival; and the institutions of the ancien régime are briefly given by the genius of Victor Hugo, in the abrupt question of "Didier de quoi?" and the republican spirit, in the blunt reply, "Didier de rien." It is one of those national traits that are scarcely translatable.

Did.—Good.
Sav.—Adieu, madam! I take my leave,
As if we were at play at hood-man blind,
For so your strange guest wills it.
Did. (aparti to her)—Aye!
To shield your beauty from a coxcomb's gaze.
Farewell! but speak not to that man!
(They descend from the balcony. He speaks without to Saverny.)
Your way is there; and mine lies opposite.

SCENE 5.
Mar.—Dame Rose—
(Marion remains a moment in reverie, then points to the window)—
Shut it. (She weeps.)
Dame Rose—It is the hour of rest, madam.
Mar.—Yes; 'tis your hour.
(She unbinds her hair.)
Dame Rose (assisting her)—Well, madam,
Your guest this evening seems to have stolen your smiles;
Was he rich?—noble?
Mar.—No.
Dame Rose—Gallant?
Mar.—No (turning earnestly to Dame Rose), Rose, he has not even kissed my hand.
Rose—What does he here then?
Mar. (pensively)—I love him.
(End of Scene.)

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

We conclude, at present, with this specimen from the celebrated drama, of which Marion de Lorne is the heroine. It is our intention to continue the subject by a regular memoir of such particulars of her life as tradition and history furnish, when the reader may compare how far the great French dramatist has been indebted to history, and how far he has drawn on his own imagination.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

The dress in which Marion chose to be depicted, if not remarkable for the heavy magnificence peculiar to the seventeenth century, it must be allowed, is exceedingly becoming to a dark-haired beauty with a delicate complexion. Her only jewels are a single row of large pearls round the throat, and two rows of the same round each wrist. Her head has no ornament, excepting her long dark curls, which fall on her shoulders, after being carelessly knotted at the back of her head. She is dressed in a trained gown of pale pink satin: the corsage is gathered in full flutes round the waist and bosom, and is finished round the bust by a species of falling tucker made of the finest French lawn, a transparen


The Sleeping Babe.—A Tale of the Essex Coast.

muslin made of the same material as French cambric. The upper sleeves are of pink satin, and reach to the elbow, large, full, and plain. Full sleeves of French lawn meet the upper sleeve at the elbow, and reach in large puffs down to the middle of the lower arm, where it is carelessly tied with a black ribbon, and terminates in a round ruffle of point lace. The skirt is round, and very fully gathered about the waist en blouse; it is cut into a train with a most graceful sweep, which we could recommend to our modern modesty. The skirt is trimmed with three beautiful borders of point lace, which follow the form of the train very elegantly, and nearly reach to the knees. In one hand she holds a rose, and in the other a large fan. The shoes are white, and of the modern form.

THE SLEEPING BABE.

A mother!—oh! it is a name of love;
What heavenly thoughts the very accent wakes!
That fond word seems to wing us, far above
This cline of sin. In infancy she takes
Us in her arms, and clasps us to her heart,
E’en till adversity that kind heart breaks.
A mother and her child—oh! who can part?
Methinks I see her as the cradle shakes,
Looking with anxious gaze upon the face
Of her first-born.—Affection dims her eyes—
Its father’s image, now she tries to trace,
And mingles kisses with its stifled sighs.
Oh! who can tell a mother’s tender joy,
When kneeling by her sleeping baby boy?

Enfield, January, 1893.

E. G.

A TALE OF THE ESSEX COAST

"Tis night but gloom around; the darken’d sun
Loses his light; the rosy-bosom’d spring
To weeping fancy pines, and won bright arch
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
She alone
Heard, seen, and felt, possesses every thought."

Thomson’s Seasons.

During an evening walk upon the esplanade of the pretty and retired little sea-port town of Harwich, I chanced to fall into conversation with a gentleman, occupied in the same way, and who, I soon discovered, was, like myself, a summer sojourner. The path we took led us to the light-house, and thence we continued our walk along the cliffs, beneath which lay the mighty ocean, as a slumbering giant: not a breeze flitted over its mirror-like surface; and the music of the wavelets, impelled onwards by the tide, alone disturbed the sweet, yet awful stillness which prevailed on all sides: the fishermen had ceased their labours, and we were alone upon the heights.

Such is not a time for conversation; the serenity of nature creeps upon the mind and lulls it into quietude—into a stillness, as deep and soothing as its own. In almost unbroken silence, we arrived at a battery which crowns the highest point of the cliff, and here we paused to survey the moonlit prospect.

As we were about to turn homewards, my new acquaintance desired me to notice a sort of beacon raised on the sands, over which the tide was fast creeping; "for," said he, "it stands by a grave! and if you please, in our walk to the town, I will relate the tale connected with it." He added, with deep emotion, "I am now a stranger here, and known to no one; but Harwich was once my home—it is my birth-place, and the scene of many a dear and pleasing recollection."

Without any farther remarks, my companion commenced—
William Green was the son of parents who had once held a respectable station in society: but an evil destiny overtook them; misfortune succeeded misfortune, and they soon became familiar with poverty and want. At this period, William, the subject of my story, was rising towards manhood. From his earliest youth, he was remarkable for a reserved and serious disposition; he found but little pleasure in the ordinary pastimes of childhood, and rarely associated in their frolics with boys of his own age. His delight was to wander alone by the sea-shore, or to range through the fields and meadows, rapt in meditations, of which no one divined the cause; and here, where we are walking, was one of his favourite haunts. For hours together he would lay extended along the scarp of the battery, or stand, apparently lost within himself, leaning upon one of the guns which at that time were mounted upon its ramparts. Some persons thought his brain affected, and all concurred in deeming him a singular being. He was naturally serious and thoughtful, but it was soon evident that his sensitive mind had been worked on by some secret spell, that it had received an impression which its susceptibility promised to render abiding. His natural traits became more strongly marked; his seriousness sank into melancholy, and where he had been thoughtful, he now was inattentive and absent; but to these qualities, he added a firmness, approaching to obstinacy, and a courage which neither difficulties nor danger could subdue.

Should you consider it possible that a youth, who had barely reached fifteen years of age, could, for some years past, have been tasting of the sorrows and the torments of love, unmixt with its delights? In reality, this boy had; though even to himself his passion was only known by its effects.

About this time, William was sent by his parents to try his fortune on the ocean. He was provided with a situation on board a vessel, which sailed from his own port, and his voyages seldom extended farther than to some part of the British coasts, or to the opposite shores of Holland and Flanders.

In this way he passed rather more than two years; nothing occurred to alter either his situation or his disposition; he was still poor and melancholy, and the cause of his dejection appeared to acquire strength with time. His passion, however, was no longer that of a boy, it had risen as he rose; the fire did not consume itself—it was self-existent, and acquired fresh vigour the longer it burned. Alas! in love we are all children; it humbles the haughty, it unmans even the brave, and rules its votaries with the arbitrary hand of an unfeeling despot. Poor Green had very early discovered this; and had felt in all its intensity, the power of the blind, yet mighty, divinity.

I will now briefly describe to you the object of his youthful passion. She was a young lady residing in the town, and the daughter of one of its most opulent and haughty families; and to render the dissimilarity between them still more striking, her age was between three and four years in advance of Green’s. This was very material, when we consider their respective ages.

I shall not entertain you with a string of common-places in describing her beauty: suffice it to say, that those charms which could fire the heart of a child, and at the same time melt the snows of age, must have been uncommon! indeed, a more divine creature never appeared to cheer our dull earth, and to give to man a foretaste of Elysium. Her shape was elegantly tall; her demeanour was in the highest degree bland and amiable; and add to this, that she was very rich, which, notwithstanding what romances may affect, has a powerful influence in all sublunary matters.

If you are at all acquainted with the society of small and remote towns, it will be no difficult matter to picture to yourself the immense distance which these young persons were placed apart, and of the little probability which existed of their ever finding an opportunity to converse with each other. Strange though it may appear, up to this time not a word had passed between them; and yet a lady, rich, beautiful, and young, admired and courted by all, regarded the poor sailor boy with feelings very different from those of coolness or indifference. The eye had hitherto been their only means of communication; but well had that of Green told the tale of his heart, and the lady had never turned from his glance with scorn or repugnance. They rarely met; but when it happened, the
A Tale of the Essex Coast.

Youth's delight was more than reflected in the countenance of the beautiful Sarah Coswell.

For years the parents of the young lady were ignorant of this strange, yet mutual, attachment; their pride would not have brooked its continuance for an hour; but its improbability rendered them blind to its workings, even after its traces had become apparent to strangers.

Towards the close of the summer of ——, Green had returned to his native place from a voyage to Hamburg; every hour he had to spare was spent in his favourite occupations, wandering along the cliffs and reposing by the battery, communing in imagination with the idol of his soul, and sometimes flattering himself, that the realization of his hopes was not altogether impossible. Accident, at last, overcame a difficulty, which, most probably, his diffidence would have hindered him from ever surmounting. He was standing leaning against the gate which we have just passed, as usual, sank in thought, when, hearing a footstep approaching, he turned; and who could picture his conflicting emotions, as he perceived, standing by his side and waiting to pass through the gate, her whom he had long worshipped at a distance, but had often despaired of ever being able to approach. She was alone, and both were alike embarrassed. For some few minutes they stood gazing on each other, apparently deprived of speech and motion; but at length, overcome by an apprehension that the lady might hasten away, and that the opportunity, if now neglected, would never again occur, the youth threw himself to her feet, and in the passionate and untutored language of nature, he poured out his soul before her. An appeal which goes from heart to heart can rarely be withstood.

"Oh! lady," he exclaimed, "turn not from me; spurn not the poor boy whom your frown would drive to madness: pardon my daring presumption, and tell me, oh! tell me, that the dreams of my childhood and my youth shall not be dissipated as the mere dictates of aspiring folly! I am poor and mean; I have nothing but my love to give, and that is yours—yours for ever!"

"Unhappy boy," she answered, "you have my pity: deeply do I commiserate your sufferings; but what, oh! what can I do to assuage them? You are fully aware of my situation in life, and you cannot be wholly ignorant of the disposition of my parents. Alas! I tremble for us both, but more for you—lest a knowledge of this interview should reach them; their anger, be assured, would suggest some desperate expedient to prevent its recurrence; and my heart tells me—and why should I scruple to make the acknowledgment—that you are dear, very dear to me; by far too much so for my future happiness. But I must hasten home: farewell, and may Heaven preserve and bless you! If I am dear to you, oh! promise obedience to my only request—endeavour to forget me!"

"Lady! lady! do not leave me to despair."

"My heart bleeds for you; but fate appears to have doomed us to misery— you, however, may be happy, by forgetting me."

"Never! never!" he cried; "as well might you bid this mighty ocean to sink into its bed and disappear: my prospect is limited to two objects—you or death!"

Moved by the violence of his emotion and his despair, the weeping girl sank into his arms, and resting on his bosom, whispered—"Spare me, dear youth, O spare me; I am overpowered with mingled joy and sorrow: I feel that the affection of years has made me yours— I am yours alone, and for ever! the active principle, so long hidden in the recesses of my heart, bursts forth and overpowers me—but let us part: we will meet again on the morrow." William led Miss Coswell to the termination of the cliff, where they parted, fearful that they might be observed by going farther together; and he returned to the place where he had first whispered the accents of love, and which had become to him a sacred spot, an altar worthy to witness his worship.

Never was change more sudden than that which had taken place in William Green: his phlegmatic habits, nurtured for years, had disappeared in a moment; melancholy had given place to glad anticipation, and he fairly shed tears of joy as he pressed his bosom to the spot where the object of his adoration had fallen into his arms. He allowed several hours to pass before he thought of returning to his home, and with difficulty could he tear himself from the birth-place of his happiness. At length the approach of
morning compelled him to retire, and he sought his bed, to muse upon his present bliss, which the ensuing evening promised to perfect.

The day was long and wearisome, but evening came at last, and glowing with hope and delight, William hastened to the appointed place. He had not long to wait, for the gentle girl was punctual, and her joy at their meeting was fully equal to his own. They did not reflect that yesterday beheld the commencement of their actual acquaintance; they viewed each other as old and cherished friends, whom adverse circumstances had long kept apart; formal reserve was laid aside, and two fond hearts, which had long in secret pined for each other, were now united. How soon is a summer sky overcast; the sweetest calm is oft the harbinger of the devastating hurricane.

Linked fondly hand in hand, their souls feasting on the supreme and inexpressible delights of first and reciprocal love, which banished from before their eyes every difficulty, and wafting their spirits above the earth, placed them in an Elysium where nought but happiness abounded: in this manner were they proceeding along the path which we have now taken, when they were suddenly assailed by a band of armed ruffians, who rushed upon them, sword in hand, from their lurking place. The timid girl, with a piercing shriek, sank to the ground insensible. William, who deemed her the object of their attack, stood over her ten times more furious than the cubsless tiger. Having wrested a cutlass from the first assailant, he dealt his blows around with such desperation and deadly effect, that in less than five minutes four of the twelve villains lay disabled at his feet, and two or three more had received desperate wounds, which drove them howling from the cowardly affray. Numbers at last prevailed, and William sank down by the side of her he defended, conquered and frightfully wounded. The lady was borne away, covered with the blood of her loved hero, and of those whom he had made to bleed in defending her; he himself was left upon the field as dead, no one taking the trouble to examine into his condition.

These fellows, it appears, who had so rudely broken the lovers’ dreams of bliss, formed that ready instrument of tyranny, a press-gang; but their rencontre with Green was not accidental. Some vile spy had watched the lovers on the preceding evening, and had reported his observations to the young lady’s father. His pride could not brook the idea of his daughter meeting and conversing with a young sailor, poor and obscure; he resolved that their intimacy should at once be put an end to; and he saw no means so effectual for accomplishing his purpose, as causing Green to be impressed and sent upon some distant service. The crew of ruffians accordingly received instructions to lay in wait for him, and you have heard the result.

I need not attempt to describe to you the anguish of the young lady on recovering her senses; she only remembered the fact of the men rushing upon them, and was quite ignorant of the fate of her gallant youth; but the blood which had saturated her dress, told a fearful tale. She believed him dead; and the cruelty which in this case accompanied parental pride, allowed her to remain in suspense.

Poor Green lay for two or three hours, bleeding and insensible, on the same spot where but the evening before he had revelled in happiness, and looked forward to the future with hope and delight. Death would inevitably have been his portion, for life was fast fleeting with his blood, had not a party of smugglers, engaged in their illicit avocation, chanced to pass by the spot where he lay. They commiserated his condition, and deputed three of their body to bear him to a place of safety. He was taken to one of their caves beneath the cliff, and here they tended him with more care and attention than could have been expected from such careless and hardened characters. For some time his state was considered imminently dangerous, and it will be supposed that his entertainers did not possess any very high degree of surgical skill, but they certainly did their best for him; and eventually, nature, unaided, except by a sound and hardy constitution, partially restored him to health.

At this time he would fain have left the smugglers, but necessity compelled him to become a member of their gang. In the first place, they would have been very unwilling to allow him to depart after having become acquainted with their haunts; but there was a still more formidable obstacle—one of the men belonging to the press-gang had died of his wounds, and a large reward was offered for the ap-
prehension of him, who was styled his murderer, though, as you are aware, all he had done was in self-defence. Under these circumstances, he deemed it not only most prudent, but absolutely necessary, to remain with those to whom he was indebted for his life.

In the smugglers’ cave, however, he was miserable and deserted; he beheld himself, and by no act of his own, an outlaw, banished from society; and the thought of her he had so long and ardently loved, almost bereaved him of understanding. His present condition of life presented a bar, infinitely more difficult to surmount, than any other which fate had placed in his way; poverty was not invincible, but crime and degradation, even though an unwilling victim, he believed would eternally separate him from her, on whom all his hopes were centred, and even his existence depended. He joined in the desperate adventures of his party, and was ever foremost in their dangerous exploits; in fact, he found in such excitement relief, and it gained him authority amongst the smugglers, but as soon as it was over, he again sank into the deepest melancholy: he always kept aloof from the orgies of his comrades, and the circle which the hardy desperadoes formed around the cavern fire seldom contained him: he listened to their stirring tales of danger, and oft-times of blood, with indifference; one object alone engaged his attention! Sometimes he would steal out during the night to revisit the spot where he first met, and where he believed he had also for ever parted, with his adored girl; and once or twice, disguised, he ventured into the town, and paced for hours beneath the window of the room in which he considered that she was reposing. The last link was now about to be added to his chain of sorrows.

Miss Coswell, as I have informed you, was carried insensible to her father’s house after the affray with the press-gang, and here she experienced much harshness on the part of her family, who thought their pride wounded and their dignity lowered by her conduct. This, added to the anguish which she felt on account of Green, and to the shock which she had received on the sad evening which had blasted her fondest hopes, gave a blow to her constitution from which it never recovered. Suspense, too, with all its horrors, preyed upon her heart; for, notwithstanding the ardour and daring of William, she was so well guarded, that they found it impossible to communicate with each other. Day after day her eye was perceived to grow more dim, and the rosy hue of health gradually fled from her cheek; a canker had seized on the floweret, and its fresh beauties were withering, its perfume was departing away.

The haughty father marked the sad change in his daughter, nor could he be ignorant of its cause; she was dear to his heart, but pride was his ruling passion. As he became alarmed for her safety, every means which affection could suggest were called to aid her recovery; all, however, were vain: an iron was in her heart, which one alone could withdraw; and he, alas! was a fugitive from society, an outlaw, and stigmatised as a murderer! The old gentleman perceived this, but yet he did not despair: his ingenuity suggested a method at once to preserve his daughter, and to gratify his favourite inclination. An old man, in the last stage of life’s winter, believed that he could prescribe for a maiden whom love was fast hurrying to the grave, and his recipe was a husband!

There was no difficulty in finding one to his mind, for many amongst the wealthy and the noble were suitors for the hand of the peerless Sarah Coswell. His choice fell upon Sir William Ascourt, and that because he was deemed the richest of those who came to sigh at the feet of his daughter: all besides, that regards his adopted, may be stated in a few words,—his age was near sixty, and he was, in every respect, an exhausted debauchee.

It was not deemed necessary by either party to request the consent of the unfortunate young lady to this arrangement: her father never dreamt but that his will would be her law; and in truth it ever was so. When it was made known to her, she submitted without a murmur; she did not think it worth while to dispute her father’s last request, for she felt assured that gaunt death would be her only bridegroom, and the grave her nuptial couch. Her father, with all his singularity, certainly loved her, and this seeming obedience rendered her still more dear to him. Her intended husband gave her very little trouble: he did not appear to care much for the jewel,
now he imagined that he had won it, and very seldom called to see her; and when he did, her increasing illness generally prevented her from leaving her chamber.

The day appointed for her nuptials, however, was drawing nigh, and her condition was not materially altered: sorrow, evidently, had almost performed its fatal work, but the wretched girl only regretted that its completion was so long delayed. The day at last arrived, and more dead than living, she was borne, apparently quite unconscious as to what was taking place, to the very sanctuary where first she had seen the youth for whom she died. It is needless to dwell long here: too many, alas! are the victims sacrificed on the foul altars of avarice and ambition. She was carried by her attendants to the altar, but, on arriving there, exhausted nature gave way, and she became insensible; she was soon, however, recovered, but her senses appeared sunk into an awful stupor; she did as she was desired, unconscious as an automaton; and Sir William Ascourt received a bride whom it was evident a very few hours would release from his hateful embrace.

This business had been conducted with the utmost imaginable secrecy; scarcely half a dozen persons had suspected that such a step was contemplated up to the moment of its taking place. Mr. Coswell was too well aware of the daring disposition of Green, and of the desperate character of his associates, willingly to allow any tiding of his intention to reach him before their completion: his daughter married, he imagined that he should have nothing farther to fear. He did not calculate on the danger of driving to despair a soul even more haughty than his own, and determined in resolution and prompt in action.

An agent from the town arrived at the smugglers' retreat on this eventful day, and about two hours after its consummation, Green heard the first tidings of an event which reduced him to that condition in which death is heaven's best boon, and the grave a paradise. However, he bore the intelligence as became a man! his face betrayed no symptom of suffering, but in his heart there raged a volcano—a very hell! He became thoroughly reckless and desperate, and silently breathed and prepared for revenge.

I have before stated that Green had acquired some influence amongst the smugglers by his daring spirit; he was now determined to employ this for the accomplishment of his purposes. He also possessed, in case of necessity, another means of gaining the aid of his comrades: during the time he had been with the smugglers, they had been uncommonly successful in their adventures, but their gains had all been squandered in drunkenness and debauchery; he had carefully hoarded his share, expecting that it might be found available on some occasion, and he did not doubt but that his pounds would purchase the services of those who daily risked their lives for the gain of a few shillings. Some little address, however, was necessary to win them over to his wishes, and for the first time in his life he stooped to the employment of deceit.

As soon as he found a tolerable party of his comrades assembled, he opened the subject to them. "Shipmates," said he, "don't you think it would be a good plan to have an agent of ours over at Dunkirk or Flushing, to buy up goods for our boats, against the time they arrived there? Depend on it, much time would be saved, and trouble, expense, and even danger avoided by such an arrangement?"

"Good!" "capital!" "right!" and such like exclamations, burst from his auditors. He continued—

"If you agree to this proposal, I have no objection to take the place myself, and will commence business as soon as you please."

Such was the estimation in which he was held by the gang, that no one objected to his offer.

"Well, then, as we have a boat to sail for Flushing at high water, which is about twelve to night, I'll take a trip over in her; but I don't intend to go alone. You must know, shipmates, that there was a sort of an agreement between me and a daughter of old 'Squire Coswell.——Here he was interrupted by a rough, hoary, old fellow, who stood paying the deepest attention to what was going on, with a couple of kgs of Geneva swung across his shoulders, bawling out——"I say, Will, arn't that the same old chap what sent my chum, Dick Rivers, to Botany Bay?"

Being assured it was the same, Green was allowed to continue.
"Somehow or other, they managed this morning to splice the young lady to an old——"

"No reflections on age!" roared his former interpreter.

"To one she hates, then! and I know 'twas against her own consent, so 'twill be no sin to part them; and I want you, my boys, to lend me a hand with her on board our light galley."

"To be sure we will!" was the universal exclamation; and Bob Rivers (a brother to Dick) added—"Yes! and we'll take her old dad at the same time, and leave him at the half-way house with Davy Jones."

"Bravo!" cried more than one voice.

Poor Green, who had made no ordinary exertion to enable himself to sustain this conversation, assured them that they had better dispense with the old man's company, and they parted for the present.

Between nine and ten o'clock the gang were again assembled, ready for their intended enterprise. The night was particularly favourable, being as dark and stormy as a smuggler could desire. Well armed, they sallied forth, Green leading the way; to whom, perhaps, it is due to state, that he was ignorant of Miss Coswell's illness, and was himself in a condition which renders the mind incapable of reflection.

The distance from their hiding-place to the town being very trifling, they soon reached their destination. On their way, a sort of council of war had been held, to decide on the most prudent method of attack: an assault was preferred; a summons of surrender, it was feared, would give time for effectual opposition to be prepared, and a stratagem might possibly miscarry. They had learnt by a spy, that the young lady was still at her father's house—indeed, her alarming illness had prevented a removal—and they commenced operations the moment they arrived upon the ground. The party was divided, and one division went to the back of the house, while the others sought to force open the doors and windows in front. They experienced, however, a much more strenuous opposition than was expected, for the house was full of guests, who had met to celebrate the nuptials of her, whose death they might almost expect to have to deplore ere they separated. The hall at last was gained, but here the guests and servants grappled hand to hand with the smugglers; swords and pistols were freely used, but scarcely could they either be heard or seen in the tumult: blood was flowing on both sides, and the issue appeared doubtful.

At this moment an apparition, for such it was deemed by all, glided in between the combatants; and had instant annihilation overtaken them, more complete and sudden silence could not have followed the fearful uproar. It was the dying girl; she had risen from her couch, roused by the shrieks which the din of arms could not silence, and terror supported her worn-out frame: but her snow-white dress was seen to be stained with blood, which streamed from her heart—as she rushed towards the fray, a ball had pierced her bosom! She turned, stretched her arms towards Green, and fell dead at his feet!

The smugglers, hard and savage as they were, were overcome by this fearful spectacle, and took to flight. Green stood gazing on the lifeless angel at his feet, in a stupor of despair and agony: his powers, if not his reason, were recalled, by his being seized by some of the bystanders—madness had come over him—he shook them off with a strength more than his own; then seized a pistol, and wildly exclaiming, "Neither heaven nor hell again shall part us!" placed it on his heart, fired, and in a moment lay dead by her side. Thus at last were they united—although in death.

Little more remains to say—Green was a suicide, and, influenced by prejudice and bigotry, a jury returned a verdict which consigned his remains to unhalowed ground. He rests by the beacon I pointed out to you, and those billows he so fearlessly braved, roll daily over his head—but their conflict disturbs not his slumber! Often, ere the stream of life bore me away from these loved shores—my birth-place, and the dear home of my youth—have I mused away a lonely hour upon those cliffs, and a tear would sometimes bespeak my commiseration for those faithful hearts whose last throbs beat responsive, for those fond beings whose souls, for ever united, together sought the regions of blissful and everlasting rest.

W. L. G.
THE STORM.

(A Fragment.)

"Quocunque aperies, nihil est nisi pontus et aere:
Nubibus hic tumidus, fluctibus ille minax."—Ov.  

* * *

The calm blue sea and cloudless sky,
Propitious winds proclaim that nigh
Is home, and friends, and danger o'er,
Our native land in view once more.
Home of our childhood—of our birth,
Best lov'd of all the shores on earth;
"Fair clime, each season seems to smile,
Benignant o'er thy blessed isle."

* * *

The calm 'tis broke, yon dark, black cloud,
With fresh'ning gale and Boreas loud,
Asks of the sailor on the main,
When will you view your home again?
The thunder rolls—the light'nings flash—
The waves against the vessel dash;
Wave rolls on wave, the silv'ry spray
In mock'ry seems 'mid air to play;
The vessel's cast from side to side
Amid the foaming ocean's tide.

* * *

Cries rend the air, we're lost!—we're lost!
On mountain waves the vessel's lost—
A shriek is heard—their fate is o'er—
The bark has sunk to rise no more.
In wat'ry grave, all, all! now sleep,
No stone to tell (no willows weep
Above) their grave—their spirits fled,
Wake not till "seas give up their dead."

Wiseton, Jan. 26, 1835. J. C. H.

THE WATER-DEVIL.

BY EDWARD LANCASTER, AUTHOR OF THE "LAST OF THE BURNINGS."

"These are Clan Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon—T, am Roderick Dhu!"—Lady of the Lake.

[The chief fact of this tale has been told, long since, in France; but in its new form, it may still, we hope, amuse our readers who have not heard it.]

In the year 1815, during the eventful "Hundred Days" of the reign of Napoleon Buonaparte, subsequent to his escape from Elba, when war and its contingent horrors spread dismay and anarchy over the continent, my most intimate friend, Lemond Bartlett, and myself made a pilgrimage to Hythe, which at that period was all life and bustle, from the spur given to it by passing events. With a total unconcern regarding the affairs of our Gallic neighbours, we abandoned ourselves to one object—PLEASURE!

One day (a day I shall never forget) we had resolved to take a water excursion towards Dover, in order to witness the embarkation of some cavalry troops; on which occasion, it was reported, Queen Elizabeth’s "pocket pistol" would be fired by way of parting salute. Intending to return ere sunset, we merely
The Water-D devil.

stowed away a few biscuits and a slice or two of beef in our little skiff, as we thought but of enjoying the present hour. At about two o'clock P.M. we embarked, unfurled our sails to a brisk breeze, and in twenty minutes found ourselves two or three miles out at sea: so delightful was this novel situation, that we became induced to change our determination, and push yet farther from shore, in preference, as originally intended, to make in for Dover. We went on well enough for three quarters of an hour, when, to our dismay, the wind unexpectedly changed and freshened into a powerful gale, blowing directly towards France. With imprecations on our folly and conceit in venturing to sea without a person properly experienced to steer, we proceeded to tack, but, owing to the unskilful manner in which this manoeuvre was attempted, brought the sail full in the wind's teeth, and it was instantly shivered into a thousand splits. "Good bye to us!" cried Lennord, resigning the rudder in despair, which made our little vessel dart from side to side with every wave. "Reserve your dying speech till the time comes," cried I, springing aft and seizing the oar tiller—"cut away the mast, and take to your oar whilst I make fast the helm, for see the French shore appears rapidly, and we are running into the lion's very jaws!"—"Which will close like a guillotine upon us," growled Bartlett, as he actively obeyed my instructions.

The sea now assumed a threatening appearance, wave soared above wave, as if emulous to reach the darkening sky, and broke furiously over our defenceless forms; death in a thousand shapes appeared hovering around, as with phrensi ed efforts we strove to pull in a contrary direction to that in which the ocean drove us; but all in vain, our utmost strength was only sufficient to keep the bark steady, and delay our progress for a short time. We became nearly blind with the splashing of the spray in our eyes, and fatigue paralyzed our exertions. With evening the weather grew worse—a dense mist filled the air, and heavy rain fell upon us. Lightning and loud thunder increased the terrors of the scene, and seemed to announce that our last moments were at hand. Still I would not suffer my energies to slacken; and as for Bartlett, he was never more animated—now baling out the water, then shouting aloud for assistance, till his voice cracked, and anon, backing with unabated exertion my endeavours to row—all was, however, vain: we were carried by an irresistible force towards France, until about five in the morning, when our vessel shipped a heavy sea, struck against a rock, and sunk. Hunger and fatigue had scarce left us power to swim, and we should inevitably have gone to the bottom, had not a monstrous billow cast us head foremost upon land. Scarcely could we open our eyes, when a sharp, yet stern voice, setting the roaring elements at defiance, saluted us with the demand of "Qui va la?" and at the same time a flash of lightning played upon a bayonet, which was most ominously pointed within an inch of my breast.

"Amis," returned I, springing back at the imminent risk of again becoming immersed in the element from which I had just escaped. "You are English, are you not?" asked the voice. "We are," replied Lennord. "Then I must carry you before monsieur le prefect."—"That is, if we will let you," cried Bartlett, whose equanimity was totally destroyed by the uncomfortableness of his situation, and striking down the intrusive musket as he spoke, he seized the sentry's arm; but his exhausted frame could not support the effort, and he fell prostrate upon the ground. I was advancing to his assistance, when the sentry's cry of "Prenez garde," caused me to "look before I leaped;" and well it was that I did so, as his gun was again pointed at my breast, and I should inevitably have acquired a few inches of steel, had I approached a step nearer: a ragged Sans Culotte had also come to his aid.

I was maddened with vexation, hunger, and fatigue; which I knew would prevent me from answering with calmness the prefect's questions. The prefect's house was situated about a mile from the beach.

On being introduced, the magistrate interrogated us regarding our names, age, country, condition, and profession, of which we readily satisfied him, when we could perceive he was hastily setting down a description of our persons, we told him the accident that occasioned our unintentional trip to France. "Well, messieurs," said he, "are you revolutionists, republicans, constitutionists, or imperialists?"
The Water-Devil.

Bartlett stared at me, and I stared at Bartlett in marvellous perplexity, as to what reply we should make; at length Lennord boldly answered, "revolutionists," thinking that character as applicable to every party. "Helo!" cried the prefect, scattering in the air a pinch of snuff, "produce your tri-color." "Ah! as to the tri-color," said Lennord, "you may perceive from your observation on our countenances that we are not deficient; for our eyes are red as ferrets, our lips blue as gunpowder, and our cheeks vie with snow itself in whiteness, for which we have to thank messieurs cold, hunger, and fatigue." "This may be very Joosce," observed our examinant, "yet I feel assured you are spies." "Nay, on my honour we are not!" cried I. "I cannot, in politeness, doubt you after that," returned the prefect; "but I am sorry to say the emperor's orders are definitive, that all strangers approaching our shores are to be kept in close confinement; but I can (seeming to correct himself), from fondness for the English, ultimately promise you freedom upon certain conditions, by which you may do the state some service."

"Any thing," said I, "not inimical with our duty to England, we will most cheerfully do."

He then added, "There is in the neighbourhood a man, who, for a considerable period, has set the laws of the continental system at defiance, and kept the country round in a continual state of terror. He is a smuggler, and from his daring deeds the country people have bestowed upon him the appellation of 'the Water-Devil.' He seems to possess the powers of ubiquity, and is heard of and seen everywhere but in that spot where the gens d'armes are stationed to entrap him. Disguises, well-devised schemes, and force, have all been tried, and proved equally unavailable to secure this offender, who continues securely to import the productions of your nation. I think it would be no unwise plan to eschew pride, and, as your persons are unknown, to adopt the garb of English smugglers, join the gang on this coast, contrive to get introduced to their leader, and deliver him up to offended justice."

"What!" said Bartlett, "worm myself into the confidence of a man, eat his bread, drink from his glass, and then—like a warmed viper, fix my sting into his breast—turn informer! I'll rather perish in prison!"

"As you please," said the prefect, with the utmost sang froid.

"Trust not to his lenity," cautiously whispered the Sans Culotte, who had assisted in capturing us, "there is a guillotine at hand—you had better close with the offer."

At these words, I instinctively put my hand to my throat, and began 'speculating' on its safety, at the same time I was led to examine more closely than hitherto the features and appearance of our skirrilless friend, the Sans Culotte. He was small and slim, but entirely composed of sinew, muscle, and bone. His countenance wore a demure cast, though evidently capable of being darkened into a decided and ferocious expression. An eye like a hawk's was tempered with long eyelashes, and shaded by black bushy brows that fringed a well-formed and ample forehead, over which fell a profusion of jet black hair. His wide mouth was surmounted by a nose, which was in constant motion. The tout ensemble was a sort of burlesque upon manly beauty; for had each feature been taken separately, they would have been pronounced decidedly handsome.

We began to waver, and at length put the question how soon we might be relieved.

"You shall know everything," returned the prefect, waving his hand for others to withdraw—a hint which was immediately obeyed. "My plan is, gentlemen, that when you have joined the smugglers, to so contrive it as to accompany them on all their excursions; and it will be hard if you do not fall in with the desperado, their chief-fain, within a week, which is the extent of time I have settled shall elapse between this and your return to England."

"Whether successful or unsuccessful?" said I.

He seemed to assent.

"We inquired what provision was to be made for our safety, should excise-officers chance to light upon us during any of our midnight rambles?"

He answered, "Use this watchword, 'A word to the wise.'"

On learning that this would be provided against, we appeared to acquiesce.

"Very good," said he; "we guillo-
tined a couple of the knaves last week, their clothes are in my house: suppose then you equip yourselves with them at once, and join the gang to night."

"The sooner the better," said Bartlett; "but for the love of Heaven remember our unfruit state at present, that we may be somewhat restored from our recent sufferings!"—"Attend," said the magistrate; and conducted us to another apartment, where a moderate refreshment was brought to us, with much sour wine. After some repose, we proceeded to the vestiarium, where we were soon transformed into as pretty a brace of fierce-looking, horrible, cut-throat gentlemen, as ever wore canvass frocks, leathern belts (well garnished with pistols), blue jackets, and slouched fur caps.

We did not leave the prefect's before late in the evening, when we were furnished with French money and a flask of Cogniac each, and, after being carefully conducted to a certain point, apparently left alone. The moon shone palely and benignly upon us, and silvered the long winding avenue before the prefect's house with her beams. The beauties of the scene, and the romantic novelty of our situation, so attracted our admiration, that we lost all thought of the perils we should probably encounter, save what was occasioned by the en passant remark from Bartlett of—"I presume we are to escape to night, if possible?"

"By all means," I replied; and fell to contemplating the landscape, over which I was startled at perceiving an advancing shadow.

"Who goes there?" I cried.

"A friend!" said a stranger in a bold manly tone, stepping forward from beneath the shade of the trees. He appeared to be a military officer, as he was enveloped in a large roquelaure.

"How am I to know that?" I asked.

"Because I am upon the same mission with yourselves. We are to be companions, by monsieur the prefect's order."

"Indeed!" said I. "But how are we to be sure of this?" said Lennord, aloud.

"Witness my disguise," returned the stranger, throwing open his cloak, and disclosing a dress and accoutrements similar to our own. "From my intimate knowledge of the coast, and also of the persons of many of the smugglers who infest it, 'twas deemed the wiser plan for me to accompany you. You surely cannot suppose, gentlemen, that you are left entirely to your own conduct in this enterprise? Depend upon it, your every motion is watched by the prefect's order. But see, a sentinel approaches. Do not forget the watchword."

"Never fear," said I; and on the usual demand of "who goes there?" being given, I returned "A word to the wise," as had been previously settled.

'Twas sufficient; and we passed on.

The stranger informed us that it would be necessary to traverse a distance of nearly a league ere we reached a place of repose; and then entered into a lively discourse upon the comparative beauties of French and English landscapes, the different modes of travelling, and similar subjects; during which he displayed considerable knowledge of both countries, and proved himself to be a man of no mean education. My attention, however, was chiefly attracted to his countenance, which appeared perfectly familiar to me; and yet I could not, for my life, remember when or where I had seen it. And then the voice! I felt certain I had heard it before! Bartlett seemed, for a moment, to entertain a similar impression; but it wore off under the animating influence of the stranger's pleasing conversation; which, as if to heighten its charm, was addressed to us, at last, in our vernacular tongue.—Music could not have sounded sweeter, nor excited more pleasing emotions. After half an hour's sharp walking, our guide suddenly struck into a by-path that conducted to a small cabin or hut, apparently the abode of some fishermen, before which he paused, saying—

"Here we are at last: now, gentlemen, you will please to recollect that we are 'three smugglers,' come to join two others, who reside in this dwelling. I will not pay you so poor a compliment as to suppose you will not shortly be able, by your powers of discrimination, to dive into their characters; imbibe, for a time, their manners, and adopt their opinions; but merely remark, that such a course will be advisable, for the purpose of ensuring a certain success."

While these words were dwelling on my ear, cautiously he tapped at the door, and retired; and, to my surprise, the little gentleman in the skirtless coat and sans culottes presented himself.

We entered without a word, and passed immediately across the threshold into a compact square apartment, hung round with nets and dried fish. On one side,
in a small recess, stood a ponderous iron chest, well secured by three massy padlocks, and in a corresponding niche on the opposite side was suspended a hammock. In the centre of the floor were placed a couple of old barrels, and across them a broad plank, well stored with wine, tobacco, and brandy, together with eatables for the refreshment of two smugglers, upon whose fierce countenances the gleams of a glowing fire, composed of weeds cast on shore, shone redly. They were well armed, and wore an air of determination and courage, not unmixed with cruelty, that caused Bartlett and myself to resolve upon being cautious not to offend them. They both started up, pistol in hand, as the boards creaked beneath our feet on entering, but they were immediately drawn aside by our companion; and I was surprised to find that half a dozen words (unintelligible to us), with a slight assurance that we were "friends," concerned in a heavy venture then on the seas, sufficed to make them quit their lowering looks, and with Gallic politeness invite us to partake of their cheer. "Right willingly," cried Bartlett, seating himself sans ceremonie by the fire, which he stirred up with an old broken sword that was lying on the hearth; "I haven’t got the cold seawater out of my stomach yet."—"Make grog of it with this then," said I, handing over my flask of brandy, as I threw myself in the seat opposite to him. "I thank you, my brothers, for your complaisance in being so much at home," remarked one of the men; with which the whole party sat down to bury care in forgetfulness. And a merry group we were: songs, catches, and maritime legends, circulated with the glass, interspersed with many characteristic anecdotes of Pierre, the "Water-devil." I could not help shuddering at the levity with which some tales of blood were told, but calmed myself. Another began to sing, after various sanguine relations, in bad French, as follows:—

A mother I have, and I love her full well,
She’s as old as old can be;
Yet, just like a girl,
She frisks—shall I tell
Her name?—Why, ’tis Madame the Sea.
Tira la, tira lee.

He was interrupted, however, by a loud whistle, to my infinite relief, although my thoughts were far from pleasing as to what the signal might portend. "Who the plague is that?" said he, angrily. "The lads, no doubt," cried our new companion, who had hitherto sat absorbed in thought, "you had better join them as quickly as possible." The smugglers instantly rose, and, bidding us good night, departed.

"Well, monsieur," said Bartlett, as the door had closed to him, "what think you of this fellow we are set to entrap?"
"As one who deserves pity from all who wear hearts in their breasts," returned the stranger. "Pity!" cried I. "Aye, sir, pity! Does it not make your gorge rise to hear of a fellow-creature hunted like a wild beast of the forest, fired at, and harassed to death, because he attempts to gain an honest livelihood? For surely there can be no moral crime in landing a few goods, merely because it is prohibited by the caprice of a tyrannical government against the interests of all Europe?"

"Let casuists decide that," replied I: "at all events, there are more reputable means of earning one’s bread."—"But suppose those means should not be within reach? This Pierre may have been driven from his native land for some trifle, equally insignificant with the venial errors he is charged with."

"You will pardon my rudeness, sir," said I, "but this conversation gives room for strange misgivings. May I inquire who you really are, and what inducement has been held out for you to join this enterprise?"
"Certainement," replied he, with a ready smile, though with an expression I did not half like. "My name is Henri St. Florville. I am an ensign in the Imperial army; and I have been led to assist in your undertaking through a promise made to me by the prefect, that, in the event of its being attended with success, I shall wed his daughter Annette, for whom I have long entertained a passion. There, sir, you have a synopsis of my conditions."

"Humph!" said Bartlett, "the prefect has a strange notion of the value of things—the idea of offering liberty and a favourite daughter, in return for the capture of a paltry trader in contraband goods, is highly amusing—I suppose, however, despotism has blunted his natural affections, and kept him ignorant of the true blessings of freedom, which France appears to have enjoyed for the last time."

"The last time!" repeated St.
Florville; "you have used a sentence in which there is magic, which at once recalls the tenderest and bitterest recollections—The last time!"—no one can employ it without emotion. I remember that this idea struck me on returning from the first pilgrimage I ever made from home. I had scarcely numbered seven years when I departed, and twice that period did adverse fate, between the then present and the past, keep me from home. When I reached it once more, oh! how sad the difference. The last time I had seen my mother she was young and lovely—now sorrow had silvered every hair, and care had planted her once blooming cheek with wrinkles. The last time I had seen my sister she was a prattling little, innocent cherub, one year younger than myself, and pure as the moonbeams—now I only set my foot upon my native shore in time to see her cold corpse laid in the grave, whither she had been hurried by a seducer's arts!" Here he wiped an unshed tear from his cheek, and seemed to indulge in agonizing reflections; but, as if ashamed of the emotions he had displayed, he overcame them by a strong effort, and added in a more cheerful tone—The last time ever appears happier than the time present: a lover always dwells with pleasure upon the last time he saw his mistress: the wanderer recalls to mind the last time he saw his country: even our emperor thinks of the last time he gained a victory—twas his last moment of happiness! One more illustration—I witnessed, a month ago, the execution of a brother officer for disobedience. As he passed me, he pointed to his guards with a gloomy smile, and exclaimed—The last time! the last time!—oh! that I could bring back the last time!" Although I well could guess, I yet inquired his meaning, to which he replied—The last time I marched with these men it was as their standard-bearer, and the bugle-notes announced the battle won—now they lead me to an ignominious death!"

"Your observations are pregnant with truth and interest," observed I; "but these are rather gloomy ideas to indulge over a glass. Come, sir, here's success to our enterprise." "Here's to all the success it deserves," said Florville, emptying his glass. "Well," cried Bartlett, "I hope very shortly to say, the last time I visited France was as one of three smugglers."

"Yaw-aw," yawned some one from a distant corner of the room, where he had been masticating some biscuit and dried fish for the last half hour." A capital hint, faith," said Henri; "it reminds me of my remissness in not suggesting an hour or two's repose, for you must be much exhausted." "We are, indeed; at least I can answer for myself," said I, stretching out my limbs. "Here you, Jerome," continued Florville, addressing the host, "have you any beds?"—"Oui, monsieur," replied he, with a twirl of the nose; then rising from the tailor-like position, he nimbly mounted the table, and, unbuttoning a trap-door in the ceiling, drew down, by means of a pulley, two good-sized hammocks, with a bed in each, and promptly prepared to sling it by the usual appliance. We both felt and expressed considerable gratification as we "speculated" on the comfortable prospect. "Now," said Henri, "suppose you take one cup more, 'twill make you sleep the sounder; and then mount at once, and make the best of it before you may be awakened. I rest where I sit—I am accustomed to be toujours près."

We then drained a brimmer and "turned in." Before I dropped asleep, I saw Florville quietly compose himself in his seat, after adding some weeds to the expiring fire; and Sans Culotte, tucking a brace of pistols in his waistband, laid himself at the young officer's feet. The scene now waxed dimmer and dimmer. A thick fog seemed to fill the place, and I sunk into a sound slumber, to dream of home, the last time, and the Water-devil, Pierre.

At day-break we were awakened by Florville, who informed us that it would be necessary to survey the beach in case any smugglers were abroad.

"And is that to be our day's employment?" asked I, leaping out of my cot. "Oh, no! At noon we shall perhaps be able to visit the outskirts of the village, where, apropos, there is to be to-day the fête of the Rose, when a prize will be awarded to a lovely and excellent maiden." Sorely did we require to break our fast, but nothing was left to us.

Our companion having cast a glance at the triggers of his pistols, led the way to
a place which he named “The White Creek,” and from thence over a wide range of chalk hills. The morning was beautiful: streaks of every hue variegated the sky, and extended from the eastern to the western horizon. One extremity of these rays of coloured light fell directly upon the white cliffs of old Albion, which at the moment were but just perceptible, as if to mock us with the remembrance of home. Oh! how I sighed for the all-powerful rod of Moses, to form a passage through the sea which severed us.

We were relieved without any events; and proceeded, as promised, to a large plain, edged northward by a chain of hills; southward, by the little town of ———; eastward, by a vineyard, sinking beneath its blush ing burden; and westward, by the broad ocean. Around a certain space were ranged a number of neat little tents, intended to be let out for the day to different parties of pleasure, who preferred the shelter they afforded to an exposure to the sunbeams. Already were animated groups of both sexes sporting in every direction, whilst here and there a cluster of dancers beat time with their feet to the pipe and tabor. I almost fancied myself amid a crowd of my own merry-faced country people.

Florville, having satisfied us that we could appear as fishermen armed, on account of the dangers of the coast, and procured us a tent in which we could breakfast, left us for a time. Having finished a good repast, we could hardly repose sufficiently from the brief prospects which we had beneath the tent, of lovely feet gracefully tripping everywhere around us, before we were impelled to see more of the scene; and there indeed was spread an arena of simple yet exquisite female beauty, as well as some of the finest manly forms. A lovely girl seemed faint, I flew into my tent and brought her a glass of wine, which, forgetful of my accoutrements, I offered her as reverently as possible. “Je vous rends grace, monsieur” said she, sipping a portion of it; when, at that moment, Henri St. Florville approached.

“Mon Dieu! Annette,” cried he, on seeing her, “my sweetest girl what brought you here?” — “My own little feet,” replied she, laughing. “Very likely, but what motive had you for coming?” — “A woman’s caprice. I knew you expected to see me at my father’s, so I determined to disappoint you.” — “My Annette, I know that is impossible.” — “Well then, to relieve your doubts, learn that our townspeople have thought proper to confer the annual prize, for—for—I scarce know what, upon your humble servant; and I could not refrain from quitting my queenship, that is to be, to join certain friends in one dance here for a few moments.”

“You richly deserve your royalty,” said St. Florville; “but step aside, I would speak a few words with you.” — “So, so,” said I, as they left us, “my miniature Venus turns out to be St. Florville’s Annette.” — “So it appears,” returned Bartlett; “and I congratulate you on the early discovery, else we might have fared the worse for it.” Lennor looked sad, and said nothing more.

Within a few minutes after the lovers parted, and I heard Annette say, “Very well, I will be with you,” as she kissed her hand in token of adieu.

“Messieurs,” said St. Florville, advancing, “I am sorry to announce that we must instantly leave this place, as I understand a cargo of contraband goods has to be landed to night. Pierre, the Water-devil, will no doubt be there, and we must necessarily be amongst them.” — “With all my heart,” said I, putting a good face upon the matter.” As we walked along, I congratulated St. Florville on the beauty of his mistress. “She is an angel,” said he, “and should I meet with a disappointment, I shall be tempted to elope with her.” — “And we’ll assist you, if assistance be required,” I replied. “I thank you,” said he, “and may at some future time remind you of this promise.”

Nothing more passed, until on reaching our abode of the preceding night, which we now found filled with smugglers, all busily engaged in cleaning, loading, and priming their pistols. “We shall have a sharp tussle, I expect,” said one, as we entered. “So much the better,” cried another; “Pierre will reward us the more.” — “Silence, comrades,” interrupted St. Florville, in a sonorous and commanding tone, “ours is not an employment to babble over.”

Had a thunderbolt burst upon them, a more perfect stillness could not have suc-
ceeded to the clattering of their utensils,
than did the death-like silence which en-
sued to the hum of voices when St. Flor-
vil spoke. Nor was it broken until a
distant clock chimed midnight. When,
“Away!” cried the smugglers, and all
made tumultuously to the door, whence
they marched on to the beach; our partie
de trois followed at more leisure. “Now!
down on your faces,” whispered St. Flor-
vil, who appeared to assume the com-
mand. “And you,” continued he, ad-
addressing another, “light up yonder fire,
to guide the skiff into the creek. She
will be here anon.”

The man obeyed, and in a few mo-
moments a long train of light shot like an
aurora borealis across the sea. Dark-
ness and silence reigned around, until a
black cloud parting, gave vent to a stream
of moonlight, which fell immediately on
the “distance-diminished” form of a
sentinel slowly pacing his lonely beat.
“See! see!” cried I, pointing. “I am
prepared,” observed Henri, “he will soon
be far enough away.”—“Indeed! you
seem very anxious for the success of this
expedition.”—“I should act my part as
a smuggler but indifferently, were I not.
Tis the only chance we have of enticing
Pierre here. But this is no time for par-
leying:” so saying, he applied a whistle to
his mouth, and sounded a low but shrill
note. A shadow flitted along the sand,
and Annette stood by his side! She was,
to my astonishment, attired in a Spanish
mantilla, beside which a long silken scarf
floated lightly around her aerial form.
In her hand was a guitar; and as the queen
of night shone full upon her countenance,
I perceived it to be deeply bronzed with
a dark dye.

“Now Annette, all depends upon you,”
said St. Florvil. “Hark! I hear the
splash of oars—away, and success be your
attendant.” He then twined his hand in
her dark locks, and drawing her gently
forward, kissed her forehead. She released
herself, and flew towards the sentinel.

It was impossible not to be now inter-
rested in the scene, lit up as it was by the
softest lights which nature lends. On one
hand, nearly fifty men lay motionless upon
the sands, like so many prostrate statues,
whilst moon and flame would have shone
in contrast upon their glittering weapons,
but for their excellent disposition among
the crags and marine produce of the beach.
Opposite them was the soldier leaning
upon his musket, before whom danced
Annette with the lightness of a sea-nymph;
whilst just emerging from the horizon,
could be seen an enormous barge, ap-
parently very heavily laden. The sentry
would have seen it, had not Annette di-
verted his attention by striking her guitar.

“And with a wild melodious tongue,
Thus to the sentinel she sang:”—

“See yonder the moon,—the pale, pale
moon,
warns us that night hath reach’d its noon.
Ah! who would yield one silver ray.
For the brightest beam of the brightest
day?
Then soldier, soldier, follow me,
And I’ll guide thy steps to fairy ground,
Where Cynthia shining peacefully,
Lights up a scene of enchantment round!

And, as over the wildflower beds we
stray,
I’ll chant to thee a roundelay.

And now the sky—the blue, blue sky,
Like an azure canopy on high,
O’erhangs, in wide cerulean fold,
The lamp of night with tinge of gold.

Then soldier, soldier, turn thine eye,
Look upon mine, and not on the sea;
I’ll lead you where the hours shall fly,
Like moments, on to eternity.

And I will dance the round of a fay,
And sing to thee a roundelay.

“Tis true, the sea is a lovely green sea,
And on it the light plays merrily:
Edging each wave with a sparkling hue,
Like emeralds bathed in drops of dew.
Yet soldier, soldier, linger not here,
But haste with me to you lovely hill,
Where the nightly star shines reflected
clear,
O’er the lucid face of a dancing rill.
Thou smilest—thou smilest, thou wilt
not say nay;
Then follow, and list to my roundelay.”

In this manner did she beguile him
from the strand; and St. Florvil, who
had been an anxious spectator, ejaculated,
“O my brave girl!” then, in a louder
key, “Now, gallants, to your boats!” The
shore became instantly alive with men
hurrying towards a towering rock, from
a cavern beneath which they loosened
a number of boats. I was not idle, but
leaped into one of them, followed by
Henri and Lennoird.

“Pull away,” said the former, seizing
an oar and rowing briskly onward: when,
at the moment of rounding the rock, we
were surrounded by a number of boats
filled with soldiers, which, unsuspected,
had concealed themselves in readiness
for the advantage that they now so promptly seized. "A word to the wise!" shouted I, starting up; but without heeding me they fired. Self-defence obliged us to return the salute; and a brisk contest was maintained until our gang came up in their little vessels, when a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. Groans, shrieks, and loud shouts were intermingled in one terrible sound. Hot blood splashed upon my face. The starry magnificence of heaven was hidden with fire and smoke, and the sea seemed to boil beneath us. "The Water-devil must be here: spare not a man!" shouted the soldiers.

"Farewell! we are then still doomed to die on the water at last, notwithstanding," cried Lennord, grasping my hand, and bounding into a hostile boat. "Then will we perish together!" I exclaimed, springing after him; when I had just time to see my shirtless friend stand shivering with his hand pressed to his forehead, his unfortunate coat blowing in a hundred tatters about his waist, and wearing the most complete expression of misery on his face that I ever beheld. At this moment a heavy blow felled me, and immediately the shirtless gentleman, seeming to forget his own pain, jumped upon my back, and, waving his sword, threatened death to all who approached. The whole was but the work of a moment, and I became insensible.

On recovering, new wonders awaited me. I found myself lying on a couch in a neat cabin. On one side was Bartlett, watching me with anxious looks; on the other was Annette, who appeared to have been bathing my forehead with vinegar, and at my feet stood Henri St. Florvile. "In Heaven's name, where am I?" exclaimed I, starting up, with a confused recollection of past events flashing upon my memory. "In safe custody: you are my prisoner," replied St. Florvile. "Who, and what are you, who dare to make me such?" I passionately cried.

"Pierre, the Water-devil!" returned he, calmly. "Raise your eyes to the skylight, and you will see a band of as brave hearts as ever flung a man overboard at their leader's bidding." "Pirate!" said I (scarcely yet sensible), "would you murder me?" At this moment my eye fell upon Lennord's face, every muscle of which was rigidly set, and his mouth completely small plaited; but the lips moved, widened, trembled, opened, and finally emitted a loud laugh. This, wrongly as I must confess, excited only anger in me.

"Come, come," said the smuggler-chief, "your friend grows angry: it is time to explain every thing to him." After a long pause spent in calming me, and soothing my senses, he related the leading incidents of his life.

His name was Peter Frankland. When a boy he was sent to the Indies, where he remained for fourteen years; and, on returning to England, he discovered that a young officer had seduced his sister, who died, in consequence, of a broken heart. His father had put a period to his existence, and his mother was fast sinking with sorrow to the grave. Burning with rage, he challenged the author of these calamities. They met, and the villain fell dead at his feet. Frankland remained some time after this in a place of concealment, but, tired of an inactive life, made his escape to France; where, having in vain attempted to get some employment, till a very late period, when he was made ensign, and, as his property in England had fallen to others, he joined a gang of smugglers, was appointed their chief, and filled the country with his daring exploits. "Frequently," said he, "have I even accompanied the officers of justice in search of myself, disguised as my ragged attendant, who was looked upon as a harmless, half-witted fellow, and whom, with the addition of false eyebrows, I much resembled. It was I who assisted in taking you before the prefect, as I wished to discover what plan was on the tapis for catching me, that I might circumvent it: and great was my pleasure on hearing Mr. Bartlett evade the subtle magistrate's wish, and not acquiesce. You know the rest.—I felt convinced (being aware that it was impossible for you to succeed) that the wary prefect would never suffer you to quit France, if you proved unsuccessful, and, therefore, I resolved to assist in your escape."

"You surely," interrupted I, "judged him too harshly; he could not be so basely deceptive." "You shall judge," said the smuggler. "You may recollect that yesterday I left you alone in the tent for about an hour." "Perfectly." "It was to ask the perfect his intentions
regarding you, we being on pretty friendly terms, (he, of course, unknowing that Ensign Florville was Le Diable de l'Eau,) upon which he said, with some hesitation, he would set you at liberty, if, &c.; but I saw the falsehood burning on his brow, watched it, and heard these words—"Well, to speak truly, if they succeed not, to Paris they go as spies; and you lose my daughter." This at once determined my future course. Annette had promised to fly with me, when I had acquired a sufficiency to guard us from want. One cargo more, and that desirable end would be accomplished. Last night was to see it safely landed. I had already received payment, and appointed a leader to succeed me; consequently it was my intention, as soon as I saw all safe, (having promised my assistance, which was deemed powerful,) to embark with this beloved girl for America. But I could not leave you to perish, after breaking bread at the same table, and, therefore, decided that you should accompany us."

"What! to America?" said I. "No, no; you shall be landed within an hour upon the shores of England; and perhaps you will kindly perform a commission for me."—"Anything in the world," I gladly responded. "It is to endeavour to find out and deliver this letter to my mother. If she yet lives, I would wish her to follow me to the New World; but I fear grief has extinguished her to the tomb. Yet, should she still live, say that she may follow me without danger. I am guiltless of any crime, beyond landing a few forbidden goods. I may have spilt blood, but it was in self-defence."

The tone of deep feeling with which these words were uttered is indescribable. I was inexpressibly affected, and promised compliance. At the same time, I gave him introductions to some American friends, whom, it was probable, he might find of service. He thanked me, and said, almost with solemnity, "Let us drink one parting glass,—the last, in all probability, we shall ever take together. The vessel now lays to, and you must hasten on shore. We shall never, gentlemen, in all likelihood, again meet on this side the grave."

With these words he took from his locker a bottle of choice champagne, and filling a glass for each, added, "Think sometimes of me, and do not condemn, too harshly, the way of life I have led."

"Never!" said I: "how is it possible, after such kindness—such a delivery?" I, followed by my friend, hastened on deck. A boat was lowered,—I grasped Frankland's hand, kissed that of the charming Annette, uttered the word "farewell" with more emotion than I choose to confess, and leaped into the pinnacle which awaited me.

"Huzza! for old England," said I, in a subdued tone, seating myself aft with glee; then turning my eyes, I beheld the smuggler-chief still standing upon deck, with his arm encircling Annette's waist. A melancholy shade was upon his olive features, as he elevated his fur cap, and waved a last adieu to us. The vessel was in motion,—a light breeze filled the sails,—the sweet girl waved her silken scarf, and, in a short time, the smuggler's vessel was securely ploughing her way to her far distant shores, whilst we joyfully reached our native cliffs, whence we watched her progress, till she dwindled and became lost for ever to our view.

Since then I have heard frequent accounts of Frankland's welfare; but it has never again occurred for the same social board to pledge us—never again have grouped together The Three Smugglers!

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WE KNEW HER HEART WAS BROKEN!

No tear-drop dimmed her hazel eye,
Her brow no sorrow wore,
Her bosom sent not forth a sigh,
Her cheek no mildew bore;
But though such sighs we saw not there,
By many a silent token,
Alas! the beautiful—the fair!
We knew her heart was broken!
The Sultana and Harem of the Pacha of Egypt.

At the first glance the flow’ret may
Seem blooming in its pride;
But ah! its folding leaves so gay,
A with’ring worm may hide!
Thus—though she never told her grief,
Nor of it e’er had spoken—
She first seemed like a blighted leaf,
And then her heart was broken!

Alone she loved to roam along,
Far, far from noise and folly,
And listen to Philomel’s song,
Of plaintive melancholy:
She joined not in our scenes of mirth—
This was the faithful token,—
Although the fairest flower on earth—
Within—her heart was broken!

The rosebud ling’ring still may live,
Though injured by the blast;
But ah! it cannot—cannot thrive,
Its head doth droop at last!
So did this fair one slowly waste,
With tears let it be spoken;
By the cold earth she is embraced,
She died, alas! heart-broken!

T. Hollins.

York, January, 1885.

SULTANA AND HAREM OF THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

The following is an extract of a letter from an American lady resident in Alexandria, who, during her resort to Cairo, in September last, was favoured with the extraordinary privilege of a visit to the sultana and the harem of Mehemet Ali:

“We are the only Christians who have ever been admitted into the pacha’s harem. We were there twice. The first was a mere visit, but the second was to spend the day. I must endeavour to describe it to you. At the gate we were received by a dozen black eunuchs, who led us to the garden-gate, where we found three girls playing upon different Arab instruments, while two others were singing and two dancing, magnificently dressed in crimson and blue cloth, embroidered with gold, the full pantaloons hanging over the foot, just allowing an embroidered slipper to be seen; a jacket tight to the shape, without sleeves, open a little upon the chest, where appeared a chemise of blue or white gauze; closely spangled sleeves of the same, hanging large and full to the elbow, and down behind in a dozen plaits; and on the side and top of the head large sprigs of diamonds. A sash of gold tissue, with a deep gold fringe, finished the dress. These pretty creatures preceded us to the palace-door, where we were met by old friends, by the sultana, her maids of honour, and attendants, to the number of one hundred at least.

“The great hall of state into which we were ushered was an immense one, lined and floored with white marble; in the centre a basin fifteen feet in diameter, from which the clearest water was playing. The ceiling richly painted and gilt; one side of the hall lined with ottomans of white silk embroidered in gold, and a beautiful Persian carpet spread in front of these. As soon as we were seated, coffee and pipes were handed to us. The sultana is about thirty-five years old, with a fine face, though her eye is stern. Her dress was a challi, made in the Turkish style, only more closed over the neck. On her head was a sort of skull-cap, formed entirely of diamonds; around this was twisted an embroidered kerchief; and on the left side down the ear was placed a sprig of flowers, made of enormous diamonds; a single pair of ear-rings, shaped like a drop, as large as the end of my little finger; and on her little finger was a superb diamond ring. Around us
stood the hundred attendants, dressed in
coloured silks; and every one, even of the
lowest rank, with heads covered with dia-
monds. The pipe-staves and sockets of
the coffee-cups were also covered with
these precious stones. Such a glitter I
never saw before. An Armenian woman,
who spoke Italian, was there as an in-
terpreter. Our gloves and buckles ex-
cited their admiration, as indeed did our
whole dress. We were taken all over the
palace, which vied throughout in elegance
with the great hall.

"At half-past twelve we were led by
the sultana down to the reception-room
to dinner. As we entered, girls bearing
silver basins approached; others, with
pitchers, poured water over our hands,
and others presented us with towels. On
the centre of the Persian carpet was
placed a small table, about a foot square,
covered with cloth of gold tissue; on
that was a circular glass-waiter, about
three feet in diameter. In the centre
was a dish of roast mutton. The sul-
tana sat down with my mother and self
on either side of her, then E—and
G—and a lady of the court, for-
merly a slave of the pacha, but now
married to a colonel. The china was
French; and handsome silver knives and
forks, &c., which the sultana did not
know how to use.

"When we sat down, a napkin was
placed in each of our laps, another em-
broidered with gold laid over the right
shoulder, and a third and finer one laid
upon the lap to wipe the mouth with.
Some of the slaves fanned us; some
held the different dishes, and others sil-
ver pitchers, and so on. The dinner was
almost too much for us; we counted
thirty-nine different dishes, one at a time,
and of each we were obliged to eat a
little—and so strangely served as they
were! The first five dishes were of
mutton, rice, &c.; then a sweet dish;
next fried fish and nuts, and so on to
the thirty-ninth, which was stewed rice
and bonny elaber. The glass salver was
then taken away, and a silver one with
melons, peaches, grapes, &c., replaced it.

"When we rose from the table, the
girls with the basins knelt before us,
and our hands were washed as before,
when pipes and coffee were given us to
finish with. While we smoked the sul-
tana retired to prayers, which she does
times a day. Now, if you could
have witnessed the scene, you would have
imagined us among a parcel of great
children. Oh! how we were dragged
about, patted and pulled, each declaring
we belonged to her, and should not
speak to the others. At three o'clock
we were sent for to depart. The sul-
tana held us tight, however, and said the
capudan pacha had no business to send
for us, and it was four o'clock before we
could get away. We made a great pro-
cession through the garden: first went
the musical, dancing, and singing girls;
then the sultana and ourselves, slaves
bearing fans of peacock feathers over our
heads, and then came the attendants.
At the garden-gate sherbet was handed,
when we took a kind farewell of our hos-
pitable sultana, and were consigned to
the care of the eunuchs, who led us to
the carriage."—Morning Herald.

**TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.**

"O rare Charles Lamb!"—Blackwood, August, 1830.

Armed shadow from the regions of the dead,
Thou cruel, conquering warrior—thou cold
Spirit of the grave—why didst thou thus enfold
Thy misty shroud round Elia’s noble head?
Oh! Charles! forgive the selfish tears we shed—
Forgive the wish which calls, or e’en would hold
Thy soul one moment down, from that untold
Of heaven, where, homeward soaring, it has fled.
We dream, awake, and thoughts of thee arise—
Unbidden, will thy well-lov’d form appear—
The startling jest—the tender tale—then sighs
Burst forth; for, Lamb, no longer art thou near.
Yet, sweetest truth, “the poet never dies,”
He lives enshrined in hearts where he is dear!

E. G.
Cicely, duchess of York, with her three fair daughters, her two younger sons, and her splendid retinue of knights, squires, and ladies of honour, kept a princely Christmas at Ludlow Castle in the year 1460, notwithstanding the absence of the duke, her husband, and her eldest son, the Earl of March. These warlike princes had separately advanced with their respective armies, to repel the formidable invasion of Queen Margaret and the Lancastrian insurrection in the north. The duchess and her family were sanguine as to the event of the expected junction between the Duke of York and his son, whose veteran troops, when united, they trusted, would speedily crush the inexperienced recruits who had joined the standard of the queen. The proposition which the captive Duke of Suffolk had made of entering into a matrimonial alliance with the Lady Elizabeth of York at this momentous period, was regarded by the Duchess Cicely as a very auspicious circumstance; as it would be the means, she considered, of connecting, at a critical moment for the cause, one of the most powerful and zealous adherents of Lancaster into a friend and supporter of the white rose. A very trifling exercise of observation served to convince the duchess of the sincerity of the noble prisoner's passion for her eldest daughter; and being desirous of conciliating his friendship in every possible way, she scrupled not to take upon herself the responsibility of releasing him from the harsh restraints of dungeon and yokes, and admitting him to the privileges of social intercourse with her princely circle.

Sir David Griffin, the Castellan, vehemently protested against such interference with the stern duties of his office; in which he was seconded by the youthful princes, George and Richard, and the Ladies Margaret and Anne Plantagenet, who were very evilly-disposed towards the unfortunate red rose gallant. The Duchess Cicely, however, soon convinced the malcontents that she had a will of her own, and meant that will to be a law in Ludlow Castle. She took advantage of some trifling omission of ceremonial on the part of Sir David Griffin to supersede him in his office, and on his promising to question her authority, she sent him to spend his Christmas in the very dungeon from which she had just released the Duke of Suffolk; and she commanded John Croft, their tutor, to inflict a suitable castigation on her two sons, for the contumacy of which they had been guilty, in daring to offer their puny opposition to her pleasure. This had the desirable effect of awing the Ladies Margaret and Anne into silence; and the fair Elizabeth enjoyed the satisfaction of her lover's company without let or hindrance from any one. The enamoured duke had pledged his knightly word to the Duchess of York, that he would not abuse the confidence which she reposed in his honour, by attempting to leave the castle. In fact, the Duchess Cicely saw plainly, that she risked nothing in allowing the noble prisoner the liberty of hunting, hawking, riding, and pursuing whatsoever amusements it listed him to take within the pleasance, park, and chase of Ludlow; for the silken bonds with which love fettered him to the spot, were far more powerful than the links of iron in which he had heretofore been bound. Never before had love worked such a complete transformation of character, as in the young and handsome lord chamberlain, for whom the proudest beauties among the high-born ladies who graced the splendid court of Margaret of Anjou had sighed in vain, and secretly reproached as light of mood and cold of heart—for the whole energies of his soul had hitherto been devoted to war and faction; and never till he received the consolatory visits of the fair Elizabeth of York, in the gloomy dungeon to which he had been consigned, as he imagined, by her father's orders, had he bestowed a second thought on any of the ladies who had endeavoured to win his regard. Indifference was now succeeded by a passion whose vehemence was so over-
powering, as to render him reckless to
all former ties, friendships, hatreds—the
stormy excitement of party were alike
forgotten by him; he only appeared to
live and breathe in the vicinity of the
object of his love, for whose sake he was
willing to resign every consideration that
had hitherto linked him to the cause of
Lancaster. The Duchess Cicely had pro-
posed to make his peace with the Duke
of York, whose return to Ludlow Castle
was an event to be expected, in case
of his obtaining a decisive victory over
Queen Margaret; and Suffolk eagerly
anticipated that moment, in order that he
might enter into those engagements with
his former enemy, that might induce him
to bestow upon him the lovely bride he
coveted. That moment never came; the
news of the fatal field of Wakefield,
where the valiant duke was slain, startled
the youthful lovers from the enchanting
visions of future bliss in which they had
dared to indulge themselves. The
barbarous indignity with which the lifeless
remains of the Duke of York, and those
of some of his noble adherents who had
fallen with him, were treated, by the
order of Queen Margaret, together with
the cruel murder of his second son, the
Earl of Rutland, by Lord Clifford, had
so exasperated the Earl of March and
every partisan of the house of York
beyond all bounds, that deadly reprisals
had already been made on such of the
friends of Lancaster as had had the ill
luck to have fallen into his hands. As
for Suffolk, he stood, as it were, between
two fires. He had been too active a
partisan of the red rose to hope for fa-
vour at the hands of the fierce heir of
York, whose naturally remorseless tem-
per had been so deeply aggravated by the
late outrages of the Lancastrians;
and in event of Queen Margaret's fol-
lowing up her present triumph with fresh
successes, he was aware that he had for-
feited her confidence by the engagements
into which he had entered with the family
of her foe, and might expect to be called
to a very severe reckoning for his conduct
at Ludlow Castle, which he had reason
to believe had been reported to his royal
mistress by the spies of his rival and de-
clared enemy, the Duke of Somerset.
The news of the double calamity that
had befallen them, plunged the family of
the Duke of York into the deepest afflic-
tion; but the grief of the Lady Eliza-
beth far exceeded that of her sisters.
She mourned the untimely fate of a
father and a brother no less than them;
but to her cause of sorrow was added the
most poignant apprehensions for the ob-
ject of her love, on whom she dreaded
her brother Edward would retaliate
the murder of the young Earl of Rutland
and others of the adherents of his cause,
who had been massacred by Queen Mar-
garet and her partisans after the battle of
Wakefield; and she was urgent in her en-
treaties to Suffolk to effect his escape
from Ludlow Castle, ere the arrival of this
vengeful brother should consign him to a
bloody scaffold. It is possible that Suf-
folk might have yielded to the temptation,
had he been quite satisfied as to the na-
ture of the reception he might meet with
from his former friends; but the commu-
nications which the Duke of Exeter had
secretly conveyed to him of the practices
of Somerset to his prejudice, and certain
expressions used by Queen Margaret
respecting his late conduct, of which he
had also been informed, convinced him
that of two perils he had better choose
the least, and bide the event of his pre-
sent engagement with the Duchess of
York. Love, meantime, blinded him to
the dangers with which he was beset, or
if he at times started with something like
a suspicion of their extent, persuaded
him that the delight of being near his
affianced bride was cheaply purchased at
the risk of encountering the deadly wrath
of her sanguinary brother. He
imagined, withal, that many months
would elapse ere Edward of York, en-
gaged as he was in the momentous busi-
ness of struggling with the victorious
Margaret at the same time for life and
royalty, would be able to bestow a thought
on Ludlow and its inhabitants. Matters,
however, fell out differently. The battle
of Wakefield was fought on the last day
of the year 1460, which thus closed
triumphantly for Lancaster; but while
Queen Margaret, flushed with her recent
success, pursued her victorious march to
London, the aspiring hopes of her party
received an unexpected check in the west,
where the army, under the command of
Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, was
defeated with great carnage at Mortimer's
Cross by the warlike representative of
the house of York, whose military
talents far exceeded those of his re-
nowned father, the late Duke Richard.
Scarcely had the news of this event, together with the startling report of the dreadful reprisals for the outrages at Wakefield made by Edward of York on all the noblemen and knights who had fallen into his hands, reached Ludlow Castle, and stricken terror into the hearts of the anxious lovers, ere the unexpected appearance of the fierce victor himself completed their consternation. He entered with a quick step the apartment where the duchess, his mother, habited in her robes of recent widowhood, was sitting with her daughters and two younger sons, together with the young Duke of Suffolk, from whose hands the Lady Elizabeth was employed in reeling off a tangled skein of floize silk. The eyes of her stern brother blazed with indignation at this sight. The last time he and Suffolk had met they had exchanged looks of scorn and defiance in the splendid court of Margaret, where Suffolk, as lord chamberlain, had availed himself of the authority of his office, and the favour of the queen, to offer various indirect but decided affronts to the fiery heir of York. These offences, which had been given in the rash insolence of youthful folly, had been forgotten by the volatile courtier almost as soon as committed; for the Duke of York, whose measures were not at that time ripe for a rupture with the queen, had restrained his son from evincing openly the resentment such treatment was calculated to excite, and to prevent the quarrel from proceeding further, had sent him to Ludlow Castle to prepare matters for the approaching contest.

A sudden fearful remembrance of his gratuitous insolence flashed upon the mind of the luckless prisoner, as his eye encountered the deadly glance of him who was now the master of his destiny, wherein he plainly read that every instance of the kind had been kept in wrathful remembrance against a day of vengeful reckoning. That day had overthrown the rash, unthinking lord chamberlain at a moment when he was least prepared for it. His endeavours to resume his wonted freedom of bearing, and to arm his brow with answering scorn, ill suited with the feminine occupation in which he was engaged. Mortified to the very soul at having been detected by his hereditary foe in such an occupation, his colour rose, and he hastily endeavoured to rid himself of the silk that he might lay hand on the sword; for through the courteous favour of the Duchess of York he was permitted to wear one. But floize silk is as all fair ladies are aware one of the most adhesive things in the world—the skein which Suffolk was holding had moreover been sadly ruffled, either from the awkwardness of the young soldier in the performance of his unwonted task, or by some of his covert attempts at dalliance with the fair winder, when the eye of the duchess, her mother, was averted; and his hands, though nearly as white, not being quite so smooth as those of his lady love, the silk clung about them, and, sooth to say, embarrassed them almost as much as the fettors of iron in which Edward of York expected to have seen them bound. The peril of the sword or the scaffold, which blanched the cheek of Elizabeth to such mortal paleness as she saw their deadly shadows impending in fearful perspective over her beloved Suffolk, were scarcely thought of by him: in that moment, he would have risked both to have freed himself from that silken entanglement on which, in the bitter irritation of his soul, he bestowed at last a malediction so terrible, that it made the Duchess Cicely start from her chair, and the two younger princes of York to burst into a provoking shout of laughter at the confusion of the luckless gallant. The Lady Elizabeth being now aware of the most urgent cause of her lover's distress, in spite of her anxiety on his account, could not suppress a smile as she hastily set his hands at liberty by severing the silken fetters with her scissors. All this—to wit, the entrance, the alarm, the embarrassment, and its relief—scarcely occupied the space of a couple of minutes, from the time that Edward of York fiercely burst into the saloon, and startled the lovers with his portentous appearance. It was the first time that he had met or communicated with his mother and her family since the death of his father and brother, and that dreadful but temporary overthrow which the cause of York had suffered at Wakefield. The motive of his present unexpected visit to Ludlow Castle was, that he might, by dint of fiery riding, be the first to console her for her recent afflictions, by the joyful news of his brilliant victory at Mortimer's Cross; but now his first greeting to the widowed duchess
was a laugh of bitter scorn, followed by this wrathful exclamation—"By the sacred blood that flowed at Wakefield, madam, I stand amazed at the solace you have chosen to beguile your first days of widowhood; and, by my vow of vengeance on all Lancastrian traitors, I swear that the sight of yonder dainty minion of the fell Margaret, playing the gentlewoman's page among my sisters in your presence, hath touched me with a sterner pang of rage, than the spectacle of my royal father's head crowned in mockery with straw over the gate of York!—Where's Sir David Griffin?" continued he, looking fiercely round him.

"In the central dungeon of the keep," replied the duchess, coolly.

"By whose authority was he sent there?" asked her son sternly, bending his brows on the assembled circle.

"Nay, it was no fault of ours, fair brother," cried the young Duke of Clarence, "for we protested as much against the liberation of the Duke of Suffolk, as the trusty Castellan did—did we not, brother Richard?"

"Aye! marry did we, George," responded the shrewd misshapen imp, who crouched upon a lone tapestry stool, and partially concealed from sight by the carved projection of a gilded armoire near the vast chimney-piece, was silently watching and enjoying the progress of the storm, till thus appealed to by his brother Clarence: "yea," continued he, "but her grace, our thrice honoured and much beloved lady mother, saw proper in her motherly wisdom to withstand our protest; and furthermore, out of her loving regard and tender care of us (and doubtless it was of service to our souls—amen!), she commanded certain stripes to be laid upon us by Master John Croft, who in time past was vexatious and pestilent in his reproves and castigations to your own royal person, mine honoured brother; yea, also to that blessed saint in heaven, our sweet brother, Rutland (whose soul may Heaven assois ye!), for doubtless his pugatory was appointed him here in the odious rule and discipline of the said Master Croft, his sometime pedagogue."

"Did I not dismiss John Croft from Ludlow Castle with contumely, before I left the marches?" exclaimed the heir of York, reddening.

"You did," replied the Duchess Cicely, very coolly; "but I found it necessary to recall him, for the benefit of your younger brothers."

"And the imprisonment of my father's Castellan?" continued he.

"Was also by my authority," said the duchess.

"By'r lady, but you have queened it in the marches rarely in our absence; but may I ask, madam, on what pretext you took it upon you to commit such an outrage?" asked her son, speaking through his shut teeth.

"Pretex!" echoed she, scornfully: "Cicely of Raby is not reduced so low as to have recourse to such for paltry shifts in extenuation of her actions, neither will the widow of Richard of York plead like an abject with her son!"

"Your reason then, madam, for your treatment of Sir David Griffin, if I may presume to suppose you were influenced by any motive better than a lady's caprice."

"Sir David Griffin treated me with disrespect, for which he merited a heavier punishment than a few days' restraint on meagre diet," replied the duchess; "and had your blessed father lived to return to Ludlow, he would, doubtless, have pleased me, by causing the unmannerly churl to be hanged incontinent,"

"Alack, poor David!" said his young lord, "I'll warrant me his offence was only the faithful performance of his duty. But as hanging is the word, yonder standeth a gallant," continued he, pointing to Suffolk, "who hath, methinks, a better title to tenant our Ludlow gal lows, than one of the most faithful vassals of our house—yea, and by the majesty of him who made me, I swear that he shall, before the day be one hour older, pay the reckoning he hath long owed to me and mine!"

The two young princes of York simultaneously directed a glance of the most impertinent scrutiny at the unfortunate prisoner, to observe how he would receive this dreadful intimation of his doom; and perceived that, in spite of all his efforts to appear calm and indifferent, the colour faded from his cheek and lip. Never had life appeared so desirable to Suffolk as at that moment. Many things, in sooth, combined to render it delightful to him. He had scarcely completed his twenty-second year, was possessed of rank, riches, beauty, health, and vivacious
spirits; above all, he was the beloved and happy lover of a princess. Instead of returning an answer of bold defiance to her brother’s sentence, he cast a look of unutterable anguish on her pale features, as she sat fixed and silent gazing upon him with the vacant glance of utter despair.

“Shall I summon some of the yeomen of your guard, my royal brother?” asked George of Clarence, who was eager to witness the exciting spectacle of the promised tragedy.

“Aye! boy,” responded Edward; “and bid them fetch a priest, without our foeman shall not accuse us at the last day of denying him shrift.”

“He shall not die!” shrieked the Lady Elizabeth, starting from her seat, and, for the first time, boldly flinging her white arms about her lover, as if to defend him from his threatened fate.

“Have you forgotten all maiden shame, Elizabeth of York?” exclaimed her brother, sternly interposing to tear her from the wild embrace of his anticipated victim. “Stand back, base girl, I say! or by Lucifer, I will shear the rapier in your bosom! I would not for the honour of my father’s memory, that the eyes of my varlets should look on such a sight!”

“I care not if all the world beholds it!” cried she, passionately; “he is my betrothed, and if you murder him, you shall kill me also.”

“Your betrothed girl,” echoed Edward, shaking her rudely by the arm; “I’ll show you presently the way in which I cut love-troths between a sister of mine and a Lancastrian minion!”

“He is not a Lancastrian,” replied she; “he has forsaken the cause of Margaret, and is ready to trample on the red rose and assume the white for love of me.”

“And will keep his oath so faithfully, as others of his party, who have vowed to do as much while the axe was suspended over them,” retorted her brother, scornfully.

“They had not such powerful motives, perchance, to keep their engagements with York,” said Elizabeth, looking down and blushing.

“I know of no other motives than the hope of saving his neck, that can have induced my Lord of Suffolk to change his party at so seasonable a moment,” returned Edward; “but he knows little of me, if he thinks his subtlety will avail him aught, however successfully his devices may have been employed on the women of my house.”

“Oh! Suffolk—Suffolk! why do you not speak for yourself?” cried Elizabeth, pressing the arm of her agitated lover: “why do not you tell my brother what you told me only yesterday about the Duke of Exeter?” pursued she, lowering her voice to an earnest whisper.

“Ha! What is that about the Duke of Exeter?” interrupted Edward, eagerly.

Suffolk looked sullen, and was silent. At that moment the soldiers, who had been summoned by the young Duke of Clarence, appeared at the door of the apartment.

Edward beckoned to the captain, and directed him to place the fetter-lock on Suffolk’s wrists; “and then,” pursued he, “lead him forth of this presence, and hang him over the eastern gateway.”

“Hang a nobleman, and a knight, and the lord chamberlain of England, withal!” exclaimed Suffolk, in a tone of the most lively indignation. “I am your peer, Edward of York, and will not submit to such a sentence!”

“My peer, forsooth!” cried Edward, scornfully; “I have no peer, for I am the King of England de jure. Aye! and I will be so de facto; and be anointed with the holy oil of St. Edward, in Westminster Abbey, before the crows have ceased to feed on your severed head!”

“I thought you said I was to be hanged, even now,” observed Suffolk.

“I did so,” returned he; “but since you pleaded your peerage, as one of my traitor dukes, I have not yet had time to pass an attainer upon you, I grant you the favour of the axe instead of the halter.”

“I am beholden to your graciousness, truly,” replied Suffolk; who, malgré the audacity of his latter rejoinders, could scarcely restrain the convulsive tremor of his nether lip.

“Oh! mother—mother!” cried the Lady Elizabeth, hanging on the robe of the Duchess Cicely, “will you stand quietly by and hear my Suffolk’s death-doom, when you have promised him his life?”

“I did so,” replied the duchess, “and he shall not be slain.”

“You had no authority to make such promises, madam,” said her son, “and they are of none effect.”

“And would you dare to slay the
gentle duke in your mother’s despite?” said the duchess, majestically moving from her place of state, and confronting her son.

“Nineteen better heads than his have fallen on a scaffold, since that of my royal and right valiant father was set over York gate by the she-fiend who leads the host of Lancaster!” replied Edward, sternly. “And I have sworn that his shall make the even score.”

“Go to,—” said the duchess; “it is not by the blood of England’s nobles that the throne of York will be surely established. And have I not likewise sworn that he shall not die; and is my parole of honour to be gainsaid by a petulant boy, yet in his nonage? I tell you, Edward of York, that the Duke of Suffolk is the betrothed of your sister Elizabeth, and is ready to pledge his fealty to you as a trusty liegerman; and if you slay him, you are not only guilty of a brother’s blood, but lose the advantage of his services, which at this important crisis, may be of greater moment than you may think.”

“His services!” echoed Edward, scornfully; “are they to be offered in his capacity of lord chamberlain, I pray thee?”

Suffolk lowered his eyes in confusion, and his colour rose.

“Order the chamber to be cleared, and I will tell you,” said the duchess.

“Let every one leave this presence,” said her son; “and now my Lord of Suffolk,” continued he, “let me hear what you have to say in mitigation of our sentence.”

The Lady Elizabeth perceived that Suffolk was by no means disposed to say anything that would have the effect of mollifying the vengeful mood of her brother, who appeared to take a malicious satisfaction in sporting with his love of life.

The Duchess of York put the contract of marriage between Suffolk and her daughter into Edward’s hands, wherein the enamoured duke pledged himself to forsake the cause of Lancaster, and unite himself as a faithful kinsman and friend to the house of York for ever. He ran his eyes carelessly over the vellum, and then, casting it contemptuously upon the ground, cried—“This will avail him nothing; but rather, as we approve not of the alliance, affords fresh reason for the execution of the sentence.”

“But what says this, my son,” said the duchess, taking from her daughter’s hand a paper, which the weeping maiden had at length extorted from her reluctant lover.

“It is the hand-writing of Henry of Exeter!” exclaimed the heir of York, eagerly unfolding the scroll, and beginning to read its contents.

Suffolk covered his face with both his hands, for he felt that he had forfeited his honour in permitting the secret communication of his friend to be thus betrayed to his foe.

The letter of the Duke of Exeter was hastily written, evidently under the influence of great irritation of temper. After detailing some causes of discontent with his own party, there was, in reply to Suffolk’s confidential communication of his compact with the Duchess of York, the following passage:—

“You have taken a bold step—a step that, having entirely committed you with all your former friends, must irrevocably, and of necessity, bind you in a fast and sure alliance with the kindred of your bride. You will not be surprised to hear of the contempt and scorn with which your change of party is commented upon here by all ranks and conditions of men. Some there are, and of course Somerset is the loudest-tongued among them, who take occasion of your late proceedings to affirm that you have always been a snake in the grass, and a secret emissary of York. I know you better, and can make full allowance for the effect of imperative circumstances in impelling you to save your life at the expense of forsaking an ungrateful party. I do not, cannot blame you, Suffolk; nay, by Heaven, and I am in earnest in my asseveration, such is the disgust I feel at Somerset’s late proceedings, and the queen’s disgraceful partiality in covering all his fatal blunders and permitting his intolerable insolence, that were one of the ladies of York offered to me in marriage, with high and honourable employment and command in the armies of the white rose, I would fling the red rose from my bonnet and abjure the cause of Lancaster for ever.

“Thine in all love,

“EXETER.”

“By all my hopes of England this letter hath saved thine head, John de la Pole!” cried Edward, striking the Duke
of Suffolk familiarly on the shoulder, "and we are content that thy contract with our fair sister shall be fulfilled; yea, and we will dower her bravely with Lancastrian confiscations—but mark me, Suffolk, our consent is only on the condition that thou bring the Duke of Exeter over to the cause of York."

"I will use my best endeavours for that purpose," replied Suffolk; "but my success is of course doubtful—"

"But me—no buts, nor will I hear of doubts," replied the fierce heir of York: "write to Henry of Exeter forthwith, and tell him you have communicated his disaffection to Lancaster to Edward Plantagenet, your liege lord; and that I offer him my friendship, high place, and royal gifts, and the hand of my fairest sister, the Lady Anne, in marriage."

"By the mass, my lord, you offer like a sovereign who means his proposals to be accepted," said the Duke of Suffolk; "but what says the Lady Anne to this alliance?"

"What recks it?" replied Edward, "her consent is implied in my willing her marriage with our cousin Exeter, who is a man of noble presence, an accomplished statesman, a mighty general, the lord of brave vassals and large seignories, not above twenty years older than herself, and the most powerful ally of Lancaster, whom, by her means, I shall convert into a friend and brother. Speak, wenches," continued he, patting his sister's cheek, "will you be wedded on the same day with your eldest sister to the greatest duke in England, and lend your aid to make your brother king?"

"I am willing to enter into any contract whereby I can assist in overthrowing the throne of Lancaster, and avenging my father's death upon his enemies," replied the Lady Anne.

"Spoken like a true Plantagenet, and our loving sister," said her brother, kissing her. "So now, my Lord of Suffolk, you see your way is plain, and you have nought to do but to bring our cousin of Exeter to name the day for the celebration of this double bridal."

Suffolk was by no means sanguine as to the success of his negotiation, for the Duke of Exeter was the only legitimate descendant from the female line of Lancaster, being the grandson of Elizabeth Plantagenet, the eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster; and in event of the death of the young Prince of Wales, the only son of Henry the Sixth, he would, unless the line of succession were altered, stand as heir-presumptive to the throne; and under these circumstances it was scarcely to be expected that he would do any thing to further the claims of a rival dynasty. It happened, however, that in the course of a quarrel that had arisen between himself and his arrogant kinsman, the Duke of Somerset, respecting a difference of opinion in council, the latter took occasion to accuse the Duke of Exeter of having, while he filled the office of King Henry's prime minister, cast more than one oblique glance towards the crown, and encouraging rather than suppressing the injurious reports in circulation respecting the doubtful legitimacy of the Prince of Wales.

This accusation, whether true or false, had the effect of exasperating the queen (who was present) into expressions which decided the Duke of Exeter to embrace the flattering offers of the rival party, when secretly communicated to him by his bosom friend, the young Duke of Suffolk. Without allowing his high-raised passion to cool, or pausing for a single day to reflect on what he was doing, Exeter withdrew from the camp of Lancaster that very evening—not secretly, like a malcontent subject, but with unfurled banners, like an offended ally, followed by all his vassals and adherents.

Margaret perceived, and rued her error too late, in having rashly alienated the most powerful partisan of the cause of Lancaster. In consequence of this fatal desertion, she found herself unable to maintain the advantages she had previously gained. The citizens of London, always hostile to the Duke of Somerset, and jealous of his influence over the queen, and, above all things, alarmed and exasperated at his rash promise to the Scottish auxiliaries of all the plunder south of the Trent, shut their gates against the Lancastrian forces, and greeted the appearance of Edward of York with exulting acclamations. On the 28th of February, that prince made his triumphant entrance into the metropolis, where he was received by the Earl of Warwick, who had kept possession of the Tower, and the person of the unfortunate Henry VI. On the following day, the youthful victor was proclaimed king, by the style and title
of Edward IV. His coronation took place in Westminster Abbey, on the 4th of March; on which occasion, the Duke of Suffolk, who assisted publicly in the ceremonial, reminded him that he had performed the conditions on which he had been promised the fulfilment of his contract with the Lady Elizabeth of York, and the king named the following day but one for the celebration of the double bridal that was to take place in his family.

Notwithstanding the shortness of the interval, magnificent preparations were made for this important event, which formed the topic of universal discussion with all ranks and parties, and excited the greatest interest, both in the court and the city. The sun rose splendidly on the morning that was to witness the union of the renegade Lancastrian dukes with their fair and royal brides, whose charms had attracted general admiration at the recent pageant of the coronation, where they, with their sister Margaret, had walked in a side procession with the Duchess Cicely, their mother.

The day was ushered in with the ringing of bells and discharge of artillery; and when the hour appointed for the nuptial solemnity to take place arrived, the king, with his brothers and the principal lords of the new court, assembled in the presence-chamber of the palace at Westminster.

The Duke of Exeter had not yet made his appearance, and it was very evident that Suffolk was regarded with feelings of any thing but cordiality or respect by the ancient partisans of the house of York. The Earl of Warwick, surnamed the King-maker, carefully avoided exchanging a single greeting with him. The example of that all-potent chief was followed by his brother, the Marquis of Montague, and the Earl of Hastings, King Edward’s lord chamberlain, and all their kindred or dependent satellites. Less important personages among the courtiers took their cue, from the line of conduct adopted towards their new ally, from these leading nobles, and kept cautiously aloof.

Under other circumstances, this repulsive distance and undisguised contempt on the part of men, with whose party he had now united himself, would have been felt as a severe mortification by Suffolk; but every other feeling was absorbed in the raptures of an expecting lover, and regardless alike of the opinion of friend or foe, he stood playing with the white rose that decorated his plumed cap, unconscious of his occupation, or the sarcastic smiles of those whose whispered comments on the motives of his recent change of party, more than once provoked a reproving frown from royalty itself. But King Edward was not yet sufficiently firm in the seat of empire, to venture to carry himself with a high hand among the proud and jealous nobles, to whom he owed his recent elevation to a disputed throne, which he could only hope to maintain through their fealty; and he saw with bitter mortification, that his majesty was considered only as a reflection, borrowed from the overweening greatness of the Earl of Warwick. The courtiers studied the looks and words of that powerful peer rather than his; and the countenance which he afforded to the Duke of Suffolk, availed very little in softening the hostile feeling which was so manifestly cherished against him by the partisans of York. Happily for the youthful lover, he was too much taken up with the blissful anticipations of his approaching happiness to bestow a thought on aught beside. His eyes, instead of scrutinising the scornful countenances of those around him, were steadily fixed upon the folding doors of the apartment, intently watching for the appearance of his beautiful betrothed. Her, whom in the arbour of a first fond love, he deemed cheaply purchased, even at the sacrifice of the esteemed friend and foe. The anxiously expected moment appeared to him long delayed, but at length a signal was given by a page to the minstrels in the royal livery, who were stationed in an open gallery opposite the throne. There was an immediate flourish of wind instruments, and twanging of harp-strings; and the folding doors were thrown open to admit the glittering pageant of the two brides, attired in royal splendour, led by the Duchess of York, their mother, and attended each by her six noble bridesmaids, and followed by a train of peers and officers of state.

Suffolk, although his recent office of lord chamberlain might have familiarized him to the reserves and restraints which the solemn etiquette of a court imposes more especially in the presence
of royalty, forgot every thing but the rapture of a lover, and eagerly advanced to meet and greet his beloved with words and looks of overflowing delight.

The Lady Elizabeth, whose tearful blushes were partially concealed from observation by her bridal veil, moved timidly onward by her mother's side, with downcast eyes, without venturing to reply otherwise than in an inarticulate manner to the passionate eloquence of her lover bridegroom. There was a decided contrast, not only in the feelings, but the deportment of the royal brides. The Lady Anne, who was considerably taller than her sister, and was by many considered to possess a more majestic line of features, walked with a firm step and haughty elevation of the head, which was perfectly characteristic of the unyielding pride for which she had been remarkable at the earliest age. Her bridal veil, which was attached to a jewelled tiara, was thrown back, so as to display the lofty beauty of her commanding brow, and the fine proportions of her noble form. Her large majestic eyes appeared to demand the obeisance of the monarch and his court as she glanced round the splendid circle, and returned their salutation with an inclination as stately as if she had been a female sovereign acknowledging the homage of her liegemen. The general murmur of admiration, which perhaps the more retiring charms and graceful timidity of her lovely sister had had the effect of producing more decidedly than her own conscious beauty, she attributed wholly as a tribute to herself, and condescended to curtsy very low in reply to it, but at the same moment she detected the absence of her affianced bridegroom. The proud blood rushed to her cheek, and her eyes flashed fire at the imagined insult. The appealing glance which she directed to her royal brother was quickly understood by him, and it communicated to his bosom no slight portion of the mingled anger and disdain which was raging in hers.

Better versed, however, in the arts of a politician than to betray his feelings like an offended girl, and fully aware how much of the stability of the position he had assumed depended on this family alliance with the Duke of Exeter, King Edward, instead of testifying by the slightest word or gesture the displeasure he felt at the implied slight which was offered to his sister, assumed his most winning smile, and, turning to the Duke of Suffolk, addressed him in a tone of gay pleasantry, in these words—

"Hasten, my Lord of Suffolk, to your brother bridegroom, and tell him that his tireman has been so over-studious in his labours for his nuptial adornment, that the bride, our royal sister, hath left her closet first, and our court gallants cry shame upon him for a laggard. Marry, my Lord of Suffolk, your youthful graces need no such tedious setting forth."

Suffolk obeyed the royal mandate with all the promptness which the circumstances of the case required, for he detected the secret, but suppressed, wrath that lurked under Edward's assumed frankness, and the portentous cloud that lowered on the brow, not only of the offended princess, but of the haughty Duchess Cicely, her mother.

Sensible that his own destiny was involved in that of the Duke of Exeter, and that the marriage for which he had forfeited the good opinion of all who had ever been dear to him, his own respect, and every consideration of honourable consistency of principle, now hung upon the conduct of that nobleman, Suffolk sought him with an anxiety to learn the cause of his unseasonable delay, that may be better imagined than described. He found the staircase, gallery, and ante-chamber leading to the Duke of Exeter's apartment crowded with his vassals, knights, esquires, and other retainers all arrayed in gala liveries, as if in due readiness to attend their lord to his nuptial solemnity; but there was a general air of constraint and gloom pervading the features of every member of the train. Glances of dissatisfaction, not unmixed with contempt, were cast on the white rose badge of the hated faction, for which they had reluctantly been compelled, by their lord's recent change of party, to exchange the crimson insignia of Lancaster.

Long cherished prejudices and animosities are not to be overcome by a sudden treaty, between the leaders of two rival parties, founded on no better motives than the gratification of private pique on the one hand, and a feeling of political expediency on the other, concurring to an alliance which had in it nothing of those generous feelings of
reconciliation or good-will which alone can render peace lasting or beneficial. The weapons of these sworn partisans of Lancaster were in the sheath; it is true, for they were compelled to a reluctant cessation from hostilities, but in their hearts they were as averse to the cause of York, as when they shouted "Exeter for Lancaster!" in the victorious field of Wakefield; and there was a sullen murmur of disapprobation, as the Duke of Suffolk, with the white rose in his velvet bonnet, hurried through them, and entered the chamber of their lord.

He found the Duke of Exeter robed for his bridal, with all the magnificence suitable to his demi-royal rank; but his countenance wore the same expression of gloom and discontent, so visible in those of his followers. Though all preparations for his nuptials were completed, and the hour appointed for their solemnization had been proclaimed, not only by the Abbey clock, but by a general flourish of trumpets from the royal band of musicians, which was designed as a hint to the tardy bridgroom, he evinced no haste to obey this unequivocal summons. To the surprise of every one, he remained seated in a musing melancholy attitude, with his eyes bent on a packet of letters which he held in his hand, while his compressed brows, and the agitation of his features, denoted plainly that some momentous question, yet to be decided, was the cause of this unseasonable delay. So much was he absorbed in the mental agony with which his stern bosom laboured, that he was wholly unconscious of the entrance of the Duke of Suffolk, till the impatient lover, slapping him somewhat sharply on the shoulder, exclaimed—

"Up, up, Sir Bridgroom! 'tis no time to indulge in your black reveries, when a royal bride is waiting your leisure to lead her to the marriage altar: aye! and worse than that, your new liege-lord, Edward of York, is inwardly chafing at your un courteous delay. Therefore, my lord duke, if you have no scruples of gallantry to check you in offering such a slight to a young and beautiful lady, and a princess withal, remember she hath a brother who will revenge her quarrel to the death."

"Suffolk," replied the duke, speaking with great emotion, "I have been madly precipitate in what I have done—you, and I perceive my error too late."

"Too late, indeed, by the mass! if you wish to retain your head another hour upon your shoulders, my lord duke!" exclaimed Suffolk, impatiently; "but even if the peril of trifling with such a prince as Edward of York were a thousand-fold less than it is, you are pledged in honour to me, and I have been the surety for your faith to the kindred of my bride; and you ought to have more consideration for me than to think of faltering now, when not only your own ruin, but the wreck of my happiness, and the peril of my life, will be the consequence of this wavering."

"Suffolk, you are the lover of the woman you are about to wed, and therefore I can make allowance for your hastiness of speech," said the Duke of Exeter: "nevertheless, when you shall have read these letters from the queen and Somerset, which were only put into my hand an hour ago, you will not wonder at the reluctance which I now feel, to the unnatural alliance that you have tempted me to form with the daughter of my foe."

"This is no time for reading letters nor arguing on a question, which, whether right or wrong, was decided, beyond the power of recall, on the day when you trampled on the red rose and assumed the white," said Suffolk, impatiently putting aside the offered packet. "Besides," added he, "why should any thing that can now be urged by Margaret and her minion Somerset, move the aforesaid slighted Duke of Exeter to forswear his solemn engagements to the princes of York?"

"Because," replied the duke, "these letters contain such full and manly acknowledgment of error on the part of Somerset—such satisfactory explanation on that of the queen, of the arts that have been used to kindle this accursed flame of discord between us, together with expressions of so much regret from her grace for having given me cause of offence; and such confident reliance, withal, on my attachment to my unfortunate sovereign, King Henry, and my fair young cousin, his royal heir, whose cause I should for ever ruin by my base falling away to York, that, by the honour of my father's house, I know not how to proceed in the headlong course which I have so blindly pursued."

"Duke of Exeter, it is too late for such reflections," replied Suffolk.
“Nay, I am not yet the husband of Anne Plantagenet.”

“But you are pledged in honour to become so; and trust me, Holland, it were wiser to enter unarmed into a lion’s den, than to offer her the shadow of a slight within the cognizance of her fierce vindictive brother.”

“Nay, think not that any consideration of personal danger can sway me to the completion of an union, against which both my conscience and my inclination revolts with unspeakable abhorrence.”

“An abhorrence which you would fain persuade me is founded on your attachment to Lancaster alone,” returned Suffolk; “but your subtlety does not deceive me, I know there is a woman in the case.”

“A woman!” replied the Duke of Exeter, becoming greatly agitated—“most true, a lovely, fond, confiding woman, whose devoted tenderness and reliance on my honour I have repaid with the blackest injuries, and whose gentle heart would be broken outright if I became the husband of the Lady Anne.”

“So then, my Lord of Exeter, you hesitate not at offering the most unmanly insult to a princess, pulling destruction thereby not only on your own head but mine withal, because, forsooth, your leman will be afflicted at your marriage.”

“By Heaven!” exclaimed the Duke of Exeter, passionately, “I will not suffer her to be designated by so injurious a name. Ay! you may smile as doubtful as you will, Suffolk, but if you were to see my Isabel, and hear the touching accents of her sweet voice, you could not speak of her with such unmanly scorn, nor think her otherwise than the angel that she is.”

“A fallen angel, even by your own admission, lord duke,” observed Suffolk, who was provoked beyond all bounds by the infatuation of his friend.

The door of an inner apartment was here hastily opened, and a young and beautiful female, attired in a page’s dress, burst into the room. Her tear-swollen eyes and her dishevelled ringlets, ill assorted with the masculine attire of doublet and hose; and there was an appearance of the most passionate sorrow in her whole deportment—sorrow so wild and uncontrollable, as to render her reckless of every other consideration, even of the presence of a stranger; and springing to the Duke of Exeter, she buried her face in the folds of his velvet robe, and sobbed with the unrestrained vehemence of a child.

“Isabel! Isabel!” cried the duke, who was greatly agitated, but at the same time endeavoured to assume a sternness of look and tone, “what is the meaning of all this, and why have you disobeyed my commands in following me hither?”

“First tell me, false, ungrateful Henry,” said she, “what is the meaning of all these frightful preparations, and those bells which, if they tell me true, are ringing out my knell, while their maddening peals proclaim your bridal with another—with another do I say? you cannot wed another while I live, for I am your wife, your wedded wife—ay, do not thrust me from you with such cruel scorn—I am not dreaming, I can cite the time and place where the priest made us one; and then the ring that is on my finger, did you not place it there, my Henry, before the altar of that little chapel of our Lady of the wood? The night that you persuaded me to quit my poor deceived father for your sake—it was not for the sake of your lofty title and broad lands, Henry, for I wist not that it was the mighty Duke of Exeter who wooed me—I was won by one whom I deemed of humbler fortunes than myself.”

“Go, go, my poor Isabel,” replied the duke, “you need not tell me all this to convince me that I have been a villain—I deceived you, my girl, from first to last. You are no wife of mine, I was the heir-presumptive to the crown, and could not wed a nameless maiden—the priest, the marriage, and the ring, were all a feint. I am contracted to a king’s sister, to whom my cruel destiny compels me to give the hand which may not be united in wedlock’s solemn band with hers who is sole mistress of my heart.”

The duke’s last sentence fell unheard on the cold ear of her to whom these words were addressed. Isabel’s hands had gradually relaxed their frantic grasp from the garments of her betrayer, and she sunk upon the ground at his feet, without life or motion.

“Oh! monster, murderer that I am!” exclaimed he, hanging over the pale insensible form of his heart-stricken victim, “how can I go to the altar of God, and pledge my perjured vows to another?”
"In the name of all that's maddening!" cried Suffolk, stamping upon the ground in an agony of impatience, "what am I to say to King Edward, my Lord of Exeter?"

"Tell him I am sick—stricken suddenly ill, and crave his royal sister's grace till another day; for, in sooth, I cannot go through the accursed business now."

The reluctant envoy returned to the royal presence with a slow step and troubled countenance.

"How now, my Lord of Suffolk, do you return alone?" said King Edward, with a portentous frown.

"May it please your grace," replied Suffolk, in a faltering voice, "the Duke of Exeter craves the excuse of yourself and his royal bride for his delay, for he is stricken by sudden illness."

"He hath chosen a brave time for his sickness, by the mass!" observed the youthful monarch, with a contemptuous curl of the lip: then turning to his confessor, the Bishop of Bath, who stood at his elbow, he addressed these words to him in a low, stern whisper—

"My lord bishop, go to the Duke of Exeter, and tell him from us that we send you to offer him shrift, for if the Abbey clock strike once more before his contract with our royal sister be fulfilled, his sickness will end in death."

The royal message proved an effectual medicine for the malady of the tardy bridegroom. He entered, leaning on the bishop's arm, not with his usual proud, high bearing, but with the air of a condemned criminal who was about to undergo the severest penalty of the law, while his death-pale cheek and agitated frame offered strong corroboration of excuse he had pleaded of indisposition.

The bride made an unequivocal gesture of haughty displeasure as he advanced, and without replying to his profound obeisance, directed an eager look of inquiry to her royal brother, as much as to ask if she might be permitted to reject him with scorn. King Edward shook his head, and motioned to the Archbishop of Canterbury to perform his office. The tapers blazed on the temporary altar, the officiating priests, all mitred prelates, took their places, and the glittering censers threw up their fragrant wreaths of incense smoke. The young Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, in obedience to a signal from their brother, led the royal brides to the altar, where King Edward, smothering his secret feelings of displeasure, assisted with a gracious smile and gay demeanour at this double bridal.

The union of the Duke of Suffolk with the Lady Elizabeth of York was as happy as the marriage of faithful lovers should be: that the Duke and Duchess of Exeter was a political alliance, founded neither on affection nor esteem. Abhorrent hearts and loathing hands were there united, not in the silken bonds of mutual love, but linked in hated chains, which death alone could sever. The result of this marriage will form the subject of my next tale of the English Chronicles.

ENIGMA.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

From a race the most scorn'd and ignoble it springs,
Yet is loved by the learned and trusted by kings:
The sceptre's a bauble when placed by its side,
And the crown would be worthless if this were denied—
"Tis the power of the monarch—the people's defence—
It can win them to peace, or to madness incense.
It is voiceless—and yet from the south to the north,
To the ends of the earth, has its language gone forth.
It is silent—yet eloquence has at command—
"Tis the statesman's assistant, the pride of each land.
It familiar has been with the learning of ages,
With the folly of fools, and the wisdom of sages.
More various its errors in good or in ill,
Than the changes in April, or woman-kind's will.
Death oft hangs on its motion, and life is its gift;
It can sink to despair, or to ecstasy lift!
"Tis the aider of good, or promoter of evil,
The servant of God, or the tool of the Devil.
THE THREE RACANS.

[We copy the following from Mr. Leigh Hunt's "London Journal," in which he has registered his fly-away thoughts for forty-four weeks; and we sincerely trust to his advantage. He justly describes it as not original; notwithstanding, as we think, it has many origins.]

On the death of Montaigne, his adopted daughter, Mdlle. de Gournai, turned her attention to Racan, whom she only knew by his works. The desire of being acquainted with a poet so eminent, and so capable of judging of the merits of others, made her neglect no means of procuring a visit from him; and after some time she succeeded, and the day and hour were appointed. Two of the poet's friends, on being informed of it, seized the opportunity of playing a trick on the lady, and, about an hour previous to the appointed time, one of them appeared at her door, and introduced himself as M. de Racan. Who can do justice to his reception? He talked, and talked, and praised the works she had written, and thanked her for the knowledge they had given him; in short, used all his eloquence to flatter her in the belief that she was a prodigy. After about half an hour's conversation, he made his bow and departed, leaving his hostess very well pleased with M. de Racan. Scarcely had he left the house, when another M. de Racan was announced: and she, conceiving that her late visitor had forgotten something, rose up to receive him the more graciously, when the second friend entered, and made himself known as her appointed visitor. Mdlle. de Gournai was astonished; and, after cross-examining the pretended poet, informed him of the guest she had just dismissed. The counterfeit Racan, of course, seemed greatly chagrined at the imposture, and vowed vengeance on the author of it, at the same time convincing the lady that he could be no other than the person he represented, by praising her and her works more outrageously than his predecessor. This second Racan at length quitted her, perfectly satisfied that he was the object of her invitation, and the former one an impostor. The door had scarcely closed upon him, when a third Racan, that is to say the real one, made his appearance, and then the lady lost all patience: "What, more Racans!" she screamed out. She then ordered him to be shown up stairs; and, on his entering her presence, demanded, in the greatest passion, how he dared to insult her so grossly. Racan, who was never very voluble of his tongue, was so astonished at this reception, that he could only answer by stuttering and stammering; and the lady, in the mightiness of her wrath, becoming at once persuaded, by his confusion, that he was an accomplice of her first visitor, took off her slipper, and made such good use of it on the poet's head, that he was glad to make a precipitate retreat.—[A correspondent has favoured us with this anecdote from the "Dictionnaire des Portraits Historiques."]—A similar story, if our memory does not deceive us, is told of Rousseau,—probably a fact suggested by the former one.—L. M.

LINES
WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT.

Along the halls, no more thy step is bounding—
No more thine eye illumines the joyous throng;
Spirits of light, are now thy form surrounding:—
Those heavenly charms to brighter worlds belong.

Ne'er hast thou witnessed, fond affection slighted;
Sweet innocence, thy youthful heart adorned,
Thou'rt fled, ere yet one flower of hope was blighted:—
By angels welcomed, though by kindred mourned.

H. F. V.

February 11, 1885.
FRAGMENT OF THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

"I did my duty manfully
While on the billows rilling;
And, night or day, could find my way
Blind-fold to the main top bowling."—Dibdin.
"She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm 'tis the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."—Shakespeare.

While at St. Andrew's, in North America, Captain M'Intyre, of the merchant ship Sarah, of Belfast, was solicited by a strapping English sailor to engage him as one of his crew. The captain listened to the narratives of his previous service—the distresses he had encountered in America—his having walked from Westport to St. Andrew's, a distance of seventy miles, great part through the woods—his anxious desire to get to the port of Belfast, whither the vessel was bound, &c. He saw his labour-marked hands and sea-worn complexion; that he seemed sound wind and limb, and finally engaged him as cook and steward; duties that abstract something from the labours of the seamen in such vessels, unless as to the helm, or in bad weather.

The young sailor did his several duties with the most vigilant attention and activity. While he quietly well furnished the cabin table and the mess of the crew, and kept all clean and tight in this way, he was as prompt as any, in a gale of wind, to the most hazardous work aloft,—in fact, shrank from nothing. He was obliging, and differed in nothing from the rest of the crew but by silence, a manner occasionally demure, rather repugnant to vulgarity, and, that most crying sin among seamen, of a disinclination for grog. This caused him to be an object of some scrutiny, perhaps, in a few instances, of jealousy; and on some occasions, he received a blow, which he bore without a murmur, though not without evident pangs, that bespoke him something more than an ordinary seaman.

It may be easily supposed that among the yarns spun (according to the fashionable nautical phraseology) even on board a merchantman, the stripping would produce a subject; we might easily and very naturally spin one of some fathoms length for them, particularly as to the sage opinions of such veterans as "Ben Block, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail;" we could tell how one told the young seamen that the first Emperor of Russia, named Peter, would insist on entering on board a British ship, and that, mayhap, our cook, steward, and foremost-man, might be an emperor in disguise; but no, that would not do, because Peter I. of all the Russias, would not have stood what this stripping did! We might have even thought of the Admirals Benbow, &c., who served before the mast in a merchantman. Such points we must, however, leave alone, while we work the good ship Sarah to England.

The captain, it would appear, received counter-orders from his owner, either before or on his approach to the shores of England, which prevented him from pursuing his course home to Belfast, and diverted it to no less a point than the West Indies! This, it will be seen, was a heavy infliction on the young sailor, whose guiding star was Belfast; but then he had engaged himself with the ship to go there, and no where else; and so he was not compellable to continue longer on board than its arrival in England, and so he respectfully, though determinately, announced to his captain. Whether this created any temporary feeling in the captain, who, no doubt, panted for his home, and might consider that his young steward would reach Belfast as soon as himself—whether the crew wondered that the youngster should quit his ship, are matters that for us must remain unsolved. Certes, some effect was produced by it, for it alone seems to have solved a greater mystery.

To be short, one day the stripping was washing in his berth, as sailors are wont to do; hard at work, he heeded nothing else; his well-tanned countenance was flushing with labour—his hardened doubly-tanned hands were heated by the alkali of the soap and immersion in hot water—he threw open his shirt collar awhile to pursue his toil more easily and rapidly, thinking only of the Light bay of Carrickfergus, and the port of Belfast. We must just interpolate, in our story, so much as to say that we very much love good merchant seamen, because we have shared their joys and sorrows in some difficult voyages, and have always,
while on board, identified ourselves with them, perhaps "done the ship some service," yet we cannot help passing our ban upon one for his horrid scrutiny of that day. Looking down privately on the young, though hardy, seaman, he perceived, through the opened shirt collar, sufficient of a bosom, "white as snow," as he termed it, to inform his messmates that their object of wonder was—a WOMAN!

We are pained to add, that taunts and jeers do seem here for once to have supplanted the generosity of British tars—perhaps because they have been basking in a long peace. We do not like to say they are deteriorated, because we are sure that—

When again we're plunged in war,
They'll show their daring spirit.

However, poor girl, she seems, notwithstanding her continued performance of every duty in the same attire, to have suffered much from those taunts and jeers of the crew after the discovery: to the honour of the captain it must be said, that he who had never treated her unkindly as a man, did treat her more kindly as a woman. Perhaps he knew not how to do more, his chief anxiety being, of course, to get his ship into port in the best way he could, with due respect to the interest of his owners. However, as they arrived, from the rumours of the seamen, and perhaps some communication from herself, an ulterior interest seems to have been created in her behalf on shore, which will enable us to tell her history, with all the caution which we desire to use in whatever we present to our readers.

Hence, it appears that her name is ANNE JANE THORNTON—that she is not yet seventeen years of age—that she was born in Gloucestershire, and when six years old, accompanied her father to Donegal, in Ireland, where he afterwards possessed profitable stores, and subsequently failed—that, while yet under fourteen, a mutual attachment took place between herself and the master of a merchantman, Captain Burke, who was suddenly obliged to quit his young betrothed and return to New York, leaving with her his address. Her young heart could not brook his absence, and she determined to follow him. No way presented itself but to attire herself in a cabin-boy's dress, and engage to work her passage to New York; that she did so, and found, on reaching his father's house, that he had died two days before! She found no home there, and so determined to continue her course in other vessels, and thus ultimately work her way back again to Ireland; by which means, as already described, she has now reached London.

Captain M'Intyre has agreed, before the chief city magistrate, to pay her the wages for which he engaged her as a man, and gives her the highest character for prudence, both before and after the discovery, on board his ship. She is, as he states, comfortably and respectfully lodged at the house of a licensed victualler; and her demeanour justifies the best opinion. It is said that she has written to her father, with a full conviction that he will forgive her for the unhappiness she has caused him, in consideration of the sorrows she has undergone herself. She is of low stature, with limbs firm and compact, her face comely, her eyes dark and expressive; for the rest, the description may as well cease, till she has overcome the toils of the sea. Great interest has been created in her behalf, and she will therefore doubtless become the London "lion" of—a day!

We have the more readily put this article, such as it is, together, because some facts are already well ascertained, to show that Anne Jane mingled both our mottoes; and for the remainder we are indebted to no less authority than the humane feelings and discrimination of—THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

ON THE DEATH OF A SCHOOLFELLOW.

"Memor esto brevis avi."—Plin.

[A party of schol-boys set out on an excursion of pleasure in a boat on the river Ouse, when the boat was upset by some accident, and all were lost.]

Light of heart, books, slates, and tasks forgot—
Christmas arrived, ours was a happy lot;
We bade farewell—then flew our friends to greet,
Each anxious parent with delight to meet.
'Twas on one blooming, cloudless summer's morn,
"Without a vapour, herald of the storm;"
All was serene; the warbler on the tree,
With notes of sprightliest joy, and melody,
Welcom'd the party; each young breast beat high,
Thought but of pleasure, and no danger nigh.
To sail upon the Ouse, whose waters play,
'Mid verdures; 'twas the harvest, and the hay
Gathered in heaps by many a rustic hand,
The hardy sons of Albion's happy land;
The golden corn—the fields of brighten'd green;
All! lavished charms upon the passing scene.
Thus was the youthful league agreed by all,
Approving friends, but caution for nightfall;
"We will so guard," replied they, ply the oar;
Eager to joy upon the stream once more.
Expectant parents wait, but wait in vain,
Eager they listened for the happy strain:
The mirthful glee of the young friends whose bark
Should blitheful come, ere the bright skies grew dark;
Alas! that bark had then consign'd to sleep
Amid its waters, him o'er whom I weep.
He and his playmates—ah! see, there they lie,
Who can behold their tomb with tearless eye?

Wiseton, Feb. 22, 1835.

J. C. H.

The Village Church-yard, and other Poems. By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. Longman and Co.

Those who are accustomed to trace the progress of the human mind through history, will find that the first dawn of refinement in every country was by means of a literary aristocracy. Italy, under the Medicis; Spain, under her Charles the Great; France, during the reigns of the latter Valois and the earlier Bourbons; and England, during those of her Tudors and Stuarts, owed chief of their civilization to the benign influence of letters on their nobility; when, merging from the warrior-hunter state, they discovered that the pen became the hand of a Christian baron, at least as well as the instruments of destruction. With these remembrances we feel the highest disgust at the sneers of such as indiscriminately attack all literature that is prefixed by a noble name; on the contrary, we deem a taste for letters to be quite becoming the high calling of the nobles of the land, who not only frequently excel in the executive department of letters, but are also very greatly looked up to as the liberal and cherishing patrons of the arts and of literature. The generous patronage of the family of the young and noble poetess, whose works have given rise to these reflections, drew Crabbe from his poverty (after various submissions elsewhere, incompatible with what we have generally considered genius), and thereby founded an almost glorious era of English poetry, which, with the exception of the drama, we must consider that of the last forty years to be; in which, by the way, he, from whom we would date the origin, lay dormant till awakened by the "Edinburgh Review." In this fair scion, from the right royal line of Plantagenet, the family taste for poetry, pertaining to the ducal house of Manners, has expanded into a talent that is very fast perfecting itself.

Our favourite poem in this elegant collection is that on the death of the Duke of Reichstadt: there is woman's tenderness combined with masculine power in the allusion to the tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena, which she aptly and poetically terms the Burial Isle:

"Ye pensive sentinels! ye guardians meek! That shade the burial-isle, the wild and bleak—Whose cold unsympathizing comrades are,
The winds, the rock, the billow, and the star:

Literature, &c.
Sweet willows! lone, that dread tomb by the deep,
Your long, caressing, weeping boughs o'er sweep:
Sweet willows! far more fittingly above
The son's calm grave, surely ye'd lean in love.
And drooping lowliness, and fragile grace,
Surely that tomb were more congenial place
For such meek mourners, than that last abode
Of him — — —

And here we stop—for in the next words, though full of poetic thought, a false accent breaks in, like a jarring note in a rich strain of original melody; and lovely Lady Emmeline will see that she has not willed us from a consciousness of her faults, when faults are apparent; and careless accents, that cry to be reduced to order, are the chief defects that we find in this charming volume. For the present we shall take farewell of it, with the quotation of a poetic gem; but we shall, ere long, enrich our pages with another, when the season accords with its insertion:

"I love thee— I love thee! oh, words of all words,
How they thrill through the heart-strings,
I love thee! I love thee! oh, words of all words,
That my heart, and for ever, is thine—thine alone,
I love thee! how long that confession hath hovered
Round these tremulous lips— modelling and forming,
That truth, which by silence was vainly suppressed,
Since that deep burning silence itself e'en confessed!

"Ere while the light breath of a breeze might have stirred
This too sensitive heart, e'en the sound of a word;
Ah! the breath that had moved, not a rose-leaf had shaken,
The spirit too prompt and too quick to awaken;
Aye! had tempered wild this bosom's deep feelings,
That now finds repose in those raptured revelations;
I love thee—I love thee! my only my own,
I love thee for ever—I love thee alone!

"I love thee— I love thee! oh, sound of all sounds,
They make our frail life overlap its dull bounds—
There's a music in them, that the clear cloudless air
Of Paradise only is worthy to bear:

Yet a music that makes e'en our atmosphere chill,
With a passion of ecstasy, tremble and thrill:
I love thee— I love thee! oh, words of all words,
How they throb through the heart-strings,
the bosom's quick chords!"

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It is impossible for scientific knowledge to be conveyed in plainer language than in the present work. The first number is chiefly devoted to a patient and perspicuous definition of the Latin terms of art used in entomology. It forms a valuable addition to a lady's library; and we cannot recommend a better book of instruction in that pleasing science than this of Dr. Burmeister, so cheaply offered as a periodical publication by Messrs. Churton and Tilt. There are two plates, engraved on steel, which accompany the present number: the outline is exquisitely delicate, and the figures admirably illustrate the text; and the entomological anatomy is designed with clearness, and no little pictorial merit.

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From a careful examination of the first number of Knowles' Dictionary, we scruple not to affirm that it is the most important lexicographical work that has appeared since the days of Dr. Johnson. It is our custom always to give our reasons for such assertions; and when we inform our readers that it contains all the participles and participle explanations of active transitive verbs as distinct words, they will call to mind how often the best orthographists are puzzled by the caprice of our language, in the admission or rejection of double consonants, in the mode of spelling the imperfect and past tenses of verbs. The English language being a compound of all the tongues, and all the variations of them, that were spoken at the tower of Babel, has of course no guide in analogy; and owing to some pedantic prejudice ap-
pertaining to former lexicographers, particles of verbs never took their places in the rank and file of other words; therefore, in regard to the right way of spelling them, the students of our language, both natives and foreigners, were left to their own devices, or to the slow tuition of experience. Where can we find a certain reference on these points, if needed in a hurry? Not in Johnson—not in Sheridan—not in Walker. Let our readers turn to the works we have named, and look for such words as averring, averred, ballotted, balloting, bespread, bespreading, biting, bitten, beginning, begun, benetting, been, befilling, befallen, busying, busied, burying, buried, cancelling, cancelled, and hundreds more of the verb species—they may look in vain for this great improvement in our language, unless they look across the Atlantic; and as that is rather too far to look for the right spelling of English particles, they may as well take in the numbers of Knowles' Dictionary, where alone they can find them, at least in this island. We congratulate all teachers, more particularly, on this publication. There is nothing to us more afflicting than to see children harassed or tormented through the failure of their books of reference: it may sharpen their wits, mayhap, but it destroys that mysterious spring of all human happiness—temper. A child, if it has the industry to hunt in a voluminous dictionary for a dubious word of capricious variation, has a right to find it, and not perhaps to meet with reproach or punishment for errors of spelling in an exercise, when he can find no authority for correcting words that are only judged by the eye. Oh! but it may be urged children ought not to be punished for such errors—yet what is done, and what ought to be done, are very different matters in human conduct; and the temper of the teacher, whose eye has gained the experience that can alone give right orthography in particles, has had, peradventure, his temper somewhat impaired with the thorns and briers of his own education and occupation, may visit the fault of buried being spelt buryed, or beginning being spelt beginning, as heavily, as if said particles were printed in fair characters in Johnson's Dictionary. It is for present and future mothers that we write; and to them we would urge the fact, that all unnecessary pain inflicted on an industrious and docile child, is a sin against his health and temper. For this cause we are anxious to analyse and recommend all books that smooth the arduous ascent of education—and this is one, as we have proved.

The author of this dictionary claims in his title-page the honour of being father to Sheridan Knowles, the celebrated dramatist, and nephew to Thomas Sheridan, the lexicograph. We now distinctly know the degree of relationship that Sheridan Knowles bears to the present Sheridan family: and can only express our wonder that the somewhat eccentric old gentleman should have been impelled to delay his publication till the bright fame of his son, bursting from the obscurity of untoward circumstances, should furnish a sort of passport to public attention.


In this collection the biographies of Dante and Petrarch contain all the information that is often laboriously diffused over huge quartos. These lives are just what is needed in a popular collection: they teem with entertainment, because the subjects are not diluted for book-making purposes. But the pride of the collection is the life of Ariosto, which is full of rare and varied anecdote, owing to the judicious use the able author has made of Ariosto's satires, which contain, as is justly noticed, much of the autobiography and private character of the poet; these are new to the English reader. The mode of criticism is excellent, and the specimens from the Italian authors are evidently chosen by one completely familiar with their various styles and merits.

The supernatural announcement of the death of Giacomo Colonna, the friend of Petrarch, is an historical curiosity, well deserving the reader's attention:—

"At this time he one night dreamt that he saw Giacomo Colonna, in his garden at Parma, crossing the rivulet that traversed it. He went to meet him, asking him, with surprise, whence he came, whither he was going in such haste, and wherefore unattended? The bishop replied, smiling, 'Do you not remember when you visited the Garone with me, how you disliked the thunder-storm of the Pyrenees? They now
annoy me also, and I am returning to Rome." So saying, he hastened on, repelling with his hand Petrarch, who was about to follow him, saying: 'Remain; you must not accompany me.' As he spoke, his countenance changed, and it was overspread with the hues of death. Nearly a month after, Petrarch heard that the bishop had died during the night on which his dream had occurred."


The poets that publish independent volumes in the present day, are, we fear, fruitlessly employed in stringing pearls to throw before a public, whose tastes are somewhat—but we will forbear the piggish comparison, out of reverence to our fair and gentle half of the said public, whose tastes and feelings are, as we have oft-times proved, of a more delicate and discriminating order than the rude remainder. The thoughts of the majority of mankind are so busily employed with railroads, steam-engines, and viler politics, that they seem barbarously resolved to put down all poetry as a nuisance. Yet we have no doubt that the ladies, whose praises Mitchell has so lately sung, will take his "Saxon's Daughter" under their protection, as we can assure them that they will find both amusement and delight in its pages, from which we quote this specimen, which shows research, as well as spirited versification:

"Fair laughs the morn on land and ocean,
The leagued army is in motion;
St. George! how gallant, free, and gay,
Moves o'er the plain their vast array!
Light as their hearts each pennon dances,
Bright as their hopes gleam thousand lances;
The impatient chargers neigh and bound,
And toss in pride their foam around;
Shrials the sharp sifl on breeze of morn;
Clatters the timbrel, swells the horn;
Vanward their steeds the Templars* reign,
Whose furious charge was ne'er in vain;"

* The Order of Knights Templars was founded by Hugh de Paynes, for the defence of pilgrims visiting the holy sepulchre. The community originally was limited in number, and very poor; but afterwards it rose to great power. The habit was a white, flowing mantle, with a red cross on the breast, beneath which were worn the shirt and hose of mail.
* James D'Avanes was one of the oldest and most renowned of the crusading generals.
† The Knights of the Hospital of St. John. This order, so called from the hospital which the members at first superintended for the reception of wounded crusaders, was instituted previously to that of the Templars. The Hospitallians, or Hospitaliers, combined the ecclesiastical and military character. Their dress was a plain black robe, with a white linen cross of eight points on the left breast. They rivalled the Templars in bravery.

If we do not see the hardy vigour of dramatic genius that would carry the tragedy of "Anne Boleyn" triumphantly on the boards, and rescue the long-degraded English stage from just reproach, yet we find sweet poetry occasionally in its pages. This song of Smeaton's is a fine and happy imitation of the style of thought and language of the lyric poetry written under the Tudor dynasty:

"Anne, Smeaton, your virginals, and sing to us.

Song—Smeaton.

'Let the lover have the spring,
When the flowers their sweetness bring;
Let the summer sheen employ
All the family of joy;
But let waning autumn be
Still for melancholy me;
When the season, like my hopes,
Smiles—and straight to ruin slopes.

'When the redbreast from my bower
Wakes the quiet evening hour,
And no other voice on high
Floats along the vacant sky;
When the sun upon the sea
Full in solitude, like me,
Beams his brightest, e'er night's gloom
Wraps the spirit in the tomb—

'I would set me with the sun
Ere the light of love was gone,
And waste with the wasting year,
While still music sounded near;
I would feel life's current fail,
Yet a manly exit hail;
And with vigour on my brow,
Die alone—'twere best I live.'
Jane. Heigho! To think that palace
dames should ply
Even as the common sempstress.

Lee. Nay, not so—
Materials rich and precious travel,
Give not the avocation of hired spinsters.

Anne. All should have industry: not, as
they need it;
Nor yet on costly stuffs for being noble;
But that no state should lack its occupa-
tion:
For still the highest to the humblest owe
The example of fair duty: and 'tis prov'd
Time unemploy'd, like stagnant water,
Fools.'

The author has followed the track of
Donizetti's "Anna Bolena" in his concep-
tion of the character and conduct of Jane
Seymour, but without incurring the
charge of imitation, as we think that concep-
tion nearest to historical truth.
The following speech of Anne Boleyn is
full of pleasing simplicity:

"Anne. How speak the people of us? Be
free with me,
Dear friend; I should know all that can be
told,
To clear the quickest troubles thickening
round me.
Still to soft ballads does their love attune
The kingly voter and the lowly maid
In ermine rob'd to share her monarch's
throne,
Midst the loud blessings of a nation's joy?"

We class the tiny fairy volume of
"Hours of Thought" under this head;
as it contains several little poems of a
devotional cast, and some well-intentioned
ethical essays, whose moral truth
no person would think of denying.

True poetry shines out in "The Little
Vilager's Verse Book;" humble as its
destination may be, we earnestly hope
that an edition, cheap as that of Watts's
Hymns, or Miss Jane Taylor's, may
speedily appear, as its present price
confines it to children of a rank different
from those for whom it was written. Our
affection for the genuine, unadulterated
spirit of song, will not let it pass without
the quotation of the "Glow-worm" from
its pages. There are many other char-
ing natural pictures in the small compass
of this Verse Book, but we happen to
have a particular affection for glow-
worms, and can bear witness to the
exquisite reality of the description—it is
worthy of the poetical fame attached to
the twice honoured name of Bowles:

"The Glow-worm.

"Oh, what is this which shines so bright,
And, in the lonely place,
Hangs out its small green lamp at night,
The dewy bank to grace?"

"It is a glow-worm,—still and pale,
It shines the whole night long,
When only stars, oh, nightingale,
Seem listening to thy song.

"And so, amid the world's cold night,
Through good report and ill,
Shines out the Christian's humble light,
As lonely and as still."

Arboretum Britannicum; or, the Hardy
Trees of Britain, Native and Foreign,
Pictorially and Botanically Deline-
ated, and Scientifically and Popularly
Described. By J. C. Loudon,
F. L. H. G., Author of the "Ency-
clopedia of Gardening," &c. Nos. 1
and 2. Longman and Co.

We had before marvelled not a little
at the works of varied utility sent into
the world by the genius and industry of
Mr. Loudon, every one of which seem
indispensable to the student of the dif-
ferent branches of art and science on
which Mr. Loudon has turned the lumi-
nous power of his extraordinary mind.
Whatever may be the literary merits of
former publications, there are none equal
to the present in beauty. These num-
bers contain twenty-four tinted prints
from zinc—a style of engraving that pos-
sesses all the softness of lithography,
with a far greater degree of distinctness
in small details than stone can effect.
As proof of this assertion, we refer our
readers to the delicate delineation of the
blossoms, the leaf-buds, and twigs of the
seven species of lime-trees represented
in the "Arboretum." We have said
there are twenty-four beautiful prints in
the two numbers, a profusion that seems
incredible, if we consider their merit and
utility. The work is of great value to
the botanist and the planter; but it is in-
dispensable to the landscape artist, and as
such we earnestly recommend it to our
fair friends. Let them see what Mr.
Loudon himself says on this head:

"To artists, the 'Arboretum Britannicum'
will not be without its use. It is well known
that there are but few landscape-painters
who possess that kind of knowledge of trees
which is necessary to enable them to pro-
duce such portraits as would indicate the
kind to a gardener or forester. This defect, on the part of landscape painters, arises partly from their copying from one another in towns, rather than from nature in the country; but principally from their want of what may be technically called botanical knowledge. The correct touch of a tree, to use the language of art, can no more be acquired without studying the mode of formation of that tree, than the correct mouldings of a Grecian or Gothic cornice can be understood or represented without the study of Grecian or Gothic architecture. It is for this reason that it will always be found that ladies who reside in the country, and have studied botany, if they have a taste for landscape, will imitate the touch of trees better than professional landscape-painters. We assert it as a fact, without the least hesitation, that the majority of British artists (we may say of all artists whatever) do not even know the means of acquiring a scientific knowledge of the touch of trees; almost the only works which have noticed the subject, and gone beyond the mere surface, being the Remarks on Forest Scenery, by Gilpin; and Kennon's Essay on Trees in Landscape. The perusal of the Arboretum Britannicum, and the comparison of the botanical specimens with the touch to which they give rise in the portraits, will enable the artist to investigate, from our figures, and afterwards from nature, those differences in the points of the shoots, in the clustering and form of the foliage, and between the appearance of the foliage of spring and that of autumn, which give rise to the difference of touch necessary to characterise a species, and to mark the season of the year. Most artists who have studied trees from nature, can give the touch of the oak with characteristic expression; and, by the study of the details of other trees, they may attain a touch which shall characterise them with equal force and accuracy. There is no work extant, however, from which an artist can study, correctly and scientifically, the touch of more species of trees than the oak, the ash, the weeping willow, and one or two others. In proof of this, we may refer to the plates in Kennon's work above referred to, as one of the latest and best, where the engravings, in the greater number of instances, have not the slightest resemblance to the trees, the names of which are written beneath them. How, under these circumstances, is it possible for an artist, who is not a botanist, and who does not reside in the country, to study the touch of trees? By the Arboretum Britannicum one may acquire as much botanical knowledge as will enable him to distinguish with certainty all the different species of trees to be found in this country; and he will see, in the engravings of the botanical specimens as they appear in autumn, the foundations laid in nature for the different descriptions of touch. The London artist, in addition to the botanical knowledge which he may acquire from our work, may have recourse to the specimen trees (all near London) from which our portraits were taken. Artists generally, by becoming botanically acquainted with the trees, will be able to recognise them in their walks, or professional excursions; to study them under various circumstances, and, when they introduce them in their landscapes, to give their characters with fidelity.

"Hitherto there has not been a sufficient demand for this kind of skill on the part of the artist; but, as foreign trees become better known by the public generally, it will be necessary for artists to keep their art on a par with the state of knowledge of the times in which they live. As the foreign trees, which are every year being introduced into the country, advance in size, the truth of this remark will become more and more obvious."

The trees that we most recommend to the study of lady artists, for the purpose of introducing into pencilled drawings, are the red-flowered maple, the ash-leaved box-elder, and the various lime-trees, whose leafing is remarkably distinct and spirited, particularly that of the laciniated broad-leaved lime.

Mr. Loudon appears always solicitous for criticism, and is earnest in requesting suggestions for improvement, at the same time of all the authors that fall under review, he is the person who leaves the least opening for frequent strictures. In the present instance, we can recommend a decided improvement to the portraits of the trees, which is, to introduce a little ground at their bases; at present, however well the trees are designed, the eye is dissatisfied with the sudden termination of the trunks. We think the large-leaved deciduous magnolia is an unworthy companion to the rest of the plates, and this is all the fault we can in conscience find with this beautiful work.

Lord Albert Conyngham has translated from the German of Spindler, "The Natural Son," a tale.

Lord Cholmondeley, on dit, is at present secluded in London, preparing a work for the press.

A grave discussion has, it seems, taken place between a colonel in the army, companion of the honourable Order of the Bath, and the Secretary of the Society of Arts, concerning two little stories in "The Nursery Governess," which the former ascribed to his late wife, the amiable Mrs. Napier, and the latter to his late father Dr. Aikin; Col. N.
yields up the point, which we lament should have been argued so soon after his deprivation.

The Poet Laureate.—Of all, whether in ancient or modern times, who have worn the poetic crown, as described in some numbers of our work last year, Robert Southey, eminent in talent, is, we think, the only one who has refused proffered distinction otherwise. Even his University degree in learning, which he properly accepted, he prefers not to have used to him: offered the rank of senator, he refused it; and now, it appears, he has declined even from the royal hand the rank of Knight of the Guelphic Order (by-the-way, Sir Walter Scott—certainly inferior—was a baronet), although it would have made his wife “Lady Southey.” We wonder if this is the Edith of his early praise? While wielding an engine that powerfully directs public opinion, he lives retired in his lake residence, caring little for the great city.

ABBOTSFORD, the pride of its founder, is deserted,—the hall of silence!

LITERARY FUND AND THE MARQUIS CHATEAUBRIAND.—A cotemporary of the last month had a very interesting article on this subject, but there is one point in it that requires correction on the part of the marquis, again in exile, but not poverty. It would appear to a hasty reader that the marquis only repaid, when French ambassador, what he had received when a desolate emigrant. All we wish to say is, that either his speech went for nothing, or he contributed much more than he had received. As to the Fund itself, a nobler—a more delicate conception never entered into the mind of man. And now that instead of the taunted—

“Mob of gentlemen who write at ease,”

we have a literary aristocracy, we do hope that the Literary Fund will find a degree of support both from names and donations which has long been very requisite.

Fine Arts.

We would willingly say a good deal on this subject, but really know not how; from the diversity of opinions, which we find in all the rooms to which we have granted ourselves the entrée, and the very, very few, to which it has been granted by others. Mr. M. C. Wyatt’s exhibition of sculpture, with a “mosaic dog,” valued at 500l guineas, horses, &c., is one lion; then Mr. Thom’s exhibition, in the same street, of Tam O’Shanter and Co., to which is now added Robert Burns, form another: now, both have great merit; but for ourselves, we must confess we would rather spend our time upon the classical beauties of Rossi, who is, we sincerely trust, quietly reposing on his labours. We should be proud indeed to record the last purchaser of a work of art from Rossi, though we are sure the great sculptor would not know us if we were to see us to-morrow.

To mount in the scale, as before, The British Institution is shining with admirable pictures, but it would require from us a catalogue raisonné to describe them. We therefore advise all the world to see them, and judge for themselves. Not so the delightful studies after nature by Inskipp, which by favour of Wagstaff may be seen by all as they pass through the streets. We predict of both that they will become great in art; and for ourselves say that we shall possess them all as quickly as possible. We recognise more than one portrait in very humble life, drawn from the vicinity of the great capital. We shall not descend by now venturing to say that we on every visit find new delight in art, and every thing else, in that exquisite palazzo, the Pantheon: we not only feast our eyes, and feast our sensations, as we sit on our chair amid the fairy scene, while bright troops of noble ladies with their lords are floating around; but come away delighted as we see a picture, long an inmate of the painter, sold!

Chantry, the sculptor, is said to be in treaty for the Marquis of Westminster’s landed estate in the neighbourhood of Stockbridge, Hants. We think we hear many voices say, who shall now complain of the encouragement of art? Alas! alas!


The “Musical Magazine” is a periodical of great promise. The first number contains excellent general criticism on musical affairs: we shall see whether its individual strictures are of equal value: it contains two original pieces; the first a cavatina, set by A. Lee, in four sharps. The words are sweetly, and the commencement of the air in a rapid strain; but at the change, “For still must I remember,” a very charming passage breaks in, and redeems a former want of spirit. The waltz, by Beethoven, is original, full of noble chromatic pas-
sages, though it is simpler than that great master generally is. It is in B flat, key note F.

Mourn not the Fleeting Hours:—Anacreontic Song. Written and composed by W. Kirby. George and Manly.

The melody the same as Je suis le petit tambour, but, according to the true spirit of the age, no acknowledgment of the obligation: we presume the term composed, according to the science of the composer, signifies somewhat different from original invention. There is, however, great richness and fulness of harmony in the arrangement of this air, which is in the natural key C.


A rich deep melody, in the natural key C, with chromatic passages of great musical merit. The air fine, and truly original—at least in England. Is not Germany its native country?


A delightful air, from the same opera as the above. Never was "immortal music married" to worse words.


Perhaps the melody of this charming song is not wholly original; yet it is adapted with such elegant taste, that the person must be fastidious indeed who is not pleased with it. It is composed in the key of E flat. The poetry of this song is worthy the genius of Praed: it promises to have that species of popularity that the French term faveur.


Some spirited passages occur in the music; but the false accents in the verse, "While the thistle of Scotland shall ne'er forgotten be," have hampered the composer, and marred the melody. The sentiment of the song is good, and renders it deserving the popularity it has met with.

His Word is his Bond. Words by J. A. Law, Esq. Music by J. F. Dannely. Dannely.

In the old ballad style of the last century.


This song is neither distinguished by the music nor words—it belongs to the too common run of theatre songs. Barnett's name is generally appended to "metal more attractive."

A Characteristic Fantasia for the Piano, on the National Air of Rule Britannia. By M. Marielli. Dedicated to Lady Charlotte Egerton. For the Author, 7, Judd-street.

This composition is worthy of the majestic beauty of the air, which, hacked-neyed as it is, ever greets the ear with new delight. Foreigners, who are, of course, uninfluenced by our national prejudices, are enthusiastic admirers of this noble air for mere love of its musical merits.


The music is simple and unpretending, but the words are an appeal to public feeling, which we think so appropriate to the present times that they deserve repetition:

"The monarch of old England,
The royal and the brave;
Who served his bold apprenticeship
To arms upon the wave.
Oh, monarch of old England!
Proitious be thy reign;
And may thy glorious annals be
Without a single stain.

"The noblemen of England,
Those bulwarks of the crown;
Whose fathers won, by lofty deeds,
Their honours and renown.
Oh, noblemen of England!
Be mindful of their fame;
And let your own high worth adorn
The proud descent ye claim."
On reading these lines, one cannot help thinking of poor Dibdin, when, after writing for soldiers and sailors in every variety, he turned, in his latter days, to "The Yeoman’s Friend."

We are happy to be enabled to say that good Miss Chambers (daughter of the banker so much celebrated as regards the Opera) has had a concert at the Albion, the great hotel in Aldersgate-street, with good support from the worthy citizens of London.

Mr. Elia’s musical soirées mount on our scale, for whatever critics may scrutinize, we can safely say here, that we were never so much enchanted since we left a certain place a thousand miles off.

The concerts of the British Society of Musicians have closed since our last, with much excellence, but many faults. We should almost think that it has been from trying to do too much, that they may have done too little. We dare say all this will be regulated next season, and we would beg of certain impatient folks to wait, as we really think that the very name, as well as the talent displayed, deserves it.

The Vocal Society is another very excellent plan, but somehow or other seems to fail from the very commencement, in what must necessarily be our chief object of delight, the ladies: how is this? We hope to be enabled to say why in our next number.

We ought, we suppose, to add, that the now annual Gresham prize medal was obtained by Mr. Edwin, for an anthem for five voices. Professor Wheatstone’s lecture on musical sounds, at King’s College, London, deserves the most honorable mention. Why is it not better attended?

Drama, &c.

King’s Theatre, it is avered to us, is to open soon after ourselves, viz. early in this same month of March, with new scenery, decorations, con vivances, performers, and pieces, to which we might add a number of et ceteras. This much will surely suffice for promise on the part of the manager: on our own, who love a good opera dearly, we would add, "Noble and gentle men and women, hasten to secure boxes; as money, unhappily, in all arts, is still the primum mobile."

We learn from certain authority that the rental to be paid by M. Laporte is 2,500l. instead of 8,000l., as appeared in an apparenly authorised statement. He has already, we also learn, got together a very superior company. He, indeed, deserves well of the nation.

Drunk Land. — In speaking of this house, so long sacred to the legitimate drama of Britain, we really know not what to say; our thoughts, in truth, wandered into doggerel verse, as thus:

"How little pieces come and go,
In olden time it was not so."

King Arthur, indeed, reigns triumphant, with plenty of guests to his round table; so far so well, tant mieux pour M. Bunn, not so the nation. Mr. Jerrold has endeavoured to remedy this, by a serious two act drama, called The Hazard of the Die, of the Parisian sombre cast. It is well written, well acted, but we fear it will not serve its purpose.

* And so we sincerely trust they will be again. For—

"A bold peasantry, their country’s pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

Vol. VI.—No. 3.
COVENT GARDEN.—The double lessee has indeed been enabled to make a powerful stand at this theatre, by the revival of La Sonnambula, and in the meantime when we were last preparing for press. Miss Romer and Mr. Templeton have done wonders for it. The former has evinced to us entirely a new Malibran. Her voice, her manner, every thing combining to make us imagine we saw and heard the, we fear, unfortunate one, that has alarmed all eyes and ears. Who- ever wants to hear good music well sung, well played, may hasten to Covent Garden. After this, we cannot speak of Mr. Peake’s stillborn monster. This gentleman is clever, but we fear, to say to worse, his ability, like venturous swimmers, carries him out of his depth. Much more is, however, promised in the way of opera. We shall be glad to hail it, particularly I Puritani, so much the rage—we beg pardon, le fureur.

Of theatrical anecdote, we are rather glad than otherwise, that Mr. Denvil has subjected himself to heavy fines, rather than perform certain characters; for he is, as we have alleged, both a great talent, that deserves great consideration, and ought not to be misplaced, nor misplaced himself. He hence appears but seldom now, and consequently it was said he had quitied the theatre. This is wrong, since his engagement lasts the season, and Manfred is still performing.

Auber’s opera of Lestocq, the delight of the Parisians, was produced here on the 21st. The hero who names the piece, a Frenchman, was physician to Elizabeth of Russia, and is made prime mover of the conspiracy which placed that princess on the throne of her father, Peter I. He is well played by Philippe; Miss Mélville, as Elizabeth, Miss Cawse as Catherine, and Miss Betts as Eudossia, were all most effective, though it can hardly be said singly, concerted pieces forming the great merit of the music, in which were, we believe, but few faults. Ginbeili, as Count Goloffskin, was a powerful assistant in them. The whole, notwithstanding Auber’s delight is in organizing subjects very inharmonious in common life, and some manifestation of assimilation to our own old and favourite airs, which few musicians can help, passed off very successfully before a house, some way or other, filled to the very utmost. We doubt not it will—we use a nautical term—“bring up the lee-way” of the lessee for great part of the season at least; and we are really glad of it, if only to keep the house in order.

ENGLISH OPERA.—French Plays.—Our observations of last month are almost sufficient for the present; were it not that by a mistaken notion the manager has been induced to try at our Shakspeare, from such violations of whom, be it remembered, we long since cautioned our countryman, Mr. Bunn. Well, here is Otello, with a Descendona under another name, spouting forth in unity. Perhaps our French friends found English feeling a response to their own customs, and so after the performance of Otello on the 10th, a gentleman threw from the pit on the stage a crown of laurel to Mademoiselle Petit, whose acting had been deservedly applauded; to it were attached the following French verses:

“L’illusion, cette reine des cœurs,
Qui suit pas, nous charme et nous attire,
A tes accens, à tes sons enchanteurs,
Le Dieu des vers reprène son doux empire;
Encore par toi Melpomène respire;
Quel dieu?—Hélas! on croirait à ta voix
Du théatre Français entendre Duchesnois.”

As, on a certain battle, when Orrey’s troop of horse was called for, the only remaining man, lying wounded in a ditch, exclaimed, “I am Orrey’s Light Horse,” so may M. Le Maitre and Mademoiselle Petit declare—“We are the French plays;” for so in verity they are. The French pieces, long successful in Paris, are being played; still we find murder—with murder! Yet Le Maitre persuades us absolutely that killing is no murder, nor manslaughter either. He is certainly a wonderful actor—a perfect Proteus. If he be, as said, his fault, that the drop scene is detained so long, he must be well scolded, and we commission Mademoiselle Petit, in her laurel crown, to do so accordingly.

ADELPHI.—How do you manage? is a clever thing, performed with the usual spirit of this theatre; but what we have to deal with now is a thing of portentous aspect, called, indeed, only Celestia, or the World in the Moon; but described originally as “a Chinese romantic operatic and magical-ballet-burletta-spectacle.” We are glad this verbiage has ceased, because it is really a wonder of scenic operation, well worth seeing by every body. We need hardly say more on this admirable theatre.

OLYMPIC.—Goes on as merrily as ever, under the presiding care and charms of Madame Vestris, with the equally prevailing care and very opposite charms of Mr. Liston, aided by most excellent coadjutors. Apropos of Liston, a claim has been lately put forward for him of ancestry of family, beyond the Conquest! What this is intended for we know not, and must leave to the heralds, who will be sure to take care of him in this respect. All we know or want to know is, that he can make people laugh who are more disposed to weep.

The ubiquity of Mr. Jerrold’s notions, after satisfying Drury-lane and the Queen’s, successfully, carried him to the Wych-street Olympia, with a piece called Hectors and Diamonds, a burletta, where equal success has greeted his efforts. Though meagre in plot, it is pretty and domestic, as we like. The Vestris and the Liston are, of course, the
prime movers. We shall next expect to hear that a new effort was produced at the same time in Chestnut-street, North America.

STRAND.—Unfortunate Miss Bailey, a play upon the words only of a worthless song, by the present ultra-moral licensor of plays, would seem almost to have been a precursor to the ill-fortunes of this very lively and pleasant house. The gentleman from the Lord Chamberlain, when there was no Lord Chamberlain! as we formerly mentioned, having alarmed Mrs. Waylett, it seems she has seen the Lord Chamberlain that now is, and who could do nothing for her; so she ran away. Still the performances were really good, as they are now. But there has come down, with one fell swoop, summonses for penalties against all connected with it. Persecution is often the best benefit. The plays still go on. Compromise has been talked of. We shall see.

Miss Byron in Don Giovanni, at the Strand, has commenced a new—and we doubt not quite successful—career. She is sprightly and pleasing, and we are glad to hear no more about her performance. Notwithstanding everything, the house is crowded nightly.

QUEEN'S. — The Married Rake, and Sisters Three, or Family Peculiarities, are pieces that have particularly shared in the general success here; particularly the latter, when first produced. Nasting and her Mr. Wills perform the Sisters Three in a style that excites universal admiration; in which the youngest, Miss Jane Mordaunt, shows not a little. By-the-way, while we claim merit for the aristocracy in literature, may we not inquire whether these ladies are not nieces of Lord and Lady C——? Mrs. Anderson has played Artemidorus here for her own benefit. Though last, not least, Mr. Jerrold has brought out a successful piece, The Schoolfellows, involving, as usual, delightful domestic feeling, but written in haste.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Venice Preserved; Mr. Cobham, Pierre; Belvidera, Miss Macartney; Beverley and Wife, and The Stranger, with the same cast, deserve very kind mention; along with all the ordinary delicacies of this favourite old theatre. The Fine Old English Gentleman maintains his ground, and so will doubtless all hitherto seen and heard there during the season.

SURREY.—The Avenger, a five-act tragedy, has been first produced at this theatre, with very great éclat. We perfectly agree with the prologue, that the Tragic Muse must find refuge somewhere. The author could, however, rhyme better. A new opera by Boieldieu is promised; what is meant by new, we know not, but shall see. A "drama of overpowering interest," also promised, we have no desire to see.

VICTORIA.—The Stranger, Mr. Oshaldiston, and Richard the Third, Mr. Cobham, have been produced with a certain success. We are quite sure that Mr. Glossop is doing the best to please, and would hope he receives the meed due to his exertions.

The Contreband Captain, from a tale in this Magazine, has been successfully dramatized here, and played on the 23rd. In the piece, as in our article, a certain smartness in the narration and dialogue has carried it well through the play-going ordeal. A new Monologue, The Duel, or a Glass too Much, was performed on the same evening, evidently for the purpose of producing the precocious Master Burton, 11 years of age, in 9 different characters. The child is exceedingly clever, though not perhaps so acute as young Barke, but he has a quality which we much like—modesty.

GABRIEL.—A Scottish melodrama and Menzies of Edendale, are two very pleasing pieces, besides quantum suf. of other light amusing, and frightening, necessary to a minor theatre.

PAVILION.—Fifteen Years of a British Sailor's Life, is well adapted to the Eastern district, and Mr. Farrel's performance. He is a strong caterer for the public taste, while he intermixes some of a higher order.

A Parisian theatre has chosen to make a drama out of the unhappy end of our wayward young poet of the last century—the author of those delightful imitations of the old English poets, published under the name of Rowley, and who perished through his own hand, to avoid starvation. What a subject for Jerrold, even so far only as the facts would apply; how much of utility might have been derived from his practised hand in domestic affliction. Not so the French dramatist; he must add immoralities that had no reference to the fatal story; double deaths in consequence; and put the great and rich lord mayor of London, Beckford, father of the present delightful writer, even in his old age, as well as rich noblemen of the time, in the condition of visiting the talented youth only to mock him, and leave him to starve. How much more worthy would it have been for him, with the present writer, to have contemplated poor Chatterton's own words—

"O drop the briny tear with me."

The fiction of his rich landlord, who died in an obscure lodging about Brook-street, Holborn, is shocking; in fact, the whole seems intended to disparage the English. Much as we love the good French in their own country, we must enter a veto against their hasty writers disparaging ours. This cannot be a hard rule, because we feel exactly in the same way about hasty writers among ourselves. "Tis doubtless a beautiful vision that he or she wrote off-hand in a moment—cut-bon for the public.
London Chit-chat.

FROM ALL QUARTERS OF FASHION.

His Majesty, it is said, will hold his court in Pinllico palace at Whitsuntide.

Their Majesties having returned to town on the 17th, on Wednesday, the 18th, the King held his first levee for the season, which was attended by the foreign ministers; the chief novelty among them were the Count Pozzo di Borgo, so celebrated for diplomacy throughout Europe, and the Count Sebastiani. It is singular that both are countrymen of the once imperial Napoleon, and the latter is brother-in-law of our Lady Tankerville. Both have commenced their embassies with great splendour. Prince Esterhazy had audiences on his return from Austria to our court; as also Baron Bulow, from Prussia. The Sardinian, Belgic, Danish, Bavarian, Spanish, and Portuguese Ministers, delivered letters from their various sove-reigns to his Majesty. Several secretaries of legation were also presented.

Queen Victoria receives the Ladies.—The foreign ambassadors, after attending the King's first levee at the palace, went to pay their respects to her Majesty at the Queen's house. During the afternoon, the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria waited on their Majesties; as did also the Duke of St. Albans, Duchess of Gloucester, and Princess Sophia.

Her Majesty has viewed the whole of Pinllico Palace with much gratification. The Landgraving of Hesse Homburg, our Princess Elizabeth, accompanied the Queen, and Prince George of Cumberland followed them.

We are happy to say that a slight indisposition which her Majesty experienced for a few days before she left Brighton, is quite removed. We cannot help wondering how even the best meaning journalists could lend themselves to mere rumours of menials, who, as they doubtless would be, and innocently, happy in any contemplation of an event that would be agreeable to their masters and mistresses, whether royal, noble, &c., run to make the wish parent to the thought. We desire not to disparage servants in any way; but when we look to the pages of Junius and odes of Peter Fander, not to allude to cases in humble life, we must express a hope that servants will be taught a little more discretion; and well-meaning journalists, if they do not feel a sacred conviction of violating private feeling, will at least regard the public mind.

On Monday, February 21, when the Queen went to the Chain Pier, the wheels of the carriage came in contact with one of the gates at the entrance of the esplanade, and literally shivered it to pieces, locking the carriage so fast, that it was with some difficulty extricated. The Queen and her attendants immediately alighted, and, although the shock must have been severe, pursued their walk. The accident occurred through the postilion making too short a turn.—Brighton Gazette.

The benevolence of the Queen, it appears, was excited, a year or two ago, by an English female child being shown to her as a curiosity, from partaking of the character of the Albino, long since exhibited. Her Majesty, moved with tenderness towards it, proposed to take the girl under her protection, to preclude the misery of exhibition, &c., and relieve the parents. The mother, it seems, refused to part with her; in the last month, the parish officers of White-chapel were applied to by the parents, who are in great distress, to receive the girl as a pauper, which brought the case to the notice of the magistrates, and hence to the remembrance of the Queen. In consequence, they were quickly attended by her Majesty's treasurer, who still proffered 30l. a-year for her support, with the excellent proviso that she should be placed in some school for education and protection. This gentleman moreover inquired whether the London Orphan Asylum would not receive her, on payment of a hundred guineas. Such worth needs no comment: it will bear none.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria returned, as we anticipated in our last, and Kensington Palace is itself again; although from the hurry of the period, of course the usual simple invitations have not issued. Meantime, the Duchess and Princess occupy their usual walks in the pure air of Hyde Park, and have visited the theatres without any pomp. Both seem delightfully exhilarated from their summer and autumn tours. All their best friends could wish.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria have honoured Drury-lane theatre with their presence on Wednesday, 3d ult., The performances were the Red Mask and the romance of King Arthur.

Lord de Dunstanville’s first attack of paralysis was at Exeter, in the last year, on his journey up to the meeting of Parliament; since which time he remained in the same precarious state till death.

Sir Robert Peel has, we are glad to announce, began to enliven his dinners by invitations to ladies. On the 20th, we find there was the Countess Sebastiani, Lady Frances Egerton, Lady Emily Ashley, Lady Buryghers and Lady Farnborough, as well as their lords. The Marchioness of Londonderry was invited, but had not arrived in town. So that even at the busiest time the honourable baronet shows
he can contemplate the courtesies of life as well as politics.

The Marquis of Bute was the first nobleman who, for a century, proposed to build and endow a new parish church in Scotland. This they undertook. Countess of St. Swithin and the Duke of Buccleuch are each building new churches in Scotland, which we are sure will be gratefully visited by the honest natives.

Count Sebastiano has taken Lord de Grey's house in St. James's-square for the embassy.

The Marquis of Hertford is at length fully expected in England next month, when, on dit, the former fashionable routes of Manchester-square are to be renewed on a more extensive scale.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, still remain at their estate, Barron's Court, Ireland, diffusing splendour and charity around them. The drawing-rooms and other state apartments of the new palace at Pumlico are now entirely finished, and the splendid furniture is arranging for them; so as that the King may, if it be the royal pleasure, quickly inhabit it.

Mr. Rothschild has, according to the new Spanish almanac, been honoured by the Grand Cross of the order of Isabella the Catholic. This is, indeed, a worthy contrast with those days, when Spain exceeded all the modern world in Hebrew persecution.

Namik Pacha is, to our unfeigned sorrow, quitting our court. We had many notes concerning him, had he remained here, which vanish into empty air. Montgomery Martin, we are pleased to learn, accompanied his inspection of our various arts, because we are thus assured all is right, particularly as to the interests of our manufacturing towns.

The remains of Lady O'Brien were on the 5th instant removed from her residence, Cadogan-place, Chelsea, and interred in a vault in St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street. The body was placed in a decorated hearse drawn by six horses, and two mourning coaches with four horses, and two private carriages followed.

Captain Doyle's (son of Sir Charles Doyle) marriage with the Lady North, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Guildford, created quite a sensation at Brighton; both parties sojourning there, and frequent guests at the royal table.

The Saxon and Danish Ministers have been on a tour. Last week they were participating in the gaieties of Oakley Park, the seat of Major-General Sir Edward Kerisson.

Death of Lady Dinorben.—Throughout the day on Tuesday, 20th of January, which preceded this melancholy event, her ladyship was in perfect health. She spent three hours in walking and driving a small pony chair with Mrs. Jones, the chaplain's lady. During their walk they were accompanied by Lord Dinorben. In the evening she was remarkably cheerful and happy, without making the slightest complaint. At eight on Wednesday morning she had an attack and a paralytic attack; and from that moment all consciousness fled away, and it became manifest the hand of death was upon her. She had just before been talking to Lord Dinorben. Four medical gentlemen were almost immediately in attendance; but human skill and human solicitude were of no avail; for between three and four in the afternoon she breathed her last. By Lord Dinorben's desire the funeral took place on Friday in a private manner as her ladyship's rank and station in society would permit, attended by near relations, a part of the household, and 30 of the tenants. Sir Charles Grey, Lady Dinorben's eldest brother, arrived at Kinnel-park on Tuesday. At prayers on Sunday all the inmates of the house were present; and in the number his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. After reading the morning service, the rev. gentleman, Mr. Jones, addressed his hearers on the appalling nature of the calamity. There was not a dry eye in the room. The Duke of Sussex wept much. His Royal Highness left Kinnel on Monday, and was evidently in the deepest distress.

Carnarvon Herald.

At Leamington Spa, a splendid ball took place February 7, for the benefit of Warrington Hospital; at which was a large assemblage of the first beauty and elegance. The ladies-patronesses were the Hon. Mrs. Bertie Percy, of Grey's-cliff, Ladies Mor- duant and Mostyn, the Misses Manners Sutton: Patrons, the Hon. Sir C. Gre- ville, K.C.B. M.P., Sir C. Chad, Bart., and C. Bolon King. Elders, M.P. Qua. Lady Dinorben's eldest brother, arrived at Kinnel-park on Tuesday. At prayers on Sunday all the inmates of the house were present; and in the number his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. After reading the morning service, the rev. gentleman, Mr. Jones, addressed his hearers on the appalling nature of the calamity. There was not a dry eye in the room. The Duke of Sussex wept much. His Royal Highness left Kinnel on Monday, and was evidently in the deepest distress.

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Carnarvon Herald.
length announced from Paris, though not yet by our correspondent. The large fortune of the princess is said to have attracted many youthful aspirants, but its proprietor is not so young as to yield to their ardours.

The Marquis Wellesley is confined to his bed by severe indisposition. Sir Henry Halford is in constant attendance. What class of society exists to which he would not be a severe loss?

We regret to learn that the amiable Earl Cowper has been for some time seriously indisposed. His noble countenance is indefatigable in her personal attention to all his wishes.

Madame Cellini has set about rivaling Mr. Eliaison's soirées musicale.

Mrs. Baring has set the example of evening assemblies, beginning with about two hundred, but she will increase with the season.

Mr. H. Goodricke, the fortunate possessor of the late unhappy, though rich Sir Harry Goodricke's property, has, it seems, parted with the hounds that obtained it, to attend his new duties in Parliament. Happy senator! Still more, it is understood that a baronetcy has been conferred on him by his Majesty; much is hoped, on dit, from Lady G.'s parties. It is understood her ladyship is to be proposed for the vacant seat at Almack's.

Prince Metternich, who was always considered to have a heart of stone or iron, is unhappily, it is stated, breaking up in his constitution, from overjoy at the splendid marriage of his daughter with the Prince of Luson.

Queen of the Carnival, with which no pretension will dispute the crown! This is the grand point of Spanish description, in the Madrid Observer newspaper. Observando, of a fête given a week or so since, by Mr. Villiers, our ambassador there, to all the fashionables in the Spanish capital; and after it, we think it about ten to one, if this young bachelor do not bring home with him, whenever he shall come, the loveliest and richest of all the Spanish grandesses. We trust we are not giving pain to any fair English heart in saying this, but we must speak as we feel, particularly under this invariably certain and truth-telling head! Madame la Comtesse de Rayneval, French ambassador, performed the honours of chief lady of the Palacio de Rivas; and so between a generous young Englishman, and a truly elegant Frenchwoman, uncalled, our readers can easily conceive what would be done. With the Spanish details we cannot trust ourselves: it appears that, England, France, and all the world contributed to the festival; the Spanish, contrary to their custom, like English themes. English refreshments, English suppers, English dancing, before and after, till day-break! Nothing certainly could be better imagined or executed.

Another of the poor Indians is dead. This is just what we anticipated, and shall still further expect. A theatrical detail of another burial has been furnished, with which we shall not trouble our readers. Suffice it to say that the Chief insisted on this occasion to examine the coffin of his deceased wife.

A ball was given at Chichester early last month for the benefit of the infirmary of that city, at which the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Viscount and Viscountess Beresford, the Earl of March, and a number of distinguished fashionables were present, evincing a laudable zeal for the cause of charity. Weippet's band from London was engaged, and, we need not add, that the dance was pursued, heightened by all the graces and loneliness that befitted the occasion.

The carnival at Rome was early formally promulgated by public ordinance, and the pope has presented seven thousand crowns to the principal theatres, for free admission of the public. It is rumoured that his holiness intends to visit this country next summer, with a particular view to Ireland; in which case he will be accompanied by the English Cardinal Weld, and the Reverend Catholic brother of Lord Spencer.

London parties, with the exception of those of a political nature, are necessarily delayed, at least as far as relates to the haut ton.

—During the past month, the town appears to have received constant successions of fashionables, even up to the meeting of Parliament, yet, strange to say, some of the first class remain behind. All will be easily explained.

We need hardly say London has been filling fast since our last, owing to the meeting of Parliament on the 19th, and the excitement created by the state of politics. Happy are we to be exempted from any details on that subject, beyond telling that ladies would not be shut out from the House of Commons, though they have no longer their peeping holes in the ventilator, and were accommodated behind the Speaker's chair. Never, certainly, could so many as 626 members be so soon present before.

The new judge, Coleridge, received the honour of knighthood at the levee.

The Cabinet Ministers, heads of departments, Lord Mayor of London, officers of all ranks, on appointments or promotions, with a portion of the nobility and gentry, completed the Court. His Majesty afterwards held a Council, received the Recorder's report, and gave audiences to several ministers.

The late Lord de Dunstanville's large property in Cornwall, on which mines have been successfully worked, devolve on his lordship's nephew and nearest male relative, John Basset, Esq. The title of the deceased peer, as we have said elsewhere, is extinct. Mr. Basset is quite satisfied, we have reason to believe, with the land.
NEWS FROM PARIS.


Your letter, ma toute aimable Clorinde, only reached me a day or two ago, je t-en remercie bien sincèrement; you ask me for "news" pas des nouvelles politiques j'es-père belle amie! Oh! non paroles de perfection "rail-roads" and "steam," que politique, for we have rail-roads constructing on various routes; and, as to "steam," we have steam-carriges of all dimensions; some having the appearance of ships in full sail, and others made, I suppose, on the plan of those in England. Several have been already tried, and they have been found to answer the purpose so well, that they have actually arrived at their destination, some in a quarter of an hour, others in five minutes, less time than the regular coaches!! Sans doute, the horses are ashamed to let themselves be outdone. I fear it will be long before they are brought to the same degree of perfection as those in England, but this cannot amuse you; d'ailleurs de parler "steam," cela nous donne les vapeurs à nous autres femmes! We have had a splendid ball at the Hotel Laffitte, for the benefit of the pensioners on the civil list of Charles X. The civil list, you know, has been reduced since the revolution of 1830; and many—very many, I regret to say—who had no other dependence, have fallen victims to this measure. Too old to work, and too proud to beg—and who can blame them? many have actually died through want! I am very glad that it is not voted in the Chambers. Amongst those who have perished through want is one deeply regretted by all parties—Mademoiselle Elisa Mercœur, a young poetess. She was the only support of an aged and infirm mother. They were induced to come to Paris from Provence (where they contrived to make out a livelihood, every thing being cheap,) by a friend, who succeeded in procuring a small pension for them on the private casette of Charles X. This, with what Mademoiselle Mercœur gained by her writings, sufficed for their support; but when the pension ceased, she had no hope but her own exertions; she was indefatigable, wrote night and day; but you know, without a great name, how very ill literature is paid in France. Her health, naturally delicate, at length sunk beneath her efforts; and, about ten days ago, she was borne to her last home! her pall supported by M. M. Chateaubriand, one of our great writers; while the Baronne de Bawr, and the once celebrated and beautiful Madame Récamier, figured in her funeral train. She was not much more than twenty years of age. But to return to the ball. There were upwards of 3,000 persons present, so that I am happy to say it succeeded even beyond our expectations. We are to have another, a bal costumé, during the carnival, for the same purpose. I hope it will succeed equally well. Balls, for the benefit of the poor of the different arrondissements are also taking place. A great many of our belles, and particularly the English ladies at present in Paris, are working busily for a charity bazaar, to take place in the spring, for the benefit of the British Charitable Fund. This is an excellent charity; and I propose, with some of my friends, contributing towards it. The annual exhibition of paintings and sculpture at the Louvre opens on the 1st of March—je t-en donnerai des nouvelles. They say that there are innumerable portraits this year. It has become quite a farr of our ladies to have their portraits exhibited: it would be something if they were belle comme les Anglaises. I was at the first representation of a new drama by the Count Alfred de Vigny, called Chatterton: it is the life of the English poet of that name: and met with a good deal of success, especially after the first two acts, which are rather tedious, but the remainder is deeply interesting. You may have read in "Stello ou les diables bleus," a charming little nouvelle—the life of Chatterton; the drama is taken from it. We have also had a new opera by Bellini, I Puritani, that has succeeded wonderfully; it will no doubt be performed in London, and Grisi is lovely in it. I find that Mademoiselle Déjayet has been engaged for the French plays in London. I hope you will see her in Sophie Arnoul, Vert-vert, and some other of her celebrated characters. She is perfection itself, and so perfectly at home in whatever she undertakes: besides being an inimitable actress, she sings very pleasantly, and dances well. She is making the fortune of the proprietors of the Palais Royal theatre, where she is engaged. You have heard, no doubt, of the loss the drama has sustained in the death of Mademoiselle Duchesnois. A monument is about to be erected to her in Père la Chapelle: subscriptions have been opened for that purpose. It is said Pasta talks of retiring from the stage; but I rather doubt the truth of the assertion—these Italians are so money-making. I suppose you heard that Taglioni was married to the son of a peer of France,—et bion machine, he has turned out le plus magnifique sujet du monde. It seems she was repeatedly warned by his father, as well as by her own, to have nothing to do with him; that he gambled, and did I know not what besides:
however, she was determined, not thinking it possible that it could be for her money he was paying her his "cour." Well, he has just left her, having expended every sou she has already made; and not only that, but he has left her so deeply in debt, that it will take more than a year's salary to clear her; and now we see, justly enough, that she knew her character—besides, had he not been a mauvais sujet, he would not have married a dancer. Cela ne se fait pas en France. An English singer, a Signora Corri Paltoni, just arrived from Italy, gave a concert here the other night. She is on tour in London; she has a fine voice, and a good manner of singing; her husband is also a singer. There was a magnificent ball, chez Monsieur Dupin, the other evening; it was one of the most splendid that has taken place this winter; those that did not go very early were obliged to remain three or four hours in the carriènes, the file was so long. The Prince Royal and the Duc de Nemours were there: the converse of foreigners was immense; English, Spanish, Portuguese, Pois, Russians, Egyptians, Turks, Bedouins, &c. &c. &c. The company began to arrive as early as half-past seven, from that hour until half-past eleven, M. Dupin, en grand costume d'Épée, l'habit bleu, brodé d'argent, gold shoe and knee buckles, white silk stockings, the sword of state, &c., stood at the door of the principol saloon to receive his guests. Three saloons were thrown open to the dancers; the refreshments were in the greatest abundance. (I mention this, for it has been the fashion to starve the people in les bals!) Madame Dupin was at l'ordinaire très aimable, you know how well she does the honours of her house: we did not come away until four o'clock in the morning. C'était un bal delié. I was near forgetting to tell you that Mademoiselle Dupin, amuse à donner des soirées littéraires, la chère dame n'a pas encore finie ses mémoires! She does not belong to our coterie, so I do not go. Madame Récamier, and the other ladies at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, also give literary soirées. Hélas! ma chère quand la beauté se passe, si faut, devenir, ou dévorer, un littéraire! There is a most interesting child here, that it is the fashion to have at soirées; a little boy of eight years old, son of the navigateur d'Urville. This child translates freely any book given to him, from French into English, Latin, Greek, or Chinese, and vice versa. The Marquis de Dalmatie, son of M. de Saillant, has finally lost his heart to Madame Mademoiselle Desprey. You may have heard that she was on the eve of marriage with young Ballot, who was, I may say basely, shot, while carrying despatches from head-quarters, during the insurrection of last April; poor Ballot, so soon forgotten! he either died or was buried on the morning fixed upon for his marriage. How truly M. de Chateaubriand says: "Tant nous passons vite, même dans le cœur de nos amis!" You know of the great national loss we have sustained in the death of the Baron Dupuyten. He made an immense fortune. When he married his only daughter to the son of a peer of France, he gave her two millions of francs for her fortunée; but his taste was so seven millions more! The Baron had been suffering for more than a year with a complaint of the heart, but the immediate cause of his death is said to have been pleurisy. You are probably aware that he was some years ago separated from his wife: about twelve months since, you must have heard of the murder of Madame Dupuyten's femme de chambre, by a man servant that robbed the house, having entered with false keys: this circumstance, by recalling public attention to the separation, affected the baron a good deal. Poor man: his first impulse upon hearing the infidelity of his wife, was to throw her out of the window! She was, however, saved by her lover—Mon Dieu! ma chère amie, if all French husbands adopted this method of punishment for their frail épouses, how encumbered our streets would be! Your friend, Monsieur Félix de la B., called the other day au M. de F., to tell him he had just received an offer of marriage: the demoiselle is très jolie, highly accomplished, and has a large fortune. I do not know if he means to accept—he says it is a terrible thing to give up one's liberty! I was not aware that Frenchmen do so when they marry! The new museum at Versailles is to open on the 1st of May, the King's birthday. The chapel at the Tuileries is undergoing repair, it is to be finished by Easter; after that, mass is to be celebrated in it daily. The monument expiatoire in the rue de Richelieu, erected on the spot where the Duc de Berry was assassinated, has been entirely thrown down; it is for the fact of the demolition completed on the 13th of this month—the fifteenth anniversary of the death of the prince. Ah! I must relate to you un histoire about Madame T—. You recollect Madame T——, si jolie et si coquette! Eh! bien mon amie. It happened a week or two ago, that M. et Madame T—— received invitations for three balls on the same night: Madame était dans l'extase; but her husband, who is d'un certain âge, thought that one ball was quite sufficient for a delicate little person like his wife, and proposed sending excuses to the other two; madame pouted and fretted, caressed and teased, it was pure perte—of M., the marriage was inextorable. Hélas! Clarinde, we know that a mule was never more entêté than a husband when once he puts any thing into his head—a French husband and one d'un certain âge especially: so madame saw that her only chance of going to the three balls depended upon herself. She therefore appeared contented, dressed, and
as it was chez un des ministres, she put on all her diamonds, consisting of a splendid necklace, earrings, brooch, tiara, and ceinture; they were estimated at an immense sum. At a little before one o’clock, marriage, who was now wearing their finest attire: madame consented, de la meilleure grâce du monde. As soon as they arrived at home, with true conjugal affection, madame T——, with her own fair hands, prepared her husband’s bavaroise, got his slippers, his night cap: in short, her dutiful attentions only ceased when the bonhomme was fairly in bed and fast asleep. She then, after having given a coup d’œil to her toilette, descended, got into her carriage, which was still in waiting, and drove to the second ball, where she was received with manifestations of the utmost delight by her friends—all applauding her finesses. Cavaliers innumerable presented themselves to beg the honour of her hand for the next dance; and it was more than four o’clock in the morning before she thought of the third ball. It was too late decidedly to go anywhere but home; so she accepted the offer of a gentleman to escort her to her carriage: she got in, “à l’hôtel” she ordered, and the carriage drove away. Presently, however, she fancied she saw something move in the opposite corner. She stretched forth her hand, and uttered a cry of surprise, at finding a man, a winding in a large cloak, seated in the opposite corner. T——.—“Tarry a bit, madame T——,” he said, scarcely knowing what she did, let down the glass, with the intention of calling to the first person she saw pass. Mais il y a peu de passants à quatre heures et demi du matin. The gentleman drew up the glass; alleging that, as the weather was cold, she might be apt to get a bad moment. She then, in a peremptory manner, ordered him out of her carriage; at the same time, pulling the check-string for her footman. He told her it was useless, for that the carriage was his; that hers had been sent home long before, but that he was proud to have the honour of conducting her to her hotel. He then said that it was not his intention to offer her any insult. “What!” she cried, “you have been sent then by my husband to watch me? It is infamous—shameful—I will not remain another day with a man who treats me so ill!” When at length he was able to make himself heard, he entreated her not to contribute to him so disgraceful a motive as that of a spy upon her conduct: he knew, he said, that she was of propriety itself.

“Then,” exclaimed madame, “for Heaven’s sake what makes you here—or rather, why am I here, instead of in my own carriage? What is your motive of ribbon? Je suis un voleur, madame.” Poor madame T—— was ready to faint, but the gentleman took from his pocket a bottle of smelling-salts which he politely offered. “Now, madame,” he said “let me beg of you not to be in the least alarmed: permit me,” he continued, “to take this diamond aigrette, these earrings, this necklace, the ceinture also, and with these scissors to cut from your dress the diamond aigriaffes: I shall take care and not cut the blonde. Now, madame, by replacing these ornaments with roses, which are far better adapted to your youth and beauty, the same dress will serve for the ball at the Due de—— on Saturday, where I shall again have the honour of seeing and admiring you,” at the same time flinging the jewels in his handkerchief, which he put into his pocket with the utmost coolness; the carriage stopped; he got out, knocked at the porte cochère, handed in madame, jumped into his carriage, and drove off with the utmost speed. In vain madame T—— pressed out the concierge to see which way he went; the carriage was out of sight. This is a singular story, is it not?

PARISIAN COSTUME.

Maintenant chère amie, que je t’apprènne a te faire belle!

In Walking Costume.—Manteaux still supersede every other toilette; I have described them so frequently, that I need not do so here. Rich gros de Naples, and satin redingottes with pelerines are coming in for the fine season: the corsages are at present invariably made tight to the bust; the sleeves are immensely full all the way down, and finished at the wrist by a poignet (wristband), a good deal deeper than those lately worn, and which, instead of being buttoned, is fastened with gold studs. A round double or single pelerine is worn with these redingottes. Many of them are edged all round with a small liseré (piping) of a different colour: as marron and blue, brown and blue, green and lilac, very dark and very light green, lavender, dove colour or grey with red or deep rose liserés; and some are tied down the front at distances with bows of ribbon to match, but the bows are not very much adopted as yet. These are at present the only walking dresses in vogue.

HATS.—Velvet, satins, velours epinglé, reps and poux de soie, are the materials for hats. In form, I have not remarked any thing very new; the fronts are rather large, they descend low at the sides, and the bonnet is worn close to the face; the arches are neither remarkably high, nor are they low, they are rather pointed at top; the ribbon, of which a great quantity is worn, is of satin; the bows are placed inclining to the side, more than to the front, and are à l’Echelle. Feathers are de grande mode just now. A great deal of white, silver, blue, generally, is worn in the blonde border beneath the fronts of the hats: flowers are out. For nouveautés, we must wait for Long-Champs.

* * * * *  
VOL. VI.—No. 3.

2 A
Grande Toilette.—The following is a splendid costume for a lady who does not wear low dresses. A redingote of Brussels lace, over and under dress of pink, blue apple green, or lilac satin, and fastened down the front with bows of satin ribbon of the same colour; a beret of velours épinglé; a toque of gaze Dona Maria, or a turban à la Juive; this is one of the most distingiuished toilettes you can possibly imagine.

The Corsages of dinner, concert, or ball dresses, are made plain, fitting tight to the bust, with or without drapery put on à la Sangué, or else drop, and croisé (coming in folds from the shoulder and crossing in front). The sleeves short, excessively full, and seldom now à sabot: but even when they are so, they do not by any means reach to the elbow. Cela donnait l’air de grande mère à nos jeunes personnes! the sleeves of all the dresses are worn full and very long: some are garnis de blonde, others ornamented with bows of satin ribbon, bouquets, or maraboutons. Open robes are not so much worn for dancing as they have been.

The Toilettes à l’Antique are still in favour, they are, as you know, made in velvet sautoir, doux, and a quite rich materials of the “olden time;” some of these dresses are literally covered with jewels. The corsages are à pointe, the sleeves à double sabot, the ruffles à la Louis XV.; and then the coiffures in every style from the sixth century to the present day!

The satin Mansêlets, worked and trimmed with swansdown, called Polonaises, and which I mentioned in my last, are universally adopted par les femmes de bonne ton; they are so light that they do not spoil the toilette in the least, and so warm that they effectually prevent cold; some wear with them sleeves of the same that reach almost to the ground. We saw some of our princesses at the opera a few nights ago, they had Polonaises with sleeves to match, which they wore all the evening.

I must here mention a revival of the ancient modes, and which with the Polonaise ensures our comfort partant du bal—that is, the caftan, made of silk and whalebone, and exactly such as our grandmothers wore: it does not in the least derange the hair, nor any coiffure, however high—enfin il n’y a rien de plus confortable.

Turbans, Toques, and Berrets, are more worn than ever I remember them; they are made of gold and silver tissues, light crepe, velvet, velours épinglé, and satin, ornamented with birds of Paradise, ostrich feathers, maraboutons, diamond aigrettes, &c. For the turbans, those styled à la Juive and l’Odalysque, are most in vogue. Your marchande de modes, of course, knows them by name. The berrets are turned up in front, and are very becoming to some persons. Then the Dubarry hats, and the petit chapeau à la Henri IV. are also in favour.

En Toilette d’Intérieur.—Embroidered satin dresses are adopted by our merveilleuses; large collars, embroidered all over à la Louis XIV., and trimmed with splendid lace, are worn. Aprons of satin broché, Manchettes (ruffles) of fine camiche trimmed with Valenciennes, and fastened with gold studs. Slippers embroidered on black silk canvas (not filled in), but of course lined with black. A wide satin ribbon round the neck, fastened by a brooch in front. Coiffure en cheveux, or a cap; and a pair of black silk mittens, embroidered on the back: voilà ma chérie, la toilette of one of our elegantesses on her morning de reception—for you must know, that we are “not at home” every day to our friends, who we receive on certain days, once a week; generally, mes jours de reception, sont les jeudis.

The dresses mostly adopted by demoiselles, are of organdi (book-muslin), embroidered all over in sprigs, or small bouquets, done in coloured silks or worsteds; these dresses, with ribbons and flowers to match, are very pretty and simple for young persons.

The Bouquets carried in the hand are enormously large, and are without paper. There were knots à l’Antique, those of the days of Mesdames de Pompadour and Dubarry are the most prized.

Gloves.—Long kid gloves, trimmed round the tops with a quilling or puffing of satin ribbon to match the colour of the dress, have quite replaced the mittens that were so fashionable last winter. Some of our belles have, instead of ribbon, a wreath of roses de Meaux, or of any other minute flower.

Blond Stockings font faveur, just now they are very beautiful, and are worn over thin pink silk stockings.

Les Bals Costumes.—Sont très à la mode cette Année. Almost all our elegantes who are petites et minces, adopt the costume of pages. Satin trousers, a short robe of crape embroidered with gold or silver, a manteau of velvet, also embroidered, and the pretty toque with feathers, forms a delicious costume. The dress of a rich Fronnicière, and that of a Chatelaine, are also favourites. Polish, Russian, and Eastern costumes are to be seen innumerable; but Swiss and Scotch girls now look fade in comparison. I have an invitation to one, at an ambassador’s; if I could procure a suit of armour, I think I would go as “Jeanne d’Are!” Mon mari dit que je suis folle! n’importe.

Colours.—For ball-dresses, the colours worn are white, pink, pale blue and chamois; for dresses, à l’antique, marron, purple, green and cerise; for walking dresses, &c. marron, chocolate, grenat, dark green, lavender, and cendre: for hats, green, grenat, chocolate, pink, and paillé.

Maintenant ma bonne et chère amie je ne veux plus te ennuyer, mon mari t’embrasse mille fois ainsi que moi. Addio, ricordati di me.

L. de F.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons

Boulevard St. Martin N° 61.


Robe en velours simple par Madame Laurens, Rue Feydeau, 30.

Lady's Magazine. Bobbs and Page, publishers. 12, Fetter Lane London.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.

Le Groom.

Coiffure conçue de corps exécutée par M. Levente, 1er des cours de France et d'Angleterre. R. Cadet, 34.


(l'Administration Boulevard St. Martin, 61.)
DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 5.)—Toilette de Concert.—Standing figure. Dress of pink velours épinéle; corsage drapé, in folds across the bosom; back tight. The sleeves very short and full, and cut open in front to admit of the underneath sleeve being seen.—(See plate.) The fente or cut is trimmed all round with narrow blonde. A small bow without ends of satin ribbon is placed on each shoulder, and a larger bow with ends at the lower part of the sleeve. The skirt, which is very full, is in small plats all round the waist, and is looped up at bottom (see plate) with full bows of satin ribbon that retain two marabouts. The dress is looped higher at the left side than at the right; round the bosom is a narrow blonde. Toque of taille sylphe, the colour of the dress. The toque is made in full high puffings (see plate), which looks well on account of the lightness of the material: a plain piece crosses the brow. The toque is ornamented with two long marabouts, and bows of satin ribbon. Necklace and brooch of cameos. White kid gloves, ornamented at the edges with puffings of satin ribbon, the colour of the dress. Embroidered cambric handkerchief, trimmed with Valenciennes. Bouquet of roses, white satin shoes, and silk stockings; the fronts in imitation of blonde.

Second figure, seated at the piano-forte.

—Dress of white crape, over white satin, made like the foregoing, with bows of blue satin ribbon, embroidered and laced, and sleeves. Coiffure en cheveux. The front hair is brought in plain bands below the temples, where it is suffered to fall in thick clusters of ringlets, à la Mancini. A bunch of roses is placed on each temple (see plate); the back hair is in a thick braid, forming half a crown. The gown is a good deal devoured from the head. A wreath, consisting of seven full-blown roses, without foliage, is placed immediately over the braid. A small gold ornament, surrounded by a small braid formed of the ends of the hair, is over the division of the front hair. Gold necklace.

Third figure, leaning over the instrument.

—Cap of blue gaze Dona Maria; the crown is cut round, and merely gathered to fit the head. The border, which is deep in front, where it is made to stand up, and narrower at back, is likewise of gaze, the same as the cap. A bow of satin ribbon is placed below the ear at the left side.—(See plate.) Two white marabouts ornament the front of the cap. Dress of white satin; the corsage made to cross in front; it is trimmed round the neck with narrow blonde.

(No. 6.)—Ball Dress.—Dress of white crape; corsage à la Sévigné. The sleeves very short and full, and ornamented with two deep falls of blonde, that nearly cover them. The skirt of the dress is richly embroidered down each side of the front, about as low as the knees, where it continues all round the dress. (See plate.) A deep blonde, put on to a narrow satin liseré or piping, and reaching at each side from the waist to the knees, gives the dress the appearance of a short tunic. Ceinture of pink satin ribbon. Another pink satin ribbon, edged all round with blonde, forms a point that reaches to the top of the waist at back (see plate): it is brought over the shoulders, and crosses beneath the ceinture in front. The ends are short and rounded. This ribbon, as may be seen by the plate, is cut on the shoulders to make it sit.

—Coiffure en Chiffons, ornamented with jewels, and three ostrich feathers. The back hair is in one high braid, encircled by a rich ornament of jewels; puffings of gaze Dona Maria are placed at each side of the braid. Two high ostrich feathers spring from the back; a third is placed over the left ear, and droops toward the face. The front hair, brought low at the sides, is in full clusters of ringlets. A small gold chain, à journs, crosses the brow like a Féronnière. Necklace, earrings, and brooch of cameos. White kid gloves, white satin shoes, silk stockings, and blonde scarf. The sitting figure gives the reverse of the dress.

Miscellany.

It gives us pleasure, at all times, to notice discoveries, particularly when they tend in any way to relieve those sufferings to which "flesh is heir to:”—The discovery to which we allude, is one of the highest importance; it consists in tracing all derangements of the nervous economy to the uneven balance of the fluids, viz. the serum and the caressamentum of the blood: the discovery further extends a remedy to this evil, and which, to our knowledge, in all cases where fairly tried, has never failed in its effects. An advertisement will shortly appear.

Cure for the Cholera.—M. Rampal, a physician at Marseilles, has lately cured his wife of the cholera, by means of a bath heated to thirty-six degrees of Réaumur—113 degrees of Fahrenheit. His wife was cured; but her body was covered with ulcers from the excessive heat of the bath, but which healed shortly afterwards.—Correspondent of the Lady's Magazine.

A monument to the memory of Shakspeare, higher than that of London, it is said, is to be erected near the mouth of the Thames, to serve, we suppose, as a beacon.
If it be intended, as stated, that a principal character from each of his plays is to be sculptured at the base, the site chosen must show a great preference of the useful to the agreeable.

A New Saint.—It is stated from Dublin that the Pope has ordered John Baptist Rossi to be ranked with the "blessed" in the Calendar. There are fears that his family cannot pay for the beatification essential to the honour complained of it.

Lady Auditors of the Commons Debates.—Mr. Smirk, who, we believe, has directed the erection of the temporary House of Commons, has at least shown himself very ungentlemanly in not providing even the ordinary accommodation for ladies, bad as it was.

A professor in Augsburg, has announced a mode of making from potatoes, sugar, wine, vinegar, and beer; besides a pure distilled spirit, convertible into brandy or rum. The remains of the potatoes being still useful in feeding cattle.

Professor Nure of Konigsburg has announced to the learned, in the G Gazette, a German pamphlet, entitled "Victoria! a New World," which contains the comfortable assurance that there will be no severe winter for a century to come! Fine promise for a tour to the Pole.

Cooking Apparatus.—The mystification of our North country whilst we complained last month, has been somewhat, though not, we must say, sufficiently explained, by experiment and lecture, at the Society of the Lower Arcade, whence it would appear that the "solar" heat is simply derived from water thrown on unslacked lime. We must still wait further news.

Duchess of Tuscany.—We had no idea that the Siddons of France had died in poverty, and we shall be glad to see the French paper which states it contradicted. It would hence seem that a pension of 30,000 francs (about 1250L) that she received from Napoleon, Louis the Eighteenth, and Charles the Ninth, ceased with the latter's reign; that she was in some way driven from the stage, and that sickness and sorrow followed, when the charity which she had liberally dispensed to others was refused! We have a certain Ingresina (Miss Davis), we fear, in the same way in Musical London.

An evening-school, for educating the young chimney-sweepers of this town, has lately been established in Warwick-square, under the patronage of our much respected vicar, the Rev. H. M. Wagner. A large proportion of those now in Brighton attend it regularly, and evince the greatest desire to obtain instruction. We have reason to believe that schools of the same description will be soon established in all the populous cities and towns in the kingdom. An evening school for adults has also been established, which, under the zealous superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Langton, is, we have reason to believe, doing much good.—Brighton Gazette.

A man with a wife and family hanged himself lately at Southampton, after having betted and lost his last shilling on a pigeon-shooting match.

Misery unnecessarily entailed on families, from the highest rank to mediocrity.—We cannot help noticing a melancholy affair, by which several families will sustain great calamity, of the 94th regiment in the Mediterranean, between Lieutenant and Adjutant Collard, Lieutenants Whiting and H. H. Scobell, and Ensign M'Donald. It seems that Lieutenant Scobell had made some remarks on a horse-race at the mess-table, without offence; that several days after, Lieutenant Co lard insisted that the remarks required satisfaction, and at one in the morning, Lieutenant Scobell was, without previous measures, called out of his bed, and compelled to fight a duel, though he desired only a postpone ment to six o'clock. He was hurled to meet his adversary on the ramparts of Corfu, and there mortally wounded! The other officers named were tried by court-martial, and dismissed from the service: Lieutenant Collard was afterwards tried by the civil power for murder, and sentence to transportation. We had hoped that so melancholy a warning was no longer required in the British army, since the duties of seconds have been so clearly laid down in "The British Code of Duel." Here was the adjutant of a very distinguished regiment, the very officer most intimately and effectually charged with its discipline and decorum— the particular guardian of young officers, fomenting, when he should have conciliated, dispute, and quelled passion, if it had not had such times to cool. Two seconds, whose business it was, in despite of him, to do all possible to prevent a conflict, wildly hurrying it on to mortality! We will not add to the afflication of themselves, any more than their families, by reproach; but we must express a hope, that for the sake of the severest mothers, beloved wives, affectionate sisters and cherished daughters, who desire not that their male relative should compromise his honour in any way. This unhappy example, in every way, may warn gentlemen as to every such procedure in future. The late excellent Dr. Pierson, who had officiated as surgeon in some cases of high persons, at a very advanced age, did all he could to pro mulge the code above quoted, adding— hereby, "all real honour will be preserved, and duel cease to be contemptible. Instead of the foolish affairs of every day, where you have a hundred of them now, you may, perhaps, have one!"
So many have laid their mournful tribute on the grave of Charles Lamb, that it would seem almost superfluous in me to write one word of eulogy on his behalf; yet I cannot restrain myself from adding a few humble lines to the memory of my departed friend; and likewise, while all our contemporaries, of whatever denomination (so much was the poet esteemed), are pouring in their streams of praise, methinks it would be strange if we, too, did not add our tear of affection to the torrent.

Charles Lamb—the noble-hearted, fine-minded Elia—died at his house in Lower Edmonton, on the 27th December, 1834, aged 61; in the humble churchyard of which place rest, in quiet sleep, his honoured remains, unconscious of the critiques or the admiration of this world, where he has left so many mourners. Falling accidentally in the road he badly wounded his face, which brought on erysipelas, the immediate cause of his death, after a few days’ illness; yet he had been slightly unwell for some time previously, but feared to complain, lest he should be giving trouble to those around him, which was always his study to avoid. He was born in Crown-office-row, Inner Temple, in 1774, and received his education in Christ’s Hospital, which he so beautifully describes in his “Recollections.” Leaving this venerable and useful institution, he became a junior clerk in the South Sea House, under his brother, Mr. John Lamb; and in 1792, obtained a situation in the Accountant’s Branch of the Honourable East India Company, where he remained until, in 1825, he received the liberal supernumeration of two-thirds of his income, on account of his constant services for a period of full thirty-three years: a large part of which annuity, I am happy to say, I understand that generous company of merchants intend still to continue to his now solitary sister. His feelings, upon leaving the India House, are most characteristically and warmly expressed in “The Supernumerated Man,” published in the last series of his Essays: “I could scarce trust myself with myself.” He says, “It was like passing out of time into eternity—for it is a sort of eternity for a man to have his time all to himself. From a poor man, poor in time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue.—

I am like the man
That’s born, and has his years come to him,
In some green desert.”

The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me three-fold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty.” Alas! he had scarcely numbered his ten years, before he was borne to the silent tomb—before he followed his dear and faithful friend Coleridge, who so little before him passed through the dark portals of death; but he has gone to meet him in a land of light and love, where unalloyed they will freely breathe the air they sighed for here below—where they will gaze upon the images they delighted in fancy to create—where, hand in hand, they will roam together, mid the glorious mansions of eternity.

Charles Lamb was a man of rare original genius. What he wrote and said was his own; it emanated from his well-stored brain and pure affectionate heart. He is ranked, by Canning, with Southey, Coleridge, and Lloyd. Some have blamed his writings for what they have called an affected array of antique modes and phrases; but, to use his own words, “they had not been his, if they had been other than such; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him.”

His first work was published in 1798, in conjunction with his school-fellow, Charles Lloyd, entitled “Blank Verses;” then followed the affecting tale of “Rosamond Grey and Old Blind Margaret,” “John Woodvil,” “Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets,” “Adventure of Ulysses,” “The Works of Charles Lamb,” 2 vols., “Elia,” “The last Essays of Elia,” “Tales from Shakspeare,” “Album Verses;” besides which he contributed to many periodicals at different periods; amongst them, “The London Magazine,” “New Monthly,” “Hone’s Every-Day Book,” and “Blackwood;” in which latter he is often mentioned with esteem, as a man of exceeding talent and humanity.

In person he was short and slimly made, and always dressed in black, with knee breeches. Perhaps he had a “pen-
chant" for them, from early habits. He was not what you would call a good-looking man, yet his head was beautifully moulded, and features regular. There was always a smile of kindness in his face—a ray of love playing round his acute and restless eyes—a wit of no common depth. He was fond of meeting a few social friends, or a rubber at whist; but I should not at all think liked large, mixed parties. Long walks were his delight: he said he made his poetry strolling. When residing at Enfield, and his health would permit him to walk so far, Waltham Abbey was a favourite object of his rambles: strange to say, he preferred high roads. I have often seen him sauntering along the London-road, when I am sure I should have chosen the green fields. He was doatingly fond of young people: "Oh! let me not look upon her again, lest she be less lovely than I have pictured her. I dare not see her," were his words one day, when told a person would most likely soon visit him, with whom, on a former occasion, he had been much pleased.

Charles was never married. He had but one sister, Mary, who resided with him, and whom he loved with all the warmness of his disposition; they were companions, receptacles of each other's thoughts, cheerers, admirers, all in all to each other. The good-natured, clever, amiable Miss Lamb still lives: we will prize and love her for the poet's sake—for her own. I have often seen them together, when lodging at Mr. Westwood's, on Enfield Chase; and oh! what affection. Would that all the world were like them. But, Elia, thou art gone—thou, whose heart wast a pattern for the human race—thou art gone where, loved even as thou wert, thou will be better loved—where all around thee wilt meet with kindred spirits. Yet selfish beings that we are, thou hast not left this world without mourners. Thy poor sister, who was so dear to thee, she weeps for thee—the orphan has prayed for thee—the orphan weeps for thee—the poor have blessed thee, and will miss thy kindness; for seldom, if ever, didst thou pass a supplicant without relieving distress. Thy friends sorrow for thee, for they have lost what they can never more regain.

Farewell, "oh, rare Charles Lamb!" thou wilt never be forgotten. E. G.

**BIRTHS.**

On the 27th Jan., the lady of H. Page, Esq., of Pall-mall, of a daughter.—At Stockwell, on the 3rd, the lady of Mr. Alderman Farebrother, of a son.—On the 5th, Mrs. Spencer Heathcote, of a son.—The lady of F. Gye, jun., Esq., of a daughter.

**MARRIAGES.**


**DEATHS.**

At Canton, Dr. Morrison, the celebrated Chinese scholar, founder of the college at Malacca, and now appointed interpreter to the Anglo-Chinese Commission of Superintendents.—At Worthing, Miss Lucy Hawes, by whose life-interest ceasing, 24,000l., left by the late B. Hawes, Esq., to charities, will become payable, besides a thousand pounds for different preachers:—Methodist, Presbyterian, B.-pist, Independent, Quaker, and Roman Catholic. He was uncle to Mr. Hawes, M.P. for Lambeth.—Mr. Roberts, coachman to his Majesty, as he was to the Prince of Wales, and afterwards when George IV., under royal patronage, it is made appear, his fortune so grew, that he is said to have portioned a daughter on marriage with 5,000l.—At South-place, Knightsbridge, on the 5th, Lord de Dunstanville, aged 78. This title becomes extinct, but his eldest daughter is now Baroness Basset.—Louis Boswell, king of the gipsies, at a good age, having done wonders, as is said, among his tribe, during his reign, for which there was great necessity. After many discussions on the regal honours, he was buried in "No-Man's Land," near Northampton, having bequeathed to his daughter, probably future queen, a quatern measure full of gold.—At Leamington, the Countess of Fingal. Her ladyship's remains were removed with much pomp to Kilkenny Castle, Ireland.—On the 8th Feb. at Paris, the pre-eminent French surgeon, G. Dupuytren, aged 54. Born of poor parents, his genius raised him to the head of his profession, and a large fortune, which he has well distributed, forgetting neither science nor the duties of relationship—Mary, relict of the late Patten Bold, Esq., of Bold, Lancashire.—At Croyden, aged 68, Elizabeth, widow of the late A. Calderleugh, Esq.—At Nassau, in New Providence, Col. Patison, K.H., commanding his Majesty's Forces in the Bahamas, a peculiarly distinguished officer in the Peninsular war.—At Worthing, aged 83, Sir R. Jones, from cold, in consequence of his post-boy driving into a pond at night.—We cannot help expressing marked regret at the death (since our last) of Mr. Salmon, of the firm of Cunningham and Salmon, printers of this work, at the early age of 38; since he who we saw so ably, so obligingly, in the sprightly vigour of life, has fallen, from too great intrepidity in regard to a limb terribly fractured some time ago.
Duchesse de Longueville.

Sister to the Great Condé.

Born 1618. Died 1679.


Dobbe and Page publishers, 1835.
THE LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM OF THE BELLES-LETTRRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

APRIL, 1835.

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

MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS DE LONGUEVILLE.

(Illustrated by a portrait from life, beautifully coloured, from Petitot.)

"Oh! woman, woman! thou hast vast faculties
For practicing the talents of vexation;
Especially for bringing those abilities
To bear upon the lords of the creation."

Harrison—from the "Forget-me-Not."

The Duchesse de Longueville was a princess of that branch of the royal house of Bourbon, of which Mr. Canning declared, "that it was neither an elder branch, nor a younger branch, but a branch of laurel:" she was sister to the great Condé, the hero of Rocroi, who has been, by the partial voice of history, accounted the greatest among a line of heroes, every one of which, it is to be owned, were superior to him in faith, honour, and moral virtue. Condé was not only the hero of victorious fields, but the hero of a faction, being the leader of the Fronde: a combination of the aristocracy, that shook the throne of France during the minority of Louis XIV. The Duchesse de Longueville was a warm partisan of her brother in this feud, and was ready to make any sacrifice to promote his interests.

Very early in life, Condé gave his sister in marriage to his intimate friend and near relative, the Duc de Longueville. This high-spirited lady loved her husband, it is true; still her brother's party was the first object of her heart.

She made use of her beauty and fascinations to win partisans to the Fronde, and exercised every art of coquetry to shake the loyalty of those attached to the reigning family. This beautiful rebel was the very life and soul of the civil war. All this was probably done in the giddy presumption of an untamed spirit; and in the restless consciousness of superior talents, she flung about fire-brands in sport. At that time she neither knew nor cared for the miseries that civil war inflicted on her country; and she threw all the energies of her character into this rebellion of the Fronde. Among her other conquests, she bewitched the celebrated Duc de Rochevauldcault into complete forgetfulness of all his philosophy and worldly wise maxims. The Duc de Rochevauldcault speaks spitefully enough against love, and the influence of women, in his celebrated apothegms; and yet never did man more completely submit to be persuaded out of his own determinations by a woman. He was, in principle, against the Fronde; but in hopes only of a smile from his
fair tyrant, he engaged in war against his sovereign, as he himself acknowledges in this celebrated couplet, which he wrote, with a diamond, on a window—

"To gain her heart and please her sparkling eyes,
I've warred with kings, and would have scaled the skies."

This couplet is from a now forgotten French tragedy, and is thus in the original—

"Pour satisfaire son coeur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait le guerre aux rois, je l'aurais faite aux Dieux."

At the battle of St. Antony, at the gate of Paris, so called, he received a severe wound in the face; by this misfortune he lost his sight for some months: all owing to the seductions of a sorceress, who loved her own husband, and cared not a straw* for the fools she made of her lovers. Another of her exploits was to prevail on the great Turenne, then a very young man, to revolt with the army of which he was general; but the soldiers stood firm to the king, and Turenne quitted his command like a fugitive; and then found, to his bitter mortification, that the beautiful duchess made a jest of his passion.

Another warlike noble forgot his duty to his king, by surrendering up to the Duchess of Montbazon the royal fortress, the impregnable Peronne,† with this bullet—"Peronne belongs to the fairest of the fair." Such was the effect of expiring chivalry in the last civil war raised by the French aristocracy.

For years was the Duchesse de Longueville the heroine of the civil war of the Fronde; a faction that seems to have raised itself in rebellion in the very wantonness of mischief; and the battles at the barriers of Paris were in the spirit of a barking out of school-boys, and carried on in the same spirit of fun and glee. The only ostensible pretence for rebellion was the supposed passion of the queen-regent for Cardinal Mazarine, whom, it was said, she had married. The Parisian troops, after sallying out of the city, were, if they returned beaten, received with peals of laughter; they were chiefly hot-headed young nobles of the Fronde and their followers, who made war on the royal forces like the heroes of the Iliad, caring for nothing but their own individual prowess, and fighting without order or discipline. If defeated, they consolated themselves by making satirical epigrams and sonnets. Taverns were the tents where they held their councils of war; and their military movements were resolved on, amidst singing, laughing, and shouting. Such was the war of the Fronde, in which no person was serious, and no one knew what he was fighting for, excepting that the king's colours were white, and the Prince de Condé's were blue. In the midst of all this confusion, the fair Longueville found herself in her element: she felt great pleasure in directing the whirlwind according to her own caprices, and in making the greatest and bravest men in France play as many fantastic tricks as so many apes, in the hopes of pleasing her.

The Duc de Longueville, her husband, regretted that his native country should be involved in all the perplexities of an unsettled government: he was true to the cause of Condé, but he endeavoured to persuade that hero to come to terms with the court; and when Condé, in a fit of passion, would have summoned the English, then under the sway of the formidable Cromwell, to have invaded France, Longueville prevailed on him to relinquish a resolution that would have made him a traitor to France, as well as a rebel to the king.

The Duc de Longueville was a very estimable character, as may be gathered from the answer he made his dependants, who wished him to prosecute some neighbouring gentlemen, who had followed their game over his domains. "I shall do no such thing," he replied; "for I would rather have friends than hares."

It was the Duchesse of Longueville, who being obliged, in some of the reverses of her party, to retire with the duke to one of his châteaux in the country, was asked how she meant to amuse herself; whether with books or walking, embroidery or gardening? "Oh! with none of these things," she said, "for I hate innocent pleasures." She was greatly changed afterward, as she herself acknowledged.

Don Louis de Hars, when he met Cardinal Mazarine, in order to conclude
the treaty of the Pyrenees, expressed his astonishment to him, that one young woman, like the Duchesse de Longueville, had it in her power to disturb the tranquillity of a great kingdom. "Alas!" replied Mazarine, "your excellency talks much at your ease upon these matters. The Spanish ladies meddle in no intrigues, but those of gallantry; it is not so in France, where we have there three women, capable of either governing or embroiling three great kingdoms: these are, Madame de Longueville, the Princess Palatine, and the Duchesse de Chevreuse."

The first sorrow experienced by this brilliant and volatile genius affected an entire change in her heart. After the death of her noble-minded husband, the world became a desert and a blank to her, though in the full zenith of her beauty. She resolved never to give him a successor, and abandoned herself to despair. Her aunt, the Duchesse de Montmorency—that celebrated lady, who consecrated her life to the memory of the hero she had lost, through the sanguinary revenge of Richelieu—had retired into a convent, and was abbess of the Ursuline nunns at Moulins. This excellent princess went to console her unhappy niece, and by her example and soothing tenderness, taught her to form a hope in the life to come, and to repent of all her wayward caprices—her giddy freaks and idle triumphs of talent and beauty with which she had promoted strife and mischief, instead of using her influence in the cause of peace and virtue. Madame de Longueville retired to the convent of Port Royal, to pray for the soul of her accomplished and beloved husband; in this retirement the innocent pleasures she had so flippantly despised were the solace of her life; she became much attached to gardening, and would frequently hold long consultations respecting the welfare of her flowers with an old man, a great professor of that art. Once he said to her, "What would the world say, if they saw your highness familiarly talking with a gardener?"—"The world would say I was much changed," replied Madame de Longueville, with a sigh.

The piety of the beautiful Longueville had nothing sour or fanatic in it—she devoted her revenues to doing good; among other beneficent acts, she was the munificent patroness of learned men, struggling with difficulties. The court sneered at her conversion, and called her aJansenist; yet those who knew her were convinced of the sincerity of her conversion. The war of the French, in which she took so conspicuous a part, lasted from 1649 to 1654. It was the last struggle of the French aristocracy against the crown.

In the clever historical romance, lately published by Mr. James, we find a graphic description of the great Condé, the beloved brother of this princess.

[The Princes of Condé and Conti and the Duc de Longueville, were arrested by the captain of the queen's guards, being taken by surprise in the palace, and hurried off to the castle of Vincennes. Almost all the nobles of their party fled from Paris, in a panic, the day of their arrest. Mary de Bourbon, duchess of Longueville, made her escape into Normandy, accompanied by sixty horsemen, and declared she would raise once more the standard of civil war. Luxemburg and Bouillon did the same in Burgundy and the south of France; and Turenne, instigated by his passion for the duchess, proceeding into Champagne, avowed himself the partisan of the princess.]

"I now found myself alone in a little ante-chamber, and, as it had but one other door, of course I advanced towards it, and entered the next room without ceremony. Here, seated at a table, which was covered with pots of beautiful carnations, sat a young man, of about five or six and twenty, busily tending and arranging his flowers. He was alone, though I heard voices in a chamber beyond; and from the whole appearance of the apartment, the neglect and poverty of the furniture, and the simplicity of the young man's own attire, I might have imagined he was some attendant of the prince's, had he not looked up; as he did so, however, the eagle-eye could not be mistaken, and I felt I must be in the presence of the great Condé.

"He was neither very tall nor very strongly made; but there was the promise of extraordinary activity in every limb. His features were slightly aquiline, and in general good, without being very striking. But his eye was, indeed, remarkable. It was deep set, it is true, and not particularly large; but there was a light, and a keenness, and an intensity in its slightest glance, that is quite un-
Describable. It was quick, too, as the lightning; and I observed that at almost every other word, the corner of the eye-brow next the nose was drawn forward, and rounded as it were, so as to shade the eye in a degree, and to cut off every ray of light, but those that fell upon the object at which he was looking.

"Who are you, my boy? who are you?" he repeated quickly. For a moment I was in doubt how to answer; but as I still heard voices in the other room, I thought it best to be cautious, and being obliged to speak loud, on account of my distance from the prince, I told him the same story that I had passed upon the governor.

"Ha!" he said, "Pallu should have come to me first. He forgets that he is my oracle as well as my surgeon, and the only human thing I see from week's end to week's end, except the grim visages of my gaolers, or the gloomy ones of my fellow-prisoners."

I bowed low, and replied, "If your highness will sit down and permit me to dress your arm, or at least to seem to do so, I may prove more oracular than M. de Pallu. I come from your faithful friend, M. de Villardin, and from your no less faithful servant, Gomville."

"Hush!" he replied, "hush!" and advancing to the door, which led to the other room, he said, speaking to the Prince de Conti and the Duc de Longueville, who were within—"Messieurs, I am going to have my wound dressed; and therefore, unless you wish to learn surgery, you may stay where you are for half an hour." He then closed the door, and returning to his seat at the table, slipped off his coat and presented his arm to me, saying at the same time, "Now!"

—From John Marston Hall.

Voltaire attributes the retirement of the Duchess de Longueville to base and worldly motives; which supposition has perhaps no foundation, excepting in his own sarcastic and ill-natured disposition: he says—

"The Duchess de Longueville, sister to the great Conde, so well known in the civil wars, and so noted for her amours, now grown old, and without any employment, became a votary to religion; and, as she hated the court, and loved intrigue, she turned Jansenist. She added a wing to the Abbey of Port Royal des Champs, whither she retired, sometimes with the recluses. They were then in their most flourishing state. Arnauld, Nicole, le Maitre, Herman, Laci, assembled at her house. In the room of that sprightly wit, to which the duchess had been accustomed at the Hotel de Raimbouillet, they substituted conversations of a more solid kind, in that nervous and animated sense which so remarkably distinguished their compositions and discourses. They contributed not a little to diffuse true taste and eloquence through France; but, unhappily, they were still more anxious to spread their opinions. They seemed to be themselves a proof of that doctrine of fatality with which they were reproached.

Marie de Bourbon was the maiden name of the Duchesse de Longueville. She was born 1619, and died in the year 1679.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.

Tradition, and the exquisite miniatures of Petitot (the enamel painter to the courts of Charles I. and Louis XIV.), alike avouch that this princess was a very fair woman, with those large, soft, hazel eyes, that often accompany light hair. Why she has chosen to torture her fair tresses into a similitude of the front, and the two tails of a barrister's wig, those only who have the power of eliciting a reply from her portrait can now tell. We must present her to the public of 1835, as she chose to look in the war of the Fronde, 1649, not as our taste would direct. We find her dressed in the colour of her faction—blue. Her hair is wreathed behind with blue ribbons; her dress blue satin, richly embroidered with gold, cut with a long point at the waist, and trimmed with gold bows and gimp. The bodice is open in front, laced across white satin, with large pearls. The sleeves and corsage form a charming pattern for modern dress. The Brussels lace full on the bust and shoulders is magnificent. She holds her large fan, tied with blue and gold favours, as if it was her brother's marshal's baton, when he commanded at the victory of Fribourg. She has a mirror hanging on one side of her waist, and a monstrous watch on the other. Her bracelets and necklace are large pearls; the brooch on the bosom, blue enamel. The shoe that peeps from be-
Marion de Lorme.

Marion de Lorme.

Dramatic Personæ of Act II.

Marion de Lorme.
Didier.
The Marquis de Saverny.
L'Angély.
The Marquis de Brichanteau.
The Vicomte de Bonchavannes.
The Comte de Gassé.
The Chevalier de Rochebaron.
The Count de Villac.
The Captain of the Ward.
The Public Crier.

Scene—Blois.

A square in Blois; the door of a cabaret.
At the bottom of the stage, the town of Blois, and the towers of St. Nicholas rising like an amphitheatre on a hill.

SCENE I.

The Marquis de Brichanteau, the Vicomte de Bonchavannes, the Chevalier de Rochebaron, the Count de Villac. They are seated before the door of the cabaret.

Some drink and talk; others play at dice and cards.

The Comte de Gassé enters; Brichanteau rises and meets him.

Brich.—Gassé (shakes hands with him).

Thou comest to Blois to join thy regiment.

We welcome thy internent (looking at his dress).—What have we here?

Gassé.—It is the mode! orange with blue favours.

(Crossing his arms, and speaking affectedly.)

Know you that Blois is forty leagues from Paris?

Brich. — 'Tis the autipodes, I know, to fashion.

Gassé.—'Tis China—therefore the women weep

When we are ordered here; if they followed us,

They'd be expropriated!

Bonch. (turning from play).—Does Monsieur come from Paris?
Roche.—Tell us some news.
Gassé (bowing to them).—Little or none afloat—some thirty Huguenots

Were hanged last week, and twenty duels fought!

Brich.—Happy Paris! duels keep thee alive.

Gassé (shrugging).—It is the mode!

Brich.—Come, tell us the names

Of those who fought, and wherefore they encountered.

Gassé.—Oh, that were tedious—I've forgotten half.

Let's see (reflecting); those that were fought on Saturday

I may remember;—there's our noble priests,
D'Humiere with Grondi;* they fell out

At the high altar, for precedence truly!

The Brissac's challenged the Lavardins

About a horse and dog. Pous with Sourdis

About the time o'clock—their watches didn't agree;

Lastly, Caussade fought Latournelle for nothing—

But fun, Caussade's killed Latournelle!

Brich.—How! dead in earnest? What says the king?

Gassé.—The cardinal is furious, and means forthwith

To remedy the evil.

(Examining the sleeves of Rochebaron.)

What have you here, my friend?

Eylots and laces,—old fashioned as the ark!

Nothing is worn but knots of ribbon!

Brich.—Caussade killed Latournelle. The king loved him.

What says the king?

Gassé.—The cardinal is very much enraged.

Brich.—And how goes all at court—is the king well?

Gassé.—Not very. The cardinal has the gout and fever,

And only moves in his litter.

Brich.—Strange mortal!

When I say king, thou answerest cardinal!

Gassé (shrugging).—It is the mode!

Bonch.—But nothing new?

Gassé.—Did I say I had no news, or none of import?

Why there's a miracle, a prodigy,

Has thrown all Paris in a state of fever;

The flight, the disappearance, the departure—

Brich.—Of whom?

Gassé.—Of her—the fairest of the fair,

Marion de Lorme!

Brich.—Now in our turn we'll tell a miracle—

She's here!

Gassé.—Not here at Blois?

Brich.—Truly at Blois—she's here incognito.

* Afterwards Cardinal de Retz, the celebrated agitator of the Fronde.
Has brought him into notice and distinction:  
I loathe the tyrant's doings—yet my taste  
Rejects the Cid.  

(Enter L'Angely, who seats himself at  
a table in silence; he is dressed in  
black velvet, with brandenbourgs of  
gold.)  

Brich.—But if the public like these  
rhapsodies,  
Why should they be controlled? What!  
must this Richelieu  
Not only rule the state, but our diversions?  
Gassi (glancing at L'Angely).—Call him  
his eminence,  
Or else speak lower.  

Brich. (impatiently).—To the devil with  
his eminence!  
He plants his priestly foot on the neck of  
France;  
All are his slaves, and all bow down to him,  
Vassal and noble, soldier and civilian;  
But let him leave our language free.  

Bonch.—Death to this Richelieu, who  
stabs and flatters!  
Man of the bloody hand and scarlet mantle!  
Roche.—Of what avail is the king?  
Brich.—The people in the gloom  
Of these black times walk darkling,—their  
eyes  
Dazed by this baleful flambeau—this Ri-  
chelieu.  
As for our king, he is but the lantern  
Which saves, with its dim glass, its flame  
from the wind.  

Bonch.—Give us but day, and that day  
will be beautiful;  
With the wind of our swords we'll exting-  
uish this flambeau.  

Roche.—Ah! if all thought like us—  
Brich. — We will unite,—what sayest  
you, vicomte?  

Bonch.—We'll strike him the good stroke  
of Jarnac.*  

L'Angely (rising abruptly, and speaking  
in a lugubrious voice).—A plot!  
Young men—remember Marilac.†  
(The nobles recoil, shuddering in conser-  
nation; L'Angely re-seats himself in  
silence.)  

---neille's famous tragedy of "The Cid." This  
occasioned in France violent partisanship both  
for and against Corneille and his writings.  
* Alluding to the fiercely-contested battle of  
Jarnac, in the reign of Charles IX., where  
Louis, prince of Condé, was slain, fighting  
against the court party.  
† This historical allusion is to the Marechal  
de Marilac, who, with his brother, raised a  
powerful conspiracy in favour of the queen-  
mother, Marie de Medicis; they had nearly  
subverted the domination of Richelieu. Ma-  
rilac was appointed to the command of the  
army, his brother was keeper of the seals.  
The weakness of Louis XIII. yielded to the  
cardinal's influence. During the last inter-  
view which Richelieu demanded, after his dis-  
mission, Louis betrayed his mother and his
Bonch.—Who is this man in black that
thrills our blood?
L'Ang. (bowing).—I ?—Gentlemen, I'm
the king's jester.
Brich. (laughing).—No wonder, then,
the king's so melancholy.
L'Ang. (raising with dignity).—Take heed,
my lords! the minister is gigantic;
He's a strong mower that sweeps bloody
swathes,
And then he covers all with his red mantle,
And all is said! (a deep silence.)
Gass. (shuddering).—Mordieu! 'tis truth!
Rocch.—I'll see him at the devil ere I
trouble!
Brich.—Fie on such jesters! say I;
Pluto himself were lively to this man!

SCENE 2.

Enter a crowd of people, who issue out of
the doors and streets of the town, and fill
the stage; in the midst of them appears
the public crier, on horseback, attended by
four of the town guard, accompanied by
music and a drum.
Gass..—What brings the rabble here?
Ah, the crier! Par die!
What stave is he about to sing?
Brich. (to a player in the crowd, with an
ape on his back).—My friends, which
of you pay to see the other?
Villac (taking up the cards, and showing
the four knives to Rochebaron, comparing
them to the four town guards).
—Did you ever see rascals so alike, Bah!
The paper knives are quite as formidable
As these same burgess champions!
(Flings down the knives with a
gesture of contempt.)
The Public Crier (with a nasal voice).—
Silence, citizens!
Brich. (to Gassé).—His nose is much more
used to talk than his mouth.
The Crier (reading an edict).—Ordonnance!
Bonch. (to Brichemauve).—The royal
mantle, starred with fleur de lis,
That shelters Richelieu.
The Crier (proceeding).—"King of France
and Navarre—
Brich. (to Bonchavaness).—With the
cardinal, regent over him.
The Crier (proceeding).—"To all these
presents may concern—health and
greeting—
Hearing considered that all good kings en-
deavour

friends, took the yoke of the cardinal again on
his neck; and Marillac, half an hour after the
news arrived that his brother's power was abso-
late, and Richelieu dismissed, was arrested
at the head of the army. Marillac, the minister,
was arrested, and sent to Chateaudun, where
he died, prisoner, of a broken heart. The fate
of his brother was more violent; after a pro-
tracted legal persecution of years, Richelieu
condemned him to death, to the indignation of
all the French nobility.

To put down duels by the hand of justice,
And that, despite of divers strict edicts,
Signed by the kings, our sires, the laws are
broken,
And murderous duels are more rife than ever,
We order and command, that, for the future,
Each duellist that survives a single combat,
Even if both survive that are engaged in it,
Shall be hanged, forthwith; be such offender
Noble or vassal, soldier or civilian,
He shall be dragged to the ignominious tree:
And to give this edict the more effect,
We here renounce our royal right of pardon,
This is our own good pleasure."—Signed
Louis.

Lower down, Richelieu.
(A movement of indignation among the
gentlemen.)
Brich.—How! We hung like Barabbas!
Bonch.—He'll be a daring ruffian
Who brings the cord to hang a gentleman.
The Crier (proceeding).—"We are en-
joined, according to our duty,
To hang the edict here."
(Two of the town guards hang a large
writing on an iron hook that juts out
of the wall.)
Gass..—At least the edict's hung.
Bonch.—Yes, count!
So shall he be that framed it.
The Crier goes out, the people disperse.
Enter Saverny.—Evening begins to close in.

SCENE 3.

Brich. (to Saverny).—Well, my cousin,
Have you found out the man who saved
your life?
Sav.—No;
The thieves, the young man, and Marion de
Lorme,
They have all vanished, like a dream o' the
night.
Brich.—Why dost thou not look on
him, when he drew thee?
Like a Christian out of the clutches of the
infidels?
Sav.—How could I, when he overturned
the lamp?
Brich.—Shouldst know him, if you met
him?
Sav.—No!
I never saw his features.
Brich.—Dost know his name?
Sav.—Didier.
Roch.—That's not the name of a man!
Sav.—Didier is his name, and I can tell
you
Those names are of note that pertain to the
brave:
Your titled barons have not bolder hearts;
I had my six thieves—he, Marion de Lorme;
He left her to save me!
Brich.—Ah, cousin Gaspard!
Your debt is enormous!
Sav.—I will repay it!
I swear unto you all!
Villac.—Marquis,
Since when have you begun to pay your
debts?

San.—(Fiercely).—Those that can be paid
with the sword, my lord,
I’ve ever duly paid; it is my ready coin.—
(Night closes in; lights appear, one after
the other, in the windows of the town;
a lamplighter lights a reflecting lamp
behind the edict: the door at which
Marion and Didier entered opens, and
Didier comes out, walking slowly in a
recrece, with his arms folded in his
mantle. He speaks to himself, with¬
out perceiving the others.)

I’d see once more this Marquis de Saverny!
The fop, the forward coxcomb, whose bold
eyes
DARED glance on my Marie: (after a pause )
I have his air on my heart!

Bonch. (calls to Saverny, who is talking
apart to his cousin).—Saverny!

Didier (starts, over hearing him, and
says to himself).—That’s my man!
(He comes forward, his eyes fixed with
severity on the gentlemen; he seats
himself, under the reflecting
lamp that illuminates the writing:
near this table is seated L’Angely,
who remains silent and immovable.)

Bonch. (to Saverny, who comes to him).—

Saverny! have you read the edict?

San.—What edict?

Bonch.—Oh! we were, forthwith,
To eschew all duelling.

San.—Who will teach us
To be so very wise?

Brich.—The gibbet, cousin!
We are to be peaceable under pain of the
rope.

San.—Ah! thou art jesting, Brichanteau.

Never!

Let them hang vassals—gibbets are for such!

Brich. (showing the writing).—See there,
the edict on the wall: read it.

San. (for the first time meets the severe
gaze of Didier).—Ha! that stern
countenance; I will read that

I know him not. Why does he gaze on me
With such reproachful meaning?
I shall affront him! (raising his voice, and
calling to Didier)

Holla! here, good fellow!
Friend! man with a large mantle!
Methinks he’s deaf! (To Brichanteau.)

Didier (who has never taken his eyes from
his face).—Spoke you to me?

San.—Yes, pray thee, honest fellow,
Read us aloud that writing o’er your head,
And we will reward you for your trouble!

Didier.—Reward me?

San.—Yes, you!

If you know how to spell your alphabet!

Didier (rises and reads the writing through,
to himself; then fronts Saverny, and
speaks).—It is an edict,
That punishes all brawlers with the gibbet,
Be they noble or vassal.

San.—Fellow, you are deceived;
Vassals are made to be hanged, not noble¬
men! (Turning to the gentlemen)
The people are insolent! (To Didier, sneer¬
ting)

You read ill, my master;
You are short-sighted, may be! Off with
your hat!
Then you’ll see better. Off with it, I say!
(He makes a gesture, as if to knock off
Didier’s hat.)

Didier (warming him off and upsetting the
table).—Ah! take care of yourself
when you insult me!

I here demand the recompense you offered,
For reading the edict, it is your blood—
Your life, young man!

San.—You’re in hot haste, I find;
But all is not arranged— to begin then,
I am called Gaspard, marquis de Saverny.

Didier (fiercely).—What matters that to
me?

San. (coldly).—Then, in the next place,
we must have two seconds.

For mine, I call upon the Count de Gassé;
And as you seem alone here, I’ll present you
To Monsieur de Villars, he represents
The house of Feuillade, and is, withal,
Marquis d’Aubusson; he will second you;
That is, if you are noble!

Didier.—What matters that!

I’m but a foundling, picked up at a gate;
I’ve neither name nor title, but I’ve blood

That I can offer in exchange for thine.

Villac.—A foundling child may be a gen¬
tleman;
The code of honour ever deems him so;
As such I’ll second you.

San.—Then all is settled; name your time
and place.

Didier.—Directly, on this spot where you
affronted me.

San.—Be it so:

At least you have the courage of nobility!

Didier.—A sword!

San.—Ah! by St. Denis!
He has no sword. That looks ill, I fear
He’s little qualified to wear one.

Didier (drily).—I broke mine last night.

San.—Good, again! (offering his own to
Didier)

Will you have mine, its trusty and well¬
tempered.

L’Angely (offering his sword).—To act a
fool, take the sword of a fool;
You are brave, friend, and will honour it.

(Sneering.)

And in return you’ll give me, if I ask you,
One end of your cord.

Didier (bitterly, taking the sword).—Be
it so.

(To the marquis)

Now God have mercy on our souls!

Brich. (jumping for joy).—A duel! a
duel! charming!

San. (to Didier).—Whereabouts shall we
fight?

Didier (showing the reflector of the edict)
Under this lamp,
Gassé.—Gentlemen, are you mad?
Your eyes will there be dazzled, by St. George!
Didier.—One can see well enough to cut a throat!
Sae.—Well said!
Villac (to Didier).—As your second,
I must protest against your fighting there.
Didier.—Thanks for your caution, count,
But there I mean to fight, for our good swords
Will flash like lightning underneath its glare.
Come on, marquis.
(They both throw off their cloaks, raise their hats, and salute each other with them; then fling them behind them, and draw their swords.)
Sae.—I am at your command.
Didier.—Be on your guard then.
(They fight, foot to foot, in silence and with fury. On a sudden the side door at the bottom of the stage opens, and Marion, dressed in a white robe, comes out: she sees Didier by the light of the reflector.)
Didier.—What does this mean?
(To the combatants) Stop! (They go on.)
(She screams) Guard, guard!
Didier (seeing her).—Ah, Heavens!
Bonch.—All is lost!
The cries of this woman have roused the archers.
They've seen the flash of your swords.
(Enter the Archers with torches.)
Brich. (to Saverny).—Feign to be dead, or your death doom is certain!
Sae. (letting himself fall on the ground).—Ah! (to Brichanteau, who leans over him)
The horrid hardness of these stones!
(Didier, who believes he has killed him, recoils back.)
Captain of the Watch.—In the name of the king.
Brich. (to the gentlemen).—Save the marquis;
He's dead, if he is taken!
(The gentlemen gather round Saverny.)
Captain of the Watch.—Gentlemen, it is too much!
What do you fight beneath the very lantern
Of the edict? (To Didier) surrender!
(Shewing Saverny extended on the earth.)
And he whose eyes are set:
His name?
Brich.—Gaspard, marquis de Saverny.
He's dead.
Captain of the Watch.—Dead! then his process ends;
'Tis well for him: this other's doomed, I 'trow,
To a worse death.
Marion (terified).—What does he mean
by that?
'Tis but a duel.
Captain of the Watch (to Didier).—You must away with us.
(To the Archers of the Watch lead Didier out on one side, the gentlemen carry Saverny out on the other.)
Didier (to Marion, as he goes out — she stands immovable with terror).—
Adieu!
Marie, forget me!
(They go out.)

SCENE 4.
Marion and L'Angely.
Marion (runs after him to detain him).—
Didier! wherefore this adieu?
Why do you say forget me?
(They Archers repulse her, and drive her back.)
Tell me, monsieur,
What he has done, and what they'll do to him?
L'Angely (takes her by both her hands, and leads her to the edict).—Read!
(She reads, and recoils with horror.)
Marion.—Merciful Heaven! 'tis death!
And I betrayed him to it by my cries;
I meant to call for aid — those fatal shrieks
Were heard by Death; who hastened through the darkness!
(To L'Angely)
It cannot be—a duel is no crime!
They do but threaten.
L'Angely.—They are in earnest.
Marion.—God! just God! my crimes have brought this on him!
The heavenly vengeance strikes at me through him.
It is a sin to be beloved by me,
My Didier! (A pause, she weeps.)
Oh, my loved one!
You're torn from me for death, perhaps for torture!
L'Angely.—Perhaps—if it pleases them.
Marion.—I'll to the king,
And sue for pardon; the king is merciful,
He bears a royal heart.
L'Angely.—Yes, the king—
But not the cardinal.
Marion.—Why should he be cruel?
I've hopes he'll listen to me.
L'Angely.—You'll be deceived.
This duel, fought beneath the very edict
Of his new law, will be considered by him
Not only as a crime, but a defiance.
Marion.—Oh, fatal truth!
But who's this man that chills me with affright?
Who are you?
L'Angely.—I'm the king's jester.
Marion.—Oh, my Didier! I am vile, infamous!
A wretch, unworthy thee; yet it is possible,
My deep, deep penitence may be accepted,
And by my means this fearful doom averted.
I'll follow thee.
(Exit.)
L'Angely (solsus).—Heaven knows what after!
(He picks up his sword from the ground,
and restores it to the sheath.)
Now, who will say that I'm the only fool?

END OF ACT THE SECOND.
SOLUTION TO MISS AGNES STRICKLAND'S ENIGMA.

No, no, thy race is not unknown!
O'er the wide world thy fame has flown;
Through every clime, through every age,
We trace thy noble lineage:
Sweetly, thy parent's dying strains,
Resounded o'er Meander's plains:
Wisely, thy ancestor's relation,
In Rome, gave note of preparation.
Her form—e'en Egypt's sons descry,
In every genealogy.
But though we thus with pleasure race,
The by-gone glories of thy race;
Though manuscripts in blazoned page,
Attest thy pains through many an age;
Though elemental slate combine,
With wood-cased lead, to trace a line,
As long, as marked, as strong as thine.
Though steel-clad Perrianites dare
In borrowed plumes thy reign to share,—
Yet greater at the present hour,
Thy honour, usefulness, and power,
For knowledge, now, thou canst impart,
(Aided by Faustus' magic art.)
Throughout creation's wide extent,
Island, or sea, or continent,—
Nay—thou'rt the author of the Sun,
With thee alone the Times begun,
By thee the Globe his course has run,
And yet thou art—light as a feather,
White as the snow in frosty weather;
Black to the shoulders—black as ink—
Insatiably fond of drink,
(Nor wonder, owing strength and life,
To oven-baking and the knife.)
Each syllable thou canst indite
Will make white black—but not black, white;
Hence demagogues thy powers apply
Their victims' wits to mystify:
A stroke from thee can riches bring,
Or period put to—every thing.
Hence all, now, court thee, placemen, rats,
Conservatives, Whigs, Democrats—
Nor Vere, nor Shaw, nor Henniker,*
Without thy aid can make a stir;
But chief thy power mankind to bless,
When held by some fair poetess.
But now—thy point is gone—Farewell!
These blotted lines thy weakness tell—
And thou that rodest on the storm,
Must perish by the knife's reform,
And—best friend of the Muse's lyre,
Thou must be cast into the fire—
Yet honoured more by lettered men,
Than e'en Columbia's honest Penn.

* Written during the late contested election for East Suffolk.
The Ides of March are past, and gladly
do we bid that obstreperous month farewell; for never within our memory (and that is now a long one) can we recall one,
save at brief intervals, so perfectly boisterous, and therefore cruelly threatening.
How many hearts have thrilled to the
inmost core, while thinking on the son,
the brother, the lover, or the husband,
exposed to its fury on that terrific element, where the strongest and the wisest,
aliike, “are carried up to the heavens
and down again to the deep, so that their souls melteth away because of their trouble,”—how many cold shudderings have run through the frame, and bitter tears stole down the checks of those who trembled for others? What the sufferers themselves experienced, none but themselves can know; save Him “to whom all hearts are open, and all sorrows known.”

Nor is March alone terrible on the
wide seas, or alarming in the thickly populated city—no! in the silent cottage
and the sheltered glen, its keen whisperings are felt by the fairest flowers of humanity, which wither beneath their influence, even while the cheek boasts the brightest bloom it has ever exhibited, and the eye beams with a brilliance too dazzling to be gazed upon; but who may trace the deceptions and the ravages of that disease, which selects its victims from the most beautiful and most excellent of the earth? Who may tell the steps which lead day by day to the tomb, just as the earth is revealing the resurrection of spring, and re-clothing the fields with verdure,—assuredly not one
who has beheld them often, and know them well. Friends may talk, physicians may observe; but widows, mothers, and lovers will be silent; for sacred is the deep, calm sorrow inspired by their loss, and holy are the memories and the meditations it imposes.

April, with its smiles of sunshine and showers of rain, now succeeds, and promises, amidst its varieties, more tranquillity at least, both in the physical and moral world. Young hearts beat high with expectation of pleasures untried, and more mature ones contemplate triumphs

of a different description, but not less exciting; for ambition is more imperious in her demand than curiosity and expectation. Fashion, the idol to which all bow, must be either attained or maintained; and whilst the girls contemplate the effect of dresses, not defined in their busy imaginations, yet intended to be charming in effect, their more anxious mother’s mind grasps in its wide expanse fêtes that shall outshine those of the leaders of ton; dinners which shall win applause from cognoscenti; and apartments which may vie with the Duchess of ——, or the Countess of ——.

With all deference be it said, in such cases the youngest is generally the wisest woman, for her objects of desire are more within her reach. She wishes to see and be seen; to behold much of that which she has heard of, and read of, in order that her mind may partake the enjoyment of others, and expand in the acquisition of new ideas and attained conclusions. If to this definition of seeing be added the desire of being seen, so far as is consistent with the modest hope of awakening the interest of friendship, or even the admiration of love—of filling properly her place in society, and proving herself well educated, well dressed, of agreeable manners and good disposition, surely there is little that is reprehensible in the wish? Society is to the young a positive mental want, scarcely inferior to the appetite for food in a healthy subject; and every mind animated with the common and praiseworthy desire to render itself companionable to others, and to gain from the well-informed and kind-hearted that knowledge they can communicate, must look to a visit to London as a source of enjoyment paramount to every other.

This will be more particularly the case with those who, in addition to the general routine of accomplishments, have cultivated somewhat of a literary taste, and interested themselves as the young generally do in works of poetry, imagination, or instruction. A desire to become personally acquainted with the author who has taught their minds to soar, their hearts to feel, or their judgment to decide, cannot fail to influence them; and
we can scarcely imagine a more interesting creature, than the young and timid, yet sensible and high-minded, girl, who, after the bewildernent of her presentation, the enchantment of her first ball and opera, is subsided, eagerly inquires “where she may see” those persons whom she at once loves and venerates as friends, yet seeks to view as strangers, from the modesty of her nature and the sincerity of her admiration.

Whether she will be so happy as thus to meet the gifted of her day, and her sex, we know not; but surely we may assert that her thoughts are more happily engaged than those of many ladies who are parents, and who, to vie with the unworthy, are often obliged to make sacrifices to the disorder of “house and heart.”

Oh! how much more amiable and valuable would many a lady be, to whom such rivalries are unnecessary, if residing in her own comfortable, and perhaps beautiful, country mansion, surrounded by her husband’s tenantry, superintending his affairs, educating his children, listening to his praises, and welcoming the true friends who rejoiced in his success; or sought to find in his lovely daughters inheritors of their mother’s virtues, and meet companions to themselves, than wasting in a London season’s short and feverish pleasures the means of a whole twelvemonth’s hospitality and charity.

A few who are capable of thus renouncing the more immediate attractions of the metropolis, and thereby escaping the many mortifications and afflictions reserved for the less prudent, will unquestionably be found; and to such we would recommend attention to the works of their own sex, at this period unusually numerous. If they are inclined to weep over the sorrows of poor Francesca Carrara, let them not add to the painful impression her unceasing and unmerited troubles, which give to the mind a belief that the sad story could have been dictated only by one bending beneath the accumulated misfortunes of fourscore years, on whom the vials of every affliction “flesh is heir to” had been emptied, which would certainly be a natural impression. Be it among their consolations to know, that Francesca is the offspring of genius, not sorrow; and owes her existence to one, not only young and lovely, but lively and sportive, as those

In the “Last Days of Pompeii,” by one of the other sex, our amiable recluses will find a new world resuscitated for their information and amusement, and enjoy its resuscitation whilst they lament its fall. Never has the talent of Mr. Bulwer been so happily displayed as here—perhaps it was not wise to place him amongst the ladies; but he is the happy husband of a talented as well as beautiful lady—a young, yet domestic mother.—Well, then, let us put beside him the equally domestic, though in fortune, less happy, Mr. Banim, whose “Mayor of Windgap” well deserves the place, albeit as distinct in character as in time; for what can be more different than a band of Irish peasantry and a coterie of Roman patriots? 

“First Love” given to the world by her who has long been loved by all (Miss Porter), will charm the heart in the sweet solitude of spring. Miss Pardoe’s late pleasing and interesting stories will be a good accompaniment; while Lady Blessington’s “Two Friends” exhibit such excellent sentiments, and such a sense of religion as the ground-work of morality, that it is impossible to read without believing that the author feels what she writes. Her old, selfish, conceited Compte de Bethune, is, we fear, as true as it is disgusting, considered as a portrait of the old French noblesse:—we think this and the English Lord Scamper, decidedly the best drawn, in a work highly praised for its faithful exhibition of that world of haut ton, to which we are told “novel writers are rarely admitted.” Should this assertion be true, more pity for those whose salons are devoid of that ornament, which would add grace to “the Corinthian pillars of polished society;” the cultivated mind, the highly-talented, the blest with genius, in whatever walk it moves, carry their own world with them; and compared to the proudest drawing-room on earth, it is “one entire and perfect chrysolute,” which wealth and rank might view, if not with envy, yet delight.

“The Outlaw,” by Mrs. Hall, is now in the press; but will, like other flowers, escape thence in April, redolent in beauty and rich in perfume, as we cannot doubt after reading the “Buccaneers.” We
again see in the productions of this gentle and amiable lady, how the mind may wander (in seeking contrasts to its own bearings of its own situation) through the world around it, or the imagination which is its own empire. Hence have we her "Trials of Woman:" excellent reading are they, for the wife whose husband is absent, yet trusted, and for whom sacrifice itself is pleasant, because he merits it. "The Pilgrims of Walsingham," by Miss Agnes Strickland, is also on the way, and will unquestionably be a high treat as an amusement, also one conveying much real information on the habits and occurrences of the times in which the scene is laid; for we know the fair writer to be far better read in history, than any other lady (save Miss Emma Roberts) of our acquaintance. Whoever has read the "Tales of the English Chronicles" (to say nothing of her other works), will perceive how well fitted she is for a task combining discrimination, feeling, knowledge, and energy.

But May will succeed to April; days will be long and warm, and books themselves, with all their witchery, give way to the charms of nature, and the library be forsaken for the garden; and oh! how many are the attractions to be found? As flower after flower unfolds its petals, a new visitant comes, or an old favourite re-appears, on which the eye can gaze with delight, and from which the heart can never receive a wound: and so multiplied of late years are these candidates for our admiration, that we cannot gaze upon a single parterre without receiving a lesson in natural history, and welcoming strangers of all climes—exotics claiming our tenderest care; and bold adventurers, capable of sharing our severest gales, and willing to cheer our most gloomy winters.

So admirably has the sister of our last named author described many of these beautiful novelties (both by pen and pencil), that it would be presumptuous in this Magazine to encroach upon her elegant, and not less faithful delineation; but the lovers of flowers will not be averse to the kindred enthusiasm expressed by the following extract from a poem printed in a splendid form, but never published, being the property of a nobleman, who printed only a few copies:—

"Oh! lovely flowers! the earth's rich diadem,
Bright resurrection from her sable tomb,
Ye are the eyes of Nature! her best gem—
With you she tints her face with living bloom,
And breathes delight in gales of sweet perfume:
Emblems are ye of heaven, and heavenly joy,
Of stary brilliance, in a world of gloom;
Peace, innocence, and guileless infancy,
Claim sisterhood with you, and holy is the tie.

"Not regal splendour, when in glory's tide
It shines effulgently, with thee can vie,
Impearled lily, whom the tall leaves hide,
That we may find thee by the perfum'd sigh:
Ah! well doth it all other guide supply
Thus too the sapphire violet lurks unseen;
Not so Anacon's rose, which courts the eye;
She bows, and blushes, yet reveals her mien,
And blooms benignantly, a beauteous maiden queen.

"Shining from out rich leaves of velvet green,
That brighter than the emerald laurel's are,
Here great magnolia spreads a lofty screen,
And pearls his silvery flowers, like morning's star—
He is the king of flowers, and comes from far,
To woo our northern rose, fair Europe's pride;
Behold the hero in a conqueror's car,
Subduing nature for his beauteous bride,
Scattering Arabia's sweets profuse on every side.

"Here rich geranium flaunts in Tyrian vest,
And graceful fushia hangs her coral bells;
Carnella proudly spreads the matchless crest,
And red azalia's saffron blossom swells;
Gay oleander tints the flowery cells,
But rich begonia paints with deeper hues,
Drinking the sunbeams—classic lotus dwells
In the deep stream, and her pale cheek embues,
With cold and marbly tone, like melancholy Muse.”

With these lines I must bid adieu to those who, although remaining in the country, enjoying books, flowers, and correspondence with their bosom’s lords, are not “of ladies most forlorn and wretched;” and address only one line of advice to those who are now every day arriving in that gay vortex, which has whirled so many to destruction—“Be wise as well as gay—prudent not less than splendid—consistent in your hospitality, always well dressed, and never extravagantly.” Choose examples from those who have been for years the admired and the esteemed in the circles of fashion, thereby proving that they had “counted the cost,” and never allowed the expenses of one season to infringe on the necessities of the next. Remember that your lowest tradesman is your fellow-creature, and has a right not only to your justice, but consideration—that your children, your servants, your acquaintance, will follow your steps, imbibe your virtues, copy your faults: that meanness is the result of extravagance; selfishness, like money, the root of all evil. With such recollections before you, London and its temptations will fail to eradicate, or even injure, that lovely and excellent personage, an English gentlewoman.

THE BILLET-DOUX.

BY EDWARD LANCASTER, AUTHOR OF “THE LAST OF THE BURNINGS.”

“Smiles, darts and fires!—Love, ecstasy and rapture!—I shall expire with transport!” exclaimed Mr. Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins, pressing a sheet of pink note-paper, inscribed with neat characters, to his brow, lips, and bosom. “More precious,” he said, continuing his rhapsody, “is the material of which thou art composed, than Bank notes, or Exchequer bonds!—Dearer is the ink which marks it than liquid gold!—and more potent is the instrument which traced it than one of Cupid’s arrows!” With these words Mr. Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins threw himself in a languishing attitude on a red morocco ottoman—kicked one of his slippers to the opposite corner of the room in a fit of enthusiasm, and passing his fingers through his black locks, suffered his eyes to wander, with a sort of complacent wildness, from the ceiling to the Wilton carpet; thence to the sinumbra lamp, which diffused its soft rays, from a cedar table by his side. After that they rambled over the other appurtenances to his apartment, and ultimately rested on the mantel-piece, where were burning two candles, with patent metallic wicks, which never required snuffing, but near which he had desired a pair of newly-invented smoke-consuming snuffers to be placed, with an absence of mind that proved him, beyond controversy, to be a man of profound scientific genius.

The cause of all this perturbation remains to be explained.

Mr. Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins was the son of a rich merchant, in a large commercial town (who, by industry, had risen from behind the counter of an oil-shop), and, being the only heir to all his father’s hopes and joys, was, at an early age, apprenticed to the trade of—a gentleman. His qualifications for this business displayed themselves when first he was sent to school, for, on his return home on the very first vacation, he bore a letter from his tutor, in which the pedagogue triumphantly asserted, that there was not a lad in the academy who could do more mischief, write a worse hand, or make a better bow than Master Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins. This comforted the elder Mr. Fitzwiggins’ heart; it was balm of Gilead to his soul: his great object through life had been to become a gentleman himself; not even corporation distinctions, some how or other, became available to him! and many a sigh did he heave over the failure of his hopes, when finding his business-like habits reflected in the polished graces of those whose delicate aristocratic fingers had never been soiled by coming in contact with many.
repulsive objects of his industry. What, then, was his delight on making the discovery, that, at all events, he should be father to a gentleman! that, though the tree resisted the airs of fashion, the sapling knew how to bend with grace before them.

"Odds bobs! mother," said he to his wife, on whom he always bestowed a maternal title, "Julian Adolphus will mortalize us at last. How all the world and his wife will swell with envy when they hear me mentioned as his father!"

"Ah! it wasn't for nothing that I dreamt of the Prince of Wales and osterich feathers the night afore he was born," returned Mrs. Fitzwiggins, partaking in the exultation of her spouse; "and, if you recollects, Thomas, I said to Mrs. Hobbs, says I, it don't become me for to call my chicken a swan, Mrs. Hobbs; but, as sure as that there polished steel grate—which, by-the-bye, I must say your good man let me have a great bargain, originally, in the first place, came from dirty brown stuff, so sure will this first breeding of mine turn out good breeding. Which, if you investigate the noration, Thomas, you will find was not only a good joke, but a good prophecy."

"And would make a good speech in a play," rejoined Mr. Fitzwiggins, who looked up to the sharer of his heart as the most finished wit of the age. A cordial colloquy of some length ensued; the result of which was, that the young sprig who gave occasion to it was speedily transplanted to the hot bed of luxury; manured with gold; trained by fashion; bedewed with adulation; sprinkled sparingly with education, and surrounded by toad-eaters.

"We shall make a right down earnest gentleman of him in time; but I thinks as how he ought to go abroad first," said Mr. Fitzwiggins, when the hopeful twig had attained the size and bearing of hobbledehoyism.

"Why, yes; he should go abroad to make him more at home," returned the witty Mrs. Fitz-W. Accordingly, Mister Julian made something like what was formerly called the grand tour, under the surveillance of a learned tutor, stuffed with Greek and Latin, and returned—in the opinion of his sire and dam—a real, unadulterated, earnest, genuine gentleman. He could play rouge et noir, and dance divinely. He had seen St. Peter's, at Rome, and dined with the prince of a petty German state (whose principality produced less in ten years than it cost his father to outfit a single vessel). He had been the cicerone of demiresps and the companion of voués. He had climbed Mount Vesuvius, and supped with the monks of the Great St. Bernard. He had seen a brigand, and knocked down one of the lazaroni—in short, he had achieved more than any man of his expectations had ever achieved before: so, at least, said his tutor, while smoking a pipe with the fond father, that seemed altogether to raise him to an equality with the learned Dr. Parr.

In addition to this, he knew a thing or two; could purchase a horse without the risk of having one with "three legs and a swinger" imposed upon him; knew the maximum and minimum prices at every auberge on the road, though he and his learned tutor had been often sadly posed as to language and manners; knew that Tokay was not Tokay (as the whole produce of that delicious vineyard was divided between Prince Leopold and the Emperor of Russia, owing to which, it was impossible that a single bottle of genuine Tokay could be imported); was satisfied that his own address was better than most, if not all, and cognizant of his handsome countenance; nay, he sometimes soared to distinguish between Andalusian and Castilian Spanish; and knew for a certainty that Paganini was the best violinist, Tagliioni the best dancer, and Somtag the best singer in Europe.

Nor was his knowledge on abstruser subjects less profound, for on every branch of science he had something to say. Of Architecture, he knew the names of the five orders; of Astronomy, that the moon was not a green cheese; of Literature, that Homer wrote the Iliad; of Pneumatics, that air was lighter than water; of Hydraulics, that water was heavier than air; of Geometry, that a right angle was equal to two sides of a triangle; of Geography, that England was an island, and France a continent; and of other matters an equal proportion. Will it then excite surprise, that Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwiggins lionized him about with a Thesonal pride, equal to that which we may imagine to have been experienced by the progenitors of the admirable Crichton? As to Mr. Fitzwiggins,
his opinion of the wonderful attainments of his son was so great, and his intelligence so highly raised by his son's acquirements, that he began seriously to consider whether there were not "three orders of the class homo: namely, men, women, and Fitzwigginess;" and, believing the youth to be the greatest of the last species, he took no small pains to let the whole world know whose son he was. This passion amounted to a complete mania; if he gave a dinner, his cards of invitation set forth, that "Mr. Fitzwiggins, father of Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins, Esq., presented his compliments," &c. If he made a call, he desired the servant to announce Mr. Fitzwiggins, father to Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins, Esq.; and on the occasion of a subscription being set on foot for the relief of some sufferers by a recent fire, he headed the list with these words—"Mr. Fitzwiggins, father of Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins, Esq., 50l. Mrs. Fitzwiggins, mother of Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins, Esq., 25l. Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins, Esq., 100l."

Heaven help the poor man! all this while, scarcely a person beyond the circle of his acquaintance, knew or cared whether such a being existed in the world as Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins, Esq., or his father either!

The stature of our hero did not diminish, we may be certain, under all this parade and fuss; but the brightest rocket must go out, and, in the ordinary course of affairs, the greatest wonders subside in nine days. Accordingly, after feasting half the town—(or, in other words, two or three dozen professional feeders at the cost of others), and being thrust into the soirées of the other half (i.e. two or three dozen families, who would rather have been left without them)—he found himself entirely at leisure, to pursue whatever studies he might deem necessary to the completion of his education. At first, the novelty rendered this change agreeable; and with "genteeel" indolence, he lounged away a few days within the precincts of his papa's drawing-room, alternately arranging a curl in the glass, humming a sonnet, examining his white teeth, and committing rhymes, with various other perpetrations of an equally intellectual nature. But exalted as were these amusements, the variable mind of Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins soon yearned for other society than his amiable self; he therefore sallied forth to revisit some of his friends in the country, and had not been long there ere he learnt that preparations were on the tapis for an assize-ball, at which many of the nobility would be present, in addition to every person of fancied or real importance in the place.

"Oh, ho!" thought our hero, "then I, of course, must be there."

And there, accordingly, our hero went. Such scenes as balls, concerts, masquerades, &c., have been too often represented on paper for any recapitulation to be needed here; suffice it, that the floors were admirably chalked—wax-lights came into fashion—the fiddle-sticks well rosined—the rooms well aired, and the dancers well dressed. Which will give just as good an idea of the affair, as if the terms "display of art,"—"heavenly sounds," —"illuminations of Eastern splendour", —and "magnificent habiliments" had been employed in the description.

Amongst the ladies assembled, was the youthful Countess of ——, so celebrated for her wit, vivacity, and loveliness. Upon this lady the wandering eyes of Julian were shortly fixed; and as they drank in her charms, he felt a new impulse given to existence. He had never before moved in the same hemisphere with a being so superior, both in rank and bearing; the full blaze, therefore, of her easy elegance and captivating air, blended with her patrician cast of features and noble deportment, had a more dazzling effect than might otherwise have been the case. For some moments he revelled, he rioted! with an intoxication of delight in the rich radiance of her surpassing attractions: if she moved, his soul, denuded of perceptions for any other object, moved with her; when she smiled, his heart danced for joy; and, on the occasion of an accidental meeting of their glances, every sense reeled until his frame had nearly performed a like gyration. At length the dances were about forming, and our hero, who, to do him justice, was ignorant of his enthrallee's rank, stepped forward with a determination of securing her for a partner, although she was then leaning on the arm of a gentleman, to whom it must have been evident to any one else she was already engaged; but scarcely had he gained a yard in advance of his former position, when his courage failed.
The lofty refinement of look which characterises true intellectual, as well as personal nobility, awed him. What was he to do? his head drooped at the self-imposed question, and his gaze lighted upon a glittering eye-glass which hung upon his bosom. This reminded him that fashionable folks generally stared an introduction to each other, and he resolved to adopt that convenient custom on the present momentous occasion. Fixing his "quizzing" with a dégagée cock against his nose, betwixt his eyebrow and cheek-bone, he thereupon took heart, and tripped up to the countess with a demeanour at once humble and engaging. The little group of exclusives which clustered near her, receded in surprise at this strange intrusion; and our hero felt, while thus confronted with her alone, as if he could have crept into his own waistcoat pocket; nevertheless, for want of sheer valour to fly, he stood his ground, and continued to eye her like a mouse when fascinated by a rattlesnake. At first, the countess knew not whether to laugh or be displeased at this occurrence; but perceiving, with a woman's quickness, the real nature of the event, she was seized with a whim to humour the adventure, and her own love of sport, by returning the protracted scrutiny of the stranger: upon which she bent her head coquettishly towards her shoulder, and fixed her glass in a similar position to that of our hero's; yet, with such exquisite adroitness was this managed, and so peculiarly graceful was her action, that the sourest cynic could not have accused her of overstepping female delicacy, but rather have compared her to Euphrosyne in one of her most joyous moments. Indeed, the countess possessed, in an eminent degree, the gift, which so few can boast of, performing even a vulgar act in a lady-like, engaging manner; inasmuch, that our hero observed neither mockery nor ridicule in what she did, but attributed it to a reciprocity of feeling, although all around were in a titter at the odd exhibition.

Re-assured by his conviction, he made a bow—such as would have killed Brummel, &c., with envy—and preferred his petition for her hand. At this moment the young man before-mentioned stepped forward to interpose, but the countess gave him a sly regard with her arch blue eye, which caused him to retire in perfect good humour. She then courtesied to the very ground, and told her suitor that she should be too happy to avail herself of his gallantry.

Heavens! what a moment of triumph was that for Julian Adolphus! He led her forth as a conqueror would conduct a captured queen to his chariot, and felt fully assured that he was the target at which all glances were aimed. Nor was he far wrong, for, from that moment, he became the butt of the whole room. Not that he either danced badly or jostled his partner's elbows, as Terpsichore never had a more able votary; but the self-sufficient air of composure incarnate with his features was so tempered by a charming blush of modesty, and he surveyed his fair partner with such killing looks, that he drew the attention of those who otherwise might have remained in infelicitous ignorance of his sublime presence. Meanwhile, the countess acted her part to admiration; she simpered, she smiled, she blushed, she returned glance for glance, sigh for sigh, and even extended her encouragements to the slight return of a pressure of the hand. Well, after this, Julian Adolphus had nothing to do but declare his passion; which he did in language that would have made the fortune of any aspiring romance writer of the day.

The countess listened with a downcast look to his protestations of eternal love, and then raising her sentimental head, uttered, in a tone of most captivating tenderness, a few incoherent sentences about the course of true love never running smooth—the constant inconstancy of man—and the insurmountable barriers opposed to affection by the difference of rank in society.

"Ravisher of my soul! Adorable object of my hopes and fears!" exclaimed Julian Adolphus, the burning light of truth swearing an affidavit of sincerity in his eyes, "entangle not the agglomeration of your sentiments by such considerations. What matters it if fortune has placed me at the apex and you at the declivity? Perish the sordid wretch who would dim the pure lustre of his flame, by asking whether the co-descendant of Eve, on whom he places his affection, holds an equal station with himself in the sublunary grades of this mundane world!"

"Your sentiments are exalted and just," returned the countess, her suscepti-
ble heart apparently swelling with pride and gratification at the condescension of one so much her superior?" for if such impertinent questions were put, bow often would imagined greatness be humbled to the dust."

"And our goddesses degraded to Cinderellas," added our hero. Scarcely had he uttered these words, with an "I-think-I-could-guess" look, when the gentleman from whom he had torn the maiden—unfail to witness the scene any longer without giving utterance to audible expressions of mirth—advanced, and begged to know if her ladyship was disengaged, as the quadrilles were called on. "Ladyship!" the word came upon our hero’s heart like a pail of cold water thrown by a cautious housemaid on a midnight fire; he looked unutterable things—his frame seemed to dwindle till his apparel hung loose about him—he darted to the door every faculty of his soul was suspended, and he nearly fell down the staircase.

On recovering his senses, he tried to recall the last look of his enslaver, and by calling up the aid of vanity, soon soothed himself with the recollection of its being cast upon him in tender regret, as the ruthless intruder upon their conversation led her from his side. Albeit, the word "ladyship" still rung so alarmingly in his ears, that he durst not again venture into the ball-room, but sneaked quietly home, to brood on what had passed. Here his natural composure soon restored him to equanimity, and he threw himself in his favourite horizontal position, fully impressed with the conviction of having made conquest a heart which sent life-blood to a head that supported a coronet. This idea solved the problem that had often puzzled him, when speculating on the probable intentions Nature had in view when she gave him to the world—he was to raise the character of the nobility! and, as a preliminary step, must, of course, become united to it by marriage. Thereupon, he resolved to wait patiently the course of events; and, in the mean time, emulate Petrarch of old, by penning lyrics to the beauty of his mistress. These effusions have not yet been published; but it is understood that they abound in metaphor and simile of the utmost imaginable beauty. Among other things the lady is compared to a cedar, although but five feet and a few inches high—to a star, although neither shaped like a Dutch cheese, nor afflicted with the yellow jaundice—and to a graceful willow, although by no means bent by age, or encumbered with the curve line of beauty on her back.

In the conception of these images, our hero hastened the flight of time during a journey of three whole days; at the expiration of which, a loud double knock at the door announced the arrival of the postman, and shortly afterwards his footman entered the drawing-room with a silver tray, on which reposed a neatly folded note, addressed to "Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins, Esq." Julian Adolphus seized the cartel in a delirium of hope, motioned the servant from the apartment, and, with uncontrollable trepidation, broke the seal, which, for its owner's crest, bore the impress of a fox's head erased. The following were the words that rewarded his pains:—

"Most accomplished and engaging of men!—The captive bird that pants for the caresses of its keeper trills forth its song with impunity to attract his attention: the youth who sighs for a fair one's smile, tells his tale of love without reserve; why, then, ought a convention to exist, by which the maiden lover is debarr'd from making known her secret affection to him who holds her heart in thrall? Surely the system is subversive of human happiness; and in that conviction I venture to address you on a subject in which all my hopes are enwrapped, fully conscious of the rectitude of my intentions, and the nice sense of honour, where a lady is concerned, entertained by him to whom I am about to pour out my soul.

"The last time you appeared in public, it was my fate to behold you for the first time—but why need I enter upon a relation of particulars? My spell-drawn gaze must have attracted your attention, and, ere this, you will be prepared for the confession that I love you!—yes, you have stolen the heart of one whose wealth is great, and whose charms, men say, are not contemptible.

"You quitted before I did; owing to which happy event I was enabled to send a person to track you home, and learn your name. How beat my heart on discovering my suitor to be Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins, Esq.!

"If you are not the most flinty of
human beings, consign not this confession to
the flames, but haste to see if she who
pens it is worthy a return of the love she
offers. Believe me, should the interview
not be productive of favourable results, I
will never more obtrude myself upon your
notice, so that you need entertain no fears
of future annoyance. I shall be at Hig-
ginbottom’s masked ball, next Tuesday
evening, dressed in a pink domino, trim-
med with black velvet points, and a nar-
row armlet of the same material; and
where my soul will embark her hopes on
the streams of expectancy to see you.

Come, then, dearest of men—come and
assuage the pangs you have occasioned

“To the susceptible heart of—

“Thine, till death,

“**** ******* **********.”

“P.S.—As you are a gentleman, I am
under no apprehensions of your exposing
this letter to other eyes than your own.
Fail not to come.”

Venit—vidi—vici! cried our hero,
when he had finished this moreouer:—
“it is from her ladyship,” he added; and
then burst into exclamations unnecessarily
to be described.

After the tempest of his emotions had
in some degree subsided, Julian Adol-
phus sought the authors of his being.
He found them comfortably seated on
two large arm-chairs, and dosing side by
side in sleek complacency, like prize cat-
tle on the night preceding a show; but
the voice of their beloved son soon roused
them from slumber, and they eagerly in-
quired the cause of his condescension in
visiting them; upon which he detailed at
length his adventures at the ball, occa-
sionally heightening the effect with the
colouring of fancy, and triumphantly con-
cluded by reading the amorous epistle he
had just received, not considering it any
disobedience to the injunctions at its
close, while confiding the disclosures to
his own family. Mrs. Fitzwiggins raised
her hands, and Mr. Fitzwiggins lowered
his spectacles, when their darling son
finished his history, and gave vent to their
exultation in a torrent of encomiums.

“Ah! my boy,” said the latter; “I
thought as how the quality wouldn’t be
much longer blind to their own interests,
I only hopes you won’t have no poison ad-
ministrationed to you by them, as will
ever your turning and good manners.”

“They must grow a little more notable

afore they can injure him:—at present
they are not able to do no such a thing,”
said the bon mot-tish Mrs. Fitzwiggins.

“I rather think,” observed her son,
passing his fingers through his curls,
“They will entertain too much fear of the
great families with whom I shall become
connected to attempt me any injury: who
knows but what his majesty himself may
think it necessary to afford me protec-
tion?”

“I should like to know who the lady
is,” interposed Mrs. Fitzwiggins, casting
her eyes over the letter. “She must be a
tip-topper by her writing, for I observ-
es that the T’s are without crosses, and
the I’s without dots. By-the-bye where is
Mr. Higginbottom’s ball to take place.”

“I seed his name in the paper this
morning,” said her husband.

“Indeed!” cried our hero; “then pray
order it to be brought instantly.” Mr.
Fitzwiggins obeyed; and when the paper
forthcame, the first advertisement proved
to be a full answer to the good lady’s query,
as it was nothing less than a copious an-
nouncement of the intended fête, which it
specified was to take place at the public
assembly-rooms on the following Tuesday:
ticket, seven shillings and sixpence each,
double ditto, to admit a lady and
gentleman, half a guinea. “And very
reasonable, too,” said Mrs. Fitzwiggins:
“Thomas, you and I will accompany our
offspring; and that his light may not be
hid under a bushel, we’ll make up a party
to go along with us.”

This proposition was warmly agreed to;
and the illustrious Fitzwiggins prepared
for the event with emotions of no common
order. Our hero thought that the period
so big with fate would never arrive; for
such was his impatience, that time seemed
to have clapped his wings, or, rather,
neither to move one way nor the other,
like a stone poised between the North
and South Poles, as he expressed it. At
length, however, the time did arrive;
and our trio, dressed to death, with
a large concourse of friends (who also
looked as gay as gilt gingerbread),
took their departure. The rooms were
literally crowded to suffocation, and with
some consternation our hero observed
that a large proportion of the ladies
present wore pink dominoes.

“Some devil has been at work to baulk
me,” said he to his mother, in alarm.

“The devil a bit!” said she; “don’t
you remember the black velvet trimming?"

"I had forgotten that," said Julian Adolphus, darting amid the crowd to commence his search; he had not been many minutes elbowing his way through, when some one behind trod suddenly upon his heel. "I wish you would wear pumps when you come to dance!" exclaimed he, turning his head, and stooping to rub the part so unceremoniously treated, at which moment his eye caught a pink dress and black velvet trimming. On beholding this, it instantly occurred to him, that what he mistook for accident was nothing less than a signal; accordingly he advanced, and catching the masked fair one's hand, whispered in love-tuned accents—"at once to spare you all confusion, lady—at once to dispel your doubts—I adore you!"

"Pardon me, sir," said she, withdrawing her hand; "but I must remark that your words are calculated not only to put me into confusion, but to raise doubts as to your sanity." So saying, she glided away. Our hero would have followed, for the tones of her voice struck him as familiar, but for the discovery, made too late, that the black velvet was arranged in tucks round the fugitive's dress, instead of in points. Rendered more cautious, he now remained stationary, permitting his eyes only to wander, until the welcome trimming at last appeared. With the speed of Phaeton, when traversing the clouds in his car of fire, Julian Adolphus once more clutched the assembled throng, and soon found himself at the incognito's side. "Your ladyship finds me punctual," said he, detaining her.

"Sir! I do not understand you," replied the lady.

"Hush! for Heaven's sake speak lower, my angel! it is I—I received your assignation, and am here to fulfil it!"

"You have addressed a wrong person," interrupted the mask, shaking him off; and, as she did so, he remarked that her arm was encircled by a bracelet. "I am the sport of fortune to-night," said he, petulantly walking away.

For upwards of an hour after this, he was fated to range the room in unsuccessful pursuit. Ever and anon would some accidental touch or sign re-animate his hopes, which were again laid low by an apology for the inadvertence. Ever and anon would some silver-tongued maid make a railway from his ear to his hear for her words, and fill him with ecstacy, which an inspection of her dress immediately quelled. And ever and anon would the fresh appearance of some fairy form attired in pink, raise an absolute certainty that the true object was at length found, when unerring finger, would point out a deficiency in the collateral requisites of points and armlets, and again consign him to despair.

Julian Adolphus now began to reflect that there did not exist a statute prohibiting him from being fooled, and was about concluding that some malignant ignoramus, jealous of his attainments, had taken advantage of this oversight in our legislators to do his sagacity foul wrong, when a sylphid figure tripped past, who, to his overwhelming delight, displayed a conspicuous band of black velvet on either arm, and a row of black velvet points at the nether edge of her dominio. His rapture was uncontrollable—he scanned the dress a second time, to be convinced that it was no delusion, and bouncing forward, like a cricket-ball expertly batted, almost caught her to his bosom. "My lovely captivator!" he exclaimed, "have I at length the joy of beholding you? Oh! this moment repays me for all."

The lady faltered—"Good heavens! sir—I—in the name of goodness, who are you?" was all she could utter.

"You surely know me again?" said Julian Adolphus.

"Is it possible that we have met before?"

"Met!—We danced together at the assize-ball last week."

"I certainly was at an assize-ball, and it is possible that we danced together—indeed, I have an indistinct remembrance of your person. May I inquire your name?"

"Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins," returned our hero, elevating his person to the height of five feet five inches, and then, hand on heart, making a low bow.

Upon this, the lady was seized with a sudden fit of merriment, and after indulging in a hearty laugh, exclaimed, "I recollect you perfectly now—as must all who saw you that night—ha, ha, ha! be assured it was not with me you danced, I should have else expired," and with these astounding remarks she withdrew.
What our hero thought of saying or doing on this occasion, must for ever remain unknown: as, immediately afterwards, he heard a person remark, while the lady fled, "Did you ever see such a brilliant scarlet in your life?"

"Death and eternal tortures!" exclaimed Julian Adolphus, rushing towards his parents, "I never examined the colour of the domino!"

While these occurrences were transacting, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwiggins had been liberal of obscure hints to their friends concerning "events to come"; it was consequently greatly to their dismay that they listened to our hero's account of the disastrous defeat he had experienced during his campaign, and, with one accord, tendered their services in aid of bringing matters to a successful termination. Tired and dispirited, he embraced the offer, and they issued forth. But, alas! the worthy couple were more completely baffled than their precursor, meeting with nothing but snears and contempt for their supposed lunacy in every quarter; and ultimately returned with the news of total failure in eliciting a single favourable answer to the oft-repeated question put by Mr. Fitzwiggins to different damsels in pink cardinals, "whether she was the young lady as fell in love with his son?" and the more gentle intimations of his better half to similar parties, that "her son was in the room, and had been long longing (she could not restrain her wit on the occasion) for a short interview."

By this time the Hesperian star had set, and night waned to a close. The visitors also gradually dropped off, and all things intimated that the amusements were at an end; still our disconsolate hero lingered, hoping to catch a view of his anonymous correspondent as she made her exit. In this, too, he was disappointed. Every petticoat, except those belonging to his own party, vanished, and he found himself alone—no, not quite alone, for he observed a number of young men loitering, like himself, without any apparent cause for stay, and yet wearing expressions of anxiety and impatience on their several and respective frontispieces.

"Surely," thought he, after an effort to extort the idea, "surely I have mistaken the time and place of assignation, or else been egregiously gull'd." To satisfy himself on this head, he drew forth the note, written on pink paper, which had brought him there, and once more perused it attentively. Vastly to his relief, he now discovered that his fair correspondent named no hour for the meeting, and he joyfully exclaimed to Mrs. Fitzwiggins, "I see it all; she is at some party (an excuse, no doubt, to take her from home), and will seize an opportunity, when the night is older, of stealing away unobserved!"

"My goodness gracious! look there!" exclaimed that lady in reply. The youth turned his eyes, and following the direction of her pointed finger, discovered that there were others besides himself with pink letters in their hands. A whispering and murmur also broke the stillness of the place, which filled him with alarm; and, determined to know the worst at once, he approached a knot of about half a dozen young men engaged in earnest conversation, and asked the cause of the confusion.

"I perceive, sir," replied one of the gentlemen, "that you, too, have received a letter; pray, if you have no objection, be good enough to let us compare it with ours."

Our hero instantly complied, and, lo! not only was each epistle worded like his own, but written by the same hand.

"This is strange," observed one of the young men, "there is not a gentleman in the room who has not received a similar confession of love with a like assignation. It is evident we have been duped—I only wish we had the rascal here who conceived the hoax, he should not leave with a whole skin."

"Hallo! I say; there's Mr. Higginbottom bolting with a box and bunch of keys!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Fitzwiggins. A simultaneous rush was immediately made towards the recusant, and in another moment he was in the middle of the room, but without his box.

"Confess every thing, rascal, or out you go from the window into the street!" cried fifty voices at once.

"Promise not to revenge yourselves upon me and I will obey you," screamed the unhappy master of the ceremonies. The stipulated pledge was given, and he revealed all.

It appeared that Mr. Higginbottom was a travelling dancing-master, who gave lessons in his art wherever he could gain sufficient pupils to make it worth his while to stay for a short time. Hav-
ing resided nearly three weeks in the town where these events took place, and being but ill-recompensed for his pains, he thought to replenish his exhausted coffers, by giving two fancy dress balls immediately after the assize week. The first of these proved a failure; and having the fear of bailiffs before his eyes, he consulted his wife on the means to be used for preventing so dire a consequence to the second. Her ready invention soon devised a plan, which was, to write a letter, so ambiguously expressed, as to suit the habits of most young men, to the effect of the one our readers have already perused; hoping thereby, to induce the simple to come in expectation of a rich wife; and those sensibles, for whom the device was too shallow, for the sake of sport. The plot proved successful—every buck in the town took tickets, and a golden harvest rewarded the ingenuity of the Higginbottoms.

Poor Julian Adolphus Fitzwiggins, Esq.! his mortification at the unfolding of this trick was extreme. It now appeared evident that the countess loved him not—thought of him not—that he was far from necessary to the moral improvement of the nobility; and that, however the world may talk, wealth is not the only passport necessary to be borne by those who would mingle in the coteries of the rich in rank and intellect; for the true gentleman looks only to the mind: men possessing virtue, unassumed good breeding, and real resources for instructive conversation, are ever welcome to his table; whilst he leaves the purse-proud fool to the adulation of gold worshippers, and the ridicule of others:—ridicule such as that which the friends of the crest-fallen Fitzwiggins bestowed upon them, when the story was bruited abroad of Mr. H.'s general "Billet-Doux."

A CHAPTER OF SOMES.

Some love the sun, and some the moon,
And some "the deep deep sea;"
Some build their skies in others' eyes,
And some will stoics be:
Some like to ween they may be seen
Westward of Temple-bar,
With clattering boots, and low-crown'd hats,
Bush'd whiskers, and cigar.

Some love to range in search of change;
Some stay at home and die;
Some love to smile life's cares away,
While others love to cry:
Some are won, some sold, some worship gold;
Some rise while others fall:
Many have hearts composed of stone,
And some no heart at all.

O! could I find in life's dark book
One clear unblotted page;
A heart that's warm, an eye that smiles,
Alike in youth or age;
There would I pitch my tent of peace,
By friendship wove together;
And in this world, with all its faults,
I'd wish to live for ever.

H. F. V.
THE FISHER'S WRECK.
A TALE OF THE OCEAN.

It was a hazy morning when Paul's wife ascended the cliff; her step was hurried, and her anxious eye looked around in vain for the desired object: a white mist hung over the sea, and nothing was discernible beyond the low ridge of black rocks, which stretched themselves about half a mile distant seawards. The storm which had raged during the night had subsided, but the sea still rolled heavily; and the swelling wave fell on the sandy shore with a meaning sound, as it washed up the fragments of the wreck of some ill-fated vessel.

Rachel shuddered as she beheld it; with a palpitating heart she descended to the shore, and glancing on that part of the wreck which lay but a few yards from her, the word "Dolphin," painted on its stern, met her aching sight: it was the name of her husband's fishing-boat. "Gracious Heaven!" she exclaimed, "both, then, are lost; my husband—my son—ne'er shall these arms again enfold thee—ne'er shall these eyes behold thee more: she staggered a few paces, and would have fallen, had she not grasped a part of the projecting rock.

The mist had gradually dispersed, and the bending sails of several fishing vessels were visible in the distance. The glowing sun burst forth upon her sight, and hope once more dawned. "Perhaps," thought she, "my husband and son have been rescued, and taken on board one of the boats." Anxious were her inquiries as each boat arrived in succession; but, no, he had not been seen by any of them. Another vessel was yet to arrive; on that her last hope rested: the instant it reached the shore she rushed on board; in a tremulous voice she uttered, "My husband! my Paul!—is he on board—speak? My poor boy—my David! does he yet live?"

"Bless my soul, Rachel, what's the matter?" exclaimed Rowland, the master of the fishing-boat; "has not your husband come on shore? I've seen nothing of him, nor his boat, since sun-set."

"His boat!" exclaimed Rachel, in agony: "look, Rowland; behold those dismal fragments; alas! they are all that remain of our ill-fated vessel!"

Rowland beheld it with horror; then instantly recollecting himself, "I re-

member," said he—"I remember, just before day-break, hearing some voices halting our vessel, which, at the time, I supposed were some of the vessels in company. I remember, too, our dog, Black Caesar, uttered loud cries, and became restless, till at last he wildly dashed overboard."

"Look out! look out!" uttered several of the fishermen: "the dog! the dog!" Rachel cast her eyes on the ocean; the dog was seen buffeting the waves, and near him was discernible an object of a reddish hue; it was instantly recognised by Rachel as the jacket of her boy, David. "To your boats—to your boats!" shouted Rowland. "Aye! aye!" echoed the fishermen. Three boats were quickly pushed off, manned by as bold a set of hearts as ever floated on the glassy wave.

Rachel tottered as they receded from the shore; her eyes grew dim, but she held firmly by the jutting rock. An anxious pause succeeded—a distinct shout of joy struck upon her ear—again all was silent—was she mistaken! No; the joyful cheer once more floated on the breeze; her limbs refused to support her, and she fell senseless in the arms of some of the bystanders.

The fishermen had reached the dog, who was nearly exhausted; but still he firmly retained his hold of the boy, David, who was thus enabled to keep above water. The other boats had been employed in picking up parts of the wreck, which continued to float around; part of the mast was plainly discerned; a boat pulled towards it, when what was their surprise and joy to behold, safely lashed to it, the exhausted form of Paul. He was quickly hoisted on board, and by the humane exertions of the crew was soon recovered, and safely brought on shore.

What then was the surprise, the excessive joy of Rachel, when, on her recovery, she found herself clasped in the arms of her dear Paul, while her son, David, bedewed her hand with tears of joy.

Rachel was once more happy; the miraculous preservation of her son and husband, left her no wish ungratified. But reflection whispered that her prospect was not so bright as she at first
supposed. Their fishing-boat, their means of support, was lost to them: the little stock of money which their frugal care had enabled them to hoard together, would only last them a few months. These reflections soon occupied the mind of Paul, who began to ponder on the best means of replacing their loss; and he passed many a sleepless night when he observed his little stock gradually decreasing, and ruin in prospective threatening a speedy approach. He called some of his brother fishermen together, and asked their advice how to act: many schemes were proposed, but that advanced by Rowland appeared the most likely to prove successful. "The lord of the manor, Sir Godfrey Hasleton," said he, "is both wealthy and generous; represent your case to him, and I have no doubt he will assist you; and we shall all be willing to put down our mite to aid one of our own fellowship." Rowland's proposal was approved of by all parties, and Paul resolved to adopt it.

Sir Godfrey Hasleton had been left a widower about five years, and his whole attention had been absorbed in the education of his only daughter, Maria. She had been married some years to a captain in the navy, who had been taken prisoner on the French coast, where he soon after died, leaving his young widow in France, where she was detained as a prisoner. Sir Godfrey was much afflicted at the intelligence, and had declared that whoever should have the good fortune to restore his daughter to him, should never have cause to question his generosity, for he would render her preserver independent for life.

Paul, attended by Rachel, bent his way towards the mansion, and were shortly ushered into the presence of Sir Godfrey.

"Oh," said the knight, "you are the fisherman whom every body supposed was lost at sea?"

"I am, sir," replied Paul.

"And that, I suppose, is your wife," continued Sir Godfrey.

"I am, sir," replied Rachel; "and, oh! kind sir, did you but know his virtues, you would feel the same regret for his misfortunes as myself."

"Oh! very natural, very natural," replied Sir Godfrey. "Well, I will take his case into consideration, and see what can be done. To-morrow, or the follow-
ing day, let me see you again, and then I will inform you of my decision."

Sir Godfrey rose; Paul and his wife were about to retire—"Simon, see that they have some refreshment ere they depart: good bye, honest people, good bye." So saying, the old gentleman waved his hand, and Paul and Rachel departed.

The morrow came; Paul bent his way once more to the mansion, while Rachel anxiously waited the result.

David, unaccustomed to linger inactively onshore, threw a net over his shoulder, and bent his way towards the beach, intending to offer his services to their good friend Rowland, or any of the fishermen who might want an able hand.

The boats, however, had all left, except one, which appeared strange to him, and which still lingered at the jetty, where the falling tide had barely left sufficient water to float her. Her captain was approaching her, in order to get on board, when his eye fell on the tall, athletic form of David. "What cheer! what cheer!" exclaimed the skipper, as he stopped to look at David. "None," replied he; "I had intended to go on board among our fishers, but I am too late, they have all set sail."—"Oh, ho!" rejoined the skipper, "you shall not be disappointed; I want an active hand or two, so jump on board, and I'll give you a berth."

A momentary feeling of distrust flashed around the heart of David, as he gazed on the rough unbending features of the stranger; but he had no time for reflection. The skipper gave him a hearty slap on the shoulder, as he exclaimed—"Come, my lad, time and tide waits for no man; a minute's more delay, and we shan't have water enough to float us!" David and his new-found companion hurried on board, and in another moment the boat was clear of shallow water.

David looked around him, but the crew, which consisted of twelve men, were all strangers to him; nor could he call to mind ever having seen the vessel on their coast before. A breeze sprang up aft, and in a few hours the British coast was nearly lost in the distance.

"Now, my lads," exclaimed the skipper, "doff your fisherman's gear, and show yourselves in your real characters!" The crew obeyed orders, and in a few
moments appeared decked with tricoloured cockades and the usual insignia of republicanism. David was quickly convinced he had fallen into the hands of a French privateer. "Come, my brave boy," said the skipper to David, in English, "your old tarpaulin hat cuts but a sorry figure among us; here, take this cap and clap it on your head, and then you'll look like one of us; ave! and I've no doubt you will soon be an able hand on board our vessel: you have now the honour of belonging to a crew of the great nation, where you will live in clover under our glorious republic, while your brother fishers will remain on their own impoverished soil, working like slaves to earn a miserable pittance, and bow their heads before their proud superiors, who live upon the fruits of their hard labour.

David grasped the foreigner's cap firmly, and glancing a look of bitter contempt on the crew, dashed it furiously, though unconsciously, on the deck.

Baptiste (for that was the skipper's name) was a bold, courageous fellow himself; he felt the rebuke, and although he was angry and vexed at the perverse disposition of David, he could not help admiring his undaunted courage.

"Come, my lad," said he, addressing David, "you are a brave fellow, and Baptiste Lavalle is too old a sailor to compromise the honour of his great nation, by taking a mean advantage of a true courageous spirit. I am sorry you won't be convinced of the glory and superiority which we republicans possess over other nations; but, however, that's your own misfortune. Two hours more and we shall be snugly moored in a French port; and when you once get on shore, you'll soon acknowledge that the gaieties of France are far preferable to the sombre monotony of a poor fisherman's life in England."

The vessel neared the French coast; David gazed on the scene before him, and leaning sullenly against the windlass, his thoughts wandered towards his distant home and kindred as the vessel gently floated into the harbour.

"Come hither, David," said Baptiste; "it is now high time we should understand each other: you are now safely anchored on an enemy's coast; our government wants good seamen; if you choose to enter the French navy, good pay and speedy promotion are within your reach; if you refuse the offer, why then you must be considered a prisoner of war. There's money and promotion on the one hand, and misery and a prison on the other; so make your election, and let it be speedy."

"That is already made," rejoined David: "honour and a prison!"

The gens-d'armes approached, and Baptiste, with reluctance, consigned David to their charge, muttering as he left him, "by heavens, you are the most headstrong, perverse, brave fellow I ever met before; but I hope a little reflection will show you the folly of your conduct."

David was conveyed to the French prison without further delay; here he met with many of his countrymen, who had, by the fickle fortune of war, been taken prisoners. Among the number was one John Topham, a powerful, tall fellow, who had been taken in an unsuccessful attempt to cut out a French brig from the Cherbourg station. It was stated that this brave fellow had with his own hand levelled four of the boldest Frenchmen with the earth; and it was no easy matter (even though surrounded by numbers) to get him safely within the gates of the prison. Finding that all hopes of escape were over, Topham soon brought his mind to meet his fate with patience: he was possessed of a great flow of spirits, would sing, dance, or fight, just as occasion served; and ere two months had elapsed, Topham was looked upon as the very life and soul of the prison: even the French guard who attended were glad to get into Topham's company, in order to listen to some of his long yarns; and all who knew his disposition, forebore, even in the most distant manner, to hint at any thing derogatory to his country.

David had not been in the prison an hour, before he was hailed by Topham with his usual "What cheer, boy! what cheer, ho! What, another unlucky turn-up with the mousers! Shiver me if these French publicans (they call 'em) ain't got the devil's luck and their own too: and since this here Boney-party, what they've promoted to be first councillor, has got the command in these here parts, they've got hold of a lubbery method of running on a foul weather tack!"

Months passed without any event of consequence having occurred; when early one morning an unusual bustle was heard,
both in the prison and its neighbourhood—the news of Sir Sidney Smith's escape had just arrived. Every British heart felt elated; and three hearty cheers testified the joy they felt at the event. Every boat that could be manned was put in requisition, to endeavour to retake the fugitives. David and Topham had never neglected to look out for the first chance of escape that offered itself. An opportunity now occurred, the regular guard had been withdrawn from the prison to do duty on the coast, and their places were hastily supplied by young conscripts who had lately been attached to the army; they knew not the duty, and they cared not for the discipline of the army; they had been pressed into its service, and felt not the same ardour as the veterans who had preceded them. On this day several females had been admitted into the prison, and it having turned out a stormy evening, several, contrary to rule, remained during the night. John Topham and David managed to purloin some of their clothes, and in this disguise passed the sentries at the gate, who were nodding at their posts. The alarm was given too late. David and John Topham were no where to be found. They had made for the sea-shore, where they had been followed by two other British sailors who had made their escape. At the same moment a distant shriek was heard, David turned his head to learn the cause; a female form glided quickly towards them, she sank on her knee, crying, "Oh! if ye be Englishmen, save your countrywoman!" Topham swore that the first man that advanced should receive a bullet for a keepsake at parting. A boat lay at a short distance. One man and a boy had charge of it. Topham was not a man of many words, but was decisive in all his operations, and he thus addressed the boatman:—"Now, Mr. Mounseer, we want your boat, in order to reach the English coast. If you like to go over with us you shall be well rewarded, and safely conveyed back again. If you like to trust your boat to us, on the honour of an English sailor it shall be safely returned, and all expense paid. If you don't choose to do either one or the other, we'll take the boat from you, whether you will or not."

When the Frenchman observed the resolute countenance of Topham and David, and caught a glimpse of a pistol, obtained some way or other, he was quickly convinced that he would not be trifled with, and therefore, making a virtue of necessity, he preferred running the risk of getting his boat returned, rather than run the chance of being detained on the English shore. He therefore gave up possession; and Topham having taken his party safely on board, hoisted sail. The friendly gale was right aft, her sails filled, and quickly they ran across the channel.

No sooner had they reached the English coast, than David's heart yearned to see his parents: but the fair fugitive whom they had rescued, had still a claim on his attention. David, on passing inquiry, found that her parents resided close to his own neighbourhood, and he therefore felt bound to see her placed in safety ere he left her. His merry companion, Topham, had agreed to accompany him, and they immediately set forward towards the habitation of David's father: but what was their surprise on passing the gates of Sir Godfrey Hasleton, when the lady made a sudden stop, and exclaimed, "Here, here, is my father's mansion!"

"Shiver me!" exclaimed Topham, "but this is lucky—only to think we've saved the daughter of a nobleman; I dare say he'll give us a help to get a berth aboard a good ship." "Hush," said David, who had rang the bell, "here comes the porter." The old servant opened the gate, and could hardly believe his eyes when he beheld his young mistress. Not a moment was lost in bringing her to her parent's presence. The good old man shed tears of joy as he stretched forth his arms to embrace his widowed daughter. She forgot not to present her preservers to him, and solicit him to extend his protection and assistance towards David and Topham.

"Aye! I will, indeed," exclaimed Sir Godfrey: "let David go instantly to his father, and tell him that the cottage which he now inhabits become his own for ever; and in a few weeks, he shall sail in as good a vessel as ever graced the coast: as for you, my honest hero, of this rest assured, you shall be safely placed beyond the reach of want for the remainder of your days." The baronet had already preserved Paul and his wife.

"God bless your honour's royal highness!" exclaimed Topham (as he made
his best bow); "I wish you may always have the breeze right aft, during your voyage through life." Thence went both towards the cottage. Paul was mending a net, while Rachel was pensively leaning over the wicket-gate. "Mother! dear mother!" David shouted in the distance.—She looked up; hope beamed in her eye—the voice drew nearer—it was no dream, it was reality. "My son—my son!" she exclaimed, as she staggered forwards, and was caught in the embrace of David.

Matters were soon explained. Paul became a freeholder, and the possessor of as trim a boat as ever sailed. Topham remained with them, with a sufficient provision; and pleasure once more became the inmate of the humble Fisher's Cottage. The joys as well as the sorrows of this humble scene are easier imagined than described, else might they occupy many pages, particularly as regards the fisherman's wife; but we have already trespassed on the rules of the Lady's Magazine, and therefore forbear.

TO * * *.

Farewell! and yet how can I safely tell
My bursting bosom to repeat farewell?
But fare thee well I still can kindly say,
Yes! fare thee better each returning day.

And, oh! may she whom thou hast sweetly blessed,
Be ever by thy love and care caressed.
Oh! may she never pain or anguish know,
But safe through life with thee and pleasure go.

And may that pledge of constancy and care,
Dear proof of love and faith 'twixt thee and her,
A blessing prove to sire and mother given,
To lead their thoughts from earth, to God and heaven.

Dear little offspring, may he never feel,
Such hours of anguish as I could reveal
To his young ear;—O! no! may he enjoy
Riches and happiness without alloy.

T. A. H.

THE DEPENDENT SISTER.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

Several writers have properly descanted on the too-frequently painful situation in which young Scottish ladies are placed, in consequence of the custom which gives the land, on which the family of a gentleman subsists, to his eldest son, after the younger ones have got out in the world, making no provision for the daughters, beyond a kind of half-acknowledged right to remain on the homestead, until they shall be taken thence by a marriage, which is too often little likely to happen. That our northern neighbours are generally strongly attached to their kindred, and particularly alive to all that is connected with the honour of the family, there is no doubt; but all general rules admit of exceptions, sufficient to prove that from this mode of posthumous mismanagement numbers of the most helpless, and yet amiable, women are most distressingly situated. They are not educated sufficiently, according to modern English fashion, to become teachers; their family dignity would be outraged with the idea of entering into servitude; their services, under a different name, would entitle them to be classed as slaves; and their existence is frequently so full of actual grievances and manifold mortifications, rendered more afflictive and galling by those sensibilities inseparable from the idea connected with their being gentlewomen, that to them even a slave's occasional pleasures and constant irresponsibility must be unknown.
Mrs. Macleod was an Englishwoman, married to a Perthshire landholder, who received a large fortune with her; she was deemed happier than many ladies similarly situated, because she had only one daughter, who it was concluded would be a dowried girl, more especially as three younger boys died in their infancy, and there would be only the future laird to provide for. It was, however, well known that the present laird was a man wedded to old customs, and still more to his own will—that the mild and delicate wife, who had pined beneath the mountain breezes, ever since they blew upon her, had, from having married without the usual precautions of relationship, no more control over wealth she brought (although it paid all the mortgages of her husband’s estates), than if she had been the inhabitant of another country, or even a worthless woman, instead of a truly excellent wife, judicious manager, and tender mother.

But of the daily, hourly, trials belonging to her melancholy situation, and fearfully contrasted with her early happiness, the thinly populated country in which she resided knew little,—it is enough for our purpose to say, that her husband was personally unkind, and generally unfeeling, and her son as ungrateful as himself. But for the sweetness and intelligence of her little Mabel, who grew up whatever the eye could desire or the heart wish for, she would have sunk beneath the rather cold climate of the locality in which she was placed, and that still colder shock which springs forth.

"From hard unkindness’ altered eye,\nWhich mocks the tear it forced to flow."

But whilst a warm and tender heart has one object on which to lavish the riches of its love, and from which, to receive proofs of love in return, it ceases to be desolate, and has something for which to hope and expect.

Yet, when Mabel grew tall and womanly, her mother’s spirits sank in the same proportion; for her brother was now abroad in the world—his expenses were considerable—her father’s temper was soured by the circumstance, and whatever he said on the subject led her to perceive that the fate of her daughter would resemble that of many whom she saw around her. Either she would remain the butt of her brother’s temper in early life—the slave of his family as she advanced in years; or she would, merely to gain another home, marry the first man who was sufficiently attracted by her beauty to make her an offer.

If the contemplation of her child’s expanding faculties and opening affections had enabled the unhappy mother to endure the ills of life, so did the present subject of her thoughts afflict her so severely, as to counteract the only good which life presented; and, as the winter when Mabel became fifteen was also one of unusual severity, not only the neighbours, but Macleod himself (who was slow to see that which was unpleasant, and might be expensive), allowed, that "his leddy was in a pining way, and had need of journey to a doctor."

Thankful to see him even slightly moved in her behalf, Mrs. Macleod, gaining courage also from what she knew to be her own situation, spoke (for the first time of her wedded bondage) on the subject, now ever uppermost; and, after saying she had but one daughter, inquired if he had provided for her in the manner his daughter and hers might expect?

"I have made my will lang syne, as ye surely ken, Maria."

"I know that; but you never informed me how you had left any thing, and since my fortune was large, I thought—I expected"—

"Hout, taut! what’s that to the purpose? Did’nt I take baith the ten thousand pounds ye’re father left ye, and the seven thousand ye’re grandmother, on the mither’s side, bequeathed tall ye, just to set things straight at Mickle Crankie, and to purchase a maistine noble acquisition to it on the banks of the lake; and have I not rebuilt my house, and spread out gardens and pleasure-grounds; what more could I ha’ done?"

"Very true, my dear; you have improved this place surprisingly; but it is all for our son?"

"And wha should it be for, but the son?—it is plain he can get thro’ it, and more too, now he is got to ye’re country; not but he is a braw laddie, an handsome enough to bring hame a lassie capable of paying his expenses."

"But Mabel’s fortune!—It is of that I would inquire."

"Mabel must just get what it may be convenient to gi’ her; my property shall
be disturbed by no woman; nor shall a woman control my will, or a woman's wants trouble my son. Don't I know a woman was made subject from the beginning: read your Bible, as a sick woman ought to do, and ye'll find it written there."

Mrs. Macleod had read her Bible to a better purpose than finding causes for injustice; she knew the utter hopelessness of appeal, and therefore turned her mind to the strengthening that of her daughter. For this purpose she advised her not only to propitiate her father, so far as she was able, but prevail upon him in the moment when he might be yielding, in consequence of her death, to grant her the power of attaining certain accomplishments, which, in case of the worst, would enable her to obtain independence in Edinburgh; and she strongly insisted on the folly of receiving bread as a pauper, from motives of pride, when it might be secured as a just reward for actual acquitements.

The very idea of her mother's death overwhelmed Mabel so entirely, that she was utterly unable to speak of anything connected with it; but as her mother could not doubt she would hereafter recollect whatever was said, she continued to address her.

"Whatever be your situation, Mabel, above all things do not allow yourself to marry, in order to get rid of the miseries under which you may suffer, for they are but minor miseries after all, compared to an ill-assorted marriage. Silence is demanded from a wife, on the subject of a husband's faults; but it would be treason in a mother to withhold the knowledge her own experience has furnished. I therefore tell you, never to allow the discomforts arising from your unprovided state to be your sole inducement to marriage (such were my own motives); since, although a man who takes an unportioned wife may be deemed generous and affectionate in the first instance, if he finds his own love not met by equally ardent sentiments, he may become jealous and exacting, suspicious and severe. Neither marry one whom you may love, if you cannot also decidedly esteem him: with a bad man, even if he is of a kind nature and personally attached, no good woman can possibly be happy—she sinks to his level: it is better to endure William's temper, the airs of his future wife, and the insults of his children, than to marry, even a wealthy man, without principles."

The conversation was interrupted; a terrible accident had taken place: the laird had been thrown from his horse, and was brought home bleeding, senseless, and without hope of life.

He yet continued to exist two days, during which his faithful partner never left him for an hour, any more than the awe-struck Mabel, on whom he frequently gazed with more tenderness than he had ever done before; and it is probable that he repented his conduct—"it was however too late now—too late also to make a better provision for the wife, to whom he had left sixty pounds a-year, as the provision for her age. Happily she did not require it, for within a week she was laid a wasted corpse on that bed where her husband had been lately stretched in the vigour and fulness of existence.

The heir arrived in time for his mother's funeral, and never had felt how dear that mother was till now; his expressions of regret for her loss, and of affection for that sister, who was now his only family tie, indicated every thing that heart could wish, and, in Mabel's idea, fully justified her reliance upon him for all that would add to her happiness. Generous and confiding to the utmost herself, although she could not doubt her mother's judgment, she yet felt unequal to acting upon it; yet neither could she blame her nurse, who had informed the young possessor of a wish expressed by her dying lady, that he would transfer the little income settled upon herself to her daughter.

"Little, indeed!" cried the heir, "I blush to think of it; I could not bear my friends in England, especially my mother's brother, who is now in London, to know my father was capable of such a contemptible act."

"Varry true! but its all the wiser to mak' it over to Miss Mabel."

"No such thing; the very mention of the sum would lead to inquiries; never let it be even named again in my hearing."

"Ye'll gi her more, of course?"

"Give her, dear creature! any thing,—every thing, but that vile sixty pounds per annum, meant for my mother (a woman of fortune and family, whose own brother never forgave her marriage); no, that shall never be given, or thought of."

Nor was any substitute. To Mabel's desire of improving herself, was opposed her brother's desire that she would take care of the house till summer; and when
summer came, she was retained to receive his bride; and when this lady was no longer such, she must wait till her confinement took place. After that, the lady would go to Edinburgh, for mountains and lakes were tiresome things, when summer visitants had ceased to ramble about them. "Besides, Mabel could wean the child! What else was she fit for?"

The second winter it was thought proper to take her with them, for Mrs. Macleod thought it advisable to make her useful; she should be taught hair-dressing and dress-making, with a little clear-starching into the bargain. Mickle Crankie was always preaching up the necessity of care, why not get his sister to perform the duties of a lady's-maid? People who are dependent ought to do anything they could."

"Where is Mabel," said her brother, "I have not seen her for a week past?"

"Taking lessons," replied the lady.

"Oh! I remember now, she wanted to learn Italian, some time back."

"She is engaged with an Italian-iron, I believe, at this moment."

"Iron! What can you mean, Mrs. Macleod?"

"I mean, she is ironing my flounces, Mr. Macleod; which, in my opinion, is very proper employment for her. As to bringing her into company, it is out of the question, for she has no clothes proper to appear in."

"Mabel Macleod, no clothing?" exclaimed the laird: "My mother's daughter not fit to appear?"

"She has everything that was your mother's, except just her lace and her jewellery; but I still say she is not fit to be seen in my parties, and therefore it is better she should be usefully employed out of them."

At this unlucky moment it struck Macleod that Mabel was his beautiful sister, who ought to be seen, and should be seen in his house, and introduced to his friends. He awoke sufficient spirit, and produced sufficient money for the purpose. Mabel was seen, and admired, by many, and might soon have been beloved by some; but unfortunately Mrs. Macleod was seized with a sudden, yet obstinate, illness, and obliged to return into the country, where she quarrelled with her husband, sighed for her native country, accused Mabel of dividing the happiest couple that ever were united, and taught her child to call her a cruel aunt, whom his first lisplings had distinguished as the best mamma he had ever known.

Mabel had borne every thing patiently till now; partly because she loved her brother, and had no one else to love in the first instance; and since then, had found that pleasure in the child her poor mother once experienced in herself. Now, she perceived the bitterness of her situation; she recalled every word of her mother's advice, and became sensible that young as she was the burden of existence pressed very heavily upon her, therefore as time advanced it would become intolerable. Field-sports and farming occupied her brother; sulking and scandal alternately amused his lady, for whom she vainly toiled in every way; unable to propitiate a temper, determined at once to eject one, whom she deemed a kind of rival; yet, unable to effect her purpose, because she found her value in every domestic occurrence, not less than from her husband's determination to retain her.

This worthy couple were alike extravagant and covetous; two apparently opposites, but in fact very nearly allied qualities. They at once grumbled at the cost of keeping Mabel (unfelt as it must be in their establishment), and yet would fear losing her, as an upper servant, on whose practised prudence they could depend; and after much time lost in quarrels, which left neither party conquerors, came to an understanding on the subject, which was, that prudence must henceforward confine her as much as possible. If she was seen, she would be admired, addressed, and probably married, which would inevitably be an expense they could ill afford—"they had already spent too much on themselves, it would be madness to spend anything on her."

"Mabel looks ill," said Macleod, one day after she had been nursing his second child through a severe illness.

"Extremely ill, indeed; I think her in a consumption," replied the wife.

"No such thing, she wants relief; I think she had better go to the sea, that would soon restore her."

"But where is the money to come from, Mickle Crankie? I wish that uncle you talk of would send her something."
The Dependent Sister.

"I am sure I hope not; if he saw her, my hopes, which are now only slender, would then be annihilated. She is the very picture of my mother (as I apprehend), when that gentleman saw her last; and as I happen to resemble my father in person not less, I cannot doubt which he would give the preference to."

"Poor relations are horrid bores," said the lady; "and it seems to me as if this country was full of them."

"By the same rule this country takes care of them," was the reply; and as it was made, the young apostate from his country's patriotic affections blushed at the recollection of his own unworthiness, and became really anxious to benefit Mabel. Unfortunately, any effort thus made never failed to increase her uneasiness; and to such a height had it now arisen, that she was seriously considering with her nurse the means of escape from a home, which was now levelling her health with her spirits, and threatening to double all her sorrows, by adding the dependence of an invalid to that of a poor relation.

It was not difficult, poor as she was, to reach the sea-coast; and when there, Janet's (the nurse's) brother, who was master of a coasting vessel, could convey her to London, where all country people, more especially the very northern, believe that employment of every kind may be had. Mabel was only nineteen, and, of course, at the age for hope and enterprise; although, to her own conception of the case, her conduct was dictated by sorrow and despair.

How she struggled to attain courage—how she wept over the grave of her mother, or the bed-side of her nephew, we cannot undertake to say; it is enough to know, that the heads of the house having joined a party going to Staffa, she, under the convoy of the only human being who loved her and helped her, reached Glasgow, embarked for Liverpool, and thus exchanged the troubles she knew for the troubles she dreaded.

All the young love new sights, but the inhabitants of mountainous countries are attached to old ones; and the beauties of the Clyde, the grandeur of the open sea, and even the approach to Liverpool, splendid as it is, failed to compensate to our young traveller the lofty Ben Vue, and the smiling Loch Lomond; and a nervous dread of pursuit rendered her almost fearful of looking out, least she should meet the angry gaze of her brother, or the cold spurn of his wife. She had in idea considered London as her only safe hiding-place; and when she found it possible to proceed immediately as far as Bristol by water, without even landing, not a moment was lost in removing from one vessel to another, and bidding an eternal adieu to the face of the last human being she knew, in the person of Janet's brother.

Alas! with him departed not only an honest face, but smiling skies and halcyon waters: the little vessel was soon rocked by fierce winds and tempestuous seas; and the coast of Wales, towards which her heart looked fondly, as if capable of restoring the objects so dear to her, appeared now rocky and threatening. Numerous as are its bays, not one were they permitted to enter; and after a long struggle the little brig was at length swamped, near Oystermouth Castle, under such terrible circumstances, that more than half of the crew and passengers were drowned; and the rest, lashed to the planks or rigging, every moment expected the same fate.

A young officer, in the preventive service, happily saw their distress, and quickly summoning a boat's crew, hastened to their relief; and in a short time poor Mabel, more dead than alive, was conveyed to a cottage, and taken every care of. Scarcely had they been removed when the vessel went to pieces, and nearly the whole of the poor girl's wardrobe with it: that which floated was preserved, with great care, by Mr. Henderson, who inquired, with much kindness, "if he could write to Miss Macleod's friends, or any way assist her?"

A flood of tears, and an assurance "that she had no friends," were not circumstances calculated to chill the warm heart of a young British sailor, especially at a time when his purse was full: he determined to secure her one friend, at all events, and if possible replace the rigging she had lost; but he perceived the necessity for approaching this matter gently, and with a delicacy of tact, only equalled by the ardour and uprightness of intention which influenced him, he arranged everything as well as he was able, and departed.

New to the world, as well as to her own situation, and naturally terrified at so sad a mode of entering it, Mabel soon found herself under the necessity of in-
quiring how she should proceed by the cheapest means to London?—and this, when speaking to one who had saved her life, and was kind (ah! far more kind) as a brother, very naturally was accompanied by her little history of the past, and her intentions for the future.

The lieutenant's first advice was, that she should be in no hurry to remove, after sufferings which must affect her health, and which he insisted he must judge of better than she could; but, in the course of a week, he was himself obliged to go to Bristol, whither he undertook to convey her, and afterwards ship her safely, by coach, to London.

Before this event took place, the young sailor was gone "whole ages in love," and he could not forbear to use the last few hours he had left in mounting the outside of the coach, and protecting her as far as Marlboro'; at which place he put two letters into her hand, one of which was addressed to a friend, the other to herself; with the letters was poured forth a hurried, but honest, profession of love, and an assurance, that although his late mission had been exchanged for a distant cruise, he should be devoted to her in every corner of the globe.

When he was gone, Mabel wept abundantly; she felt that she had lost a friend—a lover; yet Mabel did not at this time partake of the emotion for which she was grateful—her anxious state of mind, her disordered health, her dread alike of what was before her, or of being compelled to return, preserved her from the inroads of that passion which was likely to have been awakened by the sudden attachment of a young, well-looking, and brave man, offering her the homage of an enthusiastic and generous heart.

Arrived in that mighty metropolis, which appeared to her an endless forest of houses, foiled by human beings of every growth and description, her first care was to find that humble friend, Janet's sister-in-law, who would take care of her person and forward her views, and who must for some days have been expecting her. As she lived in a court in Fetter-lane, happily the weary girl was not long in finding her; and the one or two sickly trees which shaded, as she afterwards found, the chapel and dwelling of the Moravian brethren, cheered her heart, by offering an object dear and unexpected to the eye.

But long and wearisome were the steps that Mrs. Saunders' two-pair parlour required; and dismal looked the one poor light by which the industrious body was grafting a black silk stocking; and scarcely could the descendant of a long race of Scottish lairds and English gentlemen justify herself at this moment, for a step which all the far more impressive horrors of the sea had not led her to repent. It appeared a derogation, which had placed an impassable gulf between not only herself and her brother, but herself and all who had been acquainted with her; and few as they were, and little as she had to thank them for, she felt the pang of parting.

Happily for her, Mrs. Saunders was a true Highland-woman; for though she had lived long in the south, she retained honour for birth and "gude bluid," however situated; and so much of respect was mingled with the kindness of her welcome, that poor Mabel's pride was soothed; and as she had already experienced the inconveniences of narrow rooms and narrow means (which, by-the-bye, are never properly estimated till they are experienced), she fell more naturally into train than could have been expected, and ventured to hope that in her dear mother's native land she should find some of that kindness for which that mother had vainly pined.

Before stepping into the bed, which she shared with the hostess, she opened the lieutenant's letter, which, to her surprise, and almost terror, she found to contain a bill for twenty pounds, and a few words, entreating her to apply it, so far as it went, in supplying her loss.

This she determined not to do; but, alas! when her little all was seen and commented upon, it was declared to be so utterly impossible for her to engage in even the humblest service without such assistance; and the only person she knew and to look to was so evidently incapable of helping her, that her scruples were overcome by her necessities.

Whilst thus preparing for new scenes, and perhaps new sorrows, it was the business of Mrs. Saunders to examine, day by day, those columns in the Times, where all persons reveal their wants; and, after duly deliberating on the style, the requisitions, the meanness, or the liberality displayed, fixed upon such as appeared best worth answering, from those who wanted companions, calculated for nurses
and ladies’ maids; or nursery governesses, who might add to their cares of education, the regular labours of children’s maids.

“If we can but get over your want of character, this will do,” said the kind-hearted woman, after spending the whole day in making inquiries; “and I think even that will be managed.”

“My want of character!” said Mabel, blushing; “can a Macleod of Mickle Crankie—— but I am no longer such, but simply one of the clan Macleod. I will never disgrace my family, nor, I trust, myself.”

“There is no need, for they disgraced themselves when they robbed your mother’s daughter!”

(To be continued.)

THE RECONCILIATION.

And is it really thus, love,
Does anger bend thy brow?
We’ve loved so long, and loved so well,
And must we sever now?

Through years of gloom and sorrow
I’ve fondly clung to thee;
I’ve loved, unchanged, through good and ill,
And wilt thou turn from me?

Though many strove to win, love,
And many bowed the knee;
I heeded not the tales they told,
For I never loved but thee.

How often thou hast sworn, love,
How solemn was thy vow;
I spoke not,—but my heart was true,
And I am constant now.

But yet the jealous frown, love,
Hangs darkly o’er thy brow:
And wilt thou think me false? and shall
A light word part us now?

Oh! surely, thou canst guess, love,
The thoughts I may not own;
And wilt thou then reject a heart,
Whose love is thine alone?

And shall that angry frown, love,
Thus darkly fall on me?
Whose heart has clung through joy and grief,
Devotedly to thee.

He turned, and kissed the maiden’s cheek,
He kissed her burning brow;
Yes, sweetest, I have fondly loved,
And nought shall part us now.

Yes! I have fondly, madly, loved;
Earth, heaven itself for me,
Has nought of blissful to attune,
As one fond kiss from thee.

And if the frown of jealous love
Has darkened o’er my brow,
I hold thee clasped within my arms,
Each doubt is tranquil now.

I feel thy heart responsive beat,
I see thy blushes shine;
No! never will I part from thee,
My own, and only mine.

MARIE.
ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

It appears now to be a generally adopted plan in the education of children, to convey instruction through the medium of amusement. Although I could produce the opinion of Madame de Stael in support of several objections to this system, I shall not venture to raise my humble voice against one which receives the sanction of so many sensible persons who by profession, and so many parents who from choice, superintend the cultivation of the youthful mind: but allowing that this system may offer some advantages in childhood, I think few arguments would be required to prove that the continuation of it, at a later period of life, has an injurious tendency to check the healthy development of the mind, particularly of the female mind. These observations will account for my arranging the following ideas in a didactic form, when they might have been rendered so much more inviting, had they been illustrated in fictitious tales: but still I hope, (and what will not the vanity of authorcraft lead us to hope!) that I shall find some readers amongst the youthful portion of the fair daughters of Eve, for whose perusal the paper was principally written.

The correctness of the opinions we form on the present state and influence of women, may be materially assisted by reflecting for a moment on the first creation of woman; that she was intended by her Creator as a “help-meat” for man: in the present state of society, I think this must be interpreted as applying to her, not only in the relation of husband and wife, but in the several relationships of daughter, sister, wife, and mother, and, in short, in every situation where the exercise of those milder virtues, with which God has marked the female character, may be employed to cheer and solace man in his more rugged path through life. Of course, the exercise of these virtues must always be consistent with a higher duty; and neither filial affection or conjugal love and obedience, should ever induce a woman to do ought that is contrary to the ordinances of her God. We must first inquire whether it would not be in accordance with the intention, that woman should be a “help-meat” for man, to elevate the female character far above its present tone; and then, whether it be not desirable by these means to render female influence greater, and that influence of a more important and useful nature, than it now is. I think the former query will be answered in the affirmative, by every one who is conversant with the usual employments of the generality of women, and how little of companionship their society offers to a well-educated man. And I believe most persons will allow, that there never was a time when it more behoved women to endeavour by rational means to increase the attractions of home than the present, when the custom of frequenting clubs is become so prevalent among gentlemen; and when, in some instances, even economy seems to range herself on the side of luxury. The intellectual powers of women are supposed to be by nature weaker than those of men, but, if so, still they are capable of much cultivation, and of being raised to a worthy companionship, even with the best intellect of Man: and where, in any instance, this expansion of the mind and reasoning faculties has been effected, it is generally found that such a woman is more perfect in her conduct through all the relations of life, from her duties as a wife down to the conventional forms of civility to an acquaintance. The inferiority of the female character is too frequently attributed to an innate vanity, love of dress, &c.; this is surely an error—these follies are effects not causes: if, in the course of education from the earliest period it commences, the objects and ideas presented to a girl’s mind were of a more ennobling description, her mind would develop itself with more masculine energy, and things of a frivolous or enervating character would never seem natural to it. Almost in the nurse’s arms the evil of implanting future weeds begins. The nursery phrases, “don’t be vain of your face,”—“don’t be proud of your dress,” although meant for the best, are the roots of evil, and should be carefully guarded against: they first introduce into the mind the ideas of beauty and dress, and then fix them there, by continual cautions against them, thereby inducing the child to imagine that those ideas represent things of real importance. As the child advances, she should be encouraged above all things to think, and proper materials for reflection offered to her mind, according to its power. One of the most fre-
quent causes of the number of mentally unformed and ill-informed women, that are so frequently met with, is, that as girls approach the age when it is the custom to "introduce" them, they are permitted to act upon the belief that the business of education and of mental cultivation is over, and that henceforth amusement is to become their sole occupation. What a fatal error is this! at seventeen, what does a girl educated in the usual manner know of herself, the regulation of her mind, the control of her feelings? How much has she reflected on the peculiar faults of her nature, how strengthened herself against them? How much has she meditated on the value of the gay scenes which court her participation? What ideas has she formed on the means of making her existence useful to others, and of the termination of that existence? And yet, without a single well-defined idea on any of these subjects, a girl leaves the parental roof, and launches at once into the world, as a wife, the mistress of her husband's establishment, and soon perhaps a mother!

The most important event in a woman's life is her marriage, for on it depends not only her own happiness but her husband's; and frequently it involves still more awful consequences: for how often does an ill-assorted union prove the ruin of both husband and wife, hurrying them into extravagance, dissipation, and vice; and when there is a family, the extent of the evil is incalculable. Will children remain good and virtuous, with examples of the contrary perpetually before their eyes? No; they, too, will wander from the paths of rectitude, and spread wider the contagion of bad example. Will the children of dissentient parents enter the married state with proper feelings? No; they, too, will hand down to another and another generation the germs of discord in a state, intended to promote, and (when entered into with reverence and love) which does produce, the most exalted degree of human felicity. Unfortunately there are a great many causes of unhappiness in the married state; and I fear it too frequently is occasioned by the wife, not always from an absence of the desire to render her husband happy, but from uncongeniality of mind, and from what I must call the littleness of the female character. A frequent cause of discomfort between young married persons is money; few young women are taught the value of money, and to regulate their wishes and expenses in proper proportion to their means: when they marry, and have the uncontrolled use of their husband's purse, pecuniary embarrassment is the consequence; then follow discontent, peevishness, &c. If the husband regulates the expenditure, then there is a subject in which they are mutually interested, but which, from the wife's ignorance of it, becomes one in which they have no community of feeling; a serious evil in the married state, where there should be no divisions of interest, no dishonour in the married state, where there should be no divisions of interest, no dispensations, no concealments. Another prolific source of conjugal infelicity, is the carelessness so frequently manifested by wives, as to their personal neatness when alone, and the neglect of such accomplishments as attracted her husband's admiration before marriage; nothing cements affection more than similarity of tastes and pursuits, or is more engaging in a husband's eyes, than the desire to please him, and him only; and nothing is more likely to estrange a husband, and to drive him to seek amusements abroad, than a careless wife, or one whose principal aim it is to shine in society. The more cultivated a woman's mind is, assuredly so much the more influence she will have with her husband; but this influence should be directed by the strictest rules of obedience and affection, and should never be so displayed before others, as to detract from the superiority which a husband ought ever to maintain, and which it ought to be the pride of a wife to support by submission. But this influence may sometimes be most happily and beneficially employed. Women, from being more withdrawn from the corruption of the world, retain the purity of their feelings in simple cases of right and wrong, when perhaps a man's judgment becomes warped by his intercourse with mankind; in such cases, how readily would a sensible man be guided by his wife's opinion, if she could give a reason of that opinion, instead of the too general mode of a woman's argument—"it is so, because it is." Can there be any happiness, which the world can offer, equal to that which a wife enjoys, who is the chosen companion, adviser, and friend of her husband? And if she be a mother, how must her heart glow with honest and noble pride, to feel that she
is deemed, by her husband, worthy to be
the moral instructress of their children; to
watch the unfolding of their ideas, and
direct them to the attainment of know-
ledge and virtue. And these joys can be
felt only by well-informed, strong-minded
and sensible women. The weak mother
may be a fond one; but this is but a
small portion of the duties of a parent—
where is the self-restraint, the unwaver-
ing pursuance of right, the judicious pro-
portional of reward and punishment,
which the training of childhood requires.
And during the early years of boys, how
incalculable is the extent of the good
which may result from the cares of a
sensible mother! how frequently might
mothers fix in their sons’ minds the
principles of religion and morality, pre-
vious to their entering public schools, and
thus preserve them from the effects of
bad example; which, if they once take
root in the heart, display their baneful
effects in after-life, and perhaps have an
influence on their eternal destiny.

I am perfectly sensible that there are
many oft-repeated truisms in the fore-
going lines, but they are truisms which
cannot be too frequently inculcated,
by those who think that the welfare and
happiness of women would be increased
by a more careful cultivation of their
reason. In these harmless and unromant-
ic days, women are not called upon to
emulate the heroic deeds of the matrons
of the olden time; still there is much
that is morally dignified to which they
may attain, much of the noblest kind of
happiness which they may enjoy: I say
this of the many. There are some bril-
liant instances, and in no country more
than in our own, of female minds of the
highest order, and properly cultivated,
equally distant from the pedantry of
“Blowism,” as from the impertinence of
ignorance. I would have all women strive
to attain such a degree of excellence;
and although they will not all reach it,
they will all be so far crowned with suc-
cess, that the elevating character of their
endeavours will preserve them from
most of the faults to which our sex is
prone.

M. A. M. B.

THE DREAMER.

O break not her sleep—’tis a respite from sorrow,
For it brings to remembrance her childhood’s bright years:
She smiles, but the cold chilling dawn of to-morrow
Shall behold that cheek wet with the tears.
Once more with light step she ascends the high mountain,
And treads the green sod she in infancy press’d;
Once more, by the side of the clear winding fountain,
She feels the first warm’d her breast.

’Twas thus that in happy days she slumber’d,
When hope was delusively shedding its beam;
But little she deem’d that those moments were number’d,
Or that pleasure was transient and short as a dream.
Years have pass’d; and of friends that were smiling around,
Not one now remains o’er her sorrows to weep;
Unlamented they’ll lay her beneath the cold ground,
Far from the land where her kindred all sleep.

O Sleep! on thy soft downy pinions still hover
O’er the now dreaming heart that in waking must beat;
O let not reality’s presence discover
The delusive vain charms of a vision so sweet.
Thus all are but dreamers in life’s happy morning,
Till the clear sky of pleasure by grief is o’ercast;
And, like night-shades that fly when the day-light is dawning,
We wake, and the phantom for ever is pass’d.

H. F. V.
Literature, &c.

The Manuscripts of Erdély: a Romance.
By George Stephens. In 3 vols.
Smith and Elder.

Although disguised and deformed by whims and vagaries innumerable, we can perceive that this singular production is written by a man of decided natural genius; but, alas! the soil of that genius, luxuriant as it is, is at present wofully overrun by wild weeds, ramping and shadowing the gracious herbs and fair blossoms, so that much we doubt whether useful and profitable fruit will ever come to perfection. At least, it will require the mighty effort of an energetic character to subdue, and arrange, and turn to good purpose, the chaotic elements of the mind and memory that has poured forth this romance.

The "Manuscripts of Erdély" are as full of learned research and classical allusion as "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," or the writings of Jeremy Taylor: there is, however, little taste shown in the manner in which he has perverted his historical knowledge. The true adventures of Queen Isabella of Hungary, and her infant son John Zapolya, surnamed the Orphan, afterwards Waivode of Transylvania, are far more interesting, and really in a more captivating spirit of romance, than those of the fictitious daughter, Czerina, provided for her in the "Manuscripts of Erdély." As for the MSS. themselves, they are so headed, instead of being called chapters: a very harmless whim, that ought affects the matter contained therein. The author possesses valuable information respecting the costume, manners, and statistical knowledge of Hungary at that era—knowledge that, if skilfully developed, would have had the finest effect on the story; but it passes our patience to see precious material lavishly wasted, and an accomplished mind produce such a crude and shapeless work. This may be accounted for by the mania of the day for writing without correction or polish, which is alone practicable when an author has learnt his business. Oh, for the good old times when authors never published till they could induce a publisher either to purchase a manuscript, or at least take the risk of it! Then must the "Manuscripts of Erdély" have been put in a marketable condition—the following emendations must have taken place:—

The story must have been told in aperspicuous style; the unmerciful abuse of adjectives must have been abated; the flighty rants reduced into readable order—in short, our learned and fantastical student must have tamed the wildest of his vagaries, and pruned the rest into rational shapes. Then he must have come to the conclusion, that a prodi-gality of horrors defeats the purpose of literary terror; he would have forbidden himself the profuse use (or rather the abuse) of coffins, skeletons, and charnel-houses; he would per force have analysed how much more truly terrific the simplest circumstance told in the quiet language of Defoe or Brockdon Brown becomes, than if these magic writers had introduced their readers to a myriad of moulder ing murky corpses and gory skeletons. The hair rises and the blood thrills at the mere foot-print of a savage on the sea-beach in "Robinson Crusoe:"—this is an old criticism we are aware, and we merely quote it as a familiar instance of the mighty effect on the human heart, produced by simplicity of language and felicity of incident, worked up by a chastened genius—chastened in the most effectual of all schools—poverty. Neither do we recommend literal imitation, but would point out how completely Brock don Brown has formed himself by this example without plagiarism. Our author requires perspicuity of thought, as well as of style; his mode of narrative is cramped and difficult, excepting in some instances where there are glimpses of natural genius, that break through the trammels of the pedantic whimsies with which he has fettered himself. His reading is immense; but he has read without taste, and to him may be applied the unjust remonstrance wittily brought against that most amusing creature, Hearne, the antiquary:—

Quoth Time enraged, to Thomas Hearne, Whatever I forget you learn! Then Hearne replied, in furious fret, Whate'er I learn you soon forget!

We have found it requisite to speak the uncompromising truth—we hope not in the manner of an ill-natured cutting up. Yet we have not done, for we have
a more serious charge to bring against Mr. George Stephens than errors of taste or ill-digested learning—this is a want of moral purity; and that injurious taint (if he is not convinced of its turpitude) will be a complete bar to eminence as an author: it will infallibly limit his readers. If he retains this evil bias, although he may correct his style of diction and narrative to the literary perfection that will render his works popular to a certain degree, yet their perusal must be confined to coarse-minded men, or women that are coarser than any men. He often indulges himself in small digressive passages, addressed to fair and gentle readers as his, par excellence: yet it is requisite that he should be informed that ladies to whom both these epistles justly apply will throw down the book, disgusted by his bold license. If he has not seen it, let him attentively peruse the beautiful essay on the "Moral Fame of Authors," published by Prince Hoare in the last volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature:" he will there see the opinion of a scholar, and a ripe one, whose reading (however triles may have formerly escaped from his pen) is as deep as his own, and whose acquirements are chastened by elegant taste and sound judgment.

Perhaps after reprehension on a point of such vital importance to female readers, we ought not to introduce a single passage of the work to their notice; but, in the hopes that an author of such rare acquirement may be won to the cause of virtue and purity, and may devote improved talents and chastened genius to their service, we quote a passage, in which his hero, the cardinal regent of Hungary, whose character is well sustained throughout, appears with grand effect:

"The clock of the abbey knelled three hours after midnight, as the regent touched land. He instantly mounted on his Anatolian charger, and rode to a gentle eminence, which commanded a view of the battle field, now veiled in the dim indistinct twilight of the waning stars. He had no difficulty, however, in tracing the enemy's position on the opposite bank, by the pale glimmer of their watch-light.

"My lords and co-patriots," said the regent, addressing himself to his chief and principal officers, who now congregated round him, to learn the order of battle, and receive his last commands; 'this day the insulting spoiler must either bite the dust, or Hungary bid adieu henceforth for ever to that independence of a foreign yoke, which, for centuries, it has been the glory of her sons to preserve inviolate. For such as outlive this day, there is no middle condition between slavery and triumph. Is there a man of ye, but who would call upon his native soil to cover him, rather than he daily and hourly held in subjection, by German laws and German lawyers? Is there one who would not prefer, that the source of life failed, as becometh a hero and a patriot, in the field of carnage, than, for the sake of a wretched remnant of existence, to have the tide at one eternal ebb, indignant at the heart, and feel, ay, witheringly feel, the honest crimson mantling his manly brow, to humble shame, before whom?—his God?—no, his fellow-creature! but not his fellow-countryman; before the Nemest viceroy and the Nemest waivode, to know, like the despooled and enslaved Bohemian, that his country's vats and cities have Austrian governors; to see his royal and splendid courts and the castles and mansions of his fathers, possessed by Austrians of the meanest birth and lowest station, and to be loaded, like the citizens of Praed, so late his fellow-subjects, with new and exorbitant imposts, to defray the expense of his coercion. To know,—ay, mark this, my friends; and let it nerve your arms, and make steady your hearts, in the hour of battle,—to know, I say, that that crown, which he, who annexed Erdély to the territory of the Magyars, and who now, a blessed saint in heaven, looks down on this day's great question received, as a symbol at once, and an evidence of Hungary's sovereignty,—that this crown, fabricated by angels, that erst circled the head of Constantine himself,—this crown, the gift of Rome, is worn by a petty prince of Germany, . . . by one, to whom our laws are unknown, and our customs contemned, and who, without scruple, will abrogate the one, and abolish the other; to whom our beautiful tongue is a dead letter, and the classic language of our constitution, that which Cicero spake, and which hath clothed our coronation oath, with I know not what of sanctity, for many a century of freedom, that language, ay, by heavens! the very words, by virtue of which Ferdinand and Charles, and your crown, are a blank to the barbarians!—Will wear your crown, did I say?—indeed, you need not hope for such an honour; no, by one act, your conqueror means to deprive you of the favour of Heaven, which the possession of St. Stephen's diadem typifies, and assures to Transylvania, and to despoil you of all honour among the nations, by having away the ornament of your kings—whither?

—to Vienna. Infamous plunder! eternal

* Nemest, i. e. German.
ignominy! Shall we suffer the Foltos Nemet* to rob our dear country of Heaven's countenance and earth's respect?—never be it said! There, fellow-countrymen, browse the couchers, who, with professions of amity and in the time of peace, have marched into the heart of the land. There! and there the crown of your ancestors, that they have come to purloin you of; and here is my good sword, which now I draw, not to be again laid in rest, while one of your host remains main or unfettered. Oh, my countrymen! every victorious inspiration is on our side. God and man alike bear witness to the justice of our cause. But, be the event what it may, my part is taken;—if I must not live to serve the land I love, I can, at least, die for her. Yonder turrets, that contain the holy relic, we all venerate, look down on the result. I stand to my charge. Behold! if the oriflam of Hungary, that I now unfurl, be not destined to wave over us in triumph, it must be wrunged from your regent's grip in death. The means of retreat,' he added (unbuckling his golden spurs, and throwing them aside), 'not less in obedience to the last command of my sovereign, with my stern resolve, I thus, in the sight of all, cast from me. Hungarians! your standard-bearer only quits the field as a corpse, or as a conqueror!' "The loudest acclamations followed this harangue. At a little space apart, some dozen chiefs, and magnates might be observed consulting together with impassioned gestures, but in under tones; while a greater number thronged round the regent, with expressions indicative of their determination to conquer or die. "A word respecting the order of battle,' resumed Martinuzzi, after a minute's pause. "Mr. von Zrinyi, you will find I commit the left wing to your command. Your gallant son Balhazar, I shall retain, by your leave, along with my nephew Perény, near my person. Your post, noble Horvith, is to head the right wing; George, Count Tury, and Stephanus, Count Dobus, are appointed to the reserve. And for the vanguard, my lords—'

"'Ay, the vanguard!' interpeled several voices, 'who leads the vanguard?' "'Think not,' cried Count Nadastis, in an insolent tone, 'that warriors like us, some with blood-royal in their veins, and many of whom can trace their descent beyond that epoch you just reminded us of, will submit to be led by a gownsman! Nobles are in the field, whose line of ancestry enrols a hundred sires,—let one of such be appointed to the vanguard.' "He stopped, and another voice broke in:—'The crown of St. Stephen, if not on Ferdinand's, on whose brow do you mean it to descend? Peers of Hungary, we have a greater enemy to bustle with than Ferdinand, if we durst but front him.—Speak out, lord cardinal, and tell us for whom we are to spill our blood, or we stir not from this spot.' "'He intends to make himself king, and we are to perish, to pave the way for his ambitious projects!' cried another. "'He conspires to dethrone the Lady Czernina!' exclaimed a former voice. "'To dethrone her!' repeated Count Nadastis; 'say, to murder her! Soldiers! the life of your sovereign is not safe. All join to rescue the Lady Czernina—the Rex Hungarum,—and let this ambitious churchman learn to tremble at our union.' "Immediately, a cry of 'Czernina!' was raised by some score of voices. The insurgent chiefs who were near took up the word; it was caught by those further removed, and then reverberated along the ranks. The origin of the interpellation not being understood some paces off, many probably supposed it had been given forth by the commander for a war cry. Like a feu de joie, from voice to voice, the name of Czernina was wafted up to the heavens, in one long peal, by the whole army. "Some very painful thoughts, mingled, not unlikely, with feelings not altogether so, struggled in the breast of the cardinal; he aversited his head, as if desirous of hiding his emotion, and for a minute there was silence upon the ground—deep and difficult—the silence of suspense. It was broken by Martinuzzi. "'Is this just? Is this honourable? Is this your patriotism, valiant capitanies? he demanded, in a voice that rang from the embattled plain up to the clear and placid sky. 'I show you,' he proceeded, pointing at the same time with his hand, in the direction of the adverse armament—'I show you the road to renown, or, I should say, the only road to safety, and you turn on your deliverer—on the very man, who (pardon me, Heaven! the boast wrung from me by ingratitude)—who, again and again, in the field, and at the council-board, has proved your salvation. I bring you in front of the invader, and at the point of battle, ay, at that very time, when I am about to cast my life in a common stake with your own, you take the advantage of my defencelessness, to put this outrage on me—who, to whom owe their properties, their lives, their liberties, and their having a country to fight for. For shame, lords! no more of this! rather let our deeds, on this day, evince who best loves Hungary. You, my brave capitanies, who purpose to adhere to her cause, put yourselves at the head of your several com-

* For the origin of the Hungarians styling their female sovereigns Rex, see Pet de Rewe, cent. iii.
mands; let all others withdraw from the field. My part, gentlemen, is taken; stand by me who list. Here am I rooted, and not the assault of you host, nor the unjust clamors of men, false to themselves and duty, shall shake me; if I am forced, single and unaided, to do battle, so be it. Let Castaldo, with Tarquin strides, come on, and conspiracy do its worst; by this ensign, the regent of Hungary is pledged to stand or fall.'

"This brief address, which probably owed at least as much to the earnestness of the regent's manner, and the warm tone in which it was delivered, as to the words themselves, imparted to most of the hearers a portion of the fire which glowed in the bosom of the speaker. The majority of those present hasted at once to their allotted posts, and even such magnats as were most distant from the regent's government were impressed by the honest fervour of his speech. They came to reflect, that the present was not the hour or the arena for settling their differences. However, some few loitered, 'frustrate of their will,' and still seeking a cause of quarrel.

"You have not yet told us, who is to lead the vanguard,' cried Count Nadastis. 'If we must have a groomsman for our king, we at least need not submit to his rule in battle.'

"Ay, surely, 'tis contrary to law!' exclaimed another.

"In the midst of these reasonable cries, repeated from mouth to mouth, another chief, more flushed, with an impasioned gesture, appeared on the scene; he was on foot, and walked up to the regent—it was Count Maylat:—'I demand to know,' he said, 'who leads the vanguard?'

"Martinuzzi looked at him sternly, and was about to reply, when a firing beyond the violet walls, with their walling off, echoed along the distant woods. Loud shouts, the din of drums, and the reports of arquebuses, gave note that the battle had begun. Then it was known that Quendi Ferens, in spite of the state of the roads, and other impediments, had at length moved round, and commenced the work of destruction.

"'Balthazar,' said the regent, 'speed to your father, and bid him push forward with all his force.—Where,' he murmured to himself, 'where, in the name of God! loiters Turascus? Trumpeter, sound a charge!—to arms! to arms! rang along the lines, like the shrill summons of fate, and the long roll of the drums, and the flourishing accompaniment of the trumpet, shook the air with their martial music.

"As that wild point of war sunk upon the wind, Maylat broke in upon the pause,—'Who leads the vanguard?' he persisted, keeping close beside the regent.

"The charger of Martinuzzi reared and plunged violently; but the attention of the horseman was apparently directed to the city walls. Presently, the gates were thrown open, and line after line of men-at-arms began to deploy through the portcullis.'

"'Lord Cardinal, who leads the vanguard, I again demand of you,' cried Maylat, in a menacing voice, rashly impaling the ensign's staff, in his eagerness to enforce the prelate's attention.

"Martinuzzi turned on his saddle, and, like lightning was the glance, he shot down upon the daring magnat. 'Treason!' he shouted forth, in a voice that sounded through the host like a war-trumpet, and at the word his falchion claved the air, and instantaneously the graf released his hold, as the severed tendons of his wrist reeked round with blood. 'Lord Maylat, I lay you under arrest. Nephew! look to it,' and, almost immediately, the maimed and bleeding graf was borne away, by a few men-at-arms, commanded by Maximilian Pereny.

"The decision of the regent was productive of present good, though it proved only to be temporary. The incendiary nobles drew back, almost to a man. It was at this moment that Count Turascus arrived upon the field.

"'My lord,' said Martinuzzi, 'we have waited for you,—your tardiness hath caused some hot question here, ill-timed, to say the least of it: you are aware, that by customary right, the distinction of generalissimo belongs to the palatine, and, since you, my dear lord, at present perform the duties of that office, I have the honor to address you. Gentlemen, noble knights, chiefs, and valiant knights, of Hungary! Valentinian Count Turascus, the son of a line of a hundred sires, leads the vanguard in this day's battle.'

"Turascus bowed, and then, in an under tone, addressed a few words to the regent. 'A shade of something anxiously passed across the countenance of Martinuzzi, like a darkening cloud,—'I trust the day will not go so hard with us,' he said; 'but now to the van!—and, perhaps, it were better you detached some of your men contents with their clans to reconnoitre. We must avoid, if possible, their being left unemployed,—inaction, at such a time, were the father of conspiracy. See, if Count Zrini have not half-traversed the morass, and already threatens the right flank of the enemy! Go, and prepare to support him,—nay, courage, Turascus, we must conquer or perish.'

"The discharge of musketry from the opposite heights bore a tremendous burden to his words, and, in truth, the position of both armies, at that moment, was not a little critical.'

The Pilgrims of Walsingham, or Tales of the Middle Ages. In 3 vols. By Miss Agnes Strickland. Saunders and Otley.

Our readers will find dramatic powers
of singular excellence developed in these tales, combined with close research into particular points not only of history, but of the manners and tone of feeling that existed in the middle ages.

The subject of the tales are very original and of powerful interest, and the method of treating them still more so; for though passages of deep pathos occasionally occur, the narrative and dialogue are of a spirited and even of a comic cast, owing to the skill with which character is drawn, and the oddities and peculiarities of individuals humorously marked out.

Miss Agnes Strickland has struck into a track that has been untrodden before, when she imagined the idea of the historical Walsingham Pilgrims; every thing relating to the shrine of our Lady of Walsingham, has hitherto reposed unnoticed in the curious nooks and corners where antiquaries keep their stores.

The plan of the work is founded on an incognito pilgrimage, supposed to be made by Charles the Fifth during his long visit to England in the summer of 1522. Some proof exists that this was actually done at least by Charles. The pilgrims are Henry the Eighth, the Emperor Charles, Cardinal Wolsey, the Duke of Suffolk, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and the Abbot of Glastonbury. The ladies of the pilgrimage are Queen Catherine, Mary the Dowager of France, Anne Boleyn, and the Abbess of Ely. They travel incognito, and are joined by various amusing personages, who thrust themselves into their company, according to the usages of those times. The pilgrims are weather-bound on the road at Chesterford Ferry, where they wile away the time in the orthodox mode of tale-telling.

"The Saxon Widow's Vow; or, the Stronghold of Saxingham," is Cardinal Wolsey's tale. This is of a sprightly cast.

"The Tale of William Rufus and the Salmon Party," related by King Henry himself, is full of witty, droll conceits, and will be considered a comic romance of history.

"The Gothic Count; or, Don Froila and his Ten Daughters." The first part of which is related by Queen Catherine, and the second by her imperial nephew, Charles the Fifth, is our favourite portion of the present series. It is from this tale that we shall select our extracts.

Vol. VI.—No. 4.

Don Froila de Toras, a brave but impoverished misanthropic veteran (whose whimsical peculiarities are touched with a masterly hand throughout), has been beguiled from his old tumble-down castle by a feigned device, contrived between his hereditary foe and Don Aurelio, the worthless King of Leon, for the purpose of stealing his ten fair daughters, to make up the tribute of one hundred noble gothic damsels, which has been demanded by the Moors as the price of the peace.

The introduction of the ten daughters of Don Froila into the harem of the Moorish king, and the manner in which their father receives the news of their abduction, are the subjects of these extracts.

In conclusion, we observe that several pilgrims have not told their tales—the "Sister of Henry the Eighth and her Husband;" and among them we are, it is to be hoped, to meet with these in a second series, which will tell the adventures of the homeward-bound pilgrims. The present series finishes with a clever scene at the Wishing Wells of Walsingham.

[Press of matter compels us to delay several extracts till next month.]

The Cabinet Cyclopedia, conducted by Dr. Lardner. Useful Arts—Manufactories of Metal, vol. 9. Longman and Co.

The perspicuity with which this volume is written, deserves great praise. What a contrast does its style form to the perplexed jargon that was formerly used, from whatever cause, whenever practical art was reduced to literary description! The first publication of Chambers's dictionary, crude as it was, threw light on many scientific subjects, which were before completely mystified to common readers; since that time the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and works of a similar nature, presented useful information to those who were not entirely contented with light reading, in plain comprehensive language; but it was reserved for the present age to render such subjects attractive by simplicity of language.

Though we cannot extract, we can assure those ladies who are interested in the purchase of works for the purpose of educating their families, that the present is one of the most excellent among the
volumes sent forth by the publishers and
editor of the "Cabinet Cyclopedia," and
would be a valuable addition to the book-
shelf of a clever boy, or to a school-room
library, not that it ought to be considered
as a mere elementary work, but from its
accessible intelligence, to prove delightful
to children, we give it the highest praise.

Encyclopedia of Geography. By Hugh
By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., &c. Long-
man and Co.

J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., &c. Longman
and Co.

The Encyclopedia of Geography is now
concluded; we have noticed it number
by number, until we have accompanied it
to the twelfth, the last, and perhaps the
richest in novelty and information. It
leads us through the South American
Continent, the West Indies, Australasia,
and Polynesia, and the islands and new
discoveries in the Polar seas. The botan-
ical and geological notices are novel and
striking, particularly the native growth of
a favourite perfume, the vanilla.
The cannon-ball tree is likewise well
worthy of notice; but as, alas! we do
not print in pearl, like this handsome
work, we cannot extract without filling
our Magazine. The state of society in
New Holland is a curious passage, but
one which, even if it had not been con-
troverted, we do not think acceptable to
our readers as an extract.

The twelfth number concluding with a
table of the latitudes and longitudes, and
charts of the relative length of rivers and
the height of mountains; the marginal
wood-cuts are uncommonly interesting,
as illustrating these distant and extra-
ordinary regions: the cuts of the bread-
fruit, the paper mulberry, the sandal
wood, the vanilla, the yam, the mahogany
and the pitcher plants, give a reality to
the ideas of these productions, and must
render this work valuable to young people.
The last of these marginal illustrations is
numbered 1100. If this complete pub-
lication does not meet with the most
extensive circulation, it would indeed be
lamentable, that such men as Hooker,
Swainson, Wallace, Jameson, and the
editor, Hugh Murray, should waste their
labours on a country which rewards not
its learned men by honours and a suitable
provision; however, we will not doubt
that the necessity for the presence of the
"Encyclopedia of Geography" in all libra-
ries, will, perforce, create a profitable de-
mand for the work.*

The fifteenth number of the Encyclo-
pedia of Gardening conducts us through
the fruit garden, grapery, and orangery,
with some spirit of utility, and in the per-
spicuous method for which Mr. Loudon's
works are justly famous. The neglected
fruits of this country contain much curious
information, and are well illustrated by
clever wood-cuts. The strawberry (likewise
well illustrated) well deserves the
attention of horticulturists; and the tables
of choice fruit are well arranged, and
deserve to be consulted by all persons
engaged in planting.

We think the Architectural Magazine
has commenced the new year, and the
second volume, with increasing spirit:
we are happy to see by the variety of
advertisements, that this work, of which
the public were in such great need, is
meeting with the patronage it deserves.

The Voice of Humanity. Published
Quarterly, for the Association for Pro-
moting Rational Humanity towards the
Animal Creation.

The objects proposed by this associa-
tion, and advocated in this work, have
our highest commendation. "The Voice of
Humanity" has proclaimed aloud many
acts of cruelty—many unsightly and un-
wholesome nuisances; and, what is still
better, it tells of the best way of pre-
venting many of these cruelties, of re-
moving many of these nuisances. We
rejoice sincerely to hear that it has suc-
cceeded in rousing attention, and has
plainly told the public, that it is their
duty to come forward and rid the country
of these abominations; it recommends
convenient and cleanly abattoirs in the
suburbs; it suggests more humane modes
of conveying cattle to market, which, if
grazers knew their real interest, would,
at least in part, be adopted. This peri-
dical contains much practical informa-
tion, is very interesting, and quite as
miscellaneous as the nature of the sub-
jects will allow.

* We trust the worthy publishers, whose
names have been long glorious, will excuse our
simple suggestion of the necessity of some
plain notice with regard to the last sheet
append-d to the final number; is it composed
of cannels, the binder's fault, or how? We are
gratified by the index and table of contents,
always valuable, but had really trouble in tracing
them.

So, here is the whole code, and all the dogmas, clearly defined, of the fearful heresy of short! Oh, Charles Lamb! oh, Elia! oh, Sarah Battle! amiable shades, who offered up your devotions at the placid shrine of Long, who kept to the "rigour of the game," through the awful trial of a rubber, during which, peradventure, ye patiently scored eighteen or twenty odd tricks! happy ye, that ye withdrew yourselves from this mortal coil, ere your souls were vexed by this final establishment of tyrannous and usurping dynasty. And all ye, ancient gentlewomen! whether widows, spinsters, or old bachelors, whose lips abstained from the refreshment of scandal during the superior attractions of a long, long game, how many more sins and mischiefs will your tongues have to answer for, now the unhallowed dominion of Short is triumphant, with its oft-recurring hiatuses for the torrent of words to flow into chasms between quickly-finished rubbers! Surely it was the jealousy of him to whom cards belong, and whose books the packs are especially called; it was, we say, his envy of the negative virtues of Long that inspired the idea of corrupting the placidity of the game of whist, by pouring therein the gambler’s hurry, and his hopes and fears.

In the midst of our indignant commiseration, as moralists, over the wrongs of long-whist, we must not forget that we are reviewers, and truth compels us to bear reluctant witness that the heresiarch major has laid down the laws of short in a perspicuous and comprehensive style; but we cannot imagine wherefore Mrs. Major A——talks in the consensual dialogue about "them clubs," as if she had been promoted from a minor sphere of conversation: perhaps, after all, a typographical error.

Maria Cosway, widow of the singular R. Cosway, R. A., and whose portrait by her husband was the admiration of the last age, has been created a baroness by the Emperor of Austria, for her talent and exertions in establishing at the celebrated Lodi, near Milan, a college for every department of female education and accomplishment. We had thought her dead!

St. Petersburg, Feb. 18.—The widow of Lieutenant-general Kleenger, the celebrated German poet, who was formerly rector of the University of Dorpat, has presented to that university a very extensive library of modern German, French, English, and Italian works, which, according to her wish, that has been approved by his majesty the emperor, is to form a separate division of the university library, under the name of Kleenger library. How delightful are such traits of woman!

Encouragement of Literature.—We have heard, and with great satisfaction, that the present ministers intend to restore the pensions originally conferred on eminent literary men, through the medium of the Royal Society of Literature, and the resumption of which, after the death of its founder, George IV., we never deeply regretted. In one or two cases, Dr. Jameson and Mr. Millingen’s, they were restored by Earl Grey; but we trust that there will be no selection now, and that all the royal associates whom death has spared to us (for Coleridge and Malthus are dead) will again be distinguished and gladdened by this honourable grant.—Literary Gazette. So, as earnestly as our worthy contemporary, do we; but we must, at the same time, ask him to agree with us concerning an institution in which we know him to be also beneficially interested—the Literary Fund. We would ask him, in great kindness, whether the Royal Society of Literature did not entirely fail in its very first object—the publication of good M’s, for which talented authors could not find purchasers in the present state of the bookselling trade? Then we must ask him whether, instead of a reported abstraction, of one-half of the royal subscription to the Literary Fund, so admirable in origin, principle, distribution, &c., and in these march-of-intellect times wanting for want of support, it would not be as well to place at its disposal the 1000l. a year granted by George IV., to be divided between ten, as the late Sir Walter Scott, &c., to be divided between, say forty, literary men at 25l. per annum each, who, however they deserve it, may find "eminence" unattainable! and who might thus, at least, be preserved from starvation; a thing so accordant with the very first principle of the Literary Fund, which, besides, aids widows and orphans of literary men? For whatever is due, literature must be grateful through whatever form; but we do think, without disparagement to the Royal Society, that this would be the best dispensation of royal benevolence. Why should not the two institutions be united, in economical times, and save the expense of separate boards, officers, &c.?—Cowley’s Consolation.—There is some help (says Cowley) for the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter.
Fine Arts.

Illustrations of the Bible. Part 2.

Churton.

This is a work, indeed, worthy of the Bible, as well as the opposite talents of Martin and Westall, so happily conjoined. It is complimentary to the publisher, that the second part may be safely said to surpass the first. Here we have contrasted, “Daniel in the Lion’s Den,” and “Ruth Gleaning in the Field of Boaz;” “God answering Job from the Whirlwind,” and “the Death of Ezekiel’s Wife;” the “Wife of Jeroboam and Ahijah,” “Esther’s Feast,” “The Fall of Babylon,” and “The Fall of Nineveh;” Martin’s pictures of the “Ruins of Babylon” and “Nineveh” are too well known to require our praise of their stupendous effects, any more than Westall’s lovely contrasted softness, yet with due impression. The engraver has well performed his task; in all respects he deserves well of the artists and of the world. Elucidations of the contents are furnished by the Rev. H. Caunter in his best manner; and altogether, the work being cheap, we have no hesitation in saying, we think few can be long without it.

Finden’s Byron Beauties. Nos. 2 and 3.

Tilt.

This beautiful publication proceeds with augmented talent, and the third number, in particular, is a treasure to connoisseurs in engraving; and we are happy to see the Findens’ exquisite skill employed on a larger scale than the minute style which annuals have rendered exclusively fashionable, to the great injury of art. These elegant heads are of the proper size, to occupy a single page in a lady’s album, with a becoming proportion of margin, if said album is a large quarto, which all albums ought to be. “Parisina” is the gem of the third number, as to design and fine effect of light and shadow: Mote has engraved it in a most spirited manner, though in regard to delicacy and high finish of engraving, “Kaled” and “Leonora D’Este” are finer specimens of art; we do not, however, think these heads possess equal beauty of design with the “Parisina.” The eyelashes of “Leonora D’Este” are unnatural; such depth of under eyelash, if ever seen in a human being, would be a great deformity. The figure of “Kaled” is supposed to be viewed by lamp-light; as such, the shadows deserve admiration: the expression of the face has the intensity that the story suggests to the imagination. Had “Kaled” consulted us on the subject of the toilette, we should have declared that a falling collar at the throat would have been a more deceptive costume than a chemisette à la vierge, in which the disguised page has imprudently arrayed himself. There is an injurious defect in the hand, which spoils the perfection of the print. “Anah” and “Aholibamah,” in the second number, are finely engraved by Mote: there is a boldness of relief in this print that must be greatly admired; but the arm and shoulder of “Anah” are in wretched drawing: artists, like ladies, ought to veil with drapery, arms and shoulders that are not surpassingly lovely. We think, notwithstanding this stricture, Stone’s pencil has shown great beauty and variety in these numbers; we see few of his peculiar mannerisms that, if not sedulously avoided, would give great monotony to a work that inserts a large proportion of prints designed by the same artist. We must not omit to notice, with deserved commendation, the letter-press annexed to each print; it is written with elegance, and contains information that evinces both taste and research.

The Memorandum Book of Alfred Crowquill. No. 3.

Smith, Elder, and Co.

There are many droll hits and queer conceits in this number, which we think quite as good as its clever predecessor; the milliner, with the huge hand-box, among the travelling companions, is a jewel; the “Musical Chord,” a wicked caricature of a well-known composer; “Trifles,” are folks that we meet every where. The “Nautical Leaf” is redolent of puns and jokes that are practical—to the eye, at least. Let our clever caricaturist view sedulously the queer specimens of humanity that London and its environs offer to his notice, and eschew all other imitations, and he will go on and prosper.
Meadows' Historical Dioramic Tableaux.
We were very angry indeed with Mr. Meadows for his admixture of Greek and French in his titles; but were quickly brought into good humour when we arrived in Regent-street, by his very ingenious pictorial and mechanical display. We had, firstly, separate interior views of both Houses of Parliament, such as they were but last year open to the view of every body, and which must be highly interesting to any who have not seen them. Then we were agreeably surprised by a moonlight view from the opposite bank of the Thames of the whole remains of the ancient palace of Westminster, in all the calm and cloudless sky that could be wished. After a while came a dim light bespeaking something indescribable, and thence progressively a perfect descriptive view of the terrible conflagration in all its horrors. To all this is added, a view of the beautiful ruin of the very old chapel of St. Stephen, which, we think, should be sufficient to ensure its restoration. Altogether, great genius, talent, and tact, are manifested; and we should be sorry to pass the very prominent ride or drive or promenade without looking at it again and again.

Music.
The first of those Ancient Concerts, of which George III. and Queen Charlotte were so justly fond, took place under the direction of their royal son, the Duke of Cumberland, on the 11th March, with considerable éclat. The singing of evergreen Brahms, Phillips, Misses Masson, Wood- yatt, and Lacy, Madame Stockhausen, as Miss Novello, has brought the Vocal Concerts, notwithstanding Miss Novello's secession. When there are so many periodicals directed particularly to this class, it will hardly be expected that we should enter into technicals. Lindley, Bonan and Howell preserved the instrumental part of the business; "Hear, O hear; a simple story" (would we could hear it again), had a great charm for us.

Of the Philharmonic Concerts, hitherto so good—led by Mori, conducted by Potter, and supported by great talent and energy—it is strange to say, that they do not quite satisfy any body! There is much good music, much to praise, yet, somehow or other, they go off on a flat key: we doubt not we shall have to speak better of them, which it is our sincere desire to do.

Amateur Festival, Exeter Hall.—We regret extremely to learn that the product of this doubly laudable attempt, in principle, instead of affording aid to the Westminster and Charing Cross Hospitals, has turned out a loss of 80l. To account for this, it is stated that seven members of the committee issued three hundred free admissions beyond the number allotted to them. How this is, it cannot say, as our last number was going to press, a meeting was called at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, for the purpose of receiving the auditors' report; at which meeting, after being heard, it was rejected; and thus the affair remained, and we believe still remains.

A New Musical Prodigy on the Guitar, about the close of February, had a concert at the lesser Hanover Square room; her name Miss Pelger—her age about ten years. She was well received and very well assisted, and the room was well filled.

It has been announced that Signor Muscarioli, who has lately acquired great éclat as a composer and teacher of the guitar, is not only quite Paganini's equal, but a perfect master of four octaves on the violin, but, as a general musician, greatly his superior. We shall see, or rather hear.

York Organ.—Mr. Greatorex, the solicitor and relation of the great organist, has written to contradict the statement that the late Lord Scarborough, who was a prebend, had paid 10,000l. for the organ as a present to the cathedral. Thus he says: "Messrs. Elliott and Hill have undoubtedly constructed, in York cathedral, the largest and finest organ in Europe, notwithstanding the great difficulties with which they had to contend with respect to its site; and the 'princely donation' referred to would not have been, by any means, an unreasonable remuneration to them. During the progress of the work they received several advances of money from Lord Scarborough and the Dean of York, amounting altogether to less than one third of the alleged sum, and the builders have expended the amount so received, together with as much more out of their own pockets, in completing the organ. Mr. Elliott afterwards died (leaving his family not very amply provided for), and his executors and surviving partner have repeatedly applied to the dean for payment of the amount due to them. He, in reply, states, 'he never considered himself responsible for the instrument,' and alleges as a reason, that 'Lord Scarborough informed him that he had undertaken to pay the whole.' Copies of the dean's letters were sent to Lord Scarborough, who never gave the applicants any reply. Thus the
matter stood at the lamented decease of that excellent nobleman; and I am sorry to say, that the builders of this magnificent instrument are driven, as a last resource, to prove the liability of the dean and chapter in a court of law, as whatever may have been the liberal intentions of the late earl towards the dean and chapter of York, it is clear Messrs. Elliott and Hill can substantiate no claim against his estate."

The Royal Society of Musicians have had their anniversary dinner, Lord Burghersh president, with great éclat; we are glad to learn with success towards its benevolent principle.

Mrs. Martyn, heretofore known to a London audience as Miss Inverarity, has, with her husband and sister, been making a very successful tour of several provincial theatres.

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**Drama, &c.**

**King's Theatre.**—At length, thanks to the indefatigable Laporte, we have an Opera, though not commenced till Saturday, 21st, and then under singular disadvantages, which rendered in our minds every thing, planned as a good beginning and ending, better than the Opera itself! A grand musical mélange well propitiated early visitors like ourselves. The overture to *Semiramide* was delicious; Mrs. Seguin's "Ah que forte," with which our friend Mr. Platt, charmed us; Madame Stockhausen had all her usual excellence in "Idole de ma vie;" the piano-forte fantasia of Moscheles was capital, &c. &c. Then came our old friend *Tancredi*, with the expectation of a Russian female débutante hero that we supposed could do much more for us than Ivanoff, Madame Finklohr: she was very ill, quite natural in our bleak weather, compared with that of Russia, from which, by the way, we rather think we derive part of it; so Madame Galvani took her part in a very silly way, as we thought, which did not in our minds set off her mezzo-soprano voice. Madame Tremblilla wore the breeches of Tancredi with her contralto, and looked to a miracle, but not kindly; nor could Curioni and Giubelii bring us into tune. This was, however, done by the lovely ballet of *Nina*, which succeeded. *The Nina* of Mademoiselle Clara was excellent; Perrott pirouetted to the delight of the pit and elsewhere; Adele, Chavigny, &c. did their part, and sent us home content. We trust Laporte will receive the reward of his exertions, but we are sure we shall scold his ladies.

**Druary Lane.**—We really thought that *Lestock* had made the patent theatres as sulky as Galvani, till Mr. Peake surprised us, on the 21st, with a very active comedy, somewhat approaching to the olden time, and, no doubt, directed to attract the present, by the title of *The Patrician and Porvenue*. This, we confess, we did not see, being too much involved in the fate of the Opera; but friends did so for us. Of these, one lady took two cambric handkerchiefs, beautifully trimmed, to weep at something larmoiète, and returned 'greatly disappointed, counting the whole nonsense. Some other ladies and gentlemen give us a very different account; and what with the bustle and the performers, all eminent, its success cannot be doubted.

**Covent Garden.**—By the same rule, as above-mentioned, we did not witness the exemplification of gallery delicacy which took place at this theatre on the same evening. Indeed, we have got tired of visiting this house lately, we shall not say why. However, some of our friends visited it on the same 21st, who tell us, that, in the revived *Forest of Bondy*, the dog of Montargis, the most sagacious, the "observed of all observers," in some way or other forgot good manners, and turned the good temper of the gallery into an outrage which lasted for twenty minutes; poor rude Mr. Barley blushing all the time to know what the fault of the performers was.

We are quite sure that the lessee and his new and wealthy coadjutor are rich from the revival of the musical spectacles of the last age. We, of course, are not old enough to remember their éclat in that day, though our predecessors noticed them with great approbation. We shall therefore borrow from a respectable daily paper a notice of the past:  — "There was a great house last night to witness the performance of *Lestock*, and Pocock's revived melo-drama of *The Miller and his Men*—a favourite of some twenty years' standing. This revival has been produced with considerable care as regards its scenic appointments, and also with due attention to its cast, which is, in almost all its principal characters, a new one. The part of Grindolf, the Miller, heretofore so effective in the hands of Farley, is now intrusted to Mr. G. Bennett, who sustained it throughout with great judgment and vigour. Lothair, in the hands of Cooper, suffered no deterioration; nor were Kelmar, Count Friberg, or Karl, less efficiently supported by Young, Brindal, and Meadows, than they originally were. The part of Claudine, in which we well remember Miss Booth to have deeply interested us, devolved upon Miss Taylor, who, it is almost needless to add, did every justice to it. This revival was received with great approbation; and not the least gratifying was the music, which, be it known, is..."
by Bishop, and although one of the most pleasing and popular of his many compositions. All this promises well.

ADELPHI.—On the 2d of March, a piece was produced, called Robert Macaire, or the Exploits of a Gentleman at large; based on the celebrated tragedy of the French at our Opera Theatre, with alterations and additions, some by the celebrated French performer of the principal character, M. Lemaitre. It was well received by a crowded house, as may be easily supposed, when Yates, Reeve, Buckstone, Wilkinson, and Mrs. Honey, performed the principal characters. Of other varieties here, we have not room to speak.

OLYMPIC.—The River God, said to be by the son of Mr. Morton, the stanch and dull playwright and reader of plays, has been the principal among novelties here: it is a Scotch fantasy, not without humour. Madele was, however, and is long to be seen at Easter to be prima donna, if not something more, at the Haymarket.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—Mrs. Nisbett has realized our former opinion of the advantages of the locality of the late Fitzroy, with respect for its entertainment. Good, and quite highly fashionable, audiences attend, and meet with little elegance that captivate more by their taste than value, along with good little dramas, well performed, and constant novelties: Jerold's Schoolfellows, noticed in our last, is a proof, where the acting completely remedied the author's haste. Then the constant succession of novelties, the expense of which are the best proof of the successful state of the theatre. Then the sole manageress has the good sense to spread the beams of her enlightenment over any character, high or low; her two sisters the same. Mr. G. Dance has produced a two-act farce, called Status Quo; why or wherefore, we know not; with Mrs. Nisbett and the old favourite Wrench: it was quite successful.

STRAND THEATRE.—This handsome little edifice has been closed against the drama for the present, by the infliction of fines on the performers, which, however, we apprehend will not now be exacted. We understand that many influential inhabitants of the Strand and neighbourhood are roused to advocacy of its cause with the King, and without probable to success. Meanwhile, it is occupied by the Ekdounian; three of those interesting illustrations of astronomy, which are generally, and very worthily, exhibited at Lent. Mr. D. F. Walker is the demonstrator here; and we are happy to find that his useful talent is graciously patronised by their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Kent and Princess Victoria.

We may as well mention here, that Mr. C. H. Adams has a similar performance at the King's Theatre; both take place on Wednesdays and Fridays.

All minor theatres elsewhere are going on well. We have only space or time to mention the following:—

PAVILION.—Mr. Parrel has, with great tact, produced a novelty of some importance, and which we doubt will serve him. A piece from the Old Testament, entitled The Jewish Queen, or the Death of Haman. Rumour attributes the piece to a very talented Hebrew, whose poems we have long since admired. It was splendidly got up, and very fairly executed altogether.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN THEATRICAL FUNDS.—At a meeting of the Committee, the anniversary dinner of the Drury-lane Fund was fixed to take place on Wednesday, April 1st. The committee expressed their regret that the Duke of Sussex's state of health was such that they could not expect the honour of his presence; but it was proposed that a communication should be solicited from his royal highness upon the subject, when, no doubt, the illustrious duke would appoint some noble lord to officiate for him as president on the occasion. The Covent-garden Theatrical Fund dinner is appointed to take place on the 8th of April. There are few or more interesting occasions over which any nobleman can preside.

London Chit Chat.

FROM ALL QUARTERS OF FASHION.

We would almost regret the title we have chosen to this new department of our Magazine, were it not that the late celebration of her Majesty's birthday is a matter of which not only our own courts, but, as Milton has it—

"All Europe rings from side to side!"

We therefore find it to be useful chit chat for every loyal fire-side, and we shall specially endeavour on this occasion to offer new aid in making it so. Firstly and foremostly, as the grave "court newman," privileged to inform all informants, says, the Queen's birthday is celebrated on the 5th March; and we will add, the last 5th March, instead of "bewaring the ides," leads us to delightful anticipations. We will not steal the worthy courtier's details, but briefly add, that the heads of the church had their usual first entry; that gentlemen at arms, yeomen of the guard, knights of royal orders, every body
**London Chitchat.**

Ex-officio were dressed in their best; that the governors, officers, &c., of Christ’s Hospital, with their sailor boys, attended from ancient custom, long disused from want of a queen; that all the ministers, all the representatives and attachés of foreign courts or republics, with the ladies of such as were so happy as to have them, and an immense list of nobility and gentility, male and female attended to do honour to the occasion; of officers of the navy and army, down to the lowest ranks, numbers attended; and we cannot but take a fine compliment of the sailor-king, that our grave courtly friend was permitted to place the army first in his list.—

"The Queen took her usual station in the throne-room. In her Majesty’s suite were the Dowager Duchess of Leeds, mistress of the robes; Countess Mayo (in waiting); Countess Brownlow and Lady Clinton, ladies of the bedchamber; Miss Hope Johnston (in waiting); Miss Hudson and Miss Eden, maids of honour; Lady Caroline Weymouth and Lady Isabella Weymouth, Hon. Mrs. Berkeley Paget, Lady Gore, Lady Bedingfield, and Miss Wilson; Earl Howe, lord chamberlain; Earl of Denbigh, master of the horse; Hon. Mr. Ashley, vice-chamberlain; Sir George Hoste, Colonel Wilson, Major Wright, Mr. Murray, Mr. Mellish, and Mr. Hudson, gentlemen ushers; Maj. General Macdonell and Captain George Pechell, R. N., equerries."

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria came in state, escorted by a party of the Life Guards. Their Royal Highnesses were attended by the Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Catherine Jenkinson, Lady Theresa Strangways, Lady Conroy, Hon. Lady Cust, Baroness Lehzen, Sir Frederick Wetherall, Sir John Conroy, and the Hon. Sir George Anson.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, attended by Lady Catherine Jenkinson; the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, attended by Baroness Steyne; Prince George of Cambridge, and a party of the nobility and gentry, dined with their Majesties. The dinner was served in Queen Anne’s room. All her Majesty’s officers and the ministers of state gave also grand parties on the happy occasion. The additional demonstration of joy by illumination in the evening was not wanting.

Now, taking leave of the very little which we have abstracted from the "court newsman," who, we regret to say, that, like his perfect prototype, Homer, nods sometimes, we must adventure on another topic, on which doubtless, in imitation of the former only, ourselves have nodded. We hope not to induce our readers to say, "We are a’ niddin, niddin, nodding;" for it is not our fault, but that of the marches des modes, that we have not from great endeavours furnished them with a full account of the dresses worn at court on this glorious day.

We have, however, obtained some hundred and twenty of them which here follow, without the usual epithets of ‘superb, magnificent, rich, &c.’ doing more justice to all the said marchands than they have done to us; while we must say the whole were worthy of the occasion.

**HER MAJESTY.**

Dress rich white satin; body, sleeves, and front of skirt splendidly ornamented with diamonds and point lace; train of violet velvet, lined with white satin, trimmed with ermine (the dress of British, and the train of Irish manufacture); head-dress—feathers, diamond diadem, necklace, and ear-rings en suite.

**H. R. H. DUCHESS OF KENT.**—White net, over white satin; body, sleeves, and front of skirt ornamented with pearls intermixed with diamonds; train of Royal Stewart plaid velvet, lined with white satin, trimmed and fringed (dress of English, train of Scottish manufacture); head-dress—feathers and diamonds.

**H. R. H. PRINCESS VICTORIA.**—English black velvet dress, over white satin; body, sleeves, and front of skirt tastefully ornamented with pearls and gold: head-dress—pearls and diamonds.

**H. R. H. LANDGRAFINE OF HESSE HOMBURG.**—Dress of black and white satin, a colombe, over white satin; corsage and sleeves trimmed with blond: train—white figured satin, trimmed with blond lace: ornaments—feathers, diamonds, and blond lappets.

**DUCHESSES.**

**Dowager of Leeds.**—White satin petticourt, embroidered in gold and coloured leaves of velvet; mantua of white velvet, lined with satin, ornamented with blond; sabots of blond: head-dress—toupee gold tisse, profusion of feathers and diamonds.

**Gordon.**—Train of Royal tartan velvet, trimmed with minerer fur; petitcoat of white satin, with trimming of minerer, clasped down with diamonds; blond mantilla and sabots: ornaments—diamonds and other jewels.

**St. Albans.**—Dress of white satin, falling in folds in a Par-tique, front ornamented with five bouquets of flowers in diamonds, trimmed over the hem with two deep fringes of diamonds; train of rose-coloured velvet, lined with white satin, trimmed with white satin rosettes, each containing a diamond centre; sedusianse sleeves of blond, looped up with diamond strawberry-leaves; stomacher ornamented with four supersizes set in large diamonds, and finished by a diamond bouquet in the form of a lily. Tiara, comb, necklace, eardrops of diamonds, white ostrich plume, and blond lappets.

**Northumberland.**—Figure white satin dress, deep flounces of lace intermixed with riband; train and bodice of Irish velvet, cerise colour, trimming of ermine lined with satin: mantilla and sabots of point lace: tiara—cross, necklace, and ear-rings of diamonds, with ostrich plume and point lappets.

**MARCHEONNESSES.**

**Salisbury.**—Train of velours green, trimmed with gold lama; dress, white satin, embroidered in gold lama: eierasse and sabots of blond. Plume of feathers, lappets, and brilliants.

**Londonderry.**—Train of white blond de Chantilly over sky-blue satin; dress of white blond de Chantilly, to correspond with the train; blond mantilla and sabots. Plume of feathers, blond lappets, and brilliants.

**Downshire.**—Indian gold tissue dress, train and bodice of green velvet, with a deep gold band to correspond with the dress, lined with white satin; epaulettes and sabots of blond lace. Diamonds, feathers, and blond lappets.

**Cornwall.**—Dress of white satin, embroidered in gold: the body and sleeves ornamented with gold and blond; train of emerald green satin, gold border, lined with white gros de Naples; head-dress—feathers and diamonds.

**Worcester.**—White figured dress, flounce of blond; body à la Ninon, trimmed with mantilla and sabots of blond; train of green velvet, lined with satin. Coiffure, blond. Plumes, emeralds, and diamonds; lappets in blond.
COUNTERESSES.

Brownlow—Train of macra velvet, trimmed and lined with white satin; dress of white satin, trimmed with black and riband, and looped with diamond agates in cerise and sabots blond Gothisque. Plume of feathers, blond lappets, diamonds. Clanciulain—Train of velours epingle facon vert pomme, trimmed with white gold lame; de white, puce satin, puce epingle, or fin et couleurs; blond mantilla and sabots. Plume of feathers, blond lappets, and brilliants. Tunkerside—Train, sky-blue satin; dress, white satin and sabots; head-dress—blond and blue veules epingle, with rich Allepo feathers; blond lappets and brilliants. Ferrars—Train, sky-blue, velours epingle facon, lined with white satin; dress, white satin; mantilla and sabots of blond. Plume of feathers, blond lappets, and brilliants. Jersev—Train of pink velours frisé, embrodered à bouquets in silver lama, & relief; dress to correspond with train; blond mantilla and sabots. Plume of feathers, blond lappets, and brilliants. Chichester—White satin dress, trimmed with blond; train and corsage of black velvet trimmed with gold, and jewelled with blond rubies, and brilliants. Ashburnham—Dress and train of mauze satin, trimmed with blond; bodice, pleated and brilliants. Chesterfield—Blond dress over white satin: train of green velvet, trimmed with blond, and lined with white satin; ceinture of diamonds; head-dress—plume, and brilliants. Grenville—A white satin dress; Court robe, rich Maria Louisa satin, embroidered in gold; head-dress—birds of Paradise and diamond fringing. Greville—A white satin dress; Court robe, rich Maria Louisa satin, embroidered in gold; head-dress—plume of ostrich feathers, and brilliants. British manufacture, over white satin trimmed with white gauze ribbon and bouquets of mixed flowers; mantane and bodice rose-coloured duchesse satin, lined with white satin, and surrounded with a ruche of tulle, worked with chenille; mantilla and ruffles of British lace; head-dress—plume of ostrich feathers and lappets; ornaments—diamonds and pearls. 

Cowper—Dress, white satin, embroidered in gold lama; mantane and ruffles of Brussels point: head-dress—gold lama, with plume of ostrich feathers and lappets of Brussels point; diamond and emerald. Maye—White satin dress, embroidered in silver; corsage and mantane of purple velvet, embroidered with silver, lined with white gros de Naples; sedanisse; mantilla and sabots of blond; head-dress—blond lappets, feathers, brilliants. Harrowby—White crape dress, embroidered in gold, with bouquets of green and lilac, over white satin slippers, trimmed with blond, and mantane of mauve tulip; mantane of pomona green veules epingle, embrodered with gold lama: head-dress—diamonds, ostrich plume, and blond lappets. Cooper—A white tulle dress, embroidered en argent lama, a columns, over white satin slip, corsebrode, en argent; mantane point de Bruxelles; mantane sky blue velvet, trimmed with garniture en lama d'argent; cordeillerie en velouro and diamonds: head-dress—diamonds, ostrich plume, barbies en blond. Elston—British blond dress over a satin slip; Court train of mauze satin, trimmed with gold; head-dress—diamonds: corsage of the same satin, à la Marie Stuart, ornamented with blond and gauze riband; alaride, untrimmed, with blond and gauze riband; head-dress—white ostrich feathers, blond lace lappets, pearls, and diamonds.

BARONESSES.

De Blome—Dress en lama d'argent, embrodered semi-plein, with tablier embrodered to correspond, over white satin slip cherruse en blond: manteau en tulle et argent elegantly embrodered à colonnes, and lined with satin azure blue: head-dress—diamonds, ostrich plume, and barbes en blond. De Lheze—English blond dress, over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blond; train of Victoria Terry velvet, lined with white gros de Naples, and trimmed with satin and blond: head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

LADIES.

Peel—Train rich Damas pompadour cerise et blanc, trimmed with tulle and satin; dress white satin, embroidered to correspond; epauletts and satins blond Gothisque: plumes of feathers, purple peignoir, puce satin, puce epingle, cerise et blanc lappets, brilliants. Louth—Brocaded satin dress à la Pompadour, trimmed with bouquets of flowers and blond lace; agraffes and stomacher of brilliants; blue satin train embroidered in silver: head-dress—feathers, wreath of brilliants, and Chantilly lappets; necklace Serigné, ear-rings brilliants. Fawe—Train satin lilac, embroidered in gold: dress of white crape embroidered in gold, a coiffe; cherruse de blond Chantilly and sabots plumé de feathers; lappets and brilliants. Wodd—Train purple velvet, trimmed with gold lama; dress white satin, embroidered in gold; blond mantilla and sabots; blond head-dress and feathers; lappets and brilliants. Cowrington—White net dress, richly embroidered in gold, over white dressing—touque and feathers, and brilliants. Ashburnham—Dress and train of mauze satin, trimmed with blond; bodice, pleated and brilliants. Greystoke—A white satin dress; Court robe, very rich satin, embroidered in gold: head-dress—birds of Paradise and diamond fringing. Greystoke—A white satin dress; Court robe, very rich satin, embroidered in gold: head-dress—plume of ostrich feathers, and brilliants. C. Egerton—Yellow satin train, embroidered in white silk; oriental sleeves ornamented with blond lace; silver embroidered dress coiffure; hair elevated in smooth topknot; ostrich feathers, and brilliants. Goolds—Train violet satin broche couleurs; dress black lace over green lace, satin mantilla and sabots: plume of green feathers, pearls, diamonds, blond lappets. Coates—Satin skirt, embroidered in gold and coloured lama; tout ensemble, emeralds and amethysts train of violet figured satin lined with white, body of the same: stomacher of white satin embroidered in gold; mantilla and sabots blond: coiffure—ostrich feathers and brilliants; lappets rich blond. De l'Etole Dudley—White satin dress a colonies, deep velout of blond, a tete; corsage and manteau of cerise velvet, trimmed with blond, lined with white satin: head-dress—blond lappets, feathers, diamonds. Houghton—Train green and white damask silk, trimmed with blond, petitcoat of white satin, blond flounce, blond mantilla and sabots; diamonds. Maryborough—Silver lame petticoat, embroidered with roses and wheat ears, over blue satin manteau of black velvet trimmed with lama: bodice to correspond; Venetian sleeves lined with satin and trimmed with mauve satin, lama, mantilla and sabots of blond; head-dress—lama toque, surmounted with feathers and diamomds, with blond lappets. Burghersh—White satin petticoat, trimmed with ermine; mantane of blue satin, trimmed to correspond; corsage drape, richly studded with pearl; Venetian sleeves, lined with satin and trimmed with ermine coiffure of pearls; mantella and sabots of blond; head-dress—feathers, richly ornamented with diamonds and turquoise, and blond lappets. Rolle—Dress of figured satin, fluonce blond worked with blue silk, to correspond with blue and silver brocaded Irish tabinet manteau and bodice, which were trimmed with superb blond and silver, lined with white satin: head-dress—diamonds, feathers, blond lappets. Farleigh—White satin dress, embroidered with gold quadrilles over white satin slip; train violet-colored satin, trimmed with torse of gold lama, lined with white satin, blond lace lama, trimmed with gold lama: head-dress—ostriche feathers, in blond toque, and lappets. Louisa Cornwallis—Embroidered white crape dress, over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blond; train figured green gauze, lined with white satin and trimmed with blond: head-dress—feathers and diamonds. E. Cornwallis—Embroidered white crape dress over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blond; train figured pink satin, lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed with blond: head-dress—feathers and diamonds. E. Ashburnham—Blond dress over...
in silver lined with white satin: head-dress—feathers and turquoise. Keppel—a white cape dress, embroidered in front with colours, trimmed with blond; body a Lestocq, with blond; train pink velour epingle, trimmed with plated satin ribbon; sabots and mantilla of blond: colliure—feathers, diamonds, lappets of blond.

Her Majesty early gave a concert at St. James's Palace, under the direction of Sir George Smart, at which Miss Lucy and Miss Portman had the honour of singing.

The Queen, with Prince George of Cambridge, visited Covent-garden theatre, also early in the past month; and were so much pleased with the dancing and scenery, that her Majesty, with her wonted kindness of heart, presented 100l. to be distributed among the artificers of their pleasure.

It was truly delightful to witness how their Majesties are recognized by the people, even during these times of agitation; and particularly pleasing to us, that as the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, on their progress to the Queen's court and return from it, were cheered by the respectable people who attended it. Popular clamour, we know, has been often misled, but still it is much for a royal family to learn that they live in the hearts of the people; so felt Queen Elizabeth, when she pointed to them as her best guards.

The Gazette of the 29th announced a Court mourning for the Emperor of Austria.

Among this year's subscriptions to the Seamen's Hospital, we had the pleasure of seeing after the King's munificent donation of 100 guineas, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, 50l., Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal, 100l.

To what annoyance and agitation of feelings is exposed that monarchy from which the country has derived for a long time so many blessings, may be seen in an instance which has lately occurred, and been applied in certain quarters as derogatory to her Majesty. We feel bound to do justice to the most ardent and best written paper against the present ministry, the Morning Advertiser, to say that it has simply admitted the information "on authority," and without comment! The annoyance to the Queen, whose heart is ever open to all the charities of our nature, appears thus: A Mr. Ackerley, who describes himself as "an unsuccessful candidate," must suppose at the late election, states to Sir Robert Peel, in a letter, dated we must also suppose to be from his country-seat, with a German name "Maugersbury," Stow-on-the-Wold, March 1—that the industrious poor of Gloucester have commissioned to them, to her Majesty, on her birth-day, a bouquet of heath-flowers, consisting principally ofفزee in blossoms, expressive of allegiance and respect. So far, so well: the gentleman might have mounted bag and sword and embroidered coat, and placed the bouquet in her Majesty's own hands if he had pleased; and sure we are that her Majesty would from the romantic tribute have thought kindly of "the industrious and poor of all Gloucestershire," as she does of every other province; but what does this very foolish gentleman add? that the bouquet is "emblematical of the rights they long enjoyed in the common land," till 1770," when Parliament, not ministers, enclosed them! and moreover, at a period when, to say nothing of the Queen, his present Majesty and his oldest minister were lulled in their cradles! the rest unborn! Mr. Ackerley then demands the earliest reply, having quoted Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury, and madly alluded to the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria at Southampton, where with truly royal kindness of heart they received a simple tribute, without any stuff of this kind. We are quite sure this poor, disappointed gentleman cannot be married, or he would have known how to treat a royal wife, a royal duchess, and amiable princess better. We recommend him to write love letters instead of state letters, being certain that he requires some better keeping than his own. We need hardly add, that Sir R. Peel handed the letter to Earl Howe, who expressed her Majesty's regret at not being able to receive the offered bouquet, and her general feeling for the industrious poor.

According to the Gazette d'Augsburg of the 15th February, the King of Sweden appears to be labouring under indisposition. We are sorry for it, for Bernadotte is a good man.

We last month noticed the Spanish account of our ambassador's ball and state, at It seems to have been followed up by royalty.

The Queen of Spain made the most of the carnival; and as it is not etiquette for the royal family to receive 'at home, she has a mode of enjoying masked balls without scandal to her house. She commanded the Conde de Altamira to give a masquerade, sending the draperies and furniture from the palace, and ordering only the ladies of her chamber and a few others to be invited. Count Toreno sent tickets to Mr. Villiers and Mr. Dalborgo, the minister of Denmark; and strange to say, these gentlemen were the only party of the diplomatic corps to whom that favour was shown. The Queen walked with Mr. Villiers, and forced Mr. Dalborgo to galope with her; though the latter protested that dancing was not his fort, and that "he was never turned off of the mail for galloping." Still her Majesty would not be denied, and the Danish minister was forced to put out his pockets with regret the announcement of the queen, who seemed animated with additional fire, and refused to cease until her partner was completely exhausted. She was left at five o'clock still disposed for new exertions, and glad to call in the Urbanus, who formed the guard at the
door, and danced with them. The most striking part of the entertainment was, that those who called for refreshments were required to pay for them; and that the ministers who ordered a little supper apart, for which they also had to pay, were obliged to send a servant to fetch the plates, in default of proper attendance. España! Those who wish to see society under new and strange forms should go to Madrid now.

A letter from Rome, dated 15th February, announces that Don Miguel was still in that capital partaking of the amusements of the carnival, but not taking so active a part in them as formerly at Lisbon. The Portuguese who had been residing at Genoa and Civita Vecchia had, to a man, arrived at Rome. It is many years since this prince shared in the follies here alluded to.

The Duchess of Berry.—A letter of the 27th from Frankfort, has the following:—"The rumours of the Duchess de Berry being here are unfounded; she remains in the neighbourhood of Prague, but without having any intercourse with Charles X., or even with her children.

A medal has been struck at Utrecht on the recovery of the Prince of Orange from his severe illness.

The funeral of the late Georgiana Charlotte, wife of George William Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, took place at Ewerby, near Sleaford, where a vault has been newly built. The chief mourners were the earl, his only son, Viscount Maidstone, and the Lords Graham, two of the late countess's brothers. The pall-bearers were tenants. The countess was in her 44th year, and was eldest daughter of James, third duke of Montrose.

Earl Fitzwilliam is fast recovering from his accident, similar to Lord Darnley's, described in last number, and has not the slightest favourable symptom. There is no danger, although it may be some time before his lordship can have the use of his foot again.—The accounts from Sir Charles Knightly continue to be favourable.

Lord Durham has been suffering for a fortnight under a serious attack of rheumatic fever, which has confined him to his room. His attendance in the Lords on the debate on the amendment produced a relapse, from which he is not yet recovered. Why not, dear lord, be quiet; your lady should make you.

The Earl of Fife, formerly distinguished for the lead he took in fashion and theatrics, and who was a lord of the bedchamber to his late and present Majesty, has retired to his seat, Duff-house, Banffshire, N.B., where he is now residing in comparative seclusion. Lord Fife served as a major-general in the Peninsular war, and was wounded severely at the battles of Talavera and Malagorda, in 1810.

He was then Lord Macduff. We extract this from some daily paper, and wonder what it means! Lord Fife, in spite of vagaries in youth, is an amiable man, enjoying one of the finest of country-seats.

The Duke of Buccleuch and part of his establishment remain at Montague-house, but the duchess and her infant family are still at the ancient palace of Dalkeith.

The late Speaker, newly-created Viscount Canterbury and Baron Kotterford, is in his 55th year; and by his first marriage with Miss Denison, of the family of Denison, county of Nottingham, has two sons and one daughter, the lady of Mr. Sanderson, M. P. for Colchester; and, by his union with his present lady, Viscountess Canterbury, sister to the Countess of Blessington, has one daughter and one son, Lieut. Home Parvis, who is doing duty with the Grenadier Guards in Dublin.

The Hon. Henry Corry, M.P. for Tyrone, since his election had been confined from the small-pox, although vaccinated in his infancy. He is perfectly recovered, without sustaining any marks from the pustules. The death of Francis Holwoke, Esq., of Tettenhall, puts his son, Sir Francis Lyttleton Holwoke Goodricke, Bart., in possession of estates in the counties of Warwick, Oxford, and Stafford, of upwards of 7,000l. a-year, in addition to the immense estates in Yorkshire, Norfolk, Middlesex, and Ireland, bequeathed to him by his friend, the late Sir Harry Goodricke, which, together, make Sir Francis the wealthiest commoner (except Mr. Leigh) in this county.—Birmingham Gazette. O man most fortunate in riches, use them well. Thou hast, we believe, no care for further honours.

General O'Halloran.—This veteran, who was last month knighted by his Majesty, had been 54 years in India, without ever setting his foot on British soil. His history is a curious one. The son of the author of the "History of Ireland" left his native country at 20 years of age, and sailed for India, from the Shannon, without touching at any English port. His first visit to England was on his landing from Calcutta, about seven or eight months ago, in his 74th year. He is perhaps the only insancer of an officer in the Company's service never having been in England till his return home for life. It should be added, that his riches are less than many of half his time.

Though London has drawn, and now naturally, from the woods and hills, and wells and marine sojourns, yet we find something to gather from them. Brighton is sure always to be the first to complain, yet there we find many determined to preserve spirit in it, the Countesses ofutherland and Bath, with Mrs. Brandt were among the first to excite it with the aid of Kirch-
ner's hand, and many have followed their good example.

By the way, the people at Wentworthhouse lately surprised their most noble master and his guests by a bouquet of fruits: grapes, pines, peaches, nectarines, &c. &c. formed the bouquet five yards in circumference, exhaling the most delightful odours, and affording the most delicious refreshment. Each yard of the coup d'œil being of much more than a hundred guineas value!

The town, as the phrase is, has now filled, and every quarter has become enlivened. We cannot be expected to record all the good things said, done, and promised, but shall endeavour to give a few special notices. We always delight to mention those in which the ladies are intermingled, as a great improvement.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury gave a grand dinner in Grafton-street, attended by the Russian and Austrian ambassadors, Marquis Lothian, Camden, Douro, Lady Wharncliffe, Lady G. Wortley, Mr. and Mrs. Baring, Lord Arthur Hill, and Lady Emily Hardinge, &c. &c. This is as it should be.

The Hon. Mrs. Vansittart’s quadrille party in Eaton-square, commenced on Friday the 13th of March.

St. Alban’s House has been thrown open in this most vivid month, by the Duke and Duchess, to 250 fashionables. Tableaux vivant, vaudevilles, (in which the duchess performed), and quadrilles, with every luxury of refreshment, delighted the visitors till a late, or rather early hour.

As the carriage of Lady Georgiana Miles, of Upper Belgrave-place, Pimlico, was proceeding along Grosvenor-place, the nursery-maid and two children being inside, the horses took fright, and galloped off at a furious rate until they came within a quarter of a mile of Vauxhall-bridge, where the carriage was overturned, and the horses were stopped and secured. The two children escaped unhurt; but the head of the maid having come into violent collision with the frame of the carriage window, the blow has produced a concussion of the brain, and her life is considered in danger. The poor girl, it would appear, was more careful of her young charge than herself.

LADIES’ JEWELLERY.-NOTICE FOR INQUIRY AND PREVENTION OF THEFT.—Notwithstanding the caution which we have urged upon ladies with regard to their jewels, new robberies continue every day in a manner that would make one almost as mystical as the Germans, and conceive supernatural means. Lady Brownlow and others have been robbed to the numerous sufferers. Why not have a casket on the principle of the commercial iron chest, affixed as it could be with elegance in the wall; it would be equally accessible to the decoration of the dressing-room, as any other depository, and equally inaccessible to the robbers, whatever their knowledge of the privacies of the dressing-room.

Since this paragraph was written, has occurred the robbery at 34 in the same square (Belgrave), as Lady Brownlow’s, of the Duchess of Gordon’s jewels, worn at court on the Queen’s birthday, which, it is said, can hardly be replaced by 100,000L. ! and all involved in mystery. It is hard to incur the possibility of injuring good servants, yet good servants must be as desirous as any of discovering the thief. Who, we would ask, had access to the room? What visitors have they received, and where have they visited? What conversations have they had, with known jewellers? They have not said uncharitably; but jewellers may unconsciously employ persons, who, in this age of refined deception, may possibly not be what they appear to them. As to ladies sending their jewels to bankers during the season of their use, the thing is ludicrous; bankers are already accommodating enough, but they cannot afford decoration rooms for half the female nobility! There is nothing but the mural casket, into which valuable decorations may be thrown any hour, perfectly fire-proof, and which would require time enough, and noise enough to force, to preclude the possibility of taking place, without alarming the household. We are glad to learn lately, that the amount of lost value has been exaggerated in the daily papers.

Paris Chitchat, &c.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEWS FROM PARIS.


Nous voici ma chère amie, depuis ma dernière lettre en plein carême. We have bid adieu to the opera-balls and all such amusements until Mid-Lent; still we endeavour to amuse ourselves, ce qui, pour dire la vérité, n'est pas difficile à Paris. We have had an immense number of balls, public and private, this carnival. A lottery is to be drawn at the Mid-Lent ball at the Grand Opera: mais je doute fort, that many will get prizes! A reunion is forming in the haute société, to have balls here on the plan of Almack's; they are to take place in the Chaussée d'Antin, at a new establishment called "Le Cercle Français et étranger," the first and third Saturday of every month; there are to be
patronesses, who are to receive subscriptions; the tickets are ten francs each, and are not to be transferable; it will be quite amongst the haut ton. We have had some brilliant balls costumés, private balls I mean; it is, however, much more splendid than the other: at one all the characters of Dumas' melodrama, "La Tour de Nesle," were represented; at another we had a reunion of femmes célèbres—as Mademoiselle de la Vallière, Madame de Montespan, Mlle. de Fontanges, Madame de Maintenon, the Queen Marie Thérèse, Marion de Lorne, Mary Queen of Scots, Anna Boelyn, Laura de Noves, Heloise, the fair Gabrielle, &c. &c. &c.; at another all the principal characters of the Waverley novels. The lady of the house fixes on the scene she wishes represented, and each of her friends takes a character: these historical balls are much more delightful than any others. I was at one in the faubourg St. Germain last week, it was almost the gayest scene I had ever witnessed. Each lady on entering received a small bouquet of violets, which upon examination proved to be numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. &c. About half-past twelve o'clock we were all assembled, and each placed in his basket on his back, enter the saloons, (you know a chiffonier is one of those men that go in the streets at night to pick up rags and papers,) he was so well disguised that we were for some time until we could tell who it was—proven to be the Marquis de G—; his dress, which was of violet, was all patched in some parts and torn in others. At length when we were all bien intrigués to know who it could be, he unfastened his basket, and calling to each lady to declare the number of her bouquet, he presented her with a joli cadeau from his basket, bearing a corresponding number, so as to avoid any appearance of fraud; these presents consisted of beautiful antique fans, smelling bottles, bouquets, boubonnières, buckles, ear rings, ceintures, presse-papiers, visiting card-cases of carved ivory, reticules, in short, the greatest variety of these brimborions, so prized by the fair sex. We had a fancy-fair about a week ago: the profits went to the poor of the first and second arrondissements: the patronesses were the ladies of the Chaussée d’Antin. There was a great variety of ladies works of all descriptions. T-biles, skreenes, boxes, &c. beautifully painted and highly varnished; others with lithography transferred by the process of transfer, &c. &c. You know quantities of tapestry-work, as slippers, ceintures, portefeuilles (pocket books,) visiting card-cases, comb-trays, baskets, pin-cushions, &c. worked on silk canvas, to save the trouble of filling in the ground: the patterns, bouquets, guirlandes, birds, landscapes, or Greek patterns. The toll in pin-cushions were the prettiest I ever saw; one side silk canvas worked, the other silk to hold the pins: a silk cord went all round and at the corners were silk tassels. There were some beautiful bell-ropes, also done on silk canvas: the patterns on some were a guirlande continued from top to bottom, on others bouquets placed at distances, and on some a variety of beautiful birds. One pair was done in Chinese figures, in every possible attitude. The figures in dark silks, which had a particularly good effect on the white canvas: in short, they were really bizarre. There was a great variety of foot-stools and cushions, also several Algerine cushions; these are delightful things for placing behind the back, sitting on a sofa; they are large square cushions, one side tapestry-work, the other either green silk, or to match the colour of the hangings; a thick silk cord goes all round, and at the corners are four handsome silk tassels; they are filled with elder-down, and are de grande mode just now in our salons and boudoirs. I must tell you, that if there are several of these cushions in the same room, they must be all different; they are done in worsted, and filled in with bourre de soie. There was a carpet done by a number of ladies, each took a square of canvas and worked it to her own taste; it was then sewed together, and formed a most unique carpet, though extremely pretty. Two or three ottomans were done in the same manner. There was an innumerable quantity of purses, all long ones, net, knitted, crocheted, and embroidered on Cachemire. They had all long silk tassels, each tassel half the length of the purse: gilt ones are out of fashion. There was also a quantity of lingerie, pelerines, collars, ruffles, &c. and embroidered on India muslin, and some baby linen. There were bags and reticules, china, glass, rare plants in full blossom, bouquets of real and artificial flowers, &c.; &c. &c. &c. We are to have another of these fairs shortly, for the benefit of the British charitable fund.

You will have heard that the annual exposition of paintings at the Louvre is open; I have been already many times, and was much pleased. There is, it is true, nothing as remarkable as the picture exhibited last year of "Lady Jane Grey," by P. Delaroche; still there are many works of great merit. Amongst these, "The interment of General Marceau," killed at Altenkerchen, the 21st of September, 1796, is very remarkable. You recollect the hero of the beautiful tale of the "Red Rose." The French and Austrian troops have united in paying the last honours to the brave young soldier, so deeply mourned both by friends and foes. There is a greyish tint over the picture that rather mars its effect; it may, however, still be called the promising début of a young artist of the name of Bouchot. There is a full-length portrait, by the same, of Mlle.

-- From the Lady's Magazine and Museum.
Grisy: the likeness is good, but the picture is cold. "Silvio Pellico, visited in his prison by the jailer’s daughter:" this is a picture full of life and truth, none can behold it without a feeling of commiseration for the man who suffered so much. It is by Madame Brune. "Anna Boleyn on her arrival at the Tower of London," by Cibot, is another of those scenes upon which one can scarcely look with a tearless eye.

"The Prisoner of Chillon," by E. Delacroix; a fine production. "Rebecca at the fountain, giving a drink to Abraham’s servant," by Horace Vernet, is decidedly one of the very best pictures at the Salon; the expression of the countenance is admirable. The assassination of the Duke de Guise at the castle of Blois," is by P. Delaroche: a picture of small dimensions, but of considerable merit; still something greater might have been expected from the painter of "Jane Grey." "Jeanne d’Arc, arriving at the time of execution," by H. Scheffer; this is a most splendid production: the countenance of the ill-fated Maid of Orleans is beyond description. The artist has admirably sustained his reputation as a great painter. There are many other pictures of more or less merit. Several good landscapes, scenes in Switzerland, views at Rome, Venice, Naples, etc., are numerous. There are several flower-pieces of great merit. The portraits are numerous, several full-length portraits in oils are of considerable merit; the miniatures are beautiful. There are several portraits in pencil by Hyppolite Masson: these are really inimitable. M. Masson is unquestionably the first artist in France in his style; his likenesses are perfect, and the finish of his pictures beyond praise.

Donizetti has brought out a new opera, Marino Faliero, with the greatest success. It could scarcely be otherwise, when we recall the memorable success of La Blanche, Tamburini, Rubini, Ivanhoff, and Mademoiselle Grisy. There is no overture; a few bars of a vigorous movement precede the rising of the curtain; a recitative follows, and is succeeded by a fine chorus, "Za na Andace:" we then have a beautiful air by Tamburini; and in the next scene a cavatina by Rubini, into which he throws a pathos of a feeling only known to himself. There is a fine duet between him and Grisi, and another by La Blanche and Tamburini; there is a quartet and a sextet; and in the second act a barcarolle, commenced by a chorus and finished by Ivanhoff as a gondolier: in short, every note of the opera is a masterpiece—none of the airs and duos were encored. Grisi is seen to the utmost perfection in the third act: a duet between her and La Blanche, "Giusto Dio," was rapturously encored. The adieu of Israel (Tamburini) to his children on his way to the scaffold was admirable. The sound of the drum announcing that the fatal moment is arrived is heard, the Duchess shrieks and falls senseless on the stage, and the curtain descends. The scenery and costumes were better than what we usually see on the Italian stage.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

Maintenant chère amie que te dirai je des modes? Presque rien à la vérité, pour until Longchamps we shall have nothing new: et cependant il faut se faire belle! You know we have a court mourning for the Emperor of Austria, we therefore wear black velvet and black. The assassination of the Duke de Guise at the castle of Blois," is by P. Delaroche: a picture of small dimensions, but of considerable merit; still something greater might have been expected from the painter of "Jane Grey." "Jeanne d’Arc, arriving at the time of execution," by H. Scheffer; this is a most splendid production: the countenance of the ill-fated Maid of Orleans is beyond description. The artist has admirably sustained his reputation as a great painter. There are many other pictures of more or less merit. Several good landscapes, scenes in Switzerland, views at Rome, Venice, Naples, etc., are numerous. There are several flower-pieces of great merit. The portraits are numerous, several full-length portraits in oils are of considerable merit; the miniatures are beautiful. There are several portraits in pencil by Hyppolite Masson: these are really inimitable. M. Masson is unquestionably the first artist in France in his style; his likenesses are perfect, and the finish of his pictures beyond praise.

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IN WALKING, OR CARRIAGE COSTUME,
Le Follet Courrier des Artistes.

l'Administration Boucicaut et Martin St.

Vendu en taille pour le M. Follet Rue St-Denis 390.


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saloons are still universally worn, as the weather, though dry, continues very cold. The cloaks are worn over redingottes of satin, gros de Naples, or poux de soie; some are lined and wadded. They are frequently edged all round with a double or single liséré (piping) of satin of a different colour; as black, purple, green, or grey-colour liséré, violet with green, or green with violet, &c. &c., and some are tied down the front with bows of ribbon of the same colour. Plain black satin redingottes, and black, purple, green, or grenat velvet dresses, are also extremely fashionable in walking or carriage costume.

No alteration has taken place in the hats since my last, nor will there for a few weeks; the fronts are long at the sides, and sit close to the face. They are trimmed with rich satin broché ribbons, the bows full and without ends, and put in at the side; feathers are de grand mode, but as I have already said, ma belle, we must wait for Longchamps for nouveautés.

I mentioned to you in my last that we have our regular jours de réception when we receive our friends en grand costume de nation, but I believe I omitted giving you a description of our toilettes on the other evenings when we receive en petit comité; enfin, when we are only “at home” to a favoured few—to our intimates. The dress consists of a robe de chambre de flannel, so excessively fine in its texture that it might almost be taken for Camembert: they sell this flannel here at an amazing high price, as English. Je t’en prie ma bonne, to send me some immediately, car je meurs d’envie to have one. The robe de chambre is wadded and lined with silk or satin, cherry colour, pink, blue, lilac, or apple green, and has a small rouleau of the same all round. Some are made quite high, and have a pelerine to match; others, more coquette and distingué, have à revers, or large collar like a cape at the back, and turning over in front in the style of the gentlemen’s shawls waistcoats. The guimpe, or pretty collarette worn underneath, is displayed by this means; the collarette is fastened down the front with gold studs. The sleeves are full all the way down. The robe de chambre is fastened round the waist with a silk cordelière, the colour of the lining. Many of them have a Grecian border done entirely round the dress in passementerie, small silk braid; and this is an improvement. Slippers embroidered on black silk canvas, which is more becoming to the foot than any other, and a little simple cap of tulle blonde, or tulle Grecque, completes this charming attire. For morning, the hair must be en bandeaux lisses, or in one thick ringlet falling at each side of the face.

Tea Parties (des Thés) are becoming very fashionable at Paris. I was at a very elegant Thé last week. The entire set out of the tea-table was en vermeille: this is the newest style, though far less agreeable, selon moi, than china. We were in number about twenty ladies, not quite so many gentlemen. The dresses were of mousseline de laine, satin d’Alger, foulard, &c.; the sleeves long, and nearly all the dresses made high (for it is rather to go in a low dress and short sleeves à Thé): those that had corsages decolletés were very elegant, embroidered pelerines, guimpes, or canoës. The toilette of our hostess was at once simple and elegant; a dress of foulard satin, the colour of unbleached cambric (called cindre), with a delicate running pattern all over of the little blue flower called “forget-me-not;” a fichu à la Paysanne, a kind of pelerine, with such a collar as that of the flannel robe de chambre just described, trimmed all round with Mechlin lace; embroidered ruffles trimmed with narrow Mechlin; a little simple cap of point d’Angleterre, worn very far back on the head, the border slightly turned up, and leaves of blue gauze ribbon placed above and beneath, and a bow of the same placed high up at the front of the cap; an apron of blue gros de Naples, embroidered in white silk; short black silk mittens, tied at the wrist with blue ribbon.

Couleurs.—The prevailing colours for hats are pink, emerald and apple greens, blue, paile, and grenat. For dresses—cendre, cedar, lavender, grenat, greens, and chocolate.

Maintenant chère amie, I think I have tried your patience sufficiently, so shall conclude with bravades. Mon Mari et mes enfants se portent à merveille, M. de F. is à l’ordinaire de mauvais humeur lorsque je m’amuse trop, mais cela va sans dire.

Adieu chère et belle, et bonne Clorinde—je t’embrasse bien tendrement, aime toujours ton amie.

L. de F.——

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

(No. 7) Toilette d’Interieur.—Robe de chambre de mousseline de laine; the corsage and skirt made all in one. The collar or pelerine is à revers, rounded at back and pointed on the shoulders, where it is ornamented with small tassels; this revers folds back as far as the waist in front (see plate). The sleeves are immensely full all the way down: the dress is fastened round the waist by a ceinture of itself, from which depends two long ends, finished by tassels. A small liséré or piping of blue satin goes entirely round the dress. The robe de chambre is wadded and lined. Cap of Grecian net, with a plain round caul and double border of the same, standing up from the face (see plate): the cap is ornamented with small blue wild flowers, and bows of satin ribbon of the same colour. The hair is in plain bands. On the neck is a guimpe of fine cambric (see plate), with

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a single frill at top, of the same, festonné at the edge, and which, as well as the entire front of the guipure, is small plaited; it is drawn in at the neck with a small cord and tassels. Cotton stockings, à jours and wadded silk shoes.

Child’s Dress.—Frock and trousers of white muslin, the latter embroidered. The corsage à l’Enfant, the sleeves short and full. Ceinture and nœuds de page of pink satin ribbon: black silk mittens, trimmed at the tops with a ruche or quilting of tulle. The hair is divided in a point (see plate): the front hair, which is curled, falls as low as the neck; and the back hair is brought in two braids to the temples, where it is fastened up with bows of pink ribbon, to match those on the dress. Black shoes, and gaiters of drap de soie couleur Hanseet. 

(No. 8.) Toilette de Soirée.—Black velvet dress, the corsage à la Sevigné, ornamented down the front with bows of ribbon placed at distances. Short full sleeves, with double sabots of white satin. The front breadth of the dress being of white satin broché in gold, give it the appearance of an open robe (see plate). On the shoulders are the nœuds de page, of black satin ribbon broché in gold; the ends are long and fringed; a white blonde goes all around the bosom of the dress. Chapeau Castillan of black velvet, with a broad leaf turned up in front, and ornamented with a bird of Paradise dyed black. The hair is in curls, very much frizzed, and a braid of the back hair is brought across the brow (see plate). Echarpe caprice of very wide white satin ribbon, broché à la Jardinière, in a rich pattern of flowers: the ends of the ribbon are fringed, and it is trimmed at each side with a narrow white bow. Black silk gloves à jours, finished at the tops with a quilting of tulle. Black satin shoes, white silk stockings, necklace or canoes. The dress of the sitting figure, which is of pink satin, is precisely of the same make.

Miscellany.

Ladies’ Negro Education Society.—This is an article which may be said to belong to literature and art, and which yet belongs to neither; for here we have a pleasing effort of instruction by means of applicable short moral tales, in immense printing types on large sheets, and six lithographs in colours, to flatter the labours of those who are addressed. The fact is, that now, when negro slavery is abolished, ladies have undertaken, in their own simple yet most influential manner, to aid their lords in bringing the emancipated labourers, during their apprenticeship (we hate the word apprentice when applied to adults, having no art to learn), into the order of a community. Mr. Suter, printer to the Infant School Society, has professionally well aided the ladies’ exertions; and altogether, we have nothing left to wish on them—unless we may venture to hope that, so soon as the present object shall be effected, they will aid us in the same way at home. The principle, the plan, is excellent, and would be most useful throughout all the British empire.

Character of a Prince, since King, 
by Louis XVIII.—“He has contrived to know a little of every thing, and fancies him-self a man of universal knowledge. He has a cook, and I am sure that he shows him how to make an omelette; he teaches his gardener how to use his spade; and I am convinced that he has often written rent-receivers. When he wants to become a king, he would deem it better to have clerks or secretaries in place of ministers; and I am certain that he employs Fontaine for his architect, only that he may be able to say, ‘I don’t do every thing myself.’ At bottom, however, he believes that he knows more of architecture than Fontaine; and he is certainly better acquainted with the price of lime and mortar than his master-mason.” Be it remembered, we say, that Madame de Genlis thought him all this and much more while a child; and useful did he find her education in adversity.

M. Dupuytren’s Legacy.—Out of the seven millions (of francs) which M. Dupuytren confided to M. Jas. Rothschild, and for which he is accountable to the Comtesse de Beaumont, the daughter of the celebrated surgeon, the executor has disposed of—first, 200,000f. for the creation of a professorship of pathological anatomy. This new foundation is, it appears, to be in the gift of the minister, and not open to competition, according to the formal will of the testator; and, secondly, M. Dupuytren bequeathes 300,000f. for the foundation of a house of refuge for ever for twelve superannuated or poor medical men, the victims of public ingratitude, or the vicissitudes of government. With respect to the important places which the death of M. Dupuytren leaves vacant, that of the Hôtel Dieu will be filled, it is said, by M. Roux, who will require a successor at the Hospital of Le Charité. At the Institute, M. Breschet appears to be likely to succeed, although MM. Lisfrane and Richerand have declared themselves competitors. As the chair which M. Dupuytren filled at the Faculté de Médecine was that of clinical surgery, it forms only one in conjunction with that of the Hôtel Dieu.—

Gazette de Santé.

Munich.—A monk, belonging to the Franciscan convent, undertook to raise a
Le Fétet Courrier des Salons

l'Administration Boulevard St. Martin. 81.

Chapeau Castellani en d'uni Ciseau – Maurice Bonnafais – Robe en Colours clair


Furnished by Wm. Pyne, P.C. de Villemur, 83.

Published Bobbs and Page. 112 Fetter lane London.
treasure concealed under ground, but first of all made two citizens pay him 700 and 300 florins. Finding they were deceived, they brought an action, and the Franciscan has been arrested. People abroad would be much mistaken if they fancied that the people of this country took much interest in the advance of knowledge which distinguishes the second part of the century. The erection of convents of mendicant friars does not seem likely to promote it. [The increase of monasteries in England is more surprising!]

Brussels.—In consequence of the violence of the late storm, a part of the wall of the city of Brussels (about 100 yards) fell down, between the Namur and Hal gates.

The plan of erecting a bridge between Weymouth and the Isle of Portland having been pronounced practicable, the work will be commenced as soon as the sanction of Parliament for the purpose has been obtained.

Thames Water.—The number of communicants in the parishes which enter into the Thames between Chelsea-bridge and the Tower is 88, exclusive of innumerable drains from streets, manufactories, and houses. Hence the necessity of boring the earth for pure water, on the certain improved plan, which Thames water compares conclusively to the semi-fashionable phrase, a great bore. So it is; we know none of greater utility.

The spring flowers began to appear with March, the shruberies were beautiful, and have long been rendered so by the delicate white cymes of the lauristins, and the lovely azure of the dwarf periwinkle (france manette), and w e d i n d o r s, of which, among other things, he said, "He had rendered himself illustrious by the acquisition, through the exertion of powerful intellect, unwearied industry, unimpeached probity and integrity, of a fortune of more than a million sterling; yet, with the concurrent practice of splendid hospitality and unbounded charity." What a splendid specimen of the commercial character! This simple citizen was assuredly the glory of an iron age.

Present State of Elgin Cathedral.—About eight or nine years since, the person who had for thirty or forty years been the keeper of the churchyard and cathedral died, and John Shanks was appointed his successor. This man's veneration for the cathedral, and his enthusiasm for its antiquities, are altogether boundless. He soon furnished a most striking proof of this. Before he had been two years installed in the office, he cleared away from the area of the building, by his own unaided exertions, 2,832 cubic yards of rubbish. The entrance to the cathedral and the area of the building have been, by his good taste and indefatigable labours, very greatly beautified. John's taste, zeal, and labours are really extraor-
dinary, when it is considered that he is upwards of seventy years of age. He is a great favourite with the visitors, from the extent of his information respecting every thing connected with the building, and his extreme readiness to communicate information to strangers. Not long since, the inhabitants of Elgin presented him with a handsome monument, with a suitable inscription, in testimony of their sense of what he has done to beautify the ground plot of the cathedral.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.—Mr. John Biss, who rents an estate of, and acts as gamekeeper for, L. St. Albyn, Esq., Alfoxton, near Stowey, in this county, although now in the eightieth year of his age, has the reputation of being the “best shot” within many miles of his neighbourhood. On the 1st of September last, accompanied by Mr. St. Albyn, jun., he brought down eight birds out of nine; and on Friday last, several hundred partridges, having assembled on a trial of skill, they proceeded with their dogs into the park and adjacent woods, where this ardent old sportsman kept up a brisk and successful fire among the rabbits, to the astonishment of all present. Biss occupies a snug cottage in a sweetly sylvan and sequestered spot, and has no ambition to relinquish it, being too much attached to his habitation, from the circumstance that his grandfather came to dwell therein when he was eighteen years of age, and married and brought up on the spot a large family, and died at the age of eighty. Biss’s father also lived in the same dwelling all his life, and died at the age of seventy, and Biss himself, as above stated, now eighty, has never lived in any other place. Biss is cheerful and hearty, and speaks of his landlord in terms of devoted gratitude, averring that as he could never meet with a more generous master, no consideration whatever should tempt him to relinquish his present station. Biss has a son, who has always lived with his father, and who, the old man hopes, when he dies, will succeed him in the employment and protection of his benevolent landlord. The owner of property whose estate exhibits such an attestation to his honour as that we have above described, enjoys a more estimable heir-loom than any which mere extent of acres can transmit.—

Tunstton Courier.

A young lady in the last stages of consumption was lately restored to her health by the following extraordinary and accidental remedy:—She had long been attended by a quack and received no benefit from their prescriptions, and considered herself verging to the end of her existence, when she retired during the summer to a vale in the country, with the intention to wait in solitude the hour of her approaching dissolution. While in that situation it was her custom to rise as early as her malady would permit, and contemplate the beauties of nature and the wonderful works of God from her chamber window, from which she observed a dog belonging to the house, with scarcely any flesh on his bones, constantly go and lick the dew off a camomile-bed in the garden; in doing which the animal was noticed to alter in appearance, to recover strength, and finally to look plump and well. The singularity of the circumstance was impressed strongly on the lady’s mind, and induced her to try what effect might be produced from following the dog’s example. She accordingly procured the dew from the same bed of camomile, drank a small quantity each morning, and, after continuing it some time experienced some relief; her appetite became regular, and she found a return of spirits, and in the end was completely cured.—Caledonian Mercury.

A correspondent of the Cambridge Press writes as follows:—“Having just arrived from Home Lacy, I have the opportunity of sending this account of a curious occurrence that happened there on Monday last. A pond, in my uncle’s gardens, all at once rose to an immense height, so as to completely overflow a great part of the garden and meadow. The gardener said he heard a rumbling noise. The butler and gamekeeper said it was strange; but I did not hear it. The fish were driven out of the pond, which, on putting my hand into, I found to my utter astonishment to be quite warm. While I was wondering on such a strange appearance, the housekeeper exclaimed that the water in the tank had sunk away, which proved to be the case. In the course of the afternoon the pond returned to its usual state, but is five feet deeper than it was before, clearly proving that the bottom of the pond has sunk.”

THE PLAGUE NON-COCONTAGIOUS.—In order to dispel the prejudice which attributes contagious power to clothes and goods arriving from an infected country, a medical man, in France, M. Chersin, has addressed a letter to the Minister of Commerce, in which he offers to submit himself to the following experiment:—The Sanitary Board of Marseilles are to obtain in the Levant the clothes of a person who has died of the plague; they are to be enclosed and sealed up in a chest, and sent to Marseilles, when M. Chersin will put them on in the Lazaretto. The courageous doctor hoped to find more than one medical man in Marseilles to follow his example.

Last month, pursuant to the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court, a respectable woman, named Campley, living in the parish of St. Augustine’s, Norwich, had to appear in that parish church to do penance, for having used certain expressions of a defamatory kind towards a female, named Bathia Doughty, alias Hubbard, as sworn by the witnesses on the part of the prosecution.
Mrs. Campling had, it seems, suspected an intimacy between her husband and Doughty; and when the servant of the latter went one day to ask him to walk up to her mistress's, Mrs. Campling was represented to have used the alleged improper language, but which she positively denies. Mrs. Campling, however, had not defended the action, and no announcement was made to the merits of the case on her part, until it was pronounced by the Chancellor Yonge to be too late. We must do the officers in the Ecclesiastical Court the justice of saying, that every thing in their power was done to spare the feelings of the poor woman. She was allowed to choose her own time for the ceremony, that it might not be done in the time of service; and she, on Monday, gave the prosecutrix notice that she would appear in the church on Friday to do penance, but none of the party accusing her appeared. The Rev. Mr. Stone, and Mr. Fromow, the churchwardens, seemed to be fully disposed to make no harder case against the poor woman having gone through the ceremony, repeated the necessary words after the clergyman, and having said the Lord's Prayer, explaining that she was an injured wife, the prosecutor, her husband, had turned her out of doors. She solemnly declared to Heaven that the witnesses were false witnesses, for she had been too careful, knowing they sought such an opportunity.

A Polite Hackney Coachman.—It is fitting that ladies who occasionally use these vehicles, as the "Friends" call them, of leathern convenience, should be made aware of the existence of such a gentleman; though we know not what trophy, by way of number, he bears, and only learn that his name is Dixon, from the rude utterances of a police report of what took place at the Mansion-house, London, whether he was very disobligingly summoned, in consequence of having politely, but too long solicited the patience of a number of coachmen, cab and carriage, waggoners, &c, while he obstructed their passage through the city, only from politeness to his own passenger. To the lord mayor, who lost the poise of suavity in a degree, he declared his own conviction that he had on this occasion, he feared, caused obstruction; but that on his mission should not occur again; that he drove Alderman Birch ("poet, colonel, pastry-cook," so said a song, we think of George Colman's, that did honour to city industry), and that if the alderman could not get him, he would not go into the city; that he had also the honour to have driven his lordship himself, and felt proud to drive any member of the honourable court through the worshipful city; "for Dixon," said all, "is the only man for us." The lord mayor—O stern lord of Finsbury!—fixed the polished Dixon 10s. "I'll pay it with pleasure, my lord," said Dixon; "but perhaps your lordship will give me a little time." "No," was the imperious reply. The fine was paid; and Dixon, the beloved of aldermen, the annoyer of other carriages, street-keepers, &c., after having made the bow of a master of the ceremonies, retired, declaring he would pay twice as much for such another conversation with the lord mayor.

We know not that we ought to bring the following case, which occurred at the Police-office of the Eastern district, before our readers; yet it exhibits such a view of the factitious state of society, when grave magistrates can permit such gross absurdities to be practised before them, that it ought to hold up every where to reprehension.

"A theatrical gentleman," named Wynne, who has lost a hand by the bursting of a blunderbuss on some stage, is stated, on calling for the police, to have been found on the ground in Whitechapel-road, at two in the morning, bleeding at the nose, with, we suppose, another gentleman, named Pell, standing over him. The latter was taken into custody, and the former called on to sustain a charge against him. The policeman having stated the facts, the supposed prosecutor sprang forward to the policeman, and exclaimed:

"Thou liest! or else saw double, I suppose, I know there was no blood upon my nose."

Asked to state his case; with folded arms he enunciated—

"Puzzle me not with quips and cranks of law; And you, unbleached blue devil, hold your jaw!"

A magistrate asked, whether the complainant was what the Scotch call fou? "Phoo!" said the policeman, "he is almost suffocated with snuff," upon which the gentleman added—

"There was once a time when I would not brook Such wrong, but would have cried, 'Come on, Macduff,' &c.

The magistrate dismissed the prisoner, on whom his supposed prosecutor bowed, and retired, exclaiming—

"Mercy is twice blessed— It blesseth him who gives, and him who takes," &c.

The magistrates, it would seem, laughed, so, doubtless, did the clergymen and constables—public business in abeyance the while. No punishment, no consideration for a disturbed neighbourhood, &c. &c.

The Arabian poets plumed themselves but little upon their modesty, and Jarir, like his two chief antagonists, Akhtal and Faraz-dak, exalted himself above all his contem
BIRTHS.
On the 26th of February, in Huntley-street, the lady of Frederick J. Prescott, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 13th March, the lady of Horace Twiss, Esq., M. P., in Park-place, St. James’s, a valuable 5th in Church-street, the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson, of Pilford, of a son.

On the 14th, the lady of Sir G. Crew, Bart. M. P., of a son.

On the 17th, Countess of Wilton, of a daughter.

Mrs. Watkins, of Montgomeryshire, of three boys, all doing well, and named Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

At Hampton Court, the lady of Colonel Cock, of a son.

MARRIAGES.
On the 28th of February, Lieut.-General Gossling, to Miss Priscilla Dimsdale, of Brunswicke-place, Regent’s-park.

Robert Barker, of Rochdale, Esq., to Cecilia Sophia, the only daughter of the late John Vickers, Esq., of Mecklenburg-square.

George Vining, eldest son of George Vining Rogers, Esq., of Westmeon, Hants, to Diana, eldest daughter of A. Lawrence, Esq., of Myddleton-square.

At Hummersmith, Robert Jones, Esq., of Kingsland, surgeon, to Mary John, second daughter of John Bowring, Esq., of Hummersmith.

At St. George’s, Isle of Man, Henry, third son of H. Curwen, Esq., of Workington Hall, Cumberland, to Dora, eldest surviving daughter of General Goldin, of the nursery in that place.

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DEATHS.
On the 2nd of March, Francis II. Emperor of Austria, aged 67, a monarch of more changes of fortune than usually experienced, and who preserved the quiescence of a humane disposition throughout. He is succeeded by his son, Frederick, King of Hungary, aged 42.

Earl Nelson, Duke of Bronti, on Saturday, Feb. 26th, at his lordship’s residence in Portman-square. His lordship was in the 78th year of his age. By his wife’s father.

On the 8th, in Canterbury Cathedral becomes vacant. He was buried by his heroic but less happy brother in St. Paul’s.

Mr. Pope, formerly a celebrated actor and miniature-painter. In Dover-street, Piccadilly, on Thursday, the 26th ult., Sir Charles Mill, Ritt, of Jury House, Hants, aged 70.

On the 27th of February, at 37, Great Marlborough-street, Margaretta, the widow of the late James Wingfield, Esq.

At Bombay, in September last, David James Cannon, lieutenant of Regiment of Artillery, aged 22, son of Mr. Davi! Cannan, of London. At Calcutta, on the 28th September last, in his 93rd year, John J. Shank, Esq., of the Civil Service, second son of H. Shank, Esq., of Gloucester-place.

At Palermo, on the 25th ult., Captain Peter Crewe, of the 30th regiment, on his death-bed. While passing with him a crew and a Custom-house officer from the quarantine ground to the clearance-office, preparatory to the landing of cargo. The boat, in crossing a very dangerous place, which all strangers are advised to pass before clearance is sanctioned, was swamped by a heavy sea; the crew and Custom-house officer were providentially rescued with much difficulty, but the captain found a watery grave in the 27th year of his age, leaving a large circle of friends to lament his melancholy fate.

At Tittyburn, Maria, wife of Theodore Dickens, Esq., registrar of the Supreme Court of Calcutta, and youngest daughter of the late John Bridgman, Esq., of Hampstead, Arabia, eldest daughter of Mellor Heberington, Esq., in the 47th year of his age, Mr. Thos. Watson, of the firm of Gerardin and Watson, Poland-street.

At Harriot, the beloved daughter of John Peter Boyle, Esq., of Castlina-palace, Mortlake, much and deservedly lamented. At Tours, France, aged 32, John Henry Harriot, Esq., of Stonehouse, aged 90, M. Royen, A. M., formerly professor of Belles Lettres.


At Kempston, Brighton, W. Tennant, Esq., of Cheltenham, A. C. only son of the late Col. A. Hamilton, aged 17.

At Chester-terrace, Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Sir G. Gunning, Bart., of New Bangalore, India, in October last (drowned), Cornel A. E. Oukens, 7th Regt. of Cavalry, aged 18.

In Hampshire, Sir G. Tappo, Bart., aged 83. Elizabeth Harriot, second daughter of Lord Eliot. At Northern Castle, N. B., Sir A. Mackenzie, of Dalvigne, Bart. Joseph Smith, at Quarry Hall, near Bridgenorth, at the age of 71. He had been 40 years a waggoner in one employ, and had been in the habit of drinking a gallon of ale per day, besides his usual supply of table beer: so that he drank, in the 40 years, 228 hogsheads, enough to float a ship.

At Fornacella, in the kingdom of Naples, named Matteo Sejano, aged 104 years. Up to the day of his death he continued to work at his trade. Throughout his long career this man led a life of extreme sobriety, to which cause is, no doubt, to be attributed the perfect health which he enjoyed.
DUCHESS DE LA VALLIÈRE

Born 1644. Died 1710.

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

Vol. VI. 1835

No. 26 of the series of ancient portraits.

Robbe and Page, publishers, 112 Fetter Lane, London.
THE LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM
OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

MAY, 1835.

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

MEMOIR OF MADEMOISELLE DE LA VALLIERE.
(Illustrated by an authentic whole-length Portrait, beautifully coloured.)

"Go, thou lily,
Thou sweetly-drooping flower.
Go, silver swan,
And sing thine own sad requiem!"—VALENTINIAN.

This beautiful and ill-fated lady, who has been justly termed the Magdalen of the French court, was born at Tours in the month of August, 1644. Her father was a nobleman of ancient lineage, but moderate fortune, who held a high post in the royal household of Louis the Thirteenth's brother, Gaston, duc d'Orléans. The family name of the Duchess de la Vallière was Louise Françoise de la Beaum le Blanc de la Vallière.

Her father was the Marquis de Saint Remi; her mother was of the house of la Beaum. This lady survived her daughter's retreat from the world and assumption of the veil some years; but the Marquis de Saint Remi died soon after her introduction to court, where she first appeared as maid of honour to Henrietta, princess of England, daughter to Charles the First, and wife to the Duke of Orleans, Louis the Fourteenth's brother.

A friendship subsisted between Louis and his sister-in-law; a similarity of tastes and refined pursuits led to this intimacy; court scandals gave a criminal character to the king's attachment to his brother's wife. The king used to visit his charming sister-in-law frequently, and they held a correspondence with each other on matters of taste. For some time it was believed that Louis was in love with the beautiful Henrietta Stuart; but the real object of his passion was the young la Vallière, her attendant, whose charms had turned the heads of half the noble cavaliers of the court of France. It is said that Louise de la Vallière was in love with the king before he distinguished her with any particular attention, and that this was the reason that she sedulously avoided all offers of marriage. However imprudent such attachment was, it was not criminal, as the king was not then married to the amiable Spanish princess, Maria Theresa, whom he afterwards rendered so unhappy.

We know that the youthful Telemachus was meant for Louis the Fourteenth; that the tale of the young Greek's love for the nymph Eucharis is descriptive of the passion of the French monarch for Mademoiselle de la Val-
lire.—R. Scott’s Antipapal Spirit, translated by Miss Caroline Ward.

For more than two years the attachment of Louis continued without the power of shaking the virtuous principles of this young lady. Soon after his marriage with the young queen, Mademoiselle de la Vallière withdrew herself from court to the convent of Chaillot, whither the king followed her; and after a severe struggle with her better feelings, he brought her back in triumph to Versailles. Some elegant verses appeared in “Blackwood’s Magazine” on the retreat of Mademoiselle de la Vallière to Chaillot, which our readers will remember formed the subject of one of the most beautiful plates in the “Keepke.”

THE CONVENT OF CHAILLOT; OR, LA VALLIERE AND LOUIS XIV.

The convent bell has heavily told
One—two—three;
The sun is gilding his car of gold
Down to the dark blue sea;
Nich the hallow’d vesper hour;
That hour when souls, while repining,
Converse, as in some choicest bow’r,
With Heav’n; and Heaven, its curtains closing,
In each care-torn, earth-weary breast,
Sheds its mild balm of peace and rest.
What sounds in the solemn cloister heard,
The white veil’d novices’ hearts have stirr’d;
Who, with eager neck and curious look,
Like children round some picture’d book,
Forth from you still recess are peeping,—
There, where the many hued flowers are sleeping
In the evening ray,
And a little stream is creeping,
On its lonely way.
To bound the houy convent wall,
Like infant arm with feebly thrill
Circling some gruel’d sister’s slow decay!
No whispers here of virgin minds
Confusing heav’nly love;
No tranquil sigh of the heart that finds
Its only worth above;
But hurried soles, and gasp’d breath,
Betokening love whose end is death.
What forms are in the cloister seen?
Is it the holy sister-band,
Waiting their abbess’ high command,
And densor’s room, and tenor’s glow,
 Ere to the high roof’d choir they go?
Far other forms are here, I woed:
A dame in beauty’s fairest bloom,
In worldly pomp array’d;
A monarch high, whose warlike plume
Low at her feet is laid:
And, while that gently-struggling hand he presses,
The lady’s head, with drooping tresses,
Along yon pillar’s side reclines,
While round it for support her other arm entwines,
But mark her eye! the wild regret,
The hopeless look, the self-despair;
The wish she could at once forget
Her being, and for ever there
Drive off that still-consuming woe
Which self-betraying spirits know!
Haste, novices, haste; nor stay to view,
The choir is met, the psalms are singing:
O happier far, be sure, are you,
Than all whose hearts such love is wringing:
And when at close, in cadence long,
The virgin’s anthem floats,*
Let each young heart with the general song
Enwrath its secret notes:
“O Maria! thou whose breast
No earthly passion know,
Whose pure lone heart was Heaven’s choice re’d—
Each suppliant vot’ress view;
“And gain for each, Maria dear,
By thy sweet-sounding prayer’s,
Never, in worldly hope or fear,
In transport or despair,
“To lose the deep serene repose
Of hearts still fixed above,
Or miss’t all felicity of those
Whom Heaven’s has designed to love.”

It certainly was inexusable weakness in Mademoiselle de la Vallière to suffer her seducer to withdraw her from the peaceful protection of the convent of Chaillot. It is to this lady that may be attributed the disgrace of the celebrated financier Fouquet. This man admired the beauty of the court, and, like a true money-lender, thought to purchase her of herself by an offer of two hundred thousand livres,—she rejected his insolent proposition with scorn. Fouquet gave an entertainment to the court in his palace of Vaux, the gardens and architecture of this celebrated place had cost the financier eighteen millions of livres, at a time when money was worth double its present value.

The peculations of this minister were immense, but nothing enraged the monarch equally with his presumption in daring to meditate the approbation of the object of his king’s affections. It was at this splendid fête that Fouquet made known his base intentions to la Vallière, and the jealous watchfulness of the king, alarmed at the agitation which this insult had occasioned to the indignant beauty, obtained from her a confession of the assurance she had received. The rage of Louis was excessive; and it was

* At the close of each canonical hour, in most parts of the Latin church, there is an anthem of the Blessed Virgin: it is generally sung to some slow, tender, and graceful melody.
only owing to the entreaties of the queen-mother that he did not arrest Fouquet on the spot, in the midst of the extravagant entertainment he had prepared for the court.

As it was, he visited the unfortunate financier with his heaviest displeasure, and utterly ruined this man, whose power and riches were supposed to be boundless, but who died in the state prison of Pignerol in 1680.

Mademoiselle de la Vallière was for two or three years the secret object of all the magnificent diversions for which the early part of Louis the Fourteenth's reign is celebrated. In 1662 a new species of public festival called a Carrousel, which succeeded the ancient tournaments, was given opposite the Tuileries in a space of vast circuit; and this place still retains the appellation of the Place du Carrousel. There were five quadrilles, (not of dancing) but squadrons of mounted cavaliers, dressed in character. The king was at the head of the Romans; his brother, the Duc d'Orleans, led the Persians; the Prince of Condé (the great Condé), the Turks; the Duke d'Enghien, his son, the Indians; and the Duc de Guise, the Americans. Running at the ring, and other chivalric games, were performed at this carrousel; but it seemed like child's play, after the ancient tournaments, for the pugnacious: the spirit that generally ended these diversions, in right good earnest, had been tamed by civilisation; and the chivalry of France degenerated into actors, and make-believe pageant players.

Another carrousel of a more splendid kind was held at Versailles in 1664. Those who were to run appeared the first day as in a sort of rehearsal; the nobles were preceded by heralds at arms, pages, and squires, who carried the devices and bucklers; and upon the bucklers were written in letters of gold, verses composed by Benserade, illustrative of the character in antiquity or mythology that the noble cavalier represented. The king personated Count Ruggiero, and all the crown jewels of France sparkled on his dress and arms, or on the trappings of his charger. The Queen of France and the Queen-dowager of England, Henrietta Maria, with three hundred ladies, under triumphal arches, witnessed this grand pageant.

The device of the king was in allusion to the modesty and beauty of Mademoiselle de la Vallière. It was a half-blown rose partly concealed under its leaves, with this motto, "Quanto si mostra meno, tanto a più bella—T' e more she conceals herself; the lovelier she is." In passing under the triumphal arches, the king regarded only Mademoiselle de la Vallière: she was seated behind one of her companions; a vivid blush overspread her beautiful countenance, half of which was only perceived by the king, and leaning to the other side, she was soon concealed from his view. Louis cast his eyes on the device, he found at least her image—the allegory was complete.

After the mock-tourney the king and all the youth and beauty of his court formed a procession, in which they represented the heathen divinities. An elegant car first appeared adorned with roses, in which Henrietta Stuart, duchess d'Orleans, reclined in the character of Aurora. Next followed the chariot of the Sun, conducted by the king, representing Apollo; this chariot, sparkling with gold, was eighteen feet high, fifteen in length, and twenty-four in length. The Four Ages, of gold, silver, brass, and iron; the Celestial Signs, the Seasons, (among which Mademoiselle de la Vallière represented Spring,) and the Hours, all followed the chariot of the Sun. The last chariot, that of Diana, who was represented by the young queen, surrounded by her nymphs, closed the procession. This chariot was of silver, decorated with garlands of poppy. It was followed by Night, and her attendants.

A railing of gold enclosed a vast square in which the tourney had been held. These divinities of Olympus traversed this area several times in the order described.

Sometimes the music ceased, the march stopped, and verses were recited in honour of the queen or princess. Benserade, approaching the car of Apollo, addressed the following verses to the king:

Not Phoebus's ambitions fate is thine,
Nor Daphne's cruelty shall wake thy sighs;
He, too ambitious, perishes to shine;
And she, too cruel, from her lover flies!
Not in these tables, we your fortune read;
No woman flies you, and no man can lead!

When evening came on, four thousand flambeaux were lighted, the tables were served by servants in disguise of fauns and dryades. Pan and Pomona advanced on a moving mountain, and descended from it to serve the royal table. Behind
the tables in a semi circle rose up at once
a theatre filled with performers, all playing
on different instruments in concert. The
arcades that surrounded the table and
theatre were decorated with five hundred
chandeliers with tapers in them, and a
gilt balustrade enclosed this vast circuit.

The mixture of mythological fable with
the dresses of that era must have pro-
duced the drollest mélange, which would
have been received with shouts of laugh-
ter in the present day; but this confusion
of all costume was then gazed upon with
delighted admiration, as fitting and beau-
tiful. For instance, the genius of Music,
in the ballets of that era, had a tambourine
for head-gear; a guitar for a breast-plate;
a huge bass-viol for a shield, and two lutes
for cushions, and triangles on each of his
feet. A River wore a flowing watered
silk robe de chambre of sea-green, a
periwig of sea-weed and river weeds, a
scallop shell for a hat, with a cockade
and plumes of rushes, and out of his
pockets streamed water-flags. The Winds
wore masks with puffed cheeks; they had
whistles in one hand, and a fan in the
other. The blessed Sun himself wore a
long taffeta robe of flaming orange, bound
with silver; a flowing white wig, in full
curl and dress, floated on his shoulders;
and he had a gilt mask representing a
face with streaming rays like the sun in
an almanack. The World introduced
itself dressed in a geographical map, with
France on the heart. There were alle-
gorical virtues and vices in the same taste.
Drunkenness had a crown formed of wine
glasses joined at the foot; not such wine
glasses as are seen in the nineteenth
century, but curious looking things
mounted on stalks of five or six inches
in height, and these filled with red,
white, and yellow liquors; and the rest
of the dress or armour made up of
pint pots, goblets, and drinking vessels;
while the fauns, dryades, and shepherds,
that waited on the royal and noble com-
pany, had periwigs on their heads, and
their skirts stiffened with whalebone.
Such were the curious anomalies to be
found in the magnificent festivals of Louis
le Grand; and to make the mixture still
more extraordinary, amidst these mélange
of chivalry, gothic allegory, and distorted
mythology, the acme of clever comedies of
Molière were performed by way of inter-
ludes. At this carousel of Versailles,
three acts of the admirable comedy of
the “Tartuffe” were acted, the king’s im-
patience for this masterpiece not suffering
him to wait till the author had finished
the whole of the comedy.

The king had a great taste for theatri-
cal display, and was extremely fond of
showing his fine person, attired in the
fanciful costume of some hero of mytho-
logy or romance, in the court ballets that
were composed by his valet Bello, in
which there was always some allusion to
his passion for la Vallière, to be either
said or sung to her.

This taste for acting continued till he
took to himself Racine’s celebrated lines in
“Britannicus,” descriptive of Nero’s pas-
sion for stage-playing and chariot-racing;
and the poet reformed the monarch, and
brought the application home to the bos-
son of Louis. Uneducated as the king
was, the French stage, which then took
an elevated and noble tone, through the
presiding genius of Corneille and Racine,
was his only source of information and of
morality: perhaps from this circumstance
may be traced the good and ill that chec-
quered the reign of this magnificent
prince.

If we may believe the memoirs of
Count Bussy Rabutin, it was not till the
king fell sick of a fever, produced by
despair and disappointment, that Made-
moiselle de la Vallière would consent to
receive his visits at her house alone.
Whether the king was rendered ill by
his passion, or whether it was an acted
part, we can only gather from the me-
moirs and anecdotes of those times; but
Count Bussy expressly declares that on
the fourth day of the fever he became
delirious—he talked continually of Louise
de la Vallière—he called on her name—
believed that she was present, and spoke as
if to her. It was compassion that sapped
her principles at length, for the king per-
suaded her that her perseverance in her
virtuous resolutions would cause his death.

In the year 1665, after the birth of her
son, the king bestowed on Louise de la
Vallière the estates of St. Christophe and
Vanjou, which he erected into a duchy
and peerage, under the title of la Val-
lière. At this time the reign of the
duchess was supreme at the court of
France; but if it is any extenuation of
crime, every one acknowledges that she
bore these honours with a trembling mo-
desty and meekness—she was insolent to
no one, and all her thoughts and looks
Memoir of Mademoiselle de la Vallière.

were devoted to the king; even scandal, virulent as it always is in a court, never insinuated that the king had a rival among the crowds of admirers that surrounded the beautiful la Vallière; nor did she comply with the general custom of the favorites of a king of France, by marrying with the deliberate intention of breaking the marriage-vow; not even in appearance did she for a moment swerve from her attachment to the king—he was her first and only love.

The person of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, although very charming, was not free from defects. Like Anna Boleyn, some deformities could be pointed out which might impair her claims to perfect beauty, yet they did not prevent her from being most fascinating and attractive. It was la Vallière who inspired the true and delicate thought in La Fontaine's poems, where he says "that grace is still more lovely than beauty;"—

"Et la grâce plus belle encore que la beauté."

The complexion of the Duchess de la Vallière was very clear and blooming; she had a profusion of fair silky hair, and though her mouth was wide her lips were of a fine vermilion. The width of her mouth was the subject of frequent satire in the envious and ill-natured court of Louis XIV. A nobleman had the assurance to write an epigram on this defect, and the folly to present it with his own hand to the king;—this was the Count Bussy Rabutin. He got sent to the Bastille for his pains. This lampoon had been in circulation some years before without the slightest notice being taken of it by Louis, but the punishment followed the impertinence of thrusting it on the king's attention. The count obtained his liberty in a few months, but was banished the court ever after.

The Princess of Bavaria, second wife to the Duke d'Orleans, although sometimes a coarse, was an honest writer; she thus describes the Duchess de la Vallière in her letters:

"She had the most beautiful form in the world, and her mien was the most modest; nothing could be more touching or enchanting than the expression of her eyes. She was a little lame, but this defect, instead of injuring, seemed to add to her graces."

Again, she says—"The Duchess de la Vallière was a person full of charms and attractions—good and sweet—tender—she loved the king, not through ambition, but with a real passion, true and excessive; and she never loved any one but the king."

Such was the testimony of the king's sister-in-law and friend, who was not only an eye-witness of the scenes played at court, but an acute and strong-minded judge of character. In another letter, Charlotte of Bavaria says—

"I find the eyes of Madame de la Vallière incomparably more beautiful than those of her rival, Madame de Montespan; for they have more of sweetness and sensibility in their regards than it is possible to describe."

Madame de Genlis thus describes her—"Her large dark blue eyes were veiled by long black eyelashes. The purest white diffused over her face a delightful softness. Her smile, full of grace, was at once ingenious, touching, and animated. Her shape was perfect, though an accident which happened in her infancy had rendered her somewhat lame, but even this defect had with her a grace. She could disguise it by walking slowly, and then her movements appeared suitable to the delicacy and modesty of her figure."

The first enemy that attacked Mademoiselle de la Vallière was the Marquis de Vardes; he, in league with the Count de Guiche and the Countess de Soissons, fabricated a letter to the queen, as if from the King of Spain, her father, informing her of the infidelity of the king, and his notorious attachment to Louise de la Vallière. The meekness of this lady's bearing towards her majesty had rendered the queen either incredulous or unwilling to seem to believe this scandal. This intriguing triumvirate, enraged at the complacency with which the queen treated her unobtrusive rival, contrived this coarse scheme to force the knowledge of her wrongs on her. The letter, however, fell into the hands of the king before it reached the queen; it was written in the vilest Spanish, and proved itself a forgery. As Madame de Soissons was seen slipping it into the queen's bed, the king sent for, and so sharply questioned her, that she confessed and gave up her associates in iniquity. The disgrace of all three continued while the king was attached to la Vallière. Still la Vallière was the only female
to whom Louis the Fourteenth ever addressed a cruel or insulting word, probably because she was the only woman who he was conscious loved him sincerely, for himself alone, apart from his kingly dignity and power.—There was a little vixenish lap-dog, whom the king had named, from its petty violence, Furie. One day, Madame de Montespan had been coquetting with the king before the Duchess de la Vallière, who could not help manifesting some degree of restless uneasiness. At last, the king gave his hand to Madame de Montespan, and led her from the room. La Vallière rose to follow them, when the king, taking up the lap-dog, which was of the party, put it into la Vallière’s arms, saying, “Thence, madame, remain with Furie; she is the only fitting companion for you, while you are in your present temper!”

Among other mortifications which she had to endure from Madame de Montespan, this imperious rival chose always to be in company with the forsaken la Vallière. When Montespan was the declared sultana, she affected to consult her on the most becoming style of dress, and requested her assistance in arranging her hair, for la Vallière was renowned for the taste with which she arranged her own beautiful luxuriant tresses. While the king treated her with kindness and respect, although conscious of his repeated infidelities, la Vallière still persevered in holding her appointments at court, for the mere satisfaction of sometimes beholding him; but when Louis, at the instigation of the insolent and injurious woman who held him in her chains, began to offer insult to her, whose heart he knew was tenderly devoted to him, endurance was no longer possible, and la Vallière prepared to withdraw from that world which now began to repay her with bitterness for her sinful compliance with its corruptions and vices. Whatever were her penances as a Carmelite, none were or could be so agonizing as those inflicted by her envious companions and false lover, when she carried the repentant heart of a Magdalen amidst the tumultuous splendours of the French court.

When in this state of mind she wrote a sonnet, which certainly approaches nearer to the perfection of the Italian model than any composition of the kind in the French language; this she sent to the king:—

“Tout se detruit, tout passe ; le cœur le plus tendre
Ne peut d’un même objet se contenter toujours :
Le passé n’a point vu d’éternelles amours ;
Et les aieux futurs n’en doivent point attendre
La constance à des lois qu’on ne veut point entendre.
Des destins d’un grand roi rien n’arrête le cours ;
Ce qui plait aujourd’hui, déplait en peu de jours ;
Son inégalité ne saurait se comprendre.
“Tous ces défauts, grand roi, font tort à vos vertus,
Vous m’aimez autrefois, et vous ne m’aimez plus.
Ah que mes sentiments sont différents des vôtres !
Amour, a qui je dois et non mal et non bien,
Que ne lui donnez-vous un cœur comme le mien ;
Ou que n’avez-vous fait le mien comme les autres!”

Louis read the sonnet, and coldly praised its composition. It was her last appeal to his affections; soon after she sought refuge in a conventual retreat from the scorn of the cold and the sneers of the cruel. The king’s attachment to her continued from 1660 to 1669, when Madame de Montespan began to gain the ascendant; yet la Vallière had lingered at court till 1674, when she commenced her noviciate among the Carmelite nuns. It was in 1675 that she took the veil, under the name of Sister Louise the Penitent. Voltaire says, “that she persevered most rigidly in the austerities of the order. The delicacy of a woman accustomed to so much pomp, luxury, and pleasure, was not shocked when she was obliged to cover herself with a hair cloth, walk barefooted, fast rigidly, and sing among the choir at night in a language which she did not understand. A king would deserve the name of tyrant should he punish a guilty woman with such severity, yet many a woman has punished herself thus for having loved.”

The queen of Louis the Fourteenth was often treated by Madame de Montespan with the greatest insolence; by the Duchess de la Vallière, on the contrary, she was always regarded with timid respect; and the demeanour of this unfortunate beauty to the wife of the king was so humble, that the queen could read in her manners her sense of the injury she had done to her majesty, in alienating for a time the affections of her husband. The queen always spoke to the Duchess de la Vallière with mildness, sometimes with affection. Before her final retreat from the world, Louise de
Memoir of Mademoiselle de la Vallière.

la Vallière asked the queen's pardon on her knees for the injuries she had committed against her; the queen embraced and pardoned her; and when she took the veil, the queen was present—indeed every person belonging to the court, excepting the king and Madame de Montespan.

The eloquent Bossuet preached the sermon on the occasion. He took for his text the following verse from the Apocalypse: “And he that sat upon the throne said, I will renew all things.”

This celebrated sermon was published by Bossuet, soon after the profession of the Duchess de la Vallière: there is a memoir of her life prefixed to it; and in an extract from one of her letters, there is related a dream of hers which occurred at the convent of Chaillot. This dream, often returning to her mind when her spirits were oppressed by the remembrance of her sinful life, finally led to her conversion. She thought that flying from some dangerous object, which she could scarcely define to herself, she sought refuge in a church unknown to her. Believing herself still pursued, she looked around her in terror, when she perceived a gallery, and in it a majestic figure, raising in its hands a long veil of dazzling whiteness, and she heard these words: “Conceal yourself under this veil; here alone will you find peace and security.” The interior of this unknown church always remained strikingly impressed on the memory of the Duchess de la Vallière; and when at the time she was suffering under the desertion of her royal lover, and the insults of Madame de Montespan, she happened to enter the church of the Carmelites nuns at Paris, and fancied that she recognised the church she had seen in her vision; she believed that she was called to the profession of a nun by a miracle, and it was this circumstance that caused her to choose the severe Carmelite order.

It was Madame de Sevigné, who, in her celebrated letters, gave la Vallière the appellation of the “humble violet;” yet, in her unedited letters that were published at Paris, for the first time, in 1814, this same Madame de Sevigné speaks of her profession as a nun with unwomanly malignity. The passage is as follows:—“This poor soul has tied the irrevocable knot; yet she would not lose an adieu or a tear. She is now among the Carmelites, where, eight days since, she saw her children, and all the court, that is, all the court that still cares for her. She has cut off all her fine hair, nevertheless she has spared two beautiful curls in front. She chatters incessantly, and talks wonders of her love of solitude, yet she believes herself in a desert, and clings to the grille!”

Perhaps, if the original of this malignant letter was examined, it would be found to be written by some correspondent of Madame de Sevigné, or copied by her—for though Madame de Sevigné often writes in any thing but a beneficent spirit of her fellow-creatures, yet she is generally consistent in her view of character; and we find nothing of her idea of l’humble violeté in this spiteful, distorted caricature of the gentle and spirit-broken sister, Louise the Penitent.

“I am not happy, but I am contented,” was the brief and meek reply of la Vallière to one who spoke to her at the grille after she had taken the veil. Can there be a stronger contrast than exists between this answer, replete as it is with sweet and philosophic resignation, and the description of her behaviour as recorded in the above effusion of gratuitous malice?

In her retirement, she wrote a small devotional treatise, entitled, “Reflections on the Mercy of God.”

Her son, Louis de Bourbon, duke de Vermandois, who was born in 1667, died in the year 1683, after her profession as a Carmelite. When informed of his untimely death she wept long and bitterly, and said,—

“Must I weep for his death, before I have done weeping for his birth?”

Her daughter was the eldest born of her two children; she was extremely beautiful, the exact resemblance of her mother, and was the best beloved by the king of all his children. She was called Mademoiselle de Blois. This young lady married Prince Armand de Conti, cousin to the great Condé. The Princess de Conti sedulously attended on her mother during her dying illness, and often visited her in the convent.

The Duchess de la Vallière spent thirty-six years under the veil; she died the 16th of June, 1710. She suffered much on her death-bed; a few hours before she expired she said, “It is fit that so great a sinner as myself should die in the utmost torment.”
DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.

This lady was renowned for her exquisite taste in dress, and the fashions of her day were nearly enough allied to those beautiful costumes of which Vandyke has preserved the memory, to set off the person of a fine woman to great advantage. The only barbarism in this rich dress is the long *corselet-corseage*; yet a taper waist is ever such a charm in female eyes, at least, that we fear it will never be considered a deformity as it ought to be, when recourse is had to artificial means, in order to produce disproportionate slenderness. The robe is of dark green velvet, figured with satin stripes of a deeper shade. It is cut with a long pointed stomacher of citron-coloured satin, richly embroidered, and continued round the corsage, which is likewise trimmed at the bosom with Brussels lace. The skirt of the robe is made with a train; it festoons back with bows of lilac ribbon, and is trimmed with citron-coloured satin, embroidered in shells, and edged with gimp. The sleeves of this robe are very elegant, and deserve close imitation in full dress at the present day. The dark velvet robe has short sleeves moderately full, which just cover the shoulder, and are puffed with citron satin figured or embroidered, and these puffs are each confined by a rich ruby cross, massively set in gold; the rest of the sleeves are composed of falls and puffs of white Brussels lace, parted by lilac satin bows; at the elbows are two falls of the lace. The size and shape of this sleeve is just what a portrait painter would wish. The petticoat is of citron satin, embroidered round the bottom and up the front in a style of great magnificence. Her beautiful fair hair is arranged in falling curls, in a style more elegant than the cavalier ladies of Vandyke, because the forehead is a little shaded, while in Vandyke’s portraits there is sometimes an unpleasant baldness about the forehead. She wears no ornament on her head but her rich curls; two love-locks hang as low as the bosom. She wears no profusion of gems, a simple row of pearls round her neck, and the aforesaid rubies that clasp her sleeves are all. The gloves are long, of dove-coloured leather, reaching the elbow ruffles. The shoes white and gold. The fan is of the modern form, and not much larger than those now in common use.

FREE TRANSLATION OF THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIÈRE’S SONNET TO LOUIS XIV.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

All is destroy’d!—’Tis o’er—Ah, woe is me!
The fondest heart at length may learn to rove,
The past ne’er saw eternal faith in love,
And future ages may not hope to see,
The sacred laws of tender constancy,
A mighty monarch scarcely comprehends
Of that which charmed him once, the charm soon ends,
The only charm for him—variety;
This is the cruel source of all my pain,
Once thy beloved, oh, king! now prized no more,
The contrast ’twixt our feelings I deplore.—
Love forms alone my blessing and my bane—
Oh, had he given thee but a heart like mine,
Or made my constant heart as false as thine!
THE LOVERS' SEAT.

(Founded on Facts.)

"'Tis a wild tale—and sad, too, as the sigh
That young lips breathe when Love's first dreamings fly;
When blights and cankerworms and chilling showers
Come withering o'er the warm hearts' passion-flowers."—L. E. L.

The night was dark, the wind swept in terrific gusts, shaking the gnarled oak, and whistling down the broad chimneys, so that the stoutest heart might fancy the very horror of horrors floated 'mid the murk atmosphere, screaming forth the most dismal discords—the hoarse thunder pealed along the skies, and re-echoed 'mong the giant crags; and the vivid lightnings for a moment lit up the scene with an unearthly hue, then sank into midnight deeper than before—when Mary Campbell, the only daughter of a respectable landholder on the coast of Sussex, stole, unheard and unknown, from her father's hearth. As she passed through the little garden-wicket, decorated with the sweetly-scented climbing clematis, the village clock struck the hour of eleven. And wherefore, at so late a time, and in such a storm, does one, frail and lovely as the gossamer, venture to wander on lonesome downs, which are trodden only by the shepherd or the smuggler? Ah, fair reader, you, I am sure, can say! Is there not one, who, like some rude looking, though precious, stone, you have set within your young and innocent heart, which I will compare to pure virgin gold;—is there not one, who, when he approaches, causes your snowy bosom to throb, suffuses your tender checks with blushes, whose name, when you bend your knee before the throne of Grace, is the first that your trembling lips suplicate a blessing on. Is there not a being for whose sake you would dare the harsh words, the angry looks of relations—the still sterner gaze of poverty—for whom you would lay down life itself? Methinks I am not far wrong when I say there is. For what woman is there that does not love?

The wind increased, the pathway, as the darkness grew more dense, became more intricate, but Mary knew her way; she had hastened too often thither to be deceived. She reached a point of the cliff more elevated than the usually rugged margin;—here she paused one minute, straining her eyes to see if she could discover any object in the surrounding gloom; then clinging to the jutting cliff, she descended by a dangerous footing of broken chalk, until she gained a small platform of rock, a few yards below the surface. The spot she had chosen was completely hidden from the land, and the busy intrusive eye of mortal; but it was seen and guarded by that eye which never slumbers nor sleeps. Although alone, at midnight and helpless, she did not fear; she had come to this solitary place for an object, which, though she dared not breathe to man, she had confessed to one who is greater, more powerful, and yet more merciful than the puny inhabitants of this fleeting world. She had but just reached her resting place, when the sound of some one approaching broke upon her ear. It nearer and nearer came; the shrubs which grew upon the sides of the cliff gave way beneath the weight of the approaching stranger, still the shadow urged on with a desperate impetuosity, catching for support at the boughs of some hardy plant, or the projecting stones. The form advanced on its almost madlike course, until within a few yards of the shelf on which stood Mary Campbell, with uplifted hands to heaven, her mouth and eyes wide extended, watching with frantic anxiety the hazardous exploits of the climber. To enable him to reach the little platform, he leapt on to a piece of rock, which the darkness prevented him from seeing the recent storm had greatly deprived of its foundation. It fell beneath his foot, and rolled downwards to the beach, carrying all before it with a noise like the roar of cannon, or the thunders of mighty Jupiter. The gulls and wild birds started from their dreary abodes, and as they winged round and round through the darkened skies, added their savage screams to those of the howling winds. But amid the awful din of nature, there was one shrill cry more agonising than that of the awakened sea-fowl—it was the cry of woman!—Mary
had braved the tempest, the danger of the cliffs; she had reached the rendezvous in safety; she had seen her lover advance—had almost clasped him in her arms—but, to behold her earthly hopes perish,—the fond being of her heart's affections hurled headlong from that precipice, to fall from which must inevitably be death in its most horrid shape. She leaned against the rock for support; her senses were almost gone. Poor girl! she looked forward to find the form of him whom she had come to meet, stretched on the cold damp beach a lifeless and disfigured corpse. She sobbed, she called aloud—

"William—William, are you safe?" but no voice answered her. She paused—listened, and stooping down, placed her ear upon the rock; she held her breath, but could distinguish no sound from the wailing of the winds and waves. There is a noise—again she calls. Ah, yes! it is her William's voice, and he is safe. The maiden sank on her knees, to offer up a prayer to Him with whom the darkness is as clear as the noon-day, and who guides the pinion of the wandering bird, and the fin of the fish which haunts the waters of the mighty deep. And soon the affectionate girl is enfolded in the arms of him for whom she had risked her earthly happiness.

"My Mary, dear, why are you thus flurried? are you not glad to see me?" said the young stranger.

"Oh, yes, William! indeed I am; for I surely thought you had fallen when the crag gave way, and that I should never see you more. But are you not hurt?"

"No, only a little bruised; luckily I did not fall far before the branches brought me up. I would not have tried that rock had I the slightest conception that the storms could have had so much effect on it, but you know I have often stood there before. It will frighten old Treenail at the boat, to hear it come thudding down in the way it did. Mary, we must part; the night is too rough for you to be out. I hardly expected you would be here."

"Nay, William; it is unkend of you to say so. Did you think a little wind and rain would prevent my coming?"

"No, Mary, I did not; but I must yet have one more proof of your love. Will you, as I have often asked before, grant me by law, as well as by love, this little treasure," and he raised her white hand to his lips. "Why are you silent, my Mary?—they say silence gives consent; yet I must have a consent less romantic than that."

"William, do not ask me; you know I love you—is not that enough? would you have me leave my dear feeble parents, and bring their grey hairs in sorrow to the grave? Can you, Seymour, expect that one who has been false to those to whom she owes her existence—who watched over her cradle, and have indulged her with all a parent's fondness, will ever be otherwise than false to him who should lead her out of the paths of the strictest rectitude?"

"Yet, Mary, can you call it affection to dey you marriage with the man you love? I cannot see it as such. If, instead of being higher than your parents, I were beneath them, or were a libertine, they, perhaps, might have just grounds for refusing their consent; but, as the case is, methinks it is folly and obstinacy."

"Dear William, do not talk thus; you know not a woman's heart, though full of purity it is weak."

Reader, need I tell you, that what Mary Campbell said was true. Long ere they parted she had, after many struggles with the conscientious scruples of her parents generally directed, consented to give her hand and heart to the rich and handsome William Seymour. A private marriage in the little secluded church of Fairlight was to make them one, unknown to her friends and family.

Seymour conducted Mary back to her father's dwelling, then descending to the shore, reached his little vessel, which lay in the offing, in safety. He heeded not the rude boisterous revels of the winds, as they danced among the shrouds, for he was happy, he had obtained a promise of that which he thought would prove an earthly paradise. Oh man, how weak and short-sighted are all thy projects!

The grey light of morning scarce appeared in the distant horizon, when Seymour gave orders for the anchor to be weighed, for he feared lest the vessel should be known on the coast, and all intercourse with her he loved be stopped.

The little Water-witch bounded before the fresh breeze through the waves, casting the white spray over her bows as she dashed on her reckless course. It was, indeed, a beautiful sight; to see her long dark hull, with its tall, raking,
schooner-rigged masts, covered with snow-like canvas, as she sat for one moment like a sea-fowl on the breast of a wave, then dived in the furrow deep, until nothing could be seen but her sails.—

There was one who watched that vessel as she became less and less, until at last she could not be discerned from the pale-hued sky. Mary Campbell saw it—she thought of her promise—she thought of her father, and a tear trickled down her cheek.

I will not weary by recounting how the time flew by. We all know it does pass, and to some too quickly, but to others too tardily. The man of business grudges every moment; the old man who is sinking into the grave, thinks that his days have sped by like a race-horse; but the young imagine that time goes too slowly; particularly the lover, does he not think the moments crawl, until the one in which he is united to the being of his thoughts; but the fact that time does fly sometimes, is what we want on the present occasion.

The morning secretly appointed for the nuptials arrived. Seymour, to avoid observation, had landed at the sea-port town of Rye. The spot chosen for the meeting was one of those sweet solitary lanes, where the woodbine and rose pour their delicious perfumes, and twine with the leafy branches of the sapling oak and widely-spreading hawthorn, forming a bower, where the sun can but just peep through, and shed a soft and mellow light upon the scene, and where the thrush and blackbird mingle their harmonies in freedom. The magic hour came, and with it two of the fondest beings that ever existed. I will not detain, by telling of the joys, and yet the fears, of that meeting; perhaps some who may peruse this may wish the same were the case with them. Alas! they little know what they sigh for. The steeple, or rather tower, of Fairlight, soon rose upon the sight of the wandering pair. It is but a rough building, owing little to art, and yet I think not even the most worldly and frivolous could stand in its hallowed and elevated churchyard, covered with mossy graves and mouldering stones, some half sunken into the earth, without feeling a sensation of the mighty power which has spread the ever-moving ocean, which on the south of the place of prayer waves its briny arms; which has formed you stupendous cliffs of Dover, which may be seen in the east, the Three Charli's of Beechy on the west, or, if the day be clear, the distant coast of France. Then, again, let him turn his face to the north, and what a sight will meet his gaze—field beyond field, hill beyond hill—the whole country covered with the utmost luxuriance, and every here and there studded with villages and towns. Let him look below, and he will see the ancient hamlet of Winchelsea, with its grey mouldering castle, standing alone in the midst of the flat, which the sea once covered to its very walls. Let him raise his eyes, and he will discern the site where the battle of Hastings was fought, where Harold fell before the all-conquering William. I have sat upon the yard gate of this lichen clad church of a summer eve, and watched the rays of the burning orb descend upon the lovely landscape, slowly—slowly, until it left nothing but its bright smile behind; and the stillness of the scene has crept over my mind—the holiness of the spot—the slumbering of nature; and like it, I have become almost unconscious of passing events. I have gone back to the olden time, when the surrounding Battle Abbey, and castles of Hastings, Winchelsea, Pevensey, Hurstmaneaux, and Bodiam, have re-echoed to the wild song of the minstrel, as he chanted the deeds of war or love. The glorious days of chivalry, the inspiring tournament, I have, in pure imagination, sat down in the vast halls and caroused at the festive board. I have accompanied some fair lady with her hawks through the lonely glades; or, I have sat at her feet in the tapestried chamber, and as she has worked her embroidery, made the hours pass more quickly by recounting some tale of the chase, or whispered the soft words of affection in her ear. But, alas! this has only to do with the young and romantic!

Our story is of more modern times.—The first hour of light glimmered through the few stained windows of the storm-beaten church. Was it the cold, or was it fear, made Mary tremble, as her lover led her to the altar—that altar, where many happy beings had knelt and been united to their own true loves. As she knelt there, her long dark hair falling unbound over her shoulders, and, by its contrasting hue, but heightening their snowy purity; and by her side knelt one, who was soon to claim her as his own.
The holy man opened the book; she scarcely raised her black lashes, which seemed to cling to her pale cheeks. "I will," fell from her barely parted lips. The priest placed them hand in hand, "Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder," concluding with the truly patriarchal exclamation—"Bless thee, my children—bless thee; and may that God, in whose hands are all our ways, watch over and guard thee.—Farewell."

"Mary, dear Mary, why tremblest thou? Art thou not mine, and am I not all to thee?" burst from the young man, as he led his bride from the sanctuary.

"William, I am; but—but where are my parents—am I to them what I was—am I the same child? Oh, no! the ties of daughter are lost in those of wife."

"But thou wilt be with them, to comfort and to cheer them—though married, thou wilt be the same affectionate child, Mary."

They parted, for though united they must separate for a time. The lover must seek his distant vessel, and his bride her father's home. When Mary again reached the house the domestics were just stirring, but she managed to gain her own room without being discovered. She threw herself on the bed, and tried to compose herself to sleep. But she sought in vain; image after image flitted before her half-closed eyes; there were many of happiness—many of woe: at times she fancied she sat by her husband—a baby was in his arms, which ever and anon he kissed, then turned, and smiled upon, and said fond words to her; then she would enter her father's chamber, the window-shutters were closed, and the curtains drawn around the bed; she peeped between them, and the light of the candle in her hand threw its sickly beam upon the pale face of her aged parent, the deep wrinkles of sorrow were stiffened by the cold hand of death. So it is, when we first tread from the path of duty, whatever joy, whatever delight there may be, is overclouded by the consciousness of having done evil.

The breakfast had been long waiting ere Mary made her appearance. There sat the old man, his spectacles on the tip of his slightly wine-tinged nose, conning over the columns of the last Sunday newspaper. He was the true picture of an "old English gentleman." His square cut olive coat, figured red waistcoat, with long flap pockets coming down to his hips, and knee breeches, leather gaiters, and shoes, with prodigious silver buckles, added to his ruddy face and scanty hoary hair, bespoke him a true John Bull—kind and affectionate, yet one who would have his own way. His spouse sat opposite at the breakfast table, pouring out the decoction from the then unadulterated herb, and listening to the long, and perhaps interesting, details found in that "folio of four pages," in which even Cowper delighted. "Why, Mary, my dear child," said the old man, raising his eyes for a moment from the paper, as his daughter entered, "you are late, and do not look well this morning."

"Yes, father, indeed I am, I thank you," replied Mary, as a slight shudder ran through her slender frame. For was she still his dear child? Alas, no! she had disobeyed him in marrying the man he had generally forbidden her, and she knew too well that when he knew it he would not forgive her.

The day sped by, and night came winging o'er the earth—that to Mary a joyful hour, when she should meet her husband, who was now doubly dear to her, as she had given up father and mother, all for him and his love. Her bosom throbbed quickly, her colour heightened, her little heart leapt for joy, as she left that home, which was once to her the happiest place in the wide world; it was the only moment of pleasure she had spent that day; she thought soon to meet one who was now the only being with whom there existed that sweet, that confiding sympathy, without which this life is a barren wilderness. Oh! to live on without being beloved—without one to love—I could not do it. It would be misery itself. But to have one, who is the receptacle of all our little secrets, to whom we can pour out the swellings of our soul, and be sure to have a kindred feeling expressed—one to whom we can tell our joys and our sorrows—oh, it is a foretaste of Paradise itself!

The night, unlike the one on which we first saw Mary on the cliff, was calm and beautiful; the warm south wind just moved her glossy curls, but it was so gentle on its course, that its voice could scarce be heard sighing through the
underwood which grew upon the sloping cliff beneath the trysting-place, even to the very beach.

The almost sleeping billows rolled smoothly o'er the deepest fairy caverns, illumined by some far trembling orb, which sent its ray to light the revels of the water nymphs, which, tradition has long told, sport 'mid the bright green sea-weed, and the little music breathing shells; or doze on their silken beds, lulled by the murmuring waters. Ever and anon the sail of some distant ship, ploughing through the spangled deep, became white as the robe of some floating angel of comfort, as it swept o'er the track of the "mild moon-beams:" but it is not William's bark. He comes not: oh, wherefore—wherefore does he thus delay! Is he, then, false to honour and to love? Ah, no! William's heart is as pure as the young moon which smiles so sweetly o'er the earth and sea. Look, yonder sail which glides along the light. It is—it is his bark! and he is true!

The low dark schooner has anchored in the bay, the sails are furled, and nothing but the long Bene nets on the tall mast; no shadow moves upon her deck; she seems to sleep as quietly on the wave as the wandering pigeon of Africa's shore. Mary hears the sound of oars, the billows giving way before the sharp prow of some hastening boat. It is but fancy creates the sound. He comes not. William has left his virgin bride to mourn, like some solitary bird, among the lone bleak crags of despair. Long has the appointed hour passed, yet Mary stands alone; her large black eyes are raised to heaven; the moon, in her garb of glittering silver, sails silently through the wide blue sky, lit up with its starry lamps. She seems as the light of heaven mingles with the line of love beneath her silken lashes, to have winged far away through you azure vault, and as she clasps her little hands, and kneels upon the hard, cold rock, to have forgotten this world's weakness, and to have become one of those ministering angels, which are around the Almighty throne; to have pierced the sail which separates this land of time from the realms of eternity. Fast do the big tears roll down her slightly tinged cheek; she rises, and turns in silence and in sorrow from that spot, that trysting-place—shut out from all the world, so lonely, so still, so loved—and seeks her home with a heart that throbs and swells so fast, it soon must burst, and let the fluttering spirit fly back to its Father and its God. Who can tell the desolation of a heart, that feels it has been deceived, wronged, and forsaken—yet loves—woman's erring weakness!

But I must embark the reader on board the Water-witch, the yacht belonging to the hero of this story. The summer sun shone brightly in the clear heavens, with scarce a cloud to interrupt its glory; it was that time in the day, about four p.m., when the intense heat, just giving way to the evening breeze, spreads a kind of soothing atmosphere around. The little schooner danced onward before the freshening wind; she seemed to partake in the hilarity of her captain, who, as he watched her movements, as she walked through the water, burst forth in praise of his darling vessel. I never knew a master of a ship but who spoke of his craft as the most handy and delightful creature going, though she might perhaps be far from an object of admiration,—a very tub. And well they may; a man is in a manner half-wedded to his vessel; he looks upon her as his home—and is she not so? No land is nigh; she swims 'mid the immensity of ocean, and whither can he fly? And when a man feels a vessel beneath him as buoyant as the mind of girlhood, and, in his conception, as finely formed, he may well feel proud—"the monarch of her peopled deck." His fairy palace flies o'er the transparent wave—"the world before him where to choose his place of rest, and Providence his guide."

"Come, come, my men, get below, and stow away enough in your lockers for a six hours' run," cried Seymour, as he walked forward in his pet craft. "And you, too, Treenail," continued the young captain, addressing the man who was steering; "I will mind the wheel while you get your dinners."

Having finished their repast, their "yarns," and their grog, let's on deck, or the captain will be after us," said all.

Man after man popped up, until the whole six, the total number of the crew, except the mate, whom they had left on shore at Dover, were on deck.

"Swamp me, Jack, where's the captain?" shouted Tom Toptree, as they all
looked round for him. The vessel was nearing the shore and no one at the helm.

"Strike me comical," said the boat-swain, "where is he? Not here—not here," said he, as he searched the cabin. "They’re a rum go, I guess," for he was of our transatlantic brethren. The vessel was gliding smoothly on without one hand to guide her; the sea was calm; the sky quiet and serene; and naught was there to tell what had become of William Seymour, unknown as the husband of Mary Campbell. Nor, reader, to this day is it known how he came by his melancholy fate—whether he had fallen overboard, or perished in the waves by his own act.

Silent is the house of the Campbells. The old man parting his silvery locks, wipes the tears from his feeble and sunken eyes. He sits by the bedside of his only and loved daughter—she who was the pride of his hall, and the child of his affections, lays near to the gates of death, 'mid the rank sickly flowers of the grave. Oh! it is hard for the aged pilgrim, who has naught but pain to live for, to be left to close the eyes of the young, whom they looked forward to have proved their comfort and their joy, during the few remaining days of their short journey! At the foot of the couch stands the tottering mother with downcast looks, which tell of deep, deep grief within:—that grief which can even blanch the cheek of the robust and healthy, but which sheds the livid hue of death upon that of the infirm.

We have seen Mary Campbell watching in vain, and yet with anxious hope, the approach of her lover to the accustomed rendezvous, and returning home in sorrow to her solitary couch, to seek, fruitlessly, that soothing and refreshing medicine which is so freely granted to the lilies of the valley, which fold their leaves at eve; and the birds of the air which, as night approaches, wing home to their warm nests. They have done no wrong, and the innocent shall find peace. Need I say, that with the beams of the morning sun, came to Mary's ear the sad and mysterious hush of her love.

Her young homes were blasted, as they were budding into life; the deadly cankerworm had folded its poisonous rolls around the branch of her earthly joy.—For some time, she had drooped in sickness and in sorrow, "for she never told her love," until the wanderings of delirium disclosed it to her agonized and self-accusing parents. Like the shrub which bears up against the storm, until its-very boughs lay even upon the earth, and at length one sudden blast uproots it to bloom no more, she had lingered on until the burnings of a brain fever had stretched her upon a bed of death.

Long did the sorrowing parents watch over the sufferer's couch, without the slightest glimmering of hope for her recovery. What torture of soul must have been there, to have seen their so lately lovely child, now emaciated and pale; the eye which was once lit up with joy and happiness, now fixed and glazed; the voice which spoke but of religion and affection, breathing the words of folly and despair! the arms which were once extended to receive them in their embrace, now spurning them from them with horror! Bitter, indeed, must have been their situation; and their feelings, what none but they who have been thus tried can tell.

Mary sank low, very low, even so that she had been almost taken for dead; the breath scarcely played over her pale and humid lips, the pulse had nearly ceased to throb; her eyes were half closed, and sightless. The house was still as the house of death; beside the bed, the weeping and almost childless parents sat in their usual places; they spoke not, for their hearts were full. The physician came, he told them not to fear, for there yet was hope, although but faint; that the disease had come to a crisis, and she would either not linger through the night, or gradually recover. How anxiously was every moment of the patient watched through the dreary hours of darkness—how every deeper breath was feared to be her last.

The physician had spoken but too truly—Mary Campbell did indeed recover. Slowly she rose from her bed of pain; but alas! she came not again the highly-gifted and beautiful Mary Campbell, but a poor emaciated maniac, without a ray of reason flitting across her darkened mind. Her aged mother, worn out by the fatigue of constant watching and sorrow, sank beneath the pressure into the grave. Her father, poor solitary man! the partner of his days laid in the
cold tomb, his only child deprived of reason, that far greatest of human blessings, that which than to lose death itself were preferable. Thus we see what short-sighted beings we are, and how even in this life our faults are punished. The old man suffers for the sin of obstinacy—he has none to blame but himself, for the cloud which has o'er-shadowed his house. The daughter suffers for that one dread act of disobedience to the mandates of her earthly parents, and for having broken that law which came from Heaven, "Honour thy father and thy mother." Years passed by. The summer's heat had given way to the chill of winter; the trees once covered with ever-varying foliage, now rear their bare branches without a single leaf. There is no verdure to be seen. Even "Fair-light Glen," so lately gay with wild flowers—the supposed haunts of the "little fairy people," whose slumbers were lulled by the song of summer birds—looks drear and desolate; the purling rill, whose harmonious voice was their moonlight music, is bound in cold chains; the "Dripping Well" alone is bright, spangled over with long hanging icicles; it looks like some enchanted palace of the spirits of the clear blue deep. The whole face of nature is covered with pure white snow—it is a beautiful sight to behold its smooth surface spread over the land all white—white, without a single stain. Old Campbell has followed his partner on that long journey which no traveller retraces. Grief soon brought him to his grave. The rocky trysting-place still frowns upon the flowing sea; and whose are you little footsteps seen in the snow—they are small, and even like the print of woman's foot, they can be traced to approach the lonely crag. Alas! they are the footsteps of poor Mary the Maniac—no other female would ascend this dreary cliff alone, at the dead hour of night; but she minds not the cold, it has no effect upon her burning brain; and well it is that no one meets her, for fierce and incoherent are her imprecations on those that disturb her, when expecting her lover. She stands alone on the little ledge of stone: her long dark hair streams over her bare shoulders, the damp makes it cling to them—she seems not to feel the icy chill, nor to heed the falling snow. What a wreck of beauty!—still there is the outline of that which has been—but, oh! how sunken are those large dark eyes, how hollow those cheeks. Her long sable garments are getting fast covered with snow, but she does not even notice it. With her thin white arm extended, she points to some object far at sea—there is the ungarnished ring of gold upon her bony finger—unhappy emblem!—a tear rolls down her bloomless cheek. She speaks—"Nay, William, it is unkind, why dost thou not come and see thy unknown bride? She has sweet and precious kisses for thee, and words of love hang upon her lips, and yet thou dost not come and pluck them!—but he will soon be here, and then I shall be happy—happy—yes, Mary will be happy, and she will smile upon, doat upon him. He comes! I see his bark bursting through the fierce waves, he soon will be here, and he will fold me in his arms, and love me better than any ever could love me. Ah!—that voice—methinks I should know that voice? Oh, God! it is my father's! but, ah! ah! he cannot touch me now—Mary, the Maid of the Mountain, is free—free, ha! ha!" What horrid bursts of hysterical laughter; poor, forlorn, miserable girl. She pauses faint from her exertions, leaning against the wet rocks. What a situation for a frame like hers! But they cannot keep her within the cottage, which has been, in vain, built for her near the cliff; for if she may not wander out at night, she pines away cherishing her sorrow, and murmuring that she is forbidden to meet her lover, who she is sure is waiting for her, and soon she would die. She has arisen from the rock, and is singing; it is a wild air.

Ah! here's the spot, where oft we've met, Where breath'd the parting sigh; Or watched the young moon's silent course, Along the azure sky.

It is the hour—oh! will he come, And kiss his dreary bride? Methinks I see his fleet wing'd bark, Far o'er the ocean tide.

Alas! it is some stranger's sail; Where rove—my own true love? He vow'd he'd meet me here to-night, By yon bright star above.

He said the lonely "Lovers' Seat," At midnight's sticky hour; Was sweeter, dearer far to him, Than hull or blossom'd bower.
Lines on a Field of Battle.

I'm weary watching, worn, and weak,
Yet William cannot see;
O God! I feel his circling arms,
Were heaven, and all to me.

Yes, he will come when I am dead;
But come too late to save;
He'll find poor Mary, pale and cold,
Her trysting-place—her grave.

She lays down to rest upon the cold
snow-clad crag, where her lover may find
her, and dreams, perhaps, that she will
awake in his arms. Alas! she sleeps but
too soundly! The spirit of Mary the
Maniac is, indeed, free; for it has burst
its bonds of clay, and flown on high, to
meet again her William, from whom she
was so soon separated on earth.

Thus ends my tale of sorrow, brought
on from a single error, and visited with
so dreadful a retribution. May it be a
warning to all that read it.

My old Hastings friends, Admiral
Roper, of the British Fair, or the handsome
Captain Fenning, will, with pleasure,
convey the romantic to the beach
below this spot, associated with remem-
brance of the past.

Joseph Planta, Esq., has erected a
little summer-house, called "Covehurst
cottage," almost upon the shingle where
the visitor will land, and find a delight-
ful walk up the cliff, where the grass
grows to the very margin, and return
through the beautiful glen of Fairlight.
From the trysting-place of the unhappy
maiden will be found a most extensive
sea-view—the rocks around it are covered
with the names of votaries. Who knows
how many throbbing hearts may have
been there, many perhaps linked together
by the bonds of mutual affection, and
may be, they have felt a pang for the
uncertainty of human happiness; and
yet, an emotion of gratitude, that they
have not been thus similarly tried; as
they have listened to the brief melancholy
narrative of The Lovers' Seat.

E. G.

LINES ON A FIELD OF BATTLE.

BY G. A. C.

The battle is won, and Britain's name
Is raised to the highest pitch of fame;
But oh! this glory is not gained,
Without ten thousand bosoms pained;
Though shout and trumpet loudly sound,
Go when the Archangel's heavenly strain
Shall call the souls of men to rise,
On Heaven's wings, to Heaven's skies.
The sons who fought, this dreadful day,
Reap not the laurels of the fray;
Their only bed is the silent turf;
Their only pillow, a clod of earth;
And no one can hear their sobs and their moans,
For the trumpet and clarion stifles their groans.
Vain to them is their comrades' cry,
A voice more awful bids them die;
A voice, whose power they cannot shun,
Proclaims aloud their course is run;
And as no means can them deliver,
They yield their spirit to the giver;
Yet in our memory ever dear,
The thoughts of them shall raise a tear;
And the bare mention of their name,
Shall stir us on to martial fame.
ANDREW HORNKR.:  
A SKETCH FROM LIFE; WITH AN ANECDOTE OF THE POET BURNS.

It is exactly fifty years since a worthy flourished in the city of Carlisle, who—bless the mark!—was smitten with a desire for fame, and not content with the dim and distant chance of obtaining it, by his humble occupation as a vendor of Irish linen, adventurously fixed his glance on no less a mark than that pedestal wherein, "with a pencil of light," renown has inscribed the names of the illustrious who have written themselves into earthly immortality.

The wight who, in his own estimation, was worthy to break a lance with the proud heirs of fame, with whose genius the world is admiration-fall, bore the unenviable appellation of ANDREW HORNKR. Let antiquaries decide the important question, whether he was a descendant of that renowned hero of the well-known nursery rhyme, who is recorded to have eaten his Christmas pie snugly "in a corner."

Andrew Hornor had reached the sage age of three-score, ere he determined to "witch the world with noble"—not "horsemanship," but rhymes! Like many men, before, at, and since his day, he mistook the aspiration for the ability—the wish for the power to write. He composed sundry quires of what he very courteously and placemint dignified with the name of Poetry. These he read, when he could get listeners, to his customers. When he lacked this "audience, few and fitting," he was wont to read them aloud for his own edification; and, if he was in a particularly pleasant vein, would send for a half-witted neighbour, who had brightened his intellect, by making the tour of England—as candle-snuffer at theatrical barns,—and bribe him, with a gill of ale or a mutchen of whiskey, to listen to the mellifluous rhymes which the aforesaid Andrew poured out, in a monotonous manner—like a child pouring a constant stream of muddy water into a bottomless vessel, while the liquor lasted. Andrew would be rewarded, everand anon (between gulps), with such interjectional remarks as "Gude—vera gude!"—"Unco' fine rhymes!"—"Excellent! — ma faith, Shkespeare ne'er wrote sic poetry as that!" but, by the time the above-mentioned ale or whiskey was consumed, the listener usually fell into a calm sleep:—it was evident that whatever other merits or demerits they possessed, the rhymes of Andrew Hornor were of a composing nature!

It has long been a proverb that "a prophet has no honour in his own country,"—it is equally true of poets as of prophets. The good people of Carlisle have never been a whit too discerning, and they were just as blind to literary merit in 1785, as they are in 1883, or any year of grace within the last half century. It is not wonderful, then, that Hornor shared the common doom, and gained, at best, the very dubious honour of being spoken of, either as a half writer, rhymer, or positively blamed for the folly of neglecting his business for his verses.

A soul like his could not long be "cabin'd, confined, cribbed and confined," in the dull city of Carlisle. It sought a more extended range—a wider sphere of action. This was only to be gained by the now common, but then important step—publication.

Andrew Hornor read his poems for the thousandth time—worked himself once more out of his doubts, and into his old conviction, that they were truly exquisite,—and then, very magnanimously, resolved to print them!

It is faithfully recorded, in one of the gossiping memoirs of that day, that Henri IV. of France once entered a small town, and was met at the gate by the mayor and corporation, with a right loyal address. "May it please your majesty," said the chief representative of municipal wisdom, "we would have saluted you with cannon, according to ancient custom, but for seventeen reasons:—the first is, we have no cannon." "That will do," hastily interrupted the king, as he gave the spur and the rein to his charger, "I excuse the other sixteen reasons." I could tell how various circumstances, in like manner, unfortunately prevented Andrew Hornor's having his book printed in Carlisle:—the first was, in the year 1785, there was no printing press in that ancient city. Perhaps, like the French king, you will "excuse the other sixteen reasons!"

The nearest place, at that time, where he could have his book creditably brought
out, was the good city of Glasgow,—then, as now, famous for the punch-bibbing propensities of its worthy inhabitants.

Andrew accordingly went to Glasgow, "the poet's pilgrimage." He found that the expense of printing was no trifle, but, then, what was a little money—what was a great deal of it in the balance with his immortal fame? Although no Scot, he was "too far north" to close his bargain on the instant with the Glasgow bibliopole, but left it pending, or, as he would say, "hanging betwixt and between." His mind was too enlarged to be made up, like the contents of a travelling bag, "at a moment's notice:"—he would consider, on his way back to Carlisle, as to the number of copies he would print. His original idea was for a small impression—of ten thousand copies: the wiser publisher recommended a paltry five hundred as the minimum, and, when Andrew had the estimates before him, he was fain to confess that it might be as well not to venture on thousands until the sale of hundreds would furnish the means of paying the expenses.

Andrew Horner, like an Indianan from Calcutta, or Barney Riordan, when he met the American ship far out at sea, was "homeward bound," when he came to the principal hostelry in the ancient town of Ayr: not very far from which is Moss-giel, the farm held by Robert Burns in 1785 (the date of this anecdote), and where, if he lost some money, the world gained the fine verses which, in a continuous, deep and flashing stream, flowed to his pen from his heart, during his residence there.

I never could ascertain why Andrew took such a detour to the west as Ayr—some thirty miles out of the direct road from Glasgow to Carlisle: but poets have odd fancies, and poetsasters have the organ of imitation very strong.

It was a fine evening, in September, 1785, when Andrew Horner entered the common room of the inn at Ayr. Some half-dozen roaring, ranting, fine young fellows, fond of a glass and a joke, were just sitting down to dinner when Andrew came in, "just in the nick of time!" the room was immediately made for him. The eldest occupant in the room took the chair—according to immemorial custom at inns—and, by virtue of his most recent arrival, Andrew Horner was appointed vice-president.

It is needless to relate what ample justice all the diners executed on the viands:—we may take that for granted. The cloth being removed, the chairman gave the usual toast of "The King." It was Andrew's turn next, and, in the customary routine, he should have proposed "The Queen and Royal Family:" but, much to the surprise and amusement of the company, Andrew started on his legs, made a vehement speech, "de omnibus rebus,"—talked of London politics and Cumberland potatoes,—gave a dissertation on the quality of Irish linen,—and, by a nice gradation, introduced a long eulogy on the poets of Great Britain, modestly concluding with a significant allusion to his own metrical merits. So intent was he on the subject, that, in conclusion, he plumped down into his chair, without having given the toast.

The wit, who presided, had a very particular penchant for fun. No sooner had Horner resumed his seat, and while he was yet wiping his brows, than the president—with a grave air which deceived no one but his self-satisfied and unconscious butt—intimated that it would be no more than decorous to drink the health of the eminent literary character whose society they were then enjoying. After similar compliments, the hyperbole of which was exquisitely ludicrous, he proposed "The poets, and Mr. Horner, their worthy representative."

The toast was given "with all the honours,"—an infraction which none but a deaf man can truly relish,—and, of course, Andrew responded with a speech. This display of oratory would have been very Ciceronian, no doubt, only that Andrew had the misfortune to stammer. However, he stuttered out his thanks; and although he said little, that little, owing to his defective utterance, was like a traveller to far climes—it went a great way!

The company fed him so copiously with flattery and claret (fifty years ago this was a common beverage in Scottish inns), that ere the second stoup of wine was exhausted, Andrew had mounted on a table, and, with great emphasis, read for his new friends sundry extracts from the poems. Much mock applause followed his exhibition, and, more than ever, did he believe that he was predestined to revive fine poetry in these latter days.

To carry on the joke yet further, and "fool time to the top of his bent," a cri-
tical dispute was commenced as to the relative merits of each poem which they had heard. At last, one gentleman hinted, with a show of independence, that their guest might not be such a very mighty bard as they imagined. Andrew's mettle was up, and with more warmth than modesty, he defended himself. The other pretended to grow yet more critical, and at last fully aroused Andrew's indignation by saying, "Tut, mon! there's a lad near by who wud mak' mair poems in a day than you rhyme in a month o' Sundays."

Andrew, extremely indignant on the imputation on his bard-ship, backed himself against the field. A wager was soon offered, accepted, and booked as to the effect of a trial of poetic strength between Andrew and this "lad near by," who was put forward as his opponent. The gentleman who mentioned him quitted the room, in order, if possible, to decide the question that night.

It must be confessed—but this, of course, is merely hinted, in the most "private and confidential" manner—that Andrew had hastily made the wager, and as soon repented of it. His great hope lay in the fancied impossibility of meeting his poetic opponent that night, and it was now waxing late. It was his firm intention to quit Ayr with the morning's light, and thus ride away from the responsibility he had incurred.

But the party well knew—which he, alas! did not—that the Ayr freemasons held their sitting that night, and the young poet whom they sought was actually then in the house with that goodly company—he being an ardent brother of the secret-bound associates. He was called out, briefly informed of the laughable circumstances of the case, and prevailed on, with little difficulty, to enter the lists against the redoubtable Andrew.

He entered the room, and Andrew Horner saw, at a glance, that the stranger poet was no common man. His age might have been some six-and-twenty years. His form was vigorous rather than robust. He was well-made and strongly set together. His height was above the middle size, but a slight stoop of the neck, such as we often notice in men who follow the plough, (and in Scotland, at that time, few farmers were above doing their own business,) took somewhat from his stature. His face was dark—swarthy, indeed; and his features were rather coarse than otherwise. But his face was any thing but common—in repose, his features had the melancholy look which so often indicates the presence of high imagination; and when he spoke, often with a sharp, and frequently with a witty or boldly eloquent remark, there was a preponderance of intelligence—of genius in his aspect, which Lavater would have loved to gaze on. His broad, pale brow was shaded by dark hair, with rather a curl than a wave. His voice was peculiarly sweet, yet manly and sonorous. But the chief charm of a very remarkable countenance lay in his eyes, which were large, dark, and beautifully expressive: they literally seemed to glow; and when conversation excited him, "they kindled up until they all but lightened."

Such was the young man now introduced to Andrew Horner, and whose very glance subdued him, amid the flush of the wine-cup, with a feeling of his great insignificance. It might have been accident—it might have been design—but the stranger was not introduced to him by name.

He readily joined in the conversation, and did not allow the wine to pace the talk "like a cripple." His language, if sometimes careless, was always vigorous; and it was apparent that whatever his education might have been, his genius was extraordinary. He sang several songs of his own composition; and the unfortunate Andrew had sense enough to perceive that, either in humour or pathos, they were inimitable.

Having sat with them for some time, he made a show of retiring, when they insisted that he should allow the wager to be decided by competing, in poetry, with Andrew. With well-acted humility, he declined what he called "the certainty of defeat;" and so real seemed his apparent disinclination for the contest, that Andrew fancied he really was afraid to compete with him, and, urged on by the insidious advice of some of those around him, asked the stranger, in an exulting tone, to have one trial, at least.—The challenge could not, in honour, be declined.

The subject fixed on was an epigram—because, internally argued Andrew, "it is the shortest poem." The company, in compliment to him, resolved that his own merits should be the theme.

He commenced:
Andrew Horner.

"In seventeen hunder thirty-nine"—
and he paused. At last, he said, "you see, I was born in 1739 [the real date was fully ten years earlier], so I mak' that the commencement!"

"In seventeen hunder thirty-nine"—but beyond this, after repeated trials, he could not proceed. The second line was the Rubicon which he could not pass.*

At last, when Andrew admitted, reluctantly, that he was not quite in the vein—"the pen, ink, and paper were handed to his antagonist. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the following, vidi voce:—

In seventeen hunder thirty-nine,
The de'il gat stuff to mak' a swine,
And pit it in a corner:—
But, shortly after, changed his plan,
Made it to something like a man,
And called it Andrew Horner!

Andrew had the good sense not to be offended with these stinging lines,—cheerfully paid the wager,—set-to for a night's revelry with his new friends,—and thrust his poems between the bars of the grate, when the "sma' hours" came on towards four in the morning, as his poetical rival kindly provided the hearthrug as a pillow for the vanquished Andrew,—then, literally, a carpet knight: the old man, better prophet than poet, exclaimed, "Hoot mon, but ye'll be a great poet yest!"

And his words came to pass. In a few months after, a volume of poems was published from the press of John Wilson, of Kilmarock:—the author was a peasant by birth, and a poet by intuition. His fame has flown, far and wide, throughout the world. That author was the same by whom poor Horner was annihilated: his name was—Robert Burns.

It but remains for me to add, that, having received the above epigram and anecdote from the son of one of the witnesses of Andrew Horner's discomfiture, I sent the verses to Allan Cunningham, last March. His edition of Burns—in which are so many productions which were heretofore unknown—was then in course of publication. The following is part of his reply.

"—I have many versions of the epigram which you were so good as send me: some better, some worse* than yours. I omitted it in my edition, not from any doubt of its authenticity—for of that I am pretty sure—but from having laid it away among other short pieces of a stern and more objectionable character, and forgot its existence till the time was past."

Liverpool.

R. S. M.

* I perceive that a periodical, The Alchemist, has published a version of this epigram, which, I presume, comes under the "some worse" designation of Burns' latest and best biographer and editor. It is quoted thus, in the Literary Gazette:

"When first the world was made,
Some guts and hoofs were left,
And these were flung into a corner:
To use them up it was essayed.
When lo! of brains and soul bereft,
A beast came forth, yeclp Andrew Turner."

The story told in The Alchemist, is to the effect that Burns met one Andrew Turner, a mercantile traveller, at Newton Steuart—was disgusted with his company—and when asked to write, produced the above lines, entitled "Myself and Andrew Turner."

It may be noticed that the rhythm of this epigram, as here given, differs exceedingly from any thing Burns ever wrote; and the last line, with its extra foot, is pretty fair proof, in so and per se, that this is not the original epigram. In the version I have given, there is more wit, less malignity, and better structure of the verse. I have heard it from different quarters; and the anecdote, as I have related it, was told, on both occasions, as a trade joke, which even yet is in full currency at Ayr.

R. S. M.

Jumbo and Botlibear—Two negroes, charged with piracy and the murder of their captain, and brought from Africa to Liverpool, where they had the small-pox, were tried in the Central Criminal Court, and acquitted. Several of the crew of the vessel, some of whom are dreadfully mutilated, as said by the prisoners, arrived as witnesses for the prosecution; but their evidence was often, if it did not implicate themselves, anything but satisfactory. This demands further inquiry.
A SONG OF THE SPRING.
BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

Unfold, living blossoms of beauty! unfold—
The sky is one banner of crimson and gold;
The night-bird hath finished his exquisite lay,
And the lark, the loud lark, pours his hymn to the day;
The green earth is kissed by the dew's gleaming shower,
Whose warm drops are drank by each bank and each bower.
Arise, laughing blossoms of beauty, arise!
For the sun brightly mounts in the wide-opening skies,
And the fresh breeze blows soft from the mountains afar,
And no gloom and no chill comes the sweet time to mar.
Awake, beamy blossoms of beauty, awake!
The gold sun hath lit up the blue glistening lake;
Awake, and this lovely time, lovelier ye'll make!

They awake—they up-spring—they outshine without number,
But the violets' blue eyes still seem shrouded in slumber.
Oh, violet, awake! the wild cherry-trees round thee,
With treasures of silver have covered and crowned thee;
And the rich primrose-tufts sparkle bright through the grass,
Where the stream doth meandering, murmuring, pass;
While the wild flowers are set, like small gems, in its glass,
And the lily, amid the dark mosses, outshines,
More dazzling than snow-drifts or cleft silver-mines.

Oh, Morning! how dost thou pour down on our sight
Profusion and fulness of costly delight!
How dost thou for ever fresh glories disclose,
To win our worn hearts from their care and their woes;
As the earth by thy exquisite breath was renewed,
And e'en with its own primal radiance endued,
For so brightly by thee is it coloured and drest,
That it smiles like a Paradise once more possessed;
And so sweetly thou clearest from soil and from stain,
That it blooms like a youthful creation again.
Oh, Morning! thou comest now, joyous and young,
As when from the East thy glad infancy sprung;
Ever joyous and young, shalt still burst from the sky,
Till thy dawn, oh! Eternity—thy dawn is nigh!

THE SPANISH LADIES.

"all was done;"
Water, and wine, and food!"—BYRON.

Cuthbert Hamilton, of ——— Hall, Worcestershire, was, among other attractive qualifications, especially renowned for an indomitable obstinacy, which abundantly stored that portion of the cranium considered by anatomists to be the seat of the brain in reasonable beings. The union he had formed with Harriet Francombe was a remarkable instance of the felicitous effects of the barter and sale marriages, which are sometimes concluded by the authority of parents whose luminous judgment and forethought, and tender concern for their children's happiness, render them anxious to tie the matrimonial noose round two persons as well adapted to each other, as a native of St. James's would be to an inhabitant of the polite islands of Owyhee, and whose conduct in after-life continually reminds the beholder of two hounds in a leash, differing in opinion on the
subject of locomotion. Cuthbert Hamilton was a coarse, ignorant, vulgar-minded man; but he was rich, played admiringly at cribbage and backgammon, smoked tobacco vehemently, was an ultra-tyrant, and decidedly of opinion that hares and partridges were called into life for the exclusive benefit of one portion of the community; in all which praiseworthy accomplishments and liberal notions there existed a marked congeniality between himself and his neighbour, Squire Francombe. So the daughter was sacrificed because the father had found a companion suitable to his taste, and in possession of a large fortune.

Harriet was a lovely girl, gifted with more than ordinary powers of mind, and a sensitive and feeling heart: she perfectly loved her father, and due care had been taken by him to instil into her young mind notions of implicit un- murmuring obedience. She therefore yielded her hand to Hamilton unresistingly, but not without a sigh over the grave of murdered happiness. The day of her marriage crushed every hope of worldly enjoyment, and marked her for an early grave. But the birth of a son formed a new tie to bind her to the world, and to her infant she awarded the love it was impossible to bestow upon her husband. For the sake of her child she awakened every dormant energy, and resisted the mental depression which had become habitual, and was fast undermining her constitution and sinking her to the tomb. But her gentle spirit could not long sustain constant collision with the harsh dull man she was linked to. The blow had been struck, and, though slow, the wound was not less sure in its operation. At the age of twenty-eight she expired with her arm round the neck of her little son, whilst her husband was enjoying himself in his kitchen.

The young George inherited the mind of his mother, and, from her ceaseless labour during the few last years of her life, had gained the groundwork of a refined taste, correct judgment, and excellent principles. The task of continuing his education in the same system was worthily fulfilled by Dr. Underwood, the vicar of the parish; and, as he grew towards manhood, the reverend gentleman pointed him out with exultation as one who from the entire goodness of his heart, and the solidity of his acquirements, promised to be an ornament to society. The good doctor did not, however, live to witness the future career of his pupil; for scarcely had George been withdrawn from his control, when he was called from a life, the duties of which he had long irre- proachably fulfilled. Thus, at the outset, young Hamilton was deprived of the only man who could have been his friend and adviser on future emergencies.

In the scholastic and literary part of his son’s education Mr. Hamilton had not interfered, for he had neither mind for books, nor capacity to appreciate the advantages of erudition; to the moral part he had paid no attention, save that he enjoined a strict attendance at church, not from pure religious motives, for he had none; but he frequented public worship, and stood up or sat down at the proper times like other persons, merely because the world thought it decent so to do. He had, however, from George’s infancy, laboured to instil into his mind an elaborate knowledge of the science of £: ∏: d., and an equally intense apprehension with himself of the value of the matter represented by those symbolical characters. At the same time he afforded himself no opportunity of observing the practical effect of his precepts, for he never allowed the interior of his son’s pockets to be blessed with the presence of even a solitary half-crown.

Most parents of respectable station in life make their children some trifling allowance as pocket-money, increasing in amount with their age, and capability of applying it to proper purposes; and some, indeed, fall into a grievous error on the score of over liberality, by entrusting their children with too great a command of money: thus initiating them early into habits of extravagance, which may become boundless when the time arrives for them to become possessors of whatever fortune they may be entitled to. Strange though it may appear, an opposite custom—that of keeping a boy entirely penniless—will lead to precisely the same effects, as, from being totally inexperienced in the real value and application of money during his childhood and youth, he becomes overjoyed when at last he obtains possess- sion of an object long yearned for, giving him the means of gratifying desires long smothered. He views a very moderate sum in the light of an inexhaustible treas- sure, and having no practical knowledge
of economy, heedlessly plunges into a career of extravagance, ending very possibly in ruin.

The amount of stipend which it may be politic to grant to a youth must materially depend upon the aspect of his dawning character and inclinations, and regulated by the manner in which he appears disposed to apply the monies placed under his command. It is a matter of nice judgment on the part of parents, and they should bear carefully in mind that extremes are to be scrupulously avoided. This is a most important point in education, as producing effects upon the mind and after habits that are lasting and unalterable.

Mr. Hamilton's determination against supplying his son with any sum of money, however small, for the gratification of the little wants of boyhood, and the after rational desires of a young man of taste and education, was inmoveable. When remonstrated with on the subject by Dr. Underwood, who endeavoured by arguments founded on his own conviction to demonstrate the impropriety of such a system, the only answers that could be elicited were such as this—"The boy has a good house to live in, wholesome food to eat, and two suits of clothes a year. He can therefore want no money, unless for improper purposes."

It was, however, tolerably evident that this proceeding was not so much the result of reflection in Mr. Hamilton as of a deeply-rooted penuriousness. To the paucity penny-saving spirit of the miser, therefore, and not to the honest conviction of the man, must be ascribed a conduct which, as we shall presently show, was productive of irreparable effects.

It was also a part of Mr. Hamilton's sapient system to repress as much as possible the growing manliness of spirit and acquirements in his son, who was remarkable for precocity of talent. The old man persisted in considering and treating him as a mere nursery child; even when at the age of nineteen he was taken wholly from the care of Dr. Underwood, and called to reside permanently at his father's house. But young Hamilton at nineteen possessed the established principles of a man; and as he was about six feet high, and had many manly graces, it may reasonably be supposed that he exceedingly disdained the ignominious appellation of "boy," by which his father constantly addressed and distinguished him. Youths of that age are more jealous of their incipient manhood, and their only partially acknowledged title to rank with men, than unmarried ladies on the awkward side of seven-and-twenty of their claims to juvenility.

It will appear at first inconsistent with his character, that Mr. Hamilton never established his son in any profession; but the fact was, his parsimony would not allow him to pay the expenses of a college education, or the fees and disbursements necessary for his advancement in any of the learned professions, or the high branches of commerce, and there was a degree of pride in his nature which prevented him from placing George in any lower employment. The young man consequently remained idle, unless he provided himself with rural sports, and the resources he possessed in a very fine library attached to the "Hall."

Amongst other good qualities George was generous, without being profuse, in his notions of gentlemanly expenditure, (his father took especial care they should be only notions,) and possessed a charitable and feeling disposition. In his rambles about the country he frequently met with objects deserving relief: he was often witness to scenes of domestic misery, and his warm and sympathizing soul grieved as he felt his total inability to relieve the horrors of poverty and want. He could only sigh for the hard fate of the poor, and represent individual cases to his father, in the hope, the faint hope, that he would apply some part of his superfluous wealth to the exercise of charity. Never was kindly feeling more harshly and blightingly repressed.

"What do you mean by plaguing me in this way, boy?" exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, interrupting a detail of distress which George was one day making to him. "If you've got nothing better to do than run about the country listening to the tales of all the vagabonds you meet, I can tell you I've got better uses for money than throwing it away upon 'em. I pay poor's rates, and that's enough."

George was convinced, both from the decision of tone in which his father spoke, and from his general character, that it would be fruitless again to broach the subject. He submitted in silence, and for the future avoided as much as
possible coming in contact with those children of misfortune whose unhappy lot so strongly excited his compassion, but to whom he could offer nothing but unsubstantial pity.

Our hero one day—it was about six months after the death of his respected tutor—wandered about seven or eight miles distant from his father's house, with Euripides in his hand for a companion. The path he had chosen was enriched by some varied and magnificent scenery, and as it skirted the brow of some gentle hills, was remarkable for several fine points of view. It was a glorious morning, delightful alike for cleanness of atmosphere and mildness of temperature, and George felt and enjoyed its influence, as he alternately feasted on the beauties of his favourite poet, or yielded himself entirely to the calm and holy feeling which a contemplation of the beauties of nature cannot fail of inspiring in a mind capable of appreciating them.

There was a great deal of poetry and some romance in the composition of Mr. Hamilton, junior; and there was a void in his heart—he wanted a companion of congenial spirit, which, unfortunately, the unsentimental neighbourhood did not afford. The disposition of his father formed as fine an antithesis to his own as could well be conceived; the clergyman who filled the place of the deceased Dr. Underwood—he thought of him with regret deep and sincere—was as disagreeable as ignorant pedantry and the inharmonious appellation of Higginbottom could render him, and all his acquaintances were provokingly matter-of-fact personages. George was, therefore, figuratively alone. He had no companion, male or female, with whom his superior mind could commune—no one with whom to build castles—no one capable of entering into his feelings, or understanding his habits and pursuits—no one with whom he could con the page of literature, or enjoy long rambles sweetened with the delights of intellectual converse. And for such a companion did he often sigh.

It was while indulging such thoughts, during the walk aforesaid, that his attention was arrested by a scream which sounded from the neighbouring meadow. George turned sharply round, and saw at a short distance a female form entangled in an awkwardly constructed stile she had been endeavouring to pass, her foot hav-
The Spanish Ladies.

The lady he had so heroically assisted in a lively conversation, and dispelling a reserve which at first strongly tinctured her manners. He perceived, by her remarks upon the few topics he proposed, so many indications of a powerful and finely-cultivated mind, so congenial a sentiment with his own, so equal an acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, that he was tempted to believe some good angel had, in pity to his isolated condition, sent him a companion with whom he might while away many an hour, which would otherwise be dreary and cheerless.

The pair had arrived within two hundred yards of the little white cottage, when a female, rather past the middle age of life, advanced to meet them; and at the first glance Hamilton surmised her, from the marked likeness existing between them, to be the mother of his incognita. The younger lady shortly detailed the little accident which had led to her being thus accompanied, and our hero was invited to repose himself for a few minutes previous to resuming his journey homewards. He contrived before departure to ingratiate himself so far in the favour of both mother and daughter, as to receive an invitation to visit; and after the acquaintance thus accidentally formed had ripened into some degree of intimacy, they confided to him a portion of their family history.

The ladies were the widow and daughter of a Spanish grandee, who, for political reasons, had been compelled to quit his native country, and seek refuge from persecution in England. The flight was so precipitate that he had been able to save little beyond his life, with those as dear to him as his own; and on his departure his estates were confiscated to the rapacity of power, so that on the arrival of Don Diego de Garcia, in a foreign land, he owned no more worldly wealth than was sufficient, with rigid economy, to maintain his family for twelve months. This time he assiduously employed in endeavouring to collect pupils for instruction in the language and literature of his country; for which occupation a finished education at Salamanca, and an accurate knowledge of the English tongue, eminently fitted him. The exertions of Don Diego were not unrewarded; he gained many friends, amongst whom was Sir Hugh Inglewood, then residing in London; and in a short time he procured a sufficient number of pupils to enable him to live in a tolerable degree of comfort, and even to begin saving a small store for unexpected contingencies.

Trite is the observation that happiness is evanescent. In two years Don Diego died, whilst in the zenith of his days, and his wife and daughter were thrown upon the world unprotected. His loss was keenly and bitterly felt by them; but pass we by the scene of domestic affliction.

The necessity of the strictest economy in using the very trifling property which Don Diego left was obvious to these bereaved and helpless ladies; but they had been nurtured in the lap of luxury, and were incapable of manual labour—they were in a foreign land, and possessed no friend who could advise them of a mode of investing their little capital, however small. Sir Hugh Inglewood at this time kindly stepped forward, and offered them free residence in an unoccupied cottage on his country estate. Spanish pride might perhaps have prevented their acceptance of this proposal, had not Sir Hugh delicately worded it, so as to make the occupation of the cottage appear a favour to himself, for some plausible reason he assigned. To the cottage therefore they removed, and there our hero accidentally formed the acquaintance as above related.

Sir Hugh was a good man and a charitable, but he was careless and forgetful, and did things (according to a familiar expression) "by halves." He felt for the forlorn situation of the widow and her child, and he wished to serve them, but he never thought of ascertaining the situation of their pecuniary affairs. He put them in possession of the cottage—intimated to his steward that they were to sit rent free—went to the continent—and, perhaps, never thought of them again.

It should be observed, that George Hamilton was not informed of the foregoing facts so fully as we have made the reader acquainted with them, the ladies having carefully suppressed every thing that could lead him to the knowledge of their straitened finances. George perceived that they were very far removed from affluence, but he was entirely ignorant that they were living upon capital,
There was a romance in the adventure he had achieved, that chimed in admirably well with the temperament of George Hamilton, and elevated his spirits to an extraordinary pitch. A lovely girl, and of noble birth too, living with her mother in complete seclusion—the wife and daughter of a proud exiled Hidalgo.

It was the realisation of a romance!—and then Elvira de Garcia—what an enchanting being—such black speaking eyes—such luxuriant hair, such a complexion—it was deeply tinted to be sure—but then so clear—and he loved a beautiful brunette of all things—then her grace and majesty of movement, her elegant taste, her accomplishments, her extensive reading.—Aye! and he might improve himself in the Spanish language, of which he had already advanced himself so far as to read Cervantes in the original. Donna Garcia, also—she was the beau ideal of a haughty Iberian dame, with manners proud and reserved in general, but capable of the most winning and graceful suavity. He now doubly lamented the penuriousness of his father, which obstinately withheld from him even a small portion of the wealth he must inevitably inherit at his decease; for, with the thoughtlessness of an ardent and generous temper, he pictured to himself the delight he should feel in supplying these noble ladies with the means of maintaining their proper rank in society, never reflecting on the obvious improbability of their being induced to accept such assistance.

His visits to the cottage were often repeated, and as often welcome. He brought the fair inmates books from his library—he brought them the produce of his gun and fishing-rod—he brought his flute, and joined its tunes to the soft melody of Elvira’s voice. At times, too, she would take her guitar, and strike its chords in accompaniment to the impassioned poetry of her father-land; then, when the soul was mellowed down by the power of sweet sounds into a soft and pleasing kind of melancholy, by a natural and almost imperceptible transition, while the instrument yet trembled in the touch, and music thrilled through the heart, would they indulge in converse best suited to the temper of the occasion; and whilst Elvira launched into a description of the sunny clime of her birth, her mother would expatiate with patriotic fervour upon the cause of liberty, for which hundreds bled, and her husband became an exile.

All this was particularly interesting to Hamilton; but its effects were such as he had not foreseen, though they might reasonably have been anticipated. Ere he dreamed of even the possibility of his heart being in danger, it had irrecoverably fled! He will not say this discovery was annoying to him, but it was perplexing and unexpected. He felt his inability to form a matrimonial engagement for himself, independent of the will of his father; and he felt also that it would be as probable he could gain the consent of the king and parliament to an union with a princess of the blood royal, as that of his sire to one with a portionless foreigner, though she might authenticate an unstained genealogy from Alaric and Ataulphus.

The dictates of the heart were always stronger with George Hamilton than those of policy; so far, therefore, from endeavouring to smother his growing passion, he encouraged its growth by indulging still more frequently in visits to the cottage, and at last frankly declared to the elder dame the love he nurtured for her daughter.

Pride—indomitable pride—that no misfortunes could shake, was in every lineament of the Spanish lady’s countenance as she listened to the tale of the ingenuous youth, told with so frank a brow that suspicion itself could not have doubted its sincerity. She was about to speak—Hamilton read the expression in her eye, and eagerly interrupted her: “Pardon me, senora; I know what you would say—I know the high value placed by your nation upon aristocracy of lineage; but, believe me, I claim legitimate affinity to some of the most ancient and noble families in the kingdom.”

“That is not all, senor,” replied the lady, with an expression in which pride seemed struggling for ascendancy with some distressing reflection: “This can never be. It is true, Elvira de Garcia has the best blood of Spain rolling in her veins;—but, but—you know what I would say, and your delicacy will spare me the repetition of our misfortunes.”

“I know all, madam!” exclaimed Hamilton, rapidly; “but think not so meanly of me—think not”—he paused. “I do not think meanly of you, senor,”
replied Donna Garcia, gravely; "but remember, young sir, that even could that impediment be removed, there yet remain others—our religious opinions differ; and the consent of your father **must** be obtained, which you have owned to be impossible. The Garcias do not shrivel or dishonourably; their deeds must be open to inspection, as the exalted sun himself."

The interview which took place in Elvira's absence was considerably lengthened by Hamilton's earnest endeavours to shake the firm resolution expressed by the haughty donna, not only to refuse his suit, but to forbid his future visits in consequence. He succeeded so far at last, as to gain permission to address Elvira once upon the subject, and, subject to her approbation, to continue his visits, for the future as a friend only, and on condition of pledging his honour not to broach the topic again, unless some great change should take place which warranted him in speaking as a lover. This concession was, however, granted with a smile so bitter, so full of meaning, and so withering in its expression, that George shrank from the sight almost with horror, and endeavoured in vain to fathom its import.

Little power of persuasion was necessary to induce the frank and noble-minded Elvira to confess she loved; but alas! how was that confession granted? In tones of agony,—of such utter wretchedness and self-mockery, that they thrilled through every nerve of Hamilton's frame, and chilled that warm tide of joy which rushes to the anxious lover's heart, when he hears the timid avowal that the being he adores accepts his plighted troth. The same terrible expression he had observed in her mother, took possession of Elvira's features. There was no maiden blush upon her cheek, but a paleness—a paleness of the dead, rendered more remarkable by the raven blackness of her hair and eyes, the wild glance of which spoke despair, the direct and blackest.

"Ask me not, Mr. Hamilton," cried she, wildly, in reply to his agitated demand for an explanation of these extraordinary appearances; "nay, wherefore should you," she continued, in some measure recovering self-possession: "need you ask the exile why she mourns—the orphan why she grieves?"

"Oh! no, no; there is something more—something which——"

"And if there be," interrupted Elvira, proudly and solemnly, "I charge you, if you value the affection you have sought, to inquire no further. It will be useless, and it will offend. The day cannot be far distant now that will explain all.

The bitterness with which Elvira spoke defies every attempt to describe it. It was not the bitterness of anger, of scorn, nor of mere grief; but it was the bitterness of deeply-set concealed despair which impregnated every word and gesture; and each piercing yet suppressed note of her voice seemed the knell of hope gone by and lost for ever.

However dissatisfied, and indeed terrified, George might be; however torturing his anxiety to penetrate the cause of this dark mystery of conduct, he was compelled to desist from further question, as he well knew the firmness of Elvira's character, and that it would be futile to attempt it. But the impression made by that interview sunk deep into his mind; and as he was unable by conjecture to assign any probable cause to her behaviour, he trusted to time for its development.

It was very shortly after this momentous interview that George was summoned by his father to attend him in a journey of business to C——, a town about thirty miles from the family seat. He obeyed, and they departed—remained at C—— ten days, and then returned to the hall.

They sat down to dinner immediately on arriving home, and, after the meal was concluded, George was induced by the rather unusual circumstance of the elder Mr. Hamilton being in an extraordinary good humour, to venture a remonstrance on the state of his finances (or rather the absence of finances), and, after representing the awkward situations in which a total want of money frequently placed him, he earnestly solicited an allowance suitable to a young man of his age, and the son of the richest landowner in the county.

This was touching the worthy old gentleman on the tenderest point—the pocket. His brow darkened, and every trace of good humour vanished like a gleam of April sunshine amongst a mass of storm-clouds. "What the devil is all this about, eh? Aye! aye! I see pretty
plainly how it will be when I'm gone—
the estates will melt like wax before the
fire, and the cash-boxes burst like gre-
adoes,—they will. I see you wish me
dead, boy; you long to be at the pick-
ings, you do; but you shan't, for I won't
die these fifty years; and then I'll leave
all my personal property to build alms-
houses, I will; and curse me if you shall
touch a copper that I can prevent.''

Mr. Hamilton threatened and anathe-
matised at much greater length than we
have thought necessary to record, and
with such volubility of utterance, as to
leave not the slightest chance for his son
to utter a syllable. He concluded his
oration with a strict injunction against
the subject being broached again, and
flouncing out of the room in a fury,
strode down to the village to play back-
gammon with the parson. George gave
up all hopes with a sigh, and rode down
to the cottage to seek consolation in the
society of his Elvira.

He found her pale, wan, and sickly.
She was weeping. Her mother was
seated opposite, but on her shrunk'n
countenance no passion sate. There was
a rigidity in the almost fleshless features,
expressing nothing but stern determina-
tion and enduring fortitude; a haughti-
ness of demeanour that seemed to dare
to break the lofty spirit of
which it was emblematical.

George had now been acquainted with
these ladies for several months, and, for
some time before his departure on the
little journey from which he had just re-
turned, he had observed their health and
spirits simultaneously declining; but the
change which had taken place during his
short absence was indeed awful. Never
had he seen such unequivocal tokens of
hopeless woe, such unquestionable indi-
cations of physical powers reduced to
their lowest ebb, as now met his horror-
struck vision.

He gazed upon his own, his heart-dear
Elvira in silence, that dreadful silence
when the mental faculties, paralyzed with
horror, can no longer impart to the
tongue its impulse of action. The mists
of death seemed to his distracted fancy
already hovering over her attenuated and
almost spiritual form, and it appeared as
if one moment would suffice to close their
dark shadows round, and hide her from
his gaze for ever. He essayed at last to
speak, and already had his parched and
"The Spanish Ladies.

faltering tongue framed a few words of
inquiry, when he was stopped by the
dark piercing eye of the donna fixed full
upon his, with an expression he could not
mistake, whilst the hollow tones of Elvi-
ra's voice solemnly and with extreme dif-
ficulty uttered, "You are a gentleman,
and cannot forget your promise." Hamil-
ton bowed in silence; but the undefined
terrors, and wild half-formed conjectures,
all raging in chaotic confusion within his
heart, oppressed it almost to bursting.
Albeit, hitherto unused to such sensa-
tions, he felt as if he had been acquainted
with them all his life.

"Is there nothing," said he, after a
long and dreary pause—"is there nothing
I can do? If I am forbidden to inquire
into the cause of this mysterious grief, at
least tell me if I can alleviate these appall-
ing effects."

The donna merely waved her hand, as
deprecating all conversation; but Elvira
replied, and she seemed to collect every
mental energy, every particle of physical
power that remained to her, in giving ar-
ticulation to a sound. "Oh! no, no, no-
thing, believe me, or we might, perhaps,
tax your goodness; but for the present
leave us, I entreat. And come not again,"
she added, almost inaudibly, "it will be
useless."

Hamilton, in obedience, but it may be
conceived how unwillingly, at last tore
himself away with an effort which was
like plucking his heart from its seat. His
mental faculties were dead within him:
he had lost all power of thought and rea-
sonable action, and his almost palsied
limbs performed their functions as if by
some volition inherent in themselves, but
abstracted from will. Mechanically he
mounted his horse, and suffered the ani-
mal to bear him through the widely-
spread winter landscape, bleak and dreary
as his own bosom, until he reached his
own door. He sought his sleepless pillow.

Many hours elapsed ere the feverish,
delirious whirl of his ideas arranged
themselves into any thing like rational
order; all seemed the phantasma of a
disturbed and morbid imagination, rather
than a definite recollection of actual oc-
currences. At last his mind became more
capable of accurate investigation and rea-
sonable conjecture.

It often happens that the casual re-
membrane of a comparatively trivial cir-
cumstance will at once, with the quick-
ness of electricity, discover palpably to us a mystery we have long sought to unravel, and which, when thus laid bare, appears so obvious, so completely explanatory of all that had previously embarrassed us, that we wonder at our own want of penetration in not having perceived the truth before.

This was the case with George Hamilton. He seated himself by the fireside, and, as he gazed intently on the cheerfully glowing embers before him, the remembrance suddenly struck him that he had observed no fire in the little cottage grate yesterday. It was extraordinary—that sorrow must be indeed deep that could render them unmindful of so indispensable a comfort in this bleak weather. A thought crossed his brain—nay, it could scarcely be termed a thought, but a tracing, a shadowy outline of one—They might have no fuel!

The thought in itself was scarcely definite, but it roused a train of others in his mind, and the whole truth flashed upon him at once, and stood confessed in its naked and horrible reality.—They were starving!

"Almighty God! can it be possible?" exclaimed he, aloud.

"What’s the matter, George?" inquired his father, in surprise, for the obtuse faculties of the old man had not remarked the change which had taken place in the manner and appearance of his son since the preceding afternoon, and he now for the first time perceived the alarming paleness which overspread his features.

"Sir! sir!" returned the other, so vehemently as to be almost inarticulate; "if you possess one particle of human feeling, one particle of paternal love, give me a little portion of that useless wealth, hoarded but to gloat over.—A trifle, a very trifle, will save two lives: and lives, oh! how dear to me!"

"I ordered you not to speak on that subject again, boy," rejoined the old man, with less of asperity than was usual; "but what do you want money for?"

"I will confess all," thought George, and in trembling accents he detailed shortly to his father his acquaintance with the Spanish ladies—acknowledged his love for Elvira, and after relating the absorbing grief which latterly had oppressed them—the sad and rapid alteration which the few days in his absence had caused,—he concluded by saying, that only that moment had it occurred to him that to the actual want of sustenance were these direful effects to be attributed, and requesting instant relief.

Astonishment had alone caused Mr. Hamilton’s silence, whilst his son proceeded with his narrative. At its conclusion, however, his rage found vent in a variety of expletives and incoherent expressions; finishing with the declaration, that he would immediately write to Sir Hugh Inglewood’s steward, and to the nearest magistrate, requesting them to remove such people out of the neighbourhood. "Let ’em apply to the parish, in the mean time," said he; "and you, boy, may think yourself well off that I pass over the affair so lightly."

The sacred duty of filial piety was insufficient to repress the strong emotions of disgust and indignation which were excited in the bosom of George by this unfeeling speech. He uttered not a single word, but committed an act which in other moments he would have looked upon with abhorrence. Mr. Hamilton was entering some petty disbursements in an account-book, and his purse lay upon the table, containing notes, gold, and silver. George reached across suddenly, grasped it, and rushed out of the house—a robber!

"My heaviest curse light upon you, here and hereafter, for that deed!" exclaimed the old man bitterly, and pursuing his son.

A parent’s malediction reached the ears of the wretched George as he passed through a side door into the stables. One moment he paused—a convulsion of horror passed over his features, but as if girding up his determination with despair, he vaulted upon a horse which stood ready saddled, and galloped furiously off. He soon arrived at a town about four miles off, and purchasing wine and provisions, he pushed on with unabated speed for the cottage.

He lifted the latch, and entered the first apartment. It was unoccupied. He knocked loudly at the door of the inner room; he spoke, but no response was made. It was no time for delicacy, so he spurned open the door, and discovered the objects of his search.—They were dead! IOTA.
THE WHITE THORN.

(\textit{Crataegus oxyacanthus}.)

Welcome, merry month of May,
With thy butterflies and flowers;
Welcome to the white-thorn spray,
And its flaky snow-like showers.
Dropping incense from its lip,
Nature's sweetest, purest treasure;
Where the young bees deeply sip
Their draught of honied pleasure.
'Neath its mantle virgin white,
See the hedge-row low is bending,
Spang'd o'er with dew-drop light,
Scent and music round it wending.
Hark! the black-bird's deep-toned throat,
Praises with the odour's pouring;
Up to heaven the wild hymns float,
'Mid the angel-spirits soaring.
All around are breathing thanks,
Every grove and every dingle;
E'en the moss and grass-grown banks,
Seem their songs with joy to mingle.
A low, ceaseless, hum of mirth,
To the throne of grace is rushing;
'Tis the chant of grateful earth,
From the hills and valleys gushing.
Then, O man! do not refrain,
Thy warm prayer of praise to utter;
Let it join with nature's strain,
And to heaven's blue bosom flutter.

E. G.

SKETCHES OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

(Drawn from the Life.)

[We have given place to this article from our rather ultra-philosophic correspondent, because we feel sure that some worthy illustrations will follow.]

Women, at present, exercise a more extensive and important influence on manners and society in England than they do in any other nation in the world (excepting always la belle France, &c.), or than they ever did in any one nation of which we possess authentic annals. And the kind of influence which they exercise is, as might naturally be expected, not only more effective, but more obvious, in the external and superficial features of manners and social attractions, than it is in the more secret recesses into which it is the business of the philosopher to penetrate. \textit{We}, Heaven be praised! are no philosophers; and shall, therefore, leave the said recesses to be explored by those who are. It is our aim to sketch those features of the real life of the day which present themselves immediately to the eye of the spectator's mind, without necessarily calling into action the more recondite faculties of her or his reason and judgment, or the more deep-seated passions of the heart. In short, we propose that our monthly excursions on the ocean of English female life shall be made—not in a ship of war, that must be ready to give battle to every thing that does not carry the same flag—still less in a trading vessel, that is freighted to touch at certain ports, and dare not deviate from her course for fear of incurring the displeasure of her owners.
Sketches of Female Character.

least of all in a steady steamer, that
goes ploughing along in one determinate
track, and towards one fixed point, re-
gardless of time or tide, wind or weather.
In none of these are we disposed to peril
our persons, because in none of these
should we meet with the company we
like, or be in the way of accomplishing
the end we have in view, which would
be, to use the literary fiction of the day, as
follows:—The bark for our money is a
light and gaily-gilded sailing-yacht—
cutter-rigged—armed with a few swivels
to keep off intruders—and manned with
“Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the
helm.” In a vessel of this kind, frail as
it may seem, we would willingly trust
ourselves upon the vast Atlantic, which
divides the two continents of Birth and
Death; and in such a vessel we delight
occasionally to launch upon the stream
of real life, and float carelessly, borne
along by the tides of the time, or wafted
hither and thither by the varying winds
of opinion—gazing, as we go, on all the
pleasant sights that present themselves—
and not disdainfully to pick up the pretty
weeds that glide past us, or even to
catch at the coloured air-bubbles that
rise upon the surface.

We will venture to say, that the beau
ideal of the female character has never
been so perfectly depicted as by Eng-
lish poets; and we will confidently add,
that actual reality has never so nearly
approached that ideal as among Eng-
lish women.

Let us here endeavour to guard against
being misunderstood as to the meaning
we attach to the term ideal. Real
beauty, if it means any thing, means the
perfection of the true. “Beauty is truth
—truth, beauty.” This we hold to be an
incontrovertible maxim, in ethics as well
as in art. One more step in the way of
definition, and we have done; for we
would strenuously avoid logical discuss-
ion, as “from the purpose” of our pre-
sent pursuit. By “truth,” then, we
would be understood to mean that which
exists by and in conformity with the will
of nature. From this it follows, that by
the perfection of the female character,
the beau ideal of it, as the phrase is, we
mean, not what this or that visionary
may fancy it might be, or ought to be,
but what the power which formed it in-
tended that it should be—what, in a
word, it is its nature to be. Judging,
then, by this criterion, there are few
women so perfect as the English, be-
cause there are few in so natural a state
—one who so fully puts forth all the
qualities of their nature conjointly, and
therefore none who so entirely accomplish
the ends of their existence, in regard
both to themselves and others. In all
other countries women possess many of
the best qualities of the female charac-
ter; but no where else do they possess
them all. No where else, therefore, can
women be said to be in “a state of na-
ture;” any more than a plant can be
said to be in that state in a soil where
all its products do not arrive at perfe-
tion. A plant may in one soil put forth
leaves, in another leaves and blossoms,
and in a third leaves and blossoms and
uripe fruit; but it is only under circum-
stances in which its fruit reaches to ma-
turity that the plant can be said to be in
a state of nature. Hence it may be
worth while to notice, in passing, that
the phrase, “a state of nature,” as ap-
piled to savage life by Rousseau and
others, is the most inappropriate one that
ever was invented; since it totally re-
verses the order of things, and supposes
that nature, in its best state, is the cre-
ture of man, instead of man being in
every state, but especially in his best, the
creature of nature. There is no doubt
that in our positions we may be deemed
paradoxical, but it will not be found so in
the end.

We must not venture formally to in-
quire here into what constitutes the best
possible condition of the female character.
And it is scarcely necessary to do this,
since we shall sufficiently illustrate our
notions of that possible condition by
what we shall have to say of the female
character as it actually exists in England
in the present day.

But that an absence of conventional
refinement is in any way favourable to
that condition is at once disproved by
the fact, that in no class of English life
do we meet with the female character in
such sweetness, purity, and perfection,
as in the very highest. Let but the
doubters on these points grant us this,
one of our favourite propositions, and we
will, if they desire it, grant them, in re-
turn, that nearly the worst examples of
female character may be found among
the same class. At all events, those
who would study that character in all its
varieties of good and of evil, will find no other class so fruitful in subjects for their research; and unquestionably, in no other class will they find among the females, such immaculate purity of thought and sentiment; such devoted strength of affection; such energy and decision of character united to such softness, sweetness, and intellectual grace; such taste and intelligence unimpaired by pretence or affectation; and above all, so many of those qualities which are exclusively feminine, and in which the essential differences and distinctions between the sexes consist.

But we will not seek to aggrandize any particular portion of our countrywomen by instituting "odious" comparisons. It is of the general character of English women that we would speak; and it is in this point of view chiefly that we feel ourselves entitled to assert their comparative superiority over those of other nations. It is as wives, as mothers, as sisters, as friends, and as human beings, that we would hold them up to admiration and imitation; not as the performers and partakers in certain conventional scenes and situations in the drama of modern society. And first, as wives—for it is in this character, chiefly, that English women not only influence, but almost create, the condition of society at present existing among us; a condition which, with all its faults, is superior, perhaps, upon the whole, to any that ever preceded it. The experience of every day proves to us, that it is English wives who make English husbands—not vice-versa; and that all the valuable relations of society—not to say all the best affections of the heart—spring out of, and are dependent on, the purity and harmony of the marriage tie, none but empty scoffers will pretend to doubt; and even with them, the doubt is only a pretence, and only proves, rather than impairs, the inestimable value of that on which it rests. We have lately seen an opinion expressed, half jestingly, half paradoxically, to the following effect:—"There are more unhappy marriages in England than elsewhere, simply because there are more happy ones. It is because English wives and husbands duly appreciate the advantages which spring out of the married state, that they risk the consequences of breaking that tie, and that those consequences are generally so fatal. More than all, it is because there is so much happiness enjoyed in the married state, that marriage is permitted to be a standing joke to all the would-be wits of the age!" We will venture to say that the writer of this has put forth a much deeper and more serious truth than he was aware of; and one that might be expanded into a valuable moral essay. In France, Italy, and elsewhere, it is bad taste to make a jest of marriage. The married folks do not like it. The "galled jade winces." Just as you cannot speak contumeliously, or even jestingly, of personal ugliness, before a person who is ugly. We can bear to be suspected, or even accused, of any errors and follies—nay, of almost any crimes—except those of which we are actually guilty. If you accuse an honest man, in a crowd, of picking your pocket, he laughs at you; but if you accuse the real thief, he is loud in his expressions of indignation; and this, not so much, perhaps (certainly not more), from a desire to conceal his crime, as from a real feeling of anger at being suspected of it! and it is the same in regard to personal defects. To come to a climax at once on this point, you may mistake a woman of fifty-and-twenty for forty with perfect impunity; but if you mistake a woman of fifty-and-forty for fifty-and-forty, you make her your enemy for life! Who then shall gainsay the modern law maxim, that "the greater the truth, the greater the libel!"

Returning from this additional digression, it is as wives that English women excel all others, and influence society in proportion. Perhaps the unmarried among our countrymen, of every class, have fewer social virtues, and are, upon the whole, more regardless of principle in their practical conduct in life, than the men of any other European nation. And, unquestionably, there is no nation in which the unmarried males associate less with the most delightful of the other sex. On the other hand, no husbands are so exemplary in their general conduct as English ones; and no where else are the relations, which a husband incurs in becoming such, so strictly and cheerfully preserved. No where else, too, is it an indication of such supreme bad taste, to pretend to treat those relations slightly. An English husband, who, from whatever causes, frets under the yoke that he feels upon him, must take
care to conceal his uneasiness, unless he would risk the contempt of his acquaintance. But an English husband, who, without a very obvious and suffering cause indeed, openly neglects and condemns the relationship in which he stands to his wife, will inevitably incur that contempt. In fact, those licences of conduct in husbands, which are in some other countries considered as but venial errors at worst, are here looked upon as little less than inexcusable outrages on good morals, good manners, and good taste.

Is it as mothers that we are to examine the character of English women? They refused to contaminate the blood of their infants, and make them their toys, long before Rousseau taught his countrywomen their duty in this respect. And they continue the fashion now that it has become as antiquated and obsolete elsewhere as the eloquence which introduced it. They watch over those first openings of their offspring’s mind, on the direction of which much of the after character depends; instead of trusting this sacred care to the carefulness of mercenaries, and have some other view in their children’s education than that of teaching them afterwards to do without it; the consequence of this is, that, in England, children are much less premature men and women, but innocent and happy beings, who, if any in the world do, fulfill the ends of their existence, day by day, instead of making that existence an abortive means to an end that never arrives.

As relatives, as friends, and as lovers, what Englishman can think and speak of English women, without feeling his cheek burn, and his heart swell with a delighted enthusiasm, and his eyes, “albeit unused to the melting mood,” stand in the midst of tears, that nothing but happy hopes, of grateful remembrances, can ever call forth in him? We shall not deny that the women of other countries have shown themselves capable of fulfilling, with exemplary strength of character, the relationships just named.

We shall not assert that spotless purity of affection, deep self-devotion, and unchangeable truth, are the denizens of our soil alone. On the contrary, we are willing to confess, and indeed anxious to insist, that these are qualities so native to the female character in general, that wherever that retains any of its pristine strength, they can scarcely fail to be present. But still we must venture to claim, for our own countrywomen, a certain degree of pre-eminence, even in the above-named points of view. If they cannot individually love with a more particular affection than others, a deeper self-devotion, or a more unchangeable truth, they can evince all these, in conjunction with a more peaceful and unpretending spirit, and a more feminine softness of heart.

Finally, as mere intellectual beings, without an express reference to the natural distinctions of sex, the English women of the present day exhibit a power, and exercise an influence, in society, the like of which has never before been witnessed in the annals of the world. There are English women now living who have redeemed their sex from the imputations which the joint efforts of fools and philosophers had cast upon it, and proved to the world that genius is of no gender, and mind not an affair of personal make.

Such being our general notions in regard to the English female character, our fair countrywomen will not be either afraid or angry when we announce our intention of penetrating a little more closely into the particulars of that character, since they will feel assured, that whatever our search may produce will be presented for the benefit of all; and that even if we are tempted now and then to hold up an example for avoidance rather than imitation, it will be done with a forbearance from the actually enlightened principle of our laws, which punish only, never reward, not with a view to the injury of the culprit, but to the extirpation of the crime.

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The Sloe.—Ripe, it makes an excellent preserve; unripe, the insipid juice forms the German acacia, and affords an almost indelible ink used to mark linen. It is used in home-made wines, to communicate the colour and roughness of red port; and the leaves are employed to adulterate the teas of China. As a shrubbery plant the sloe is ornamental, blossoming before all others of the prunus tribe.—Encyc. of Gardening.
TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. FLETCHER.
(FORMERLY MISS JEWSBURY).

[This talented lady accompanied her husband to India, where, lamented by many, she early died, yet, not without leaving in her native land some few tokens of her distinguished genius. Her verse wandered over the very soul-strings of Poetry—nature, purity, love, religion,—and in much resembled that of her far-famed friend, Mrs. Hemans.]

The hand of the poet awakens no more,
Those deep tones of sorrow they wing on the wind;
The love-lay is mute, which so often before,
Two young hearts together in ecstasy twin’d;
The strings of her sweet harp no melody pour,
For its wild song is hush’d, and the minstrel’s mind,
Which breathed the soft music of memory’s lore,
The withering weeds, in their clammy arms bind.
She lit the bright lamp ’neath her own native sky,
By her home she had planted fair flowers to bloom,
While she sped to the East,— these buds will soon sigh,
For, alas! all lights wane o’er her early tomb;
A low and sad sound, from the Indian shore,
Proclaims that the gifted one warbles no more.

E. G.

THE DEPENDANT SISTER.

BY MRS. HOFFLAND.

(Continued from p. 219.)

It will be readily conceived by our readers, that the want of character in Mabel’s case, alluded only to the circumstance of having never been out in the world as a teacher before. This was explained by her humble friend, together with lamentations on the state of society in this country, where advantages were taken of every circumstance by which the pecuniary value of services could be depreciated, and where it would be certain Mabel would only be valued for “what she could do, or what she could endure.”

“I fear I cannot impart much, but it is certain I can suffer much, for I am accustomed to exercise patience and self-control, and surely I can never feel any pang arising from wounded pride, so severely as those which spring from wounded affection!”

This struck Mrs. Saunders as being so true, that she hastened to conclude a treaty made with a lady in Broad-street, which went to investing Mabel with the cares of a governess to two little girls, whose sisters were out, and whose brothers were on the continent, or the sea, and might therefore be supposed safe, as their mother prudently observed, “from the fascinations or the machinations of a young woman who was a great deal too handsome for a governess.”

Her beauty, her inexperience, and her slight intonation, as a Scotch woman, were all duly taken into account, as the means of reduction to her salary; yet, nevertheless, Mabel was fully satisfied with it, and believed it to be a due offering to her as a gentlewoman: she therefore entered on her new duties with good will towards the strangers whom she was cast amongst, and ventured, although timidly, to hope that the misfortunes which accompanied her outset were at an end.

The family was large, the appointments all of a superior description, and both above and below stairs every thing seemed gay and bustling; but in the distant rooms, appointed for herself and her young charge, reigned that quietness and seclusion, necessary for the purposes of education perhaps, but in itself dispiriting to a young and naturally vivacious mind. So at least thought the elder daughters of the household, and frequently would they visit the school-room to describe the gay scenes of the preceding evening; and whilst they pitied the inhabitants for their seclusion, would contrive times and opportunities, and en-
gage in preferring petitions to mamma, on behalf of the children, and their modest, yet evidently clever, instructress.

Under this benign influence, Mabel not only saw much which diversified the monotony of her life, but found her spirits revive, and her heart re-open to the kindly feelings of her nature, so long chilled by oppression and that ineffectual effort to obtain the recompense of affection, which is always found a much greater trial in one's own house than that of a stranger. Though Mabel frequently looked back with tearful eyes and an aching heart to dear Mickle Crankie, its blue mountains and neighbouring lake, though the fair petted child still held its place in her heart, and her once idolized brother seemed at this distance an object of pity rather than blame, she yet was sensible that her place in the world, dependant as she was, was far happier than it had been. She sought anxiously to improve herself in those accomplishments which might render her capable of benefiting her pupils and herself, and found her present reward in the improvement they evinced, and the increased esteem of their parents.

Thus was Mabel situated when the family of Mr. Tremore prepared to remove to their country-seat near Hertford. She had never presented the letter given to her by Lieutenant Henderson, because she had been able to dispense with the assistance it was understood to be capable of procuring her; but the grateful recollections its memory awakened, and the probability of his friends having by this time received letters from him, induced her to determine on seeing the person to whom it was addressed, previous to her leaving town.

She found the gentleman in question an infirm, though not very aged, person, and one in every respect well qualified to be her friend and adviser, since he had two nieces residing with him, who were the sisters of his young benefactor. It was, however, evident to her, that he was by no means sorry that she had delayed her visit, that she had found friends in another quarter, and that she was going to reside in the country. He was a good, and perhaps generous, man; but she felt that the spell of poverty and utter friendlessness was upon her, and that the very praise bestowed upon her by the young sailor, and his detail of her sad story, rendered her an object of suspicion and anxiety, still more than pity.

Many times did Mabel earnestly wish that she had never delivered this letter, and thereby awakened the many painful emotions to which her visit had given rise. These emotions, in the first place, were a sense of indignation towards one whom she desired to esteem, but who evidently rejected her kindly feelings, and feared her influence over the mind of his nephew, whom he spoke of as a good, warm-hearted fellow easily excited (as all sailors were), but who very likely had, before that time, forgotten the whole affair, and——

Probably Mr. Henderson might be on the point of adding, "and you also;" but he did not do so, because he could not for a moment believe that the image of one so lovely, and from circumstances so interesting, could be forgotten by a young and ardent admirer, which he guessed his nephew to be, although he came before him only as one who besought his attention to a sufferer by sea-storms, whom it had been his fortune to rescue. Under these circumstances, although he offered her any aid in his power, Mabel felt she could accept none; and she returned to those who she now constituted her whole world, with the sensations of one who has made an unsuccessful voyage, and for the future resolves to remain at home and be content.

This she told Mrs Saunders when she bade the good woman farewell, and pressed on her acceptance a present she had it now in her power to make; but, alas! the beauty of the country which on her first arrival delighted her, did not facilitate the content she had resolved to enjoy. On the contrary, she felt annoyed by the elder Henderson far beyond what her judgment justified; and she thought on the younger Henderson far more, and with more tender interest and lively gratitude, than she had ever done before. He appeared to her in the light of an injured man not less than herself, and there was something endearing in the circumstance of their sustaining mutual injury—his looks, his words, in their simplicity, integrity, and generosity, rose before her; and whilst pride and anger, as awakened by his uncle, forbade her ever beholding him again; and whilst certain recollections of her own personal and family claims aided the impression and
taught her to hold herself as superior to him, all her more natural and amiable feelings assured her that without him she never should be happy.

But whilst poor Mabel thus indulged a passion, forbidden, especially, to persons in her situation, who are in a great measure thrown out of the common course of nature and society, a more serious cause of alarm was preparing for her, in the return of the heir of the family, at a time when his mother had made no provision for such an event, by removing the handsome governess. Her anxiety to prevent Mabel from being seen by young Tremore, by sending her with her charge to the sea-side, the singular circumstance of compelling him to part with the children of whom he was very fond, so soon as he returned to his paternal home, and the evident restraint of his mother’s manners, facilitated the evil she feared—“dear Miss Macleod,” was exhibited by the children as a _rara avis_ to Frederic, and considered by him “a pearl worth all his tribe,” before it was possible to remove her; a truth revealed by the son in his remonstrances against the proceeding.

The trunks were in the carriage, the maid mounted, the children clinging round their brother, and Miss Macleod, in a close bonnet and veil, waiting their final adieu, and receiving their mamma’s requests, when a stranger alighting from a post chaise earnestly requested a few minutes’ conversation “with a young lady, the governess of the family.”

To her surprise and almost dismay, Mabel beheld the elder Mr. Henderson; and accompanying him reluctantly into the house, was addressed with the question, “Pray, my dear young lady, was your mother’s name, previous to marriage, Miss Alice Burnand?”

“It was, sir.”

“Her brother held a civil situation in India?”

“He did, sir, as I have understood, but my poor mother feared he had died there.”

“She was mistaken, his silence proceeded from a quarrel with your father; he has been in England some time, and has just returned from a visit to Scotland, made in order to become acquainted with yourself and your brother. He there heard reports which distressed him, since they proved error, on one side or other, in the conduct of persons he wished to consider equally dear to him.”

Mabel felt much distressed. This was an effect she had not foreseen, and her confusion for the moment prevented reply.

“I have been happy,” said the old gentleman, “in becoming the chance possessor of your present address, and also of being enabled to speak to the propriety of your conduct, as well as the severity of your sufferings, since your removal from the paternal mansion; and I have no doubt you can yourself account satisfactorily for that removal. I have come here for the purpose of taking you back with me, as Mr. Burnand would of course prefer meeting you in my house to that of a stranger; but I fear Mrs. Tremore will find my visit very mal-a-propos.”

As Mabel was pretty certain it would, on the contrary, be very acceptable, with such an end in view explanation was immediately given, and that lady entered with warmth into the interesting circumstances of “finding a rich uncle,” seeing it entirely changed these of her son’s predilection also, and no words could be found equal to expressing the affection and admiration felt by herself and all her family for Miss Macleod.

Her conductor was not less kind; and during their journey spoke so much, and so handomely, of his nephew, that Mabel forgave him the pain he once had caused her, although she became aware that the promised change in her circumstances influenced him, calculated to awaken mistrust and contempt even in a bland and grateful nature.

But when Mabel found herself pressed to the bosom of a relative, whom she had been taught from her cradle to love and honour—when she had traced that likeness of features in his faded face to her beloved mother, which, whilst it awoke her tears, riveted her affections, she could feel no other emotion than gratitude towards Mr. Henderson, as having proved, though by chance, the medium of procuring her so much happiness. Never, indeed, had she been in the possession of so many ingredients for such a state, for Mr. Burnand seemed to think he could never lavish enough of kindness upon one who restored to him in appearance the sister of his early life, and to a certain degree his own perceptions of youth; and
when her sweetness of temper, gentleness and equanimity of manners, and generosity of heart, were more fully developed by a constant residence, his attachment became as firm as his approbation was decisive.

But he had long resided in the East, and he was much of an invalid; in consequence of which he was somewhat exacting in his expectations of submission to his will, and not unfrequently fretful and embarrassing in his demands. Mabel had been accustomed to the requisitions of an invalid, and the implicit obedience claimed by an imperious father, not less than the fantastic and selfish caprice of her sister-in-law, therefore she willingly exerted herself, actively and patiently, to soothe his pains and conform to his wishes, whilst seeking constantly to ameliorate that anger towards her brother, which naturally increased the more he saw of her own merits, and was led to recollection of her mother's claims.

In a very short time young Tremore preferred his addresses, which necessarily met the approval of her uncle; but Mr. Henderson and his nieces, alike prompted the remembrance of her first lover's claims, and were not slow to perceive the warmth of her gratitude towards him, though they could not flatter themselves that her love was of a nature calculated to resist the far higher claims of Tremore, now she was in possession of these comforts and elegancies, from which she was the most attached heart finds it difficult to part. Neither could they desire her to offend an uncle who was evidently as self-willed as he was kind; seeing that his fortune was as much an object in their estimation, as Mabel herself could be to their disinterested relative, whose return they daily expected and almost feared, knowing that his passion would be likely to precipitate matters too much for his own welfare.

Gratitude to God and man might be said to be the prevailing emotion of Mabel's mind at this period; and she certainly felt it towards Mr. Tremore in some degree, as knowing that he had looked upon her in her low estate, even whilst she declined his addresses on the plea of insufficient acquaintance; but her thankfulness towards her first friend increased the more, as she advanced in knowledge of the world, and heard from Mrs. Saunders, who was now happily established as her housekeeper, how few young men show regard so pure, and consideration so delicate, and in truth her only fears respecting him were for his constancy and patience.

Often would Mabel wish that she had possessed the fortune which she felt to be her due, or even the small annuity assigned to her poor mother, for she would then have been enabled to marry this excellent young man, without distressing him on the one hand, or justly offending her uncle on the other, since he was continually praising equality in marriage. Surrounded with the attributes of wealth, she sighed for independence and humble competence, as a preferable state, if it were combined with security.

The sudden death of Mr. Henderson, and the surprising circumstance of a man so regular having left no will, rendered her still more sensible of the value of stable provision. It appeared that, discontented with the low state of interest in the funds, he had drawn all his property thence, and purchased an estate; in consequence of which, there was a necessity for new-modelling that important document, and his sudden seizure had prevented him from fulfilling his wishes. His nieces, who had long lived in luxury, were therefore reduced most grievously in circumstances, as they had originally (like their brave brother) a mere pittance; and to that brother, as heir-at-law, the newly-purchased estate descended; and from some papers found on the person of the deceased, it also appeared that he wished for the land “as a medium of importance to his nephew, who hoped to see the founder of a family.”

The distress of the young ladies was met with not only the sincerest sympathy by Mabel, but a curiosity as to the future conduct of their brother, amounting to heart-ache. Her uncle seemed to fully comprehend the motives of his late friend, and to hint that the lieutenant “would now be no unworthy match;” but Mabel turned a deaf ear to a suggestion which would within a little while have been most acceptable, she merely answered, “we shall see.”

“Yes, we shall see,” rejoined the uncle.

The assertion seemed a rash conclusion, for in a short time after the funeral Captain Henderson, for such was he be-
come, arrived at the dwelling of his late uncle, not to dismember it, but, as it appeared, keep all things together; but beyond rumour, which in London is not very busy on the concerns of private persons, they heard nothing. The supposed lover paid no devoirs to her whom previously he had held as the goddess of his untravelled heart’s worship.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it was not shone upon.

Mabel could not, however, forget that she owed him the sum of twenty pounds; and since Mrs. Saunders, from illness, could not be sent with it, and she could not frame any letter without appearing either more grateful than suited her sense of maiden dignity, or more cold than was consistent with remembered obligations, she revealed the whole matter to her uncle, and entreated him to settle it for her, “as she was determined not to remain under obligation to one who had evidently changed his sentiments.”

That his niece should owe pecuniary aid to any human being save himself, roused Mr. Burnand to immediate exertion; his carriage was ordered in somewhat of angry haste, but as he drove towards Brunswick-square, he grew cool, and commented more kindly on the subject. On his arrival, he found the new master of the house closeted with his attorney; but the girls received him with countenances indicative of happiness, and began eagerly to tell him first of their brother’s promotion, and next of his kindness to themselves.

“He is at this very moment,” said the eldest, “concluding a mortgage of eight thousand pounds on his estate, that he may give us the money as a proper portion of the property.”

“Ah!” said the younger, sighing, “but in doing that, his own share is so reduced—that—that he cannot, he dare not;” in short, he says, that until he has paid off the mortgage (and it will take two voyages or more to do it), he must not presume to think on a lady who is on his mind day and night; so that altogether I really do not think I can rejoice in all this, though my sister may, because she is going to be married.”

The captain entered—was introduced to his visit, and became embarrassed, proud, frank, and repulsive, by turns; but, contrary to his wont, our East India gen-


e
tleman was conciliating and friendly in the greatest degree, even when touching on that obligation most galling to him. In a very short time they understood each other; and the young man returned with the old one, to see that fair creature who, for two years, he had thought upon continually; but whom he had forborne hitherto to visit, dreading the interference of his own passion with that which he held to be his first duty, imprinted on his mind by her own story. As both his sisters and uncle had spoken of Mr. Burnand as extremely wealthy, and one who would expect much in the way of settlement for his niece, even should she yield him that preference he scarcely dared expect, he had feared the dismemberment of his property so soon as it was his, might meet disapprobation, at least from her uncle; therefore he forborne risking displeasure, until he had put recall beyond his own power, but it had been his full intention to see Mabel the very hour when it was over, and at once press his suit, display his present means and future hopes, and await her decision.

All this and much more, as our young readers will suppose, was said to Mabel, and listened to “nothing loath” before dinner, whilst her uncle dressed, and repeated by Mabel herself after dinner to her uncle with that depreciating tone and blushing cheek, which told that more was meant than met the ear; and her own past distress was adverted to as an excuse for that which, however worthy of approbation, he might not perhaps deem suitable in one who had further views and wishes.

“I certainly think Captain Henderson ought to have seen me in the first place, as his late uncle’s friend,” replied Mr. Burnand; “in which case I should have spared him the expense of a mortgage, a thing I abhor, by lending the money required. I mean to place ten thousand pounds somewhere as your portion, and could, therefore, have lent it, without inconvenience, for so worthy a purpose.

The captain was profuse in his acknowledgments. Mabel flung her arms round the kind uncle’s neck in speechless gratitude, save that a murmuring sound of her brother’s forgiveness was caught by the old man’s ear.

“Well, well, you are a good girl; I may think on him some time, or perhaps on his children—meantime, we must pay off this confounded mortgage. As for
The Brigand's Child.

High on a beetling rock the brigand stood,
    And gazed abroad, o'er mountain and o'er fell;
And troubled as that mountain's rushing flood,
    Were those deep-buried thoughts he must not tell.
And by him stood a child, a little child,
    Who clasped his hands, and kiss'd them in his glee;
Look'd in his face, and with bland witchery smiled,
    Till the bold robber wished not to be free.
Oh! that man's brow was stamp of many a crime,
    And his dark look indexed the fiend within,
As if his heart grew harder still as time
    Passed on, and left him buried in his sin.
He looked upon the child, his looks waxed grim,
    And all the fiend seemed stirred in his breast;
Yet ere he moved, the boy had gazed at him,
    And o'er his scared heart that look scattered rest.
Unnoticed, the broad-sword, that naked lies,
    The boy has seized, and sheathed it to the hilt;
And, looking up with laughing, sun-like eyes,
    Seemed half to whisper, "Chide me if thou wilt."
And now the boy has clasped his hand once more,
    And drawn him to the rock, whence he may see,
Far in the distance, the bright pebbly shore,
    And the high dashing of the billowy sea.
The little child has spread the heather there,
    And "Father," he has said, "I'll kneel with thee,
And we will offer up to Heaven the prayer,
    My mother taught, when she was still with me."
Silence was o'er the rock, and o'er the vale,
    The stars peeped out to light the forests wild;
And nought was heard in wood-nook, or in dale,
    Save the low prayer of that poor brigand's child.

The Fire-Fly.—The brilliant lights which they emit, their rapid glinting motion through the air, and the cheerfulness which they impart to the spirits, by engaging us to watch for their playful illumination, are quite indescernible. There is no difficulty in catching them; and I had the satisfaction of carrying one home with me, and gazing at its mysterious lamp, without doing it that injury which the poor butterfly, and too many other beautiful insects, receive as the penalty they are condemned to pay for the ephemeral enjoyment of their splendid exterior. I placed it on a book in a dark room, and could distinctly read the words which were within the rays of its light. But the light was not so bright as when it was on the wing, and in quick motion; it was more mellow, and like that of the glow-worm in a state of rest; but I did not perceive it to be in any degree intermittent.—Giles's Waldensian Researches.
We were happily bewitched during the first perusal of "Sketches of Corfu" into a complete forgetfulness of reviewing duties, and were forced to read the volume a second time before we could find it in our hearts to pronounce it otherwise than faultless. It possesses many charms of style, is full of minute graphic description, and there is not a page but what teems with entertainment and information of a most original kind; and if sprightly genius ensures literary success, this young lady will rise to no little eminence.

The volume contains the memoirs of one year's residence at Corfu, very prettily arranged into chapters bearing the names of the months, and delineating the different change in the seasons and natural productions of the country; the botanical and zoological observations are charmingly conveyed; and her notices of antiquities and national customs told in her lively colloquial style without the slightest pedantry, make the work as valuable as it is pleasing. The drawbacks on these excellencies are a careless tendency to repetition, and the somewhat vulgar gossip respecting the great lady of the English pale in the island, under the cognomen of Lady Woudbe. As to the merits of this lady, we have not the slightest knowledge of how far she has done justice to them; but we think the introduction of satirical personalities, deform a work that has claims to a longer continuance in the eye of the public, than the ephemeral productions which take off real persons under fictitious names. There seems some little feeling of pique towards this Lady Woudbe, who is assuredly our fair authoress' Mrs. Grundy. Now a person of decided talent ought to be above all Mrs. Grundy's whatever, small or great, and we advise her to expel all such from her memory in her future literary productions.

There are several national tales of great merit, all full of faithful painting of national manners and customs. The story of Anastatia is a beautiful one. The poetry is certainly not equal in merit to the prose; but what is singular in these days of musical jingle, its want is melody in the metre (perhaps from close adherence to the Rommaic original), rather than intrinsic sense and fine imagery: there is, however, more than one beautiful exception to this criticism—these are chiefly among the translations of the Greek songs. Here are two, which we doubt not will win the same favour in the eyes of our readers that they do in ours:

"GREEK SONG."

"A bird sits on the bridge,
   He sings with a low wail
To Ali—he whose name
   Turns every rose-cheek pale.

"This is not Yannina,
   Where the cool fountains flow;
And where, low in the valleys,
   The orange-flowers blow.

"This is not Prevassa,
   Where the dark ramparts frown,
And from the fortress wall
   Fury and death look down.

"But this is Freedom's throne:
   Suli! the mountains height:
Women and maidsens here,
   And little children fight.

"From hence Zavella's wife;
   Forth to the battle lied;
Her cartouch in her apron,
   And her sabre at her side!

"Her right held her baby,
   And her left hand held her gun;
Go, Ali!—while such women live,
   Suli will ne'er be won."

"THE PASSING OF THE DEAD."

"Why looks the sky so dark, and why
   Do clouds hang o'er the mountain's brow?
Is there a tempest passing by;
   Beats the rain o'er the hill-side now?
No storm will burst through, 'tis gloomy all,
   And the air is too heavy for rain to fall.

"Charon is passing by,—behold
   The spirits as they slowly wind!
The young men walk before,—the old
   With a slower step behind;
And the little children hand in hand,
   Move in the midst of the solemn band.

"Hark to their prayer,—'Oh Charon, stay
   At the village, by the fountain-side,
Where the young men at their games may play,
   And the old, in the clear cool tide
May bathe their lips,—while, mid the bowers,
The little ones may wreath the flowers."

"I make halt at no fountain clear,
   They come at eve where the waters flow;
Mothers would know their children dear;
   Do you think they would let them go?"

"The bride and the bridegroom would meet again,
   And to part them would be an effort vain."
Our readers will be diverted by her specimens of Coriote nobility.

"Our house is a large rambling old place, in which a great deal of room is completely thrown away; long corridors with no thoroughfare, halls that are never used, and recesses inhabited only by spiders. The ground floor is a mere warehouse, and let out as such; the premises were, I suspect, never way, before my arrival, being considered too good to be used. The family consists of my good host, the Count Giovanni Asinelli, his wife, two daughters, a son, son's wife, and a young niece from Venice, staying on a visit. The family sitting-room is furnished much in the Italian style; with large Venetian mirrors; bad engravings in ebony frames; a table, which never leaves the centre of the room; an old grand piano, in which the forte predominates; and a divan that occupies two sides of the apartment. There is also a lamp hung from the ceiling, but it is merely ornamental. The picture of the Virgin is invariably placed in the master's sleeping-room; a lamp burns before it day and night; and a variety of charms and offerings hang about the walls. As for books, I never saw one in the house, except my own; they are confined to the libraries of the learned and professional men: indeed, the Greeks are far too busy running about from place to place to hear the news, to care much about reading.

"The count himself is descended from one of the oldest families in the islands. As he married at fourteen, and began housekeeping a year after, he had no opportunity of remedying a bad education by travel, according to the fashions of his country. He is a very favourable specimen of the Greek nobility; and, I fear, rather to be considered as a lausus naturæ, than as one of a genus. He is a man of strong shrewd sense, and possesses a larger portion of natural apprehension of right and wrong, than I ever before witnessed; for with every external disadvantage, abandoned early in life to his own guidance, living for many years under the most corrupt government in Europe, he yet possesses high and honourable feeling. Many years ago, a trifling event occurred which will give you an idea of the man, and of the manners of the times. A treasurer was to be chosen for one of the Ionian isles, in which his estates lay, and in which he had spent his youth and early manhood; the men, with whom the nomination rested, were Venetians, utter strangers to the place and its inhabitants. At a loss to choose for a situation of high trust, among candidates of whom they knew absolutely nothing, they seated themselves at an open window of a house at the extremity of the town, and calling in every man as he passed by to daily labour, inquired who among their nobles was the most honest and upright? the Count Asinelli was named by nine-tenths.

"The countess,—I can but smile at her title,—looks more like a slatternly cook-maid than any thing else. She wears the Italian dress; indeed, I know only one Greek family among the higher orders who persist in retaining their own costume. One day in the week the lady is dressed for company; on any other day, if her friends call, she is not at home: she goes about the house in a wrapping gown and dirty untidy night-cap, a bunch of huge keys dangle from her waist, and an enormous pair of diamond ear-rings repose tranquilly on her shoulders. She can neither read nor write, but picks and preserves to a nicety; and she is the sole nurse of her little grand-child. She is always regretting having left a house in the square, because, she says, "it was so nice; I could sit at the window all day, and call up the men when I wanted to buy cabbage and onions." This good lady is a great enemy to all innovations, and will not eat a potato for the world; for she says, it is the very fruit with which the Devil tempted Eve. She has two sisters married and settled in India; and if you ask her in what part, she will answer, 'In the Isle of France.' One day I showed her a map of Hindostan, and she pointed to the Ganges, and asked if it was the Jordan? On one present remarking that India abounded in rivers, 'yes, indeed,' she replied, 'if these be their mouths,' pointing to the lines which map-makers draw round the edge of the land. The eldest son, Count Giovanni, (in this country all the children of a nobleman take the title of count and countess, and you will not seldom hear inquiries after the Contess-si-si-nà,) is married, and lives in the house. As long as the father of a family lives, he claims the earnings of all his children, and keeps them all in utter dependance on him. Giovanni has travelled and seen the world; nay, I believe he spent three years in a cottage at Pisa: he fancies himself a prodigy of learning and talent; and because he had an English master for three months in Italy, he talks cleverly of Sterne's romances, and Goldsmith's sermons."

Old Maids—their Varieties, Character, and Conditions. Smith and Elder.

Scarcely have we ceased our lamentations over the grave of Elia, our only essayist of the true Addisonian school, that pertained exclusively to the literature of England (for Washington Irving's mind, if not his person, belongeth to America), when, lo! an author with powers as varied, and a mind as accomplished, as the lost Charles Lamb, rises
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into his vacant chair. But the author of "Old Maids" is more to the ladies than Elia, since he has devoted eloquence, fancy, genius, and learning, to the honour of a class among them hardly treated by the world in general, and too often despised by females themselves. We have noticed that every scrap of literature relating to celibacy, whether of man or woman, is eagerly devoured by all sorts of readers; and this we consider is a very curious trait of society. From this observation, we conclude, that had the talent displayed in the pages of the present work been of a lower grade, the plan alone would have made it popular; but excellent as it is, and finished with the most graceful polish of diction of which our language is capable, we predict a brilliant career of literary success for the anonymous author. We trust, however, that he will favour the world with the analysis and classification of the enemies’ forces, and soon publish a brother volume, in which old bachelors will be dissected by his acute pen.

The title sufficiently explains the plan of the work; therefore we hasten to prove our words by extracts from the proofs before us, promising that we consider the characteristics of the voluntary old maid a beautiful and complimentary definition of a very attractive division of the species:—

“She looks back upon her youthful desires and hopes as upon the memory of an intoxicating dream, filled with visions of happiness and of unutterable delight, and which the waking realities of life have long since convinced her were indeed but visions. —She looks abroad upon those who entered the career of existence with her, and she beholds a mingled picture of joy and woe.

—On the one hand—the encuanted cheek, the tottering step, and the hollow and sunken eye, proclaim the victim of indulged happiness.—On the other—the compressed lip, and the contracted brow, speak of blighted affection, or despised love.—On a third—the young mother hangs over the couch of her first-born, and best beloved—wearing Heaven with vain prayers, that the innocent sufferer may be spared to her doting heart, till she is borne away frantic and insensible from the death-bed of her darling child.—On another—she beholds love turned to the most impossibly hatred; her friend converted into a fiend, the husband into a cruel and tyrannous master, or dark suspicion and unfounded jealousy, riving both heart and brain, and rendering love a horrible curse.—

‘Oh Jealousy—thou raging ill,
Why hast thou found a place in lovers’ hearts?
Afflicting what thou canst not kill,
And poisoning Love himself, with his own darts.’

—On all sides she sees strife, dissension, and misery.—warm hearts chilled,—bright eyes dimmed,—beauty wasted,—love destroyed,—the canker-worm of care nestling in its breast,—every dimple of which was once the strong-hold of Cupid,—hopes and fears that kindle hopes, crushed and blasted—minds once redolent of everything sweet and blessed in nature, now a chaos of ruin and desolation. Such are the sights that meet the old maid; and happy should she be, that she has escaped from toils and snares so fearful and destructive.

“But her life is the oasis of the desert—her heart is a welling fountain of the purest sympathies—her home is sheltered by the palm-trees of content—and she treads her little round of existence on a verdant carpet, chequered with light and shade, and "de-mask’d with crocus, byacinth and violet in rich inlay."—For her—

‘No blasts e’er discompose the peaceful sky,
The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh.’

If she does not taste those delights which flow from happy marriage (and there are many such), when two individuals with moderate desires, and virtuous and well-tempered wishes, combine to produce ‘one harmony of bliss,’ she invariably shows how correctly she estimates so delightful a consummation—for where household harmony does reign, there may the old maid be found in all her glory, mingling sweet with sweet, and her heart and affections expanding beneath its genial influence.—Domestic strife is a Taurus from which she flies, it is a plague-spot, warning her to depart—but if a father or mother has reached the extreme verge of senility, there she may be seen hovering like a guardian angel, developing in this trying emergency all her treasured affections, and lavishing them on sensible or querulous old age, with all the vigour, the tenderness, and devotedness of a young bride, watching over the shattered health of an adored husband.

“Such, gentle reader, is an old maid. Acknowledge that thou hast done her great injustice—that thou hast viewed her as a selfish, envious, ill-natured, affected, credulous and curious creature, a fit object for mirth, a standing family jest, suited only to play a conspicuous part at funerals and births, and having none of the finer sympathies which thou supposeth to be locked in thine own breast. Acknowledge that thou hast considered a relation, if an old maid, and poor, as suited to a by-corner in thy domicile, there condemned to spend her time in darning old clothes, and knitting
Literature, &c.

stockings or 'comfortables,' as the 'ame
dannéce' of thy family, a licensed plaything
for thy children, and nurse-general for thyself,
thy wife, and thy offspring.—That, if
rich, thou hast invited her to set dinners
and card-parties; hast permitted thy young
hopefuls to visit her but rarely, and then
with an especial injunction to avoid treading
on the cat's tail, checking her parrot with
spirited stones, or lengthening the tail of her
pet poodle, by appending thereto an addition,
in the shape of an old can or kettle,—
to shun her china cabinet, to meddle not
with the 'little monsters' on her mantelpiece,
to wipe their shoes twice before entering
her drawing-room, to keep their plates
well under their chins, when seated at
table, least gravy or plum should escape
upon her 'snow-white napery,' and threaten
death and destruction to Tom and
Mary, if they amuse themselves with pulling
faces, and ' doing the pretty,' to imitate
thei're gromes, to correct their pronunciation
which, it is ten to one, the mischievous
monkeys overlook—as thou art conscious,
friend, that such is a favourite pastime of
tine own, and thy spouse's at home—not
withstanding thou hast twice been saved
from jail, by sister Margaret's generosity
and thy child's slowness to be profanely
at a respectable boarding-school, the ex-
 pense of which is borne by the same selfish
and ill-natured old maid.' Or can'st thou
'gainst thy father, cha- tising and affectation, becaus she
resides in a small cottage, and supports herself
in decency and comfort, on her annuity of
fifty pounds per annum. Look, gentle
reader, on this picture and on that,—is
it not 'Hyperion to a satyr;' and blush
for having considered an old maid as some-
thing that she is not.

"Dear amiables! can we wonder that
you are kind nurses—or that you are fond
of cats, dogs, parrots, and children? Is
it not thus that you are forced to display
your pent-up sensibilities? Something you
must love—your hearts are overflowing with
milk and honey; but mankind, blind to your
amiable qualities, meet your advances, as
if their most deadly enemies were making
counter approaches to destroy their sanctu-
aries.

"This is prejudice—fatal and perverse pre-
judice—and it is our task to display you in
your natural colours; we will show you as
beings to be loved and cherished; the screen
that has separated you from the world shall
be removed—you shall assume your place
in society, stainless and pure as you are, 'les
sœurs de la chastité'; old and young shall
welcome you, and henceforward, no tinge
of shame shall steal over your cheeks at
being greeted as old maids.

"First in honour and in place come the
voluntary old maids—those, who, having
birth, beauty, accomplishments and oppor-
tunity, have, of their own free-will, clothed
themselves in white. A noble hei—
with contemplative brows—eyes of subdued
brilliancy—and a lofty bearing, denoting a
consciousness of their claims to distinguished
honour.

"And thou, fair maiden, upon whom
thirty-five summer suns have already shone,
each one in succession maturing some new
charm, well hast thou earned thy title to
the name of voluntary old maid.—Art
thou not beautiful; yes, beautiful exceedingly?
—and is there not within thy dark
and lustrous eye, the very temple of love?
—and thou art not a—

' Bright star of beauty, on whose eyelids sit
A thousand nymph-like and enamour'd graces
and does not thy soft smile tell—'

'Thoughts of young love—?'

"Yes, thou art a gem, peerless in thy
loveliness. The very sunshine of delight
dwells on thy features; thy cheek throb
with hopes and fears, most feminine,
—and yet thou art a voluntary old maid.

"The fierce and burning love of the
noblest in the land has beset thee from the
first dawn of womanhood. The statesman
and the warrior have contended for thy
favour; the poet and the painter have
invoked the sister arts to twine a wreath for
thy brows—praise and flattery—prayer and
supplication have environed thee; but chas-
tity was throned in thy heart, and her ashe-
tos mantle has preserved thee to be the glory
and grace of our order.

"A voluntary old maid is a splendid ob-
ject for contemplation—and it is a proud
and gratifying truth, that many old maids
are in this distinguished class of professors.
The calumnious assertions so generally
made, that the state of celibacy is not one
of choice, but of bitter compulsion, is a part
of the slanders that have been current re-
specting our amiable friends. Man, thou
man,' strutting about in his fancied su-
periority, and proud of his self-assumed dis-
tinction of lord of the creation, would fain
persuade himself, that in the omnipotence
of his pretensions, he may sing 't 10 tri-
umph! and flatters himself with the idea,
that he has only to offer his hand to the
best and purest of God's creatures, and it
will be seized upon as a boon.—Vain illu-

sion,—he bears not on his crest 'veni, vidi,
victor.'—In this respect his counterpart is the
peacock, which spreads forth his gorgeous
tail, glancing in the sun-light, when a
scream, believed, no doubt, by the saipent
bird, to be 'melody divine,' startles the ob-
server into a conviction that something more
than pretension is requisite to make a house-
hold bird—and thus is it with man.

"There is, without doubt, implanted in
the breast of all women a passionate longing—an
almost irrepressible desire, for the society
and companionship of man. It is an in-
strict woven into their moral and physical structure,—it is a passion which grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength. It has mingled with their dreams, and formed the subject of their mid-day reveries.

"The bashful maiden, whose deep-fringed eye nodded cool and liquid lustre of her hazel eyes, seats herself pensively, away from observation, perchance, in the deep recess of some gothic window, or on some grassy bank, arched overhead by the 'giants of the wood,' and there is a voice and a mystery around her.—This is the 'spirit of Love,' felt everywhere; it finds a kindred feeling in the breast of the coy maiden, and, in the luxurious meditation, she lives in the space of one brief hour a life of love.—But the maiden is not alone in her solitude—her heart is filled with the image of some ideal being created by her heated fancy.—It comes at her bidding, shadowy and unreal, till she feels the beat of its tenderness, and with enamoured accents of delight it plays upon her heart, thus fixed forever, it becomes the desire of love and to be loved. It requires only that some congenial spirit shall approach her, and the whole torrent of her affections will be let loose upon him, or one look, that stirred the chord of her feelings, would fix her destiny; any incident, however trivial, that developed a correspondent tone of sensibility in one of the opposite sex, would make him the idol of her young heart,—and yet the creature, whose very frame is love, lives and dies with its bud.

"The passions that are coursing through her veins, may indeed re-act fearfully upon herself;—her face may blanch,—her eye may lose some portion of its brightness—her step may become less elastic,—and tender melancholy may invest her with a double charm. But year after year rolls over her head, and finds her still 'in maiden meditation.' Her friends, one by one, visit the hallowed altar; perhaps her own sisters, amongst whom she is the bright fair one, become brides.—She rejects offer after offer, and, at length, is marked out by her family as an old maid, who wonder why Mr. So-and-so was rejected—an excellent man—good fortune, &c., &c., and delicately hint, that she had better 'have made hay while the sun shone.'

"Gentle creature, thou hast preserved in all their pristine purity thy feminine attributes—thou hast brooded so long over the love dwelling in thy heart—that man's cold, selfish, and calculating affection, is utterly unworthy thy acceptance. The one who could alone have fixed thy vehement longing—has never appeared: thou art too pure, too good, too holy for those who would have wedded thee, for thy heart would have broken, and thou wouldst have sunk into a premature grave, when the sad truth had come upon thee—that man's tenderness, devotion, and admiration, are changeable and perishable. When thou hast left thy quiet home, and fixed thine affections so firmly that to break the bond would have been destruction, thou wouldst have found, 'that one was lost in certainty and one in joy,' and then thou wouldst have pine and withered like a beautiful exotic, removed from its own bright clime to another region, where factitious heat and unnatural stimuli are made to supply the want of the pure and elevating rays of its native sun. The struggle has been severe, but thou hast triumphed nobly over sensual temptations—thou hast kept in all its integrity the 'sea of love,' whose turbulent heavings disturbed thy young imaginations; and it is now ready to overflow on every deserving thing that comes before thee. Thy sisters and friends smile at thy philanthropy, and sneer at thy simplicity; for their love and their singleness of purpose have evaporated, and they have assumed a direction widely apart from those golden hopes and joys which 'maidens dream of when they think of love.'—These thou hast kept in all their original brightness; and now, though the frost of forty winters has pressed upon thee, thou art still a maiden—in mind and soul.

"The peculiarities of voluntary old maids are of the most amiable character. Their delicacy and their sensibility have removed them from the cold philosophy of the world—they are nature's children, have a smile for the gay—a tear for pity—an universal benevolence—and a hand open as day to melting charity. Their weaknesses are even amiabilities—and their little distresses more touching than the misfortunes of others.

"Does a voluntary old maid hear of some unhappy friend, whom the fates have unkindly driven to destitution, her innocent temper suggests no inquiries as to whether the sufferer is the victim of her own faults, or the faults of others; but she visits upon her, relieves her condition, goes abroad into society, details her account of the unfortunate, and is met with exclamations of wonder and uplifted hands—and hears, to her dismay, a history of proprieties, and is lucky if she escape insinuations herself. Again, some one of her early admirers, whom her dignity and pride of self had rejected, having married another less high-minded and chaste, has fallen into distress—a young family, a sick wife, a ruined fortune, and impending poverty threaten to crush him to the earth, and scatter his family outcasts and miserable upon the cold and calculating world.—She learns all this, visits the house of woe, sees him, who in the days of his prosperity deemed himself little less than a god, now grovelling in the dust, and the sluices of that love which he could not open then, roll back and embrace the entire family. The beautiful
woman becomes a saint—she was worshipped once as a creature of clay, fitted for earthly love,—she is worshipped now as a superior being, possessing angelic attributes.

But again society upbraids her, and imputes false motives to her actions. Base slander! her motives are as pure as unsunned snow, and originate in the impulses of 'the spirit of love,' which exists in undiminished splendour within her.

"—To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue, with contemptuous words,
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,—"

we throw down the gauntlet of mortal defiance—and tell him to his teeth, that he knows nothing of the 'high mystery' of old maidism.

'So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity, That when a soul is found sincerely so, A thousand liveried angels lackey her. Driving far off each thing of guilt and sin: And in clear dream and solemn vision, Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear, Till oft converse with heavenly habitants, Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, The unpolluted temple of the mind, And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence, Till all be made immortal.'

Thus it is that the voluntary old maid becomes freed from the grimmer passions and influences of common mortality; year after year robs her of some portion of that impurity which disgraces our immortal nature, and lifts her nearer and nearer to angelic perfection."


In our review of the first number of this much-required work, we chiefly bestowed our attention on one peculiar feature of its arrangement; viz. the introduction of the participles in their proper places as regular words; we now repeat, that this improvement alone would make it indispensable to every library, especially to those devoted to the purposes of education. Meantime we waited for the examination of the second number, before we gave our judgment on Mr. Knowles's work as an explanatory and pronouncing dictionary. In the first-named capacity, it certainly comes as nigh to perfection as the life-long study of a most intelligent professor of language can render it—brief, lucid, and liberal; where dilution is needed, it leaves nothing to wish on this head; and we give it the fullest meed of our approbation. As to the pronouncing department, when the exquisite difficulty of making the eye speak to the ear is considered, would either author or readers believe us, were we to declare that perfection had been attained? Much of good has been effected, and many evils and nuances in the old systems abated.

A reasonable study of the key-line will certainly smooth the chief difficulties of our language to natives and foreigners. Sometimes we think Mr. Knowles is a little too complaisant to evident corruptions of sound: for instance, he pronounces comedian, kom-me-de-yan; while comedy is given its legitimate sound of o, as kom-i-de-e. In regard to his government of vowel-sounds, when we consider that we have but the seven characters of a, e, i, o, u, w, y, to denote, at least, twenty-one vowel-sounds, it stands to reason that we must allow some conventional combinations, for the purpose of expressing the vowel modifications to the eye rather than unequivocal appeals to the ear. We allow Mr. Knowles great credit for ingenuity in all he has done in this way, excepting in the case of poor w, and that still remains an ill-treated and misunderstood letter, owing to the barbarous ignorance of its ancient godfathers and godmothers, our ancestors, who, when they taught their children their letters, gave it the name of double-u, and forgot to tell them that it was double-e, as well as double-u. Even our most skilful masters of sound have not been able to overcome this antique blunder, nor to listen distinctly to the urgent claims that double u, makes to every ear to be named we, as well as its slender sister e, is called re. With this conviction we cannot agree with Mr. Knowles, when he thus defines the sound of w, in his eighth division of the exposition of the parts of speech:—

"That the sound of the letter w, in every syllable and word in which it appears in the writing of words, whether in the beginning, middle, or ending, representing exactly the same as that of o, in to, whether it be sound ed long or short, will always be represented by the vowel o, being always a vowel."

Our ear is exceedingly dissatisfied with this decision; it likewise is discontented with the characters of be-oal, for bewailing, be-ak for bewake, be-up for beweep; and we own we think the
orthography of these words sounds them far more naturally—certainly not, if we strive to give $w$ the sound of double-$u$, but when we give it its real practical sound of double $v$, at the commencement of words. Let us name it $we$, and spell $weep$, and we shall say $we-e-e-p$.$\text{.}$ Let us spell $avail$, we shall say $a-v-e-a-i-l$. Let us spell $bewail$, and we ought to give the $w$ its practical name of the word $we$, as well as to call $v, ve$, and all difficulties vanish. Thus, ladies, if you will teach your babies, when they learn their alphabets, to name $w, we$, instead of the puzzling name double-$u$, reserving to yourselves the after explanation that it has likewise the sound of double-$u$, in the middle and ending of words, as in $dew, view, towel, \&c.$, you will save much trouble to themselves and their future instructors.


In the present impression we find many additions, among which we must mention a print, very well coloured, representing human eyes suffering under several dreadful maladies, the sight of which afflicted our eyes exceedingly, and although in a perfect state of health, made them very nervous and full of fancies. But it is well sometimes to see the grievous miseries our fellow-creatures are enduring, in order to inspire compassion for the afflicted poor.

Among many useful cautions, in regard to the preservation of sight, we find the following, and can add to it the observation that a white lace veil is peculiarly distressing to the eyes. Mr. Curtis says:

"Many naturally good eyes have been permanently weakened by the apparently innocent custom of wearing a veil, the constant shifting of which affects the sight so prejudicially, in its ceaseless attempts to adjust itself to the veil's vibrations, that I have known not a few young ladies who have brought on great visual debility by this means alone."

We have only done our duty to our fair subscribers by copying this hint, as we know a veil is often worn as a shelter to the eyes.

_The Claims of Dissenters considered._


An apostolical spirit of peace and goodwill breathes in this address; the purport of which is, to set at rest party disputes in a populous parish, where the claims of the Dissenters occasion a great deal of controversy. We find in it important information respecting the established law, in regard to marrying, burying, registration, and the degrees taken at Oxford and Cambridge. After a clear statement of these matters, follows a judicious and conciliatory discussion as to what should be withheld from, and what granted to, Dissenters. However we may admire the Christian disposition shown in these pages, Mr. Sewell must be prepared to meet angry and detracting feelings from the ultras of both parties; for the mere formalist-worshipper of Church and State will be displeased at his wish to concede so much, while, whoever dissent for dissenting sake, will rage because he would grant so little. Mr. Sewell must be contented with the esteem of the conscientious of every denomination of Christian: those of the Church of England will wish men of his meek and gentle disposition had higher advancement in our establishment; and we do sincerely trust, that whatever arrangement may be deemed fitting in the new order of things will include such characters, and produce the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," and goodwill to all mankind.

_Biographical Sketch of the Rev. Edward Irving, M.A._ By W. Jones, M.A.

To which are added, thirty original Sermons, by E. Irving. In 15 Parts. No. 1. J. Bennett.

Mr. Jones, as the biographer of the late Edward Irving, has undertaken a task of peculiar delicacy, and as far as our specimen number carries down the memoirs, we think his plan an excellent one. He avows that it is his intention to collect carefully facts and documents, and leave the public to draw their own inferences from them. This is the only safe way of proceeding in a case of such extreme difficulty, where the most charitable must come to the conclusion, that
the powerful and energetic intellect of Edward Irving "had o'er informed his tenement of clay." We deeply grieve for the fock misled by the wandering light of that once glorious mind, for it is the peculiar attribute of true genius to lead; and ordinary minds that are exposed to its influence, are unable to resist its fascinations, although, as in this case (perhaps from some physical cause), judgment had left the helm, and the brilliant light of genius was erratic and unsteady.

The early and mysterious decay of Irving's fame shows that, in the words of the Arab poets, "the polished steel scyemtar had eaten away the splendid sheath." Peace to that over-wrought soul! and may the conclusion of these memoirs prove that he was not a wilful deceiver, though the wanderings of one so brilliantly gifted above his fellow-men, is a humbling lesson to human nature—so let us take it, and consider him and his followers with Christian charity.

This number contains some admirable sermons now first published, specimens of the masterly talent of Edward Irving as a divine, in that happy time when he appeared in London as a mighty awakener of the Christian church in general. These discourses were taken by an accurate short-hand writer, when he preached at Hatton-garden. His beautiful narrative of the loss of the Abeona proves that he had excelled in any department of literature.


We admired the manner in which Mr. Dunham had performed his difficult task in the first volume of the History of the Germanic Empire. Out of the most perplexed materials that ever mortal historian had to work on, he has produced a second volume luminous in beauty and information. There is an honest hatred for undeserved slander in this author that his readers ought to admire; this spirit is apparent in the justice he does to the character of the Emperor Maximilian the First; a person who appears in the pages of Mr. Dunham's work to have been a much more estimable monarch and governor than either Henry the Eighth or Francis the First, though the worldliness of other historians have led us to despise him for his poverty, truly, as if it were not more honourable to appear according to the means of himself and his subjects, than to be wasting in useless barbaric show in foreign lands the means of both, as Henry and Francis did.

Mr. Dunham has, by means of his usual curious research into ancient authorities, enriched his work with many entertaining legends, which besides lightening the historical narrative, have the valuable effect of illustrating the feelings and belief of the people in particular eras. The reader will be amused at the German diablerie that pervades even their historic annals: witness the fate of Ludovic of Thuringia's soul:

"But the most graphic account is of Ludovic IV, landgrave of Thuringia, who certainly appears to have been distinguished in the worst age for his violence. That he ruled his vassals with a rod of iron, is historically true. He once surrounded a field with a boundary of stones, and proclaimed perfect impunity to any malefactor, whatever the crime, who should take refuge within it. Frequent were the conspiracies against him; and his revenge was terrible. 'Some he drowned,' says the author of the Chronicle of Thuringia; 'some he hanged, some he cut to pieces, some he suffocated in a noxious dungeon; and, because he always went armed, he was always called the iron landgrave.' Throughout life he was a believer in predestination, to an extent that would have delighted a Godescalk, or a Calvin, or a Knox. 'If I am predestined to life eternal,' he observed, 'I shall enjoy it, whatever my works; if to death eternal, the decree must equally be fulfilled, were my actions pure as those of a saint.' That such a man should not scruple to 'oppress his vassals by intolerable exactions,' and 'usurp the possession of the church;' that he should be 'prædo et tyrannus maximus' is not surprising. Such was the terror of his name—for, says the chronicler, 'he was feared worse than the devil'—that it caused him to be obeyed after his death. Seeing that his last hour was approaching, he summoned to his bedside several proud nobles, his vassals, who had formerly rebelled against him, and whom he had afterwards subjected to the most ignominious treatment. 'I am going to die!' cried the grim old prince; 'I order you, under the pain of hanging, that after I have ceased to breathe, you will carry my corpse on your shoulders—and that, too, with all possible respect and reverence—to Reinhartshorn, the place of my internment!' This they tremblingly promised to do; and thus, after his death, they did, 'emperors of time.' says the chronicler, 'quot domi-
nus eorum riucret, et ipsis illudere vollet, ac eos tentare.' Never, in short, was any prince so dreaded as this, by churchmen no less than by laymen. — Cesarius was contemporary with the landgrave; and his testimony of that prince's tyranny being thus confirmed by authentic history, we shall be the less surprised at the popular impression respecting him. Though he died with one sign of grace,—ordering his corpse to be wrapped in the Cistercian habit,—the only good which this produced was a joke from one of the prince's attendants. 'Well has my lord done his part,' observed the knight: 'as a warrior he was unequalled; and now, as obedient to the monastic rule, what brother ever so strictly kept the vow of silence?'

But let us hear Cesarius:—

"'Ludovic of Thuringia.

"No sooner did the spirit leave the landgrave's body, than, as has been most clearly revealed to a certain brother, it was presented to the prince of hell, then sitting on the brink of a pit, fathomless, but covered, and holding a drinking-cup in his hand: 'A heartily welcome, landgrave! show our beloved friend our dining-rooms, our ladders, our cellars, and then bring him to me!' The wretch was shown nothing but places of torment—nothing but weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth; and when he was brought to the prince, the chief of the evil spirit said, 'Friend, drink from my cup!' Reluctant as he was to obey, he had no other alternative; and as he drank, the flames burst from his eyes and nose. After this, Satan added, 'Now shalt thou see my well, and a famous deep one it is, for it has no bottom!' So, removing the cover, he thrust in the landgrave, and re-closed it.

"Ludovic V., son and successor of the fierce old landgrave, was anxious to know what had become of his father's soul; and in the hope that some of the clerks learned in magic would be able to acquire the information, he was heard to propose a good reward for it:

"This intelligence reached the ears of a certain poor knight, who had a brother, a clergyman, formerly much addicted to necromancy. To him the knight mentioned the promises of the prince; and the priest replied, 'Dear brother, once, indeed, I was in the habit of invoking Satan by certain incantations, and of asking him whatever I wished; but long have I renounced both him and his arts.' The knight entreated, insisted, exposed his present poverty, extolled the promised advantage, and by his tears at length so moved the priest, that the latter invoked the demon. The demon appearing, and inquiring why he was called, the magician said, 'I repent my long estrangement from thee. Tell me, I pray thee, where is the soul of my lord the landgrave.' Replies the demon, 'Come with me, and I will show thee!' Rejoins the priest, 'Glady would I see him, if this could be without peril of my life!' Says the other, 'I swear to thee by the Highest, and by His tremendous judgment, that, if thou wilt trust thyself to me, I will convey thee thither and back in perfect safety!' So the priest, for the sake of his brother, placed his life in the hands of the demon, mounted the demon's back, and in a very short time was at the gates of hell. Looking within, he beheld scenes of exceeding horror, torments of every description, and above all a devil, grim in aspect, sitting over a covered pit. When the clerk saw this he trembled, and still more when the demon at the pit cried out to the other, 'Who is there? what hast thou on thy neck? bring him forward!' The other replied, 'One of our friends, to whom I have sworn by the Great Power not to hurt, but to show him the soul of his landgrave, and convey him back safe and sound, that he may relate thy praise to all men!' Immediately the chief devil removed the covering from the pit, and, putting a large brazen trumpet into his mouth, he sounded it with such force that the man thought the whole world must be shaken by the blast. After what seemed to him a full hour, the pit emitted sulphurous flames, and among the ascending fires up came the prince, and stood in sight of the priest. 'Behold me, that wretched landgrave, once thy lord: would that I had never been born!' The man said, 'I am sent by your son, who is anxious to know your state; if in any thing you can be relieved, tell me!'—'As to my state,' rejoined the other, 'that thou seest: yet know, that if my sons would restore the possessions of certain churches (these he particularlyised), which I usurped with violence, and left to them with an hereditary title, my soul would be greatly relieved.' The clerk replied, 'But, my lord, they will not believe me!' The other proceeded, 'I will give thee a sign, known only to myself; and my sons. The sign being given, and the landgrave being again dragged into the fathomless pit, the clerk was brought back to earth; yet, though alive, he was so pale and languid that he could scarcely be known. The words of the father he related to the sons; he disclosed the sign; but little did it avail, for they would not restore the possessions. Ludovic the landgrave said to the clerk, 'The signal I recognise; I doubt not that thou hast seen my father; nor do I refuse thee the promised reward.'—'My lord,' replied the other, 'keep your reward. I shall think only of my soul!' So, bidding adieu to the world, he became a monk in a Cistercian convent, despising all temporal sorrow, so that he might escape the pain eternal.'

"Where such ingenious legends could be invented to discredit the enemies of the
church, and invented, too, immediately after the death of such enemies—sometimes even during their lives—the clergy had something like revenge."

Considering the moral respectability of the German character, his sable majesty seems to have been extraordinarily busy among them, according to their own account; his appearance to St. Elizabeth, however, was not very inviting. This good lady was a regular madwoman, and we therefore give one of her most singular delusions.

"At Complins she perceived in the oratory a little thing habited in tunic and cowl, just like a monk; and a sudden illness assailing her, she desired the prioress and some sisters to meet her in the chapter and pray over her. But when she endeavoured to kneel before the crucifix, her joints stiffened so that she could not bend them. Through a great effort, however, she fell prostrate on her face; and after prayer, the Gospel containing the Passion was read over her: when, just at the words, "and Satan entered into Judas, surname Iscariot," in he came, laughing and grinning. None but herself could perceive him: but luckily he vanished at the conclusion of the Gospel. The following morning, he reappeared, but not in the most lovely form. His shape, indeed, was human, if we except his hands and feet, which resembled the talons of an eagle; but his face was of fire; his tongue like a red-hot shovel, protruding far from his mouth; and his look terrible. In this way did he appear seven successive times in the course of one day; and once he was like a lap-dog. The next morning he was at her bedside, swearing that with one of his sandals, which he held in his hand, he would knock out her teeth; and just before mass he assumed the form of a wild bull, endeavouring to gore her with his horns: but help was at hand."

We cannot help wondering why the talented Mr. Dunham should not have given his name to the History of Spain and Portugal. We are moreover anxious about his National Biography, so warmly patronised in the north of England.

Poems. By Louisa Anne Twamley.

With original illustrations, drawn and etched by the Authoress. Charles Tilt.

This beautiful volume has several claims to the notice and approbation of our fair and gentle readers: it is not only written, but entirely illustrated by a very young lady; and in the three several departments of poetry, design, and engraving, accustomed as we are to the frequent contemplation of female talent, we own ourselves much surprised at the variety of excellence it contains.

Miss Louisa Anne Twamley is a near relative of the late lamented Sir Thomas Lawrence, who marked the early talents of her childhood, and promised her instruction and assistance; her death deprived her of the inestimable advantage of his aid, when she was too young to profit by his friendly intentions. She has since attained considerable excellence in portrait-painting.

We can speak highly of the pictorial merits of her publication; the vignette etching of part of the ruins of Kenilworth, that adorns the title-page, is a gem worthy a place in any annual; the drawing is true and elegant, the etching firm and delicate.

The dedication-wreath of flowers, in which is inscribed the name of Rogers, the poet of "Memory," is a beautiful composition, superior to any presentation-plate this year in the annuals,—excepting that of the Forget-me-not; and like that, we can recommend it as a design for the first page of a lady's album.

As to the poetry, the following extract, from the dedication, will, we think, win all feminine affections to the writer:

"To thee, whose poesy so well hath won
The envied praise of silver-voiced fame,
I bring not laurel-wreaths—for they are thine—
My humble chaplet has but simple flowers,
Buds of the heath and greenwood, to entwine
The bard's immortal name.—Yet spurn them not—
For, oh! more fragile than their tenderest leaf—
Than the first blossom in the lap of spring,
Is the lone, trembling, doubting, heart
That yields
Its first affections to the love of song."

Like all very young writers, she is inclined to run through "each mode of the lyre," and certainly in most of them she excels. We have several favourites in this volume, among which we particularly name the "Song of the Flowers," "The Hindu Girl," and all her fairy songs. She is quite at home with fairies. We like her playful style of poetry, and would advise her to cultivate that seemingly easy, but really rare and difficult, branch of the art.—at least, difficult to those whose natural disposition does not incline

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them to comic delineation in verse—we allude to "the Dames of the Olden Time;" a poem that is certainly one of her latest productions, and in which, strange as she may think it, we discern a still greater promise of future excellence than in some of an apparently higher cast of poetry.

There is a gay, lightsome spirit among many of these songs and poems, a feeling which we should like oftener to see among lady poets; the fashionable wretchedness so prevalent in modern poetry, producing great sameness and monotony; and this is, in truth, one of the causes why poetry is neglected. "The Freed Heart" well deserves to be married to music, though really it has an inherent music of its own, that would make arranging it an easy task.

We would conclude by quoting the "Christmas Wreath;" a poem that would speak still more for the rest of the volume, but for want of space. Next month, perhaps, it will be otherwise.

In justice to Mr. Tilt we must mention that, for beauty of getting up, binding, &c., a prettier volume was never sent forth by his house.

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**Fine Arts.**

**Switzerland.** By W. Brattie, M.D.
Illustrated by W. H. Bartlet, Esq.
G. Virtue.

We waited till we had examined several numbers of this very superior work before we gave our full opinion of its character; for the marvellous cheapness at which it was offered, bred some suspicions that it could not be kept up at the rate of only 2s. for four quarto prints in each number. We can, however, safely declare, that instead of depreciating from its early standard, it improves in excellence; and, in proof of this assertion, let our readers look at the bold and beautiful handling of the "Source of the Arveiron," engraved by Radclyffe; the "Upper Cascade of Reichenbach," by Willmore; the "Lake of Lucerne," by Mottram; the "Gallery of Fête Noire," by Appleton; "Martigny," by Starling; and for beautiful leafing and grouping of trees and water, and for clear and tender tints, where shall we find the "Convent of Madonna del Sasso," by Fisher, surpassed? Our usual favourite, Wallis, we think, has in this work suffered some other artists to surpass him. After thus discussing the engravers, we ought to bestow our commendations on the genius of the artist whose original designs have given life to all these fine prints, and we are certain that Bartlet's freedom of pencil and grand aerial tints must be appreciated by every lover of the arts. The literary department of Switzerland is well-written. We consider that the united work will be a treasure to artists, and indispensable to the tourist.

**The Plates of the Literary Souvenir.**
Whittaker.

Owing to the accidental loss of a review which ought to have appeared previously to the publication of the "Souvenir," we have not hitherto acknowledged the receipt of those exquisite proofs; but however late in the day our notice may be, in justice to the fine arts, we cannot suffer so fine a collection of gem-like prints to have appeared without offering our tribute to their excellence. The public are well aware of the increase of size and of the additional number of plates in the "Souvenir:" they are all finished with the utmost care and delicacy. To the attention of print-collectors we recommend the exquisite Bonnington, representing the "Church of St. Owen," by Salmon. "The Dorothea," by Goodyear. "The Storm in Harvest," one of Westall’s best designs, charmingly engraved by Outtrim. "Diana Vernon," a finely-touched head, by Cook. "The Key-Note," a lovely design by Middleton, finished deliciously by Lightfoot. The charming portrait of Mrs. A. A. Watts, by Chalon, so tenderly and elegantly touched by Y. and W. Watts. "The Billet-Doux," is in a singular style of engraving, but is attractive. Miss Pickersgill’s portrait, engraved by Hart, although rather of the darkest in tone, is a fine engraving; and the "Two Collins", are worth the whole price of the enlarged "Souvenir." We hope to see the same plan continued next year; but would recommend as much space to be given to the plates as the en-
larged boundaries of the “Souvenir” will permit. Mr. A. Watts, as a first-rate judge of the arts, will acknowledge how much art has suffered by the former contracted size of the most popular annuals.

Finden’s Byron Beauties. No. 4. C. Tilt.

The present number certainly does not equal in artistic merit its three predecessors, but it has the advantage of possessing the real portrait of Mrs. Spencer Smith, the lady that Lord Byron celebrated under the name of Florence in his earlier poems. As zealous lovers of the arts, we watch the progress of this elegant publication with no little interest, in hopes that it will revive the taste for engravings in a larger scale than have been fashionable of late. The head of “Zulieka,” in the first number, was one of the most perfect engravings, for tender beauty of expression, we have ever seen.


We predict such great improvement in landscape design from the publication of this work, that we cannot help noticing it under the head of the fine arts. In No. 4, Mr. Loudon has paid us the high compliment of adopting the improvement we suggested in the March number, of extending the ground at the foot of the trees. We would advise all parents whose daughters show a talent for drawing in pencil to put this work in their possession, and by a little kind encouragement they may prevail on them to copy the portraits of the various trees; they are so simple and so distinct, that the very attempt will be a valuable drawing lesson, and bring them wonderfully forward, with a true taste for nature, by the time they take lessons. It is astonishing what well-trained children will do for themselves in this way, without forcing! if proper means are taken, and proper books put in their hands. For this purpose we do not scruple to affirm the “Arboreteum” to be the most elegant and easiest drawing-book, for the acquisition of leafing trees in pencil, we have ever seen. “The cut-leaved Laburnum,” “The Buckthorn,” and the “Opaque-leaved Holly,” are our favourites in this number. “The Sugar Maple,” so interesting from its production of sugar in our Canadian colonies, will be an object of great interest in the third number.

Music.


2. The Highland Quadrilles, or Perry’s 29th Set. Arranged for the Piano by E. Perry. Mori and Lavenus.

The first-named of these sets are already familiar to many of our subscribers. “The Harvest Home,” and the “Song to the Eagle,” have the most dancing spirit in them:—they are arranged in the fashionable style that procures Mr. Perry so many admirers.

The second-named set are by no means to our taste. Songs that are pleasingly composed, and have their share of popularity, when aided by the charms of our first native voice, do not perhaps furnish airs that set people dancing. Mr. Phillips is not obliged by this mistaken zeal. As for dancing to my “Heart’s in the Highlands,” as Charlotte Lambert says in the “Hypocrite,” we should as soon think of dancing in church to the organ. However, there is prefixed to this set a good likeness of Phillips, well lithographed.


Sung with enthusiastic applause by Mr. Henry Phillips! No wonder!—The poetry is true and real,—the music glorious,—guard it well, Mr. Phillips! lest somebody should insist on dancing to its rich deep melodies, for we predict that it will be outrageously popular. The key is D.


2. Take heed of Time. By the same Author and Composer.

The first of these songs is full of pathetic beauty, both in the words and music. We can recommend it sincerely, as richly deserving the attention of our fair readers. The key is G. The second we cannot praise in either department.

Very heavy farce and forced fun in this song; it needs Mr. Reev’s choicest grimaces to make it comic: meantime, the music is good; the symphony really a fine march, and original—as far as our memory aids us. Key is G.


The words are exceedingly droll; it is a real comic song, the tune “Miss Baily.”

The lithographic caricature excellent at all points. All lovers of the angle, who are not afraid of scaring their fish by laughing for a mouth, should buy it.


The admirers of “Meet me by Moonlight,” have here a song written in the same taste; the music is not so good.

Great preparations are making for a musical festival at Cambridge, on the installation of Earl Camden. Something very extraordinary is expected.

Drama, &c.

King’s Theatre.—The less fortunate than worthy Laporte had a sad check in his operations till the 9th April; every body almost, except ourselves, wrote against him and his miserable attempts. By that evening he arranged his forces with so much vigour, that even since nothing has been heard but the new beauties of the performance of La Gazza Ladra. We are entirely satisfied that it was our threat of “scolding his ladies” that made them behave better, and produced this result! Be this as it may, we are glad of the result, and hope for its continuance, since we seemed certainly to feel point de Laporte, point d’opera.

Donizetti’s Anna Bolena was produced with great force on the 23d. Grisi exerted herself more than ever; and her “Guidici!—ad Anna!” was electric. All did their best; the Brambilla, Mrs. E. Seguin, Ivanhoff, Lablache, &c.

Still is there a cry for novelty; and good M. Laporte must contrive to produce it, if he hope for any due reward of his exertions.

Drury Lane.—The piece we announced has fulfilled all we anticipated of it; but come we to Easter, which is much more fashionable than it used to be. The Masaniello of Auber, and the Brigand, preceded a new piece called The Note-Forgery, of powerful interest; and, we think, excellently well prepared for the stage. We were glad again to see Mr. Denvil, who, with Mr. Warde, had the burden of the severe acting, and well did they carry it through; as did Messrs. Harley and Vining, in two young farmers, naturally inveigled at a fair. Two things gratified us in it particularly; it has a moral, and poetical justice is not, we think, violated, as too often the case, by false romance.

Carnegie Garden.—Pizarro, with Miss Taylor as Cora (excellent, as usual), Mr. Vaudenhoff the Rolla, Mrs. Sloman Elvira, passed well with those who are blessed with oblivion of the olden time. Then followed Carl-milhan, or the Drowned Crew. Scene, Shetland, which has novelty and interest for all who contemplate that northern link between our land and the continent, as relates to Norway and its legends. With some rational improvements, we doubt not it will succeed, for there was much to please the audience, diminished by the attraction of the Note-Forgery at the other patent house.

Apropos, Madame Malibran is alive, and putting her talents up to the best bidder. Let her not forget Miss Romer.

When we last heard of Mr. Bunn, he was on the continent, striving to outdo both major and minor operas, by securing Malibran, &c.—“money no object.” The success of his musical treat was certainly great inspiration, yet we should have direful apprehensions, notwithstanding such claims on the more refined of the play-going public.

English Opera.—A grand opera by Miss Mitford, the music by Mr. Packer of the Royal Academy, commenced the new operations. Its title is Sadak and Kalasrade, or the Waters of Oblivion. We cannot help thinking that the excellent authors would have done better, in availing herself of Miss A. Strickland’s Moor, than the Savage, who, in his unlawful passion, does nothing out of the spirit of

“I’ll woo thee as a lion woo’s his bride.”

Miss E. Romer, and Messrs. Wilson and Phillips completely effaced some incongruities; and the whole, with small dissent, was well received. My Fellow Clerk and The Shadow on the Wall were excellent.

Queen’s Theatre.—This is the house for novelties of all description, with good acting according to their powers, which more than fulfils our prophecy of success. Gabrielle, or the Incon., an opera-comedy, was the new piece; of whose story we need not trouble ourselves, since it told well with the audience. A Roland for an Oliver succeeded, with the favourite acquisition of
London Chitchat.

Mrs. Honey; and then a new burletta, Tame Tigers; or no Harm Done: Female Volunteers, and the Water Party, completed an evening of pleasantly varied and well-acted entertainments.

Sadler's Wells.—This old friend presented us with a new farce in such a manner as after our last visit we could have hardly conceived possible; French white, gold, and crimson, tastefully displayed, every part filled with smiling faces, and the boxes graced with beauty and elegance, with Almar, Vale, Edwin, Heslop, and Miss Julias, furnished to, had, indeed, no common charms. The Temple of Death, All Round my Hat I Yea a Green Villow, and the pantomime, passed well. Bengough's new drop-scenes and the proscenium altogether are admirable.

Royal Amphitheatre.—When we saw The Siege of Jerusalem announced, we were so full of Titus and his crown of temperance, that we confess some disappointment on finding it a crusade adventure. It is, however, a really splendid spectacle, and was enthusiastically received. Ducrow led the van of his troops in the equestrian circle. Hercules showed his strength and skill to the great delight of those full-blooded holiday folk; and The Mysteries of the Oak Chamber sent the multitude home satisfied. Certainly the ménage of the horses is wonderful, as well as their sagacity. The theatre is sure to do well.

Surrey Theatre.—Crowds were nevertheless frequent, to the other house of the modern "Bankside." Mephisto, with John Reeve and Buckstone (Mrs. Yates was ill); Miss Vincent in a burletta, and the lunar Celestia told well. The theatre is handsomely decorated, and the proprietors promise to satisfy the public and themselves.

City Theatre.—Good acting and pretty actresses produce success.

Royal Pavilion.—The Siege of Gibraltar, or General Elliott in 1782, with Farrell's Spanking Jack, and capital scenery, tells well, along with a pretty burletta, The Dutchman's Dream, and Williams and a madrigal—"Paradise Lost".

Garrick Theatre.—This elegant little theatre re-opened on Easter Monday, under the management of Mr. Forde, with The Battle of Austerlitz, The Irish Tutor (in which Master Forde, as Dr. O'Toole, rivalled young Burke, of whom we have spoken), and a new Icelantic spectacle, all of which went off with éclat. Archer, Haines, Manders, Graham, Cullen, and Forde, Mrs. W. West, Mrs. Forde, Mrs. Manders, Miss Langley, &c., form a powerful attraction. A domestic drama is in preparation, of which great things are spoken.

Is or is not The Forger a free translation from the French Faussaires Anglais?

Kenny's opera of The Magic Bell, so long on hand, we are glad to hear, is at last to be got up at the English Opera—the music by Bishop, &c. Why, from Kenny's well-known tact, should it have been detained so long, to the injury of a talented man? This requires explanation.

The ballet of Bresillia, lately produced at Paris for Taglioni, will be a good opportunity for some Brazilian music when it shall be imported here.

We are promised the translation and adaptation of a French vaudeville, named Une Femme est un Diable. How Woman a Devil will be relished in London, let Madame Vestris tell us.

The French actors have got into Olympia, and Madame Vestris harresting in the provinces, whether have gone the Kembles and several more. Farren is in Dublin.

As we anticipated last month, the Theatrical Fund dinners took place on the 1st and 8th of April, with all the success that could be wished. Lord Mulgrave made an excellent speech.

Panorama, Leicester-Square. — We have a great arrear to bring up on Exhibitions. We suppose the blighting winds have blighted us, but the glowing May is beaming upon us, and then we will bring up our arrears.

To speak of Mr. Burford's talents, would be a tale more than twice or three hundred times told. His Panorama of Jerusalem is of the most interesting description, both as to subject and treatment. In our old-fashioned way, we cannot help asking what became of poor Donovan's Panorama of Jerusalem, exhibited some thirty-five years since, at the long since destroyed "Rackstraw's Museum," in Fleet-street, famous also for the late Mrs. Salmon's wax-work—altogether a building of the olden day.

London Chitchat.

From all quarters of fashion.

The excellent health of their Majesties, notwithstanding many things which affect that of the simplest men and women, is the most agreeable conversation of the day.

Her Majesty announced a drawing-room on the 30th April.

All those very select circles, to which the young Queen of Portugal was so acceptable in this country, and afterwards her comparatively youthful consort, have had painful subjects of conversation indeed; as relates to this most delightful of alliances. He died on the 28th of March last, at which moment we had received especially from Lisbon,
anecdotes of the delightful effects of the union and the manners of the royal pair on the good people of Portugal. We confess that, from close intimacy with that country, we are incapable of details, and therefore borrow them:

“"This event, as little foreseen as it is universally deplored, was occasioned by an attack of quinsy, which was mild at first, but soon proved alarming, and eventually, after very few days, laid such hold of the patient as to resist the utmost efforts of art. The prince was seen in all the vigour of health and buoyancy of youth, attending his wife, the queen, in public on Sunday. On Monday he was present at a horse-race, but before night on the Saturday following a corpse.

“The deceased prince had been but little more than two months in Portugal when he was thus cut off, and was already in possession of all that his ambition could aspire to, or his affections covet. Selected by the queen, herself youthful and handsome, as her husband, that choice approved of by her father, and acquiesced in by her subjects, he had just become an object of general esteem, and had every fair prospect of a reign over a country largely endowed with natural wealth, and recovering from the agitation of civil war. But a very few days before, her Majesty had appointed him commander-in-chief of the army, not without recommendation from the Chamber of Deputies; and the highest honours of the state were in store for him. The announcement of his death is described as coming upon the people of Lisbon like a thunderbolt; they were unwilling to believe it at first; and as no bulletins had been issued of his prince’s illness, his death was supposed to be sudden, and to have been occasioned by poison; but there seems no good ground for this suspicion.”

Prince Augustus is said to have possessed landed property in the Roman States and Bavaria, producing 618,000 guineers, or 60,000L, besides the interests of sums invested in different countries by his late father, Eugene Beauharnois. His royal highness was born on the 9th of Dec., 1810. He has left four sisters and one brother. Princess Josephine married, at 16, to Oscar, Crown Prince of Sweden; Princess Eugenia, his second, married to Prince Frederic, of Holstein-Hedingen, nephew of the Duchess de Dino; Amelia, third sister, widow of Don Pedro Braganza and Thodoline. Their brother, Prince Maximilian, aged 18, is a lieut. in the Bavarian service. All of the family had the name of him who aggrandized them, their stepfather, Napoleon.

The Court appointed the honorary tribute of mourning for his royal highness, to commence on the 12th of April:—never was the garb worn with more sincerity by very many.

The Queen of the Belgians has happily produced to her royal consort an heir of his kingdom, at which the Belgians are, we rejoice to say, happy—but we really cannot speak as we would wish on these foreign subjects at present. Take, therefore, on-dits as they come.

Lady Macdonald is about to bless with her hand M. de Suge, at Paris. If so, our Paris chit-chat will have all about it.

We have received several on-dits of marriage, but we must have them ascertained. If good Arthur Lennox is to marry the accomplished daughter of the talented Lady C. Bury, from our knowledge of his lordship in foreign countries, she could not have a better husband.

We shall be glad to find the rumour realised, that the novelist, Mr. E. L. Bulwer, is to be made a baronet.

The period of Lent has, of course, excluded many of those agremens of which one likes to talk with volatility, and perhaps vulubility; yet it affords the more serious pleasures, which we cannot fail to contemplate: but politics, the bane of all pleasures, has shut us out still more; and therefore we have hardly any thing to tell of London, beyond the grand ball of the Lady Mayoress of the great city, on the 9th April, at which seven hundred guests were entertained, including all the home ministry, and envoys from foreign courts, those of Austria and Portugal alone excepted. Nothing without remon- strance from the Chamber of Deputies; and the highest honours of the state were in store for him. The announcement of his death is described as coming upon the people of Lisbon like a thunderbolt; they were unwilling to believe it at first; and as no bulletins had been issued of his prince’s illness, his death was supposed to be sudden, and to have been occasioned by poison; but there seems no good ground for this suspicion.”

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England on the herons and pigeons, for the public gratification; while his duchess patronised aquatic sports, and her grace was announced as contributing thirty pounds; and the hotels and lodging-houses are filling, of which we are glad for the sake of the renters.

Still there seems some gloom pervading every where, perhaps from occasional blighting winds.

Two young and accomplished Turkish travellers of rank have commenced their entrée in some parties. They come avowedly for knowledge of our habits, manners, and institutions; this is indeed a worthy novelty of the falling Turkish empire.

Among the very few notices which we have received is one of the "club" commencing its fancy dress-balls for the season, in Connaught-place, on the 8th of May. We give it as we got it, but would be glad to have some information regarding "the club" before we say a word more.

As to Lady John Russell’s dropping her bridal ring from her finger, which has created so many ominous presages, we can only say, that learned as we are in judicial astrology, as well of course as every thing else, if we were to erect a figure upon the horoscope, we should find that it is an every-day occurrence at a lady’s toilet, unless indeed the goldsmith miscalculated the delicacy of her ladyship’s finger. If so, “let him in nought be trusted.”

We must look forward in all things, and as “the young May moon” is now beginning to shed her sweet smiles, fashion and every thing else will, we trust, be enlivened.

Paris Chit chat, &c.

NEWS FROM PARIS.

Paris, April 22.

Je m’empresse ma très chère et aimable amie, de repondre à ta lettre que je viens de recevoir; et ce qui m’a fait un véritable plaisir. Oui, ma belle, oui, tous nos plaisirs sont ensorcelés; c’est ainsi que tout finit dans ce monde! The balls are at an end; the carnival is past; Long-Champs is over—enfin tout est fini. We have certainly had a most brilliant season, and the gayest carnival I ever remember. Balls innumerable, costume balls particularly. The day of Mi-Carême (Mid-Lent), presented one of the gayest spectacles I ever witnessed on the Boulevards; the weather was delightful; and had a stranger entered our metropolis on that day, he would have said that all Paris had gone mad! All our beau monde was out; there were two files of carriages along the Boulevards, and in every one were one or more children en costume. You have no idea how pretty it was to see these dear little creatures dignified, and enjoying themselves as they did. There were harlequins, pierrots, miniature marquises dressed in ancient costumes, and little girls as Suisseuses, Italian shepherdesses, flower-girls, &c. &c. Among the “children of a larger growth” were many excellent masks; such as “Mother Goose; “Time,” with his hoary locks, his hour-glass, scythe, in short, all his attributes. There were Greeks, Turks, Cossacks, Indian chiefs, adorned with feathers and beads, &c.; antique costumes, Spanish, Scotch, &c. Omnibuses and all sorts of vehicles had been hired for the occasion; in one was the Grand Sultan, surrounded by the ladies of his harem; in another, an Indian warrior, surrounded by a number of sable beauties; in another, a concert de Ganaches, which you know is not the most harmonious of concerts. Franconi’s troop was there with the managed horses. A long procession of the persons belonging to the Théâtre de la Gaîté, which, you have heard, was burned down lately; enfin, were I to enumerate all that was to be seen, my letter would contain nothing else.

La divine Taglioni has had an overwhelming benefit. A new ballet, called Brisillia, was produced on the occasion; a miserable parody on Telemanchus; it would never have been tolerated, but for the inimitable grace and talent displayed by Mademoiselle Tagluions. The great attraction of the night was, however, a minuet and gavotte danced by Taglioni and the great Vestris, who is upwards of 78 years of age. His performance was really wonderful; and he was received with transports of enthusiasm. Taglioni was ravisante under the costume à la Pompadour: la poudre la rend tout à fait jolie!

The novel of Paul Clifford has been dramatised, and is performing with great success just now; les œuvres de M. Bulver, ont beaucoup de succès chez nous. The novel of Glenarvon has also been brought out at one of the theatres cela a fail fereur. Have you read M. de Lamartine’s new work, “Les Souvenirs d’Orient?” It is admirable. I do not know if you are aware that he lost his only child, a daughter, during his journey to the East. He has written some of the most beautiful lines I ever read, on her death.

We are going to have a great fête on the 1st of May, le jour de St. Philippe; they are already beginning their preparations in the Champs Élysées: and there is to be a
grand review. I regret to say, that two dreadful accidents occurred here during this last week. The eldest son of General Decaen was thrown from his horse the other day, at the corner of the Rue Royale, and is since dead; and the only son of General Andréossy was thrown out of his tilbury last week, and expired on Thursday.

I must relate to you the particulars of a dreadful murder and attempt at suicide, that happened lately in Paris. A young medical student, of the name of Baneal, of Rochefort, had, almost during his infancy, formed an attachment for a young lady belonging to the same town: as they grew up, their affections being mutual, the young man proposed for her; but her parents refused their consent. He quitted Rochefort in order to pursue his studies elsewhere, and on his return to his native town, found the object of his unalterable affection not only the wife of another, but the mother of an infant family. He, however, soon prevailed upon her to elope with him, and they came to Paris, where, dreaming perhaps a pursuit and final separation, they formed the imprudent project of separating themselves, choosing to be united in death rather than separated in life. On the evening fixed upon for the execution of their dreadful project, the young man ordered a bath for the lady. Having placed her in it he opened the veins in both her feet; but this proving ineffectual, he next opened both the veins of her arms. Finding the blood did not still flow fast enough, he next cut the arteries in her two arms, hoping that her death would be more easy; but when he observed that her strength had not yet failed, he took her out of the bath, bound up the wounds in her feet with a fine cambric handkerchief cut in stripes, and placed her in bed; he then stabbed her in the heart with a small surgical instrument, which, horrid to relate, he stirred about in her heart, thereby inflicting only one slight outward wound, but several inward ones, as was discovered when her body was opened. As soon as she was dead, he swallowed a quantity of some preparation of opium, but the dose was too powerful to remain on the stomach: this having missed, he went before a mirror and stabbed himself thrice, as he thought, in the heart; but the glass being rather too much inclined, he stabbed above the heart. Early the next morning his groans, and those of his expiring victim, were heard by persons in the hotel; the door was forced, and surgical aid instantly called in. The body of the female was examined, but she was quite dead. M. Baneal's wounds were dressed, and he lay for some days without the slightest hope of recovery. He was questioned, and he said that his dear Zelie had died almost without a struggle; that he was determined not to survive her. When some person remarked that he must have been insane to have committed such an act, he replied that, on the contrary, he was in his perfect senses, and that it had all been arranged between them—that they had resolved to die, and quit a world where all was misery. He pressed the hand of the surgeon (an Englishman) who dressed his wounds, and thanked him for his care. He has since been pronounced out of danger, and was some days ago removed to the Conciergerie by order of the magistrates. Before he quitted the hotel, he endeavoured to cut his throat with a knife, which was concealed under his mattress. "Zelie, my dear Zelie," he cried, "in another moment I shall join thee!" The wound, however, was superficial. It is expected he will be tried for the murder, and that his doom will either be imprisonment for life, or else the guillotine! Is it not a most horrid story? Good Heavens! what a guard we should keep upon our passions, not to let them get the mastery over us in this way! Baneal is, I am told, a very handsome young man, of about five-and-twenty. His unfortunate partner in guilt and victim was about the same age, and it is said a very pretty, interesting looking little creature.

I have been, since my last letter, with a friend to visit l'Hôtel des Enfants Troués (the Foundling Hospital), and never recollect having been more delighted with any public institution. The building, which is situated in one of the healthiest parts of Paris, No. 74, Rue d'Enfer, beyond the Luxembourg, is large, airy, and admirably calculated for the purpose to which it is destined. The rooms are spacious, well aired, and kept perfectly clean; in winter they are warmed by means of large stoves, the heat regulated to a certain degree. Each infant, of which there are two hundred in the establishment at present, has a little iron bed or cot to itself, with matrass, pillow, sheets, blankets, and white curtains, all as clean and as neat as possible. The beds are numbered; and each child has a tape, with a corresponding number, fastened round its wrist. The babies are all swathed as the infants usually are in France. They are brought up by the hand, by the "Sisters of Charity," who are the only persons in attendance upon them. One of the rooms is converted into an hospital for any poor little sufferers they may have. There they are visited every day by medical men belonging to the establishment. It is a most excellent—a most interesting charity, and prevents, no doubt, innumerable cases of infanticide. It is astonishing that in London, the first city in the world, there should be no insti-
stitution of the kind, where all might indiscriminately place their offspring.* Surely it would lessen crime; prevent murder, in the first instance; and in the next prevent theft, and every other species of crime: for the children of the very poor, instead of being left to themselves to run a career of wickedness, might be placed, as they grew up, in other institutions, or manufactories, and in the end become useful and industrious. The children are received into the "Enfants Trouvés," until two years old; after that they are sent to some other institution called "Les Orphelins," and others to the country. Of course many, very many of them die before they reach that age; but those that live are some apprenticed to trades—some placed out as servants—some sent to the lace and other manufactories; whilst others (among the females) are retained either in that or some other establishment, and they in time become Sisters of Charity. Neither application to the governors, nor interest, is necessary to get a child received into this institution. In a large window that overlooks the street, is a box capable of containing two children, and which turns on a pivot. This box is open night and day. The person on the outside places the infant in the box, and turns it round. In turning it touches a bell which rings. The seur in attendance immediately goes and takes in the stranger. There is no pursuit, no inquiry made. The day I was there I saw five or six babies that had been left there that morning. If the parents have an intention of claiming the child hereafter, they join a writing to its clothes, or suspend some bauble about its neck; any thing of the kind is carefully preserved.† Those who wish to have their children back again, pay 30 francs for having the books opened to know if the child lives; if it does, and that they can afford to give some trifle towards the charity, they are expected to do so; if they are too poor, they are suffered to take away their child without any remuneration. The eldest child we saw there was a little girl of eleven months old, they called her Josephine; she was, without exception, the sweetest little creature I think I ever saw; I would have given any thing to have brought her away with me. They have no idea who her parents are, and asked my friend and me if we would adopt her; I believe we would either of us willingly have done so; but my companion is a bachelor—et moi—I have a houseful of children of my own! At the end of one

* Capt. Coram intended his Foundling Hospital for a similar purpose, however its rules have been changed.—Eo.
† The Portuguese convents in every part of Portugal had the same receptacle; and so partially in other countries.

of the large rooms is an urn, placed there for receiving donations: my friend, with true kindness and benevolence of heart, contributed largely to the charity. Above were two lines from scripture, which affected me deeply:

"Mon père et ma mère m'ont abandonné,
Mais le seigneur a eu soin de moi."

When you return to Paris, Clorinde, do not fail to visit les Enfants Trouvés.

LONG-CHAMPS AND PARIS COSTUME.
—I regret to say that the weather proved most inauspicious for the display of new costumes at Long-Champs this year. The weather had been so delightful before, that wonderful preparations were made, when lo! and behold, the first day it rained; the second it blew a hurricane, and was as cold as possible; and in the night before the last day, we had the heaviest fall of snow that we have had these four years! However, Easter Sunday was delightful; the Tuileries, the Champs-Elysées, and Bois de Boulogne, were crowded with promenaders and splendid equipages.

The Hats are decidedly ugly. The fronts are large, very deep and very long at the sides, and sitting quite close to the face; the crowns are neither so high nor so pointed as they were, and they sit more back, that is to say, instead of being upright, or nearly so, they go back, and are nearly on a level with the front, something in the style of the pretty Bibi bonnets of 1833, but larger, and not so becoming. The hats are edged round the fronts with a "border," and many have short veils of tulle illusion sewed on at the edge. The ribbons are satin, sarcenet, and rich crystal ribbons broché in flowers. The bows are placed almost quite at the right side. Feathers are still a good deal worn; but flowers are coming in, and likely to be as fashionable as they were last year. The flowers beneath the fronts of the hats are rather on the decline; light blond cap borders, interspersed with bows of ribbon, are preferred. The materials for hats are satin, poux de soie, plaid silks, and a new spotted and glacé silk. Hats of paille de riz will, they say, be fashionable again this year. Paille d'Italie (Leghorn hats) are also coming in; these are to be as nearly as possible of the Bibi form. The only trimming at all distingué for a Leghorn hat, is a wide plaid ribbon put round the hat, crossed in front, and coming down at the sides to form the brides; a bavoir or curtain at the back of the same, and a small bow over the bavoir.

The Walking-Dresses, and those worn in Carriage-Costume, are all made en redingot; some are fastened down the front, with bows of ribbon or buttons, and others are fastened at the side. The dresses are worn very long, and very
full; the waists long; the corsages plain, fitting tight to the bust, and covered with a pelerine or a mantet; the sleeves full all the way down, with a deep poiquet (or wristband), which is sometimes pointed. Redingottes of gros de Naples, bordered all round with a liseré, or small rouleau or piping of a different colour, and bows to match, are extremely fashionable, as grey or lavender, with blue or pink, very dark with very light green, violet, and pink, &c. &c.: but the newest dresses are of plaid silks, and exceeding pretty dresses they are. Velvet and satin dresses are still worn, as the warm weather has not yet set in, but they will soon be replaced by gros de Naples, mousselines de laine, foulards, Jacobas, and muslin dresses.

Mantelets of taffetas and gros de Tours, black, and trimmed with black lace, will again be fashionable this season.

In Ball or Dinner Costumes there has been no change lately. The corsages are plain, fitting tight to the bust, à la Sévigné, or à la Grecque; the sleeves short and full, with or without ruffles à la Louis XV., which, however, do not reach below the elbow. In dresses made à l’antique the corsages are à pointe, and the skirts are open in front. The ball-dresses are ornamented with flowers and bows of ribbon; they are made of all sorts of light materials, as gauzes, crapes, blond, &c.

Turbans, Spanish Hats, and Toques, are exceedingly fashionable this season in Paris; they are ornamented with birds of Paradise, feathers, or jewels: the turbans à la Juive are those most in vogue. Le petit chapeau à la Camargo is also très bon ton, as well as the hats à la Dubarry.

I have not seen any thing particularly new in lingerie; large flat collars, embroidered all over, des cols à la Louis XIV.; embroidered pelerines, trimmed with lace; des manchettes ruffles, embroidered and trimmed with Valenciennes, are all worn.

Flowers, roses, tulips, hyacinths, apple blossoms, violets, holly, vergus (the small unripe grape), pinks, and field-flowers, are those in vogue at present.

Colours.—For hats, the prevailing colours are pink, greens, straw colour and jonquille glacé de blanc. For dresses, the colour of the purple stock gillyflower is decidedly the most fashionable. Grey, lavender, dark green, urch, vapour, and violet; the first four particularly.

I was near forgetting to tell you that all our jeunes élégans wear beards à la Henri II. and à la Louis XIII. Is it not astonishing that they will make such figures of themselves—et tout ecla pour plaire aux dames!

Me voilà ma chère amie au bout de mon papier, je n’ai que la place de te dire combien je t’aime. Adieu, à toi pour la vie.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES

(No. 9.)—Costume de Long-Champs; Walking Dress.—The plate represents one of the most distingué toilettes brought out for the fashionable promenade of Long-Champs. The hat is of toile de soie: the front rather deeper, and longer at the sides, than those that have been worn lately. At the sides it sits close to the face, but at the same time is rather evasive. The crown is neither very high, nor is it pointed. The border round the front of the hat, as well as the small roleaux on the crown, is of blue satin, forming a pretty contrast with the delicate straw colour of the hat. The bows, brides, and bavolet, are likewise edged with pipings of blue satin. (See plate.) Redingotte of a new silk called Elysienne. The corse is tight to the bust. The skirt, which is very full, is fastened down the left side with a row of silk buttons; on each side of the opening is a bias of satin. A large pelerine of the same, likewise edged with a bias hem of satin, nearly covers the corse: the ends of the pelerine fasters beneath the band in front. The sleeves, which are quite new, are of an uncommon form. (See plate.) The under sleeve, which is long, fits as tight as possible to the arm; a second short sleeve, which is left loose, and is very full, reaches nearly to the elbow, and is edged with a narrow rouleau of satin. It is rather deeper on the outside of the arm than on the inside. The large falling collar of India muslin is embroidered and trimmed with a deep lace, set on tolerably full. It is fastened in front with a brooch. White silk stockings; black shoes of drap de soie; cointure of gros grains broché; parasol of broché silk. The sitting figure gives the back of the dress.

The other embellishment which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers, is a scene from the new opera of the Juive, now performing with so much success in Paris. The figures are those of Eudaïce, Rachel, the Cardinal, and the Page. Our readers will see the true form of the turban à la Juive, and which has become one of the most recherché head-dresses at present adopted in Paris.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.

l'Administration Boulevar d'Martín St.

Capote en côte de Soie de Maurice-Beauvais.

Redingote en laine garnie de laine des Ateliers de Mme. Moutin, R. des Moulins, 25.

Lady's Magazine and museum
LA LANTERNE MAGIQUE.

Costumes de l'opéra de LA SERVE représentè à Paris au Grand Opéra.

EN 1835


Planche 47 Mai 1835

Notre du Journal B. T. Martin &
ANCIENT BRITISH COINS.

[We are indebted to a letter of Mr. W. Tull, of Great Russell-street, addressed to the Morning Advertiser, for the following facts, of which we have not otherwise heard. As there are few ladies, who, without affecting scientific arrangement, do not hoard a few coins or medals, we thought this popular fragment on them would be agreeable.]

An interesting and curious discovery has recently been made in excavating part of a field near Colchester, Essex. A labourer there employed, observed in the soil a small square box; on taking it up, being of wood and much decomposed, it fell to pieces, and disclosed a number of ancient gold, silver, and copper coins, of early British princes coeval with the birth of Christ, including twenty-two gold, fifteen in silver, and eight in copper, of unknown British or Gallic chieftains, two in gold, of the large, one small ditto, and two in copper, of the British king, Cunobeline (the Cymbeline of Shakspeare). This prince reigned over the Trinobantes and the Dobuni, inhabitants of the coasts of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, and across Britain westward to the Severn. Cunobeline commenced his reign in the time of Augustus Caesar, who showed him great friendship, and held his dominion through the two succeeding emperors, Tiberius and Caligula. Dion Cassius states that his royal residence was at Camulodunum (now Colchester), which certainly was the metropolis of his kingdom. In the intervening time from that in which the earliest coins were struck, and those of this sovereign, other coins emanated from a chief of the name of Segonax, who was one of the four petty kings of Kent, that by command of their superior, Cassivellen, attacked the camp of Julius Caesar, on his second invasion of Britain, but being repulsed, their leader immediately submitted to the conqueror. The coins of Cunobeline are rare, but those of Segonax much more so; it is much to be regretted that none of this prince accompanied those now discovered. The following is the description of the earliest gold, silver, and copper now met with; their types being very similar, we cannot appropriately rate them to any particular chief. They generally bear on the obverse an extreme rude head, or sometimes what is intended to represent an ear of corn. On the reverse, almost invariably, a barbarous figure of a horse, frequently attached to a chariot, with driver, under which are small symbols, as a star, a wheel, &c.; some of them have letters. These coins, although they cannot be applied to any British prince, still, from being found almost exclusively in this island, we have a right to call them British; Tacitus and Caesar, on the contrary, give the names of Gallic princes to whom the initials on them would apply. Cesar, de Bello Gallico, lib. v., states, that the Britons, just emerging from barbarism, used rude pieces of brass, and iron rings, or plates, regulated to a certain weight, as coins: probably they were struck subsequent to his second invasion, and before Cunobeline’s improvement of the coinage; at any rate, their origin is doubtful. Some authors have, ingeniously enough, attempted to prove the horse, thus rudely portrayed, as typical of the Druidical religion of the natives, presuming that the back of the animal forms a crescent; the hind parts, ovals (or exact imitations of those temples described in the antiquities of Cornwall), and the neck a vegetable branch. It is astonishing how far imagination can go, and how some antiquaries will conjure up absurdities, and set them down as gospel. The barbarous work of the artist has given the horse this appearance; their imagination has supplied the rest. The gold coins of Cunobeline bear on their obverse an ear of corn, with the word CAMV, for Camulodunum; on the reverse, a horse, with CVNO, an abbreviation for Cunobeline, with a branch. The copper are small: one bears a bust of Cunobeline, with CVNOBI; on the reverse, a hog, with two small fish, the latter indicative of the maritime power of his kingdom, or its locality to the sea, with TASSIO—this coin is extremely rare and unpublished; the other exhibits the head of Minerva finely executed, evidently by a Greek or Roman artist, with CVNOBELLIN; reverse, a seated figure, with the word TASSIO, the meaning of which it is impossible to define.

The British coinage closed with this prince, as the Romans, after his death, on again possessing this country under Claudius Caesar, A.D. 45, prevented the circulation of any but the productions of the Roman mint; thus rendering the Roman coins current in Britain, to the exclusion of all others, for nearly 400
years. This accounts for the immense hoards of Roman coins found in Britain, particularly at Silchester, Dorchester, and other Roman stations; they are generally of copper, and of the family of Constantine; many of them struck in London; although authors are not wanting, who, deficient in the science of Numismatics, are bold enough to deny this.

The Romans retired from this country about A.D. 445, after which their coins still continued to circulate, until we got the Sceatta, presumed to have been struck by the kings of Kent. These coins commence the series of the Hephatic sovereigns, and are continued in the pennies struck by the Saxons, until the Norman Conquest, A.D. 1066.

THE CHIEF OF THE CHIPPEWA NATION.

The following tolerably characteristic declaration has appeared from this poor Indian chief, on Sir Augustus d'Estre having applied to him that it should be delivered on oath, (the chief having in America been baptised as a Christian,) a form necessary to the department for colonial affairs.

STATEMENT TAKEN FROM THE MOUTH OF THE INDIAN CHIEF.—"I am the son of Muc Conece, the principal chief of the Chippewa nation. My father was one of those chiefs who by treaty ceded a vast tract of country to the King of England. I have my father's copy of that treaty. I have succeeded to my father, and I am now the principal chief of the Chippewa nation. By the white men I am known as Muc Conece, my father was so called; my Red brothers call me Heshaton-a-quet, which in English is the serene, cloudless canopy of heaven. Five of my early years were passed under the instructions of Gabriel Richard, a French Catholic priest; I was baptised by him; I then returned to my father's house; I remained with my father for four winters; I had now become a warrior, and I joined those of our father the King of England; I travelled with the English from Malden to Burlington, and I remained with them two years, until peace was made between them and the Americans; I then fought with them at Fort Niagara, Black Rock, and Buffalo."

"About seven moons ago, when the leaves were becoming brown, and were falling, I was at home in my wigwam, when one day Du Nord (the interpreter) came to me, and told me that a white man wished to speak to me; it was Bogue. He told me that at Detroit there was someone who had been sent over by the King of England, who was desirous of seeing me, and that he must bring with me six men and two women of my people, as such was the wish of our father the King of England."

"I told him to return to me in a week, and that I would then give him my answer. In the mean time I assembled many of the chiefs of my tribe, and communicated to them the message which I had received from our great father the king. After due deliberation it was agreed that I should go. At the end of the week Bogue returned to my house; I told him that I would accompany him; we proceeded to Detroit. At Detroit, for the first time, I saw Whitely. I said to Whitely, 'What do you want with me?' Whitely replied, 'Has not Bogue told you what I want?' I said, 'Yes; has he told me right?' Whitely then explained to me, that our great father, the King of England, was old—that his hair was grey, and that he wished to shake me by the hand before he died. I said to Whitely, 'The passage to so distant a country will cost much money, and I have not enough for it.' Whitely said, 'Don't think about money, your great father the king, who wishes to see you, has filled my pockets with money to pay all expenses, and has given me orders at Buffalo to buy the best of clothes for you, and at New York to furnish you with many silver ornaments, that you may make a good appearance in the Indian fashion when presented to your father the king.'"

"We left Detroit and went to Buffalo; arrived there, I claimed the fulfilment of the first part of the promise: Whitely said to me, 'There is a neighbouring town through which we shall pass; I will there procure the clothes which have been promised.' Arrived at the said town, I again asked for the promised clothing; Whitely said, 'Have patience until we get to New York—there both my promises shall be fulfilled.' We arrived at New York; I again claimed the fulfilment of the promises; Whitely put off their fulfilment from day to day. At New York he offered me some dressed skins; I rejected them, because clothing of good cloth had been promised to me. We remained a fortnight at New York, where, upon many and various pretences, by deceit I was induced to appear with my party upon the stage of a theatre."

"It was at New York that my brother, who was one of our party, determined upon leaving us to return home. He said to me, 'Whitely, I am sure, is a bad man, and I am certain he has told you nothing but lies.' My brother then drew a picture of the misery
and misfortunes we were risking by proceeding. I replied, that before giving my answer to Bogue, I had assembled many of our chiefs together, that my departure had been talked upon and agreed to. I added, that I was now very far upon my road, that my honour was compromised, and that if it cost me my life I must proceed. My brother left us, and returned home.

"We left New York, and after a voyage of about 24 days we arrived at Liverpool. Upon setting my foot on land, I found all my wishes that no time should be lost in seeing the king. Whitely gave reasons why I could not see him for some time, adding, in the mean time, we must remain here. Whitely persuaded us all to go to the theatre to pass our time, as we should find it very tedious. I went with my family and much means we were induced to attend the theatre, and afterwards to go upon the stage.

"After some days we went to Manchester; we remained there about six days. We then went to Birmingham; it was there that Whitely told me that the man who kept our money had run away, and took all of it with him; his name was Sutton. He said never mind, in the town where the king, lives I have plenty of money in the bank, and I will not run away. The same night Whitely himself ran off. The next morning Du Nord (the interpreter) told me that Whitely was gone to London to get money, and would return in two days. The two days passed away and Whitely did not return. The master of the public-house where we lodged came to me at the end of two days and gave me four shillings, and said that he could no longer afford us shelter. We left the house, and for hours wandering amongst the streets. The interpreter received two shillings to procure with which to eat; my wife, myself, my sister, and all my men, were a considerable portion of two nights in the streets, without roof to shelter us; during this time it rained much, and my wife was in bad health.

"Mr. Gale, a gentleman who had come to England in the same ship which brought us from New York, came to Birmingham to ascertain our condition; he found us in our forlorn and wretched state; he kindly supplied our wants and brought us to London, where he made for me the engagement with Mr. Glossop, which prevented our starving from hunger.

"I had not been in London more than two weeks when I was bereaved of my beloved wife. My heart had scarcely recovered somewhat from this grief when my own nephew died: again I drank of the waters of sorrow, but much of them remained in the cup. A few days after another of my companions died: he has left a widow and five little ones behind him. When I return to my country, what shall I say when they ask me for him? Who is to hunt for their food? Who is to cultivate the ground for their support?

"My heart was wrung by these many afflictions. At length I began somewhat to recover from them, when I was accused of a bad offence—it was said, that I had laid hands on a young maid. Red men kill their enemies; but they do not seek to injure a maiden of tender years. My breast was contracted, and I could hardly breathe. The wounds of my heart were again opened, and bled; but I held my head up, my eyes met the eyes of other men without fear, as the Great Spirit, who sees into all hearts, knows that I am innocent."

"The Lord Mayor asked whether any person could confirm the truth of the statement?

The interpreter declared that he knew the facts to be as had been written down.

The poor chief has since undergone a rather severe English prosecution. The interpreter received two shillings to procure with which to eat; my wife, myself, my sister, and all my men, were a considerable portion of two nights in the streets, without roof to shelter us; during this time it rained much, and my wife was in bad health.

Humanity — the Brute Creation.—We are happy to find that the Parliamentary Committee on the Livestock and Market Bill, as it is called, has decided on its sanction, by a majority of 23 to 12. This gives promise of something being done to abate a horrible nuisance, and at the same time forbade unworthy animal food being produced to any portion of the public. This is a subject that, under the first heading, particularly addresses the ladies: under the second, every individual of the community, who has not suffered in some way or other from over-driven and ill-provided oxen in the streets of London. This we consider a noble beginning to a great end, of which our space does not permit us to speak more at present. We shall, however, resume it, and explain ourselves more minutely.

Water.—This simple subject, which, according to the philosophers, should have neither taste nor smell, but, which is nevertheless found by water-drinkers to possess a very pure spirit wheresoever derived, has become such a question in the metropolis, as to require some notice. A portion of this question is the superseding the river Thames by boring, till it has become quite a bore in the capital, notwithstanding its obvious utility wherever pure water can be so gotten. Now, we have been accustomed to think that the confluent streams, which form the
great Thames river, in their passage from the parent fount, at a great distance, as well as the diurnal visitations of the sea, did completely cleanse the bed of the river Thames; and all we say now is, to prevent squeamish ladies from being uncomfortably deprived of the use of Thames water, till we can further speak. Though, to our own knowledge, many attempts have been made in various parts of the world, and particularly by Germans, with whom beer originated, in vain, to make that beverage, called, from its strength, "porter," still was there a defect attributed to the want of Thames water! Nevertheless, any improvement that can be offered on this same commodity, if it be practicable, we shall be happy to announce to our readers in some form or other.

The Gooseberry.—The gooseberry in Piedmont, where it is found wild, and the berries eatable, but astringent and neglected, is called grisielle. Some derive our name gooseberry from gorseberry, or the resemblance of the bush to gorse; others, as Professor Martyn, from its been used as a cause with young or green geese. Guardo mentions it as called feaberry (frouburg) in Cheshire, and it has the same name in Worcestershire, Lancashire, and Yorkshire. In Norfolk this term is abbreviated to feabes, or, as they pronounce it, thebes. Cranberry is another British name for this fruit. In Scotland it is sometimes called grozer, or grozet, doubtless a corruption of the French name groseille. The gooseberry-bush is a native of several parts of Europe, and abounds in the Vallais in Copsewood, where it produces a small green, hairy, high-flavoured fruit. In England it is cultivated in various places in old walls, ruins, and in the woods and hedges about Darlington. It is cultivated in greater perfection in Lancashire than in any other part of Britain; and next to Lancashire, the climate and treatment of the Lothians seem to suit this fruit.

—Encyclopedia of Gardening.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Births.

On the 7th of March, the lady of S. Dibury Esq., a daughter. — At Naples, the lady of the Hon. A. Arundell, a son. — The wife of Mr. F. Vining, of the Theatre Royal Dury-lane and Haymarket, a daughter. — Hon. Mrs. Adams, a son. — In Mauritius, lady of G. Robinson, Esq., of twin daughters, one only survives. — Lady of G. Fielden, Esq., Wilton-house, Lancashire, a daughter. — Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, a son and heir. — In Suffolk, lady of A. Lawson, Esq., M.P., a son. — In Scotland, lady of J. W. Hawkins, Esq., a daughter. — At Hereford, Lady Walsham, of twin daughters. — Mrs. G. Banks, a son. — Lady of W. T. Atwood, Esq., a daughter still-born. — At Florence, lady of J. Brymer, Esq., a son.

Marriages.


Deaths.

On the 28th of March, at Lisbon, Dom Augustus, King of Portugal, of quinsy, arising from imprudent exposure of his neck and bosom while heated in that climate; of the consequence of which he ought to have been made aware. Two short months saw him a bridegroom, a king, and a corpse—an awful lesson. The celebrated physician, Almeida, was called in too late. His young bride, her mother, a country, mourns him!—In Rodney-buildings, New Kent-road, a very advanced age, Mary, relict of the late John Kempe, Esq., a lady of very considerable talents, and the mother of a talented family. Her faculties retained their vigour till nearly the last, when she religiously resigned herself to the dictates of nature.—Countess Dowager of Burlington, aged 74. — Dr. Gardiner, aged 83. — J. C. Reeve, Esq., of Mickleham Hall, Surrey. — In the prime of life, Sophia Anne, only remaining daughter of R. P. Ward, Esq.—Lady Isabella Thynne, of Meout, Hindostan. — Last October, Ensign C. T. W. Gifford, 42d N.L.I., second son of the late John Gifford, Esq.—Lady Julia Hobhouse, wife of Sir J. Cam Hobhouse, and sister of Lord Ingestre.—On the 7th, by infanticide, of the inarryn, Sir G. Tuthill, M.D., celebrated in diseases of the brain. — At Vienna, after a few days' illness, the Archduke Anthony, aged 56. — At Yarmouth, Ann, relict of the Rev. R. Valpy, D.D., aged 70. — Dowager Lady Berkeley. — In Ireland, Lieut. and Adjutant Lee, 89th reg., in endeavouring to swim over a canal furnished with dress. — Admiral Sir R. Moorsom, aged 75. — In St. George's-fields, W. H. Ireland, unhappily famous for his deception of certain antiquaries, by forgeries of the Shakespeare papers, and a play actually performed at Drury-lane Theatre—Christiana Brisbane, lady of T. Metcalfe, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, aged 49. — At Edinburgh, of measles, Laura, wife of A. Graham, Esq., surgeon, Bombay Establishment. — At Lymington, J. Hyde, Esq., of Montague-square, aged 82. — At the Royal Hospital, Greenwich, Lieut. W. Taylor, R.M.—At Madras, George, brother of Admiral Tyley, connected with various noble families.
MARIA THERESA QUEEN OF FRANCE.

First wife of Louis XIV.

Born 1658  Died 1683

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

VOL. VI  No. 28 of the series of ancient portraits.  1835.
THE LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM
OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

JUNE, 1835.

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

MEMOIR OF MARIE THERESE, QUEEN OF FRANCE,
FIRST WIFE OF LOUIS XIV.

(A whole-length Portrait beautifully coloured from a miniature by Peitot.)

This princess is an historical personage of some interest at the present day, since it was her right of succession that placed the line of Bourbon on the throne of Spain. Her grandson, Philip V., second son of her only surviving son, the dauphin, succeeded her brother, the insane Don Carlos II., in the year 1701, notwithstanding a sharp civil war, in which the English took the part of his rival, Charles of Austria. The Spaniards were exasperated at any infringement on their ancient law of succession in the female line; and despite of the brilliant victories of the English under the gallant Earl of Peterborough, the Spanish nation placed the descendant of their princess on the throne. Nothing therefore can equal the absurdity of the claims of the present Don Carlos, who strives to set aside female heirs to the Spanish crown, when he draws all his claims to the same from a female heir. This is without a parallel in history, excepting the invasion and seizure of the French crown by our Henry V. in right of a female descent, when he had put aside the princes of the blood in England, who had prior claims to himself through female descent to both crowns. Thus making a Salic law in England, where none was established; and unmaking a Salic law in France, where it was part of the constitution. But the self-contradictions of ambition might be expected in those days of semi-barbarism, when the golden circlet invested the wearer with a species of mundane divinity and inviolability; but in these times, when the purest intentions, and most retiring and blameless conduct, cannot save royal personages from vulgar calumny, it seems childish folly to covet a crown, and downright madness to raise a civil war for a circlet of cruel thorns, such as the would-be Don Carlos V. of Spain is reaching after.

Although Marie Therese was a native of Spain, she is generally called an Austrian princess; she was daughter to Philip IV. and Elizabeth of France, and was born at Madrid, 1638. When she was demanded in marriage by Cardinal Mazarin for his sovereign, Louis XIV., she had two brothers alive, Don Carlos and Don Philip Prospero; nevertheless, her family made her renounce all claims for herself and her descendants on the crown of Spain. But how futile these renunciations are, when put in the balance with the ancient institutions and established laws of a kingdom, history shows at every turn of the page; and the Spanish people,
Memoir of Marie Therese, Queen of France.

despite of this renunciation, demanded a descendant of this princess for their sovereign, in the person of Philip V., her grandson.

Marie Therese had a dowry of 500,000 gold crowns; of which, says Voltaire, only 100,000 was paid, and that was spent by Louis XIV. in a magnificent progress to fetch her home. She was first-cousin to Louis, and a very acceptable daughter-in-law to her aunt, Anne of Austria, queen-regent of France, and daughter to Philip III. of Spain. Voltaire thus describes the first appearance of Marie Therese in France.

At the marriage of Louis XIV. every thing assumed an air of the highest taste and magnificence, and this increased daily. When he made his entry with his queen-consort, Paris saw with a respectful and tender admiration that beautiful young queen, drawn in a superb car of a new invention; the king rode on horseback by her side, adorned with all that art could add to his manly and heroic beauty. There was one continual train of feasts, pleasures, and gallantry from the king's marriage, which was greatly increased on that of the king's brother with the Princess Henrietta of England, and was not interrupted till the death of Cardinal Mazarine in 1661.

We find that the young queen danced publicly at all the ballets, and even at an opera performed at the Louvre; Louis likewise danced in an assumed character; and this sort of stage-playing he continued, till his own good sense made him apply to himself some lines, in which Racine condemns such tastes in the Emperor Nero: after this Louis and his queen gave up parts in ballets and operas.

Marie Therese was a very good woman, but a very unhappy wife; she loved the king tenderly, but the king's heart was passionately devoted to Mademoiselle de la Vallière before, and at the time of his marriage; and though this lady always treated the queen with the most humble deference, and the queen really could not help regarding her with some affection, yet she felt keenly the neglect of her husband. Marie Therese and la Vallière were the meekest and sweetest tempered women at the French court; however their interests might clash, they were too much alike to hate each other. Madame Genlis has given a pretty scene, which has some historical foundation of an interview between the queen and la Vallière, during the absence of the king in Flanders.

As soon as the season for military operations commenced, the king departed for Flanders. This event plunged the queen into real distress; but she was honoured by her affliction, every heart took an interest in her sorrows, and public esteem diminished its poignancy. Such is the happiness attached to legitimate sentiments, that enjoyments are to be found even in the midst of the most painful afflictions that can spring from them: but how is grief to be supported when it is a subject of scandal, when it excites the sneers of the wicked and of the prudish, and obtains from the virtuous only a humiliating compassion? Such were the sufferings of the Duchess de la Vallière, the only woman, with the exception of the queen, who sincerely loved Louis XIV.

It should seem, that poignant disquietude, and profound affliction springing from the same cause, were capable of suspending the rivalry between two women formed to love each other. Hearts equally afflicted, approximate by a natural attraction, because they alone can understand each other. The Duchess de la Vallière frequently visited the queen. She had always loved that princess, who never manifested towards her that animosity which is commonly entertained against a preferred rival. The queen knew the gentle disposition and the generosity of the king's beloved: she alone had a right to complain of her; and yet she truly estimated her character, to which all the ladies of the court refused to do justice. It was remarked, with surprise, that since the departure of the king, the queen seemed to receive with more pleasure the visits of Madame de la Vallière, and that even a kind of strange understanding seemed to subsist between them. If the king, or if the war was mentioned, they looked at each other with an extraordinary expression of sensibility: they had the appearance ofcondoling with each other. When the queen received news from the army, the first thing she did was to make it known to the friends of Madame de la Vallière, though she had in general no intercourse with them.

One morning, when Madame de la Vallière expected news from the army,
she was surprised to learn that no courier had arrived. She was informed that the queen was in a state of great anxiety, and she took the resolution of proceeding to the castle. This was an extraordinary proceeding, for she had never visited the queen in the morning, but she felt an irresistible desire to see her. The rank the duchess held at court gave her free access, but hitherto she had not taken advantage of that privilege. She penetrated, without any obstacle, to the queen’s chamber, where she saw nobody. She advanced softly and timidly towards the queen’s oratory, the door of which was open;* there she found that princess alone, on her knees, and placed in such a manner, that she could not see any one enter. Madame de la Vallière, greatly moved, stopped, and for the first time contemplated the queen with an emotion of envy.

“Doubtless, thought she, it is for him she implores Heaven; how happy is she—her virtue gives her the right of praying with hope!”

The queen heard a sigh, and turning round, saw the duchess covered with tears.

“My God!” exclaimed she, with terror, “have you heard bad tidings?”

“No, madame,” replied the duchess, in a voice half stifled with sighs; “but, like all the court, I am alarmed by the non-arrival of the courier.”

“In the present state of my feelings,” said the queen, “I see none with pleasure, excepting those who are thus deeply interested in the dangers to which the king exposes himself.”

The queen pronounced these words with all the charm which mildness and indulgence can give to virtue. Madame de la Vallière would at this instant have been capable of sacrificing her love to her. Hurried away by a tender and involuntary emotion, she threw herself on her knees, and seizing one of the queen’s hands, pressed it to her heart. The queen, greatly moved, rose and embraced her. The duchess, in tears, cried, “Ah! madame, dispose as you please of my unhappy life.” She was about to proceed, and was on the point of entering into a virtuous engagement, when the queen heard a noise in her apartment. The forms and prejudices of society are so often at variance with really generous actions and goodness of heart, that the queen would have been extremely embarrassed, had she been found alone, and sharing her grief with Madame de la Vallière. She therefore quitted her precipitately, and the duchess not daring to follow, remained alone in the oratory. She regarded with a sort of heart-sick spasm this secret asylum of piety: the place which the queen had occupied,—the velvet cushion still sunk down, on which, at the foot of the crucifix, this virtuous princess had offered up her prayers with so much fervour, for the safety of an unfaithful husband.

Nevertheless, the embarrassment of the duchess became extreme, when she found that the queen’s chamber was filled by the ladies belonging to her majesty’s immediate retinue: she repented not having followed the queen, for she could no longer leave the oratory without producing extreme surprise. She readily comprehended why her majesty had left her so suddenly.

“‘She was ashamed to display her goodness to me publicly,’ said she. ‘Alas! I am so criminal, that those who show me any indulgence can only do it in private, from the dread of losing their dignity, and being accused of weakness.”

As she made this mournful reflection, she heard a great bustle in the apartment of the queen, occasioned by the arrival of a courier from the army: then the hesitations of delicacy, the fear of exciting astonishment, all was forgotten—Madame de la Vallière darted into the queen’s chamber, at the moment when her majesty having glanced rapidly over a letter exclaimed—

“Flanders is entirely conquered—the war is finished—the king returns covered with glory!”

Every eye was turned towards the Duchess de la Vallière: no one could conceive how she had found her way into the oratory of the queen, where none but favourites were permitted to enter.

Before she entered her novitiate in the Carmelite convent, the duchess asked the queen’s pardon on her knees for the wrong she had done her; the good Marie Thérèse granted it with tears; and it was from her hand that her beautiful rival received the black veil, when she for ever renounced the world.

* At this period, all the queens of Europe had oratories, or small chapels, adjoining their sleeping apartments.
Very different was the demeanour of Madame de Montespan, who had the reversion of Louis’s fickle heart. By giving this woman the great office of superintendent of the queen’s household, the king subjected his gentle and uncomplaining wife to the constant intrusion and ungovernable insolence of this his shameless mistress; the king’s love of solemn etiquette forced an outward appearance of respect, but the health of Marie Therese declined soon after the ascendency of Madame de Montespan.

Marie Therese had three sons and three daughters; all of whom, excepting the dauphin, she had the grief to see die in their infancy. The dauphin had a very infirm constitution, and did not live to wear the crown of France: it was of this prince that the prediction went forth—"The son of a king, the father of a king, and never king." However, the prediction was fulfilled by accident, for he was not the father of a king of France, but of Philip V, king of Spain; his grandson, Louis X., succeeded Louis XIV.

After seeing her husband successively attached to the Duchess de la Vallière, to Madame de Montespan, and the Duchess de Fontanges, Marie Therese died in 1689, leaving a blameless character. Her sister-in-law, Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, second wife to the Duke of Orleans, speaks of her in a spiteful spirit of detraction, ridiculing her for rubbing her little fat hands, and showing her little black teeth when she laughed; but she could say nothing worse; and as teeth are seldom white at forty years of age, it was no great defect in the queen, who, Voltaire expressly says, was beautiful when young.

**DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.**

The queen is royally attired in a state mantle of purple velvet, lined with ermine, and starred with the golden fleur de lis of France. Her robe is of the same magnificent materials. The corsage made with a pointed stomacher of white satin, set with pearls and emeralds, with agrafes on the shoulders, and bosom of the same; round the bust are folds called à la Sevigné in modern parlance, though there is no evidence to show that Madame de Sevigné set that graceful fashion: the sleeves are in the style now called sabot, but more elegant, they are studded with jewels. A plain row of pearls surrounds her throat. We see by this portrait and that of her rival, the beautiful la Vallière (published in the April number), that the fashion in jewels at that particular era, was to adorn the sleeves and corsage with them, instead of the hair, which is dressed in the Vandyke ringlets, similar to the portraits in Grammont, without ornament of any kind.

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**IMPROMPTU.**

*On the Death of a lovely Infant in Lisbon, Leopold C——.*

I saw the sweet cherub, it gleam’d bright eyes on me,
Reclining while on the bosom of bliss;
Then he leap’d in my arms, and seem’d to say—"On thee
I plighted all my faith with my innocent kiss."

I saw it again—it was pallid with sorrow
Of infant’s disease, and I counted no more;
A prosperous hope seem’d to speak for the morrow,
Alas! for this infant no hope was in store!

Too soon did the chimes of S. Paulo thus tell—
There is one who we cherish shall sleep here for ever!
And so soon did I know ‘twas the sweet infant’s knell
That had smil’d in my arms, and there more could smile never!

In the aisle with all pomp* I then saw it array’d,
And proud was the dignity shown to it there;
I shared in the whole of that pomp so display’d,
But gave the sweet babe my best tribute—a tear.

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* The pomp was amazing, nearly a hundred torches, altogether complimentary, were borne in procession to the crypt, of which the present versifier carried one. According to custom, the corse, in a lovely white dress, seemed only reposing on a bed of roses.
MAY AND MATRIMONY.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"For May is the mother of Love."

So said, or sung, our old poet; and when Love was the mother of Matrimony, unquestionably the month was in great requisition; and its verdant carpet, flowery gardens, singing nightingales, and gentle breezes, were among the things which moved young hearts not a little, and gave even in the town new zest to the gay amusements offered in balls, concerts, and spectacles. Nous avons changé tout cela. Matrimony is still committed, and there is, we trust, much love occasionally found along with it; but love, abstractedly, is no longer the principal cause of the connexion. Increase of happiness is unquestionably sought by the parties; but that happiness is a distinct thing from the connubial felicity, formerly looked for and expected by youthful lovers.

Far be it from me to condemn new lights, at a time when all the world are seeing by them, and especially to object to matches made from prudent motives, after witnessing many an instance of distress, in consequence of deficient prudence,—as earlier people are considered a species of fungus in society, which might be erased without injury, and being unsightly, are only tolerated when disguised; it would ill become one of the tribe to quarrel with those who permit them on sufferance. Be it therefore conceded, that motives of convenience, aggrandisement, connexion, and especially congeniality, are the very best which can influence two persons about to enter that very trying situation. Much I apprehend may still be said on the subject,—lovers are not the only persons who require advice on a connexion of so much interest. On the contrary, Love, it is allowed, has the property (sometimes a very bad one) of hiding faults; and by the same rule, Prudence a trick of discovering them: for this reason, I would earnestly recommend all my fair readers to use as much prudence as possible before marriage, and as much love as possible afterwards.

Since there are no romantic misses now-a-days, strange as the assertion might appear some years ago, (when ladies fell in love, and knew no rest, or gave none, till, in spite of remonstrance internal and external, they married their "bosom's lord," ) I will venture to advise, "that whatever might influence a girl in taking a husband, she should seriously determine to love him when he had become such; and if her sense of love and honour was light when she took the irrevocable vow, she should determine to make it important afterwards."

"But how can one love a man who really seems to love his profession better than oneself—who is always reading, or thinking; never sees or cares what dress you have on—what place you are going to—what party you join?" says the gay Mrs. Willis.

"Or how can you give the affections of a heart alive to all the refined sensibilities of feminine mind, to a man who thinks more of a good dinner than a beautiful woman?—who is never so happy as when he has a party of men discussing either gastronomy or politics, both which are my aversion," cries the sentimental Lady Sightowne.

"Surely I gave proof of my love when I married Captain Needham, and gave him my ample fortune? I see no reason why he should seek to abridge my liberty, or complain of my flirting, after such proof of my sincerity and devotion!" exclaims a third new-married lady.

All these highly-educated women are uneducated wives; and their future happiness unquestionably depends upon each of them learning how to accommodate herself to the lot she has chosen. It would be desirable that the first should "assume a virtue if she has it not," and appear to take an interest in the pursuits of her husband; for she may depend upon it she will raise his opinion of her judgment, and by inducing a conclusion in her favour as a rational companion, give him a personal interest in her, replete with that peculiar tenderness a studious man experiences most vividly, if he receives it at all.

Lady Sightowne was not deceived when she married Sir Francis, for the arrangements were made by her friends. He never affected the sighing swain, or knew that she required such a one to constitute her felicity: neither party is young
enough to patronise "first feelings," and even the lady must know that "not e’en love can live on flowers." Every man at a certain period of life thinks something of dinners; and every man ought to mingle a little with politics, if he has any thing to leave, or to lose. If Lady S. will attend to her lord’s wishes in the arrangement of his table, show a marked respect to the political friends who appear at it, and exhibit her still lovely face, arrayed in smiles at the head of it, before long she will find that the man she distinguishes as being truly a gentleman, will pay her enough of even chivalrous attention to satisfy her feelings: she will love him for his affection, admire him for his ability, and class what she now deems his foible among the minor virtues, as springing from his taste, his hospitality, his savori viero.

"Are you, Mrs. Needham, the wife of a gallant officer, and a devoted husband, whom you married ‘to please yourself,’ exclusively; and do you hesitate to give him your whole heart? Do you reserve the power of exciting his jealous doubts, of wounding his self-love, of daring to believe, and showing the world you believe, that he married you from sordid motives? Fie! fie! learn to appreciate him better; and know that even if he had been the man you paint him, it would be advisable for you still to trust him, to rely upon his love if he had little, and his honour even if it were less. By treating him as a good man, and conducting yourself as a fond confiding wife, you would ensure the returns of kindness, even from a deficient or blamable character; but by your present conclusions, you are ruining a noble nature, and making yourself appear that most hateful of all existing things—a woman who has purchased a husband to be a cloak for her enormities—a flirting wife is always a suspicious character: when she is also a wealthy one, we deem her the more certainly a guilty one, and her husband either a dolt or a conniver.”——"Yours is neither; if you are not wholly lost, give him his due place in your own heart and the world’s eye.”

It must be evident, that every woman who is young and lovely, if she does not attach herself to her husband as a loving wife, places herself in a situation of danger, as regards the attention of others; what then is the position of her, who is neither very young or very lovely, but has yet many years of life before her, and the eye of the world upon her? Is she prepared to travel through her long journey, without the cordial support of the only human being from whom she can with propriety claim it?—the only one whose duty it is to yield it, and to stand before her acquaintance in the light of a person whose most intimate friend—he who knows her best, cares not a single sou? My dear madam, the position is dreadful: your own sex will inevitably say, "Mr. — has his own reason for his indifference;" and his will say, "he has a taste for something younger, prettier, perhaps." Oh! let not this be said, for it is false; vindicate your own powers of attraction, and his principles of fidelity—cultivate his affections, accord with his views, comply with his wishes, exhibit similar tastes with his own (for this is one of the strongest ties), and doubt not that he loves you and esteems you, and will do so to the end of your existence.

Still stronger, dear ladies, will be the claims of each upon your husbands, when you have made them fathers. The most young and frivolous feel the force of that tender tie; nor are the old and hackneyed, by any means, dead to it; whilst to the hearts of the virtuous and generous, it is a bond the most sacred and endearing. A woman with such an advocate in her arms may warm the coldest heart, and win the most wandering; but she must not therefore stretch her powers too far, nor intrude beyond a given latitude. Man! busy, bustling man! a creature engaged in the great concerns of life, cannot be tied to nursery details, or harassed by the thousand troubles inevitable to nursery transactions. The cares, like the love of a mother, has no bounds, but her communication of them to her partner must have decided ones; and she must never weary him when she means to interest. Long before she is liable to this error, how fondly will her heart be attached to him, of whom in former days she perhaps thought little, for there is no instructor in the art of connubial attachment like a little child; but before such a teacher is called in, it is necessary that the heart should be schooled, the affections exercised, the understanding convinced in favour of the father. She, who knows that she is bound for life, must surely see that it is necessary to propiti-
May and Matrimony.

ate her "lord and master," she who as a Christian has promised obedience, must hold herself bound to fulfil it; and the kind-hearted creature who, hitherto, in the love of her kindred and the exercise of her benevolence, has found the enjoyments of life, cannot fail to be aware that such kindness, such intercourse of the most holy feelings of her nature, ought to constitute, and must constitute, the happiness of her life, in that which is the closest and most durable of our earthly ties.

Do I then say, "that under all possible circumstances woman is called upon to study exclusively the happiness of her wedded lord, and submit implicitly to his will and pleasure? Is she to be his uncomplaining slave?"—the unspeaking minister of his will? I answer, decidedly "she is not." Every woman who has an immortal soul, and the hopes given by that gospel which "brought life and immortality into the world," has a master far above her earthly one, whose precepts she must obey, when they are at variance with his who is her earthly head, and whom in all the lesser concerns of life should be her guide, as he is her director. Nay, more—though the preponderance of knowledge, as well as power, is (I firmly believe) on the side of the male part of the creation, since there are occasionally cases in which a woman may happen to have more talent or greater experience in given points, I deem it certainly right that she should prove her powers of benefiting them both by the exertion. It would be folly, not weakness, in her to abandon her own means of doing good, least she should intrude on her husband's prerogative. Few men are so blind to their own interest, as to oppose the "pleaded reasons" of one who only seeks his benefit; and whilst she is giving, appears to be receiving, for such is the general conduct of the generous and the gifted.

Happy is it, when amiable tempers and the kindly dispositions of that "charity which thinketh no evil," and which, whatsoever may be its endowments, "is not puff'd up," fall like oil on the waves of troubled life, sweetening its acridities, reducing its animosities, and softening its misfortunes; and much will such kindly influence be required in the course of domestic life. Of so much value is a well regulated spirit to ourselves and our connexions, that I have frequently thought it would be only right, if we added to the petitions in our Liturgy, and prayed, "From errors of judgment, caprice of temper, and wanderings of affection, deliver us, good Lord!"

But in my earnest anxiety to impress (let me say affectionately impress) the necessity of self-government on the one hand, and culture of all the feelings which lead to love, esteem, and confidence, on the other, in order to increase the happiness and the virtue of each married couple, I have forgot the poetic claims of May, its flowering hedges, odorous breezes, song-pouring nightingales, and eye-delighting verdure; yet surely the subject is not lost, although the stern realities of life intrude upon its fairy ground. The days of May, in the life of man, are so sweet, that they ought to be cherished and enjoyed; but they are few, and the results of their action many and important. The virtues and the happiness of life's summer, the fruits of life's autumn, generally depend upon the conclusions and conduct of life's May, more especially when allied with matrimony; let us look therefore a little farther into it.

Many women have led happy lives, and been the cause of happiness to their husbands, whom adverse circumstances prevented from marrying the men of their choice, or who were little more than indifferent to the parties they accepted. Conscious of their own deficiency, they have endeavoured to supply it by kind attentions and gentle submission, which, by winning still further the affections of their husbands, have rendered them in turn sufficiently engaging to secure the gratitude and even the love of the wife, who has thus opened her own heart for the reception of its happiest emotion. Couples so circumstanced, are generally the happiest for the longest period—indeed, good dispositions and self-controlled tempers are as much demanded in matrimony, as good principles and similar sentiments. Without them, disputes will arise between persons even the most fondly attached, which never fail to induce coldness or disesteem. The love of display, the power of being witty, even the taste for coquetry, inherent in some persons, have led to the annihilation of an apparently constant and exclusive attachment, which would have continued to exist in nearly all its original ardour, and more than its original tenderness.
Many a time has a flippant sentence, a contemptuous look, the assumption of superior knowledge or sarcastic inuendo, given a death-blow to that passion which could have survived the loss of beauty, fortune, and fame.

Never, then, be such weapons wielded by British wives—the strong mind is the forbearing one, and self-examination (a duty of the last importance) will show enough of error and imperfection in our own nature to render us charitable to others. Every man has his faults, perhaps, but he has also his merits; and who is so interested in finding, cherishing, and appreciating them, as the wife, who, whether for good or evil, is bound to him for life? and who can love that which is excellent, so dearly as her who is the daily witness of it? In fact, it is surprising how much of latent intellect, of untried talent, of firm principle, and discriminating charity, may be seen in the conduct of our near connexions, that does not meet the eye of the world, if we look for it with a predisposition to judge favourably. I remember the lady in Miss Edgeworth’s “Belinda,” who had long been on bad terms with her husband, when a happier disposition of things took place, became sensible of his possessing various accomplishments and argumenst, for which she had hitherto given him no credit. “I must do Lord D—— the justice to say, he relates an anecdote admirably”—“few men appear to more advantage than Lord D——, in such and such a situation,” &c. : previously, Lord D——’s failings had been the only points about him on which her eloquence expatiated.

If there are any class of men with whom a woman must necessarily be unhappy, because she can neither extract kindness nor awaken virtue in them, it must be the selfish and the despot; qualities, which are frequently found together. Hard it will be for the generous breast to abstain from despising the former and abhorring the latter, as much as she fears him. Truly has good old Dr. Watts exclaimed—

“Let not the ties of Hymen bind
The gentle to the brutal mind,
Soft love abhors the sight—
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear,
Rise, and forbid delight.”

Even in this case, however much may be done to improve the defects of nature and habit; for, as men advance in life, the violent soften, and self-love frequently so far increases its own circle, as to include cares for the partner of its joys, sorrows, and usual engagements. The more a selfish man is obliged to see and feel the value of his wife to himself, the more will he adhere to her and approve of her; and the sense of his dependence upon her, will atone to her for the disposition which led to it—we “weak vessels” must take our comforts as we can get them, and never look too nicely into causes, when we are enabled to rejoice in effects.

But there are unquestionably a class of men (not numerous I trust), whose stern, tyrannical natures rejoice in trampling on their gentle victims, and increase their demands in proportion to their own power of infliction. Such men require what are termed “women of spirit,” who are blest with firmness to meet the ebullition of their tempers, and resolution to withstand their injustice—to this end calmness and fortitude, not passion and clamour, are demanded; therefore, a woman should not suffer either her fears or her contempt (both of which are very likely to be at the same moment in operation), to prevent her from attempting her own relief. Many a woman has by proper management tamed the violence, and called into its due exercise the reason of such men, who have in time become not only excellent husbands, but valuable members of society; but whom, if tied to meek, yielding, inefficient helpmates, would have become, in time, demons in their own houses, and pests out of them. She who ne’er answers till her husband cools, Or, if she rules him, shows not that she rules—has long been held the standard of excellence as a wife; but far more happy will she be, who is never called upon to answer a petulant or passionate despot; or who is too wise to attempt ruling, either directly or indirectly, the man who is her head upon earth, and she trusts may be her friend in heaven. May such be the lot of those young readers, who are now in the May-days of existence; and in order to ensure such blest tranquillity, let them look not only to the situation, but the man, as to principles, temper, and habits; for, after all, the husband’s goodness is the principal desideratum in matrimony.
THE FIRST LEAF OF SPRING.
WRITTEN ON THE FIRST LEAF OF A LADY'S ALBUM.

Thou fragile, filmy, gossamery thing,
First Leaf of Spring!
At every lightest breath that quakeset,
And with a zephyr shakest;
Scarce stout enough to hold thy slender form together,
In calmest haleyan weather;
Next sister to the web that spiders weave,
Poor flutterers to deceive
Into their treacherous silken bed:
O how art thou sustain'd, how nourish'd!
All trivial as thou art,
Without dispute,
Thou play'st a mighty part;
And art the herald to a throng
Of buds, blooms, fruit,
That shall thy cracking branches sway,
While birds on every spray
Shall pay the copious fruitage with a sylvan song.

So 'tis with thee, who e'er on thee shall look,
First leaf of this beginning modest book.
Slender thou art, God knowest,
And little grace bestowest.
But in thy train shall follow after,
Wit, wisdom, seriousness in hand with laughter;
Provoking jests, restraining soverness,
In their appropriate dress;
And I shall joy to be outdone
By those who brighter trophies won,
Without a grief,
That I thy slender promise had begun.

FIRST LEAF.

CHARLES LAMB.

1832.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

"I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose."—MIDDLETON.

About three years after the commencement of the last war, persons were wait-
ing in the passengers' room at the Lion, F—— street, for the Victory Portsm-
mouth coach. Some were quietly dis-
patching their breakfast; others were seek-
ing, by conversation on the state of the weather, and other common-place topics, to form a companionship for the journey; but apart from the rest, silent and mournful, sat a lady of youthful and very interesting appearance; and near her, equally absorbed in sorrow, a young man, whose garb and manly weather-beaten face bespoke to belong to the sea. They conversed not, but their mournfully affectionate glances betrayed the anguish which their approaching separation produced to both.

At length the horn sounded. "Har-rriet," said the young sailor, "I must go and secure my place."

"Stay, William, stay!" she cried; "it perhaps summons the passengers to some other coach; or, at all events, they'll tell you." In an under tone she continued,
"Hasten not from me! too soon we shall be forced to part; what will then become of your broken-hearted Harriet?"

"Heaven will protect you, dear girl," returned the youth. "Seas, ere long, may separate us; but have we not the consolation of being united in heart? Dry up those tears, and cheerfully bid your sailor farewell; tell him, oh! tell him, that you will not mourn his absence. Hope for his speedy return: when, should fortune smile propitiously, we shall be for ever united."

The coachman had now mounted, and the last call was given. After a hasty but affectionate embrace, and exchange of the last tokens of love, the sailor sprang upon the roof of the coach, and in a few moments the vehicle had disappeared.

The lady bore her loss with a fortitude worthy of one who aspired to be a sailor's wife: having wiped off a tear, and cast a last glance to the spot where she parted from the dearest object of her soul, she hastened away.

It need scarcely be said that the parties were lovers, and that they experienced the anguish many are doomed to feel on being torn from each other. The parents of both of them, during their childhood and youth, had resided in the lovely and sequestered village of H——, in Sussex, and they passed the first years of infancy in each other's society. They were constant companions previous to the commencement of their studies, and together they took their first lessons. After a time they were in course placed at different localities for education, and this was the severest affliction which had as yet oppressed their young hearts. Their time divided between school and their homes, months and years rolled on, and soon saw William fifteen and Harriet fourteen years of age. The affection they bore each other during infancy had not diminished, but it had assumed another and a very different aspect. They were subject to emotions, for which their young and innocent hearts were unable to account. The unstable fondness of childhood was matured into the ardent love of youth. The future appeared to them drest in sunny smiles: happiness promised to be their portion. Their parents observed the mutual passion of their children, and rejoiced at it. Neither avarice nor ambition cast obstacles in their path, Alas! that ought should happen to destroy bliss, pure and promising as theirs.

The father of William Merlin had a brother, who had long served in the navy, and having returned to England after an absence of many years, he joyfully repaired to his brother's residence, when the most heartfelt delight welcomed the coming of the beloved wanderer. He did not sojourn long there.

Captain Merlin was summoned to command the Grecian, an eighty-gun ship, and to proceed immediately to the West Indies. This was considered an excellent opportunity to promote the welfare of his nephew; and it was arranged that William should accompany the captain. The youth, who possessed a high and daring spirit, heard of this arrangement with mingled sensations of astonishment, pleasure, and regret. Often, in pondering over the exploits of his gallant countrymen on their ocean-home, his heart had throbbed, and his dark eye glistened with more than ordinary animation; and more than once, he had wished to become a partaker of their dangers and their glories; but the idea of his loved Harriet would rise to annihilate the scarceformed wish.

The veteran sailor and his young charge soon repaired to their stations.

The separation from parents whom we love and honour, and from friends we respect, though bitter, is still describable; but who can portray the emotions which lacerate the heart, in bidding a long, long farewell to those whom we love with unimaginary ardour; to objects dearer, far dearer than life itself?

A few days after the arrival of the captain and his nephew at Spithead, the Grecian sailed to convey a fleet of merchant vessels through the channel, and afterwards continued her course across the Atlantic, to protect the commerce of our Indian islands.

William repined not at his situation, but often his heart turned to his peaceful home, and to those cherished scenes which had imparted such ecstatic pleasure to the years of his boyhood. The idol of his soul often rose in his imagination, as he solitarily paced the deck, estranged from all around him, and gazing with intenseness on the bright orbs glittering in the azure profound above, then she would appear to him as more than mortal—angelic; and in the
soft murmuring of the breeze, he would
fancy he heard her well-remembered
voice, calling on her loved wanderer to
return, to hasten to her arms, and to re-
pose on her bosom, safe from the dangers
of war, shielded from the fury of the
gale!

We pass by the recital of the nume-
rous adventures that befell the youth;
suffice it to say, that his life was that of a
sailor: he had his share of storm and
calm, sunshine and gloom: his proud
spirit turned not from danger—in the bat-
tle he stood erect and dauntless, and the
storm, however fierce, never blanched his
cheek with fear.

Two years had flown since he left his
peaceful home; and the Grecian formed
part of a squadron which attacked a
French fleet, and an island in the possess-
sion of the same nation. The English
were victorious. Another leaf was added
to the laurel-wreath which encircles the
haughty brow of the British lion; but,
 alas! at the expense of torrents of blood!
Many a generous young heart there
cessated to beat, while imagination turned
to scenes never more to be beheld.

William was attached to a party, headed
by his uncle, which stormed the forti-
cations of the island, and braved the
greatest dangers of the action, but both
escaped unhurt. After the fight was
over, the rough old captain hailed (as
he termed it) his nephew to his heart,
and blessed God that he had given him
a relative who could do as he had done,
and for preserving him to reap fresh
laurels on the only field he loved—the
ocean. He predicted that the boy would
one day rise to high and honourable
command; and certainly, his youthful
exploits gave promise of an extraordinary
manhood.

The Grecian, being a fast-sailing ves-
sel, was appointed to escort the prizes
taken from the French to England, and
young Merlin was permitted to come.
After a remarkably short and pleasant
sail, she arrived safely at Portsmouth,
having been away from England about
two years and six months.

We need scarcely say with what eager-
ness our hero obtained leave of absence,
and repaired to that cherished spot of
earth which centered around it the ob-
jects dearest to his heart—his home.
Many will be able to picture to them-

well-remembered scenes of his boyhood.
On such occasions hopes are generally
blended with fears and misgivings.
Anxiety for those who we left in health
and happiness beneath that roof, of which
we catch a partial glimpse between the
trees that embosom it, saddens our feel-
ings, and proves to us that joy and sor-
row are inseparable companions.

This feeling increased on William
Merlin as he approached nearer to his
home; he thought he beheld a melan-
choly change around him; places, which
he had left blooming in all the luxuriance
of nature and of art, were now desolate
and in ruins: with surprise he saw the
fine old trees, which formed the avenue
that led the visitor to the mansion of his
ancestors, showed sorrowful signs of neg-
lect; their decayed branches covered the
once smooth and gravelled road, and
rank grass almost hid the untrodden
foot-path from view. He stopped and
gazed around. The nursery of exotics
and rare plants, the pride of his parents,
had disappeared: the flowers which the
hand of his mother had reared and
trained in their varied growths, were
destroyed, or growing untended: those
bowers, where in childhood he had hung
with delighted ear on the voice of that
dear parent, early instilling the prin-
ciples of virtue, and where in after years
he had passed such blissful hours with
the friend of his infancy, the idol of his
soul, were trampled to the ground. Here
and there a solitary rose bloomed like
the lone spirit of the ruin, weeping over
its decay; indeed, the hand of a spoiler
was apparent in every thing and every
where. The mansion itself appeared un-
inhabited.

With hasty strides, and with a heart
palpitating with something more than
fear, William hastened towards it. The
door was not opened to receive him, and
no smile of recognition, no word of wel-
come, greeted his arrival. The only evi-
dence of life about the place was the
barking of a ragged and starving dog, in
which the wanderer recognised the faith-
ful old Neptune; an animal that in his
childhood had evinced a most extra-
orinary attachment to him, and had
fondled and borne him about with the
care and attention of a tender nurse;
but he was now forgotten even by his
dog, and Neptune was with difficulty
prevented from attacking him whom he
had once so fondly caressed. The poor animal was in sorrowful unison with the place.

William knocked loudly at the door; for a considerable time he received no answer, but his anxiety had reached a height which he could no longer restrain, and he was about to effect a forcible entrance into the building, when he heard footsteps approaching along the hall. The door was slowly and cautiously opened, and an old woman, quite unknown to him, ill-featured and bent with years, directing on him, through her sunken eyes, a suspicious and scrutinizing glance, inquired what he wanted. The poor youth could bear no more. With feelings wrought up to intense anguish, he turned from his father’s roof, and at the same moment heard the door violently close behind him. Scarcely aware whither he went, he ran with the wildness of a maniac to the house of a friend, who resided near his once peaceful and happy home. This friend observed him approaching, and hastened to meet him, having instantly recognised him, notwithstanding the change in his appearance, which time and a tropical climate, or what was more, his maddening grief, had produced.

The poor youth was so occupied with his sorrows, that he paid no attention to what this kind gentleman addressed to him, but suffered himself to be led into the house, almost unconscious whither he was going.

“Compose yourself, my young friend,” said the gentleman, “there have been changes, sorrowful changes, I regret to say, since you left your home, but let not your imagination depict them in more gloomy colours than they actually exist.”

The only response poor William could make was—“My parents! my Harriet! do they yet live?”

“Your mother lives,” continued his friend, “and longs to behold her beloved son. Your Harriet is well: she is all your own, and more beautiful than when you parted.”

“My father! alas! my honoured father, then, is no more!”

The feelings of his friend were too much excited to allow of his making any response, but his silence proclaimed to William the truth of his melancholy supposition. Tears of bitter anguish streamed from his eyes as he exclaimed, “Thus to return after a long and melancholy absence, with the anticipation of approaching delight in the society of dear beloved friends, and to find nought but sorrow! My father, my poor father! Oh! that I could have been near to have soothed thee in thy dying hour, to have received thy last blessing—but, my mother, my Harriet—they yet live, you say—where are they? guide me to them!”

“Follow me, William, your mother is beneath my roof,” said the gentleman, almost overpowered with the intensity of the distress he had witnessed.

William followed, was desired to stop for a few minutes, then beckoned to the apartment. He approached, and, alas! beheld his mother, pale and emaciated, stretched on the bed of sickness—indeed, of death! She turned her wan eyes on her son, and for a moment they glowed with their former lustre; it was but as the last ray of the setting sun, which faintly illumines the mountain’s top, and disappears: her sun was about to set, never to rise again!

She stretched out her hand, and faintly grasped his, and mustering her remaining strength, rose up, and drew him to her bosom: the effort was too much for her debilitated frame, and she sank into insensibility ere a word was spoken. Her son’s utterance died away like the zephyrs, whose existence is perceived amidst the forest leaves, but whose sound reaches not the ear; but what object meets his gaze? Seated by the bedside of his sinking parent, like an attendant angel, a seraph who waits to bear her soul to heaven, he beholds his adored Harriet! What conflicting motions lacerate his heart; he folds her to his bosom, and (oh! think him not destitute of affection!) for a moment, a brief moment, his feelings concentrate in her—there’s souls are blended—they are but one! Never earth beheld purer, more spiritual beings.

His mother soon after expired in the arms of her beloved, her only child. The same fatal stroke which deprived the parent of life, suspended the faculties of the son; he was borne from the chamber of death, insensible to the objects around him.

We will now endeavour very briefly to trace the causes which produced the melancholy results, the sorrowful changes
which William Merlin beheld and experienced.

About the time of the departure of William Merlin with his uncle, rumours, originated by designing and interested individuals, were extensively circulated, of the immense profits which might be realized by maritime speculations. The desire to engage in them became universal; and indeed it is scarcely to be wondered at, for some few of fortune's favourites appeared in reality to have discovered the philosopher's stone, all they touched turning into gold; but on others, fortune never vouchsafed to beguile its votaries by a smile.

Mr. Merlin escaped not the contagion, and the father of Harriet was a victim to the same general delusion. United, they agreed to embark their fortunes on the ocean. Ships were purchased, and they became merchants. The disappointments which attended their efforts, the misfortunes that befell their inexperience in the subtleties of trade, aided their efforts.

At the period we are treating of, when all classes were striving with the utmost avidity for wealth, and too many were regardless how it was procured, so that they obtained possession of it, it was not to be expected that much mercy would be shown by creditors to unfortunate defaulters. Alas! many a heart-rending tale might be told, which would suffice our cheeks with the hot blush of indignation, while we reflected on being compelled by nature to acknowledge that we belong to the same species as such merciless beings. Enough! such doings are not unrecorded.

The estate of Mr. Merlin had not been sold when his son arrived; but the garden and every place about the mansion had been suffered to fall into the melancholy state of decay in which he beheld it: it being no one's business to attend to their preservation, they were by every one neglected; mere men of money are the last to be warmed by the charms of nature.

Harriet Barton, the young lady we have often had occasion to mention, on the departure of her father for Hamburg with Mr. Merlin, to rescue some losses, went to reside with the lady of that gentleman, it not being deemed prudent for her to remain alone during the absence of her parents. Her mother had died during her infancy, and the sweet bud had expanded—she had risen towards womanhood, apparently matchless in beauty and virtue, beneath the fostering care of the sire who adored her. She could truly be said to realize the beautiful perfection of the poet: she was, indeed,

"Fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain snow."

We cannot fail surprised that he should be careful of such an invaluable treasure.

Mrs. Merlin was deeply affected at the misfortunes that befell her husband; they sank into her heart, and left a sting which nothing could afterwards eradicate. Whilst they were confined to pecuniary losses, she did not repine, but exerted her utmost efforts to cheer her partner, and to restore to his mind the peace which sorrow had banished. His leaving her caused her more affliction than any thing had done before; and when weeks flew and months rolled on without bringing any tidings of him she so ardently loved, her misery became intense. Agonizing suspense and grief combined to oppress the gentle sufferer; she gradually sank, and felt aware that she was hastening to that "bourn from whence no traveller returns." Nor was her husband the only one whose absence she deplored: for some considerable time she had received no intelligence of her son, her only child. This was no inconsiderable affliction to a tenderly affectionate mother, whose heart was already lacerated with various and severe visitations. She knew the dangers to which he was exposed, and her imagination increased them tenfold. She brooded over these varied ills in silence, without complaint; but the worm was gnawing—they corroded away her heart.

The lovely Harriet attended her with anxious affection; she endeavoured by every means in her power to soothe her distress, and to divert her mind from the gloomy images that continually presented themselves. Alas! for her the words of comfort were powerless; hope, even hope! the sufferer's last best friend, had forsaken her. Futurity presented no object on which her mind could repose with calmness for an instant; all was darkness, gloom, despair!

She remained in this desponding, sinking condition, without any material alteration up to the time that her dwelling was seized by her husband's creditors,
and the agents of the law presented themselves at her abode, and with more than legal barbarity thrust herself and her youthful charge into the world, to be, for aught they cared, unaided, and without a shelter, needing the commonest necessities of life. She implored no compassion—she addressed no word of reproach of anger, to the authors of her misery; the consciousness of undeserved suffering gave her courage and fortitude. She left her once happy home, and the separation drew not forth a sigh nor a tear; she needed no consolation herself, but sought to impart it to her weeping servants, and to those who lived by her bounty, now thronged around her to shed the tear of sympathy, to shower on her their blessings, and their curses on those who oppressed their benefactress, their friend.

The humane gentleman, to whose dwelling William Merlin had ran after having been so cruelly repulsed from the home of his childhood, received the two houseless sufferers beneath his roof; in him they found a genuine, an affectionate friend; by unremitting attention he sought to alleviate their distress, and to supply the places of those whose absence they mourned.

From the time that the ladies made his house their residence, Mrs. Merlin had been unable to leave her chamber; and, for some considerable time before her son’s arrival, her bed. Could the most anxious attention, the tenderest regard, the soothings of sincere affection, have stayed her decline, it would have been done. All was in vain. Unable to bear the sudden transport of joy which rushed on her heart, overpowered with bliss unexpected, she expired in his arms. As it is fabled of the nightingale, she expired in an ecstasy of rapturous delight.

After the funeral of his mother, William and Miss Barton continued to reside with the same worthy gentleman for some weeks, and during this period no tidings were received of the absent gentlemen, by their children and friends—they were mourned as dead.

It had been the intention of William Merlin, on his return to England, to have left the sea as soon as he could, and never again to have separated himself from his friends and his Harriet; but his every hope was doomed to be blasted. He now beheld himself necessitated to brave the storm and the battle, as a means of gaining a livelihood; and without obtaining promotion in the profession, he could never hope to consummate the first wish of his heart, to accomplish that, which even now promised to restore him his wonted happiness—his union with the companion of his infancy, the beloved of his youth.

About two months after his arrival in England, at a time when the company of his Harriet, and the affectionate kindness of the gentleman with whom he resided, seemed to have worn off, in some slight degree, the keen edge of his sorrow, he was doomed again to suffer with increased severity. About this time he received a packet from his uncle, containing a summons for him immediately to join his ship, and a commission appointing him a lieutenant. This was another drop poured into his cup of sorrow, though, in fact, it ought to have been deemed otherwise.

The Grecian was again ordered on a distant foreign service; and in a few days after the arrival of the young lieutenant on board, she sailed. There are few who can behold their native land, the scene of all their joys, of all their hopes, receding in the distance, and about to disappear, without a pang.

The first time that William Merlin had seen the shores of his country disappear in the watery belt which encircles them, his heart had been buoyed up with extraordinary expectations: his young and ardent imagination was delighted with visions of glory, with highly-coloured dreams, which he hoped to realize; the scene to him was new, and he yielded to the delusion, and was happy! It was very different now: the mist that enveloped the future had disappeared. Every thing around him was changed; his parents were no more: which ever way he turned, nothing that could afford relief met his view. He hastened to his cabin, to conceal the emotion the tears he could no longer restrain.

Miss Barton returned, as we have said, to partake of the hospitality of her friend; but from this time she appeared to have undergone a great and sudden change: her natural vivacity entirely forsook her: the repeated afflictions which she had experienced crushed her spirits; the load they had left upon her heart was too burthensome for her to bear, and she sank beneath the weight.
The Grecian arrived safely at her station, the Cape of Good Hope, and continued to cruise that latitude for several months.

Time diminished not the grief of William Merlin; but he had fortitude sufficient to prevent its being visible to ordinary observers; it did not, however, escape the observation of his uncle, by whom he was tenderly loved. The captain beheld with much concern the sorrowful change in his nephew. He had mourned, with genuine grief, at the misfortunes which had befallen his brother and his family; but the stirring scenes in which he was engaged had partly obliterated its remembrance, and he was surprised they had not the same effect upon his nephew. His heart was tender and compassionate; but he was unskilled in the mode of imparting consolation.

After having remained upon this station thirteen months, Captain Merlin received promotion, and was appointed to a command in the East Indies. He gave permission to his nephew to choose whether he would accompany him, remain where he was, or return to England. William loved his uncle, and would joyfully have accompanied him; but England contained a loadstone, whose irresistible power drew him towards it. He adopted the latter alternative.

An opportunity offered itself, by the arrival of the East India fleet at the Cape, to forward letters to Europe; and shortly afterwards William sailed in a ship which was carrying home despatches.

He could not part from his uncle without regret, nor could that worthy sailor conceal his sorrow at the separation: they were, as it appeared, the sole remaining branches of what had once been an extensive and flourishing tree. The captain pressed the weeping youth to his heart, and prayed God to bless and preserve him, and to lighten his afflictions.

The ship in which William Merlin came home passenger, arrived at Falmouth about the middle of December, after having been detained several days in soundings by contrary winds. This was to him an agonizing period: suspense lay heavy upon his heart, for hope had sometimes whispered, that the dark clouds which had so fearfully veiled the horizon at his former return, might, in some degree, have passed away, that brighter days awaited him: it had suggested, what we might suspect to be the case, that his father had been captured by the enemy; and it added—would ere this have returned to his native land. Alas! destiny decreed that such should never be the case. The poor gentleman died a prisoner in France; and the only tidings that ever transpired of him, were those which made known his untimely end.

Under the influence of these feelings, and actuated by the most ardent desire again to embrace his loved Harriet, and supported by the hope that he should behold the hand of sorrow obliterated from her brow, and find her blooming in all the glow of health and beauty, he speedily disembarked. Without a moment's delay, he sought the means of conveyance to those scenes where he yet hoped to find happiness and peace; but discovered that several hours must elapse before he could leave Falmouth. Time hung heavy upon him, and he was not in a mood to mix in the hurry and bustle of the crowd. He resolved to while away a portion of the tedious hours which he must necessarily remain, by a ramble beyond the town, again to view the verdure of his native fields; for nature in every mood, in aspect gentle or severe, had ever been delightful to him. He passed from the town, and, though chill December had spread around his gloomy mantle, he found much that imparted pleasure and enjoyment.

He went on, wandering where fancy led, until a passing bell attracted his attention, and disturbed his melancholy, yet calm, meditations. He followed the sound, which conducted him along a lane, overhung with leafless trees; he sighed at the recollections which this awakened, and his imagination turned to that noble avenue which often led him, in his boyhood, to a happy and peaceful home. At the end of the lane a venerable structure met his gaze. Here, embosomed in a grove of giant yews, not less ancient than itself, stood the village-church, a structure of other days; and, going nearer, he perceived two or three men, who, apparently, had just completed a grave. He approached the men, and, almost without design, inquired for whom they had been preparing a “last home.” They either were, or affected to be, unable to answer his question; they informed him, however, that it was for a stranger, with whom no one in that
neighbourhood were acquainted. This rather excited his curiosity, or perhaps his compassion. He pictured to himself a poor deserted wretch, who, afar from home and friends—if possessing either—was about to be unwept, unmourned, indeed unknown, thrust into the earth and forgotten. At this moment a funeral procession was seen approaching, preceded by the clergyman in due solemnity, and three or four individuals who acted as mourners; yet no one appeared to grieve. He perceived, by the simple decorations of the funeral, that it was a young person about to be interred, and, listening to the service, he discovered it was a female. As soon as the mournful ceremony was ended, he renewed his inquiries. No one present could give him any farther information; but he was referred to the house where the deceased had resided, a small farm-house, within a short distance of the church; and, on arriving there, he was kindly received by a matronly woman, the farmer's wife. From her he learned details of wandering, penury, and death, too distressing to narrate. She was interrupted by a loud groan from her auditor, who, unobserved, had sunk into a chair, and appeared quite overcome with some sudden anguish, and almost insensible. Alarmed, she was hastening to seek assistance, but he beckoned her to stay, and, in a tone bestokening the most intense suffering, inquired if her visitor left nothing which one, who perchance had been her companion from infancy, might recognise. The kind woman opened a drawer, and took out a small packet, from which she exhibited to his gaze a ring. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "the same, the very same! fate! you have done your worst. I can bear no more! Too well I know that ring; in early childhood it was my gift; she has religiously preserved it!—Ah! O Heaven! what do I see? My portrait—presented to my departed angel.—Enough! I ask no more; unite me again with her." It was his Harriet who had wandered to meet him, maddened, and died!

Overpowering agony deprived him of the power of farther speech—he rushed from the house in a state of mind, alas! impossible to describe.

The health of Miss Barton had slowly and almost imperceptibly continued to grow worse to the time that the announce-
AN EXILE'S PRAYER DURING A STORM AT SEA.

Rage on thou wild tempest, this bosom unshrinking,
Now prays in thy rage all its tumults may cease;
But mercy, oh Heaven! on the souls that are sinking,
Beneath thy dark anger, and let there be peace.

Protect, gracious Father, the innocent pillow,
Where slumber the votaries of virtue and truth;
Hear my prayer, ye swift lightnings that dart through the billow,
As vivid as hope in the day-dreams of youth.

Roll on dreadful thunders, ye cannot affright me,
For I've had to contend with worse passions than these;
Nor von distant sunshine no more can delight me,
No more can restore to my bosom its ease.

For once it was pure as the calm on the ocean,
That follows the storm when its ragings have ceased;
From the phrenzy of fear it now dreads no emotion,
And awoke from the transports of hope 'tis released.

Around me the loved and the loving are weeping,
They have friends—they have home—they have kindred and sire;
I have none, and each energy's morbidly sleeping,
Save a heart still unsullied, an unattuned lyre.

Then illumine not thy rainbow once more to deceive me,
Nor picture in sunshine the land of my birth,
Since no vision can fancy portray to receive me,
No voice bids my lost spirit linger on earth.

May 15, 1835.

H. F. V.

THE DETENUES.

(Continued from p. 88.)

Y—— was at this period our great naval station, and it had become for a short time the residence of Julie's married sister, in consequence of Capt. S—— having been appointed to it. He had served with as much bravery as success, and been recently enriched by the capture of several valuable prizes. Admiral B——, at that time the post-admiral, and the friend of Capt. S——, was accidentally with Mrs. S—— when a letter from her mother informed her of the sudden departure of Henrietta from home, and her acknowledged determination to remain with her friend even in a prison. Still maintaining her cruel policy of separating for ever the lovers, and frustrating any exertions in their favour, Mrs. S—— painted the unfortunate friends to Admiral B—— as unworthy of protection, and dispatched him to the prison to inform her sister she should receive none from her. There, on his kinder mission of benevolence, he met Lady L——, who upon hearing from him Mrs. S——'s relation of the affair, and that they could not be noticed with propriety, confessed herself incredulous upon that representation, and wished the admiral to hear their story, and form his own judgment upon it. He entered the prison, and avowedly with no favourable impression towards its innocent inmates. He delivered the message of Mrs. S—— to her sister, and then glancing a look of severe inquiry at Julie, added, "I am sorry to learn that lady has friends in the Directory, that assembly now attempting to afflict all Europe with its revolutionary and fatal principles." "The accusation is as false as it is cruel," replied Henrietta; "but examine us separately, sir, lest you should suspect any collusion between us: learn first from herself the story of my

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persecuted friend, and then hear from me my own." Henrietta quitted the parlour of the prison, and left Julie to the unvarnished tale of her own sorrows. The relation of them made a strong impression upon her hearer, who then summoned Henrietta to her promised narrative. She gave it with all the simplicity and with all the force of truth. Admiral B—— declared his readiness to use his influence and interest in behalf of Julie; the real cause of whose persecution, and the accusations against her, she told him, arose from a determination on her mother’s and sister’s part to separate the lovers for ever. "Ah! how equally cruel and unnecessary a plot," she exclaimed, "when my brother’s recent appointment to India must separate them for seven years, and too probably, without human interference, part them for ever!"—"I doubt not, madam, the truth of your detail," said the admiral; "but although I am perfectly satisfied with it, a mere verbal testimony of it would not avail in any application to government for the release of your friend. I must, to serve her effectually, have proofs of this extraordinary conspiracy against an innocent and unprotected foreigner."

"I have," replied Henrietta, "that document, my sister’s letter, now in my possession; but by producing it, I should instantly rob her of the good and high opinion she seems here to have obtained in every circle, and throw her from that station in society in which Capt. S——’s brave and honourable conduct has given her a distinguished place at Y——. All that has been imparted to you, sir, I consider as having been so, under the sacred seal of confidence, and I fear not my sister’s conduct transpiring through you. Let her retain her present estimation here, and let us trust in that Providence that will surely raise up friends for the orphan and the persecuted!"

Admiral B—— rose to take his leave. "I leave you, ladies," he said, "with deep regret; that, as matters are thus circumstanced, notwithstanding my earnest desire to serve you to the utmost of my power, I cannot have that gratification." He took his departure immediately, leaving the unfortunate prisoners only to feel a deeper sense of their trials. How many agonizing reflections passed in the mind of Henrietta during her sleepless night—to what a conflict of contending feelings was she exposed. Unless Julie’s innocence could be proved, she would be immediately sent back to France—she would there come under the alien act, and under that law not only forfeit the little property she possessed, but her life also. But her innocence could only be established in the eyes of the sole person, possessing equally the wish and the power to serve them, by such cruel proofs of her sister’s conduct, as she shrank from unveiling even to Admiral B——. Here, on one side, she saw in imagination that sister pleading to her to spare her from general obloquy, and not to cast her, by such a discovery, from the pale of that society in which she now held a high place; and on the other, Julie torn from all that was dear to her, and sent back to those scenes of horror and bloodshed, from which she had but just fled. She had truly said in her moments of agonizing examination by Admiral B——. "I had heard that every one was free the moment they set their foot upon English ground, even the slave: but I—as soon as I reached this boasted land of liberty—was thrown into prison upon this false accusation, and condemned without even inquiry—condemned to be returned to my own country, to become immediately, upon my arrival there, the victim of their sanguinary laws." As that victim, did Henrietta in that sleepless night contemplate her,—she saw her in idea pale—dishevelled—heart-broken—and led to that guillotine beneath which she had already seen her family and friends all sacrificed, and vainly calling upon her friend and her lover to save her; and was that friend to be the person to conduct her to such a fate, rather than to have saved her from it! the friend in whose bosom, and her brother’s, her little all of happiness now rested; and was her own to be pierced by that hand, on which alone it now rested for the healing of its recent wounds—"It must not—it shall not be!" exclaimed Henrietta; "I cannot, I dare not be the murderer of my friend!" In a state of the greatest mental agony she commenced her letter to Admiral B——, enclosing that from her sister, wherein she had detailed the plan of the conspiracy against the unfortunate emigrée, and acknowledged herself the authoress of it. In doing so, she said she trusted to his honour to let nothing transpire prejudicial to her sister, and to consider it as given in
charge, only to be used in justifying Julie to our government, and enabling him to exert his interest in her behalf. Admiral B—— was strongly impressed with the generosity of her conduct towards a sister who had so little merited it, and immediately wrote to the secretary of state, warmly pleading for the unfortunate emigrant, and detailing the extraordinary conspiracy against her—a conspiracy that was revolting equally to humanity and honour: ere an answer to his application arrived, he received orders to sail. The last moments of his being on shore he passed with the interesting prisoner: having previously, at his earnest request, accompanied Henrietta to an interview with her sister, who, upon Admiral B—— presenting to her her letter, was compelled to acknowledge it as written by herself; but the hand of forgiveness was readily extended to her by the noble-minded Henrietta, and the admiral sailed, happy in the conviction that a reconciliation had taken place between the sisters, and in the warm hope that matters were now in train for the speedy release of Julie, whose health seemed sinking beneath the accumulated trials she had undergone. During this painful state of suspense—painful to the friend, but still more painful to the lover, who expected daily to be summoned from England, and all who were dear to him—how did Henrietta pass her hours of anxiety? In every anxious effort to soothe the sufferings both mental and bodily of her friend—in appealing with her own eloquent pen to those who had influence and interest that might serve her—and in total oblivion of the sacrifices she had made, and which were soon to be painfully felt in her mother's avowed determination never to see her more, and of her consequent separation from those sisters and brothers, she had during so many years watched and guided with almost maternal care. In addition to her trials, Mrs. S——, as faithless as fair in her promises to Admiral B——, only awaited his departure as a signal for every act of hostility towards the unfortunate friends: amongst her friends she described them as unworthy of their notice, and diverted many an intended act of kindness from them. Before Admiral B—— sailed he placed them in a small lodging, and gave them an unlimited order upon his banker. In this lodging did their early friend, Lady L——, often visit them, and every time with unceasing pity for Julie's sufferings, and admiration of the conduct of her friend, whose elegance of person and manners presented all that was to be admired in the land she had quitted, combined with all that was most estimable in her own. It was here in my daily visits to her I saw all the beautiful developments of a character that fixed a seal upon a friendship that was never broken. After a fortnight of agonizing suspense, a letter arrived from the secretary of state, with permission for Mademoiselle de V—— to remain in her present residence till a further elucidation of the affair took place; but did that permission, gratefully as it was received, give all that Julie sighed for? alas! no—the chain was still around her, that kept her from Albert Vernon; and how bitterly was that bondage felt, for he would be obliged to go without one parting interview, to soften a separation that would too probably be an eternal one—without one parting hour for memory to live upon in his cheerless voyage—one treasured adieu—one last embrace, to soften the parting pang to be held in hoarded recollection in another climate beneath its burning suns, and dearer, far dearer than all that could be offered amidst all the splendour of oriental scenery, and all the luxuriance of the East.

Another week of suspense, of torturing suspense to the lovers, passed, amidst all the feverish impatience to meet once more, with all the fears that that happiness would never again be theirs. At the expiration of it, with "healing on its wings," and a balm for all present sorrow, permission arrived from the secretary of state for Mademoiselle de V—— to remain, and reside in any part of England she chose. A few hours after receiving this welcome intelligence, Julie and her friend were on their road to London. Here they seemed to lose in the society of Albert Vernon, the remembrance of the past and oblivion of the future; for the India fleet was, from some political arrangements, still detained at Portsmouth. But fleeting was this dawn of happiness—the atmosphere of town acting upon a weak and enfeebled frame, accustomed to so different a climate, soon showed its baneful effects upon Julie, with symptoms so alarming, that they seemed to defy medical skill. Day after day did Hen-
rietta and Albert keep their anxious watch by her; but scarcely had they with hearts full of gratitude welcomed her amendment, when the latter received orders to wait at Ryde the sailing of his ship, although she might yet be detained there. This blow was softened to Julie, by a proposal from Henrietta that they should accompany her brother, and wait there his departure. She had, besides the desire of deferring their separation till the last moment, the hope that the mild and pure air of the Isle of Wight would be beneficial to the poor invalid. The short space of a fortnight seemed, indeed, but as a momentary period of preparation, for a parting that might be for ever; yet even within that period, Julie appeared to regain a degree of strength, that enabled her to struggle with the trial; and at the end of it, the friends found themselves the desolate occupiers of two rooms in a retired, but picturesque cottage near Ryde. Here every breeze wafted health around their humble dwelling; and although it brought not happiness on its wings to the heart, it restored its soft tint to the cheek of Julie. To enable those so dear to him to remain in a spot which promised returning health, Albert Vernon transferred to them the little stock of wealth (and small indeed was that store) that was destined to ensure him comforts upon his arrival in India. Although it was hoarded with the strictest economy, a few weeks, alas! saw that little store exhausted; and nothing now remained, as a forlorn hope, but to return to London, where the friends had the promise of obtaining employment, at the Emigrants' Repository, which was then open for the sale of those works of tasteful ingenuity; which happily furnished, though with the humblest fare, the table of many an exiled noble, who had hitherto seen it covered with all that luxury and wealth could give in their own once happy France. Upon their arrival in town, Henrietta's immediate care was to implore again, as she had done before she went to the Isle of Wight, her mother's forgiveness, for aught in which she had offended her, and to entreat her protection at least for herself, if she could not extend it to her friend. Both, alas! were denied to her; and that denial was accompanied by a prohibition against her keeping up any intercourse with her sisters, who were also to be cast from her entirely, if either party attempted to maintain any. This was indeed the severest blow which had yet been inflicted upon Henrietta; for she had so long during their exile supplied to them a mother's place, that her heart yearned towards them with almost a mother's fondness. How often in the protracted hour of lonely industry, when bending over some specimen of ingenious workmanship, that was to procure their daily bread, did tears, rising at the recollection of this cruel prohibition, prevent its completion, and seemed to fall back again upon a blighted heart,—blighted indeed, when, after a winter spent in London amidst toil and privations of every kind, Henrietta saw the rose that had revived upon the cheek of her friend, again faded into almost unearthly hue of sickness. A medical friend who had accidentally visited them, pronounced an immediate return to the Isle of Wight, as the only probable restorative of the unfortunate Julie; and thither, with the trilling savings from hours and weeks of incessant toil, did Henrietta again accompany her, and again it appeared with beneficial effects: again were they occupiers of the cottage residence, and with an increased economy (if that were possible) of their little store. The interest I had felt upon my first introduction to Julie had never ceased: it was the basis of a friendship for Henrietta, which was strengthened upon every interview, and a more intimate knowledge, which daily intercourse produced at Y——, of the rare virtues and strength of character of this incomparable creature. How much was that interest increased, when, relating the history of her own life, she told me, with the strongest emotion, that the earliest dawn of reason served to unfold to her the painful discovery, that she was even in childhood the object of her mother's dislike. She added, that from whatever prejudice it arose, (and in early childhood, prejudice alone, and not error, could have given rise to it,) when, after five years of separation from her, she presented to that mother seven children, during that period educated and protected by her, although then scarcely beyond the age of childhood herself, she thought she had established a just claim upon a mother's affection; but, alas! she saw the prejudice unaltered,—the only reward asked (a mother's love) denied. From such a mother what was then to be
The Detenues.

expected? She saw nothing; and she returned to the Isle of Wight with that conviction pressing upon her heart, and no less on the state of her poor suffering friend, with the precarious source of maintenance before them, and one that was little calculated to furnish the many things requisite in a state of sickness and suffering. I had kept up a constant correspondence with Henrietta, but the feelings of a delicate, rather than a proud mind, prevented her ever hinting at their actual situation. She complained not of the want of money, but only of the want of what the wealth of India could not purchase—a mother's love and forgiveness.

The story of these unfortunate friends had become a subject of interest in many circles where it had transpired, and I was one evening requested to relate it in a family group, anxious to hear it more fully detailed than it had hitherto been. My audience was not only a very attentive one, but was also composed of hearts alive to all the gentlest sympathies of benevolence and kindness. All expressed the strongest desire to learn hereafter the fate of the poor emigrée and her companion in misfortune. The following morning one of the party put into my hands a bank note of no trifling value, and begged it might be forwarded to Julie, in any way that was least calculated to wound those feelings which, springing from misfortune, are often of a stronger nature than even those which are the result of pride.

Gratified as I was by such a proof of the impression my story had made, I scarcely knew how to avail myself of the offered gift; for how could I present it to those who had never given me reason to suppose they wanted any pecuniary aid; and which I imagined had been given them by the sister who married when they quitted England, and who had become a widow in affluent circumstances? Henrietta's affection had prevented her informing me, that her mother had again aimed a barbed dart, by declaring that she would renounce her for ever, if she gave any assistance to so obedient a child; and one who had, by flying from a mother's protection, proved herself so unworthy of it. "Never—never!" exclaimed the noble-minded Henrietta, will I allow of such a sacrifice being made for me—sweeter, far sweeter to me would be the crust earned by the hardest toil, than a table furnished by such means with the richest fare." After much conflict in my own mind as to forwarding a gift, which would at once unfold to those who had never hinted at wanting such a one, that I had fixed upon them the seal of poverty and dependance, I enclosed it in a letter, as the offering of a friend deeply impressed by the tale he had heard from me of their trials and their fortitude in supporting them. "Should it be," I added, "a rejected gift, let me thankfully consider it an unnecessary one; but should the contrary be the case, accept it, I conjure you, from the affluent and warm-hearted donor." We both awaited with painful impatience the reply to my letter; at the end of a fortnight the following answer arrived:—"How can I ever cancel my debt of gratitude to you and that generous friend, your kindness and a protecting Providence has raised up for us, to save us from despair, and an extent of misery to myself, beyond what I could ever have imagined was reserved for me? Yes—I have seen Julie, my beloved Julie, who had so strongly wrestled with her sorrows, brought to the verge of the grave by (shuddering I confess it) want, almost starvation. Day after day had I watched, and wept, and prayed for her in vain; I found myself, with my apparently dying friend, alone, and without a comforter. Oh! no, not without one comforter; for did I not look for comfort to Him, from whom alone comfort could be sent to the broken-hearted and the desolate? Did I not turn to him in weeping and in prayer; whilst my poor unconscious friend remained happily ignorant of my trials, and scarcely aware of her own sufferings. It was in a moment of almost frantic despair that your letter was brought me—at a moment when I..."
where we had been promised employment; employment that would at least relieve us from the dreadful fear of wanting our daily bread, although it might perhaps furnish us little beyond it. We had no means of procuring any conveyance beyond Southampton, and therefore set out to pursue the rest of the journey on foot, which I hoped my poor friend might accomplish by travelling only a short distance daily: an effort to which, she assured me, she felt quite equal; but, alas! we had both deceived ourselves with that vain hope. At Winchester she found herself quite unable to proceed. Day after day, I sat by her bedside watching her exhausted state, seeing her little remaining strength gradually departing, and myself unable to procure for her that support, so necessary for her now sinking frame. In this dreadful moment I requested to have a medical man sent for; when he arrived, it was a comfort to me to find he was also an emigrant, and misfortune has rendered him all humanity and compassion for suffering beings. I blush not to tell you, that suspecting I had no means to assist my poor friend, he offered me his purse—his eyes were full of tears, and mine were not dry. Good old man! he has a wife and child living here with him; he was astonished to see Julie in a state of such extreme exhaustion. I have not yet told him, what I do not hesitate to confess to you, that during the last three months we have subsisted chiefly upon bread and water: my stronger frame supported this trial, but I saw, with daily agony, her's sinking under it. I see our kind physician does not think she can now be saved, and fears lest I should flatter myself with fallacious hopes, when I see her looking less languid, and destroys my momentary joy, by saying they are delusive symptoms. Her present existence is so miserable a one, that it is almost cruelty to wish it prolonged; but I have not yet acquired sufficient strength of mind to contemplate our eternal separation in this light. Will not the Father of mercies take pity on her sufferings, and alleviate them? I have hope and confidence in his mercy and goodness: has he not hitherto supported us, in dreadful moments of suffering? and he will not surely now abandon us. Your kindness, and that of your generous friends, has furnished us with all of earthly aid that can alleviate them; and the prayers and blessings of grateful hearts are daily offered up for you and for them, where I trust they will be accepted, and bring down blessings on the bestowers of them. I will write to you again very soon—alas! how soon may the fate of my poor Julie be determined."

As soon as the situation of Mademoiselle de V— was known to her former friends at Y—, liberal remittances from many were immediately forwarded to the unfortunate sufferer; and Henrietta, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, found herself thus furnished with means to procure for the invalid all that was most necessary and beneficial to her feeble and exhausted frame. With these remittances was sent what eventually proved of greater value still—namely, a letter to Lady M——, who resided in the neighbourhood of Southampton, and who was so strongly interested by the detail of the persecution the poor emigrant had undergone, that she visited her the following morning, anxious to ascertain, and to mitigate, as much as was in her power, the complicated trials she was then sustaining. The first interview unfolded the whole extent of them, and immediately suggested to the benevolent heart of the lady the desire to remove the friends to her own house, which was, in a few days effected, and where Julia received every attention that kindness and humanity could offer.—Ah! where could she find more efficacious physicians than these? But, although Henrietta saw the rose returning to the cheek of her friend, it seemed to come with that reluctant bloom, which still awakened many painful apprehensions, and she feared a return to the Isle of Wight was the only chance that remained for her permanent amendment. Thither then, with a similar expectation, did their generous patroness remove them, experiencing the strongest interest in her recovery, and exciting it, amongst all around her, for their benefit.

But whilst the sorrows and sufferings of Julie excited her compassion, the conduct of the devoted, the noble-minded Henrietta, called forth the strongest feelings of admiration. To soothe the sorrows of her friend, in whose bosom, even amidst recovered health, a barbed dart seemed to rankle, was her unceasing but ineffectual effort. She passed
the greater part of each day in contemplating that element which had deprived her of her lover, her affianced husband, she said. Suddenly her mind became occupied with a plan so wild and visionary, that it was long ere she confessed it to Henrietta—that of following him to India. Vainly, upon hearing it, did her friend point out to her the impracticability, nay, almost impossibility, of putting such a plan into execution. Where was she to obtain so large a sum as would be demanded for such a voyage, even without including the expenses of equipment for it; or how overcome that still greater, and apparently insurmountable, difficulty of obtaining, as a foreigner, a passport to India. To the sanguine mind of Julie such obstacles appeared as airy nothings; whilst every impediment which Henrietta, with her better judgment, pointed out, seemed but to strengthen a determination to make an attempt, which, if unsuccessful, she declared she could not survive. Upon the gentlest remonstrance on this subject, she taxed Henrietta with unkindness, with want of affection for a brother, whose happiness was, she said, depending on the execution of a plan suggested to herself previous to his departure. To such arguments, what, alas! could Henrietta oppose? and when the happiness of two beings, so dear to her, was involved in the success of it, did it not appear like the want of sisterly affection thus to urge them? She resolved, therefore, in future to be silent on the subject; and she remained so till she saw the cankerworm eating into her very heart, and the rose fading from a cheek to which it had begun to return. “I shall not—I cannot survive this separation!” was Julie’s frequent exclamation; and her altered countenance seemed to confirm the idea. Impressions with this apprehension, Henrietta now used, amongst the different friends their misfortunes had secured to them, all the influence she possessed to obtain a passport for Julie. But the attempt, as she apprehended, proved a vain one. Benevolence, which is always the strong characteristic of naval men, prompted an officer, who had heard the history of our “Detenues” from a friend, to promise her a free passage in his ship, which was then under orders for India. The joy of Julie was in proportion to what her sorrow had been, at this unexpected good fortune; but, alas! it came only as the mockery of that sorrow, for she had scarcely completed her hasty and very limited preparations for her voyage, when the ship was ordered suddenly to another destination; and her captain had barely time to relate his agreement to take a lady out with him, whose misfortunes had excited his strongest compassion, and to entreat his friend, who was to sail for Calcutta in a few days, to fulfil the promise for him. To this he assented, and Julie was again raised from despair to happiness. She was desired by Captain W—to be on board his ship at the end of ten days. This short period of time was passed by the friends with equally strong, but different, feelings. Julie was going where her thoughts and affections had long preceded her. She was going to meet not merely a lover, but an affianced husband, on whose attachment she could implicitly rely; whilst Henrietta was to remain an isolated being, severed from what had become her dearest tie, without the consoling voice of one relative to soothe her sorrow, or shelter her with their protection.

Occupied with her own brightening prospect, Julie saw nothing beyond it, nor marked the conflicting feelings her friend had to struggle with. Alas! joy and sorrow too often alike render us insensible to the pains or pleasures of others; but such is poor human nature in its weakness, and too often also in its strength. Yet such was not the friendship of Henrietta; her’s partook of a higher nature—it had never shirked from the performance of a duty, or hesitated to make any sacrifice. A very short period of time was to prove this in its fullest extent. She had promised to accompany Julie on board, much as she dreaded a last adieu on such a spot—yet anxious, notwithstanding, to be with her till the parting moment. Arrived at the ship, and introduced to her captain, despair seemed almost to take possession of Julie; when, upon perceiving she was a foreigner (a circumstance with which she had not been previously acquainted), he declared his utter impossibility to take her with him, as he should incur, by so doing, not only the heaviest penalty, but perhaps lose his ship, in consequence of it, so strict were the orders on that
subject. The almost frantic grief of Julie, on hearing this declaration, appeared equally to perplex and distress him, as she wildly exclaimed, “I cannot—I will not survive this cruel disappointment!” The full tide of compassion (when was it ever a stranger to a sailor’s bosom?) rushed to his heart, and addressing Henrietta, “I will,” he cried, “make a proposal, the only one I can offer, and that not without great risk to myself, to take you, madam, in the place of your friend; and her, also, if she will accompany you as your servant. If you both consent to this, I will write to an influential person in town to procure a passport under this denomination, and delay sailing four days, in order to afford time for its reaching me. Should it not do so within that period, I will run the hazard of sailing without it. This, I regret to add, is the only arrangement I can venture to make.”

What an alternative was thus placed before Henrietta, and without affording her even time for deliberation. In one moment she found herself called upon to abandon her country, her friends, and all who had shown her such disinterested and unceasing kindness; and should she not place, by such a voyage, an insurmountable barrier between herself and the lover to whom she had plighted her own faith in France, and who seemed already impatient of the obstacles which had hitherto opposed his wishes; would it not also render a re-union with her family almost impossible, and apparently justify their conduct towards her? All these thoughts rushed upon her mind, and amidst this cruel conflict she was on the point of exclaiming, “It cannot be!” when, turning and witnessing the silent but appealing agony of Julie, “Live, live!” she cried, “dearest Julie, to a long enjoyment of happiness, and to form that of a beloved brother. Let me—me only—be the sacrifice, and still prove that with me friendship is not a mere name.” Then turning to the captain, who stood lost in admiration at her conduct, “I accept, sir,” she said, “gratefully accept, for myself and friend, your generous offer, and shall be on board with her at the time you have named.” “Generous, noble-minded Henrietta,” cried Julie, “you have restored me to life, to hope, and happiness!” and, falling upon her bosom, the overcharged hearts of both found relief in a flood of tears. They then quitted the ship—Julie to dwell on her present felicity, and Henrietta to make from her again scanty purse such preparations as its limited contents, and the equally limited time allowed for her unexpected voyage permitted: nor did she communicate her plan to any of her friends, lest their entreaties should shake her determination; and it was not till she was many leagues on her voyage that her friends knew she had quitted England.

On their arrival at Calcutta, the despair of the friends was mutual at finding the lover and the brother had been some time previously ordered up the country some hundred miles; but he had had the precaution to mention to some friends there, to whom he had confided his story, his expectation of Julie’s arrival, and to claim their protection for her till his return. By them she was received, as well as Henrietta, with the most considerate tenderness into the family. The letters of introduction they had brought from their generous protectress, Lady M——, to the governor-general’s lady, with the outline of their history, created her strongest interest in their favour, and ensured them every attention; whilst Julie’s story obtained the pity of all, Henrietta won their admiration by that graceful sweetness of manner which gave to her something than “beauty, dearest,” and rather lent than stole a charm from her various acquirements, seen but to be admired—known but to be loved: how great was the contrast between the past and the present—between the neglected, the forsaken, the almost broken-hearted daughter and the admired stranger, at whose service so many votaries were already worshipping. If wealth and splendour could have gained her affections, they would not have been long in her keeping after her arrival in India; but, faithful to her early engagement to the young Baron de Valmont, although it was on her part the result of gratitude rather than love, many a rejected lover of rank and fortune complained of her cruelty, and she resolved to return to Europe as soon as she saw Julie united to her brother. That event took place a few weeks after their arrival in India; and she remained to see how “much the wife was dearer than the bride,” and to share in the happiness of
her brother, as well as her friends. The climate, which restored health and strength to the latter, seemed to deprive Henrietta of both; and having learnt from some of her most zealous friends in England, that her mother's feelings towards her were so much softened, that she offered to receive her if she wished to leave India, she determined upon doing so, and awaiting there her lover's arrival from France. With what a strange combination of feelings did she again hail the white cliffs of her native shore: how strongly were many dormant ones awakened, when she again found herself welcomed by her mother, and a smiling circle of sisters, from whom her affections had never been estranged.

The first interruption to her happiness was a letter from France, informing her that the lover to whom she had "plighted her troth," tired of the delays which attended the performance of her promise, had supplied her place by a French bride, and, consequently, left her at liberty to select an English husband. Again were all her prospects unsettled—again all her hopes of domestic happiness destroyed. At home she still fancied herself an alien to the affections of her family, from whom she had been so long separated. The intelligence from France had given a new current to her feelings, and made her regret having quitted India.

Upon receiving a letter from her, the now happy and grateful Julie thus wrote to entreat her immediate return to Calcutta:—"Come to us again," she said, "beloved Henrietta, to make our happiness complete. Here, the smiles of affection, of love, and of gratitude, will be still and ever yours; and should you wish to stray beyond our roof, I think you may almost play the sultan, and throw the handkerchief in any direction you choose. Come to us, then, without delay, and let this be henceforth your abiding place." And she did return to make it so; but not to claim again the hearts that had been pledged to her upon her quitting India. The ship which again conveyed her there, contained, amongst other passengers, a gentleman returning to join his regiment there. Not one of her attractions was lost upon Capt. J——, and he appeared worthy to possess the noble heart he had won. After a short residence with her brother and friend, she became the happy bride; and remained, through many succeeding years, the happier wife, witnessing and still adding to the domestic felicity of her brother and Julie, proving also a bright example of the strength of female friendship—of its enduring fortitude in the season of trial, and of ennobling qualities in that bosom which it makes its residence.  

M. C.

ON THE DEATH OF ———.

The gay deck'd flower that glitters in the sun,
How soon it fades—how soon its course is run;
To-day its varied beauties are array'd;
To-morrow shrivell'd, wither'd and decay'd:
Its drooping head expiring nature shows,
And falling blossoms seem to mourn its woes.
So thou, fair maid, thou Nature's choicest gift,
Now smil'st in death, of vital charms bereft:
Well may'st thou smile, thy spotless bosom knew,
No pangs of guilt! but like those happy few,
Where souls with joy the dreadful gulf explore,
And whose views brighten as they reach the shore.
See! ye vain fair ones, see! this blooming rose,
Cropt e'er its beauties nature could disclose;
How frail your arts—how vain your boasted power,
When all your charms are blasted in an hour!  

J. C. H.

Wiseton, May 7, 1835.

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NEW ROYAL PALACE OF LONDON.

This is the legitimate title, we say, for the palace reared at the west end of the Royal Park of St. James’s, upon the foundation of a Duke of Buckingham now forgotten, and only honoured by the adoption of it by George III. as his “Queen’s House.” To ancient companions of the “G. G. and S. Robinson,” that red brick “house” was delightful, along with all the simplicity that attended it:


We have now only to regard the completion of the new building, after so many variations in its erection, as it may now become for the reception of the court and fashionables; and to this effect we must, like our contemporaries, apply to the “sic vos non nobis” principle.

The principal entrance door, in the centre of the building, opens into the grand hall, which extends to the right and left, but the length does not exceed the breadth; it is tesselated with white and gray veined marble, and surrounded on three sides by a flight of seven steps, which support groups of white marble double columns. Ascending the steps which face the entrance, the sculpture gallery is reached, extending 160 feet along the centre of the palace; the ceiling is supported by nine double columns, the floor inlaid with oak in devices; and at the extreme right is a circular alcove, with a mosaic star in coloured woods, containing the king’s cipher. The central door of the sculpture gallery leads to a large oblong room, with a semicircular projection, containing five long windows, looking into the gardens. The room is fitted up with bookcases of gilt trellis-work, lined with silk, and massively carved rosewood library tables; it is destined for the king’s council room. On the left of the council room are two reading rooms, similarly fitted up with bookcases, the doors of carved mahogany, and the chimney-pieces of yellow marble. Beyond these is the private dining room, which has three windows reaching to the floor; it is coloured a pale sea-green, and is devoid of any ornament except four marble pillars at each end. Returning to the council room, on the right is one of the queen’s morning rooms, hung with dove-colour and flock paper, without moulding or cornice, and the ceiling perfectly plain. This was originally destined for George IV.’s bed chamber. Adjoining is the queen’s sitting room, with three long windows, and hung from the ceiling to the floor with pale gray paper in shades, richly figured in wreaths of bright flowers, with birds and insects; the chimney-pieces are of white marble, and extremely small in proportion to the room: a peculiarity which attaches to all the fire-places throughout the palace. The doors, of handsomely carved mahogany, lead to another sitting room nearly similar, beyond which is an ante-room and the bath room. The latter is very small; and the bath itself, which is of very limited dimensions, is made merely of painted metal to resemble marble. It is singular to see this apartment fitted up in such a common style, as in all foreign palaces the bath has been an object for the display of classic taste and highly-wrought sculpture. From the bath room a long narrow passage leads to one of the rooms for the ladies in waiting. This is papered down to the floor with a striped paper of deep jonquil-yellow, moulded with black and gold; the glaze is extremely disagreeable. Beyond this apartment, in the wing next to the Green Park, is the private entrance for the queen; a very beautiful circular hall, with five windows. The floor is of white marble, with small squares of black; and it is surrounded by gray marble pillars, the ceiling being tastefully carved. Beyond this hall there are four other waiting rooms, extremely plain and simple in their arrangement. Returning to the queen’s second sitting room, on the right is her majesty’s private staircase to the bed rooms, consisting of five flights of ten steps each, in white marble. The first room on the right is the royal bed chamber; a fine well-proportioned room, but plain in its decoration. Along the gallery are fourteen rooms of different sizes, destined for her majesty’s wardrobe rooms. Immediately over the sculpture gallery, on the drawing-room floor, is the picture gallery, also measuring 160 feet in length. It is lighted from the top by seventeen large square skylights, on each side of which is a row of the same number of circular lights in figured ground glass. The cornice descends in deep points of most elaborate work, which is also carried between the lights; and nothing can exceed the chaste grandeur of effect in this extensive ceiling, which will form an exquisite contrast to the manifold tints and gorgeous frames of the pictures when they are placed here. The floor is of oak inlaid, and there are five fire-places with chimney-pieces of white marble, each ornamented by an alto-relievo bust of one of the old masters, supported by two angels. The centre door of the picture gallery opens into the drawing room, with a bowed front towards the garden. The floor is of light-coloured woods, inlaid in large wreaths of rosewood, each containing the king’s cipher. The ceiling, richly carved and gilt, is supported by scagliola pillars of brilliant purple; be-
tween these, high looking-glasses, with arched tops, are placed, which descend to the floor, and the intervals are filled with yellow silk. This is a very beautiful apartment, although not large; and the view from the windows, towards the gardens, is extremely cheerful. To the right and left of the drawing rooms are folding doors of looking-glass, with mahogany and gilt frames; the door on the right opens to the music room, which has three long windows looking to the garden. This room is surrounded by flat scagliola pillars of a rich crimson hue, the capitals carved and gilt; between the pillars, the spaces are hung with embossed silk of gold colour and white: the ceiling is magnificent, carved and gilt in rays round the chains of the three lustres: there are two white marble chimney-pieces, handsome doors of looking-glass, and the floor will be covered with crimson Axminster carpets, figured in bright wreaths. The ball room is on the left of the drawing room, and has four windows, which are to be hung with crimson velvet curtains. The walls are decorated with round pillars of beautiful crimson scagliola, surmounted by gilt capitals; the space between having figured silk hangings, to correspond with the two foregoing rooms. The floor is of oak, inlaid with a deep border of flowers in rosewood; the ceiling elaborately decorated and gilt. The ensemble of this room by candlelight is really splendid beyond description; and if some more figures were placed so as to relieve the heavy richness of the crimson and yellow, it would be as perfect as can be conceived. Next to the gorgeous ball room is the dining room; a calm, gravely-tinted apartment, after viewing the others. It has three windows, and at the end a deep recess for the sideboard. The ceiling is an elliptic arch, carved in three bold rose ornaments, and descending on the walls in deep carved points; between these are medallions, bearing the king’s cipher. The walls are painted a pearl colour, and the ornaments white; altogether it is scarcely rich enough for the banqueting room of a palace. Beyond the dining room are four rooms for the table decorators, and a private staircase leading to the culinary apartments below. Descending to the entrance hall again, on the left, is placed the principal staircase, which is broad, and for the first twenty steps, single. The landing-place, which is lighted from above, then divides into a double staircase of twenty-nine steps of white marble, like the first flight; the walls above are beautifully decorated with gilt wreaths and sculptured entablatures. This is the entrance which will be used by those who attend the levees and drawing-rooms. The first ante-room is small and plain, containing nothing worthy of remark. The second room is the front saloon; a splendid, but somewhat sombre apartment, from its being hung with dark laurel-green satin, striped and watered; the compartments are marked by carved divisions. Next is the throne room, where the company will be received. This has four long windows opening on a balcony, and two fire-places. The ceiling is most splendidly carved and gilt to a great depth; the second range of cornice being decorated with painted coats of arms, about two feet high and four feet asunder. These bear, on coloured fields, the three lions passant, the white horse of Hanover, the English lion rampant, and the harp of Ireland. The four are repeated all round the cornice, which thus looks like an immense golden zone studded with coloured gems. Beneath this is a basso-relievo entablature of sculptured groups. Between the third and fourth windows a sort of division is formed by projections from each wall, which are met at top by a cornice. From each side an angel, in white marble, holds the ends of golden garlands, which hang, detached, in festoons along this cornice, and support in the centre a large medallion bearing the king’s cipher. Under this will be placed the throne. The walls of the throne room are hung with the richest crimson satin, striped and watered, the divisions marked with very broad gold mouldings. In addition to the rooms described, there are various suites of apartments for persons attached to the royal household; but there is nothing uncommon in their distribution or decoration worthy of comment. The view from the back of the palace extends over the beautiful grounds, and admirable rus in urbe westward; and from the front windows, through the arches of the marble gateway, the vista of St. James’s Park produces a singularly striking effect, such as cannot be imagined but by those who have seen it.

AN INVITATION.

From eastern skies the ruddy morn,
Drives far the veil of night;
All nature joins to hail the dawn,
And welcome coming light.
Memoir of Marion de Lorme.

The lark springs from his grassy rest,
And seeks the azure skies;
The blackbird leaves his mossy nest,
Their songs united rise.
The shepherd drives his flock a field,
To crop the first-born flowers;
To make the stubborn fallow yield,
Exerts the ploughman’s powers.
The blooming milkmaid trips along,
With airy steps and gay;
To winged choirs she joins her song,
To welcome new-born day.
O’er the glade no echoing horn,
Delights the hunter’s ear;
No hallos on the gale is borne,
Poor puss sports free from fear.
The merry mower whets his scythe,
And lays the fell grass low;
And after him, with rakes, all blythe,
The village maidens go.
Arise, ye slumberers arise!
For lovely is the morn;
Abroad are all the truly wise,
Health, joy, comes with the dawn.
Rise, Ann arise, and with me view,
The charms of early day;
Each bird will sing more sweet for you,
Each flow’ret look more gay.

W. L. G.

MEMOIR OF MARION DE LORME.

(See Portrait, published March 1835, p. 188. Subject continued from p. 196.)

SAVERNY.—J’ai sur moi son portrait doux gage de sa foi,
Qu’elle fit peindre exprès par imagin du roi.
DIDIER.—Oui! voila son beau front, son œil noir, son cou blanc,
Surtout son air candide—it est bien ressemblant.

Marion de Lorne By Victor Hugo. Act III.

[This Memoir ought to have followed the first Historical Article, but arrived too late; we have, therefore, given it the next distinguished place—the last.]

Having completed the review of Victor Hugo’s celebrated drama of “Marion de Lorne,” and given copious extracts, by the translation of the two first acts, the Rendezvous and the Rencontre, published the first with the portrait in the March, and the other in the April number, we now conclude the article by the detail of whatever can be gathered from tradition or biography, regarding this extraordinary woman.

The talents of Philibert de Lorne, the architect, and of Dr. de Lorne, one of the court physicians of that era, made the name of de Lorne respectable; but Marion belonged to neither of these, she was the daughter of a gardener at Fontainbleau, who worked as a common labourer. Of her rise into the bad eminence she afterwards held, tradition is perfectly silent, nor can it be traced by any research at present made: a still more unaccountable circumstance is, where she obtained her education; for we find that she was renowned as a wit, as well as a beauty. Hamilton, the sarcastic
Memoir of Marion de Lorme.

Count Hamilton, brother-in-law to Grammont, who weighs and sifts every species of character and degree of intellect that passed before him, and never sets down any one quality at more than its worth, thus mentions Marion:—“That creature in all France,” he says, “who had the most charms, was Marion de Lorme; she had the wit of an angel, but was capricious as a devil!”

She was the favourite of Cardinal de Richelieu, and for a time all powerful with him; when he visited her at the Place Royale, he always laid aside his ecclesiastical dress, and assumed that of a Parisian cavalier, with a hat and feather, and a sword. They quarrelled, however, on account of the cardinal’s jealousy of a poor poet, with whom she fell desperately in love. The cardinal offered 50,000 crowns if she would give up this lover; but Marion steadfastly refused this mighty bribe. We find here some traces of the devotion that Victor Hugo pours in her attachment for Didier, who is, however, a fictitious character.

Her next lover was the unfortunate young nobleman who has been made the hero of Count Alfred de Vigny’s celebrated romance of “Cinq-Mars.” At this time she was the declared enemy of Richelieu, as we gather from her own letter. The history of that young nobleman is a curious one: Louis XIII. could not exist without a favourite, and Richelieu introduced to him a very elegant young nobleman, Effiat de Cinq-Mars. Thinking that he was as fond of fowling and hunting as the king himself, he would only trouble himself with such frivolous diversions; but Effiat was devotedly attached to Marion de Lorme; and Marion, who was then six-and-thirty, had all the activity of mind of a woman of that age, joined to a soft, fair, and girl-like beauty—for the exquisite roundness of contour of her person preserved her the charms of early youth in regard to figure and complexion, while she had all the fascination and seduction that knowledge of character and long observation of passion and feeling can give to a woman of high talent and finished manners. Young Effiat doated on her, and was guided by her powerful mind in everything; they formed a plot to subvert the power of the cardinal, and league with Effiat Cinq-Mars was the flower of the French aristocracy, who were too high-spirited to bend to the despotism of the ferocious priest-minister. Cinq-Mars increased every hour in his master’s favour; he was made master of the horse; and Louis never spoke of him without calling him “My dear friend.” In 1641 he accompanied the king to Narbonne, where Marion de Lorme, his beloved, sent him the following letter, which is now published for the first time in England. Those who wish to see it in French, will find it in that portion of the Follet that was printed for the Lady’s Magazine in March. Our philosophers of the present day will be not a little astonished to find in that letter their wonder-working steam-engines, as applied even to steam-carriages, traced home to the original inventor by such a person. Everyone knows that our admirable Marquis of Worcester, one of the heroes among King Charles’s cavaliers, first gave the idea of the steam-engine in his Centenary of Inventions, published during his rigorous confinement by Cromwell. He always declared to his friends that the idea was not his own, he had met with it in his travels; but he would not own who it originated with, for which we have here a good and sufficient reason; since had he declared it was in a mad-house, people would have thought him as mad as the inventor, and a slur being cast on that wonderful invention, the steam-engine would have remained uninvented a century longer. Our utilitarian philosophers will marvel which is the strangest, the reflective and sage Marquis of Worcester, having Marion de Lorme for a cicerone through Paris, or that the origin of their beloved steam-engine should be manifested to them by a fashion magazine.

We suppose the intelligence will be some time finding its way to their sightinesses, through the formidable guards of flounces, ribbons and feathers, and wreaths, natural and artificial flowers; no matter to us if it never does: however, here it is, whenever they mean to condescend to read it; and as the originality of the letter can be satisfactorily proved to antiquaries, they must allow it a very curious one by whosoever first presented to the English public.

Letter from Marion de Lorme to M. de Cinq-Mars.

Paris, February, 1641.

My dear Effiat,

Whilst you are serving me at Narbonne, and at the same time enjoying
the delights of a court, and the pleasure of circumventing the cardinal, I am, according to your wish, doing the honours of Paris to your English lord, the Marquis de Worcester; and I lead him, or rather he leads me, from curiosity to curiosity, choosing always, be it known, the most sad and serious things you can imagine. He speaks very little, but listens with extreme attention, fixing on those whom he interrogates two large blue eyes that seem to read the very soul. Nor is he ever contented with the explanations given him. He examines every thing on all sides; witness, his visit with me to the Bicêtre [the Bedlam of France], where he insists he discovered a man of genius in a madman; and if the madman had not been downright furious, our marquis would have demanded his liberty, and taken him with him to London, where he might have listened to his holding's forth from morning till night.

As he traversed the court of the madman with me (who was more dead than alive with fear), clinging to his arm, an ugly face popped itself from between some thick bars, and cried out in a cracked voice, "I am not mad; I have made a discovery that would enrich my country if put in execution!"

"And what has he discovered?" asked I of the guide who was showing us over the house. "Oh!" said he, shrugging his shoulders, "something very simple, and yet you would never imagine it. It is the way in which the steam of boiling water may be employed." I began to laugh.

This man, resumed our guide, calls himself Salomon de Caen; he came from Normandy about four years ago, to present to the King a memorial on the marvellous works that might be effected by his invention. If we were to listen to him, one might believe that steam could be made to turn machines, drive carriages, and effect a thousand other wonders. The cardinal sent him away without listening to him.

But Salomon de Caen was not to be thus repulsed; he followed the cardinal everywhere, and importuned him so incessantly with these follies, that at last the minister sent him to the Bicêtre, where he has been now three years and a half, and as you have heard, cries to every visitor, "that he is not mad, but has only made an admirable discovery." He has even composed, on the subject, a book which I have here.

Milord Worcester, who had listened to this with the profoundest attention, took the book, and having cast his eyes over a few pages, said—

"This man is not mad; and in my country, instead of shutting him in a Bedlam, we should have loaded him with riches and honours. Let me come nearer to him; I wish to question him."

They conducted milord to him, but Salomon remained sad and silent.

"Now," said the marquis, "he is really insane; sorrow and captivity have alienated for ever his reason. You have rendered him mad; but let me tell you, when you threw him into your dungeon, you destroyed the greatest genius of your epoch!"

We then went away, but since that time our marquis does nothing but grieve over Salomon de Caen, and talks of no one but him.

Adieu, my dear friend and faithful Henri. Come back soon, and however happy you may be, save a little love for your

MARION DE LORME.

Of all the villainies committed by the cruel and insolent Richelieu, the wreck of this poor man's brain is the most odious; yet, though so deeply interesting as an historical record appertaining to France and England, it has been unnoticed by one country, and unknown to the other.

The reader will observe the great talent of this letter. Marion cares not for the invention as an invention, and regards the unfortunate inventor of steam-power more with terror than with pity; but she gives a masterly sketch of the truly noble Englishman, who insisted on being taken by this gay beauty, who was left to do the honours of Paris by his friend, to visit sights "les plus tristes et les plus sérieuses," and who went with the loveliest and cleverest woman in France, clinging in terror to his arm, to the sad abodes "where madness laughed amidst severest woe."

She describes the scene of the encounter with the inventor of the steam-power with apparent easy carelessness, but really with the profoundest art. The king's favourite was at that time at Narbonne, listening to all the king's complaints of Richelieu's tyranny; and this letter was written to give the king another proof of Richelieu's detestable wickedness and unprovoked cruelty to the French subject; besides, on the testimony of one of the greatest men in England, both in abilities and rank, he was convicted of injuring his country by shutting up as a madman the most useful genius it had ever produced. There are little feminine traits about this letter, which show plainly how truly fascinating this Parisian Phryné could be: still, in the overthrow of the hateful Richelieu, Marion had a good and patriotic purpose in view, and one wishes her the success which she did not attain... After
the king had fully confided to his "dear friend" all his hatred to Richelieu, his feeble mind, then weakened by approaching death, took alarm at its own temerity; he played over again the same part he acted in regard to Marrilla*—betrayed to the cardinal, that his master of the horse, Cinq-Mars, hated him, and was engaged in a wide extended plot to subtvert him. Although, as well as the king, Richelieu was suffering under a malady that was to be mortal, and only travelled in a litter placed in a barge, or carried by twenty-four men, yet he flew from Tarascon with all the celerity of mischief, dived into the plot, and found Gaston, Duke d'Orléans, and the queen engaged in it. He seized young Effiat de Cinq-Mars, and notwithstanding his high rank as master of the horse, he had him placed in an open boat, fettered hand and foot; and the boat being fastened to the stern of the galley in which Richelieu sailed down the Rhone, he towed him in this way from Tarascon to Lyons, where he meant to put him to death. Richelieu knew that he himself was marked for a speedy grave, yet he went along exulting in the power he had of giving this gallant young man, so full of life and hope, to the hands of the executioner. Effiat de Cinq-Mars had an illustrious fellow-sufferer, the virtuous son of the noble historian, De Thou, or Thuanus. This nobleman was a man of the most unblemished integrity, and of the profoundest erudition; he was only found guilty of being privy to the plot. This great man was in the very prime and summit of his existence, of the age of thirty-five, when he suffered at Lyons, with his young friend the fiery Cinq-Mars. They died with the greatest heroism, Sept. 12, 1642. After this butcherly, the cardinal was carried from Lyons to Paris upon the shoulders of his guards in a litter covered with scarlet, and emblazoned pompously with the arms of du Plessis, and the insignia of a prince of the church. It was so large that two men could stand within it on guard by his bed-side. In this state the dying despot made his progress to the capital; and a breach was made in the walls of every town he passed through, if the gates were not wide enough to admit the colossal machine, whose scarlet trap-
pings struck every one with terror as he passed. Victor Hugo may well say—

"Prenez garde, messieurs! le ministre est puissant,
C'est un faucheur qui verse a fleots le sang
Et puis, il couvre tout de sa sottanté rouge,
Et tout est dit."—Marion de Lorme, Act II.

"Take heed, my lords! the minister is gigantic;
He's a strong mower that sweeps bloody swathes,
And then he covers all with his red mantle,
And all is said."—Translation, vide p. 193.

And what said Marion to the death of young Effiat? But there the scene closes. And after the death of Cinq-Mars and Richelieu, who followed his victim a few weeks after to the grave, all trace of Marion seems to disappear for a lapse of years that brings us to the most wonderful part of our story.

Tradition says that Marion suffered great anguish for the death of Cinq-Mars; similar to what Victor Hugo describes at the condemnation of Didier; but she disappeared entirely soon after, and was supposed to die in obscurity in 1650, at the age of forty-five years. With this date her picture is marked; but she did not die, she was reserved for a living death of such misery, that the most intense sufferings appear easy in comparison with the boundless interminable longevity that the following record gives her. Baron de Grimm declares that this celebrated female, who was born in 1606, did not die till 1741, attaining the extraordinary age of 135. Here are the proofs he offers to support this assertion.

"It is certain that at this date died a female of extraordinary longevity, who bore the name of Marion de Lorme, and whose remembrances concerning Richelieu and the court of Louis XIII. struck every one with amazement. She was without succour, without relatives, or any human aid, except the alms of the parish. These facts are attested in a manner most authentic, not only by many persons who saw and heard the aged person, but by the mortuary register of the parish of St. Paul."

How strange must have been the remembrances of this once lovely woman, during the dim twilight of this cruel longevity. Her recollections of the time when she was the admired of all beholders, and one of the movers of the destiny of her country, must have seemed

* See historical note to second act of Marion de Lorme, April number, p. 192.
like the memory of a former state of existence. Her friend, Ninon de l’Enclos, lived to a great age; yet ninety-two years seems to be but a span in comparison to 135. She died in the state of destitution, that seems generally the fate of venal beauty, be it for a time ever so prosperous in this world.

The memory of Richelieu was handed down with traditional detestation to posterity. We translate an anecdote illustrative of this hatred, in Alexandre Lenoir’s interesting work, entitled, “Description du Musée des Monuments Français.” This learned antiquary personally protected many of the monuments of the illustrious dead from the fury of the Parisian populace at the revolution. He was wounded in the hand by a bayonet, while defending at the Sorbonne church the monument of Richelieu, from the revolutionary soldiers in 1793: this tomb was the chef d’œuvre of Giradot, from designs by Le Brun. He says, “I carry the scar of the wound to this day; the statues, though somewhat defaced, are preserved. I saw the corpse of Cardinal Richelieu drawn from the coffin, it resembled a dried mummy, but the features were in a perfect state; the skin was livid, the cheeks prominent, the lips very thin, the colour red, the hair white with age. A person, who was one of the government of the Reign of Terror, thinking to wreak the vengeance of the French people on this cruel minister, cut off the head of the corpse of Richelieu, and paraded it on a bayonet before all the people assembled at that time in the church of the Sorbonne.”

There is a detestable anecdote of Louis XIII., relating to the death of his favourite, Effiat de Cinq-Mars; it will be remembered that he was in the habit of calling this young man, when speaking of him, “My dear friend.” On the day of his execution at Lyons, the king pulled out his watch at the hour appointed for his decapitation, and said, turning to the courtiers about him—“I fancy my dear friend cuts a very bad figure just now.” This behaviour was the more atrocious, when we consider the young man died not for conspiracy against his king, but for obeying his wishes in trying to rescue him from the domination of the man he hated, and of which he had bitterly complained. Death in the course of a few months took away the king, his mother, his minister, and his favourite; but it cruelly forgot Marion de Lorme till a century afterwards.

THE VOICE OF BELLS AT SUNSET.

BY G. R. CARTER.

The voice of bells at sunset—from a pure and hallow’d sphere,
Its dying cadence is diffused like music on the ear;
When the sapphire fields of heaven are interspersed with marble clouds,
And twilight’s far-extending veil the distant hills enshrouds.
The dews of evening bathe in sleep the violet’s pearly eye,
And the brook, unruffled by the breeze, seems coloured by the sky;
A hush, congenial to the soul, pervades the scene around,
And ev’n the lark has sought his nest upon the dewy ground.

Oh! the voice of bells at sunset—how delightful is its tone!
When the heart, excluded from the world, is left to muse alone,
And the fairy phantoms of the brain assume their starry wings,
And glide before the haunted sight like Banquo’s spectral kings;
Oh then the lyre, although its strings were somewhat weak at first,
Feels from its fire-enchanted strings the tide of rapture burst;
And reckless of its earthly mould, the spirit upward springs,
And rends the chain which binds it down to dream-like communings.

’Tis not the curfew’s knell which erst restrain’d the voice of mirth,
And bade the Saxon quench the fire upon his silent hearth;
When the light that fill’d his children’s eyes, and sparkled in his own,
 Arrested its enlivening glow, obeyed the haughty tone;
The Flower-Crown.

And the pilgrim, when nocturnal shades conceal'd his pathway dim,
Had nought to guide him but the swell of the convent’s haunted hymn:
Oh! blood has flow’d like mountain-streams, to burst the Norman chain,
And kindle Freedom’s cheerful glow upon the hearth again!

Beneath an ivied tower that frowns majestic in decay,
Where the bat and owl in solitude avoid the light of day,
When the moon is just emerging from the purple clouds of even,
And we can almost deem we look through vistas into heaven,—
How beautiful the hour appears! how fast the moments glide!
And the heart seems wafted like a boat upon some fairy tide;—
At such an hour, the voice of bells bids calm religion bring,
That sun-burst in the gloom of death—the healing of her wing.

When the wrecks of a departed storm are scatter’d o’er the skies,
And twin-born with the lightning’s flash the awful thunder dies,
’Tis sweet upon some verdant bank to watch the rising moon,
And hear the brook which wanders by its silver harp attune;—
With one bright star above us—the herald of the night,
One beauteous flower beside us—enrobed in lunar light;
While, stealing like a seraph’s song, from a pure and holy sphere,
The voice of bells at sunset brings delight upon the ear.

King’s College, London.

The Flower-Crown.

A Neapolitan Story.

Innumerable were the bells which filled the air with loud yet joyous sounds, as they pealed from every church in Naples, upon the morning of the 16th of June, anno Domini, 1550; their purport was to summon the faithful, to join in the brilliant ceremonies of the festivity of the Madona of Mount Carmel. The rich, the poor, the youthful, and the aged, arrayed in their brightest attire, crowded the streets and squares. Splendid hangings were suspended from the balconies of the houses; and garlands, or rather chains of flowers, hung across the streets, wafted gracefully with every breeze, and filled the air with fragrance. A stranger might have imagined, that the queen of this gay realm was about to make a triumphal entry into its capital: but that, at this period, Naples did not enjoy the presence of her queen, who, detained in the gloomy solitude of the Prado at Madrid, had not yet visited this fine country, and therefore the festival was held in honour of that queen, designated by the Neapolitans as “La Regina del Cielo.”

No where were religious ceremonies celebrated at this period, with the pomp and grandeur lent to them in Naples; and not only did these ceremonies receive from their sacred character their magnificence and solemnity, but they were embellished by all that an ingenious, light-hearted, and lively people could imagine, to render them pleasing and imposing.

Whilst gazing upon bands of youths and of maidens—the former in various costumes, and the latter attired in flowing robes of white, and crowned with flowers, hastening from all parts to join in the brilliant throng—one might have fancied ancient paganism, with her bright worship and fantastic allegories, had joined hands with Christianity, or that its primitive stamp still retained some impress upon the manners of the people.

The crowd assembled in the church of Santa Maria del Carmina, was composed of nobles and plebeians; princes, dukes, fishermen, and lazaroni, were all alike in readiness to accompany the procession. The priesthood, wearing their most sumptuous ornaments, waited at the portico the arrival of the viceroy, Don Pedro de Toledo; who, notwithstanding the illimitied power he exercised in Naples, would scarce have dared to absent himself from the fatigues of this long ceremony.

The ambassadors of several foreign courts were already within the aisle, fol-
loved by numerous and brilliant suites: behind the grand altar, many of the sons of noble houses, wearing white vestments, and crowned with flowers, awaited the honour of supporting upon their shoulders the litter of crimson and of gold, upon which was to be raised the statue of La Madona, refulgent with sparkling gems and golden ornaments; for they were designed for the office of carrying their holy and precious burden through all the more frequented streets of the capital.

The viceroy having long been looked for, the young and captivating Duke de Nemours, the favoured of the fair, said jestingly to the ambassador of France, Le Marchal de Bouillon, in whose suite he held a conspicuous place—“You will allow, marchal, that the viceroy fails in gallantry, thus to tarry in the service of a ‘lady;’ I ne’er have been found guilty of like delinquency.”

“I believe you,” answered the marchal; “but your patience will not now undergo a long probation, for hark! the trumpet proclaims the march, and the archbishop is disposing himself to receive the most illustrious Don Pedro. See! yonder, all is now in motion, and the cortége is advancing in the fairest order.

Albeit, the young duke was but little attracted by ecclesiastical pomp, his bright eyes wandered to and fro, through the church’s wide expanse, and in that spot, where a fair face was to be seen, there his ardent and beaming glance fell solely; nor even there long did it rest, for soon was it diverted from the object of its contemplation, when attracted by another smiling countenance.

However, the viceroy, followed by his court, had now reached the grand altar; and there, having addressed a brief prayer to “La Regina degli Angeli,” the cortége moved off, preceded by a choir of young clerks, singing hymns and bearing flaming torches, as though the resplendent moonlight sun of Italy, whose glorious rays shed a torrent of light around, were inadequate to the splendour of this festive day. The orders of Charity, with their deep cowl of brown, followed immediately after the choristers; and then the monks of St. Dominique, their foes, and rivals; and now came the archbishop, surrounded by the grand dignitaries of the church, advanced, preceded by the sacred image of the mother of Christ. From far and near, thousands of the faithful outstretched their hands towards her, calling loudly upon her name in the most pathetic language; they either prostrated themselves at her aspect, or showered flowers and wreaths upon the air before her. The young bearers of the statue, proud of the honour their employment shed upon them, strove to hide their inward vanity, beneath a show of piety and humility; but, though constrained to keep their eyes cast downwards, still did not they fail to cast furtive glances at the fair girls kneeling, in the office of strewing the Madona’s path with flowers; and it is inconceivable how the latter, amid their prayers and crossings, found means to aim with so much skill and precision the bouquet from their bosom, or from their hair, at such or such of the youthful bearers of “La Madona del Carmo.”

The Augustines and the Benedicines, in their sable garbs, followed in the train of this showy scene; and now came the viceroy, attended by the grandees of Spain, and escorted by a company of gigantic fusiliers, whose fire-arms glittered in the sun; the foreign ambassadors, according to their divers ranks, immediately followed; and then came all the proud nobility of the country, in the midst of which some women of high rank were to be distinguished, though all were deeply veiled: the procession was closed by an innumerable crowd of all ages, ranks, and sex, singing hymns or reciting prayers aloud. Yet far fairer than all the noble ladies, far more attractive than all the flower-crowned maidens, who piously threw balmy blossoms upon the Madona’s path, were the Neapolitan women of different ranks, placed on their balconies, or at their open casements, awaiting in all the pomp of costly garments, and of unrivalled beauty, the approach of the holy image, that they might salute her with prayer and pious adorations. Many of them were veiled; but the silken tresses, fair more officious than importunate, in lieu of diminishing aught of the wearer’s graces, served to yield a far brighter field to the imagination of the beholder, by making him suspect, if possible, the possession of more youth and beauty, than the veiled one really owned. Some there were who wore “the little black silken mask,” the use of which was just begin-
ning to become prevalent in Italy; a mode invented to defend the complexion from untimely blemishes, but adopted (at least so the young Duke de Nemours said) only by women devoid of beauty, or by those whose youth was fading fast. Most of these fair ones naturally turned their beaming countenances towards the Madonna; and many were the bright glances which diverged unto those who followed in the procession; some even were there, who attracted the attention of the latter, by casting at them, with true Italian grace and vivacity, their bouquets or blooming chaplets.

The procession having wound its way through the spacious Strada di Toledo, traversed La Piazza del Santo Spirito and turning to the right, in order to enter La Piazza del Pine, his Highness de Nemours remarked nearly at the angle of the piazza, upon the balcony of a house of small appearance, a female, habited with great simplicity, yet gracefully, and displaying a form of exquisite symmetry; she wore a mask, yet the duke could not refrain from causing her to be remarked of his vivacious companion, the young de Lignerolle—"How nobly graceful is that form!" said he: "look, I pray you, at the beauty of that snow-white arm; aye! and behold how delicate the hand, now in the act of detaching a flower-crown!"

(Arrangements of the Press compel us to divide here.)

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**Moore's Melodies; with Comments for the Curious. Power.**

Mr. Power has done well in adding these Comments, from the admirable pen of Mr. Crofton Croker, which are curious and enlivening, in his best style. We long to be enabled to say more about them.

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**The Pilgrims of Walsingham, or Tales of the Middle Ages.** In 3 vols. By Miss Agnes Strickland. Saunders and Otley.

Our desire to send to press at a late period last month some extracts from this novel work, even of its class, made us too hastily say that "The Gothic Count," &c., was our favourite, for there are other tales more so; however, we give the following as in type, premising only that the first extract describes the introduction of the ten captive daughters of Don Froila to the Moorish harem; the second, the manner in which the Senor Don heard of his children's abduction.

"The castle of Aljaferia, which was the royal residence of Aben Aljafe, was the place of their destination. They were received with great demonstration of respect, by the black officers of the harem, and conducted to the women's apartments. Female slaves immediately appeared, laden with rich apparel, and offered to lead them to the bath, but the damsels behaved in a very refractory manner, for all they would do was to weep and cling together, positively refusing to bathe, or adorn themselves in the Moorish fashion.

"It was to no purpose that the slaves, who knew not what to make of such strange perversity, displayed robes of the most splendid material and graceful pattern, significantly pointing out in dumb show the contrast between their homely garments and the beautiful caftans and rich shawls, adorned with the most costly embroidery; or held up strings of oriental pearls for the waist, bracelets of precious stones for the arms, and turbans of gold and silver tissue, glittering with gems of every colour, the Christian captives appeared to regard these envied treasures with indifference; nay, worse than that, for when one of the officious attendants obstruded some of the most tempting of these articles, rather too intrusively on the attention of the weeping Seraphina, that damsels actually dashed an arm-full of finery, which the daughter of an emperor might have envied, on the ground, and contumaciously trampled turbans, jewelled sigrettes, and shawls of Agra and Thibet, under her feet. All the other damsels, except the pale, melancholy Christina, followed her example, and, as may be supposed, raised a pretty confusion in the harem. The slaves shrieked in consternation at this sight, and called on Alla and their prophet to defend them from damsels who could treat such invaluable dresses so unkindly. The mutes stamped, and gnashed their huge white teeth; the monkeys chattered, and capered about with delight; the parquets and macaws screamed; the governante of King Aben Aljafe's women scolded; and Ferrau, the chief officer of the harem, made his appearance with a great stick in his huge black paw, with which he very unjudiciously be-laboured monkeys and Mussulman slaves, but contended himself with merely shaking with a menacing air, at the ten Christian
damsels, who had been the cause of the tumult.

"The elder damsels were indignant, the younger terrified, but Laura and Beatrice, having a keen perception for the ridiculous, burst into an immoderate shout of laughter; and their mirth proved so infectious, that all the rest of the strength of the house, except Christina, who stood with folded arms, sad and silent as a monumental figure, apparently unconscious of anything that was passing. When Ferrau perceived that she neither joined in the defiance, nor entered into the insulting mirth of the other nine, he exclaimed, in a very pompous tone,—

"'Blessed be Alla and the ummah, there is one dove among all these jir-falcons, whom my Lord Aben Alfaje hath wrung from the Christian dog Aurelio, for the confusion of the officers of his harem; but as there is nothing so corrupting as evil company, I shall, forthwith, separate her from the rest of her mates, and place her in the pleasantest apartment of the harem that is not occupied by our sovereign lady the queen.'

"'You mean the pavilion of mirrors, that looketh into the garden of roses and pomegranate trees, Ferrau,' said his female colleague, Kettura.

"Ferrau nodded his head, and, pointing to the other nine damsels, said, 'They must all be parted, or, by the head of the prophet, they will make our coffee too hot to drink, if they remain together; but as for this pearl of price, who, if she would but raise those humid stars, her eyes, from the earth, would be the fairest woman to look upon in the whole harem; she must be dealt with very gently, I perceive, and I shall take her under my especial care:' so saying, he advanced to Christina, and, after making the accustomed obeisance, he offered her his hand to lead her to the pavilion of mirrors.

"Christina, unaccustomed with the formality and ceremonies observed in a Moorish harem, took it into her head that this hideous black wretch, who assumed such authoritative airs, must be the terrible Aben Alfaje himself, who was courting her, after a heathenish fashion, to become his sultana, uttered a piercing shriek, and clung to her sister Seraphina for protection, who, though she rather suspected the same thing, was only restrained by her reluctance to touch anything so ugly, from cutting him heartily. As for Laura and Beatrice, they actually flung their new slippers at his head, instead of putting them on, and then fled into the bath-room, to avoid his vengeance.

"Ferrau shook his stick with a menacing gesture, which had the effect of frightening the other sisters to seek the same place of refuge. Christina was following them, but Kettura detained her by her garments, and Ferrau immediately cut off all communication with the fugitives, by shutting them into the bath-room, and then directed the female slaves to remove the fair Christina to her new abode. This was not effected without difficulty, for when she found it was the intention of Ferrau and his coadjutors to separate her from her sisters, she shrieked aloud, and offered all the resistance in her feeble power to their efforts, till at length, exhausted with her ineffectual struggles, she sunk upon the floor in a state of insensibility.

"'Oh, Alla!' cried Ferrau, 'what is to be done now with this precious damsel?'

"That which we were desirous of doing, to be sure,' returned Kettura; 'and a very good opportunity it will be for removing her, now she is, praise be to Alla! quiet for a little while.'

"'Good,' said Ferrau, taking the unconscious girl in his arms, and attended by some of the female slaves, conveyed her to the magnificent apartments devoted to her use. He then left her in the care of an old Spanish slave, named Lorençã, and charged her to see that the fair captive was adorned after the Moorish fashion, in some of the costly robes and rich ornaments that had been provided for her.

"When Christina, on reviving, found herself separated from all her sisters, and surrounded by strange faces, she gave way to the most passionate lamentations. Lorençã approached her, and tenderly addressed some soothing expressions to her in the Spanish tongue.

"At that dear familiar sound the fair captive, flinging her arms about Lorençã, exclaimed,—

"'I am your countrywoman, save me, for the love of the blessed Virgin.'

"But Lorençã was a renegade, and cared nothing for the holy Virgin; all she thought of was how to gain presents and favour from her Moorish lord; so she assured Christina that she had nothing to fear, and that it only rested with herself to be the happiest person in the world.

"'Oh Heaven!' cried the weeping damsel, 'how can that be, when I am torn from my own country, separated from my father and my beloved sisters, and betrayed into the hands of the most hideous black infidel in the world? I believe Sathana's himself to be a more amiable personage than Aben Alfaje, and I would as soon behold him, with horns and hoofs and fiery claws, as be compelled to look upon that horrible pagan again.'

"'But, my child, you have not yet even seen our mighty lord, Aben Alfaje, and he is a very handsome man.'

"'Handsome!' echoed Christina, holding up her hands; 'he looked a lovely object, certainly, shaking a great stick at noble damsels, and beating his female slaves; to say nothing of the poor monkeys and parrots.'
"Is it possible," said Lorenza, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, that you could possibly mistake that frightful creature, Ferrou, for our mighty lord, Aben Alfajefi? who, although he is not young, is remarkable for his personal advantages; and, were he dressed after the fashion of our country, you would not know him from a dark-complexioned Spanish cavalier."

"And is not that dreadful monster, Ferrou, the lord of this place, and my master?" asked Christina.

"He is only the chief officer of Aben Alfajefi's harem, and nothing more than an Ethio slave; and if he have displeased you, you have nothing in the world to do but to behave yourself agreeably to your lord, when he comes to pay you a visit, and you can get some of his servants to wear dressing, that set off her tall, light form to such peculiar advantage; and she could not help saying, in the simplicity of her heart—"

"How would my pretty sisters look in these things, if they become me so well?"

"They would none look like you, my fair mistress," said Lorenza, "for it is you that become the dress, not the dress you. But hold, these luxuriant tresses, beautiful as they are, must not be permitted to hide the graceful outline of the throat and shoulders."

"She gathered the silken ringlets together, and wreathing them in a knotted cluster on the top of Christina's head, fastened them with a golden brooch."

"Christina passively submitted to every change her skilful tirewoman thought proper to make in her costume, scarcely conscious of what she was about, for her thoughts were far distant. They had been transported by the mysterious power of association of ideas, from the lovely reflection which the surrounding mirrors presented to her gaze, to the faithless Abdali. Indeed, I have been told, that it is the most natural thing in the world for a lady, when she looks in the glass, to think of her lover."

"Lorenza having finished her task, gilded from the richly-carpeted saloon with noiseless steps, as if fearful of disturbing the tender reverie into which her new mistress had fallen. Christina, still absorbed in her melancholy musings, remained with her eyes mechanically fixed on her own shadowed resemblance in the mirror opposite to which she stood. It was not from vanity that she continued so steadfastly to regard it; for, as I said before, her thoughts were now abstracted from the things that were present to the outward organ of sight. So much was this the case, that when the tenor of her musings at length suffused her soft blue eyes with tears, she started, on observing that the lovely image in the mirror appeared to weep."

"Every thing around Christina seemed, to her excited fancy and inexperienced mind,
the work of enchantment, so different was it from the gloom and desolation of the only home she had ever known. When she sur-

* Moorish cushion. 

vived the magnificence of the apartment, with its

gilded cornices, crimson draperies and sofas, and almadas* covered with the richest satin,

wrought in the most elegant patterns of

needle-work; tables of ebony, inlaid with

ivy and gold, and vases of many-coloured

china, filled with flowers exhaling the most
delicious perfumes; she could not help

thinking of the mouldering walls, tattered

and faded tapestry, and crippled stools and

tables in the dark half-furnished room of

Castle Toros; and marvelling at the luxuries

by which she was surrounded here. The

very floors were spread with carpets so beau-
tiful, that the fair captive, who had never

seen any thing but rushes used for such a

purpose, almost feared to set her foot upon

them.

"This magnificent apartment opened into

another, paved with tesselated marble, in

the centre of which a fountain of rose-water

threw its fantastic showers of cooling fra-

grade, perpetually visit her fair Christian

* The weak spirits of Christina were

overpowered with this excess of lavish mag-

nificence, and she began, at length, to fancy

herself under the influence of a dream, or in

the palace of the fairy Morgana, or the

enchantress Urganda, with whose spells the

legends of her native land teemed; and

then she looked upon her own rich but

strange array, till she almost doubted her

own identity.

* Lorencia presently returned, followed

by two other slaves bearing coffee and other

refreshments, of which Christina was per-

suaded to partake. After the slaves had

withdrawn, she inquired for her sisters, and

requested to be restored to their beloved

society.

* Lorencia shook her head, and assured

her that particular orders had been given to

separate her from them.

* Ah, that wicked Aben Alfaje! sobbed

Christina; 'how unfortunate I have been to

attract his regard.'

* 'His regard!—the regard of my Lord

Aben Alfaje!' said Lorencia; 'no, no; my

pretty senorita, you must not suppose your

charms have wrought any such miracle; he

is so devoted to Lela Marien, the queen,

that he never so much as looks at another

woman.'

* 'Why, then, does he shut up so many

unhappy ladies in his harem?' asked Chris-

tina, in surprise.

* 'As a matter of state, all Mussulman

sovereigns must have a harem, and so of

course did Aben Alfaje; but it is only his

nominally, for he lives with his beloved

queen (who, by-the-bye, is a Spanish lady,

in the pavilion of gardens, and never enters

this place, which, in reality, belongs to his

eldest son,' said Lorencia.

* 'And this son?' said Christina.

* 'Though a Moor,' pursued Lorencia,

'is one of the handsomest princes in the

world. He has lately been very ill, and on

his recovery became dissatisfied with the

ladies of the harem, and requested his father

to procure him damsels of Leon; and as

Aben Alfaje can refuse him nothing, he

extorted a tribute of a hundred beautiful

maidens of that country from Don Aurelio,

on account of this precious whim of Prince

Abdaliz.'

* 'Abdaliz!' exclaimed Christina, start-

ing from the silken couch, on which she had

only a moment before flung herself; 'is it

my Abdaliz, whom you mean?'

* 'Your Abdaliz' said Lorencia; 'aye!

Abdaliz, your lord.'

* 'She had no time for further explana-

tion, for the folding-doors of the apartment

were thrown open by Ferrau, who, motion-

ing to Lorencia to withdraw, exclaimed,—

* 'Our puissant lord, Prince Abdaliz,

hath come to visit his fair Christian slave.'

* Christina's heart fluttered almost to

bursting. She threw a terrified yet eager

glance of expectation towards the portal,

while awaiting the approach of the person

who had been so thrillingly announced.

* He entered for it was no other than the

very Abdaliz whose image was ever pre-

sent to her mind—he entered, not with the

doubtful mien of a penitent lover, who

dreads his offended lady's frown, but with

the proud step and audacious bearing of a

conqueror. His cheek, that was so deadly

pale when last she looked upon it, was

flushed with glowing crimson, and his dark

eyes flashed upon her with exulting glances

of undisguised triumph.

* 'The roseate blush with which Chris-

tina's fair face was suffused, on recognising

those unforgotten features, faded when she

encountered his first look, and she in-

stinctively receded a step backward.

* 'My life! my soul!' exclaimed Abda-

liz, extending his arms towards her, 'I have

shaken the throne of Leon to obtain thee,

and wouldst thou fleece me?'

* 'Perfidious infidel!' she replied, 'foe

to my country and my God! how didst thou

expect to be received by her whom thou hast

cruelly torn from the home of her childhood

and her sire?'

* 'Beloved of the soul of Abdaliz! I

expected to be received as the lord of thy

destiny and thy love,' returned the Moor.

* 'The Lord of my destiny,' she replied,

'is He, who from the throne of his almighty

power beholds us both at this moment, and

will judge between me and thee, ungrateful

Abdaliz.'

* 'Ha!' he exclaimed, grasping her

hands passionately in his; 'wouldst thou
reproach me with the services thou hast rendered me, proud maid!"

"Christina's only reply was a burst of tears."

"'By Alla!' exclaimed the Moor, vehemently, 'I believe thou dost repent of having preserved my life.'"

"'My sisters and my countrywomen will have reason to reproach me for it,' she replied; 'and well thou knowest that it was in an evil hour for myself, that e'er I saw thee, false and perfidious Moors!' continued she, weeping.

"'Light of mine eyes!' exclaimed Abdaliz, 'I charge thee, by all our love, to dry up those perverse tears, and smile upon me.'"

"'Our love,' repeated Christina, indignantly, 'how darest thou to suppose I love thee, misbeliever?'"

"'Aye! now you rail, I know it!' said Abdaliz, 'for it is the fashion of your countrywomen so to treat their slavish lovers, but I have not been accustomed to brook such usage; I have hitherto lived as a master, and as such, proud Christian, you must consider me.'"

"'I do,' replied Christina, 'nay more, as a tyrant and a gaoler; but, Abdaliz, as a lover, never! Heaven has made you the instrument of punishment to me, for having once regarded you as such—but that is past.'"

"'Punishment!' said Abdaliz, scornfully, 'wherein have you been punished? Is it in being removed from the gloomy shadow of the castle, which you called your father's castle, where you fared hardly, and were clothed in garments coarser than I permit the humblest of my slaves to wear in my presence?'"

"'Insulting Pagan, restore them to me, and take back these gilded letters, wherein I have permitted myself to be profaned,' said Christina, tearing the jewels from her arms and bosom, and casting them at his feet.

"Abdaliz was not prepared for such demonstrations of lofty spirit on the part of the soft, gentle girl, who had watched his feverish bed with a tenderness such as he had never experienced from woman before. He perceived that he had been guilty of an error in attempting to awe into submission, and out of humour both with himself and her, though, at the same time, too haughty to retract or apologise for his injurious treatment, he cast a sullen glance of displeasure upon Christina, and withdrew.

"* * * * * * * * * * *"

"When Don Froila reached the city of Oviedo, and proceeded to the residence of Don Hermenric Rodrigo, his sixth cousin (who was in his way as queer a person as himself), a well-fed and well-armed porter inquired his business, but without paying any attention to the ungracious reluctance testified by him to accept his frank invitation.

"Many a long year was it since Don Froila had partaken of such a dinner, or tasted such wines, as were produced for his entertainment that day: but though he ate like a vulture, and drank with the avidity of a fish, he did not seem a whit the merrier, and, at length, fairly told his hospitable re-
lative of many removes,—that nothing but his speedy decease could console him for the disappointment of finding him alive, after the receipt of that letter. "My good cousin," said Don Hermenric, "I am willing to do any thing in reason to oblige you, but that is rather too much to expect of me, especially as I am full twenty years younger than yourself; I am in no particular haste to leave this world, where I am indifferently well off in temporal affairs; moreover, I have some intentions of marrying. Hast thou ever a daughter to bestow upon me?"

"I have ten, at your service, my worthy kinsman," returned Don Froila, with some vivacity. "I thank you heartily for your liberality, but one will content me," replied Don Hermenric; "so, if you will permit me, I will return with you to Castle Toros, and see if I can prevail on one of my fair cousins to take compassion on my bachelor estate."

"I will tell you all their names and ages," said Don Froila, and then you shall choose which you please; but as for taking you to my castle, that is another story, and unless you are very fond of pannick-bread, with no better sauce than a goat’s milk cheese, so hard that it would serve for a tennis-ball, I would advise you not to come."

"Is that the only bill of fare you can provide for my entertainment?" said Don Hermenric, laughing. "It is the diet on which Leon feeds those who shed their best blood to free her from the Moorish yoke," returned Don Froila, sternly; "and I can scarcely imagine that you are entitled to any thing better, Don Hermenric.""That night when Don Hermenric lighted his kinsman to his chamber, he begged him to step into his closet with him, when taking from his strong box a leathern bag, he put it into his hands, with these words:-

"This is a small acknowledgment from one of the rich men of Leon, of the debt which is due from all such to one of the deliverers of our country."

"Don Froila dropped the heavy bag on the floor in his astonishment, at the generosity of his kinsman."

"No wonder you are a poor man," said Don Hermenric, smiling; "if thus you allow the gods of fortune to slip through your fingers."

"When Don Froila was alone, he opened the bag, and found it contained a hundred golden sols; whereupon he fell upon his knees, and after returning thanks to God for so seasonable a mercy, he invoked, from the very bosom of his heart, a blessing on the head of his munificent cousin; then placing the precious bag under his pillow, betook himself to bed."

"Now, whether it was the unwonted circumstance of reposing between fine linen sheets on a down bed that discomposed the Count de Toros, or that the excellent ragouts and Xeres sack, of which he had so liberally partaken, were less healthful diet than the hard fare to which he had been so long accustomed, and might create vapours and megrims, or the cares attendant on the acquisition of money operated to destroy his rest, I know not; but certain it is, he vainly endeavoured to compose himself to sleep; his restlessness was not simple and natural, but compound, strange, and horrible, attended with cramp, head-ache, and difficulty of breathing; and, at the same time, a vague, visionary dread oppressed him, with inexplicable terror."

"Don Froila was afraid of nothing but ghosts; but as his conscience acquit him of ever having done any thing to provoke a supernatural visitation on his own account, he took it into his head, that either his cousin had put him into a haunted chamber, or the money under his pillow had not been fairly come by; and that one or other of these reasons must be the cause of the disquiet he was suffering. As this was any thing but a satisfactory manner of accounting for his uneasiness of mind and body, we may suppose Don Froila’s surmises did not greatly tend to compose him to a refreshing slumber, and when at length sleep stole upon him, his dreams were wild, disturbed, and full of perilous warnings of impending evil. Thrice he fancied the voice of his lost wife invoked him, as from the grave, to save her children; and as many times he awoke, bathed in the chilly dews of mortal terror, with the pressure of her death-cold hand upon his breast, and then he thought he heard the wailing of his new-born heir once more, that precious boy, whose birth had been so dearly purchased."

"Visions and dreams of ill, avaint!" exclaimed Don Froila, starting up in the bed, and-signing the cross upon his shuddering brow. "Blessed mother of God, why am I thus disquieted?"

"A shadowy female form, with dishevelled hair, now rose before him, tossing her arms, and piteously beckoning him towards the door."

"In the name of the blessed Virgin, what art thou?" exclaimed Don Froila, striking at the phantom with his rapier, of which he had possessed himself. His arm was arrested by some invisible power, and he fell backwards upon the pillow; and as the melancholy vision faded from his sight, he recognised the pale features of his daughter Christina, but misty and indistinct, and in a Moorish garb; and again the muffled accents of Donna Portia thrilled upon his ear. "Help for my children, home! home!"

"His convulsive groans alarmed the household of Don Hermenric Rodrigo; they
entered, and found him with glazed eyes and distorted features, with his rapier clenched in his hand; and at first he muttered unintelligibly to himself, instead of answering their questions; but when, at Don Hermenric's command, they put back the heavy curtains, and opened the window to give him air, he cried, with a loud voice, "It is past—the dawn is breaking!—Let me go hence! not all the wealth of Leon should bribe me to stay another hour in this accursed chamber."

"His kinsman endeavoured to rally him upon having suffered himself to be scared by a dream, and begged him to compose his portentous glance till the evening of the second day, when, pointing to a single light glimmering from a narrow casement, in a black massive building, which that light alone made visible in the intense darkness of the night, he exclaimed—"

"Yonder is my castle!"

"Don Hermenric felt something like a thrill of terror, when at the command, rather than request, of his strange kinsman, he averted from his mule, and following his darkling steps, crossed the ruinous courts that led into the interior of the building."

"'Ha! what? cried Don Froila, 'doors and gates alike, all open? What ho! Griffinda!' shouted he, at the top of his voice; then, without waiting for an answer, he began to ascend the broken staircase, three steps at a time. Don Hermenric followed, secretly wishing he had not embarked in any such adventure."

"All was dark and silent as the grave, as they proceeded, till Don Froila, who was perfectly familiar with the geography of his own domicile, threw open a door, at the end of a long gallery, and discovered, by the glimmering light of the rush taper that burnt dimly within, a spectral-looking old woman, with dishevelled grey hair, sitting, rocking herself to and fro, by the side of a rude bier, on which was stretched the pale form of a lovely child in its grave-clothes."

"'My boy! my boy! last hope of the line of Toros, art thou there?' exclaimed the sorrow-striken father, gazing with fixed and tearless eyes upon the marble features of his son; then seizing Dame Griffinda by the arm, he demanded the cause of what he saw.

"'Oh, woe the while!' shrieked the unfortunate nurse, 'that ever you left us, Sir Count. My little lord, here, died last night, (Heaven rest his gentle soul!) for very sorrowing after his ten dear sisters; and he kept aye calling on you, to the last, to bring them back to us again.'"

"'To bring them back?' cried Don Froila, gazing, in vacant horror, from the face of the dead, to her who darkly hinted at darker things, 'where are my daughters, woman?'"

"'Gone! gone!' replied she, wringing her hands as she spoke; 'the Count de Romana dragged them hence, for the king hath given them all to the Pagan Moors.'"

"'You speak in mockery, woman,' returned Don Froila, gripping her shoulder with one of his iron grasps."

"'Ah! ah! shrieked she, 'but it is true—too true—ask Perez Silva and Gaston Alvarez, who raised a rabblement of the villagers to the rescue, but in vain—if it be not so—but alack, I talk idly, for they are gone to Oviedo, to tell you the evil tidings, my lord, and offer you what assistance they might.'"

"Don Froila spoke no word, but he snatched the lifeless remains of his child from the bier, and rushed from the chamber. Dame Griffinda screamed aloud, and Don Hermenric stood petrified with horror at the sight."

"The officiating priests of Santa Clara were startled at their midnight mass by the entrance of the Count de Toros, pale as a spectre, with the shrouded form of his boy in his arms. He strode down the central aisle with a hurried pace, and placing the corpse of the child on the steps of the altar, he pointed to it, with these words:—"

"'Bury my dead'—and before a question could be proposed to him by the astonished monks, he was gone."

"Before that hour on the ensuing night, he had scared the revelry of the guilty Aurelio and his court, by presenting himself an uninvited guest in the royal banqueting-room. The fearful sentence which Belshazzar saw inscribed by the mystic hand upon the wall, startled the Babylonian monarch less than the appearance of the bereaved parent did the conscience-stricken King of Leon. Thirty years had passed away since he last beheld the valiant champion to whom he was indebted for the preservation of his
life, at that time in the pride and vigour of manly strength and beauty; but now, though shaggy and haggard with the pressure of years of care and disappointment, and agonized with the fierce conflict of rage and grief, that shook his inmost soul, Aurelio recognized him at a glance, and quailing beneath the terror of his eye, sat like one paralysed with the uplifted goblet, in which he had just pledged the nobles of Leon, still suspended in his hand.

"My daughters! vociferated Don Froila, in a tone that shook the vaulted roof of the hall—my daughters, Aurelio! he repeated, drawing his rapier from his sheath, and pressing nearer to the throne as he spoke.

"Treason!" cried the Count de Roman, who read the deadly purpose of Don Froila in his eye, and, drawing his sword, threw himself between the vengeful father and his craven lord.

Don Froila sprang upon his hereditary foe with the resistless fury of a tiger. It was too close an encounter for the use of weapons, the his rapier dropped his rapier, the other his sword, and grappled for life or death. The contest was brief, but decisive; for ere the friends of the Count de Roman could hasten to his assistance, he had expired beneath the vengeful griepe of Don Froila's fingers on his throat. Don Froila hung the blackened corpse from him with a stern exclamation, and, snatching his rapier from the ground, pressed forward, with murderous intention, against the majesty of Leon; but Don Aurelio had made a hasty retreat from the hall, while his audacious subject was engaged in mortal conflict with the Count de Roman. The nobles and knights of Leon, mean time, had recovered from their surprise, and, drawing their swords, surrounded Don Froila, calling upon him to surrender himself.

Don Froila, though he had quite as much courage, was possessed of a little more discretion than is imparted to Amadis de Gaulle, and, instead of engaging them in melee, he called lustily for a parley, which being granted (for the grandees of Leon were very desirous of hearing what this terrible champion had been raising such a desperate coil about), he related the tale of his wrongs in such powerful language, that the indignation of all present was directed against their worthless sovereign, whom they vowed to call to a stern account for his base proceedings. Don Aurelio spared them that trouble, for he died the next day of fright, as was supposed by all those who saw the terror he was in at the fierce looks and deadly determination of the Count de Toros, whose invocations for his soul I will not repeat, certainly they were somewhat more fervent than those which the monks sung for him in his royal cathedral of Leon."

We fully expect that the present will produce a series; and, certes, such subjects and such writing are far better than much that is catered for our class of the public.

The Pearl; or, Affection's Gift. An American Annual.

We have great pleasure in bearing witness to the superior manner in which this beautiful transatlantic annual is got up in Philadelphia. It is a volume of a similar cast to our juvenile annuals, but in our opinion on a much more sensible plan. In the English, the value, spirit and utility of the literary department of annuals for youth has been, of late years, sacrificed to the illustration of plates that are often extremely inappropriate to their readers; on the contrary, we find in the American annual, prose pieces of the greatest worth and highest utility, evidently written without any forced motive. The "Quaker Girl" and the "Show Girl," by Miss Leslie, are tales of great originality, that come home to the feelings of childhood. "Lost and Found," by Lydia Sigourney, is truly beautiful; and the game of Jack Straws (although Jack Straws are a complete mystery to us), by Mrs. Sedgwick, is a fine practical lesson on education for parents, while it is extremely attractive to children. "The Five-Dollar Note" is an excellent story. As the book is by American writers, we highly approve of the good sense that has prompted them to choose American subjects; and the allusions to many customs and diversions, and features of natural history that are purely transatlantic, give all the charm of novelty to the young English reader: for we consider the "Pearl" well worthy of transplantation into the mother country. How many beautiful olive-branches of peace have been exchanged between America and her parent within the last few years in the shape of interesting literary productions. Great Britain has received into her maternal bosom, with delight and pride, the poems of Bryant and Lydia Sigourney; the works of Brookden Brown, of Washington Irving, of Cooper, of Miss Leslie, and of Mrs. Sedgwick, and several others of high merit. We laud the spiteful bitterness of party should have deformed the works of Basil Hall and of Mrs. Trollope; yet, as the good sense of the Americans have turned the attacks of their enemies into
acts of friendship, by beginning to alter the uncouth habits which laid their national manners open to inimical remarks, even this unkind intercourse has been productive of general good. We think the beautiful and interesting picture of Philadelphia and its benevolent Quakers, and the historical recollections regarding William Penn, in Miss Leslie’s tale, will be read with great pleasure in England; and this little trait regarding the effective chaperonage of a Quaker’s bonnet, is well worthy the notice of our readers: it is a proof of the respect that the true feminine dignity of the “Friends” impress on the wildest of the other sex; it is a remark we have frequently made in London.

After other pursuits the authoress observes—

“Next morning, the weather being remarkably fine, Mrs. Emsworth and Lydia went with Clementine to see West’s celebrated picture of ‘Christ healing the Sick,’ in the house built by the citizens of Philadelphia for its reception. Clementine at first thought it very strange to visit public places unaccompanied by a gentleman. She was not then aware that a Quaker bonnet is considered a sufficient evidence of respectability, and a sufficient guard against impertinence; and that escorted by a Quaker female, any lady might travel unmolested from one end of the Union to the other.

“They afterwards went through the Hospital, which Clementine thought the most perfectly neat place she had ever seen; and she particularly admired the manner in which the floors were sanded in borders and flowers. She could not, however, suppress a smile at the statue of William Penn in the hospital garden; and it is certain that the Quaker habit appears to no advantage in bronze or marble.

“Thou art amazed,” said Mrs. Emsworth to her, as they came away, “at the quaint and formal appearance of the founder of Philadelphia; and I believe that a statue to look well should always be enveloped in a mantle, or some sort of loose drapery that will hang in fine folds: for instance, like the marble effigy of Benjamin Franklin over the door of the City Library that I pointed out to thee, as we passed; and the habit of Friends, as worn in the time of Charles II., was, perhaps, still less becoming than it is now. Still I would not wish this statue were otherwise, for it has the merit of truth, and gives us the idea of William Penn as he really looked. It is not a great many years since a few persons were alive who had actually seen him.”

William Penn being one of our best beloved historical characters, we could not refrain from this extract, which informs us that his statue is to be found in a place so appropriate to his philanthropic spirit, and in the guise which he wore in life.

The poetry of the “Pearl” is certainly not of equal worth with the prose. “The Snow Bird” is full of poetic thought, but is a little rugged in accent in the first verses, or we should have been pleased by transferring it to our pages. The hymn for childhood, “Yes! we will come,” is well worthy a place in every devotional collection.

The plates of the “Pearl” are chiefly mezzotints; they are well chosen, and appropriate for the purpose: the binding is rich, firm, and splendid—it is at least equal to any thing of the kind in England.

Sadak and Kalarade: A Romantic Opera. By Miss Mitford.

Whatever may be deemed the fate of this opera on the stage (we believe it is considered to have been dubious), or whatever be the demerits of the music, it is certain that it will be read with the greatest pleasure by all who have any taste for dramatic or poetical composition. Miss Mitford’s powers in the dialogue blank verse required in tragedy, are too well known by her Rienzi and Foscarì to require proof; but our readers will be glad to see the following songs which are selected at random, every specimen being equally beautiful.

Amurath thus accounts for his guilty passion for Kalarade:—

She lay beneath the forest shade,
As midst it leans a lily fair,
Sleeping she lay, young Kalarade,
Nor dreamt that mortal hover’d near:

All as she slept a sudden smile
Played round her lips in dimpling grace;
And roseate blushes glanced the while,
In roseate beauty o’er her face.

And then those blushes pass’d away
From her pure cheek, and Kalarade,
Pale as a new-born lily, lay
Slumbering beneath the forest glade.

Oh! lovely was that blush so meek,
That smile half playful, half demure;
And lovelier still that pallid cheek,
That look so gentle, yet so pure.
I left her in her purity,
Slumbering beneath the forest shade;
I feared to meet her wakening eye,
The young, the timid Kalarade.

I left her; yet by day, by night,
Dwells in my soul that image fair,
Maddening as thoughts of past delight;
As guilty hope, as fierce despair.

Duet.—Kalarade and Zulema.

A fearful and a dreary day,
It is to woman’s heart,
When to the bloody battle fray,
She sees her love depart.

But when triumphant he returns,
To his dear home again;
The joy that in her bosom burns,
May well repay the pain.

In her distress Kalarade thus sings,—
Preach patience to the startled dove,
When angry storms uproot the tree;
Where she had built her home of love,
And thought with her fond mate to be
Happy, poor bird, and true, and free—
Sooth her:—then talk of peace to me.

Bid her to calm the mountain roe,
When struggling in the hunter’s snare,
She feels the bonds that laid her low,
Looks round with wild and sudden stare,
Starts, shivers, plunges, gasps for air—
Still her:—then quiet my despair.

Song.—Sadak.

I’ve stemm’d the torrent’s sternest power,
To pluck for thee a wilding flower;
I’ve climb’d the tall rock’s beetling crest,
To win for thee a falcon’s nest;
I’ve tilted in the tournay fray,
And triumphed in the battle day,
For thy dear sake!

And shall I not attempt for thee,
A higher, holier, victory!
Curb Passion strong, by stronger Will,
Bid Wrath be mute, and Valour still;
Smooth Anger’s frown, and Scorn’s proud smile,
And cry to Vengeance, wait awhile!
For thy dear sake!

Duet.—Amurath and Kalarade.

Kalarade.

One trembling hope remains to cheer
My throbbing heart amidst its fear,
Trembling yet strong as woman’s trust,
And our thrice holy cause and just.

Amurath.

One lingering hope remains to cheer,
Thy trembling heart amidst its fear;
Ah! lovely lady, thou wilt rue,
That fear unkind, that hope untrue.
stances; and there is at the end of it a large chateau and garden belonging to the Duc de Noailles.” Such sort of information might have slept another fifty years in manuscript, for what it was worth.


There is no science in which German patience is more requisite than in entomology and entomological anatomy. Mr. Churton deserves great credit for this cheap and admirable publication of the learned Dr. Burmeister’s celebrated work, which, with its clearly engraved plates and perspicuous text, is a treasure to those who really wish to acquire entomology in a scientific manner. We will not deceive our readers, we do not promise them a series of delightfully got-up stories and anecdotes, but a perspicuous treatise, whereby those who wish it may obtain sound information in a popular branch of knowledge. We approved of the first number. we have now carefully examined the work as far as the fourth, and see no reason to withdraw our commendation. We must likewise mention, that the translator, Mr. Shuchard, has received valuable assistance of additional matter, never before published, from the author.


Certainly Lady Stepney is a writer singularly unequal in her style: for there are some passages in the present work that we could scarcely imagine were written by the authoress of the “Road to Ruin”; and now and then appears a charming reflective observation, which, compared to the usual fabric of the composition, shows like a silk flower wrought on a drugged carpet: not but what there is great general improvement in her last published work—it is far more consistent and coherent than the “Road to Ruin.” “The Heir-Presumptive” cannot be called a fashionable novel; it is too much over-run with monks and Italian marches for that; we must consider it as a romantic novel; if it were all like the lively letter from Henrietta to George, in the beginning of the second volume, we should rank it some degrees higher.

Pity, Lady Stepney does not cast all her compositions in the epistolary style, as it is certainly her best, in prose, at least. There is some charming poetry interspersed in the two last volumes, of which we give the following delightful specimen:

They’re fading o’er the western hills,
The last soft tints of day,
Amid the rivers’ darkening waves—

Amid the woods away.

So do they fade, the lights of youth,
From out the youthful heart;
And gentle hopes that lead us on,
First darken, then depart.

How many things that once seemed fair,
Alas! are far no more:
At least, they are not fair to me,
Not what they seemed before.

So many darker, deeper thoughts,
Now haunt my solitude:
I know I have a heavier heart:—
I have a sadder mood.

I feel that hope is like you sky—
How soon its night comes on!
Then let me weep o’er lights and hopes,
Which are for ever gone.

The story of the “Mendicant” is an extremely pretty tale, but it is in a totally different style from the rest of the work. How beautiful it is! a calm, deep concentrated beauty of thought and character pervades it. Pray, dear lady, fill the whole of your next three volumes with such tales.

Hennebon, or the Countess of Montfort, and Bertha of Burgundy. In 3 vols.

The author or authoress of “Hennebon,” is far better qualified to write romantic novels, than the more arduous task of historical romance. The grand story of Jane de Montfort, has never been done justice to by any one but Froissart. It was made the subject of a popular German romance in the last century, which has been translated very badly into English: we consider the present work far superior to its German elder brother, and that there is little or no resemblance between them, not so much as might be expected from a similarity of historical foundation.

“Hennebon,” of the present day, is pleasingly, but feebly written; the style is easy, sometimes even elegant, and the development of the story shows a good deal of very pretty invention: the writer
never violates good taste for a moment, but we should decidedly say is not at home in the ages of chivalry; but the antiquarian spirit that so richly embues the works of Walter Scott, of Strutt, of Victor Hugo, of Dumas, of Mrs. Bray, and some other writers we could name, with the very life and breath of the times they visit, in spirit, is wanting. This want is not very easily defined, where historical fact has been respectably adhered to; but we will point out an instance:—Sir Amanri de Clisson searches for the lost heir of Montfort, in a den of the lowest inhabitants of London, situated in Carnaby-court, near London-bridge. The author evidently supposing that in the time of Edward the Third, the abodes of misery and crime were called courts, as they are now; whereas the appellation court is a remnant of a name appertaining to an inclosure belonging to some forsaken abode of nobility or wealth in the middle ages, now built round with habitations tenanted by the poorest of the poor. In Edward the Third's days, Sir Amanri would have as vainly searched for a poor thief's dwelling in a place now called a court, as in William the Fourth's, for a royal fortress in the City-lane called Tower-royal; or for a grand baronial stronghold at the wharf, called Baynard's Castle. This is a trifle; but the same want of familiar intimacy with life and manners in the feudal times, is apparent in the modes of speaking, dressing, and acting, pertaining to the characters introduced in "Hennebon." Yet we can recommend it to our fair readers as a pretty romantic story, pure in moral, and pleasing of incident; and those who require no more, will receive gratification from its perusal.

The Marriage Almanack; or, Ladies' Perpetual Calendar. From the German of Dr. A. F. A. Desberger; with additions by an English Physician. Schloss.

This mysterious little book is entirely devoted to married ladies, whose peculiar state may require that they should pay particular attention to their health. The great fame of the author in Germany, and the sanction of Sir C. M. Clarke, gives full assurance of its worth; we can likewise add the opinion of a lady, the mother of a large family, to whom we submitted the work, who declares that the maxims are excellent, and that the arrangement of the calendar, although it requires some little study, will be of high utility. In fact, no young married woman ought to be without it.

The Road Book from London to Naples. Murray.

We announce with pleasure a full notice in our next. The same with respect to—

The Works of Alexander Pope, vol. 2. Valpy; and his—

History of England, with Illustrations.

Fine Arts.


The "Napoleon Gallery" is a most interesting publication, well deserving the attention and encouragement of the public. It consists of a series of small outline copies of the most celebrated French paintings that have represented the battles and sieges during Napoleon's career. Thus the English public may, at a small expense, become acquainted with the styles of the best modern French painters; as Vernet, Cogniet, Thevenin, &c. The engravings are by Reveil, and, though minute, are very spirited. "The Apotheosis" is beautifully drawn. There is a great variety in the faces on that small scale; and though we feel a little inclined to smile at the wreaths of laurel circling the brows of French ghosts in spatterdashes, and at the Ossian bards striking their harps with phrenetic ardour, yet Vernet is accountable for all that, and the little plate is a gem notwithstanding. "The Taking of Ratisbon" deserves praise for the clear and clever drawing of the minute figures. There is great merit in the stern determination of the principal figure in the "Retreat from Moscow"—the soldier who awaits the attack of the Cossacks. "Napoleon at the Tomb of Frederick the Great" is finely designed; yet he looks like an actor performing a part that he had previously
studied—he was so in fact; there was a
dash of the theatre in all he did, but
"all the world was his stage."

[What has become of the poor little
man who in his garret first executed these
minute drawings and engravings?]

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**Byron Beauties.** Parts 5 and 6.
C. Tilt.

Two master-pieces adorn Part 5th;
the "Guinare," which is a most ani-
imated and perfectly drawn figure, is,
we are happy to say, by the pencil of a
lady, Miss F. Corbould; the other is
the "Maid of Cadiz," a very easy and
life-like portrait, by Stone. Both are
delightfully engraved by Artlett, in the
stippled style. The "Light of the
Harem," is altogether unworthy Finden
and Wood. "Aurora Raby," on the
contrary, is the chief attraction of the
sixth number; and here we find the name
of Finden appended to a work worthy of
his fame; it is a beautiful design by
Wood. "The Maid of Saragossa" is
very plain, but is well engraved by
Mote; if it is not a portrait of the heroine,
there is no excuse for its homeliness.
The Angiolina's bust looks as if made
of plaster of Paris.

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**Switzerland.** By W. Beattie, M.D.
Illustrated by W. Bartlett. G. Vertue.

"The Lake of Lugano" is a print of
distinguished beauty; the tone of dis-
tance and aerial perspective enchanting.
The style is light line engraving, by
Cousen; the effect (we hardly understand
this term) by Creswick, and the design
by Bartlett—the old proverb, "too many
cooks," &c. has no fulfilment here, for
public attention was never called to a
more effective plate. Indeed, there is
not one among the eight plates but what
deserves much to be said in its praise;
"Lugano," has the most delicate finish,
but "Misocco" and the "Via Mala"
are almost its rivals. We do not know
a publication that keeps up its character
so well. We admired the earlier numbers,
but these are far superior, and every
artist in England will allow we speak
the simple truth. We never bow to mere
names, without the piece under review
is deserving their fame, and that our
publisher's correspondents know well.

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**Walker's Needles.**

We must place this article at the close
of this head for judgment, as powerful
accessories before the fact, to a beautiful
portion of it, even did we not so delight
in every command of the fair reviewer.
Mr. Walker has forwarded some packets
of his silver polished needles to be re-
viewed by the Lady's Magazine; forthwith
we consigned them to a lady, who not
only uses the pen, but also figures herself
on a feminine skill in all sorts of "rare
broderies" and handycrafts performed by
the needle; and this is her testimony—
"I not only greatly approve of Walker's
silver polished needles for my own work,
but they proved a great convenience to
my mother, who is beginning to find a
little difficulty in threading the common-
eyed needles without the use of spec-
tacles; and having no occasion for the aid
of spectacles in the other departments of
needle-work, she finds it a little teasing
to put them on and off for that purpose.
Since she has used Walker's round-eyed
needles she works with the greatest ease,
as his smallest needles are threaded with
more expedition than the largest of the
unimproved sorts. Pray put this opinion
under the head of the Fine Arts, Mr.
Editor, out of regard to the ladies' pecu-
liar weapon—the respected needle. If
you have any improvements in colours, or
paper, or pencils, or brushes, to review,
you would give a notice of these hand-
maids of the arts under that head, there-
fore I hope our needles may be treated
with equal veneration in our own Maga-
zine. We paint with the needle when
we embroider, and so you can tell any
gent. of the brush and pallet who saucily
objects to this arrangement. For many
centuries embroidery was the Fine Art of
the ladies, and it is delightful to see it
in fashion again."

So far from objecting to this, we
heartily wish it would become daily and
hourly more and more in fashion; but
we have apprehensions not quickly to see
such specimens as we have in our posses-
sion, from the needle of a most worthy
female relative—a cheerful "old maid,"
executed subsequently to the period of
life ordinarily allotted to mankind.

We should take shame to ourselves,
were it not for the weather, to have de-
layed an ample notice of the 67th Exhibi-
tion of the Royal Academy, &c. &c.
Music.


A pretty airy trifle in words and music; the Key is D.


A splendid air, truly original and full of rich melody. As to the words they sing well, yet the time was, when the minute description of the crow’s supper would not have suited all tastes. The symphonies are charming. Key, A minor.

Six brilliant Waltzes. Composed and arranged by T. Baker.

These are charming pieces of music, not one of them is without claims to our approbation; the one entitled “A Favourite Waltz,” is our favourite. Key, A flat.


It is a brilliant and striking arrangement of a glee, that has obtained deserved popularity; the Key, E flat.

O give me back that beautiful Flower! Words and Music by T. Welsh. Dedicated to Miss Atkinson.

The words and air are in a strain of pleasing elegance. After hearing this song, people will say, “Very pretty.” Key, G.


This serenade, although possessing no great brilliancy, will please those who prefer the gentle and harmonious, to the striking and original. Key, E major.

Societa Armonica.—On Monday, May 4, the fourth and last concert took place in the concert-room of the King’s Theatre. The ladies (Stockhausen, Novello, and Birch) were excellent; not so the gentlemen, with the exception of Phillips. Spohr, Beethoven, Moschelles, and Weber furnished the chief musical treat.

Viscount Burghersh gave a grand dinner in Lower Berkeley-street, on the 13th of May, to the directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music. Among the company were the Archbishop of York and Miss Harcourt, Earl of Cawdor, Earls and Countesses of Howe and Denbigh, Lord Saltoun, &c. His lordship was director for the evening.

Royal Gardens, Vauxhall.—This glorious scene of the once rural fête champêtre, as if in mockery of other establishments, and the murky atmosphere, opened on the 22d of May, with new pretensions, in the spirit of the times. Olden things removed, a new ornamented scene of land and water, in the varieties of nature, with an illuminated cascade on the left of the rotunda, which already delightful edifice has been newly embellished, and the pavilion has now become a superb salon; beautiful pictures of Dover, Calais, Amsterdam, &c., as well as French soldiers in a sort of bivouac, and Napoleon, his heart nearly bursting with ambition the while, pensively on his rock of St. Helena, present themselves in tolerably good dispositions, though they might be improved. The ancient foliage of Guy Vaux, and possibly many before him, is redolent of the advance of summer; so much so, that, notwithstanding the continuous encroachments of building, the shade produces apparently a new world: but of “the most illustrious and excellent Simpson,” by favour of the Pope of Rome, and every body else, we must speak in due time.

Drama, &c.

King’s Theatre—Italian Opera.—Laporte, whose exertions we really respect, appears doomed to be unfortunate. At one time his females are capricious—at another his males are idle; and, when he has wound himself up to a grand effort, the gas-light, that should display all the magnificence of majesty and the splendour of a court, goes nearly out!

Well, we have had Othello rejected with some effect, from renovations. Tamburini, Ivanoff, and Lablache, excellent, but something wanting. We say nothing of Coulon’s benefit, which went off well; but cui bono for M. Laporte. But then comes the ballet, which all the world (of the Opera) declare is wretched, not only in subject but in execution—naturally enough calling for Tagliani and the Elsers, forgetting how that call enhances their demand for sterling money! We regret the performance of the all-delightful Semiramide.

It will be seen from our inverted commas that we have preferred—to what our own patience would not allow—a portion of the criticism of another on the following occasi-
Drama, &c.

Donizetti’s music in this opera has by no means the connexion, the progressive power, and fine general effect that is found in his Anna Bolena. Still it bears the character of a vigorously-conceived composition: its melody is worthy of the master, while its frequent bold effects and pervading richness of harmonization, reflects great credit on his taste and science. We feel confident that it is music to improve on acquaintance. It was admirably well sustained. Grisi, who took the part of Elena, the wife, played with great spirit: in the last act, especially, she displayed all the fine energy of passion, which distinguishes her performance in her other favourite characters. The part of the Doge wants fire, and Lablache fashioned it after too old a model, but in other respects it was most effectively sustained by him. Rubini was in excellent voice, and, as the lover, sung with much of his usual grace and pathos. Tamburini’s Israel Bertucci was, we should say, the most finished performance of the evening; it was full of natural, manly expression, and gave to the part of the honest conspirator an interest which, in its unity and prosecution, was thoroughly tragic.” We would suggest to M. Laporte, that the crowds of laurel, &c., are made too cheap here.

Taglioni, it seems, is to have 2000l. for a short season, and 800l. secured for her benefit. Poor Laporte! It is said he has bought the score of the Cavalleria e Puritani.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre, the ancient servant of majesty, and almost as its ancient rival, Covent Garden, suddenly closed on the 7th of May, six weeks before the ordinary termination of the season. There is certainly precedent for this as to Drury Lane, and as to the other “house,” we know none.—On the 8th of June, Miss Kelly proposes here to take a benefit and her leave of the stage, with a farewell address—which, we strongly hope, will only be a prelude to more “last words.” We sincerely wish her talents successful on this occasion.

COVENT GARDEN.—We find from the bills that “the lessee of the national theatres opened it on the 18th of May, for the purpose of Madame Malibran fulfilling her engagement entered into with him.” (Poor Laporte!) However, there she is, in full pipe and increased majesty, notwithstanding stabs in her throat, her palate, and every part that could prevent her from ever singing again! We are glad that we waited, as our readers will recollect, for better information on these Italian jealousies; and now we charge the Italian Madame Malibran, with one of the grossest puffs that were ever invented by musical foreigners to draw more money from the English; let those defend them who can! We understand she agreed to have 1000l. a-night, and a benefit from Mr. Bunn, for her performance in La Juive, adapted for the Eng.
english stage by Planche. We join not in the general outcry, for we wish success to Mr. Bunn, for the sake of the national theatres, which we fear will not enhance his means.

La Sonnambula, however, was the piece d'entree, and has been eminently successful. Madame Malibran's Rachel, in La Juive, is justly expected to be pre-eminently so, and will, no doubt, well reward the liberal expenditure of the lessee. The Opera of Native Land, Auld Robin Gray, and the Broken Sword, with Sharp's ventriloquism, has varied the entertainments.

ENGLISH OPERA.—We told Madame Malibran already, in the estimate of her talents, to beware of Miss E. Romer; they are pitted against each other by the skill of Mr. Arnold, who, on the same evening, produced an English version of Bellini, "The Female Streaker;" Amina, Miss E. Romer. Our old, old favourite Gretta Green, has given a variation from the greater things.

Haymarket. — By an odd coincidence, at the same time that the winter theatres prematurely close, after much talk about various arrangements, no preparation is yet realised for this now ancient and delightful summer theatre. However, between this and the waning June, much may be done.

and we are desirous of believing that Mr. Moriss, the sole arbitror elegantiarum of Suffolk-street, is preparing something extraordinary for us. The theatre of Foote, and of the best days of "Colman the younger," should do this. A rather mal-a-propos prologue was performed on the 16th, in the Court of Common Pleas, under the title of "Jerold e. Morris and Winston," by which the former obtained 100l, in addition to 50l. paid him for the performance of Beau Nash.

We regret to see these ungracious appearances, without offering any opinion on the question. [What we said above, has subsequently been realized. It opens early in June, with a phalanx of strength. Charles Kemble in his best characters. Xc.]

This is certain, that if something which is effective shall not be done by the ancient great receptacles of the great and fashionable world, the minors will carry away every thing worth having. They are all doing well.

Queen's proceeds in its wonted spirit and success, with novelties, amongst which, are Major and Minor.

Astley has done, and is doing, wonders. Surrey, and though last not least in estimation, Sadler's Wells proceed, with success, under the active spirit of M. G. Almar.

The best of all chat is to hear every body, in town and out, expressing delight at the perfect health of their Majesties and all the royal family.

The King takes his rides and drives at Windsor, accompanied often by the Queen on horseback, or by some one or other of his female relatives, in his carriage. The Queen does the same, but her chief delight seems to stroll over the slopes leading to Adelaide Cottage, in the same manner as she was wont in the sweet vicinity of her royal mother's little court at Meiningen.

We announced in our last, it will be re-collected, rather doubtfully, her Majesty's intention to hold a court on the 30th April. It was postponed to the 14th of May, when indeed it was splendidly attended.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, accompanied by her son, his Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen, who had just arrived, went in state, attended by Lady Catherine Jenkinson, Sir John Conroy, and the Hon. Sir George Anson, escorted by a party of Life Guards.

The Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg went, attended by Midle Styne.

The Duchess of Cambridge was accompanied by Prince George of Cambridge, and attended by Baroness Akeley.

The Duke of Cumberland, as would appear from the court Homer, unattended.

The Queen gave audience in her own house to some foreign ministers, particularly M. de Morais Sarmento, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the Queen of Portugal, to deliver a letter; and then proceeded to the throne-room of the palace.

The ladies and gentlemen of her Majesty's household present were Lady Clinton (in waiting), the Marchioness Wellesley and the Countess Brownlow, ladies of the bedchamber; Miss Mitchell (in waiting), Miss Eden, Miss Hudson, and Miss Bagot, maids of honour; Donger Lady Beningfield, Lady Gore, Hon. Mrs. Berkeley Paget, and Miss Wilson, bedchamber women; Earl Howe, lord chamberlain; Earl of Denbigh, master of the horse; Hon. Mr. Ashley, vice-chamberlain and treasurer; Colonel Wilson, Captain Vincent, Mr. Murray, Mr. Mellish, and Mr. Hudson, gentlemen ushers; Hon. Captain Hay and Captain George Pechell, R.N., equerries; and the Page of Honour.

The King was attended by Lord James O'Byrne and the Hon. Captain George Campbell, R.N., the lord and groom in waiting.

The following were the presentations:—

The Countess of Mountcashel, by the Marchioness of Ormonde; Viscountess Mountjoy, by the Countess of Solland; Viscountess Holme-
dale, on her marriage, by Countess Abermer; Viscountess Fordwich, on her marriage, by the Countess Cowper; Viscountess Gort, by the Duchess of Devonshire; Viscountess of Carnarvon, by the Countess of Denbigh; Viscountess Canterbury, on her elevation to the peerage, by Lady Shadwell; Lady Ashton, on her marriage, by her sister, Miss De Lucy Evans, by Lady Loftus Otvay; Hon. Mrs. Scarlett, by Lady E. Hardinge; Mrs. Frederick bsbw, by the Countess of Holland; Mrs. Chatterton, by the Countess of Holland; Hon. Mrs. Lefroy, by the Hon. Lady King; Mrs. Hopkins, by Lady Augusta Kennedy Eykine; Mrs. Rashleigh, by the Marchioness of Cornwallis; Mrs. Balfour, by Lady Trotter; Mrs. Robert Alexander, by the Countess of Tyrconnel; Mrs. Pugh, by Lady Lucy Clive; Mrs. Comely, by the Dowager Duchess of Richmond; the Hon. Mrs. Parker, by the Countess of Holland; Mrs. Edward Smith (of Heil Hall), by Viscountess Massingham; Mrs. Macdonald, by the Countess of Normanton; Mrs. Richard Wellesley, by the Marchioness of Wellesley; Mrs. Colonel Dickson, by Lady Browne; Miss Parker, by Lady Browne; Mrs. Lowther, by Lady Abercorn, by her mother; Miss Clifford, by Lady Clifford; Mrs. Monro Binning, by the Duchess of Buccleuch; Mrs. Kinnoula, by Mrs. Williams; Miss Ferguson, by Lady Anne Coke; Miss Louisa Fellowes, by Mrs. Fellowes; Miss Otvay, by her mother, Lady Loftus Otvay; Miss Darby Griffith, by her mother, Mrs. (gen.) Darby Griffith; Miss Coldwell, by Lady Clinton; Mrs. Rushbrooke, Mrs. Rushbrooke, and Miss Augusta Rushbrooke, by the Lady Warrington; Miss Domville, by her mother, Lady Domville; Miss Emma Ravenscroft, by the Hon. Mrs. Somerville; Miss Pemberton, by her mother, Mrs. Pemberton; Miss Louisa Caldwell, by Lady Clinton; Mrs. Caton, by the Marchioness Wellesley; Miss Louisa Stuart, by Lady Stuart de Rothesay; Miss Anson, by her mother, Lady Anson; Mrs. George Sloane Stanley, on her marriage, by Lady Gertrude Sloane Stanley; Mrs. Edward Ellice, on her marriage, by the Countess Durham; Lady Brodie, by the Duchess of Gordon; Lady Norreys, by Lady Elizabeth Harcourt; Lady Ashburn, on her elevation to the peerage, by the Countess Brownlow; Lady Pollock, by Lady Shadwell; Lady Mordant, on her marriage, by Lady Sarah Murray; Lady Mary Viner, on her marriage, by Countess de Jersey; Lady Emily her marriage, by Mrs. Egerton; Lord Ashburn, on his elevation to the peerage, by the Earl of Rosslyn; Countess of Glenbarg, by the Dowager Countess of Glenbarg; Lady Ross, on her marriage, by the Marchioness Cornwallis; Lady Lucy Pelham, by the Dowager Countess of Chichester; Lady Moncrieffe, by the Duchess of Gordon; Lady Mary Howard, by Lady Elizabeth Dutton; Lady Anstruther (of Balcaskie), by Lady Ouseley; Lady Fanny Elliot, by Lady Anna Maria Donkin; Lady Morden, by her mother, the Marchioness Wellesley; Lady Catherine Bruen, by the Marchioness of Ormonde; Lady Hampson, by Viscountess Melville; Lady Mary Hill, by the Marchioness of Huntingdon; Lady Parker, by the Countess of Denbigh; Earl of Mountcashel, by the Marquess of Tavistock; Lady Mulcaster, by Lady Knoxbuch; Lady Luttrell, by her sister, Lady Catherine Bruen; Lady Marianne Compton and Miss Smith, by Lady Elizabeth Dickena; Mrs. Studholme Brownrigg, by Lady Brownrigg; Mrs. William Howard, by her mother, Lady Hamilton; the Hon. Mrs. White, by the Countess of Rosse; the Hon. Mrs. Abbott, on her marriage, by her husband, America; Lady George Stuart; Mrs. Boldero, by Lady Browne; Viscountess Hereford, by the Countess of Denbigh; Lady Emily Murray, by the Countess of Marnock; Mrs. Arbuthnot, on her marriage, by her husband, America; Lady Mary Cholmondeley; Lady Frances Howard, by Lady Elizabeth Dutton; the Hon. Mrs. Rushout Cockerell, by her marriage, by the Hon. Lady Cockerell; Hon. Miss Anna Maria Gage, by the Viscountess Gage; Hon. Mrs. Gray, on her marriage, by the Duchess of Gordon; Mrs. Georgina, by Lady Colborne; the Hon. Mrs. Butler Johnstone, on her marriage, by the Marchioness of Ormond; Mrs. Murray, on changing her name from Cottin to Murray, by Viscountess Cowper; Hon. Miss Devereux, by Viscountess Hereford; Hon. Mrs. Maxwell, by the Hon. Mrs. Maule, by the Hon. Mrs. Abercorny; Lady Stratford, by the Countess of Albermarle; Mrs. William Locke, by the Dowager Duchess of Richmond; Mrs. Admiral Horneman, by Lady Kerrison; Lady Louisa Butler, by the Marchioness of Ormonde; Hon. Miss Emily Ponsonby, by the Marchioness of Lansdowne; Hon. Mrs. Livingston, by the Duchess of Northumberland; Miss Brownrigg, by her mother, Mrs. Studholme Brownrigg; Hon. Mrs. Berkeley, by the Countess of Denbigh; Hon. Elizabeth Barrington, by Lady Ravensworth; Miss Illidge, by the Dowager Lady Clinton; Miss Jane Backhouse, by Mrs. Backhouse; Mrs. Dempster, by the Duchess of Gordon; Mrs. Harcourt, by Lady Gore; Mrs. Evelyn Shirley, by Lady Suffolk; Mrs. William Jemmett, by the Lady Georgiana de Riese; Miss Elizabeth Sophia Law, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Law; Miss Baillie, by Mrs. Hugh Baillie; Mrs. Vivian, by Lady Howden; Miss Louisa Domville, by her mother, Lady Domville; Miss Caroline Harries, by Miss Harries; Miss Caroline Stanley Clarke, by the Hon. Lady Campbell; Mrs. Henry Vilebois, by Lady Lardncourt; Miss William Foster, by the Hon. Mrs. Packham; Miss Cole, by Lady Frances Cole; Miss Fanny Kemp, by Mrs. Kemp; Miss Shirley, by her mother, Mrs. E. Shirley; Miss Vivian, by Mrs. John Henry Vivian; Miss Wells, by Lady Denbigh; Miss Mary Phillimore, by Miss Phillimore; Miss E. Breck; Miss Blackett; Miss Skeffington Foster, by the Countess of Antrim; Miss Anna Skeffington Foster, by the Countess of Antrim; Miss Herbert, by the Duchess of Norfolk; by Miss, Miss Mona Binning, by the Duchess of Buccleuch; Mrs. (Colonel) King, by Lady Anson; Miss Anna Jones, by her mother, Mrs. Walter Jones; Miss Duff Gordon, by Mrs. Duff Gordon; Mrs. Harriet Pringle, by Lady Pringle; Miss Phillips, by the Hon. Lady King; Miss Sophia Jones, by her mother, Mrs. Walter Jones; Miss Grey, by the Hon. Mrs. Edward Grey; Miss Fellowes, by her mother, Lady Fellowes; Miss Strangways, by her sister, Mrs. Trent; Miss Allen, by the Hon. Mrs. E. Grey; Miss Everfield, by her mother, Mrs. Tredcroft; Miss Pugh, by Lady Lucy Clive; Miss Leveson Gower, by the Hon. Mrs. Somerville; Miss Moncrieffe, by the Countess of Haddington; Miss Auguste Murray,
by Lady Sarah Murray; Miss Lavinia Parker, by the Countess of Exeter; Miss Caroline Vials; Miss Eliza Smyth, by Viscountess Maynard; Miss Elizabeth Clarke, by Lady Clarke; Miss Roberts; Miss Heys, by herunt, Lucy, Countess of Morley; Miss Montressor, by her mother, Lady Montresor; Miss Lushington, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Lushington; Miss Smyth, by her mother, Mrs. Maynard; Miss Elizabeth Parker, by her mother, Lady Parker; Miss Georgiana Curtis, by her mother, Lady Curtis; Mrs. and Miss Stracey, by the Hon. Lady Bedingfeld.

Here follow a hundred and ten dresses; the remainder may be said to be only slight variations, and the present court costume will be sufficiently seen. It was pleasing to see her Majesty and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent dressed so nearly alike.

HER MAJESTY.

Dress of white net, richly embroidered in silver, over white satin; body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds and blond; train of white gros de Naples, bordered in silver, with gold silver border, and lined with white satin (the whole of British manufacture); head-dress, feathers, diamonds, necklace and earrings, en suite.

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

Dress of white net, richly embroidered in gold and silver, over white satin; body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds and blond; train of whitened satin, brocaded in silver, trimmed to correspond, lined with white satin (the whole of Irish manufacture); head-dress, feathers, diamonds.

H. R. H. THE LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE, HOMBURG.

Dress of black satin, handsomely trimmed en tablier, and a blond bouée; body and sleeves richly trimmed with blond; train of rich black satin, lined and trimmed to correspond; head-dress, plume of black ostrich feathers, a tiara of diamonds and jewels, and blond lappets.

DUCHESS.

Buccleuch—Train of rich pink satin, brocaded argent fin, a bouquets detaches, elegantly trimmed with blond sabots, mantilla of rich Chantilly blond; dress, whitened satin, trimmed with ruches and looped with diamond agrafes: panache of Aleppe feathers, blond lappets of rich Chantilly blond, a splendid display of diamonds and precious stones. Northumberland—An elegant dress of black dress, a colonnes, over rich blue satin; corsage, sleeves, and front of skirt, superbly trimmed with blond; mantau blue figured satin, brocaded, trimmed with profusion of blond and riband, lined with white satin, British manufacture; head-dress, tiara of diamonds, ostrich plumes, blond lappets. St. Albans—White satin dress, trimmed with two volans of blond lace, top row edged with rosettes of diamonds: body and sleeves of satin, trimmed with blond lace, looped with strawberry leaves of diamonds: stomacher, four large sapphires and diamonds; train; white satin and silver, in bouquets of small flowers, trimmed with rouleaux of white satin and wide blond lace; head-dress, a plume of feathers, ornamented with hydrangias of diamonds, blond lace lappets; ear-rings to correspond.给予Richfield—Train of rich blond satin and gold lame dress; a poncneau velvret train, richly trimmed with gold lame; mantilla and sabots of blond lace; head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds; blond lappets.

MARCHIONNES.

Laudonnie—Manteau of lavender-colour satin, lined with white silk, trimmed with blond and satin; petticoat of white gros de Naples, and white satin, trimmed with satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. Wellesley—Train of jonquille and white damask satin, blond mantilla and sabots; petticoat of white crape, over gray satin; grecian emaithys. Cornuvalia—White satin dress, embroidered in gold; body and sleeves trimmed with diamonds and blond; mantua of green satin, embroidered in gold, lined with white gros de Naples; head-dress, feathers, diamonds. Baye—Train of mave satin, brocaded in white, of a new design; a dress of rich lilac satin, trimmed with rich point de Bruxelles all round and up the front, festooned with bows; body and sleeves trimmed; coiffure of blond feathers and diamonds; pappets en blond. Worcester—Dress of white figured satin, trimmed with blond, and cordeliers round the waist, in silver, with tassels to fall in front; a train of blue satin, trimmed with blond a la wienoise, and lined with satin; head dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds, lappets of Chantilly blond. Agisbey—Train of Chantilly blond; a la colonne, bouquets trimmed with ruche of tulle and blond, mixed and lined with rich white satin; dress of blond a la colonne, with blond trompe de soie: dress of Blondy, front looped with riband and agrafe of diamonds; sleeves in satin, with large blond sleeves open, looped up with diamonds: coiffure of ostrich feathers, diadem of diamonds; lappets rich blond. De Frasina—Orange damask dress, garniture to correspond; corsage of the same; a mantua of blue Hartz velvet; head-dress, diamonds, ostrich plume, and barbes en blonde.

COUNTESSES.

Brownoose—Train of green-watered silk, embroidered in colours; dress, white satin; plume of feathers, blond lappets, and diamonds. Wiltton—Dress, black Chantilly lace, over black satin, trimmed with blond and satin; train of figured satin, with tulle and satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds. Loading—A dress of blue more silk, embroidered in columns of gold and variegated flowers; train of blue and white brocaded satin, lined with white silk and trimmed with gold lama; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. Morley—Manteau of carnation-colour tablier, trimmed with blond and satin; dress, figured white silk, trimmed with blond and satin; head-dress, white ostrich feathers and diamonds. Glengait—Dress, rich front with ruches, and looped with diamond agrafes; bow of Aleppe feathers, blond lappets of rich Chantilly blond, a splendid display of diamonds and precious stones. Northumberland—An elegant dress of black dress, a colonnes, over rich blue satin; corsage, sleeves, and front of skirt, superbly trimmed with blond; mantau blue figured satin, brocaded, trimmed with profusion of blond and riband, lined with white satin, British manufacture; head-dress, tiara of diamonds, ostrich plumes, blond lappets, also blond. Charneton—Train of satin façonee, bleu et blanc, trimmed with blond; dress, blue-watered silk, embroidered in colours; plume of feathers, blond lappets, brilliants. Charneton—Train, rich figured silk, trimmed with blond; dress, white satin, trimmed in front with ruches and tabier; toque of blond, plumes, blond lappets, and brilliants. Dartmouth—Train, satin façonee, bleu et blanc, trimmed with sabots, and mantilla Chantilly blond; dress, white crape, over gray satin; plume of feathers, blond lappets, and brilliants. Romney—Manteau of lavender-colour figured silk, lined with gros de Naples, and trimmed with blond lace at top; petticoat of white brocaded satin, trimmed with blond and satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. Strasbourg—Manteau of brocaded green and white satin, lined with white silk, trimmed with blond and satin; petticoat, white satin, trimmed with blond; head-dress, white ostrich feathers,
emeralds and diamonds. — **Carnavon**: Dress of white satin, embroidered with coloured flowers; corseges, sleeves, and front splendidly trimmed with gold thread, and trimmed with golden ruffles. **Byron**: Brown satin, lined with white satin, and blond trimming: head-dress, ostrich plume, lappets, diamonds. — **Gros de Naples**: Dress of gray satin, trimmed with blond; train of white brocaded silk, trimmed with blond; head-dress, ostrich feathers, blond lappets, and a profusion of diamonds. — **Berrie of Villingford**: Manteau de coteau de Paradis, velours epingle, brocaded en colonnes; mantilla blond; white satin petticot, gold and color. — **Cotyledon**: Blond dress, a colonnes, a deep flounce, over a rich white satin slip; corsege and sleeves trimmed with blond; train brocaded green silk, blond trimming: head-dress, ostrich feathers, blond lappets, diamonds. — **Astrin**: Dress, white satin, trimmed with deep French blond; train and corsege figured blue poplin, lined with white silk and trimmed with satin; ruffles and ruff, a la Reine Elizabeth, of French blond: head-dress, toque, blue and white feathers and lappets, ornaments, and splendid diamonds. — **Spita**: Rich white blond applique dress, with volants to correspond, over a rich white satin slip; corsege of satin broche vert Perruche, richly ornamented, with a profusion of blond lace, &c.; manteau of rich satin broche vert Perruche, with garniture draped and nacres de ruban: head-dress, diamonds and rich blond lappets. — **Couffer**: Silver lama dress, a bouquets, over a white satin slip; corsege of the same, ornamented with stomacher en diamondes, cordeliere en argent, terminating with etoiles en diamants; manteau of splendid velours de Lyons bleu azure, garniture chefs en lama d’argent: head-dress, diamonds, ostrich plumage, and blond lace. — **De Greg**: Manteau de silver-gray Victoria satin, lined with white silk, and trimmed with bouquets of auriculas and riband and blond lace; corsege trimmed with diamonds, auriculas and blond lace; a petticot of white crape over white satin, trimmed with blond flounces, auriculas, and satin riband: head-dress, a wreath of auriculas and diamonds, white ostrich feathers. — **Wemyss and March**: Dress, black crape, embroidered, en bouquets, with steel, richly cut, intermixed with chemise arranged en robe, over a black satin slip; the corsege and sleeves of black velvet, embroidered to correspond; mantilla and sabots of black tulle green, lined. — **In Chantilly velvet**, l比利, silver lined with satin, steel to correspond: head-dress, panache of black ostrich feathers, lappets of black blond, diamonds. — **Bevere**: Dress, white satin, embroidered with silver lama, in a deep border, and continuing up the front in columns, and finished with bouquets of silver, oak leaves, and acorns; manteau of rich lilac tissue, lined with white satin, and trimmed round with silver rouleaux and broad blond; corsege and sleeves to correspond, with mantilla and sabots of brocaded blond, embroidered with brilliant; a silver toque with feathers, blond lappets, diamonds. **VISCOUNTESSES**.

**Hereford**: Lappets of rich black gros de Naples train; mantilla and lappets corresponding. — **Norrey**: Train of Chantilly blond, over white satin; dress to correspond: plume of feathers, blond lappets, brilliants. — **Gabey**: Dress of aerophone, embroidered over white satin; silver-gray satin robe, bordered with tulle, intermixed with blond and trimme silk robe, and trimme with blond: head-dress, feathers and diamonds. — **Melles**: Dress, figured yellow satin, trimmed on each side with puffings of crape; satin body, with white lace of mantilla of point lace sabots of the same; train of handsome lilac and black figured satin, trimmed with satin: coiffure ostrich feathers and diamonds; lappets blond. — **Fort**: Train of Luxor pink and white satin, trimmed with blond and riband, and lined with satin; dress velours a la Reine in white, embroidered in gold of the Spanish style; mount embroiery, ornament: blond: train, lamed, d’or feathers and diamonds; lappets blond. **BARONESS**.

**Raigenfeld**: Train figured satin, vert et blanc, trimmed with blond sabots and mantilla of blond; dress of white crape over white satin: plume of feathers, blond lappets, brilliants. **LADIES**.

**Montague**: Train blue and white figured tissus: blond mantilla and sabots; petticot of white satin, embroidered: ornaments, diamonds. — **Louis Kerr**: Dress of white satin, ornamented with riband en tablier; train and corsege of dore: colour figured poplin, trimmed with satin and French blond; head-dress, plumes and lappets; diamond ornaments. — **E. Kerr**: Dress of white aerophone over white satin, trimmed with gauze riband and flowers; train and corsege of geranium-coloured poplin, trimmed with satin and blond: head-dress, feathers and lappets; diamond ornaments. — **M. Pecham**: Dress of white satin, trimmed with French blond; train and corsege figured satin; perimetre with white, and trimmed with blond and satin riband: head-dress, feathers and lappets; pearl and chryso- phus ornaments. — **L. Pecham**: Dress of white aerophone, over pearl-white satin, trimmed with gauze riband and pink hyacinth; train of figured pearl-white satin, lined with white, trimmed blond and pink hyacinths: head-dress, plume, lappets, and pearl and diamond ornaments. — **Aston**: A dress of embroidery, crape, splendidly trimmed up the front with blond, over rich white satin, a magnificent brocaded silk train, of British manufacture, lined with white silk, and trimmed with Jude and satin; superb mantilla and ruffles of blond: head-dress, ostrich feathers, blond lappets and diamonds. — **G. Pratt**: An elegant dress of white satin: the body and sleeve trimmed with blond; train of green taffeta, lined with white gros de Naples, and trimmed with satin: he d-dress, feathers and diamonds. — **L. Cornwallis**: White crape dress, over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blond; train of pink figured satin, lined with white gros de Naples, and trimmed with satin and blond: head-dress, feathers, diamonds. — **Elizabeth Corbeil**: Blond dress; manteau and corsege of violette de Parma satin, trimmed with blond riband, lined with white satin; mantilla and sabots of blond: head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds. — **Mulcaster**: Dress, white broche pou de soie; manteau and corsege of Pomons green satin, lined with gros de Naples, and trimmed with blond and tord-sade; blond mantilla and sabots: head-dress, plume of ostrich feathers and diamonds, blond lappets. — **Arussi**: White tulle guipure dress, embroidered with floss silk, and trimmed blond and satin riband; mantau of pink broché satin, garni en tulle, with bow of ribbon: head-dress, ostrich plume, diamonds, blond lappets. — **Lady John Russell**: White satin dress, embroidered, trimmed with blond: feathers, barbes, diamonds, &c. — **Gravina Murray**: Blond robe, with watered gros de Naples train, trimmed with wreath of dwarf flowers; mantilla and lappets of blond: head-dress, ostrich feathers. — **Charlotte Poby**: Watered tulle: dress, train, green satin; lappets and mantilla point lace. — **King**: Figured satin dress, trimmed with tulle and blond; purple-coloured train, embroidered in white silk; Oriental satin, lappets, mantilla, and sabots of blond. — **Duff Gordon**: Black
crape dress; black silk train, trimmed with crape; a cordelière of black jet; mantilla and lappets composed of crape. — *Ravensworth*; *Dress of embroidered crape, white satin, black ribbon; lappets and mantilla of point lace. — *Roeley*; Embroidered cambric tulle dress, over white satin; Chantilly blond with mantilla and sabots; train of figured apricot coloured satin, lined with white gros de Naples, and trimmed with a garland of lace and gauze riband: head-dress, plumes of ostrich feathers, blond lappets, and diamonds. — *Maria Quinn*; Tulle dress, over rich white satin, trimmed with bouquets of lilac convolvulus and lilies of the valley; mantilla and sabots of broad blond; a mantouche of white taffeta, lined with satin, trimmed with coques of riband and blond; head-dress, feathers and blond lappets. — *Masterman Skye*; White figured satin petticoat, trimmed en tablier; blue satin brocaded bodice and train, trimmed round with blue and white; mantilla and ruffles of blond; head-dress, feathers, and blond lappets. — *Stratford*; White satin petticoat, trimming of tulle en tablier; bodice and train of oriental de Paradise satin, trimmed round with a ruche, intermixed with satin; bodice and sleeves richly trimmed with blond: head-dress composed of blond, ostrich feathers, diamonds. — *Rosie Nagi*; White figured satin dress, trimmed with bouquets of forget-me-not and jessamine; bodice and sleeves ornamented with blond; blue satin train: head-dress, feathers, blond lappets, and diamonds. — *Miss Mary*; White satin petticoat, trimming of tulle en tablier; bodice and train of oriental de Paradise satin, trimmed round with a ruche, intermixed with satin; bodice and sleeves richly trimmed with blond: head-dress composed of blond, ostrich feathers, diamonds. — *Miss Mary*; Train of green and gold brocché satin, blond mantilla and sabots; petticoat of blond over white satin; ornaments, emeralds, and diamonds. — *Lejla Duray*; Train of marbe and white figured satine, blond mantilla and sabots; petticoat of white satin, trimmed with blond: ornaments, diamonds, and amethysts. — *Johnson*; Train of rich crimson velours épiné, lined with white satin, ornamented with riband and tulle; body and sleeves trimmed with blond: petticoat of white figured silk, trimmed with blond: head-dress, feathers, and blond lappets. — *Miss Mary*; Train of green soie royale, lined with white satin, trimmed with blond and tulle; body and sleeves ornamented with white velvet; petticoat of white satin: head-dress, lappets and plumes. — *Dillon*; Figures poplin train, lined with white satin, trimmed with blond; petticoat of rich satin: head-dress, lappets and plumes. — *Anne Coke*; Dress of embroidered crape, over white satin, mantue and bodice of a splendid pink satin, brocaded with white, very richly trimmed with blond lace; mantilla and sabots of blond; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets. — *Mary Hill*; Dress of white crape, satin, trimmed with blond; body and sleeves ornamented with blond lace; mantilla and sabots of blond. — *Lucy Clive*; White figured silk, trimmed; train and bodice of black, gold, and white; lappets of black, white, and blue, trimmed with blond lace and ribands; mantilla and sabots of blond: head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets. — *Honecote*; Embroidered crape dress, over white satin; mantue and bodice of figured white satin, trimmed with blond wreaths of roses, and orange blossom: head-dress, collar, and plumes. — *Knottboll*; White tulle petticoat, over white satin, in floss silk; train of brocaded marbe-colour dupaico, lined with white satin. — *The body and sleeves ornamented with blond lace and diamonds: head-dress, diamonds and feathers, with blond lace lappets. — *Anstruther*; Blond dress, a colonnet, white satin, petticoat, train and bodice of figured lavender satin, trimmed with blond and flowers; mantilla and sabots of blond: head-dress, ostrich feathers, blond lappets, diamonds. — *Holgate Goodricke*; Black crape dress, richly embroidered with bugies, over a satin petticoat; train of black satin, trimmed with blond lace; mantilla and sabots of blond: head-dress, black lappets, feathers, and diamonds. — *Asquith*; Dress of white satin, trimmed with blond and ribands; mantau, Adelaidian satin, with blond trimming, and lined with white satin: head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, diamonds. — *Margaret Walspole*; Dress of figured white satin, trimmed; mantouche and bodice brocaded green satin, trimmed with blond lace and ribands: head-dress, ostrich feathers, blond lappets, diamonds. — *Auguste Cabor*; Dress of white satin, ornamented with blond and silver flowers; train and bodice of blue satin, trimmed with silver X and sabots of blond: head-dress, ostrich feathers, blond lappets, and diamonds. — *Francis Howard*; Same make. — *Whately*; White satin dress, embroidered in gold; corsege en velours emeraude, trimmed with gold; mantouche en velours emeraude, trimmed with garniture en or, to correspond: head-dress, diamonds, ostrich plume, barbes en blond. — *Eveline Hill*; Tulle dress, over white satin, ornamented with blond and bouquets of flowers; train of blue figured satin, with garniture of blond: head-dress, feathers and lappets, tura of diamonds, with necklace and ear-rings. — *Elizabeth Dicksen*; Embroidered dress over white satin; train of gold-coloured figured silk, richly trimmed with blond and riband; Blond ruffles and mantilla: head-dress, court plume, blond lappets, with tiara, ear-rings, necklace and ornaments of diamonds and pearls. — *Pollock*; Embroidered dress, over white satin; train of figured white satin, trimmed with blond and tulle; blond ruffles and mantilla: head-dress, court plume, blond lappets, ear-rings, and ornaments, diamonds. — *Domville*; Embroidered white crape dress, over white satin: train of marbe satin, ornamented with blond and laces; train of white satin; mantilla and sabots of blond: head-dress, feathers, diamonds and lappets. — *Dorham*; Train of green watered silk, trimmed with gold lama; blond sabots and mantilla; dress of white tulle, embroidered in gold lama, over white satin: blond toque, blond lappets, and brilliants. — *Eliza Harcourt*; Train of blond satin, boudon d'or, trimmed with blond; dress of Chantilly blond, over white satin: plume of feathers, lappets, brilliants. — *Peel*; Train, Damas Pompadour, cerises, mantilla and sabots and mantilla of Chantilly blond: dress, Chantilly blond, over white satin. — *Pancho, Allepo feathers, blond lappets, ornaments, diamonds and precious stones*. — *Elizabeth Dicksen*; Train, satin façoné, jonquille et blanc, trimmed with blond; mantilla and sabots of blond; dress of white crape over white satin: plume of feathers, blond lappets, and brilliants. — *Blackett*; Train, satin façoné, rose et blanc, trimmed with blond, blond sabots and mantilla; dress of white satin: plume of feathers, blond lappets, brilliants. — *Molynex*; Train of satin mauve, trimmed with blond, sabots and mantilla of Chantilly blond: white blond dress over white satin: plume of feathers, blond lappets, brilliants. — *Madame*:
train of figured satin, perruche et blanc, richly trimmed with blond; dress of perruche crape over white satin, plumes of feathers, blond lappets and brilliants.—Shadwell: Train of satin façonné vert et blanc, lined with white satin, and trimmed with blond and silver, white satin; plume of feathers, blond lappets, brilliants.—Janet Waterlow: Train of mauve et blanc, figured satin, trimmed with blond; dress, white tulle, embroidered in gold, dessin Gothique, over white satin; plume of feathers, blond lappets, brilliants.—Stuart de Rothesay: Black Chantilly, embroidered over gray satin slip; corsage of black damask satin, richly ornamented with black Chantilly; mantel of splendid black damask satin, with bouquets, and trimmed to correspond: head-dress, diamonds and rich ostrich plume; barbes en Chantilly noir.—Frances Standon: Manteau of citron colour ducape silk, trimmed with blond; petitcoat of white crape, over white satin, embroidered in gold and silver; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and pearls.—Frederick Bentinck: Black satin manteau, trimmed with tulle satin and blond; black blond lace petitcoat, over black satin, trimmed with blond and satin.—Sophia Marsham: Manteau de Pombona green figured silk, lined with white silk, trimmed with tulle and satin and blond; corsage trimmed with blond; petitcoat of tulle, over white satin, trimmed with bouquets of flowers: head-dress, ostrich feathers and pearls.—Charlotte Boldor: Manteau of pink poplin, trimmed with blond lace and satin; petitcoat of white crape, trimmed with flowers and satin; head-dress, feathers, pearls, and pink topaxes.—Charlotte Marsham: Manteau of red lilac-figured silk, lined with white silk, and trimmed with tulle and satin; corsage trimmed with blond; petitcoat of tulle, over white satin, trimmed with bunches of lilac and satin: head-dress, white ostrich feathers and pearls.—Jane and Caroline Charters: Unique dresses of white crape, decorated, en tablier, with rubans de fantaisie, and groups of marmobs en nécuda; folded bodice and sleeves, ornamented to correspond, over white satin slips; manteaux of white du cape, lined with silk, and surrounded by an elegant garniture of tulle and satin: head-dresses, plumes of ostrich feathers, lappets of blond en deuil, and suite of diamonds.—Frances Wypchaum Martin: Dress of white tulle, over white satin, embroidered with silk; corsage and sleeves ornamented en suede; mantilla and sabot of blond; manteau of brocaded green tape line, lined with white silk, surrounded by a splendid garniture of silver, en burnel: head-dress, panache of ostrich feathers, blond lappets, and suite of diamonds.—Lawley: Dress of white crape over white satin, embroidered, a colonneté; folded corseage and sleeves of black satin; mantilla and sabot of beautiful blond; manteau of black satin, lined with the same, and surrounded by a handsome garniture of rubans de fantaisie en nécuda: head-dress, panache of ostrich feathers, blond lappets, and suite of pearls.—St. Sorvil: White satin train and dress, over dress of tulle illusion: Chantilly blond lappets; diamonds, black ornaments, white cloth plume.—Miss Fitzewigram: Dress, English lace, over sky-blue satin, train to correspond; plume of feathers, blond lappets, pearls.

Her Majesty, attended by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess of Victoria have graciously consented to become the Patronesses of the Entomological Society; and the Rev. Mr. Kirby has given liberal proof of his zeal for the promotion of his favourite science, by presenting the Society with the whole of his extensive and valuable collection of insects.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent has graced the month of May by four especially splendid parties at Kensington Palace, the interior of which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. They were so admirably planned that all within the pale of her Royal Highness's intercourse should partake of them, on one or other of the occasions, without any other consideration than to make the visiters happy, and in the midst of an almost romantic splendour, entirely at their ease. The last joy was dearest: the amiable young Princess reached her 16th year on Sunday, the 24th. Her birthday was celebrated of course after. At the late period of the month, we must defer our account of this, along with that of Majesty, to do justice.

We cannot help noticing the appearance of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria at Lewes races, from the pleasing description which the Brighton paper gave of their appearance as they approached the course, standing in their carriage to return the congratulations of the people. The Duchess wore a green silk dress and bonnet, and a sable box; the Princess Victoria a plain pink bonnet and white veil, the rest of her person enveloped in a rich Cashmere shawl. Both in perfect health. The young Princess was the admiration of all beholders; her beautiful complexion, her light hair, simply divided on the forehead, without curls, which blends admirably with the contour of her countenance, rendered her of peculiar interest on that very fine day. After being seated on the stand during the first race, the Royal ladies returned to their carriage, whence the Princess presented the silver bowl to the owner of the winning horse. "I have much pleasure," said she, "Mr. Ellman, in presenting to you this silver bowl." "1," answered Mr. Ellman, "am much pleased by winning it; but my delight is greatly enhanced by receiving it from the hands of your Royal Highness." The young Princess's beautiful countenance was suffused with blushes, as they departed amidst the acclamations of the numerous assemblage which surrounded her, part of which escorted them from, as they did to, the race-course of the East Sussex hunt.

The Princess Leopoldine, relic of the Prince Mowitz Lichtenstein, and her dau.
ter, have been invited by the Austrian ambassador to our Court.

The Queen of Portugal.—A very recent letter from Lisbon states, that, among the presents the Queen's royal consort, one of the house of the Grand Duke of Baden has been mentioned; but that family being Protestants, a dispensation from the Pope would be required, which would give his holiness too much power to make demands incompatible with the present state of things.

We understand, that the Princess of Beira (Portugal) has been so seriously indisposed for the last few days, as to have been obliged to keep her bed. Her Royal Highness's proposed journey to Italy must be of course postponed until the re-establishment of her health.

Count León, a strong likeness of the late Emperor Napoleon, and described as having an indirect relation to him, numbers among our lions.

Almack's was fashionably attended; on the eve of her Majesty's drawing-room, the company was not quite so numerous as at the two preceding balls. Dancing commenced shortly after eleven o'clock, to the music of Collinet's fine band, with Musard's Quadrilles, "Les Echos Suisses," "Rome," "Les Danois," &c., and many distinguished élégantes gracefully figured in the festive arena. The new waltzes, "Les Souvenirs de Vienne," and "Les Gondoles Parisiennes," were subsequently executed in fine style. Dancing terminated at half-past three o'clock in the morning.

The Star Club had a grand fancy dress-ball at Sir John de Beauvoir's, Connaught-place, on Sunday evening, 10th of May, which it is said attracted several foreign ambassadors, and 350 leading fashionables. The rich Turkish pavilion, Weippart's band, Mr. Wither's decorations and supper, are held forth as in supreme bon ton.

The Duchess of St. Albans has announced a magnificent fête champêtre, on the 29th ult., at Holly Lodge, being the anniversary of the restoration of King Charles II.

The Earl of Harrington has been re-gilding and decorating Pembroke-house in a superb style for the purpose, on dit, of receiving company. His lordship has employed the best artists in fresco, &c., but every thing is under his own immediate superintendence and taste. Who would have thought this of the "gay and gallant Lothario" of some years back, when the appellation of "Petersham" was sought as a recommendation by fashionable tradesmen. Pope says a reformed rake makes the best husband: we are disinclined to yield to this as generally by this instance, it is verified. But this is not all. At Elvaston Castle, his lordship is equally occupied on his rural villa; and, what is better, in making the surrounding peasantry, who would otherwise be in want, happy, by the occupation of making ornamental grounds on his own plans, and removing, as it were, groves of trees to surround it. Devoted to domestic life, it is thus the once gay Earl of Harrington is now employed.

A paragraph is afloat, which we know not whether to call scandal or not, concerning the Contesse de Flahaut (formerly our Miss Keith), wishing for a new English beauty to grace her salon at Paris, and captivate a certain royal Duc, whose penchant for English ladies has, it seems, been strongly evinced. We have put the latter sentence in a rather more presentable form than the original. If there be any thing in it, which we doubt, we shall be sure to learn it from our Paris letter. Meantime, the Count and Countess are coming to England.

We have received an account of a variety of good marriages of musical ladies; as Miss E. Paton, Miss Cawse, Miss Romer, &c. &c.; but we will not venture what might by possibility pain ladies, without authentication. The marriage of Mr. Fergus O'Connor, M.P., with the Queen of the Queen's, is, we understand, only postponed.

We have had two fancy fairs this last month; one for the Charity to Distressed Widows, patronised by the Queen, at Willis's Rooms, to which her Majesty sent some of her own work, and which hence could not fail of success.

The other was a fête champêtre and fair in the Regent's Park, for the benefit of Mr. Curtis's Institution for the relief of seeing and hearing, under the next highest patronage. Here were the bands of the household troops and the ever-charming Collinet. The latter set the young ladies' hearts a-flutter for dancing; but, as they could not violate etiquette, they were obliged to foot it in groups, as they appeared only to pass through the grounds. The last of these exhibitions was arranged as juvenile, under the influence of Prince George and Prince Augustus of Cambridge.

The once delightful and still interesting capital of Bavaria, Munich, lately presented a most curious spectacle, culminating the house of death, and worthy, as we think, of the pencil of Martin, relieved by his lighter companion in art. A child, two years and a half old, supposed to be one of the numerous diseases of infancy, was taken to the receiving-house of the cemetery, prepared as usual for speedy funeral. On the arrival of the persons employed to carry her to her grave, she was found sitting up among the dead, playing with the flowers with which she had been decorated; and on seeing them, only asked to be carried back to her mother! It may easily be conceived that the scene was touching in the extreme. The child still exists in the arms of that mother.
NEWS FROM PARIS.

PARIS, May 26.

You will be sorry to hear, ma bonne amie, that my house has been almost converted into a hospital since I wrote to you last. Monsieur de F—— has had a severe attack of the measles, my children have had the measles, and I myself have been très souffrante; you must not, therefore, expect much news, for all our gaieties are over, and our beau monde leaving town. Paris devient vraiment triste comme une petite ville de province. You have heard of the arrival of the Prince Leopold, the future husband, on dit, of the Princess Marie. I understand the marriage is to take place in August at Fontainebleau. Some grand fêtes are expected in honour of the arrival of the Prince, and which will, no doubt, induce some of our fashionables to return to Paris. I wish I could procure some specific for the gout to prevent M. de F—— having a return of it, at least until after the fêtes; for he will expect me to remain at home to nurse him, et quand je ne m'amuse pas, ma chère amie, je m'ennuie à la mort!

The Count de Castellan gave a splendid soirée lately at his hotel in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Two of the principal characters were by the Duchess d'Abrantés, Madame Waldor, and MM. Roosmalen and Nottelin. The Duchess was inimitable. You know she was in the habit of playing at Malmaison before the Emperor and Empress, and took lessons from Mademoiselle Mars. After the comedies there was a grand concert. The supper was splendid, et les toilettes magnifiques, nous nous sommes bien amusés je t'assure.

Dresses made en redingote are decidedly more fashionable in walking and carriage costume than any others; they are made of gros de Naples, poux de soie, cardelino, &c.; and, in general, trimmed all round with a double or treble liseré (piping) of satin of a different colour, as noisette and blue, lavender with blue, pink, red, or green liserés, cerise and blue, cendre de rose, and pink, &c. &c., and tied down the front, at the side, or at both sides en tablier, with bows of ribbon of the same colour. A large pelerine, of the same material as the dress, is much worn: the pelerines do not conceal the waist at back. In front, some are round, others reach in a point as far as the cetinure; and others, again, descend some way below, in the style of small mantelets. These latter pelerines are frequently tied down the front with three or more bows of ribbon. The corsages of these redingottes are all made plain, fitting tight to the bust. The sleeves continue immensely large; a few (but very few) are taken in with one or two narrow bands at the lower part of the arm. The skirts are worn very full, and the dresses long. Redingottes of thin white muslin, worn over coloured linings, as straw colour, blue, lilac, or pink, are becoming very general. These dresses are tied down the front with ribbons to match the linings; they are also frequently richly embroidered down the fronts.

Dresses of mousseline de laine are much worn, and coloured muslins are coming in as the fine season advances. The dresses for these dresses this year are all small delicate flowers; the large patterns so much in vogue last summer are entirely out.

Mantelets of black taffetas, trimmed with black lace, are again much worn; they are very elegant with mousseline de laine, or coloured muslin dresses. I have seen a few made of white clear muslin, or striped leno, and lined with pink, straw colour, or blue silk: they are very pretty, worn with white dresses; they are simply trimmed with a narrow lace all round.

HATS AND CAPOTTES.—The most fashionable, as well as the most elegant, hats, are those of paille de riz and de paille d'Italie. They are worn very high, but the fronts are very large, and as long as possible at the sides. These hats are ornamented with flowers, and trimmed with foulard or crystal ribbons, pink, light green, paille, or lilac. Paille d'Italie or Leghorn hats are much worn, especially by young ladies; they are lined and trimmed with either straw colour or white, enfin, as plain as possible. Hats and capottes of poux de soie, and other fancy silks, are much worn, especially drawn capottes.

FLOWERS.—Roses, hyacinths, pinks, lily of the valley, violets, oak with acorns, holly with blossoms and berries, wall-flowers, Easter daisies, and field flowers, are those in vogue at present.

In TOILETTE DE BAL.—Dresses of rich brocade silks, made à l'antique, are adopted by our elegantes; the corsages are made à pointe, the sleeves à double sabot, with ruffles à la Louis XV.; the skirts open in front, and held back with jewels, bouquets, or bows of ribbon.

Crape and gauze dresses, ornamented with flowers, are also much worn; the corsages plain, with or without draperies put on à la Serigné; short, full sleeves, not reaching to the elbow.

In full dress, turbans continue to prevail; those à la Juive are most admired: they are frequently ornamented with jewels, or with a splendid oiseau de Paradis. Dress hats are also fashionable.
HAIR.—The coiffures à la Stéagné, à la Ninon, à la Mancini, &c. &c., continue to be adopted by those who wear their dresses made à l’antique. The coiffures à la Clotilde, with braids coming down at each side of the face, and turned up again, are quite out: it was a most unbecoming fashion. Bandeaux lisses and ringlets are still the style of coiffure in vogue: the braids en couronne is still the fashion for the back hair, but coques (bows) are frequently worn.

Pocket Handkerchiefs.—The newest pocket handkerchiefs are without hems, but have several rows of open-work at the edge; they are trimmed with Valenciennes lace, put on with some degree of fulness.

Bridegrooms of the colour—and, as frequently as possible, of the same material—as the dress, are fashionable.

Gloves.—Silk gloves are entirely out; those worn are long white kid gloves, with either a quilling or puffing of satin ribbon, the colour of the dress, or white, round the top. In walking costume the gloves are pale, straw colour, lemon colour, or orange.

Cravates.—These pretty accessoires de toilette, are de rigueur at present: they consist, some of a simple ribbon tied round the neck; others of a ribbon fastened at the neck by a brooch, the ends reaching to the ceinture; some are a little longer, and others two yards and a half in length. The ends of the ribbons unravell, and knotted in the style of netting. These last are called Étoles: they are made of rich broché ribbons.

Ruffles are still in vogue; the prettiest are of tulle, embroidered and trimmed with Valenciennes.

Colours.—The prevailing colours for hats are white, pink, light green, and pale lilac. For dresses, lavender, cendre de rose, or cedar, écru (the colour of unbleached cambric), moss green, and apple green; for coloured muslins and gingham, pink and lilac.

Now, ma chère amie, I shall not trespass longer on your patience. Write to me soon. Adieu je t’embrasse bien tendrement, mon mari, t’envoie un baise.

Toujours à toi, L. de F—

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 10.)—Walking Dress.—Redingotte of a new silk, called cordeine. The coiffure is made tight to the bust, and the sleeves excessively full. The skirt of the dress is made en tablier, and ornamented down each side of the front with small bows (without ends) of sarcenet ribbon; a small double liseré of satin marks the tablier (see plate). The corsage is nearly covered with a large pelerine of the same material as the dress; it does not quite reach to the waist at the back, but is excessively deep on the shoulders; in front it comes to a point, and reaches a little below the ceinture; it is fastened down the front with six bows of ribbon, resembling those on the skirt of the dress. Hat of paillé de riz, trimmed with Foulard ribbons, and ornamented with flowers. The front of the hat is very large, and descends very low at the sides of the face; the crown is rather lower than those lately worn; a high branch of roses is retained at the left side by a small bow of ribbon, and a wreath of roses, with foliage, is placed beneath the front of the hat, over the brow (see plate). Boucles de têtes, rose kid gloves, and round the neck a double quilling of blonde hair in bandeaux lisses. The sitting figure shows the reverse of the dress.

(No. 11.)—Toilette d’Intérieur; or Morning Dress.—Dress of white muslin, embroidered in coloured woollens; the arm-holes square, rose-buds; worn over a pale pink under-dress of gros de Naples. The corse is tight, and has draperies à la Stéagné put on (see plate). The sleeves above the elbow are excessively full; but from the elbow to the wrist are gathered into plats, and made to sit as tight as possible to the arm; the pouset or wristband is narrow, and edged with lace; the skirt is excessively full all round the waist. Cap of tulle, or blond net; the crown consists of a plain round, merely gathered round the head; the borders, which are very deep and full, stand off from the face (see plate); they are plain, over the centre of the brow. The ribbons are of gauze, and are edged all round with a narrow blonde. The ribbon merely goes round the crown of the cap, crosses in front, and descends at each side to form the brims. Cravate and ceinture of pink ribbon; the latter is fastened in front, where it forms a small bow with two very long ends. White kid gloves, white silk stockings, and black satin shoes.

The dress of the sitting figure is of lavender gros de Naples.

THE DRAMA IN PARIS.—It is said, that Auber’s last opera, ‘Le Cheval du Bronze,’ produced upwards of 4000l. sterling, on the first twenty nights of its representation. The latest dramatic novelty is, Victor Hugo’s tragedy, ‘Angelo Tyrant de Padoue.’ It has excited considerable interest among Victor Hugo’s partisans, who exhibit a perfect ferveur in favour of all his dramatic works. It is said, that the author stipulated for eighty representations, at 300 francs per night. As is always the case with popular pieces in France, Angelo has already been parodied at some of the theatres. One of these parodies, played at the Gymnase, is entitled, ‘Diavolo, Auge de Modene.’ The Vaudeville has a skit upon it, with the title of ‘Le Tyrant pas deux.’
KING’S COLLEGE, LONDON.

The council having appointed Saturday, the 23rd of May, for the annual adjudication of the prizes in the medical department of this institution, the large theatre became crowded at an early hour with a numerous assemblage of beauty and fashion, who appeared to evince the liveliest interest in the gratifying ceremony about to take place. At two o’clock, P.M., the Bishops of London and Winchester, Lords Brownlow and Henley, Sirs A. Cooper, R. Wigram, R. H. Inglis, M. P., and several other noble and eminent individuals, entered the area, and were followed by the principal and professors of the College. The Bishop of London observed, that in the absence of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was unavoidably prevented from attending, he felt it incumbent on himself to assume the important position which had been assigned to his venerable friend.

The professors in the different classes then announced the mottoes of the successful candidates, who had entitled themselves to the silver medals and certificates of honour; and the right reverend prelate having opened the papers which contained their names, delivered them to the various competitors amid the applause of the company.

When the successful candidates in each class had received the honours which had been adjudged to them, J. H. Green, Esq., the professor of surgery, in the course of an eloquent and impressive speech, declared the mottoes of the two students who had entitled themselves to the reward of the gold medals, for their general proficiency in the various branches of medicine and surgery. The right reverend chairman having opened the papers which contained their names, observed, that Mr. W. B. Whitfield and Mr. G. R. Carter, were the students who had won these honours on the present occasion, and accordingly presented them amid the acclamations of the company.

The Earl of Brownlow moved, and the Bishop of Winchester seconded, a vote of thanks to the learned and eminent prelate who had so ably conducted the proceedings; and a vote of thanks having been unanimously returned, the numerous assemblage quietly dispersed.

The annexed summary contains the names of the successful candidates for the medals.

GOLD MEDALS.


Practical Anatomy: G. R. Carter, Deal.

SILVER MEDALS.

Anatomy and Physiology: H. Lea, Brentwood, Essex.

Practical Anatomy: R. Jones, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

Botany: G. R. Carter, Deal.


Medicine: J. Challise, Norfolk.


Midwifery: J. Symonds, Lutterworth.


The prizes of P. H. Leathers, Esq., proficiency in Religious Knowledge: A. V. Dennis, Wells, Norfolk.

J. P. White, Egremont.

W. E. Taylor, Deptford.

Miscellany.

EXTRAORDINARY HIGH TIDE.—The tide rose to a most unusual height on the 14th of May, and at high water the banks of the Thames in many places were overflowed, and inundated the streets and quays. Wapping High-street and the Tower-wharf were for some time under water; and in the former place the flood was so great, that a wherry could be navigated over the road. The inundation appears to have done considerable damage along shore; large quantities of goods have been spoiled in the warehouses level with the street, and the underground kitchens and cellars. Just before high water, which did not happen until three quarters of an hour after the time denoted in the almanacks, the tide rushed through the wharfs and carried every thing before it. A similar visitation was experienced in the afternoon.
Criminal Statistics.—At the late sitting of the Central Court, the ages of the criminals are thus estimated:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Age Range</th>
<th>Number</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10 years of age, and under 20</td>
<td>114</td>
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<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>100</td>
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<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>23</td>
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<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>20</td>
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<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>2</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Hence may be perceived, that the crimes of children and adolescents amount to twice and one-third the number of all from the age of 30 to 70. Is not this a fearful calculation? Shall we never set about the prevention of crime where most easily affected? The schoolmaster is abroad indeed! Would he were at home on this affecting subject!

Surely among the numerous parliamentary committees that have been, and are sitting, one might be found to ascertain the cause of this disparity between the crimes of infancy and adolescence, and those of riper years; particularly if it should be found to extend through the whole number of criminals in the metropolis. To ascertain this, an inquiry into birth, parentage, and locality of both—occupation of the parents—first induction to crime, and the nature of that crime—whether parents criminal or not? &c.

This found, will no doubt open a view to great defects in our system of police, in this as well as many other respects. We trust it will not realise the verse of the poet:

"Ah! see the simple boy, by vice allured,
Police now watchful, has at length secured;
Eager they mark'd his gradual devious way
Encouraged first, then snatched him for their prey!"

At all events, the inquiry would show the necessity for prevention, which, so strangely, never seems to enter into the consideration of those occupied in the investigation of prison discipline and secondary punishments. Notwithstanding all our improvements, the writer of this notice could prove, that throughout the metropolis a system is pursued, nearly as bad, if not often worse, than that of Jonathan Wild, a century ago! open shops with secret recesses, present themselves every where for the purchase at low prices, of stolen goods—public-houses are open as receptacles of thieves; these are both well known to all the officers of police, as are also the resorts of those who aim at higher booty, as gold and silver plate, jewellery, bank notes, &c.; may, so obvious has this become, that even attorneys, who are deemed respectable, bargain with the proprietors of stolen property for its return by paying large sums! The vicious of the lowest order of Jews are also well known, who remove the marks of plate, watches, &c. The police when employed for gain by persons robbed, quickly pounce upon the thief! why then could not the theft be prevented?

Henry Fielding the active magistrate, as well as exquisite novelist, had a plan of this nature; but the treasury of his day interrupted his successful career. We beg pardon for this length, from the increase of female criminals.

Every thing relating to the female character is our care. We should thus be glad to ascertain the truth of the following case: a petition, signed by respectable inhabitants of Bethnal-green, was, it seems, presented to the chief magistrate of police at Bow-street, for the release of Rachel Palmer, a female child, eleven years old, who had been sent to prison for a month, for leading her father, a blind flute-player, through the streets, to receive the boon of such as chose to give it. The petition vouched that her morals had been cultivated. Sir F. Roe is described as saying, he would not listen to it, or even permit the mother to visit her child.

Pure Water.—On the 13th May, a bill was presented by Sir F. Baudet (though it was not hard in the gallery), "for obtaining soft and wholesome water from springs under the cities of London and Westminster, and under certain parts of the counties of Middlesex, Essex, Kent, and Surrey, adequate to the supply of the metropolis and its environs." It was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time. If this bill pass, it will open an immense scope of elegance as well as utility.

Capture of a Sturgeon in the Thames.

—On Wednesday morning a large sturgeon was caught in the river, off Wapping-doek-stairs, by the crew of the schooner Mary, belonging to Mr. Fletcher, who immediately conveyed it to the lord mayor, and they received from his lordship a present of 12s. for their trouble. The sturgeon is a fine young one, weighing upwards of 230 pounds, and it appears had been floundering about the water for some time in a bed made by a vessel which had been lying in the mud near the stairs; when the tide receded the fish was left in the hole, and being observed by the sailors, they procured a rope and hook and hauled it on deck.

The Morning Advertiser quotes from a Buffalo American paper as follows:—There is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make a ploughshare weighing 34 pounds. The quantity of brass in their faces it is not easy to calculate.

Fielding.—All the world knows that the author bearing this name was one whose works can never die while the English language exists: we need not speak of novels pleasing to all novel readers, which possessed the highest claims to epic poetry; of farces, which, while they delighted play-goers, were formed on the models of Greece. Perhaps it may be less known, that he was also a magistrate of Middlesex; enlightened when were not enlightened magistrates; one who, instead of collecting fees unduly, like his predecessors, set about the prevention in
preference to the punishment of crimes. But it seems still less known, that this almost divine writer quitted the shores of England in order to stigmatize, and in comparative destitution! Yet such was the case, and painfully has he told it in a dedication to the public in favour of “those innocents he left behind!” “Dying he wrote, and dying wished to please.” Biography has, we think, been anything but kind to Fielding: driven from his own land by neglect and disease, he just lived to reach a climate prescribed as a remedy; put his dying hand to a delightful account, written on board ship, of his voyage to Lisbon; and then—the worthy disconsolates who attended him placed him, as they best could, in an English grave. There he laid, “without a stone, without a name,” (after inquests and inquiries, and a French consol, affecting to furnish an epitaph inscribing to the English,) from 1754 till 1828, when he who writes this brief notice had to search long for the spot in which he laid, and ultimately excited some intelligent young men to determine upon the erection of a monument by subscription, to which, of course, the writer subscribed, and he had the pleasure of seeing it nearly completed in a vast block of Mafra marble.

There are people who can utter, either in a series or separately, very sharp, witty, sensible, and even profound things, in the reciprocations and intervals of conversation, but who yet cannot make nothing of a set and continuous harangue. They appear incapable of supporting the framework of an oration. Confidence and practice, two hard things to acquire, would enable them to speedily.—MS.

There is certainly some connexion between the dress and the mind, an accurate observer can trace some correspondencies; and the weak as well as the strong-minded never cease to be influenced by a good or bad dress.—MS.

We are indebted for some facts to the "Athenæum".

Suspension Bridge.—According to the French papers, an engineer at Rouen has lately obtained a patent for a suspension bridge, which will have, at the central point, an arch of sufficient elevation to admit the highest mast to pass under it. The drawing is said to be of so simple a construction that it may be executed in a single person with the greatest ease. The arch will be sufficiently strong to support the chains, which are to extend from it to each side of the river.

Mr. Wright of London is doing more.

Snakes.—The much discussed point whether snakes drink or not, has brought forward a multitude of proofs in favour of their capability; among others, a boy keeping cows, who, it is said, observed one of them to be very uneasy, and, on approaching her, he discovered an adder attached to one of the teats.

A New Muscle.—A mollusca of the genus Mytilus, first discovered by Pallas, but the existence of which was doubted by Lamarck, has been attested by the further observations of M. Van Beneden. It is remarkable for living either in salt or fresh water, being a singular instance among mollusca of accommodating itself to the circumstances in which it is placed.

Hedgehog.—It is said that the hedgehog is proof against poisons. M. Pallas states that it will eat a hundred cantharides without receiving any injury. More recently, a German physician, who wished to dissect one, gave it prussic acid, but it took no effect: he then tried apomorphia, opium, and corrosive sublimate, with the same results.

Tailors.—At the end of one of the chapters of an elaborate treatise on the tailoring art, written by M. Barde of Paris, are the following aphorisms:—A common person dresses himself—A man of fashion knows how to dress himself—The top is the slave of fashion—The wise man allows himself to be dressed by his tailor.

Palais.—A new Academy of Science is about to be formed in this place; also a Society entitled, Association for the Advancement of Industry, Agriculture, and Education. It will be recollected that, in this town, the immortal Cuvier made his first steps towards the discoveries concerning fossil remains, which he afterwards realised.

Plague.—Some very curious historical documents have been published concerning the plague in Paris, in the year 1533, together with the means used both for cure and precaution.

Ancient Chronicler.—Researches have been made and published concerning the life and works of Jean Desprez, otherwise called Outremenuse, a Liegeois chronicler of the fourteenth century. He followed the steps of Froissart in his manner of procuring information, and, among other means, listened to the traditions related by aged people.
BIRTHS.

On the 12th, in Guilford-street, Russell-square, the lady of M. Martin, Esq., of a daughter.—At Elm House, Dulwich, Mrs. J. Jackson, of a son.—At Tonbridge Wells, the lady of Major Burrowes, of a daughter.—At Brighton, the lady of Capt. Wetherell, of a son and heir.—At Dresden, the lady of P. C. Sherard, Esq., of a daughter.—At Twickenham, the lady of Capt. Sharp, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 2d of May, at Vienna, Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg, Colonel in the Imperial service, brother to the reigning Queen of Wurtemberg, to the beautifully and highly-accomplished Countess Reday, of Transylvania. The late Emperor Francis, a short time before his death, consented on the throne the title of Countess Hohenstein, which she is to bear as consort of the Prince, and which is also to descend to the children of this marriage.—C. E. Houblon, Esq., of Hallingbury-place, Essex, and Welford, Berks, took knowledge, and absence from England per Popham.—A. P. Phelps, Esq., to Rachel Susannah, widow of the late A. Deans, Esq., of Jamaica.—F. Clarke, Esq., of Clapham Common, to Eleanor Mary, eldest daughter of the late Major Clarke, of the Royal Artillery, of Colliston Halt, Westminster, Dorset, to Frances, third daughter of the Rev. M. Onslow.—Rev. S. J. Gambier, fourth son of Sir James Gambier, to Marianne Jane, third daughter of J. Smith, Esq., of Stoke d'Aubonne, Surrey.

DEATHS.

In Upper Bedford-place, J. S. Chauvel, Esq., of Aldenham, Herts.—F. Manners, Esq., of Kempton Park, aged 56.—At Dunster Castle, Somerset, M. A. F. Luttrell, eldest daughter of the late J. F. Luttrell, Esq.—At Calcutta, aged 29, Capt. G. Borradaille, 19th Native Infantry, Major of Brigade. On board the Braganza, from Madeira, Capt. H. E. Hoare, Esq., 66th regiment.—At Sydney, the lady of Robert Stewart, Esq., aged 33.—At Ealing, aged 88, E. Roberts, formerly of the Exchequer, in which he served sixty-one years.—At Clapham, aged 94, Mrs. Elizabeth Cook, widow of the celebrated circumnavigator. She mourned every year the anniversary of her husband's death, and at every storm shrunk in remembrance of two sons lost at sea. Just before her death, she sent her husband's medal to the British Museum, and felt pleasure at receiving a prompt acknowledgment.—Miss Kelly, keeper of the Custom House, London.—Mr. W. Yewd, long known near Red Lion-square, aged 81.—Mr. Blanchard, comedian, aged 66 years, who had been for more than half that period a highly respectable performer at Covent Garden theatre; for many years, also, a most worthy, liberal, strictly correct, and reputable private character. The writer speaks only of his own knowledge, and preserves his judgment further. He was of the well-known family of the same name in York, and was intended for a printer, for which he had received an excellent education; but Thalia and another woed him; yet he still preserved an estimable character both in public and private. How his fortunes became changed, the writer cannot tell.—At Nashville, America, aged 24, Mr. J. J. M'Laughlin, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, while performing as an amateur the character of Bertram; the excitement of the part carried him into the phrenzy of dying the real death, and he stabbed himself to the heart. He was an accomplished young gentleman of an exceedingly sensitive cast, and was intended for the practice of the law.—March 14, on his birth-day, "Old Levy, the Jew," aged 106, having survived his wife who had borne him twenty-five children only three days, she dying on the anniversary of her wedding, aged 95, he on the anniversary of his birth. They were buried side by side, after the manner of Judaea, in the cemetery of the grand synagogue, Mile End, with all Hebrew honours; and two stones, seven feet high, united at the top, mark their resting place. They have left eight daughters and nine sons; the youngest, Abraham, 45 years of age: of his descendants, 90 are living. Though not rich, he had been a subscriber to all Hebrew Institutions, and had been a parishioner of the Synagogue for five years. His occupation for a long time was travelling with watches and jewellery through the counties surrounding the metropolis, in which he was always estimated as a fair dealer.—At the workhouse of St. Mary's, Westminster, at the advanced age of 106 years, Catherine Crow; she had been an inmate of the workhouse many years, and previous to her being compelled, in consequence of having outlived all her friends, to seek parishial assistance, had been a rate-payer in Westminster for forty years. Her propriety of conduct during her residence in the workhouse, induced many respectable ladies in the neighborhood frequently to visit her; and last year, the overseers of the parish presented the churchwardens with a very well-executed portrait of the old lady, which has been placed in the Boardroom, by the side of that of Margaret Patten, who died many years since in the same workhouse, at the still more advanced age of 136 years, as the stone in the cemetery of old Broadway Chapel records. This old woman, when asked if she remembered a certain event, was wont to say, "Oh! I was then but a child, I was only 80!" and when given money, "Oh! thank's, I'll take care to spend it." She was a native of Scotland.—At Cowes Castle, Mr. Nash, the architect of Regent-street, &c. aged 85.—Our feelings will only permit us here to say, that Felicia Dorothy Hemans, formerly Miss Browne, has departed this life.—At Paris, Major-General Sir J. Campbell, K. B., K. C. H., lately appointed Colonel in Chief of the 74th regiment of Foot.—In Bedford-square, Dr. Pinecird. He was not the age of a man of some young relatives to read to him, when a patient called to consult him; and in the act of prescribing, fell dead!—Aaron Ashton, formerly a soldier, aged 104. He well remembered the Scottish invasion of 1745, and the march of the rebels into Manchester; his first particular service was at the battle of Bunker's hill in America.—In Pimlico, at an age so advanced as would appear improbable to such as know him, W. Evans, long sweep, with one arm, of the crossing to Buckingham-gate. He lost his other arm, it is believed, in Egypt, and enjoyed a pension. He is supposed to have lived comparatively rich.
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TO

THE SIXTH 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 Pollet, 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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