Per. 2705 d. \(\frac{405}{9}\)
CATHERINE DE MÉDICIS

Born 1519. Queen of Henry the 2nd of France. Died 1589.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum. 1636.

W. 25 of the series of ancient portraits.

Dobbs and Street, publishers, 15, Carey street, London.
MEMOIR OF CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, QUEEN-REGENT OF FRANCE.

(Illustrated by an accurately coloured Portrait, from the original, in the collection of the King of France.—No. 41 of the Series of authentic ancient Portraits published in the Lady’s Magazine and Museum.)

"What is required for history, is truth. Truth unvels the events: Posterity judges of the results. Be the judgment of posterity upon the results what it may, they cannot fail to exhibit, either an example to avoid, or a beacon to direct."—Annual Report of the Royal Society of Literature, published June, 1839.

"As the convulsions of nature are produced in mountainous regions, and the fury of the tempest sweeps over the heights, so are eminence stations in society exposed to perils and wrecks, that to a reflecting mind ought to render them objects of anxiety and apprehension, rather than of desire and ardent pursuit."—Mary Hay’s Memoirs.

Catherine de Medicis was the first queen sprung from the then recently aggrandized line of the de Medici. She was the daughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent, grand duke of Florence, that far-famed merchant prince, the rise of whose family from utilitarian origin was one of the peculiar signs of the times in which he lived, and plainly spoke the growing predominance of mind over brute force: a superiority that was beginning powerfully to manifest itself in the 15th century, when the ferocity of hunter and warrior state in which mankind was left during the dark ages, became sufficiently relaxed to allow some commonwealths to be governed by civilians sprung from the industrious classes. The de Medici rose from the burgess, and not from the chivalric grades of society, and as assuredly sprung from a professor of the healing art, as our countrymen who bear the names of Cutler, Brewer, or Saddler, &c., had ancestors who formerly practised those useful vocations, at a time when surnames were sparingly used. However that may be, Cosmo the Great, and his son Lorenzo the Magnificent, after fighting as many battles with the proud patricians of Florence as would have ranked them heroes, if they had not had claims to a better title, founded a dynasty that has endured to our day,—established as it was on the strong basis of
commerce, beneficent notions of government, and a love for learning. The luster that history sheds around the names of several of these great princes, does not extend to the females of their house: the first of the queens the de Medici gave to France was eminent in every thing bad; and the other, Marie de Medici, was eminent for nothing good. Catherine was perhaps capable of being made better, if her early education had not versed her in deceit and corrupted her principles. She was daughter of the great Lorenzo de Medici and Madeline de Tour, Countess of Bourgogne, and was born on the 15th of April, in the year 1519. Her infancy was passed amidst perils and vicissitudes, occasioned by the fierce contentions of the noble Florentines against the domination of her father. They seized her family property, and confined her in a monastery, where, young as she was, she was in constant expectation of being dragged away to be slaughtered by the adverse faction. At the siege of Florence, in the year 1530, it was proposed by an enemy of her father to seize upon the helpless girl, and expose her between two battlements to the fire of the Imperial army, or to give her up to the incensed soldiery. To the honour of human nature, both these atrocious propositions were rejected with disdain. She encountered this peril in her eleventh year.

It is singular that the Prince of Orange, by whom the Imperial army was commanded, being an ally of her father, sought her in marriage; and but for his death, which prevented the alliance, she had become a member of that house, and in the pursuit of power she would, perhaps, have been as ardent a partisan of the reformation, as she was afterwards of the abuses of Catholicism.

In the year 1533, she became the pledge of one of the short pacifications patched up between Francis the First and the Italian states. At the age of fourteen she was given in marriage by her uncle, Pope Clement the Seventh, to Henry Duke of Orleans, second son of Francis the First. The Pope met the King of France and his son on the Italian frontier, and performed the ceremony in person at Marseilles. The splendour of these nuptials was long remembered, and the harassed people of both countries mingled their sincere rejoicings for the blessings of peace with loud acclamations for the union of Henry and Catherine, not being capable of foreseeing that peace would but endure a few months.

Catherine had scarcely attained womanhood, when her husband became heir-apparent to the throne of France, by the death of the dauphin, Francis, his elder brother. The demise of this virtuous and promising prince has been attributed to poison; and an unfortunate gentleman was most cruelly put to death, on very suspicious proofs of the supposed fact. One of the female attendants of Catherine was involved in the charge, and the crime was even imputed to the princess herself; but her years were too kind, and her disposition at that time any thing but murderous; and her husband was entirely devoted to Diane de Poictiers, a woman old enough to be the mother both of his wife and himself. At the death of the dauphin, and for years after, Catherine had no children, therefore all the fruits of so heinous and dangerous a crime, would have been to aggrandize her rival. Young as she was, the countrywoman of Machiavelli knew too well the peculiarities of her position, to run a risk that would benefit any one but herself. We must then acquit Catherine of this first crime laid to her charge by some of her contemporary historians.

During the life of her father-in-law, Francis the First, Catherine paid him the most dutiful attention; she attended him in his declining health, and accompanied him in the chase. She was, with all her faults, amiable in private life, even when she was plotting bloody outrages. The fondness of her father-in-law sustained her in her dignity as dauphiness, when a divorce, on account of a failure of heirs, was in agitation.

Catherine gave no heirs to France before ten years had elapsed from the period of her marriage; just at the time her enemies were intriguing to get her divorced, she became the mother of a dauphin; and, in due time, the parent of four sons and three daughters, all of whom grew up to maturity: she had, besides, three children, who died in their infancy. The eldest of her sons was Francis the Second, who married Mary Queen of Scots; the second, Charles the Ninth, the third, Henry the Fourth, and the fourth, Francis the Second. Catherine gave birth to her last child at the age of forty-five, and died, of a disease of consumption, at Paris, on the 5th of July, in the year 1589.
during whose minority Catherine swayed the sceptre of France; the next, generally supposed to have been the son of her lover, Cardinal Lorraine, was the handsome Henry the Third; the fourth, was the Duke of Alençon, well known as the suitor of our Queen Elizabeth. Her eldest daughter was the unfortunate Elizabeth, Queen of Spain,* murdered by Philip the Second. The death of this child, Catherine is said to have franticly bewailed. Her second daughter, the Princess Claude,† was wedded to the Duke of Savoy; and Marguerite, the youngest, was forced into an unhappy union with her cousin, Henry the Great. Although Catherine was the mother of five crowned heads bearing the name of Valois, yet she saw this princely line nearly extinct before her own career terminated. She did not become a mother till three years after she had ascended the throne.

On the death of her royal father-in-law and protector, in the year 1540, she was crowned with her husband, Henry the Second, at St. Denis. The regal title only was hers, for the heart of Henry was wedded to Diane. The grace and sweet temper with which Queen Catherine submitted to what was unavoidable, commanded the esteem of Henry, and some of his affection. He constantly passed two hours in her company after he dined, and always spoke to her with deference and courtesy. On all visible occasions respect was not wanting; he even made her regent of France during his Italian campaign, but took care to give the chancellorship to Bertrand, a devoted partisan of Diane de Poictiers, who effectually governed the kingdom.

The death of her husband was occasioned by an accident at a tournament, given on occasion of the marriage of his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, with Philip the Second of Spain.

It is said by some that Henry insisted on breaking a lance with Montgomeri in honour of his long-neglected wife, and that Catherine, perhaps actuated by the prophesy of her conjuror, Nostradamus, implored the king to desist. The particulars of this fatal encounter have already been detailed in the memoirs of the daughter of Catherine, Elizabeth* of Spain, and in that of Diane de Poictiers* who were both present at this tournament. Long after the death of Henry, Catherine pursued his unintentional murderer, the Count Montgomeri, with a thirst for vengeance, and a passionate regret for the death of the king, sufficient to have made the world believe she had loved her husband.

To Diane de Poictiers Catherine behaved with a lenity and forbearance that is really astonishing. But Catherine's character, when minutely viewed, is a mass of contradictions, startling to the examiner of human nature. Catherine supported her lover and his brother, the Duke de Guise, in their assumption of government, after the sudden death of Henry the Second. Instead of shutting herself up in the Louvre, according to the etiquette of the widows of the kings of France, who suffered not the light of day to visit them, she took prompt measures, got possession of the person of her son, the young king, and set at defiance the princes of the blood, who claimed the regency. Condé and Bourbon flew to arms; they assumed the protection of the harassed Protestants, and presently raised a fearful civil war, which was not quelled for nearly seventy years. We much fear, if motives were strictly analyzed, whether the ordering of the regencies during the minorities of Francis the First and Charles the Ninth, was the true motive of the religious war in France.

During the life of her husband, Catherine was a cipher. After his violent death, the Cardinal Lorraine and his family completely governed the minor king, Francis the Second. Catherine had not a chance of governing her son, since he had been married by the Duke of Guise and his brother, Cardinal Lorraine, to Mary Queen of Scotland, their beautiful niece, the influence of whose charms made the family compact firm. Catherine was as tolerably patient at this ordering of affairs as the cardinal, one of the handsomest men of his time, whose attentions had soothed her for the tiresome life she led at court when neglected by her husband, and her place filled, as to power and state, by Diane de Poictiers.

The death of young Francis the Second,
a few months after he ascended the throne of France, partly broke the power of the Guises. The young widowed Queen of Scots was sent back to her country; and Catherine, called to the regency, assumed the reins of government in France during the minority of her young son, Charles the Ninth, then little more than ten years old. Cardinal Lorraine continued to be her favourite till he was poisoned by Cardinal de Armagnac, after Charles the Ninth had attained his majority. The following most extraordinary anecdote is related concerning his death.

"I have often (says Duplessis Mornay) heard Henry IV. say, that at the time of the death of Cardinal de Lorraine, he was with Catherine de Medicis, his mother-in-law, in her cabinet, reading the service of vespers with her, verse by verse; and that, when lifting up her head, she suddenly cried out that she saw the Cardinal of Lorraine, who made a sign with his finger to her, in the gesture of a person threatening her, very pale and very frightful; whilst Henry said he dared not lift his eyes from the book, in spite of all the queen said to him. The Marquise de Moirmondier, who was sitting in the next room, hearing the queen cry out, the phantom immediately disappeared. The queen on the instant sent to inquire after the cardinal, and was told that he died about the time he appeared to her. M. de Foix told me, that the Cardinal de Lorraine was poisoned by the Cardinal de Armagnac, with whom he had some quarrel."

She was one of the most notorious dabblers in the black art that age of superstition produced. On this head we quote the following particulars:

"A priest who was executed in 1574 in the Place de Greve at Paris, for having a supposed communication with evil spirits, accused near twelve hundred persons of the same crime.

"Catherine de Medicis, who was peculiarly credulous on that head, always carried about her person cabalistie characters, written on the skin of an infant born dead. Several talismans and amulets were found in her cabinet after her death, and it is well known that she consulted an astrologer on the fortunes of all her children."

Favin, in his history of Navarre, has a curious anecdote on this subject.

"The queen (he says) having applied to a magician, to know the destiny of her sons, and the future kings of France, he made her see them in a magic mirror, and ascertained the number of years each would reign by the number of turns the figure of each king would make. Thus she reckoned the reigns of Francis the Second, Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third; she even saw Henry, Duke de Guise, who disappeared on a sudden, and Henry the Fourth, who made twenty-four turns. This prediction and these apparitions increased her aversion to the King of Navarre."

Cosmo Ruggieri was Catherine's magician in ordinary; her husband sent him to the gallys, but Catherine soon brought him back again when she came into power, for the sake of the secret power he was said to possess. He died in high repute at Paris in Louis the Thirteenth's reign. She likewise patronised Nostradamus, who foretold the death of her husband, Henry the Second, in the tournament with Count Montgomery.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew's day was one of those mysteries that will only be cleared up at the great day of account—it was an outbreak of tumultuous passions between two struggling parties who had mutually injured one another, and felt the rage of savage animals, not to be restrained at the sight of each other when brought into collision by the marriage of the King of the French Protestants, Henry of Navarre, with the daughter of Catherine. It is certain that dreadful wickedness was committed by the stronger party, but it is as certain that only the ultra-Catholics of the League were guilty of premeditated wrong in the matter. The closer we examine into this point of history, the more certain we are that Catherine was deep in the cabals of the League, and that her son, Charles IX., though strongly worked upon by her, was an unwilling agent. Sully takes this view of the subject, and the state of parties bears him out. Catherine had, as queen-regent, governed France most evilly since Charles was nine years old: he was then twenty-two, though ill brought up. He was a prince of great courage, and some abilities: he was very anxious to get the power out of his mother's hands, of which she made so vile a use. She still retained by intrigues, and her connexion with the Guises and the furious League of ultra-Catholics partly by fraud and partly by force, a most undue portion of power for the station of queen-mother. This the young king was anxious to withdraw from her hands: a
result only to be obtained by the support of the loyal Catholics, strengthened by the influence of the Protestant party. Charles was negotiating with Admiral Coligny for this purpose, when the Protestant leaders thronged into Paris on the faith of the king's treaty and pacification, which was ratified by giving his sister, the Princess Margaret, in marriage with Henry of Navarre, the head of their party. There is no doubt that Charles was sincere in this negotiation, for his dearest interests were connected with its success. Meantime, it was the policy of Catherine to break an alliance which would prove too strong for her retention of power. In all probability she organised the plan which gave up the Protestant nobles to slaughter by the League, both parties being gathered together in Paris. She had so much of the executive power in her hands, that she could lay this plot without a chance of detection by the young king, while every one of his manoeuvres was fully known to her. Charles has been held up to posterity as the most finished deceiver that ever existed, not only by Protestant historians, but by the virtuous of his own faith. The Protestant were certainly dreadfully deceived, but we think that Charles was an unwilling instrument in the destruction of his subjects. The wavering state of his mind might be seen by the contradictory proclamations that were daily published; the king disowning, and the queen and her council justifying, the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, all of which were put forth in the name of Charles.

The following is a sketch account of the massacre. A more detailed narrative is to be found in the memoirs of Marguerite, Queen of France.*

The ringing of the bells of St. Germain l'Auxerrois for matins, August 24, 1572, was the signal for beginning the slaughter. The Admiral de Coligny was first murdered, in the midst of his servants, by Besmes, a domestic of the Duke of Guise, the duke himself and the Chevalier de Guise staying below in the court. His body was thrown out of the window. They cut off his head, and carried it to the queen-mother, together with his box of papers; among which they found the memoirs of his own times, written by himself. After they had offered all manner of indignities to his bleeding corpse, it was hung on the gibbet of Montfaucon.

The whole house of Guise had been personally animated against the admiral ever since the assassination of their father by Poitrot de Meses, whom they believed to have been an emissary of the admiral's; and it is certain he was never able to clear himself from this imputation. The slaughter was at the same time begun by the emissaries of the court in all parts of the city. Many private quarrels were wreaked under pretence of religion. Among others, Antony de Clermont, Marquis de Ressel, was murdered by his own kinsman, Lewis de Clermont, with whom he was then at law for the marquise of Clermont. Francis de Caumont was murdered in his bed between his two sons, one of whom was stabbed by his side; but the other, by first pretending to be dead, and afterwards creeping under the bodies of his father and brother, escaped. Francis de la Rochefoucault had been at play with Charles IX. the preceding evening, and finding himself seized in bed by men in masques, did not defend himself against their daggers, thinking they were some of the courtiers intending to amuse themselves with him. The number of Protestants at Paris, and in different parts of the kingdom, who were murdered by the concerted wickedness of Catherine and the League, amounted to upwards of seventy thousand. Historians declare that this exterminating attack on the Protestants had been agreed upon between Catherine, her lover, the Cardinal de Lorraine, and the Duke of Alencon, when they went to Bayeux to meet Elizabeth, Queen of Spain, eldest daughter to Catherine, and wife of Philip II. The young queen was amused with festivals of the most extraordinary magnificence, while the elders of her family were, with the remorseless emissary of her husband, plotting destruction and death to so many of her countrymen. This was in the year 1564, while Charles IX. was in childhood.

Sully, whose abilities destined him to heal these deep wounds of France, was, at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, a boy of twelve years old, partly pursuing his studies at the colleges of Paris, and attending the court of Henry of Navarre, his master, under whose immediate protection his father had placed

* See January, 1835,
him. Henry was then in his twentieth year.

The future prime minister of France had a narrow escape from the queen-mother's furious assassins. The narrative of his own adventures on the 24th of August is a lively picture of the dreadful scene:

"I was in bed, and awaked from sleep three hours after midnight by the sound of all the bells in the city, and the confused cries of the populace. My governor, St. Julian, with my valet de chambre, went hastily out to know the cause: I never afterwards heard more of them: without doubt they were the first sacrificed to the public fury. I continued alone in my chamber dressing myself, when in a few moments I saw my landlord enter, pale, and in the utmost consternation: he was of the reformed religion, and having learned what was the matter, had consented to go to mass to save his life, and preserve his house from being pillaged. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think proper to follow him, but resolved to try if I could gain the college of Burgundy, where I had studied, though the distance between the house where I then was and the college made the attempt very dangerous. Having assumed my scholar's gown, I put a large prayer book under my arm, and went into the street. I was seized with horror inexpressible at the sight of the furious murderers, who, running from all parts, forced open the houses, and cried aloud, 'Kill! kill! massacre the Huguenots!' The blood which I saw shed before my eyes redoubled my horror. I fell into the midst of a party of guards; they stopped me, interrogated me, and were beginning to use me ill, when, happily for me, the book that I carried was perceived, and served me for a passport. Twice after this I fell into the same danger, from which I extricated myself by the same good fortune. At last I arrived at the college of Burgundy, where a danger still greater than any I had met with awaited me. The porter having twice refused me entrance, I continued standing in the midst of the street at the mercy of the furious murderers, whose numbers increased every minute, and who were evidently seeking their prey, when I asked after La Faye, the principal of this college (a Catholic), a good man, by whom I was tenderly beloved. The porter, when I put a few pieces of money into his hand, admitted me; and my friend, directly he saw me, carried me to his own study, when two inhuman priests, whom I heard mention Sicilian vesper, wanted to force me from him, that they might cut me to pieces, saying the order was not to spare even infants at the breast. But the good man hurried me away to a private chamber, where he locked me up. There he kept watch on me for three days, suffering no one to see me but a trusty servant who brought me food.

"At the end of the three days, the proclamation to prevent the murder or pillage of any more Protestants being published, I was suffered to leave my cell: soon after, I saw Ferriere and La Vieville, two soldiers of the guard, who were devoted to my father, enter the college. They were armed, and came to rescue me by force, in case I had fallen into unkind hands. They gave my father a relation of what had happened to me, and eight days after I received a letter from him expressing the fears he had suffered on my account, and advising me to continue in Paris, since the prince I served was not able to quit it."

From the lips of Henry Quatre, Sully received the account of his share of the adventures of that fearful day:

"He was awaked, with the Prince de Condi, his cousin, in whose room he slept part of the night, about day-break, by a great number of soldiers, who rushed boldly into a chamber of the Louvre, where they lay, and insolently commanded them to dress and attend the king. They would not suffer the two princes to take their swords with them. As they passed they saw several of their gentlemen massacred before their eyes. Catherine gave orders they should be led through the vaults, and they were made to pass through the guards drawn up in files on each side in menacing postures. Henry started, and recalled two or three steps backward, when Nanpai-al-Chatre, captain of the guards, endeavoured to remove his suspicions by swearing they should do him no hurt. The princes then entered the underground passage through files of carabines and halberds. The king waited for them, and received them with a countenance in which fury was strongly painted: he ordered them with oaths and blasphemies, which were familiar to him, to quit a religion that had only been taken up, he said, to serve as a cloak for rebellion. The princes could not help showing they obeyed with grief. The king, in a fierce and haughty tone, told them, on their remonstrating against this forced conversion, 'that he would no longer be contradicted in his opinions by his own subjects; that they, by their example, should teach others to reverse him as the image of God, and no longer be enemies to the image of God's mother.' He ended by vowing, that if they did not go to mass, he would treat them as criminals to human and divine majesty."

The princes were forced to comply and waited for better times for the Protestants; and they were once more in arms, and at the head of the army of the
reformers before two years had passed by. This is the only passage in Sully that authorizes the assertion that Charles IX. countenanced the massacre. A few pages further, Sully gives a touching description of his sorrow and regret; his words are—

"It was not long before Charles felt the most touching and violent remorse for the barbarous action to which they had forced him to give the sanction of his name and authority. From the evening of the 24th of August, he was observed to groan heavily at the recital of a thousand acts of cruelty, of which every one boasted in his presence. Of all those who were about his person, none possessed so great a share of his confidence as Ambrose Paré, his surgeon. This man, though a Huguenot, lived with him in the greatest familiarity. On the day of the massacre, Charles told him that the time had now come when all France would be Catholics; on which Ambrose replied, without being alarmed,

"'By the light of God, sire, I cannot believe that you have forgot your promise, never to command me to do three things; namely, never to be present at the day of battle—never to quit your service, or to go to mass.'"

Soon after the king took him on one side, and freely disclosed to him the trouble of his soul.

"'Ambrose (said he), I know not what has happened to me for these three days past, but I feel my body and mind much at enmity with each other—sleeping or waking, the murdered Huguenots ever seem present to my eyes, with ghastly faces and weeping in blood—I wish the innocent and helpless had been spared!'

The order he published the same day, forbidding the continuance of the persecution, was the consequence of this conversation.

It is to be wondered that the son and pupil of Catherine, purposely trained in vice, was capable of such feeling, for no such misgivings are attributed to her. The political treachery of the queen in this transaction, was finely rebuked a few months afterwards by a Protestant noble with whom she was in treaty; and when she asked him if he did not believe her royal word, "No, madam," he replied, "by St. Bartholomew, I do not!"

The life of Henry of Navarre was spared through the influence of his wife, Marguerite, but particulars have already been given of this transaction. Catherine was not cruel to those she was in intimacy with; all her crimes originated in political struggles for power. Charles IX. died in his 27th year: his death is by the Protestant authors attributed to his mother, but without the slightest foundation. Her favourite son Henry, King of Poland and Duke of Anjou, succeeded him; in his reign her power was as great as in the regency. It is known that on the reluctant departure of Henry for Poland, she said—"Go, my son, you will soon return." On this speech, authors have founded an implication of guilt; but the declining state of Charles was easily to be seen.

Sinking under disease, Charles took to his bed soon afterward, in the palace of the Bois de Vincennes. There his mother, reckless of his sufferings, constantly urged him to invest her with the regency, while Henry was absent in Poland. His faculties remaining unimpaired, he positively refused. His struggles of mind and body were dreadful; his disease was a bursting of blood from small veins, which produced a general aneurism. It was not the effect of poison, but a family complaint, of which one of his brothers died. After much urging, he set his hand to the instrument by which his mother was deputed to govern during the interregnum. He was always much attached to Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV., to whom he earnestly recommended his wife and daughter: he embraced him, and prayed God to preserve him—"But," continued he, "confide not in my mother."

Catherine that moment drew near the bed—"Ah! sir," she said, "say not that."

"I ought to say it, for it is the truth," replied the dying monarch.

He then caused his nobles to take the oath of obedience to his absent brother, and died with composure, deeply penitent, in the year 1574, on the 17th day of May.

Henry of Navarre and his mother-in-law, Catherine de Medicis, in the year 1578 and 1579, were on very singular terms with each other; they kept a sort of armed neutrality, occasionally meeting for the purposes of fêtes and balls, without which neither court could long exist, while their feuds and political animosities occasionally broke out into actual warfare. Henry of Navarre was,
in reality, king of Protestant France; while Catherine's son, Henry III., governed only the moderate and loyal Catholics; and the family of the Guises, with Catherine secretly as their ally, headed the furious and bigoted Catholic League, who were the assassins at St. Bartholomew, and wished to extirpate all the Protestants. Thus supposing three men met together accidentally, for business or pleasure, it was possible that every one of them acknowledged a different sovereign in the same kingdom: thus was France rent a thousand-fold more wofully than if her fine territory had been bodily divided into three portions, each district acknowledging one head and one administration of the law. This was the state of the country described by Sully. The queen-mother held with Henry in a progress she made with her court to Guienne.

Whether it was that the queen-mother was desirous of labouring effectually to compose the troubles of the state, or that she resolved for some sinister purposes to gain over the King of Navarre, she quitted Paris with all her court, and making the tour of the provinces, had a conference with this prince at Rœole and Auch: she even stayed with him a long while, at different times, at Nirac, Coutras, Fleix, and other places. The years 1578 and 1579, were chiefly consumed in these journeys from place to place, and in alternate festivals and squabbles about the execution of treaties, which in truth both parties were equally guilty of infringing.

The mixture of courts equally remarkable for gallantry, produced such effects as might be guessed; nothing was doing but balls and festivals: but while love became the serious business of the courtiers, Catherine was wholly absorbed in politics. She reconciled for a time the King of Navarre to his wife, her daughter Marguerite; but failed of inducing him to enter Paris, or any of the strongholds of the Catholic party. "I should," says Sully, "swell these memoirs too much, were I to enter into a detail of this medley of politics and gallantry; to confess the truth, my youth did not permit me to engage in the first, and as for gallantry, besides that I have lost the remembrance of it, a trifling detail of intrigues would, in my opinion, make but an indifferent figure here; I shall not, however, omit some adventures relating to the war.

The queen-mother and the King of Navarre could only agree upon a truce, which was to be in force over the whole kingdom, till the King of Navarre and she separated. It is thought that she imagined this was the best way of seizing several towns she coveted, for now and then both parties forgot they were to be at peace, and flew to arms. It was now resolved that there should only be a truce where the court was, and it was not to extend beyond a league and a half from the place where the queen and Henry resided. This gave rise to a novel position in affairs:—here they loaded each other with caresses and civilities—there they fought with the utmost fury and animosity. The two courts being at Auch, engaged in all the gaieties of a ball. News was whispered to Henry, that the governor of his town of Rœole, who was an old man and a zealous Protestant, having fallen violently in love with one of the queen's maids of honour, had been prevailed upon to violate his duty, and give up the town to the Catholics. The King of Navarre immediately told me privately to withdraw, with three or four others, and concealing our arms under hunting habits, wait for him in the fields. We took care the entertainment should suffer no interruption, but got together as many of our people as we could and joined the king, with whom we rode all night, and arriving early in the morning at Fleurencence, the gates of which were open, we seized it without opposition. The queen-mother, who could have sworn that the King of Navarre had been dancing at Auch all night, was greatly surprised next morning with the news of this expedition: she was the first to laugh at it.

"I see," said she, "this is a revenge for Rœole. The King of Navarre was resolved to have nut for nut, but mine has the better kernel."

Another time the queen's troops pillaged a Protestant merchant, who Catherine emaintained to be a lawful prize; whereupon the King of Navarre rode off to her town of St. Emilian, fixed two petards on the port-holes of the great tower, and blew it up with so mighty an explosion, that it was heard at Coutras, where Catherine was staying as his guest. The queen was angry, as St. Emi-
lian was in the bounds of the truce; but Henry answered, if she did not like it, why did her troops meddle with his Protestant merchant.

It often happened that the two courts separated from each other when anything fell out to give either of them disgust; but the desire of pleasure, which languished when they were divided, soon brought them together again. The queen-mother's court was carried by the King of Navarre to Foix, where he gave the diversion of bear-hunting. The ladies were frightened; this entertainment was too rough for their delicacy. Some of the bears tore the horses to pieces; others overthrew ten Swiss, and as many fusiliers; and one of them, who had been wounded in several places, mounting on a rock, threw himself down headlong with two hunters whom he held fast in his paws, and crushed them to pieces.

At last the queen-mother left the King of Navarre, and continued her route through Languedoc, Provence, and Dauphiné, and then returned to Paris, leaving things in the same state in which she found them—that of a hollow peace, in which each party distrusted the other. She did not forget, however, to seduce part of Henry's Catholic partisans, and to embroil him with Viscount Turenne, his ally, whom he challenged to fight a duel.

Notwithstanding all Catherine's intrigues, the condition of France went from bad to worse. The battle of Coutras, in which her son's favourite, the Duke de Joyeuse, was killed, was lost by Henry the Third; it strengthened the third party, and increased the insolence of the League and the Duke of Guise; this leader soon after became so powerful, that he treated his king with the greatest insult, and took possession of Paris. Henry the Third then caused Guise and his brother to be assassinated, and entered into alliance with Henry of Navarre and the Protestants to besiege Paris, and reduce his furious rebels of the League to order.

Soon after this catastrophe Catherine died, worn with anxiety more than with years, though her age was seventy.

Her character is well portrayed by De Thou, who seems to think that the queen had discovered, when too late, the vanity of all her schemes and intrigues, and the folly of her diabolical motto—divide and rule. It is easy enough to make mischief, but difficult to extract any thing but evil from it. De Thou thinks, and justly, that Catherine's abilities were much exaggerated; she was certainly of an active disposition, but her extreme obliquity of moral perception prevented her from reaping any advantage from her indefatigable spirit. Had Catherine supposed it possible that a virtuous woman or an honest man could exist, she would have made her calculations to a greater certainty; but corrupt as France was, there were some fine specimens of human character still among the nobility and the church, that threw all her machinery wrong. Many of the Catholic bishops protected the Protestants throughout their dioceses; and when she plotted a general rising, and a universal massacre of the Protestants, throughout the kingdom on the day of St. Bartholomew, it was evident that she had not calculated on such instances of virtue. Had she supposed it possible that any man could prefer his conscience to his interest, she would have found surer executioners. She lived long enough to discover that "honesty is the best policy."

De Thou says:—

"When one reflects that her supposed abilities consisted only of making use of unworthy means and contemptible artifices which, indeed, brought things to such extremity, that neither she, nor any other person, knew any longer what remedies to apply to them, it may be justly supposed that her political powers did not compensate for her mistakes."

She knew how to engross the management of affairs, and to keep possession of authority that she was unable to direct properly. It is believed that the fatal consequences she foresaw would follow the murder of the Guises; the attachment she had always felt for that family—the reproaches of the Cardinal de Bourbon for their deaths, in which she certainly had no part—the horrors of the times, and the stings of her own conscience, hastened her death. It happened the 5th of January, 1589. Her last advice to her son, King Henry III., was to put an end to the persecution of the Protestants, and to establish an entire liberty of conscience in France. She was, nevertheless, forgotten soon after her decease.

Her chief good quality was an imper- turbable sweetness of temper; all her wicked deeds sprung from a desire of power; she never was known to revenge
a personal injury, but she overthrew
every thing that stood in the way of her
assumption of despotic authority. When
one of the Guise family offered to cut off
the nose of her rival, Diana de Poictiers,
after the death of Henry II. had thrown
that rival in her power, she rejected the
horrible suggestion with becoming magnani-
mity, and treated her husband's favourite
with great lenity. Had Catherine be-
lieved in the existence of any good Su-
premo, she would have made a great and
good character; but though her bigotry
to the Catholic religion is the theme of
every historian, it is extremely doubtful
whether she believed in the Deity, or in
any supernaturality excepting devils. Evil
spirits and malignant influences she be-
lieved existed, since she was ever dealing
with persons who pretended to have the
power of invoking them. Her policy was
that which her countryman, Machiavelli,
sarcasmtically recommended to the Floren-
tines, that in all human affairs 'the end
sanctifies the means.' Following this
rule, which Machiavelli gave in the bit-
terest scorn of human nature, Catherine,
to attain and retain power, made use of
every corrupt means the wickedness of
man could suggest; her court was the
scene of the most infamous licentiousness,
she gave way to her own passions without
restraint, and encouraged villeness in other
women, in order to surround her sons with
that voluptuousness which would soften
and unfit them for the energy necessary
to govern. This was done for the pur-
pose of retaining the reins of government
in her hands, as she was regent for
Charles IX., and prime minister to Henry
III. Her maids of honour sung songs in
her presence at the licententious fêtes she gave
to her sons, which would have disgusted
the lowest and most uncouth persons in
modern times; and what is strange, these
inspirations of the infernal were sung to
our hymn and psalm tunes. The soul-
stirring old 104th Psalm was composed
for this service of the fiend; and was,
in quicker time, the music for one of the
worst of these corrupting chansons. By
a re-action, common in the tide of human
affairs, the minds of men revolted from
such horrors—the Huguenot religion was
adopted by many of the court of Cathe-
rine with puritanical rigour; and the music
of these shocking songs were taken by
the early reformers, and arranged to their
hymns and translations of the Psalms.
Many of the Wesleyan hymns were in
the like manner, adapted by John Wesley,
to the tunes of popular melodies: "For
why," said the founder of the Methodists,
"should the devil have the best music?"
There is nothing new under the sun;
the early French reformers had, in like
manner, hallowed the compositions of
Catherine's agents of corruption. Four
quarto volumes of the atrocious songs of
the court of this queen are still in the
library of the king of France, bound in
crimson and gold, according to the asser-
tion of Castil Blaize, who has seen them;
they are monuments of the abominable
corruption of the French court, and are
witnesses that speak more against a char-
acter in summing up the good and evil of
a person's disposition, than any thing else
that can be alleged by historians. All
the poisonings, massacres, and guilty in-
trigues that history has laid to the charge
of Catherine, cannot come home to her
with such direct evidence as these books
of loathsome turpitude, arranged and set
by Balasarin, the head musician of the
court, for the use of the queen and her
ladies: such testimony, still in existence,
bears out the charge brought against
the queen-regent, of purposely corrupting her
sons in order to keep the government of
France in her own hands for a longer
time. Although so fond of power, she
governed miserably: among other poli-
tical errors, she drove from the councils
of state the virtuous Chancellor l'Hopi-
tal, who would have pacified, by wise
conciliation, the angry ferment of con-
tending religious parties. We have found
that she died with his maxims on her
lips, advising her favourite son to pursue
a virtuous and merciful line of conduct,
when it was too late, to remedy the hor-
rible mischief her folly had occasioned.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.
The ungainly outline of this singular
costume does not impress on the minds
of the beholders a very high opinion of
the taste in dress of the daughter of
Lorenzo the Great, and we are apt to
think that the praises given by chroniclers
on the exquisite perception this princess
manifested for every thing beautiful in
the fine arts, must have been improperly
bestowed; for who that had the slight-
est taste in pictorial effect could have
banished the graceful robes and elegant
costumes of the court of her father-in-law, Francis I, to array herself in garments that disguise a beautiful female figure more than a mummy-case? The form of Catherine takes the appearance of a pyramid, the bust being the narrowest part. Every limb and curve is stupidly distorted, the wadded shoulders are raised to the ears; where the form should have breadth, it is pinched in, and the lower arms are stuffed to extend beyond the shoulders. The waist is reversed in form, and the whole outline from the throat downwards is an unbroken and stiff triangle. The robe is a sort of long coat of black velvet, bordered with ermine, the waist and corsage passassenset with narrow slips of ermine, as if the ambition of the robe-maker had been to give the queen the appearance of a skeleton. The high-shouldered sleeves are of the same material, and in the same hideous taste. They only reach the middle of the arm, where they are met by lower sleeves of worked lawn, stuffed out like long puddings, finished by ruffles and rich bracelets. This odd garment opens in a pyramidal form from the chest to show under a dress, consisting of a vest and petticoat of white and black figured damask; a magnificent chain of jewels forms a sort of ceinture, and from the vest depends a grand corderiere of pointed pearls, alternately placed with drops of gold of the same form. The corderiere is made in a double row, and finished with a splendid jewel from which hang pendants of gold and pearl. Her shoes, which are better shaped than those of her contemporaries, are of the modern form, and are made of white satin worked with gold; her gloves brown leather, with tabs round the wrist.

Meantime the head of this portrait is dressed with taste. We recognise the cap of Mary Queen of Scots, which, however, ought to be called that of Catherine de Medicis; this cap is ornamented with a wreath of splendid jewels, and a pear pearl on the forehead, it is edged with gold loops: the hair is dressed with close curls, suitable to the peculiar form of the cap on the temples. A very pretty small ruff stands up round the throat to meet the cap. Round the throat is a gorgeous collar of jewels, set in gold, from which depends a splendid ornament set, like the rest of the jewellery, with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. Supposing the head only of this curious portrait had been engraved, no one would have imputed the taste in dress of the royal wearer.

It is evident from the colours of this dress, which are black and white, that this picture was painted after the queen's widowhood; perhaps, too, the peculiar form of the robe may have been occasioned by this circumstance, as the widow's dress was taken from that of the convent. However royal the lady, or however gaily disposed, a widow, while she remained as such, could wear no colours, she was limited to black and white.

Catherine de Medicis was a leader of the fashions of her time. She was the first Queen of France that wore silk stockings. They were introduced from Italy, her native country. She invented pommelled side saddles, and the manner of sitting on horseback in vogue with ladies now. Her figure was remarkably fine; however, it is disguised by the widow's robe; and when she was first Queen of France, she chose to set it off by a different style of horsemanship than the French ladies practised. Before her time the ladies used side saddles, like an arm chair on the horse's back, with a hanging step on which they rested their feet, an easy but insecure mode of riding. Perhaps Catherine invented the side saddle to give a greater security to her seat on horseback, as she was often personally engaged in war.

She invented a corset that pressed in the bosom, and spread out the sides of the waist. Montaigne reproaches her with having set the fashion of enclosing the female figure in splines of wood: certainly of all the studied uglinesses of fashion, this mode produced the worst effect, and must have been attended with still more personal inconvenience and torture to the fair wearers, than even the ordinary method of making the waist "fine by degrees and beautifully less."

It raises a marvel in the mind of the reader, to ascertain for what purpose this crafty Italian had invented this strange disguise of figure. That she had some secret motive there is no doubt, and it must be acknowledged the fashion was very deforming.
FREE TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE PREDICTION," AND "THE MASCARENHAS."

THE CALM.

To awful stillness sinks the treach'rous deep;
Urruffled, waveless, motionless, asleep.
A lurid sky terrific darkness lends,
To gloom the waste which measureless extends.
The seaman's eye dilates with dread to see
That beamless mirror's mute monotony.
Oh, for a breeze to have the liquid grave!—
Come, storm; come, tempest; hurricane we crave!
The drooping flag hangs like a fun'ral pall,
The horrid calm creeps sullenly o'er all,
Palsies the tongue to supplication stir'd,
Nor sigh, nor step, nor plaint, nor prayer is heard!
One dire paralysis numbs the crew—
Annihilation's chill, its torpor too.

THE BREEZE.

The dark clouds are riven,
And downward from heaven,
By Eolus driven,
Swoop his blustering band!
Winds whistling, sails rustling,
The seaman cries, bustling,—
"Lend a hand, lend a hand!"
The heaving waves bear us,
The distant draws near us:—
There's the land, there's the land!"

LOVE-MAKING BY PROXY, OR THE COURTSHIP OF A
BASHFUL MAN.

CHAPTER I.

Of all the fools in the world, the being we term a bashful man is surely the greatest. He is so under any circumstances, but more particularly in regard to love and its relations. He does not speak to a friend for fear of giving offence, or lest he should be deemed bold and impertinent; his eyes are ever cast down to the earth, fearful he should be punished by having his own glance met by another. In society he is in purgatory: he plays with his hands and bites his nails, buttons and unbuttons his pockets, looks every three minutes at his watch, and really appears to be awaiting an exit at the Old Bailey. If he is spoken to, he titters or blushes; if he is looked at, he feels, as Jonathan has it, quite all-oversh: old people wonder at his strange behaviour, the young quiz him, and children make grimaces, and laugh outright.

In the streets, his pathway is through dark alleys and narrow lanes; even in the solitude of a crowd he feels himself far from home. His only approach to happiness is when he can retire to his dark and solitary room, lock the door, and even prohibit the cat an entrance.

The poor creature is rather a favourite with the girls, inasmuch as he is to them an unceasing subject for fun. He would, however, as soon think of exhibiting himself in a pulpit as of courting their company, or speaking to them without being spoken to. If he happens to fall in love, as these unfortunates generally manage to do, he makes himself more ridiculous than the ass in the fable; for, though only one bundle of hay, or one object, engages his attention, he would as soon
Love-Making by Proxy, or the Courtship of a Bashful Man.

dare approach her as he would a dragon: he dilly-dallies, hangs about the sweet girl as a mist does round a mountain, but disappears with all convenient speed, if the sun of his hopes rise to approach him. He is a fairy treasure which may not be gazed upon; a solitarious whom no one may come near.

Such, reader, are a few, though a very few, of the characteristics of a bashful man; believe me they are just: I have been sitting for my own portrait! Yes, friend, I am one of these unhappy beings, and cannot help it; to nature alone must the blame be attributed, for the evil was so deep-rooted as to be beyond the influence of education. Manners make the gentleman: mine are of a nondescript order; ergo, by the irrefragability of as clear a syllogism as Aristotle ever devised, myself come under the genus nondescriptus. "What can't be cured must be endured," according to the aphorism: I have appreciated the truth of this, and have held on the uneven tenor of my way as evenly as I could, but have generally found myself, if not like a fish out of water, quite like one of the amphibious tribe, confined entirely to the more solid element. But with all my modesty, I have an idea of giving a little narrative to the world: I could not bring myself to this, however, until Mr. Editor had plighted his troth that my name should be kept strictly secret. Another inducement to this extraordinary proceeding is, that I have a philanthropic object in view—no less than the good of my bashful fellow-citizens. With all my reticence, I am a decided patriot, and, at the last election for—after sending to know if the poll-clerks could not come to my house to take my vote, I muffled myself up so that my mother would not know her son, and saluted forth to give the liberal candidate my vote. My qualification, &c., was found to be correct, and I was asked for whom I voted; this was the critical moment; there were a host of eyes upon me, and I felt myself melting; I muttered out something, I knew not what, and scampered off as fast as a pair of good legs could carry me. Guess my astonishment, when, looking over a poll-book some time afterwards, I found that I had voted for the very pink of Toryism, for the most conservative of Conservatives. I had even the assurance, in this case, to request my servant to make interest with the milkman in behalf of him against whom I myself voted. Ah! what evils spring from bashfulness. The Tory was returned by a majority of one vote only, and that vote was mine. I have never forgiven myself for this sad affair, and have quite cut electioneering.

Now for the tale of a bashful man. Alas! that love should come to torment such an one. It will, despite, even, bashfulness. The little fickle monster is quite regardless whom he ensnares; his arrows fly at random, and his victims are among persons of every possible degree and disposition. But to the bashful, the few joys which his niggard hand doles out, are infinitely less than to those of bolder temperament, and their torments are proportionally greater. They fear to take advantage of opportunities, from which others would extract happiness, as the bee does honey from the flower; they would wish it to be eternally leap-year, that they might be spared the anxiety of making advances; their disappointments they dare not make known; jealousy, though it is cauterizing their hearts, they as carefully conceal as if it were a bliss-giving treasure, though truly it is a most ungrateful lodger—sorrow to those who give it house-room. But, dear me, how can one of the bashful tribe thus digress? I know not, unless it be that he is too bashful to come to the point. Let us endeavour, we beseech thee, my emboldened heart, to begin; come forward, this one little time, and thou shalt ever after enjoy thy halcyon rest. Dost thou consent? Yes! Well, here goes.

I have before hinted that I was, or had been, in love. It is, alas! too true, but how it happened I have no very clear idea. I only know that, one Sunday evening, I found myself in a chapel, and my heart in a combustible condition, almost ready to explode; the pressure upon it was extraordinary, the more so as I had no safety-valve by means of which to throw off a portion of the inflammable gas. My situation was most distressing; the perspiration streamed from my brows, though the snow was upon the ground: to glance at any other object than my toes I dared not. O, terrible night, can I ever forget thee? I really wished myself at the bottom of a coal-pit, or in a balloon among the
clouds. All this was occasioned by the presence of a very pretty girl. Yes, dropping poetries, she was, and really is, very pretty. Her bright black eye pierced me through and through; more than this I saw not on that occasion; but this was enough.

For twelve months I did not miss a single Sunday evening attending where my heart had first learnt to love, and the lady was equally regular in her attendance: during all this time I saw her face but once, though we sat immediately facing each other, and but a short distance apart, and this was the result of accident. At the end of this period a thought struck me, that I would endeavour to trace her to her home; for six months I followed her as she left the chapel, but was always unsuccessful in my object, some envious sprite ever inducing her to look back, when she would invariably perceive me; and really her glance would have driven back a bolder man. Her looks, however, betrayed no angry feeling; to speak the truth, the very reverse appeared to be generally the case. But it was all one to me, who could not bear to be looked upon. These two periods made, I think, eighteen months; to this I have to add two entire years, which I consumed in the same way, without in the least forwarding my suit, except that, in the latter part of the latter year, I had become bold enough to glance at the sweet girl occasionally between my fingers: but the most important occurrence which marked the period was my having found out her name, which happened A.D. 1893, just three years and five months after I had first seen the lady of my love. This was assuredly rapid work, and I laid quietly on my ears for six months longer.

I tremble even now, at the contemplation of the next step I took. What must I not have done at the moment of its perpetration? It was none other than to open a correspondence; and to accomplish this, I had a way of my own. The mode which I adopted, was to write a very moving epistle—in verse, of course—which I folded, sealed, but did not sign, and threw it down the area. As near as I can remember, it ran thus:

Ah! must I pine, my life, my joy,
Alone, distress'd, forsaken?
Wilt thou not give one ray of hope,
My drooping heart to waken?

Unheeding can you hear the storm;
The raging billows view—
Nor seek to save a heart from wreck,
That loves you—ah!—too true?

The effort this cost me I may not attempt to describe: strange that it should have produced so little effect. I did not dare go to the place where we usually met each other for three months afterwards, fearing that suspicion might rest upon me. I chose midnight for the delivery of my letter, and though muffled up to the ears, had nigh fainted, because I fancied that a watchman perceived what I was about. Truly, this was a probable way of making an acquaintance with my love: the lady, who had never heard my name, was very likely to respond to such an appeal. I really looked into the advertising columns of The Times, to see if I could not find a notification to the public in general, and to whomsoever it might concern, that the lady, to whom certain pretty and heart-stirring verses had been addressed, did not wish either to see "the storm" blow away, or the "raging billows" overwhelm the writer of them. Miss K. (such was the initial letter of the dear girl's name) must have supposed, and very justly, that I needed a "ray of hope" "to waken" my senses more than my heart.

The event I have been noticing stands very prominent in my chronological table; the next in succession, however, totally eclipses it.

From the period of the last-mentioned date, I became astonishingly impudent. It may not be credited, but I do avow that, from this time, whenever we met, I looked boldly at Miss K——, without the aid of either fingers, handkerchief, or prayer-book. This was necessarily the precursor of events pregnant with importance. Just nine months after the opening of my epistolary campaign, I made a bold attack on the fortress, which I had hitherto only reconnoitered at a safe and genteel distance. I did—believe me, it is true—I did despatch to the dear object of my love a letter—a prose letter, couched in the most ardent terms of affection that a bashful man dared employ; and actually signed it with my name. I must, however, relate, that I wrote it in a feigned hand, and that I gave my address at the house of a friend, with whom I left a particular injunction to say that he knew nothing of me, should I be inquired
Love-Making by Proxy, or the Courtship of a Bashful Man.

You rush into extremes, friend; is there no juste milieu which may be found to suit a bashful man?

I know of none; blood must flow to heal the wounds of honour.

Good! spoken like a Roman, or one who is a better man, a genuine wild Irishman; but suppose my own should stream to cleanse the stain?

If so, so far good! Dan O'C—— to a New Zealander; but it would be the making of you. The brother would respect your courage, and be willing to atone for the injury he had done you; the sister—love cannot have a better avant coureur than pity—would sympathise in your misfortune; would feel convinced of the sincerity of your love. You cannot speak your love; let your minstrel do it: a pop in her cause, is to a lady the sweetest, the dearest, of young love's vows.

Ah! my dear M——, but you don't know who I have to deal with; there is no joke about the boy: his countenance, to be sure, expresses extreme good-nature, but he has an eye which tells of a sleeping spirit within, that needs only to be roused to dare: if he once get me at twelve paces, ill luck to my poor bashful body. I don't half like my situation as matters stand, even now; he may chance to fancy that I intended to insult his sister; and such is his watchful jealousy in this respect——

At this moment a note was brought me, with a message that the bearer waited an answer.

A certain tremor, the sure prognostic of an unpleasant affair, came over me as I broke the seal. Judge of my feelings as I perused what follows:

Sir,—You would have heard from me before, had I not hesitated what course to pursue—whether I should be content with bestowing no notice on you, or none, save contempt, or to call you to account for the unpardonable insult offered my sister. I have resolved to adopt the latter alternative; and the gentleman, the bearer of this, will make the necessary arrangements. I leave you, however, a choice—you may either give me satisfaction, or undergo a public horsewhipping.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

R. K.

This was sufficiently pungent to have heated the blood of a torpedo; but it had no such effect upon me. "Well, well,"
thought I, "was ever bashful man in such a dilemma?"

"Dear M——, do look at this; I am undone; I am destroyed!—Are you sure, sir, (addressing the bearer of the note,) this is intended for me?"

"I believe, sir, your name is G——," was his laconic answer.

"Unfortunately, it is; better for me had I never known it. I cannot fight, sir—indeed, I cannot fight."

"But I believe, sir, you can write—and write insulting nonsense which you fear to avow. You dislike your name, I think I understood: if an addition makes an alteration, you are in a very fair way of acquiring it. You can, if you please, be termed G——, the coward; G——, the——."

"Hold! hold! this is more than even a bashful man can bear: fight I will, provided you stipulate that my bashfulness shall not be unnecessarily violated."

My friend M—— having conved over the and, stared on me with astonishment and delight. My energy appeared to strike him with amazement. His joy found vent in giving me a hearty hug; and he vowed I was brave as Leonidas, and declared his pleasure, that an occasion had occurred to call forth my gallantry. I by no means relished his encomium.

"I suppose, sir," said the envoi, addressing M——, "that Mr. G—— will permit you to act on his behalf, in making the necessary arrangements?"

"Och, to be sure he will, and let's to work at once; I don't like these matters kept long on hand, they are so apt to grow cold; and when we have settled about affair No. 1, I shall have a few words to say to you in relation to the opprobrious epithets applied by you to my friend: I dare say we can manage to make up affair No. 2."

The gentleman did not appear to relish this, but he had fallen aboard of a boy of the right sort, and stood a fair chance of paying dear for his forwardness. I could not pity him, for of all enormities surely impudence is the greatest: in the sphere which acknowledges me as monarch, it is a crime unpardonable.

To be concise, "the thing" was soon settled: Mr. K—— and myself were to murder or be murdered at eight the same evening. As an epitome, our two friends arranged in mutual love to have a pop at each other. At my particular request we agreed all of us to dine together previous to taking the field: my object in this was to form an acquaintance, however slight, with my opponent before the hour of meeting, for my stock of confidence was not sufficient to enable me to look a stranger in the face, even with a pistol in my hand. We met at the house of my friend M——, and really a heartier fellow than Mr. K—— it never was my fortune to encounter. I actually could not help thinking that he was very silly to stake his life against mine, for my bashfulness extended even to a diffidence of my own worth. It was soon perceptible that he was spurred on by Mr. Heathland, the bearer of the "message," and, moreover, it was apparent that the same gentleman was a rival to me, and a suitor to Miss K——. The note evidently bore the impress of his handy work: he was the cause and end of the whole business: I only desired that he might fall into the pit he had dug for me.

The dinner passed off very well; M—— closed the proceedings by a speech, in which he expatiated on the glory and beneficial results of a "fourel." Wine raised my assurance a little above zero—be it understood, it was assurance and not courage which I needed—and most excellent friends, we repaired to the place appointed for our shooting match. As we progressed thither, my old weakness returned in full force; I had resolved to fight, and dreaded no wounds: my apprehensions were centered solely upon publicity, and the absurd figure I should cut in firing at a man, whom I had not sufficient resolution to look in the face. This I mentioned to Mr. K——, and begged he would excuse my rudeness in not looking at him when I fired. He smiled, as well he might; M—— gave me a frown, which by no means tended to my comfort. The privilege of choosing the ground was conceded to my second, and to oblige me, he measured out twelve paces at the bottom of a dry ditch at least eight feet deep. Behold us front to front, pistol in hand, in the fosse, waiting for the word to fire. Mr. K—— generously insisted on my having the first shot, this I would by no means accede to: "no, no," thought I, "I shall never be able deliberately to face any man and let fly: but should I escape his fire, I may perhaps, enveloped by the
smoke, be able to hold out ‘mine iron!’ at all events, I never took the lead on any occasion in my life, and I was determined not to do so now. Be it known, I exhibited no signs of trepidation during these proceedings; my bashfulness, which was a coverlet to every other trait of character, rendering other emotions stirless as the sea in a calm, even prevented me from being a coward; I possessed, in some degree, the staple of heroism—the dread of shame, the fear of disgrace. The pleasing duty of firing first devolved on my opponent: I heard the signal given! Mr. K— raised his pistol, and fired into the air. Peeping between my fingers, I saw this, and threw my weapon to the ground. I rushed to my generous opponent, he stretched out his hand; our feud was forgotten, and we were friends. I was outrageously happy; and never did I so far sink my bashfulness as in my joyfull exclamations on this occasion. M— was delighted: “By my soul!” he exclaimed, addressing Mr. K——, “Irish blood flows in those veins: where did your father spring from, boy? was your mother ever in Ireland?”

It would naturally be supposed that, after this happy finale to No. 1, No. 2 would never have been thought of: it was otherwise. Some little conversation had passed between the two seconds, before we observed what they were about: our attention was directed to them by hearing M— exclaim, “Faith! and we won’t die in a ditch; nothing like the fair green turf—are you ready?”

To our surprise, we turned and saw them prepared to fire: we endeavoured to interpose and effect a reconciliation, but our persuasions had no effect, they were determined to have a “pop” at each other; and we were determined, because we could not do otherwise, to let such wilful-headed animals run their own course. Older and better duellists: they took their stations manfully, and both agreed to fire at the same moment. They made short work of it: K—— was prevailed upon to give a signal; both fired, and M—— hit his man. The gentleman let fall his pistol, the blood streamed from his face, and flying to discover the extent of his injury, we perceived that the bullet had carried away a large portion of his nose. The pain caused by his wound must have been sufficiently intense; but this was trifling compared with the conviction that his fair proportions were curtailed, alas! that his beauty was spoilt. Poor fellow! had my bashfulness permitted, I should certainly have pitied him; his loss appeared decidedly to have turned his brain; his raving laments were such as are seldom heard beyond the confines of Bedlam. Taking him by main force from the ground, we drove to M——’s, who, to complete his work, bound up the shattered feature, but the better portion of it was blown to atoms, and could not be restored. We separated; but I had the happiness of perceiving that Mr. K—— did not regret having made my acquaintance; I was still more delighted at the triumph I had obtained over my bashfulness.

CHAPTER II.

From the time of the duel matters went on swimmingly: Mr. K—— and myself became capital friends, and I perceived that I only needed express such a wish in order to be introduced to his sister. This, however, was a shock my bashfulness could not bear: we met, ate and drunk together, but I abstained from alluding to the subject, above all others interesting to me, as carefully as if its mention would have consigned me to Newgate.

About three weeks after our duelling match, myself, M——, and Mr. Heathland, received pressing invitations to dine with Mr. K——: I was the only one who hesitated about accepting the invitation, but being assured that no strangers would be present, that even Mr. K——’s sisters would not be of the party, I reluctantly promised to attend. In this I did considerable violence to my feelings, for I could not avoid apprehending that it was intended I should undergo, to me, the severest of trials—an introduction to strange company. Having given my word, however, I could not retract, and accompanied by M——, repaired, sorrowful enough, to the house of Mr. K——. We were received with extreme cordiality by that worthy gentleman, and dinner not being quite ready, we were ushered into a waiting room; here I began to breathe freely again, for I perceived no strange faces, and was in hopes none would present themselves.

The dinner was now announced, and Mr. K—— led the way to the dining-
room; the door opened—alas! for a bashful man! I beheld at least twenty individuals, all of them perfect strangers to me, and O, can I ever forget it? my sweet dear among them, the gayest and happiest of the happy party. Miserable! I bowed at random to those around me without lifting up my eyes; stretching out my hand during the ceremonial of an introduction, I plunged it into a tureen of scalding soup, which a servant was placing on the table, and was almost stifled by my exertions to prevent the escape of an exclamation of suffering. In my endeavours to avoid notice, I centered the observation of all present upon myself, and I perceived a smile or grin on every countenance. As Miss Ann was the mistress of the house, and did the honours of the table, I was formally introduced to her: this was just four years and six months since I first fell in love with her. The smile of the sweet girl amply repaid me for my suffering, but nothing could re-assure my confidence, and notwithstanding her presence, I wished myself in some Nubian desert; I think I could better have borne the glare of the forest lord, than those looks, expressive of something midway between pity and contempt, which met me which every way I turned.

The more serious business of the table progressed, and while each successive course was undergoing demolition, I enjoyed a brief release from looks and smiles, from surmises and sneers; but the moment the knife and fork dropped, attention was riveted upon me: the cessation of mastication was to me the beginning of misery; if I saw an empty plate, I felt confident that the individual behind it was feasting upon me; scarcely could I have suffered more had this metaphor been reality, had I known myself to be the intended supply for a New-Zealand supper. "Who is he?" "What fool is that?" and such like pleasing inquiries, I fancied audible all around me. In this large company there was no one who sought to keep me in countenance, even my friend M—— was too much engrossed to bestow a thought upon me; Miss Ann certainly appeared to pity me; but pity, even hers, was cold comfort to such an unfortunate being as I was. Moreover, M—— and Miss Ann appeared to be excessively pleased with each other: this, it may be supposed, was no source of comfort to me; I did not like the familiarity which already existed between them; I was shocked to think that people should converse together the very first time of their meeting, and knowing that genuine bashfulness is a quality inherent in Irish clay, I was certainly surprised as well as grieved. I had always taken the saying, "a bashful Irishman" literally——I fear it is meant ironically.

Mr. Heathland, who was present, did not appear to like this any more than myself, he considered it a slight upon himself; and that gentleman (Mr. Heathland was remarkably short, his height not exceeding four feet six inches, moreover, he had what a connoisseur in the human form would call a slight protrusion behind,) had become sensitive in proportion to the injury inflicted upon his outward man. He looked fierce as a turkey-cock; a mighty flame glowed in his little breast, and a spark would have caused it to burst forth. M——, too, was no contemptible rival either to him or me; but a singular notion came to my consolation, it was none other than that M——, knowing my inability to make love for myself, was doing it for me. This beautiful thought pleased me vastly, more particularly as I found it to be correct on mentioning it soon afterwards to M——: this took so powerful a hold upon me, that I actually composed a treatise on love-making by proxy, for the especial benefit of bashful men; and should certainly have given it to the world, had it not been for the turn which events subsequently took. Divine girl! oh! how her countenance beamed with delight as she listened to the protestations of my friend in my favour: her bright black eyes poured their full stream of light and joy direct upon my heart; at every observation made by M—— she would look on me, and sometimes smile and sometimes blush; oh! had we been alone, I think nothing could have prevented me from throwing myself at her feet, and boldly avowing my love. But even as matters were, I began to feel more comfortable, and the dinner passed off without the occurrence of any other material incident. My little noseless rival absolutely appeared beside myself; not one word, not one smile, could he obtain; so powerful was the eloquence of M——, that the dear girl could think nor speak of any one but me, and I flat-
tered myself that she would soon be mine, without the trouble of winning her. After dinner our party was broken up into groups, and each sought recreation in his own way; some amused themselves with the song, others sought pleasure in the dance; Mr. K—— was kind enough to play a game of chess with me, the only game which my bashfulness would permit me to engage in. M—— and my sweet Ann were among the dancers, and oh! how angelic she appeared, swimming luxuriously along in the waltz, how I longed for the time to come since I could call that bearing bosom my own, then I could encircle that slender waist, and feel that firm arm pressing mine, that warm heart beating responsive to my own. These rapturous ideas absorbed my attention, and after beating me twice in ten minutes, Mr. K—— declared he would play no more. I was now left entirely upon my own hands, but fortunately Miss Ann retired for a short time, and I managed to get hold of M——: he confirmed my joyous anticipations to the fullest extent, he averred that the young lady had long perceived my love, and properly appreciated it—that I had only to make known my wishes, and they would meet with immediate gratification; but he kindly added, that if I so desired, he would save me all trouble, and, as he had begun the work, if I pleased he would also finish it, piloting my bark through the stormy sea of courtship safe into the haven of my hopes. How I blessed my good stars for such a friend! I found that which, I never dreamt of meeting in a crowd, something like serenity, if not happiness. Strange as it may seem, I certainly experienced a feeling of regret as the day drew to a close, and the hour of our separation approached: for the first time in my life having felt a little at ease in the presence of strangers; my singularities, having been well scrutinized, excited less attention; in a word, I began to feel myself at home, and became in a measure naturalized with the strangers chance had thrown in my way. The moment, however, soon arrived for making our congé; myself and M—— received a kind and pressing general invitation, and determined not to lose the opportunity, I actually ventured to take the hand which my sweet girl offered me, and do believe that I pressed her taper fingers sufficiently to cause her to be aware that they were touched. "All's well that ends well;" at the commencement of the day I was sufficiently miserable—its conclusion beheld me as happy as I well could be.

As soon as we had left the house of our friend, M—— did not fail to commend me for the genteel manner in which I had deported myself during the day, nor did he forget to congratulate me on my good fortune: he assured me that my amiable diffidence and retirement had won the heart of Miss K——, and advised by all means to pursue the same line of conduct. Nothing, he asserted, so soon won the affections of a girl, as a lowly and distant homage, so as to make it apparent that her charms had inspired us with awe and veneration; in fact, that the very course I had pursued, making love by stolen and timid glances, was much more effectual than bold prattle, than the vows and protestations of the tongue. I could not here help thinking that the doctrine and practice of my friend were rather at variance; I was well aware that he did not belong to the class of shilly-shallies; but then, I remembered that he was an Irishman, and might not exactly mean what he said. At all events, as it had been so eminently fortunate to me, I saw no reason to depart from it, more particularly as it accorded so well with my disposition. "Yes, yes," said I, "as she has been won, so shall she be retained; my bashfulness appears to have made the first breach in the fortress, it shall also consummate the victory, and gather up the spoils." I placed the management of the affair entirely in the hands of M——, merely desiring him to give it every convenient acceleration. This was necessary to my happiness, for now I was violently, desperately in love; previously to meeting and speaking with Miss K—— my affection, though powerful enough, was undefined, I was adoring a shadow; now that I had touched her, had listened to her silvery accents, I could no longer rest content with a glance. A storm raged in my bosom, my heart was in the midst of flames. I was for ever urging M—— to go and see—to go and visit her; I could not exist without receiving frequent tidings of the dear angel, and his good nature was such that he seldom refused to gratify me.
Love-Making by Proxy, or the Courtship of a Bashful Man.

He could very rarely prevail on me to accompany him in his calls, I generally made some excuse or other; and at this particular period the composition of my treatise on love-making by proxy stood me in good stead. I was well aware that I was not wanting. M—— being able to do quite as well without me; once or twice that I was prevailed on to accompany him, I perceived that my substitute was treated as kindly as I could possibly desire to be myself, and what more could I wish, or indeed what more was necessary?

Few days passed that I was not gratified by hearing of the dear girl; and the assurances of her increased attachment, which she forwarded by my deputy, pleased me equally as much as though they had been breathed in my own ear. I revelled in the anticipation of coming joys, and no stranger intruded on me to disturb my bliss, I had not occasion to look any one in the face.

Things went on in this way for some time, and M—— had long pressed me to name a day for our nuptials to take place: this I declined, and left its settlement to himself. With his usual kindness he promised to undertake the task; such was his goodness that I really think he would have married the lady in my stead, had he considered that by so doing he should have obliged me.

About three months after the dinner party, a circumstance occurred which broke in upon the quiet of my life, and roused me from my dreams of unparticipated bliss; but only, as I imagined to heighten and perfect my happiness, by bestowing on me one, who would smile at my smile, weep when I wept, and rejoice when I rejoiced. To come to the point, I received a note, of which the following is a copy:

"Dear sir,—I beg to inform you that it has been arranged between Mr. M—— and my sister for the union to take place on the——: we shall expect you by a quarter before eight at the latest.

"Yours, & c."

Need I say with what conflicting emotions I perused this note? any one who has the smallest spice of bashfulness in his composition will be able to appreciate my condition. The surprise came on me like a tornado: I wished that I were sugar that I might melt away. What must I do? it was impossible to refuse, yet how could I comply? Long and se-

vere was the conflict; bashfulness and inclination contended for mastery! Ye spirits of impudence, how I invoked you to my aid: I must consign the dread hours to oblivion; suffice it to say, I resolved to attend.

My first object was to despatch a note to the brother of her, whom the morrow was to see my bride. I implored him to cause the business to be conducted as privately as possible, that there might be no attendants or visitors, adding, that I would meet the nuptial party at the church: I, not daring to accompany my intended thither, as I had no doubt but that I should meet with a host of congratulators at her house, who, instead of getting me to the sanctuary, might have driven me to Bedlam. Fortunately M—— dropped in; he confirmed me in the course I intended to pursue, did his best to raise my spirits, congratulated me on my coming happiness, and promised to escort my bride to the church, and to see that there were no strangers present. To while away the time I sat down to review my courtship, to note its epochs, and to rest upon its more important events for a moment, as I now perceived it about to terminate. Its main results were as follows. The first twelve months, saw her face once. The next six were spent in endeavouring to find out her residence. Two years then passed away, and no prominent event marks them. For the next half year I did nothing; at the end of this time, I wrote my anonymous epistle, and stayed away from chapel for three months afterwards. The recapitulation became wearisome: I must hurry over it: suffice it then to say, that my courtship, from its commencement to the period of the duel, embraced about five years and six months, and to the present time only the short space of seven years.

"The blissful day" came upon me at a rather inopportune season; the day had been antecedently set apart for the revision of my treatise; my heart was so full of the morrow's bliss that I was unable to touch it; and as I could find no occupation which suited me, I went to bed, and fell asleep.

My dreams scarcely merit a description; they were faithful pictures of my condition awake; and this is pretty well known: let it suffice to say, that I slept soundly and rose early. It may perhaps be more interesting to know what I did
when up and stirring. Be not surprised to hear that I arranged my toilet with more than ordinary care, for even a bashful man would wish to look "smart" on his bridal morn. Dress was never with me a matter of much consideration; I followed in this respect the stream of society, for against the affectation of singularity I always entertained a deep-rooted antipathy. The test by which I was regulated in these matters was rather an uncommon one: it was and is to be seen in Russell-square. As it is my plan never to excite curiosity without gratifying it, I must even retain my kind audience on the eve of this important epoch a moment or so to explain myself: mystery is not allied to bashfulness. I said that my test was in Russell-square: it is none other than the unfortunate dwarf who sweeps the crossing at the end of Keppel-street, and really, truly, he is the best of mirrors.

The following are the results of my observations: I have invariably found that the little convenience did not descend to take any notice whatever of me if I was very shabby; was I dressed in what may be termed a clean, but seedy suit, he would hold out his hand, but in a manner that plainly told it was a mere matter of form: if I ever happened to be smart he would move his hat; and on one occasion that happened to be fine he actually took the covering off his head, and held it out for the anticipated reward of his extraordinary politeness. This automaton is an infallible judge of dress, and his set of motions are performed with the exactitude of any other piece of machinery. It being my custom to take his opinion on every occasion of importance, it is not very probable that I should neglect it on my marriage morning. As soon as I had arrayed myself, off I set, and found my little intimator at his post: his information satisfied me in every respect; I knew myself to be perfectly well dressed, for never was sultan saluted by slave more obsequiously than I was that morning by the knight of the broom.

Hereto I have fought shy of the main subject of my thoughts and my fears; would that I could say that my bashfulness had taken unto itself wings and flown away: alas! it was not so; on no occasion did it exert its power more tyrannically. A thousand times I wished that I had declined the marriage; how could I face the clergyman? how could I face the clerk? Had I believed that a hecatomb of ghosts would have risen to stare at me, I could as soon have tolerated their vacant glare! Mercy upon me! I was in a sad plight; but the time was arrived that I must either decide, yea or nay; it was necessary for me now to go, or for ever to stay away. What was to be done! my limbs seemed to exhibit signs of rebellion, to proclaim that move they would not; and as my members had always formed a commonwealth, it would not do to tyrannize over them at such a time as this, when limbs have become more powerful than the body corporate. I was, as Mrs. Flanagan would term it, quite at stock stand. But hark! the clock strikes, it really only wants a quarter of an hour to the appointed time: what must be done? there is not a moment to spare, and no coach ordered. In this emergency I refreshed my eyes with the miniature of my sweet Ann: this decided me: by one prodigious effort I mastered myself; subduing my rebellious spirit, and forced my reluctant limbs to bear me at their best speed towards the church. Hurry prevented reflection on my way thither, and I never paused until I arrived at the portals of the temple; there I stopped for a moment, and in that moment perceived that I was a quarter of an hour behind my time. This did not tend to diminish my embarrassment, which had returned in full force; but seeing all at stake, I summoned resolution, and a desperate effort brought me within the church. The first thing I perceived was a large party assembled around the altar, and some ceremony appeared to be going on. "Ho! ho!" said I, "all in good time; my turn comes second." With cautious steps and slow, I approached: the first thing I heard on getting within ear-shot was the conclusion of the last portion of the marriage ritual. I went nearer; what were my feelings as I beheld my friend M—— and my intended bride rise from the altar. For once the effect of circumstances overcame my bashfulness: "Surely, surely," I cried, "there has been some mistake here: what does this mean?" M—— turned to me with his usual good-natured smile, and exclaimed——

"O, no, my dear fellow, there has been
The Fall of Jericho.—Memoir of Rubini.

no mistake; you know it was always my wish to oblige you; in this you see another instance of it: the lady was kept here waiting for half an hour in high dudgeon lest she should not get married at all. Knowing that nothing would displease you more than to have her vexed, I took your place, and supposed that I must fill your intended situation and duties: I hope you estimate my services at their proper value."

I had heard quite enough; I left the church rather quicker than I entered it, and from that day have never looked man, woman, nor child in the face. I have altered the title of my treatise; I shall now call it "The uncertain temper of woman explained and exemplified;" and really it answers to its title surprisingly well. When I have given it to the public as my last gift and legacy, it is my intention to retire to a hermitage in the Black Forest, where my days will glide on undisturbed, and my bashfulness be only apparent to wild boars and wood-peckers. But before we part, let me strenuously urge my friends, female as well as male, never to make love by proxy.

W. Law Gane.

THE FALL OF JERICHO.

BY W. LAW GANE.

Hark! hark! the awful trumpet sounds,
Jehovah rides the blast;
Proud Jericho, her sun is set—
This day, this day's her last!
Her chieftains are mute with despair,
For her temples shall be the wolf's lair.
Again! again! the trumpet peals,
And Israel's cohorts stand,
To do the bidding of The Lord,
With poised spear and brand!
The cheeks of the haughty are pale,
And wild shrieks rise loud on the gale.
Again, the fearful note swells high!
Oh! who can brave The Lord?
And Israel hath a mightier stay,
Than spear or glittering sword!
'Tis done! and the pride of the high,
Hath pass'd as the cloud of the sky.
See! see! the tow'ring walls o'er cast!
And oh! that fearful crash!
Loud! loud! the awful thunder rolls,
The angry lightnings flash!
No engines, beleag'ring, assail'd
The Lord, for his loved hath prevailed!

MEMOIR OF RUBINI.

(From Castil Blaize.)

It has been remarked that the district of Bergamo is celebrated above all other places in Italy, or indeed in the world, for producing excellent tenor singers. Whether this privilege, enjoyed almost exclusively by the natives of Bergamo, originates in the sun that warms them, the air they breathe, the water they drink, or the polenta they feed on, has not been ascertained. There is no certainty in the matter, except that the Bergamasco throat has the facility of uttering notes on the key ut, fourth line, better than any other in the universe, whether belonging to a feathered or unfeathered biped.

Nine out of ten of the Italian tenors
come from Bergamo: so well is this known by the managers of theatres on the continent, that they as regularly go to Bergamo to recruit their tenor artistes, as the French horse-dealers go to the district of Camargue to buy white horses. But Bergamo neither furnishes basses nor sopranos; the country only produces tenors, and I have only to mention to the reader a list of persons well known, since the last century, in the highest ranks of their art, as tenor singers, to prove the truth of this curious statement. The following celebrated tenor singers were all natives of Bergamo:—

The three brothers, Bianchi; Davide the father, and Davide the son; Vigaroni, whom Rubini strongly resembles in purity of style and the finesse of execution; Gazzari, Donzelli, Bordogni, Marchetti, Trezzeni, Bonetti, Pasini, Cantù, who quitted the stage to devote his fine voice to the service of the church: to these we may add the great tenor Bolognesi, who was the delight of all Italy and Sicily; unfortunately he had contracted a vile habit of drinking, and by pouring ardent spirits down his throat, destroyed the delicate organs on which depended his ability as a singer, and in despair at being reduced from singing to speaking, he determined not to survive his voice, so fitting up a fusil with a foot-piece, he discharged the piece into his breast, and thus committed suicide.

Rubini is likewise a Bergamasco. We know of but one Rubini; the Italians of three; for this talent generally runs in families at Bergamo, although, like the birds, females are never gifted with a fine voice in that country. Out of seven children of Gian Battista and Caterina Rubini were the parents, at Romano, a little town of the province of Bergamo: three of them, the boys, were professional tenors of high repute, while among the four girls not one could sing a note. The eldest of the sons, Geremia (under which amiable appellation may be recognised the scriptural name of Jeremy, or Jeremiah,) had a very fine voice, but was forced to quit the theatre on account of ill health. Giacomo Rubini is in high repute in Germany as a dramatic singer; he likewise holds the post of first tenor at the royal chapel, and the Nesuse of execution. Gian Battista Rubini is the youngest son, and the one whose fame is so well established in England and France: he was born on the 7th of April, 1795.

The father of our Rubini was a musician at Romano, and played the horn at the theatre; he was an industrious and indefatigable soul, and added to his profession that of manager to a travelling company of musicians, which went from convent to convent, and got up a very creditable performance on fête-days, to the honour and glory of the patron saint of the community. This was a very pleasant way of filling up the spare time from the theatre: they arrived in good time at the convent or church where their services were required, and found their desks and a good breakfast prepared for them. The elder Rubini brought with him a portfolio of masses, vespers, motets, and litanies, in which his band were well versed, and the monks or nuns chose whatever they thought most suitable for their patron or patroness. The elder Rubini figured in these solemnities in the double dignity of horn-player and manager; he had, besides, three sons enrolled in his company. Gian Battista, our Rubini, sung among these travelling musicians at the age of eight, when he was not taller than the bow of a violin. He used to be perched on a stool to sing the Salve Regina, and was always rewarded for his sweet execution and docility, by the caresses and bon bons of every community of nuns, the little creatures encountered in his professional strollings.

We shall always find the highest musical geniuses reared in a school where necessity forced them to be industrious, and constantly occupy their time in one department or the other. Whenever their voices were not needed, the father of the young Rubini's made them take a part in the orchestra, where Giacomo and Gian Battista played on the violin, and Geremia performed on the organ. Thus they were never idle, and had always the study and practice of music before them in a manner where they were always forced to do their best.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the musical pilgrimages undertaken by Rubini and his travelling band of harmonists, setting out from Romano on one of their expeditions with their viols and violinos, their horns and bassoons, their violins and clarinets. The great double bass travelled on the back of an ass, and at every step of the peaceable animal sent forth a sort of low groan. There marched their commander-in-chief with his pockets stuffed full of little rolls of music, being divisions of Pergolesi or Cimarosa, Zingarelli or Meyer, which were distributed to his band on their arrival at the field of action. No noisy wheels ever interrupted a discussion on a point of art, for the troop always went on foot; and thus brought a better appetite to the breakfast or supper prepared for them by their hospitable ecclesiastic employers.

One day, this joyous band were pursuing their way, without dreaming of any harm, through the valley of Brambana, when suddenly a man started from behind a group of high rocks, and levelled his blun-
derbuss right in their path. The pockets of our troubadours were utterly void of every thing but music paper and rosin, and they so informed their interruptor, with many apologies for the want of mass and massiness of cash. The man with the rifle was none of your poor tattered scarecrows of banditti, that look as if they cry "stand" to the true man, out of the very desperation of rags and wretchedness. No, no! he was attired in an elegant suit of black velvet, banded with silk, and with a band of very dusky purple, that would have done honour to the part of the Count in Figaro; he wore a hat adorned with ribbons, whose long ends fell almost to his waist; he had a rich sash and belt, well furnished with chased dagger and pistols. His figure was tall and athletic, and, independently of his theatrical costume, he possessed the handsomest face and finest form of any man in Italy. Those who are well versed in local Italian history of the present times, will know that this gay gallant was the celebrated carbonare Pacini, a self-constituted dresser of wrongs, and champion of liberty and equality, who was an outlaw, and laid all the supporters of government in that district, by turns, under contribution. Although he was not considered by the people, in general as a robber, there was a price on his head, but an encounter with him was considered with some little terror.

After the walk of singers and their admirers had halted respectfully before this redoubtable adversary, he addressed them thus,

"You are going to Vilminore, I think?"

"We are so, Signor Pacini," replied the elder Rubini.

"I have a request to make to you, and for that purpose I waylaid you in order to signify my wishes. Be not alarmed, I mean you no harm—I love music, and have often done myself the honour to protect musicians. I will now explain what I want of you. You know that a price is set upon my head: I had some days ago been shot like a dog, in the corner of a wood, or on the highway; I shall fall by the ball of some traitor, and my body will be hacked to pieces without receiving the rites of religion, or the spiritual succour of holy church. You are going to perform at Vilminore, I will be there at the hour of the mass, and for my body (being in the present) you shall sing a de profundis and libera.

The elder Rubini assured him that they would exert their best skill to give him the utmost satisfaction. The caravan then filed off before the fierce carbonare.

Scarcely had the choir arrived and taken their places when carbonare Pacini was seen leaning just within the church door, his blunderbuss under his arm, and his hand on his dagger. He listened to his own funeral service with the firmness of a hero, and the resignation of a Christian; nor did he quit his post till the Credo was sung, and the solemnity that followed. The music finished, he made good his retreat, having first acknowledged his obligation to the band by a gracious inclination of the head, like a sovereign who condescends thus to signify that he is content with the performances of the musicians of his chapel. We think these two scenes, both that in the pass and in the chapel, would make good pictures.

Soon after this adventure, Pacini met with the fate he had foreboded. He had a trusted companion whose office it was always to watch by him when he slept. This wretch, tempted by the price of ten thousand ducats, discharged his blunderbuss into Pacini's bosom while he was sleeping, and cutting off his friend's head, and carrying it to the government, got the reward. Sordid wretch!

The elder Rubini thinking that his son Gian Battista would study with greater regularity at a distance from home, placed him under the care of one Don Santo, a priest and organist at Adro, in the province of Brescia. Don Santo was a fine composer, and well grounded in the rules of singing. But he was either unaccompanied with the best mode of communicating his knowledge, or his pupils were not attracted by what he had to offer; for he sent him back to his father in less than a year, with the assurance that young Rubini would never make a singer, and then advised his father to seek for him some other profession. The father laughed this judgment to scorn; he commenced giving his son a regular series of lessons, and when he had obtained the results he expected, he invited Don Santo to hear a mass, in which young Rubini sung the Qui tollis in so divine a manner, that, despite of his former predictions, his late master was transported, and the father enjoyed a double triumph, both as parent and professor.

At the age of twelve years, young Rubini made his début on the stage at Romanio, his native town, in the part of a woman. This odd prima donna dressed for the character which he was to undertake, figured at the door of the theatre, seated between two lights, and before a baser whereon the passing population deposited their payments; and this was the way in which the grazioze of all Europe received his first benefit from the public. The success of his début was considered very complete. Soon after, he entered into a theatrical engagement at Legnano, where, however, neither his talents as actor nor singer were at first acknowledged, for
Memoir of Rubini.

his principal duties were to play on the violin between the acts of the comedy, and to sing in choruses; perhaps his voice had not yet attained its fine tone; it certainly was not appreciated till accident caused it to be noticed by the public. A new piece was in rehearsal, and a difficulty arose respecting the person who was to sing a particular cavatina. The prompter mentioned Rubini, who was called, and promised by the manager a piece of five francs in reward if he gave satisfaction. The boy undertook the cavatina, and was rapturously applauded. It was an air of Lamberti: Rubini keeps the music yet as a memorial, and sometimes sings it out of gratitude. Notwithstanding the voice of the young man completely filled up the theatre Bergamo, which is larger than that of the Academie Royale de Musique, at Paris, yet he was rejected, as wanting compass, when the manager of the Milan theatre had to choose singers for the Opera. So much for the judgment of managers, it is the public alone that knows how to place talent in its proper grade.

When Rubini was about seventeen he joined an itinerant company, and gave up singing in chorus, and the violin, for a dramatic career. At Fossano he acted in "I Due Frigioniari" of Pucitta, "Don Papriolo" by Guglielmi, and "Il Venditore d'Aceto" of Meyer. After many adventures peculiar to strolling players, he was settled, during the summer of 1814, at Vercelli, with his troop; but the theatre was obliged to be closed for a month while it was under repair. During this vacation, Rubini and a friend of Modl, agreed to make a tour through the neighbouring towns and villages, for the purpose of giving concerts, and thereby picking up a few ducats: Rubini was the possessor of six louis, which he generously embarked in the speculation, Modl had but four. With this capital, they set forth, and set forth on their expedition. The first place they arrived at was Alexandria della Paglia, where they applied to the mayor for permission to give a concert; but that worthy functionary declined compliance, as he had that very evening given permission to a rival violinist to perform in the town. At Novi, their next stage, the comedians were playing every night, therefore they could not get an audience. At Valenza, our troubadours found neither rival nor theatre; but the bishop was dead, and his flock were engaged in mourning his loss. Quite desperate with all these hindrances, the unfortunate musicians turned their steeds for Vercelli whence they came, for both their purses and their patience were in a state of exhaustion. As they approached the town of Trino, the road was choked by immense droves of swine bound for that place. It was market-day; and Trino, be it known, is the Rumford of that part of Italy. Exceedingly malcontent they made their entry into Trino at small pace, in the midst of an ocean of pigs, which impeded their chariot wheels by force. In this state they were spied by a friend, an amateur of music, with whom they had made acquaintance at Vercelli. This dilettante, making his way to them through all impediments, soon heard the account of their disasters. "If you will but give a concert here," he said, "I think you will be repaid for all your disappointments."

"Here?" said Rubini, looking ruefully at the fresh inundations of pigs that went squeaking and grunting past. "Yes, here," said the zealous friend: "it shall be no expense to you, I will lend you a large concert room, I will take the part of bass with the violincello, and I have a friend who plays admirably well on the horn who will volunteer his services."

That very noon the town-crier announced the concert with his trumpet. It was to take place at day-light, to save the expense of candles. As soon as it was announced, the pig-merchants and sausage-makers of Trino ran in crowds to have their ears refreshed with other music than the squeaking of their swine, and munificently paid their ten sous pieces with a good grace for admission. The concert went off with great eclat, the pig-vendors of Italy fully appreciated the powers of the great Rubini, and the receipts amounted to a very respectable sum.

Rubini remained with the Vercelli company, enduring at times great hardships, till, conceiving himself ill-treated by Ferrari the manager, he determined to seek his fortune at Milan. There the Marquis Belcredi, who had some concern with the operas, proposed to engage him for a short autumn or poco tempo of four months at Pavia, at a salary of eleven crowns per month.

"But how can I get there?" asked the destitute vocalist.

"You can go on foot," said Belcredi, "it is not far."

"Where am I to get lodgings?"

"The manager is to find you a little chamber, one lodging at Pavia at no cost at all."

"How can I find myself clothes?"

"Your coat is new, it will last you respectably for six months, and you will receive your salary at the end of four."

"Yet I must eat."

"True, but singers ought not to overload their stomachs. A little soup and bouilli for the morning meal, and salad for supper is all-sufficient. Go, go, my friend; this is your first step into the world, and if you are deterred by difficulties of minor importance,
you may waste your best years with strollers."

Rubini took this excellent advice, went to Pavia, and succeeded so well that his fame reached Milan. At the end of the engagement, the Marquis Belceredi went to Pavia, and engaged him for the carnival, and then sent him to Brescia, giving him a thousand francs for the season. After- wards he sung at Venice with the basso Zam- boni, while Madame Marconini was the contra alto; it was for the latter singer that Rossini wrote the "Italiani in Algeri."

Soon after, the Marquis Belcreri made him sign an engagement with Barbaja, director of the Naples theatre, for six months, at eighty-four ducats per month. Here he sung "I Fiorentini" with Pellegrini. In case of very decided success, the contract with the manager declared that the engagement could be renewed for a year at one hundred and ten ducats per month.

The success of Rubini was most complete; nevertheless, the niggardly manager finding that the young singer was very desirous of remaining at Naples, for the sake of becoming familiar with the routine of a great theatre, and of receiving the excellent lessons of Nozari, whose instructions were improving him daily, took advantage of his necessity of acceptance. Barbaja only offered to renew his engagement at seventy ducats, instead of the eighty-four for which he had at first agreed. Rubini, looking for ward to better times, which he knew depended on his continuance at Naples, had the good sense to comply with the tyrannical laws of the avaricious manager. When accepted, he said, "You now take advantage of my situation, but, sooner or later, you will have to repay me what you deprive me of with interest, when my fame is fully established."

It was in 1816, when Rubini was in his one-and-twentieth year, that the first opera was composed and written for his voice. The Adelson e Salvina, composed by Fioravanti. The air was sung by Rubini and Pellegrini; the effect was admirable. The same composer wrote "Comin- gio Romito," in 1817. The principal part was confided to Rubini, whose success was so great, that it extorted even from the manager, Barbaja, a handsome sum, in addition to the young singer's monthly appointment. Rubini, in 1818, went to Rome with Pellegrini; Fioravanti, who had got the situation of master of the chapel at the cathedral of St. Peter, here greeted his friends with the intelligence that he was writing his opera of "Enrico IV." As the composer finished his acts, he sent them piece-meal to be studied by Rubini and Pellegrini. It was not till the evening before the representation that Rubini got the grand cavatina of his part of Henry the Fourth; he read it, whistled it over, and sung it the next evening.

It was at the carnival of 1819 that the opera of "La Gazza Ladra" was first represented at Rome. Rubini, Ambroggi, Pellegrini, and Mademoiselle Mombelle performed in this chef-d'oeuvre. Ambroggi represented the Innkeeper, the part that had been originally written for him; Pellegrini sustained the character of Fernando. The opera, thus strongly cast, was welcomed at Rome with enthusiasm that amounted to a mania. Every evening was encored repeatedly, the prison duo of "Forse un di conoscerei" (perhaps one day it will be known), sung between Mademoiselle Mombelle and Rubini. The Roman ladies were perfectly bewitched with this celebrated scene; it was the rage for the masks at the carnival balls to carry puppets dressed in costume like Gianetto and Ninetta in the opera of "La Gazza;" and these little dolls were, next to the performers they represented, the exclusive objects of the attention of the fair Romans. At this time Benelli, who had been commissioned by the Parisian Opera directors to engage singers in Italy, would have persuaded Rubini to accept his offers, but Barbaja interposed, and refused his consent to this agreement.

Whilst at Rome, Rubini often sung to the Princess Pauline Borghese, who greatly admired his voice, and in its soothing tones sought a remedy from the profound melancholy which oppressed her. It was remembered, that, some time before, the Princess Belmonte had been nearly brought to the grave by a nervous affliction on the spirits, for which no cure could be found, till the celebrated tenor singer, Raff, repeated to her every evening for a month the air of "Solitario bosco ombroso," (lonely shady wood), for which melody she had a particular affection, and every time she heard it sung by the great vocalist, poured a torrent of tears. The relief of weeping had before been denied this lady, and the melodious voice of Raff caused these salutary tears to flow; which, perhaps, relieved the overcharged brain from madness, for she soon after recovered her spirits and healthful gaiety.* The Princess

* We are far from interested in saying, that English physicians cannot do better in many cases of nervous weakness, than recommend light and agreeable reading to their afflicted patients; we say it without affectation, that several eminent medical men, as well as affectionate friends, have recommended even this Magazine as a source of comfort for the invalid; with what beneficial effect it is not for us to speak; but we strongly recommend a diversion which shall not weary; a reading which can for a brief space at least engross attention —and thus give to nature her full power, temporarily, and perhaps, permanently, of over
Pauline Borghèse had recourse to the same remedy; but the sorrow with which she mourned a falling house was too deep-seated to yield to song; the accents of Rubini might for a time soothe, but could not heal her grief. She often sent for Rubini to hear his melodies, and when he left Rome, she presented him with a superb diamond.

After Rubini returned to Naples, he went to Palermo with Donzelli and Lablache. He appeared there with Lablache in “Il Matrimonio Segreto,” wherein Lablache represented Il Conte Robinson.

In Italy, jealous husbands are scarcely known. Pass the Straits of Messina, and you find the dagger, the poison, the cord, and the dungeon, all ready to vindicate the least infraction of decorum. Sicilian husbands combine the suspicious manners of Spanish spouses of the fifteenth century, with Turkish vigilance and vengeance. If a singer at the theatre is supposed to direct his regards too long to one particular box, he is likely to rue such imprudence, even if it be only the effect of accident.

When Rubini first arrived at Palermo, he had an instantaneous patronage of a princess, whose name must not be mentioned here. The lady received him with the graciousness that is generally accorded to persons of talent; and without the slightest design on the heart of his beautiful patroness, Rubini paid her the compliment usually afforded to ladies of the first rank in Italy, who patronise music, by addressing some of his most brilliant performances to her box. The prince, her husband, who was possessed of a large share of Sicilian jealousy, did not understand this music—coming a disease, which, in too many cases, at least, arises from the action of mind upon a frame weakened by the misdirection of its own energies, and feeding upon the constitution of the sufferer. None are ignorant of the effect of music (too powerful perhaps for the really weakened patient to listen to, when agreeable reading might be beneficial) upon almost every frame. The band plays—the stationary multitude is in an instant voluntarily in motion; if the air be cheerful, every countenance beams with joy; if sombre its bearing, almost every visage is downcast. And in this there appears to be something natural—something which forms part of our very nature. The child no less than the tutored man feels it, and responds to its well-called “touching” tones; even the hardy Highlander, absent in distant regions, is carried back heart and soul to his native hills, and could not be detained by the rigour of discipline, were particular airs not prohibited which would remind him of his own country. David calmed the storm: of his passions by means of music. Again then, we repeat, the physician try all in his power, by such exercise of mind over matter, to work a new era in the healing art; we doubt not much yet remains, under this head, to be accomplished.

—Ed.
ples, instead of Bergamo and Palermo, whether her destination was. Barbaja followed his advice, and Mademoiselle Chomel was the ornament of the Neapolitan stage for two years, during which time she so often played Rossina to Rubini's Almaviva, and their hands were so often joined before the fall of the curtain, that they at last took it into their heads to ratify this marriage in good earnest, and Mademoiselle Chomel became Madame Rubini.

In 1824, Barbaja lost the direction of the Naples theatres; nevertheless, he did not relinquish the engagements of his singers, but carried to Vienna the most finished and numerous company that had perhaps ever met together. Among his tenors he could reckon Davide, Rubini, Donzelli, and Cici-mara; his bases were Lablache, Ambroggi, Botticelli, and Bassi. He had nine prima donnas, who had attained, or since have acquired, great names: these were, Madames Rubini, Mainvillie Fodor, Eckerlin, Ungher, Dardanelli, Grimbaun, and Mademoiselles Sontag, Giudetta Grisi, and Mombrilli. At this time, Mercadante wrote "Il Podesta di Burgos," whose libretto is an imitation of "I Puritani," less successful. In this piece Rubini, Lablache, and Madame Mainvillie Fodor, undertook the principal parts. The opera was received at the imperial capital of Austria with great applause; and notwithstanding his competition with such constellations of talent, Rubini made daily progress in public favour.

The time at length came, when Rubini appeared at Paris, whither his reputation had preceded him. His début was made at the theatre Favart, October 6, 1825, in the part of Ramiro in the "Cenerentola:" the sensation he excited will not be easily forgotten by many French. After six months Barbaja again recalled him, to the great regret of his Parisian audiences. He obtained from the French journalists unbounded commendations, and the title of King of the Tenors.

He divided the year 1826 between Naples and Milan; it was at the latter city that Bellini wrote for him the fine part of Gualtiero in "Il Pirata." The year 1827 he was engaged at Vienna and at Milan.

Donizetti composed "Anna Bolena," and Bellini "La Sonnambula:" they were both first performed at the theatre Carcano. Rubini, Galli, and Madame Pasta, supported the principal characters in these celebrated pieces.

The quality of Rubini's marvellous voice had been gradually improving for the last six years, and had not, perhaps, reached its present exquisite tone till this season, when Bellini and Donizetti, taking advantage of his peculiar and original powers, composed some of their celebrated melodies, to suit his flexible talent.

His first appearance in London was in the character of Gualtiero in "Il Pirata," while his wife played the part of Imogene. Their success was so decided, that they were summoned on the scene after the opera: a testimonial not very common from an English audience. Madame Rubini could with her own talents have supported a less gifted partner; but Rubini was desirous that she should give up the fatigues of a theatrical life; and as they have no family to provide for, he thinks his own exertions sufficient for the task of realizing their fortune. For fifteen years Rubini and his wife were entangled by the claims of Barbaja, who disposed of their persons and voices as he pleased. It is true that this manager yielded Rubini's talents to the principal capitals of Europe, but this was for his own most enormous profit; for instance, when Rubini has been paid the sum of 125,000 francs for the services of himself and his wife, only 60,000 found their way to these performers; the rest was devoured by the manager at Naples, whose bond-people they were.

This statement ought a little to ameliorate the angry feeling that is often manifested by the English public, when their journalists comment on the immense sums received by foreign artists for the exertion of their vocal powers, when we find that the chief part of these enormous proceeds are absorbed by those who have undertaken to bring forward and make known those rare talents which give exquisite delight to an audience; and when we consider that the cruel catarrhs, which are the scourge of our island, often entirely destroy the delicate organs on which depend the peculiar tone of a fine voice, and this painful malady more frequently afflicts the unhappy patient at the moment when exertion is most called for, we shall find that England is not quite the paradise for foreign performers, which it has been usually represented to be by our periodical press.

The height of Rubini is but five feet three inches; but his figure is extremely good and well proportioned, and his talents are decidedly dramatic; and when a glimpse of talent in the Italian drama will admit it, our singer becomes an excellent actor. His voice is a true contralto, an elevated tenor, rising from the note mi to si, of the voice from the chest, and prolonged to la in the flessè treble. Wonderful facility, powerful volume, and a delicious timbre, with soul subduing pathos, characterises this astonishing voice. There is a sort of trembling on the sustained notes, which, instead of being conidered a defect, is found greatly to augment the pathetic expression for which this singer is so highly famed.

It is only since the last five years that
Rubini has been free from the bondage of Barbaja, and consequently capable of reaping the benefit of his own talents. He has divided his professional exertions since that time between London and Paris; and has held a distinguished place in all great musical reunions and professional performances in both countries.

THE ANGRY LOVER'S PARTING.
SONNET BY DRAYTON—1620.

Since there's no help—come let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me!
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free!
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's fleeting breath,
When his pulse failing passion stirs less lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes—
Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over—
From death to light thou mightest him recover!

TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES.†
BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

CHAPTER I.

Humphrey de Bohun, Duke of Hereford, and hereditary high-constable of England, dying in the early part of Richard the Second's reign, left two daughters, who were the greatest co-heiresses in England.

Eleanor, the elder of the twain, was married before her father's death to the famous Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester and Buckingham, uncle to the reigning sovereign; but Mary, the youngest, had but just attained her fifteenth year at the time of the Duke of Hereford's decease.

Each of these noble ladies was entitled to lands whose revenues were not less than fifty thousand nobles a year; a prodigious sum in those days, when the value of money was so considerable, that daily labourers worked twelve hours for a penny fee.

In addition to her share of the divisible lands of Hereford, the Lady Eleanor, in right of primogeniture, claimed the castle and rich domain of Pleshy, or Plaisy, near Thackstead, in Essex, the seat of the hereditary high-constable of England, and many other important seignories and privileges, besides the office of constable of England, which was granted to her husband as her deputy.

Now one would suppose that such a mighty dower with a wife would have been sufficient to satisfy any one; but as some people can never have enough to content them, the Duke of Gloucester cast a greedy eye on the younger sister's share of the patrimony. Unluckily for the Lady Mary de Bohun, she had been confided to his guardianship by her father on his death-bed, and this covetous guardian, taking undue advantage of the power that had been reposed in him, resolved to devote the youthful co-heiress to a convent, and by that means to appro-

† For further notice of Rubini, we refer to our critiques upon the King's Theatre.
‡ The following Tales of the English Chronicles have been published in this Magazine; viz. —
No. 1. Hubert de Burgh, the favourite of King Henry the Third, January, 1834, p. 6.
No. 2. The Sanctuary, in the same reign, April, 1834, p. 206.
No. 3. The Prisoner of State, during the Wars of York and Lancaster, December, 1834, p. 376; and January, 1835, p. 10.
No. 4. The Double Bridal, during the same period, March, 1835, p. 150.
No. 5. Sir Lucas Stanmore and the Lord High Admiral, February and March, 1836, pp. 103 and 160.

The above numbers may be had singly, or in the respective half-yearly volumes.
priate the whole of the lands and honours of Hereford to his own use, in right of his wife.

The Duchess Eleanor, even if consulted in this matter, which is a very
doubtful point, offered no opposition in her sister's behalf to the pleasure of her
princely consort, for she was one of those quiet patterns of conjugal duty who knew
no other law than the will of an imperious husband, and the royal duke her
spouse was absolute master of his own house, from the lowest cellar to the loftiest
attic.

He was, it is true, the most strenuous
advocate for public liberty that ever courted
the favour of the Commons; but woe to
those who nurtured the slightest resistance
to his own private despotism, or interfered
with his schemes either of gain or ambition.

Had he obeyed the dictates of his
arbitrary and covetous temper, he would
immediately, upon her father's death,
have consigned his young sister-in-law to
the dreary shades of a cloister, without
condescending either to consult her
inclination, or to have recourse to any
sort of device to lead her taste that way:
but the wealthy co-heiress of Hereford
was an object of eager attention, not only
to all the needy courtiers and profligate
favourites of King Richard II., but also
to every bachelor member of the royal
family, all of whom kept a jealous eye
upon the duke's proceedings, and he was,
therefore, constrained to dissemble his
designs, and play a cautious game with
respect to his rich ward.

The Lady Mary de Bohun was in her
fifteenth year at the time of her father's
death; "a perilous age," as her guardian
observed with a deep sigh to his ever
acquiescent consort, the Duchess Eleanor.
Moreover, she was of a high spirit; and
since the marriage of her elder sister,
she had governed her governesses, ruled
her masters, and rendered her noble
father, the lord high-constable of England
himself, the puppet of her baby whims.

The Duke of Gloucester was aware he
had to deal with a damsel who, young as
she was, knew her own consequence—
one who, had she been the elder sister,
would have claimed her father's office
of lord high-constable of England, and
scorned to practice it by deputy, even
though that deputy were her own hus-
band, and a Plantagenet.

She knew the omnipotence of wealth,
girl as she was, as well as if she had been
the lord chancellor. She had been
taught by her father to look down with
pity, allied to contempt, on the poverty
of her sovereign, and to treat the preten-
sions of all the noble suitors who had
hitherto sought her hand with utter dis-
dain.

The confiding frankness of early youth,
which hopeth all things and believeth all
things, had been carefully checked and
repressed by the worldly wisdom of her
cautious father, who taught her to suspect
guile and deep design in every one about
her.

This was one of the pains and penal-
ties attached to the envied possession of
riches which the heiresses of all ages
are doomed to pay: those gilded fetters
which restrain the sweet flame of natural
feeling, and check the warm affections
of a young heart, before the cold, cruel world,
has thrown its first blight upon them.

The Duke of Gloucester observed the
state of his sister-in-law's mind with secret
satisfaction. It augured well for his pro-
ject of keeping her single.

"She distrusts men, already," said he;
"she is jealous of the probable influence
of her wealth upon those who have sought
her in marriage of her father. She has
never loved, and, if discreetly managed,
she never may. The energies of her
strong mind shall be directed another
way. Praise be to the saints, she is no
beauty, and she has too much sense to
fancy herself one. She will betake her-
sel to a convent of her own accord, if
only to evince her contempt for the flar-
teries of mercenary wooers; and in the
mean time, I will turn her attention both
to learning and religion."

The result of the wily duke's first con-
versation with the Lady Mary was suffi-
cient to discourage a less resolved per-
son; for though she could both read and
write, which were rare accomplishments
for females of the fourteenth century,
she yawned aloud at his artful commenda-
tions of the beauty of learning, and as-
sured him "she was a prodigy in compari-
son with the Duchess Eleanor her sis-
ter, and that she already knew more than
was required of any lady of rank:" and
when he cunningly attempted to dis-
course on piety and the charms of a holy
life, she, with equal candour and truth,
informed him, "that she was not a whit
more heavenly-minded than himself:"
and furthermore protested, "by her yea
and nay, that she should consider it exped-
dient for him to set her the example of
embracing a monastic life, before she
could resolve to give up the pomp and
vanities of this wicked world."

The Duchess Eleanor stood amazed at
the pertness of her young sister, and the
imperious duke regretted that his office
of guardian to this perverse damsel did
not invest him with the power of bestow-
ing a paternal chastisement upon her.
However, he dissembled his wrath, spoke
her fair, and requested the family con-
fessor to enjoin a sharp penance for
the good of her soul the next time she went
to him for spiritual consolation.

This was rather an odd way of creating
a relish for a religious life in the mind of
a young lady who had avowed a profane
disinclination for such things; but politi-
cians, when they give way to the indul-
gence of ill temper, are very likely to
destroy their own projects. The mighty
Duke of Gloucester was not profound
enough in his observations of the move-
ments of the human heart to be aware
of his own want of judgment in trifles,
and the great chain of the events in every
person’s life are linked by minute springs,
and those springs are, in nine cases out
of ten, moved by trifles.

The Lady Mary de Bohun had never
been enjoined to perform penance before,
and though she could not prove the fact,
she somehow or other suspected that the
infliction proceeded from the influence of
her princely brother-in-law on her hi-
thero complaisant spiritual director. She
did not take the thing at all graciously,
and a few days afterwards informed her
sister of Gloucester, "that she found no
comfort in Father Benedict’s ministry,
therefore it was her intention to choose
a new confessor and almoner."

The Duchess Eleanor held up both
hands and eyes in amazement at hearing
a girl of fifteen talking of so presum-
tuous a thing as discharging the family
priest, and using her own understanding
in the selection of another to supply his
place.

For the first time in her life she was
eloquent in discussing the monstrousness
of such a proceeding.

Notwithstanding all the sage exordiums
of her married sister, the perverse co-
heireness of Hereford was resolute in her
refusal to confess any more of her pec-
cadilloes to the man who had ventured to
enjoin her first penance.

Father Benedict made a solemn com-
plaint to the Duke of Gloucester on the
contumacy of his ward. The duke ele-
vated his eyebrows when he heard the
charge, till they touched the top of his
low stern forehead, and addressed the
young lady in these words:

"Why, how now, my lady sister! art
thou bent upon incurring the foul name
of a Wicklifite, by this perverse folly of
thine, in refusing to confess thy sins, and
obtain godly shift for the same?"

"Nay, marry, my princely brother,"
replied the damsel, "I wot not of having
done any thing lately which requireth
shift of any man; I know I lead a more
sober life at this dull castle of Pleshy
than the priest who enjoineth me pe-
nances; yea, and a more innocent one
than he who hath put such grievous
tyranny into my confessor’s head; and I
tell you fairly, that rather than be sub-
ject to such a yoke, I will profess my-
self a follower of the parson of Lutter-
worth outright, and claim the protection
of the right royal and puissant Duke of
Lancaster, your brother, who is the shield
of the Wickliffites."

"My fair sister, this is idle discourse,"
said the Duke of Gloucester; "but light
as it seemeth, it is weighty enough to
bring you under the papal censure, if
repeated before persons less lovingly dis-
posed towards you than myself and your
sister, my princely duchess; and I pray
you to consider how grievously you may
be mulcted both in penance of body and
of purse, before reconciliation with the
church may be effected for you; therefore,
I beseech you to call to mind the expe-
diency of removing the evil scandal of
your late heretical life, by setting an
edifying example of holiness and saintly
demeanour."

"I have no objection," said the young
lady, "to undertake a pilgrimage to the
shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, for
the good of my soul."

"I dare say not," muttered the duke
between his shut teeth; "these same pil-
grimages are pleasant pastime for idle
demoiselles who are on the look-out for
lone adventures. No, no, my fair sister,"
pursued he aloud, "it is not for those who
have been leading the life of vile heretics,
to presume to approach that holy shrine."
"Then," said the Lady Mary, "I will bound me to the holy land of blessed Walsingham, and expiate my late disobedience, by offering a pearl necklace upon our Lady’s shrine."

"Our Lady will accept nothing at thy hand, Lady Mary de Bohun, till thou hast made the amends of leading a godly and devout life for at least six months to come," said the duke; "therefore, I counsel thee to begin a notable course of pious exercises forthwith."

"The first of which shall be to provide myself with a truly devout and irreproachable almoner," replied the Lady Mary.

The Duke of Gloucester did not contest that point with his resolute ward. His forbearance did not proceed from an inclination of indulging her in her wayward opposition to his pleasure, but because he suddenly called to mind an ecclesiastic far more likely to forward his object with a damsel of Lady Mary’s temper than Father Benedict, who was, in sooth, a very sleepy sort of person, who loved Burgundian wine better than his breviary, and was little likely to persuade a spoiled girl of fifteen, and the wealthiest heiress in England, withal, to renounce the pomp, and vanities, and riches of this world for a dull conventual life. It was the height of folly in the duke, to imagine that it would be in the power of any one to accomplish such a change in the inclinations of his sprightly, self-willed sister-in-law; but great politicians often deceive themselves by making absurd calculations, so he said to himself—"The learned and eloquent Sylvanus Vaux, of Oxenford, shall be the new almoner for my ward; and if it be in the power of any one to entice a maiden of her temper to book learning and devotion, he is the man; and I swear by my hopes of the undivided lands of Hereford, that if Sylvanus prevail upon her young ladyship to profess herself a nun, he shall be rewarded with a bishop’s mitre for his pains."

Very small affection had the Lady Mary de Bohun for a father confessor of the Duke of Gloucester’s providing, for she had many confessions to make of her dislike to his guardianship—her distaste to the dull seclusion of Pleshy Castle, where she was as carefully mewed up from the sight of man, as if she had been already vowed a nun, and some shrewd suspicions of her own, that it was his design to keep her single, because she was, as co-heiress with her wife, entitled to half the lands of Hereford, which he at present held in wardship.

Now she knew she could not indulge herself by making disclosures of an important nature to a priest, whom he had recommended so warmly as the soft-spoken Sylvanus, of Oxenford, so she resolved to treat him as a snake in the grass, and honour him with very little of her notice. It was, however, far easier to make such a resolution than to keep it, for Sylvanus, of Oxenford, was so courteous, so affectionate, and so agreeable in his behaviour to her, that, despite of herself, she was enticed into converse with him, both on spiritual and temporal matters, a dozen times a day; and though she often studied disobliging speeches for his discomfort, she could not find it in her heart to address premeditated insult to one so meek, so pious, and so learned, as the venerable Father Sylvanus. Such were the prevailing charms of his manners and conversation, that he, insensibly, and even against her own consent, as it were, led her to take delight in the various studies to which he directed her attention. Books, he soon convinced the Lady Mary, would afford her a constant and pleasing resource against the dulness of Pleshy Castle, and the wearisome society of her sister and her handmaids, whose whole discourse was confined to such topics, as patterns for embroidery and tapestry, the relative merits of silks or crewels for the execution of the same, or the best and most improved methods of weaving the fine threads they spun from Suffolk hemp into sheets and napery.

The Lady Mary took no pleasure either in stitching, spinning, or weaving. She had no mother; and ever since her sister’s marriage she had been accustomed to unbounded liberty. Hunting, hawking, and riding with her noble sire, had been among her favourite pursuits; and now she had attained to the important age of fifteen, she felt it difficult to conform to the quiet occupations of a spinster or a housewife. She did not consider that it was any point of duty in the heiress of fifty thousand nobles a year, to put any constraint on her inclinations; and having no employment but grumbling, no amusement but quarrelling with her princely brother-in-law and guardian, the tedium of her life till the arrival of Father Syl-
vanus at Pleshy Castle, can scarcely be described.

If the personal advantages of her new almoner had borne any proportion to the beauty of his mind or the charms of his conversation, and he had happened to be forty years younger than he was, it is possible that some of the wealth of the younger co-heiress of Hereford might have been employed in purchasing from the pope a dispensation from his monastic vows for Father Sylvanus Vaux, with liberty to marry; but the accomplished almoner was a little old man, blind of one eye, and grievously afflicted with gout and other maladies, which, albeit, they might render him the object of a fair young lady's pity, were not very likely to create a feeling any way allied to love.

Notwithstanding these outward defects, the genius and graceful manners of Father Sylvanus obtained for him that influence over the mind of the haughty Lady Mary de Bohun, which no former preceptor had ever possessed. He succeeded in convincing her of the value of intellectual cultivation, and she became eager to avail herself of the advantages of instruction from such a master. To make up for lost time, she now studied with such persevering assiduity, that the Duke of Gloucester began to exult in the success of his scheme. Had that scheme been merely to render his petulant uniformed, the most learned woman of the age in which she lived, he might have rejoiced with reason; but he only sought to inspire her with a thirst for knowledge and a taste for studious pursuits, in the hope that she might be induced to retire to the quiet shades of a cloister, as other learned females had done before her, in order to enjoy leisure and opportunity for their indulgence.

Although at that period England was beginning to emerge in some degree from the profound depths of ignorance, which from the time of the Norman conquest had overshadowed the land, yet learning was still in a great measure confined to conventual cells: which circumstance may well account for the great influence of churchmen in temporal affairs, since "those who think will rule." The Duke of Gloucester had no intention of endowing his sister-in-law with this perilous faculty, when he took such exceeding pains to turn her young mind to the acquisition of knowledge.

On the contrary; he fancied that such pursuits as those to which she had been artfully drawn, would have the effect of rendering her a pure votary of ideal perfection and moral beauty, not to be met with in the coarse denizens of the work-day world, from which he trusted she would, in the romantic fervour of youthful enthusiasm, turn away with disgust, and in some moment of high-wrought feeling, pledge herself to a celestial spouse.

Now it happened that the Lady Mary had not a single spice of romance in her composition; she had at fifteen an equal share of worldly wisdom, and twice as much keenness of perception as the royal duke her brother-in-law; and after three years' intense study under the auspices of one of the clearest-headed ecclesiastics of Oxford, she improved her natural abilities by the acquisition of both learning and reflection; and while she preserved and even affected a childlike petulance of manner, she was in effect a match for a pope's legate in diplomatic address.

Pleshy Castle was now the resort of all the learned ecclesiastics in the neighbourhood, who were invited thither by the Duke of Gloucester, in the hope of increasing the Lady Mary's relish for that peculiar cast of society, in which alone acquirements could be understood and appreciated. Her vanity was indeed flattered by the commendations and admiration which she received from persons whose intellectual powers had been so carefully cultivated and adorned, and whose manners, like those of Father Sylvanus, were remarkable for their agreeable insinuation; but when they enlarged on the glory of sacrificing all earthly vanities and distinctions for the good of the church, she candidly assured them her ambition pointed to a different goal.

Father Sylvanus had long ceased to exhort her on subjects of the mind. He understood her character perfectly well, and in his own mind transferred his expectations of a mitre from the Duke of Gloucester to his wealthy pupil at some future period. That period, however, never came. The almoner was stricken with a mortal sickness in the midst of all his brilliant visions of preferment.

The Lady Mary de Bohun, who really valued the one-eyed little old priest better than any thing in the world,
made a friendly visit of sympathy to his bedside, attended by her damsels and page of honour.

Father Sylvanus, greatly touched by this condescension on the part of his high-born pupil, expressed an earnest wish to speak to her alone; and when her attendants had withdrawn, he disclosed to her all the Duke of Gloucester's sinister designs with regard to beguiling her into a life of celibacy, which he assured her, on the word of a dying man, was neither so honourable, nor yet so good for the soul, as the state of holy matrimony.

The Lady Mary evinced no surprise at this information, for she had seen through her guardian's shallow project from the first; and she told Father Sylvanus that she lived in the hope of out-witting him.

The father cautioned her against speaking her mind too openly at Pleshy, and obliged her with much useful advice as to her future conduct with regard to her princely relatives, and soon after expired with a clear conscience.

After the death of Father Sylvanus, the Lady Mary de Bohun demeaned herself with great circumspection. She divided her time between her study and her oratory, and discoursed in a very edifying manner of virgins and martyrs to all the ecclesiastical visitors who resorted to Pleshy Castle to feast at the royal duke's expense, and to lay plans of their own for appropriating the lands of the young co-heiress of Hereford, not to the use of their noble patron, but to the service of holy mother church; but they had to deal not with a weak, ignorant girl, who might be flattered or played upon at will, but with a shrewd, shrewd-eyed damsel, who had been trained and educated by one of their own craft; so they only wasted their pains on her, and gained nothing.

About this time, the Duchess Eleanor, who had hitherto borne only daughters, presented her princely consort with an heir, whose birth was the commencement of a series of festivities and rejoicings, such as the gloomy shades of Pleshy had never witnessed, since the foundation of the castle was laid by the first high-constable of England.

The babe was an uncommonly lovely boy, and was welcomed by his young aunt with much affection as a fair living toy, who would afford her some amusement during the long dull winter that was approaching; and so well pleased was the Duke of Gloucester at the symptoms of regard which she bestowed on his heir, that he actually invited her to act as godmother to the new-born at the approaching splendid ceremonial of his christening.

The duke had a provident eye to the interests of his infant son in this arrangement, hoping to behold the whole of the lands and honours of Hereford eventually centre in him either by heiress or bequest.

The Lady Mary made a demure curtsy and a suitable acknowledgment for the honour that was designed her, bestowed a second caress on the baby Plantagenet, and withdrew counting her beads.

The duke was in a perfect ecstacy at her behaviour, which he considered remarkably promising; and when he observed her a few minutes afterwards, walking on the esplanade of the castle, in earnest conference with the bishop, who came to administer the rite of baptism to his infant heir, he made no doubt but she was consulting that reverend prelate on her pious intention of retiring from the world. He was somewhat mistaken as to the nature of the colloquy, for the young lady was employed in extracting all the information she could from the bishop respecting the names and persons of the courtly guests who were expected to attend the approaching stately ceremonial.

She could not have applied to any one who was better able, or, indeed, more willing to satisfy her curiosity on this point, for the Bishop of —— was in possession of a list of all the guests whom the Duke of Gloucester had bidden on this occasion; and being greatly charmed with the learning, engaging manners, and sprightly wit of the fair querist, he obligingly drew a slip of vellum from his sleeve, and read as follows, to his attentive companion ——:

"A true and faithful catalogue of the royal, noble, and worshipful guests who have been bidden by that most royal and redoubted prince, Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, Earl of Buckingham, and High-Constable of England, to the christening of the puissant prince, his heir, whom may God preserve and bless. Amen.

Sponsors: first, the illustrious and most royal Prince Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, and Earl of Cambridge, fifth son of
The Co-Heiress of Hereford.

our late Lord King Edward. Secondly, the right valiant and royal Prince Henry of Lancaster, Earl of Derby, the nephew to my Lord the Duke of Gloucester.”

“Doth he in any wise resemble him, holy father?” interrupted the Lady Mary, with some vivacity.

“I grieve to say he doth not, fair daughter,” replied the prelate, “for, sooth to say, he savoureth of the vile heresies of the evile parson of Lutterworth.”

“Doubtless, he is a very ugly and ill-favoured person,” said the Lady Mary, crossing herself.

“All heretics are unlovely,” replied the bishop.

“Peradventure he is old, too?” said the young lady.

“His iniquities exceed his years,” replied the bishop, “for he is not more than two-and-twenty at the utmost.”

“I suppose he resembles, in shape, his grandfather, Henry Duke of Lancaster, who was surnamed wry-neck?” observed the Lady Mary.

“He is of a stiff-necked and perverse generation,” replied the bishop, “like others of his evil line.”

“I pray you, reverend father, to dip my fair young nephew thrice in holy water after this foul sponsor hath embraced him,” said the Lady Mary, “or I shall never endure to kiss him again.”

“All proper purification shall be resorted to, believe me, daughter; and we must pray that grace may be given the babe to renounce and defy this godfather, along with his other ghostly enemies, as soon as he shall be able to pronounce the vulgar tongue.”

“Which will be at a very early age, I will answer for him, or he is no true scion of the Gloucester line of Plantagenet,” thought the Lady Mary. However, she did not make her opinion on this point known to the bishop, who was a noted court gossip, but took a second peep over his shoulder at the list of the dramatis persona, among whom she was to play so conspicuous a part at the approaching pageant.

Her own name occurred, of course, next in order, as godmother to the most high and puissant prince of ten days old; then was written in fair characters, “Item, Sir Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, and Lord Admiral of England.”

“That noble is my kinsman,” cried the Lady Mary, with much pleasure.

“Thy cousin in the third degree, lady,” said the bishop. “The Lady Eleanor, Countess of Arundel,” pursued he, recurring to the list.

“Mine own dear aunt, whom I have not seen since the sorrowful day when I became an orphan!” exclaimed the Lady Mary.

“Sir Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick,” continued the bishop.

“Is he an old man?” asked the young lady.

“No, daughter, a sprightly bachelor,” replied the bishop. “Let me see who cometh next: oh! the Lord Mayor of London, and six of the worshipful aldermen of that great city, besides a train of knights, squires, and fair and noble ladies, too numerous to be counted over at this time: howbeit, they are all fairly and particularly set forth in this parchment, which was sent to me by my lord duke’s confessor, ere I set forth on my progress to Pleshy.”

The Lady Mary de Bohun went to bed that night in a livelier mood than she had done since her father’s death, and dreamed pleasant dreams of gallant knights and stately nobles who sought her favour, and craved permission to wear her colours at tilts and tourneys, where they swore to maintain her beauty at the point of lance against all challengers.

This appeared the more agreeable to the sleeping fancy of the noble demioiselle, because her charms had never been extolled by any one, and the Duke of Gloucester had frequently repeated a mortifying thanksgiving in her ear, “that she was no beauty.”

A beauty she certainly was not; but even the duke’s retainers and men at arms were wont to say of her, “that the Lady Mary de Bohun was a pretty brown maid, light of step, and blithe of brow, whose merry glance might have won many a true pere, had she been of lower degree.”

Compliments, for which even the lofty co-heiress of Hereford would have felt grateful, as affording a gratifying contradiction to her guardian’s disqualifying observations; but she remained perfectly unconscious of the fact, that her high name was ever made the subject of discussion by persons of inferior station; and men of her own degree had had no opportunity of forming an opinion of her personal charms, since she had attained to womanly stature and presence.
CHAPTER III.

The morning of the important day that was to bring so much good company to Pleshy Castle, was ushered in with the ringing of bells, and a most surprising bustle, both within and without the castle, of servants running in another's way, and reviling each other, in their zeal to get all things in the best possible order for the approaching festive solemnity.

The Lady Mary de Bohun was awakened two hours before her usual time for rising, by the hasty entrance of Mrs. Joan, the duchess's own gentlewoman, attended by two of the silk-maidens, as the young persons usually employed in embroidering and other fancy works were called, bearing between them the costly mantle of white and silver brocade, fringed and powdered with goodly pearls, and lined with rose-coloured satin, in which the wealthy young godmother was to hold the high and puissant prince, her nephew, at the baptismal font, together with the delicate square of lace and point-worked lawn, wherein she was to receive and lay him after his immersion in the consecrated water.

"Is that all?" said this undutiful aunt and godmother, rubbing her eyes.

"All!" responded the astonished and indignant gentlewoman of the Duchess Eleanor; "what would your ladyship have over and above this worshipful christening-mantle of white, the foundation whereof cost no less than ten crowns per ell at Padua, beyond the seas; as for the precious pearls wherewith it is fringed and wrought, they would sell for more sterling gold than our late Lord King Edward gave in dowry with either of his daughters. Then there are three pounds of threads of burnished silver, broidered in rare poesy work and dainty devices to enrich it, to say nothing of a whole month's hard and cunning labour of these poor wenches, Judith and Bridget, who came hither in the hope of receiving praise and largess from you ladyship."

"Oh! if it be money you want of me," said the Lady Mary, "you must send my woman Margery to fetch hither my purse of silver groats; methought it had been herself entering with my silver-broidered kirtle and watered coloured cote hardi, with the hanging sleeves that I ordered to be purled with satin and edged with silver points instead of the far of martins, which ill become a summer's day; albeit, it will be well suited to my degree."

"May it please your ladyship, Master Nykin, the tailor, hath been too busily employed with my lady duchess's tire to attend to the speeding of your ladyship's order," cried Margery, entering with a face of consternation.

"Hence!" cried the Lady Mary, springing out of bed, and hastily casting her chamber robe about her, "are not my garments ready for me?"

"Woe betide the false loon who promised me so fair, that all should be festy-fashion'd and fairly stitched by peep of dawn, and then hath foreworn himself to our utter confusion and dismay," cried Margery, in a doleful tone.

"Go to him, good Margery, and tell him, that if they be ready by nine of the clock, I will reward him with a brace of nobles," said the Lady Mary.

Margery returned with a blank countenance, exclaiming, "The villany of tailors hath been a proverb ever since the days of Adam, who was the first of that evil fraternity, I troth; and now hath this wretched fellow Nykin verily cast aside your ladyship's christening garments, with all their beauty and bravery, to stitch up a new court pic kirtle, and with all appurtenances—impertinences, I call them, for Mrs. Joan yonder, and not only to view these my masters, but a high double-peaked cap, in which she will look like the horned owl in the desert."

"Bold-face, I defy you!" cried the indignant waiting woman of the duchess. That double-peaked cap, as you, in your ignorance, call my dainty head-tire, is from a choice pattern, privily obtained from one of the Bohemian waiting women of her grace Queen Anne, which I have obtained my lord the duke's sanction to wear at the christening of my young lord the Prince of Gloucester, to do him honour withal."

"And hath the Duke of Gloucester also given you authority to break the tailor off from my work to employ him on thy garmenture, the fashion of which, I troth, is of passing small import to any one?" exclaimed the Lady Mary.

"Ay, marry, hath his princely worship," replied Mistress Joan, "by this token, that he said 'As for my gentle sister, the Lady Mary of Hereford, she affecteth not the worldly vanities of tricking and trouncing up new parelling on every idle
pretence, like the vain damsels whose outward comeliness enticeth them to such follies. My Lady Mary needeth no new robing, having vast store of costly gear, which she inherited from her lady mother, laid up in lavender, always ready against such occasions as the present; therefore, may Master Nykin, after he has done his stitches for my lady duchess, be well spared to sew for thee and the nurse.”

“My Lady Mary of Hereford is beholden to the thrifty consideration of her princely brother-in-law, forsooth!” cried the co-heiress, with infinite disdain; “but by the blood of all the Bohuns, if I am to be dictated to like one of his household retainers touching mine array I will appeal to King Richard himself, against his tyranny, and pray him of his royal grace to provide me with a husband, to take the wardship, both of my lands and person, out of his hands.”

When the Duke of Gloucester heard this bold saying of the Lady Mary, he repented his own rash folly in having intermeddled in such matters, as neither become a prince nor a gentleman to concern himself withal.

“By my troth,” said he to the Duchess Eleanor, “I believe I might with greater impunity have burned one of your sister’s castles to the ground, than curtained one plait or purfling of the gown of white and silver stuff it hath listed her to employ my tailor in fabricating for her use at this busy season.”

“My princely spouse,” quoth the Duchess Eleanor, “I warned you not to trouble yourself with my sister’s array. It is a thing no lady will endure from men-folk, as wherefore should she?”

“My lady duchess, I admit that I was to blame in the matter,” responded the duke; “but methought it would lead to worse follies, if she were permitted to dissipate her godly thoughts, and consume her time and treasure in the outward vanities of dress and decoration; for look ye, Nell, she would next be exercising her glances, right and left, to discern how the young gallants of the court, whom I was perforce compelled to invite to the christening of our heir, affected her in her new-fangled bravery.”

“Nay, my good lord, but the damsel would esteem herself free to do that, if so be she were only clad in russet or Norwich say,” observed the duchess; “and as for the chance of her making the deeper impression on the hearts of the men of King Richard’s court on account of the fashion or richness of her array, that is but an idle fancy, I know; for they who knew the golden lining of her gown, will see charms in the wealthy co-heiress of my father’s lands, beyond the power of the coarsest muffler to obscure.”

“Perchance,” said the duke, “she may take such a huff about this slight, which Nykin hath offered to her white and silver kirtle and robe, that she will utterly refuse to honour our christening with her presence.”

“And then our fair son will lose all the brave christening offerings which she hath prepared for him,” returned the duchess.

“That would be better than the chance of her making away with all her demesnes in marriage with one or other of the greedy nobles who have fixed their eyes upon the inheritance of Hereford, and are eager to pay their court to her, of which they will have only too good an opportunity if she make her appearance at this christening. There is the handsome Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, for one, hath five times over made suit to me for her hand, with the impudent pertinacity of a buzz-fly, that let you drive it from your nose ever so often, returneth to tease you again and again, in spite of all your buffeting.”

“Is not that the noble who sued for leave to bear the taper of virgin wax at the boy’s christening?”

“Yea, Eleanor; but not for love of us, or out of respect to the babe, I trow; though he hath sent in, as his christening present, a curiously chased spice-box of solid gold, which is verily the bravest offering he hath yet received; nathless, I am persuaded that it was only given to purchase for himself a convenient standing near our young co-heiress during the ceremony, which would also afford him the license of saluting her at the conclusion of the rite; and who knoweth what mischief may result therefrom. So I think, my lady duchess, that the afront which hath been offered to your sister is well-timed and seasonable, if it operate to prevent her from making her appearance in either the chapel or the hall.”

Here the conjugal conference was interrupted by the entrance of Mistress Joan, who burst into the ducal chamber with the air of a distracted person, wring-
ing her hands and tearing her hair with the most frantic demonstrations of despair. "The boy, the precious boy! hath aught amiss befallen him?" cried the duchess in a fit of maternal alarm.

"Oh, worse than that, my lady!" exclaimed the waiting woman, beating her breast.

"Worse!" cried the duke indignantly, "is the woman mad?"

"Well nigh, in sooth, most puissant lord duke, for my Lady Mary of Hereford—my Lady Mary of Hereford—my Lady Mary of Hereford—" sobbed Joan, apparently unable to articulate any thing beyond the name of that noble damsel, though ready to choke with the violence of the emotion that impeded her utterance.

"The Lady Mary of Hereford," repeated the duke, "what of her?"

"Oh! saints and angels, she hath committed such a deed; but she will be punished for it, I hope, for all her greatness."

"What is it she hath done?" cried the duke.

"A very foul and evil deed," said Joan, wringing her hands: "sure there will be no christening after all to-day at Pleshy, for she hath with her own hands most barbarously and maliciously—"

"Oh, heavens!" cried the duke, turning deadly pale, "whose blood hath she been shedding?"

"Blood!" repeated Joan, staring wildly upon the duke.

"Don't drive me frantic!" exclaimed the duchess, "but let me hear the worst at once. Is it my little daughter, or my sweet son, whom she hath slain?"

"Dear, my lady," cried Judith, the silk-maiden, who had crept to the door to listen, "be not so sorely affrayed, I beseech you, with Mistress Joan's peevish coif; one would think she were stark mad to scare you thus. There is no blood spilled, nor any thing in the castle slain, save Mistress Joan's high-horned cap, which my Lady Mary of Hereford hath cut in sunder with Master Nykin the tailor's great shears, out of despite, because they had bad the insolence to put aside that right noble lady's worshipful work, to give place to Joan's outlandish head-tire."

"Is that all!" cried the Duchess of Gloucester, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, "I would that my sister had cut off a bit of the wench's screech-owl tongue over and above when she had the shears in her hand, ere she had so frighted me with her intolerable poetration about her own frippery fool's-cap, as if the princely duke and I cared for such gear for servants' wearing."

"Moreover," said the duke, who appeared highly amused at the adventure, "Nykin can make the wench another before the christening hour be come."

"Nay, but that is what he cannot do," sobbed the afflicted waiting-woman, "for my Lady Mary of Hereford, not contented with the slaughter of my brave cap, the cost of which, to say nothing of the buckram and the wire for the scaffold of the horns thereof, which I had by me, was no less than six silver groats, has seized upon the christening mantle of my young lord prince, which she vowed she will not resign until Master Nykin have finished her robe and kirtle, to which she hath been pleased, out of malice to me, to add so many devices of cuts, and loops, and points, and purplings, that the poor soul will be hard set to get it done by high noon, and then what chauce have I for my head-gear?"

"In good sooth," said the duke, laughing, "it must be owned that my Lady Mary hath fairly outwitted us all, and thou art likely to go without thy horns, good Joan; for the christening mantle must be redeemed, even if I take needle and thimble in hand to speed Master Nykin in his stitcheries."

(To be continued.)

IMPROMPTU

On a wicked Editor, who would disturb our deceased Contributors (John Galt and others),
by writing letters to them thus:—

One who scarce can spell a letter
Would by letter tempt a spell,
Would he time not spend much better
Himself in going down to * * *.
In the West Riding of Yorkshire, there stands, in gothic magnificence, the ancient castle of Montalingham; and in a beautiful valley, little more than a mile from this baronial residence, rose the modest mansion of Josiah Primrose, one of the people commonly called Quakers: the exact regularity of the building, the order and neatness of the grounds, were perfect emblems of the quiet spirits which reigned within. The father of Mr. Primrose had left New York with an immense accumulation of wealth, acquired by mercantile speculations, which had succeeded, and with his only son, then in infancy, fixed his abode in this spot. He had been educated in the most rigid manner; those finer feelings of the heart, which from some traits in his character, might have done honour to humanity if suffered to expand, were contracted and chilled by precise austerity. He married him, at an early age, to one of his own persuasion, and soon after paid the debt of nature, bequeathing him his whole possessions, without one generous passion to gratify. The fair friend, whom he had made the wife of his bosom, had a superior mind, and more elevated sentiments. "Thinkest thee, Friend Primrose," she would say, with rather an arch look, "that thy broad-brimmed hat, or the little close, pinched cap of thy Miriam, will lead her or thee one step nearer heaven? Verily, verily, I tell thee, no; and that our community regard too much the outside of the platter, but consider not the foulness that lieth hidden within."

She was the mother of two amiable children, and as their father left them, solely to her guidance, without any other concern, than keeping them strictly to their religious duties, they received rather a liberal education: her daughter Miriam, to a lovely figure, united the sweetest disposition, and the gentlest manners. An intimacy, not very common with people of their reserved profession, was established between them and the inhabitants of the neighbouring castle; and the young Miriam, being much beloved there, often shared the lessons of wisdom from the instructive lips of Lady Montalingham, who educated her own daughters. Her free access to such elegant society, improved those talents with which nature had blessed her, and gave her a vivacity, which, tempered by her innate softness, rendered her a truly pleasing and estimable female character. She was usually distinguished, wherever she appeared, by the appellation of the accomplished Quaker: yet, so modest was her demeanour, and so strict her piety, that even the most severe of her own people approved her conduct. Vanity is inherent, we believe, in the female heart: Miriam's intimacy with the ladies of the castle gave her a blameless pleasure in dress, which her mother easily allowed; and it was not uncommon to see her white frock decorated with a broad sash, her straw hat tied with ribbons, and her fine flaxen hair in ringlets: these little infringements procured Friend Primrose the title of the "gay sister:" perhaps she was not altogether undeserving of it, for she would look with pleasure at her daughter joining the ladies of the castle in the lively dance; but this was, indeed, unknown, and frequently, the modest, unpretending woman would say, with an inquiring eye, "Surely, surely, Friend Montalingham, this must be innocent, else thee wouldst not permit it in thy presence." "Are we not told," Lady Montalingham would reply, "that innocent cheerfulness is pleasing to Heaven; and that they are neither true nor judicious promoters of religion, who dress her in such gloomy colours?" By such softening arguments, Lady Montalingham was sure to procure her favourite a participation of all the innocent amusements of the castle.

Josiah Primrose, the brother of Miriam, possessed all those virtues that give dignity to human nature; the most unaffected piety without bigotry, justice without severity, and mercy and tolerance without weakness; though compelled by a strict father to follow the rigid tenets of a persuasion, whose principles are good, but clouded with many errors, his philanthropy was unbounded; and he considered himself as a member of one vast body, whose charities should be distributed to all in distress, without confining them to one set of people, merely because they happened to be of the same religious opinions: his understanding was good
and highly improved, and when he wished to enjoy superior satisfactions, he went to the castle where he was sure to find the purest benevolence and exalted friendship, with all the refinements of sense; but the young Josiah found an attraction above all others, drawing him to the castle; for the fair Madeline he felt more than a brother's affection; there was a congeniality of mind and similarity of sentiment, and the attachment strengthened with their years till they both reached maturity, when they were the dearest friends.

Lady Montalingham had established a school in the village; and one fine morning she walked to the valley to solicit a subscription, and on being announced, was desired to enter: she found Mrs. Primrose seated at work, and the gentle Miriam by her side copying with her pencil a branch of roses which lay on a table before her.—“Sit thee down, Friend Montalingham,” said Mrs. Primrose, while the quiet smile which beam'd on the mild countenance, displayed the serenity which dwelt within; “thee hast pleased me much by this unceremonious visit; verily I feared that which thy people call politeness would not have allowed friendly intercourse, but gladly I find thee art above it.”

“Indeed, my dear Mrs. Primrose,” replied her ladyship, “true politeness so much talked of is little understood; it is congenial with delicate minds, excludes formality, and consists in an easy attention to the wishes of others; it is equally remote from ceremony and low familiarity.”

“Thee hast well defined it, friend,” said Mrs. Primrose; “and now practice thine own principles; throw aside thy shawl. I pray thee, and share our dinner; Josiah walketh out with his son, but will soon return.”

When all were assembled round the Quaker's hospitable board, Lady Montalingham explained the advantages of her school; it being an asylum for the aged, and affording education and clothing to the young:—“I know you are charitable and humane,” she continued, “and entreat your contribution.”

“Thee art a faithful servant to thy Maker,” said Mrs. Primrose; “and he who marked and applauded the widow's mite, will reward thee.”

“And thinkest thee,” interrupted Mr. Primrose, “that we ought to aid thine undertaking; verily, thee knowest that the poor of our people trouble not thee nor thine?”

“We are all the children of one great and good Parent,” said Lady Montalingham, “and equally the objects of his care.”

“True, neighbour,” said the Quaker, “but all his stewards do not equally their duty; didst thine eye ever behold one in our simple habit hang on thy door for food? were thine ears ever assailed with their whine for charity?”

“When the poor ask our assistance, we seldom inquire their faith; nor can we assert that none of your persuasion ever begged for alms; for the neatness of your modest attire could not be discerned through the rags of poverty.”

The Quaker wished not to extend the argument: he highly appreciated the characters of all at the castle; and he closed the subject by saying—“Thee hast gained thy point, Friend Montalingham, and while thine asylum stands, it shall have a supporter in Josiah Primrose.”

In uninterrupted peace and pleasing intercourse, several years slipped away; the young people of the castle and valley reached maturity, rich in every mental grace and personal qualification; Josiah's attachment to Madeline was firm and decided; but it was unreturned and hopeless—and yet it continued unsabdied by time and circumstances: he had refused to unite himself with a rich daughter of his people, and provoked his austere father to meditate sending him abroad: meantime an unaccountable gloom seemed to gather round the inhabitants of the castle; and the sensible gentle heart of Madeline found her chief solace in communicating her unquiet anticipations to her sympathising friend, Miriam Primrose. One morning they were indulging in a melancholy walk in the most retired part of the castle grounds, when they were rather startled by the sudden appearance of a gentleman, who, bowing with respect as they past him, took the direction of a private road to the castle; he wore the artillery uniform, and had a cravat round his arm and hat. As this gentleman is the hero of our tale, it may be necessary to give a short sketch of his history.

Captain Adolphus Granville was de-
scended from an ancient family, whose respectability had survived its pecuniary means of supporting it; and the young man's relations, conceiving a military appointment the most likely method to be relieved from his complaints, at the age of sixteen he received his first commission; he possessed strict honour, amiable manners, and a fine figure; and he was universally esteemed as a soldier, and respected as a man of worth and integrity. In country quarters, a young lady of independent fortune, saw and loved him. Glanville was twenty-two, and with an unengaged heart, felt no reluctance in accepting a young creature with a tolerable fortune; though not a fond lover, he ever treated her with tender complacency; and with a mind more sensible and refined, domestic happiness might have been established; but no sooner had she escaped from the watchful care of her guardians, than forgetful of her duties, she indulged in every kind of dissipation. Her husband strove to lead her back to the quiet paths of propriety, but in vain—she proved incorrigible; and though she accompanied him to America, she unblushingly owned that love of change was her only inducement.

Glanville was attacked by a fever: with looks of affection, softened by illness, when slowly recovering, he begged her one day to stay with him, she coolly replied, "Not to-day; I assure you I am engaged with a party on the water; I trust the fortune I brought can afford to hire a nurse." She would listen to no further remonstrance; she left the apartment, never more to enter it; the pleasure-boat was driven out to sea by a sudden squall, several bodies were cast ashore; but that of Mrs. Glanville, the strictest search, was never found. Her husband mourned her early fate, while his friends thought he had some cause rather to rejoice. Miriam's frequent visits to the castle produced an intimacy with the modest maid; and before either understood the nature of their feelings, they became devotedly attached to each other: in vain poor Miriam struggled with her guiltless passion, still the form of Glanville would obtrude—his faith, her father's, his rigid tenets; true, her mother did not confine all righteousness, all perfection to her own sect, and she might have sanctioned her daughter's attachment. Things were in this uncer-

tain, and, we may add, unhappy situation, when Glanville, who had been several months a visitor at the castle, resolved to know his fate; and as Josiah was his confidant, he set out on a walk to the valley, intending, through his mediation, to acquaint Mr. Primrose with his proposals for Miriam. In meditative mood he had passed a Chinese bridge which led to the valley, when he found himself in a wood that bound the gardens of the mansion; the shades of night were surrounding him, but the moon was rising in all her silent majesty, when, as he advanced through the trees, in a little rustic temple which stood on elevated ground, he perceived a glimmering light; it might be Miriam; he quickened his steps, and was ascending those leading to the building, when a shriek was heard, followed by groans, as if from one in pain: he advanced, and beheld a figure extended on the earth, with a man's foot stamping on it. A blow was aimed at the prostrate victim, which Glanville received on his shoulder: another assassin raising his arm had laid him with the dead, but drawing a small sword from a stick which he usually carried, he parried the blow, and plunged the weapon into the villain's breast. The accomplices raised the body, and fled, while Glanville knelt by the unfortunate stranger; but who can describe his horror—his anguish, when he discovered in the one he had rescued, the brother of his beloved Miriam, the excellent unoffending Josiah. —"My friend—my preserver!" he cried, in faint accents, "Miriam—" he could add no more; for enfeebled by loss of blood, he became insensible; and in that state, Glanville, though writhing in the agony of his own wound, supported him home; and as the door was opened, both fell clasped in each other's arms. The family had waited supper for Josiah, and his unusual absence had occasioned painful anxiety; the opening door had brought Miriam to the hall, and when she beheld the two beings dearest to her on earth, pale and covered with blood, and, as she supposed, lifeless, she shrieked, "My Glanville—my murdered Glanville!" brother she would have added, but she lost all remembrance in insensibility. They were both tenderly, anxiously attended by Miriam and her mother. Josiah's wounds were pronounced neither mortal nor dangerous,
Glanville’s shoulder was dislocated, and a fever ensued; at length both were convalescent. Josiah could give little information of the accident, but as his pockets were emptied, the attack was attributed to robbers. Glanville had perfectly recovered; but excessive weakness and spitting of blood, occasioned by the violent blow on his stomach, still afflicted Josiah, for which the physicians ordered him to a milder climate: this arrangement suited not his wishes; but the despair of his mother, and the stern commands of his father, who welcomed any pretext to separate him from the fascinations of Madeline, at length prevailed. He left the valley, but not before he had cemented eternal friendship with Glanville, by a promise to sanction, and promote his wishes with Miriam, who in his presence plighted vows of constancy to each other. The departure of Josiah, and the hopefulness, the despondency of Miriam, which visibly began to undermine her delicate constitution, so affected the declining health of Mrs. Primrose, that in language soft as, if an angel spoke, the mother would fold the melancholy girl in her arms, she would tell her of her faith, the blessings which attend obedience to parents, the pleasures of friendship, and would describe the illusions of passion. Miriam listened with much attention; tears were her answer, deeper suffering the consequence. “Oh, Josiah Primrose!” cried the sorrowful mother, sinking at her husband’s feet, yielding to the strong impulsive feeling of the moment, “husband of my youth—husband of my heart, bereave me not of my children; I am about to leave thee, Josiah; soon, very soon, thee wilt close my weary eyes; and when I lie cold in the earth, thee Josiah, wilt in bitterness deplore thine obduracy, yield then: my husband, give thy daughter in holy marriage to Glanville; his principles are great and good, with him her faith will be secure, and thee wilt behold her persevering in that modest simplicity of life, we deem the most unerring.”

He heard this with an immovable expression of countenance; at length he spoke—“I may lose thee; yea, wife of my bosom, I may love thee; but will not lose my God; thee may’st fall, but never shake my firmness; let me hear no more, for as the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, the hour that maketh Miriam the wife of a husband beyond our pale, the bitterest—I curse not, but the God of light will punish!”

“Cease, cease! thou man of sin!” said his wife. “Oh, Source of being, universal God! let thine all-pervading spirit illumine the benighted mind of him who dares to circumscribe thy wondrous goodness—confine thy unbounded mercy to a scanty few! Oh dawn, auspicious morning, with a light shall lighten our darkened path that ne’er shall fade, when earth shall be dissolved, the mountains melt away, the chain of being broken, distinctions lost, and glad creation in one general voice without those forms which dim devotion here, shall hail and praise thy excellence to never-ending ages!”

Miriam had contrived to have one secret interview with Glanville after her brother’s departure, and then weekly resigned to suffer, devoted all her time and attention to soothe her declining mother. In these hallowed duties her mind acquired a holy calm, and when discomfort could prevail, the thought, and it was comfort, that each moment takes away a grain at least from the drear load that’s on me, and gives a nearer prospect of the grave.

The lapse of a very few years produced circumstances most unexpected, vicissitudes unanticipated, and events disastrous in the families that have employed our pen: a change came over the castle and its inhabitants, and the gloom of sadness overwhelmed the retirement of the valley. Sir Charles Montalingham had become security for a brother officer endeared to him by early associations, and long military intercourse: his friend speculated deeply; his schemes failed, and the lands, and also for a time the liberty, of the too-confiding baronet, were forfeited. His property was brought to the hammer, and purchased by Josiah Primrose, the austere, opulent Quaker. Lady Montalingham’s heart was broken; she died. Sir Charles declined, he sunk gradually in health and spirits, and was ordered by his medical attendants to try a milder climate. His excellent daughter Madeline, who had married Mr. Glen-dinning, a young man of high family and splendid fortune, ever fondly devoted to her father, attended him to Lisbon; but grief lay too heavy at his heart, dear remembrances pressed too heavily on his mind, for climate to affect; he was beyond the reach of human consolation; and
knowing his beloved child secure in the bosom of honour and happiness, had but one earthly wish—to be laid in the grave of his wife, in the vaults of his ancestors.

"Farewell, my son, take my darling from these feeble arms. She is an angel, that will bless her husband as she has blessed her father. May the God of consolation preserve and guide you through this perilous world, and may we meet in purer regions never to part again." He expired in his daughter's arms without a groan. Surely the end of the good man is peace! how silent his passage, how quiet his journey, how bandler of death! No misery unrelieved, no talents misapplied, no error unreformed, no wealth abused, disturb the solemn moment; but the soul, reposeing on Almighty mercy, wings her mystic flight to future worlds.

The shades of night were descending, with slow and heavy pace, the hearse containing Sir Charles's remains, attended by Madeline and her husband, entered the valley of Montalngham: a dense fog precluded every object from their view; and a low wind, stealing through the apertures of the carriage, sounded in their ears like the passing sigh of nature to the memory of Montalngham. The gates of Mr. Primrose were closed; the servant rung and knocked, reverberating echo returned the sound, but no one appeared; a stinging nettle and the deadly nightshade grew by the threshold. "Cheerless plants," exclaimed Madeline, "ye were not wont to rear your noxious heads around this dwelling." At length a servant appeared; Josiah Primrose was asleep.

"Our business is urgent," said Mr. Glenning; "we will wait till he awakes."

"Thee mayst leave it, then, in writing; for Josiah Primrose communeth not with strangers," answered the domestic, and the doors were about to be closed, when a maid of the household, who recollected Madeline, obtained them admission. They entered the veranda; remembrance crowded on Madeline; she looked around; "All are gone: nothing left," she exclaimed, as Mr. Primrose appeared. A chilling gloom hung over his heavy eyes, his face was pale and emaciated, and his bending figure was supported on a staff. After a cold salute from him, Madeline said, "I intrude on your solitude, Mr. Primrose, with the request of my dying father."

"Then thy father is departed," interrupted he.

"His hallowed clay rests at your gates."

"Oh, he is happy," rejoined the Quaker, while something like a sigh was stealing from his heart, which severity chilled ere it could be resired. To spare the feelings of Madeline, her husband addressed him. "As the proprietor of Montalngham Castle, I present Sir Charles's last request to be laid at the side of his deceased wife: will you have the kindness to give the necessary orders?"

"Kindness and I have parted for ever," he replied in hollow voice: "yes, for ever: but the dead—I war not with the dead. Deposit the body, and never interrupt my hours again." "Yet hear me," cried Madeline, in a beseeching tone. "your wife—" "She sleepeth in the dust." "Dear Josiah?" "He returneth soon; now depart." "Yet once more—my Miriam?"

"Name her not!" and the Quaker's wasted frame shook with irrepressible passion: "name her not! her ways are wickedness, her path destruction, and her steps lead down to hell; forsaken by her father and her God, like unto Cain she wandereth upon earth, marked. But I curse not—yet, bitter as is my heart, so keenly bitter will be yet her portion."

Madeline appeared fainting, while her husband, shocked, exclaimed, "Poor erring mortal," and supported her from the presence of the austere sectarian.

Their melancholy business over with the rector, at whose residence they were received with a warm welcome, Madeline's inquiries were answered, respecting all that had occurred since she and her family were driven from the protecting roof of the castle: it was left uninhabited, the lands let out, and only the gardens were kept in order by a man, who gained subsistence from their produce. After the death of Mrs. Primrose, poor Miriam resolved to devote her days to her father, and, if possible, subdue her fatal love for Glanville: she had entreated, and at length commanded him to depart, and no more to tempt her to forsake her duty: but still, unknown to her, he remained in the neighbourhood, and watched her steps: meanwhile, poor
Miriam felt the extremity of wretchedness; her mother dead, her brother absent, her friends dispersed, without solace and without sympathy, still she might, strengthened by her piety, have succeeded, but that her father, groaning beneath the weight of many self-created sorrows, imposed such severe restraint on her, that life became a burden. She was one morning deploring her relentless destiny in the gloomiest recesses of Montalingham forest, when Glanville overheard her, and kneeling at her feet, conjured her, with resistless tenderness, to save him from despair, and make herself happy; and he recalled her mother’s sanction and blessing, her brother’s wishes to remembrance: to be brief, Miriam yielded, and became the wife of Glanville. Upon their return from the borders, they forced themselves on the presence of their father. It is true, he imprecated not curses, but, like St. Paul with the offending coopersmith, it amounted to the same.

“Lord, in the day of thy wrath, forget not the bitterness of a father’s heart.”

She fell at his feet; he spurned her, and the gates of the remorseless father were for ever closed on his implored daughter. Her meek and filial heart long mourned his harshness and unremitting obduracy; but the kindness of her husband, and the hope of her brother’s return, restored her to tolerable tranquillity. She had become the mother of a little girl, whom she named Madeline; and, on her friend’s return to England, she soon discovered her residence, when their early friendship was renewed, and the most satisfactory hours of both families were passed in mutual intercourse with each other. They had engaged a beautiful and commodious residence on the banks of the Thames for the summer months; the river flowed smoothly at the bottom of the garden behind the house, and with books, music, and their pencils, they never found the longest day too long.

One morning the ladies were at work, their children rolling on the carpet (Mrs. Glendinning had a little boy), and Mr. Glanville and his friend were fishing, one of the servants entered, saying, a lady desired to speak to Mrs. Glanville; she was introduced; she was tall, very handsome, with an air of hauteur, which imparted severe expression to every fine feature of her face: on entering, she desired to know which of the ladies called herself Mrs. Glanville? Madeleine felt surprised, but that mode of address having been familiar to Miriam among her own people, calmly replied, “Thee beholdest her in my friend.”

“Where is Mr. Glanville?” demanded the stranger.

“He angleth near the garden, verily, he catcheth a fish even now,” said Miriam, looking through the window.

“Indeed!” interrupted the visitor sarcastically, that element seems particularly bountiful to him, though I fancy it has restored a certain sort of fish to-day, that he will find more difficult to manage than any one he has ever hooked.”

“Thy speakest in parable, I will call friend Glanville, perchance he may comprehend them.”

“Perchance so,” replied the lady.

Had the infernal gulph opened and disclosed its fiery horrors, Glanville had felt less dismay; casting one fearful look at the stranger and exclaimed, “Oh, Providence!” he sunk on the nearest chair. Fatal conviction flashed on the mind of Glendinning and his wife: Miriam sat pale and apparently calm, while the lady said scornfully—“You are certainly very grateful to Providence for restoring to you a wife, after supposing her three years dead; but, however, return me my fortune, and you may go with your Quaking trumpery where you please.” Only Glendinning had the power of speech: “Retire, madam,” said he, “you shall have every justice, but do not offer insult at the shrine of virtue.”

“Indeed, sir, I shall not retire; my husband being here, makes it my home, nor will I leave him an opportunity to abscond with his Quaker, and deprive me of my right.”—“Unkind, inhuman woman, this is my house.” Glendinning was interrupted; the trembling Miriam arose, Madeline would have assisted her, “Fear not,” said she, “my righteous purpose will support me;” when kneeling at the feet of Glanville, she thus addressed him—“Beloved of thy Miriam’s heart, let the voice which hath so often pleased thee, now soothe thy perturbed spirits to composure, and let the happy learn from our fate not to exalt in blessings which hang on the hazard of an hour. We have walked in the paths of peace together, no guilt profaned our moments, for we believed our union sanctified; then let the sweet reflection soothe thy soul; thee art not comfortless, only to me it was a
work of darkness; black were the auspices; a father’s reprobating voice exclaimed, ‘Forbear!’ friends exulted over my fatal vows; for I was a disobedient child: and now I behold the bitter wish descendeth on my devoted head; betake thee dear, dear, Glanville, to the helpmate of thy first affections, while I, forlorn and desolate, like the poor prodigal, return unto a father’s dwelling, and with a contrite heart exclaim, ‘I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy child; but accept me as the lowest of thine hired servants,’ that by penitence and sad days and nights, I may expiate mine offences. Yet never, Glanville, can I forsake thy loved image, yea, I will cherish it till death; in innocent prayer will sanctify it, and in serener regions we shall meet, where the holy tie will be perfected, and we rejoice in the presence of eternal love for ever.” Her sleeping infant caught her eye, “for that poor orphan I also have a home; Glendinning take her, she is Madeline,” rising then from her knees, she impressed a soft kiss on the cold hand of Glanville, saying “Fare thee well, fare thee well.”

The wretched husband started from his seat, he ventured one look around, the sight was insupportable, and shrieking with despair, he rushed from their presence.”

“Save him, save him!” cried Miriam, falling lifeless into Glendinning’s arms. Madeline followed him to his apartment, where he had flown; he had fallen on his knees, holding a loaded pistol to his head, while his lips moved in silent prayer. Madeline feared to advance, but dropping at the door in the same attitude, she cried “Stop!”—the pistol fell. “Eternity! Glanville! oh, Glanville! if thou canst not bear thy trials here, force not thyself upon a Power that can make them gnaw thy spirit evermore, unaltered and the same; he who, self-destroyed, dies to shun his fate, may find the will, to which he bids defiance, may doom the soul to feel its agonies through endless ages.”

Glanville seemed passive, he looked around mournfully; “My heart,” said he, “is cold and desolate, and Miriam comes not now to warm it, all is dark. Pity me—sure, what man can pity, Heaven can forgive.” She had taken up the pistol, “Do not take it from me,” his voice was beseeching and meek, and he repeated, “Do not take it from me.”

“Poor Glanville!” resumed Madeline, “would you destroy Miriam, who cherishes the hope to meet you in a happier world?” He appeared to recollect, “Yes, yes, take the pistol, I am safe, quite safe, and feel well now; I will lie down, and when I awake, will think upon your arguments: yes, conviction may have reached me, and mercy pardon desperation.” Madeline then taking the pistols with her, left him.

Mr. Glendinning had attended the new-comer Mrs. Glanville to a neighbour’s inn, promising to send her husband to her. Madeline found her friend Miriam sitting with her child upon her knee; a sweet serenity was diffused over her countenance, and taking her friend’s hand, she soon yielded to a quiet slumber; and while Madeline sat watching her, meditating on the uncertainty of human happiness, it may be necessary to account for the unwell appearance of Captain Glanville’s first wife.

The pleasure yacht in which she had embarked having been driven out to sea, she was taken up when clinging to the wreck, by an outward-bound East India man, and was treated with kindness and respect by the ladies on board; on her arrival in India, she formed a liaison not very respectable with an officer of high rank, but his lady at length joining him, Mrs. Glanville thought proper to return to England. Her husband would have never been sought by her if he had not possessed her fortune, and recollecting the name of his agent, to him she went, and from him had the information of his marriage with the modest Friend, and their place of residence: love had never been the inmate of a bosom so governed by degrading passions, but she anticipated a malignant pleasure in being able to interrupt their innocent enjoyments; and though a re-union with her husband she knew to be impossible, she resolved to pay her fatal visit, and enjoy her fancied triumph.

In less than a quarter of an hour the repose of Miriam and the deep thoughtfulness of Madeline were disturbed by a dismal shriek, and Miriam’s own maid rushing into the room, crying, “My master! my master! the sword is in his breast!” The child fell from Miriam’s arms, and darting from her seat, stopped not till she reached the expiring Glanville, who had taken advantage of Made-
line leaving him to execute his fatal purpose; her maid passing the door heard him fall, entered the room, when seeing the husband of her beloved mistress fallen and bleeding, she sent forth the shriek, and flew to her presence. As Miriam threw herself beside the bleeding body of Glanville, he raised his dying eyes to take a last look of her angelic face, feebly pressed her hand, smiled, and his agonized spirit fled to the presence of that Being whom the compassionate heart will hope would not reject him.

When Miriam beheld the last breath of separating nature leave his lips, the extremest point of sorrow struck her heart, though a few minutes before she was calm; hope upon the wings of faith bore her beyond the limits of mortality, when in a brighter state she should meet her Glanville. Now, wrapped in a shroud stained with self-shed blood, was the last look she feared ever to have: sensible to all her wretchedness, she hung over the body; "Poor, poor Glanville," she cried: "oh, Madeline, though lost to me on earth, I hoped to have met him with an angel's joy in the bright courts above; but now his fatal arm hath raised a barrier even stronger than death; no penitence can absolve him, for there is no repentance in the grave. Poor soul! didst thou not start on entering eternity? to rush unbidden on a world of saints, and of accusing angels? oh! could prayers, could ceaseless anguish through a weary life avail—but no, all beyond the hour of dissolution is fixed by power immutable, the awful fiat passes, but whither go my thoughts?—I—I——.

She soon was seized with faintings, and in a few hours was delivered of a dead child, when feeling the springs of life running low, she collected all her strength, and addressed her mourning friends, "I thought to seek a father's arms," she said, in feeble accents, "to have implored his pardon," a faint red tinged her cheeks, as she added, "his blessing; but a kinder Parent calls me to repose, peace is dawning on my soul, angels are waiting to guide me to realms of bliss, there, beloved Madeline, shall I meet thee and thy husband, and thank thee for protecting my poor child: cherish her, she hath no name but thine, she hath no friend but thee; and when thee lookest on her smiling face, think on poor Miriam, who so much hath loved thee: when my Josiah returneth, give him the dying blessing of his sister, from thy lips the offering will be sweet; say that, when trembling on the verge of life, I had no friend but thee to close my weary eyes—say, when my heart had ceased to beat, I had no friend but thee to lay me in the dust—say, for my child, I only ask him to remember her name is Madeline: now, my friend, my precious friend, my Madeline, fare thee well! dearest Glaninning, fare thee well! thee art so happy, I cannot wish thee happier until all meet above." Exhausted, she sunk on her pillow, but soon recovering, with an angelic smile, and in accents fainter and fainter, she said, "Bless! bless thee! Heaven——.

Her lovely face wore every vernal charm, her eyes serenely closed, while her meek spirit, guided by waiting angels, ascended to the mansions of everlasting repose. "Blessed friend! sweet companion!" exclaimed the weeping Madeline, kissing her cold, yet charming face; never more shall I be cheered by thy affection, nor soothed by thy sweet tongue; but I will love, will guide thy orphan baby, and make her like thee."

Most religiously and tenderly did she and Mr. Glaninning perform the promise given over the corpse of the early-fated Miriam. Josiah Primrose returned in time to close the eyes of his father, and no more; he was past speech, and his son was informed that he fell the victim of his own severity and despair. Such baneful bigotry, are the triumphs! Ponder well, ye parents—ponder well, ye children; who dare decide whether disobedience in the one, or maledictions in the other, be most offensive in the sight of Him who judgeth righteously.

In a private cabinet belonging to the old Quaker, Josiah, when examining his father's papers, found a note to the following effect: "Son Josiah, though severe, thy father would be just; I pray thee, then, restore unto Madeline the castle and lands of Montaliningham. I understand she nurtureth a daughter of the damsel who was thy sister; something therefore belongeth unto her. Thee hast wealth, more than needful; pray thee make it a greater blessing unto thyself than did thy father."

"Thine, Josiah, in the spirit of truth." The village, the mansion in which Miriam and Glanville had expired, appeared a desert; every sound seemed the
Lines.

on the one hand, and the most offensive cruelty on the other. If an individual
by following his own will, (a will wherein
none is deeply interested but himself, whe-
ther man or woman,) contrary to the
opinion, inclination, or wish of a parent,
commit a marriage act of disobedience;
(presuming there existed nought of solid ob-
jection, but simply the acting contrary to
an arbitrary rule;) the same will hold when
a parent’s choice is required to be the will
of the child—that also is negative disobe-
dience, when his will is not complied with.
In this tale, as often in the events of life,
the child’s act of disobedience is made to
be the cause of that misery, which would
have been the same to the young couple, had
the most unequivocal sanction been given
by the parents. The only difference would
have been, that Mr. Primrose, the father,
free from self-blame, might have still made
a happy home for his distressed children,
and departed this life with some hope of
Heaven in the next. This bartering of
souls in wedlock, a scheme of the evil one
to sow discord in the world, and fill it
full of misery, must be most offensive to
a God of charity and love.

LINES.

ON AN EDITOR PROMISING HIS READERS TO SOLICIT CONTRIBUTIONS FROM
PERSONS LONG DEAD.

Man of might and magic power,
Whence, oh whence, thy fearful dower?
Canst thou summon from the grave,
Comrades of Cambuscan brave?
Or dost merely wish to know,
Doom of thine when sent below?
Sure thou’lt tell a fearful story?
Are thy spirits Whig or Tory?
Haste to let us have their papers—
Will their blue-lights make our tapers?
If they come from Pluto’s furnace,
Pray, good sir, don’t let ’em burn us:
Let the misses three stand by,
Milk and water to supply;
Should there Fowler business be,
You have yet another p.
Trust me, he will do right well,
For the thing which them befell.
But the matter to complete,
Give us soon a well-fill’d sheet
Of Hygeian and Plutonean lore;
I would sell you magazines a score:
And sure it cannot blacker be,
More vile in taste, more foul to see,
More full of malice, hatred, rage,
And now you have a common page!
So pray, great sir, your promise keep,
And rouse de Trueba from his sleep,
And force the Eremite to tell
How matters go in heaven and • • • •.
To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine and Museum.

Sir,—The excellent taste you have ever evinced for the improvement of the metropolis, and the admirable style of criticism with which you have discussed the important subject of the choice of the models for the Houses of Parliament, convince me that you will not be insensible to the deep interest which certain parties have united to leave the nave of the venerable and magnificent church of St. Saviour's, Southwark. The public have looked on with deep interest for several years past at the efforts which have been made to save this splendid edifice from destruction, and they have witnessed the masterly manner in which the tower, choir, transepts, and Ladye Chapel have been restored. It is now, however, a subject of deep grief to me, to have to inform you, that the long-wished object of completing the whole of the structure, has for the present, at least, been defeated. The zealous conservators of the sacred pile, accompanied with the best wishes of many of the wise and the good throughout the British empire, have had their proposal for restoring the nave rejected. They intended that this, the only remaining dilapidated part of the building, should be renovated in accordance with the style of the original structure, and under the direction of Mr. Henry Rose, the parish surveyor, be adapted with the beautiful choir and transepts to the purposes of divine worship, affording accommodation for 1659 persons, besides room for 700 parochial children; and this, too, in a parish containing a population of 19,000 souls, and having in it no other established church to which the poor as well as the rich can resort. The most solemn pledge, founded upon accurate and indisputable calculation and professional skill, was given, that a rate of 5s. 6d. in the pound for a limited number of years would be ample to accomplish this great work; but a union of parties, some for pulling down altogether the whole edifice; some for building a new church upon the site of the present nave, (not in accordance with its style,) and some advocates for the voluntary system of contributions all united to reject the just, moderate, and, I may add, necessary application made to them. In vain was it argued that the present proposal would accomplish it on the plans produced, both in point of number of sittings, warmth, hearing, and seeing, all that could be effected by the building of a new church (for which in some other part of so large a parish there was admitted to be also a necessity.) In vain was remonstrance made against political brawlers and church destroyers, they were deaf to argument, and they unfortunately succeeded in defeating the measure. Two days' poll took place; and although 253 inhabitants, chiefly the most respectable, and friends of church and state, whose aggregate rental amounted to upwards of 400l. per annum more than their opponents, yet the latter brought up 431 inhabitants of all classes, and gained a majority against the reparation of the dilapidated nave, which therefore remains in its desolate state, a reproach to their misguided views.* The poll took place on the 7th and 8th of June. Such acts as this requires the watchful attention and assistance of every lover of his country and friend of religion, to stem the torrent which now threatens to sweep away and destroy our ecclesiastical establishment, and the choicest monuments of the works and genius of our forefathers.

If you look around, in the environs of the metropolis, at the new churches and chapels, hideous incongruities assume the name of modern gothic, lean and mean, with spits for spires, and button-holes for windows—would not one suppose that there existed not a pure model within a hundred miles of the metropolis? In pity then, sir, to the moles and bats that devise and patronise such pert structures, exert your influence that the finest church in the metropolis may not be left desolate, and then, peradventure, some person connected with the arts may happen one day to open his eyes, and after looking at it be inspired to devise structures in better taste than these wretched specimens of modern gothic.

With this wish, I subscribe myself,

One of the Restorers of the Ladye Chapel, and a constant reader of the Lady's Magazine and Museum.

* We would strongly recommend all parties to reconsider the subject coolly, as an object of national, if not of higher interest, and we hope yet to see the restoration effected, and let there be a monumental stone, with this inscription—"RESTORED by the parish, to the glory of God, as the bond of future union."—Ed.
Chances and Changes: a Domestic Story. 3 vols. By the Author of "Six Weeks on the Loire." Smith, Elder, and Co.

We are happy to greet a second time the approach of a great favourite of ours, whose first edition was welcomed with our warmest approbation, fairly won by intrinsic merit. More than a twelvemonth has passed since forgetful in its pages we were reading for review, we were only alive to its acute perception of character and charming style; whilst we feel convinced that the presence of the present age for the mental and moral romance will have a most pernicious effect on the rising generation. Such domestic novels as "Chances and Changes" can be put into the hands of a girl of fifteen, with the perfect certainty that she would draw delight and instruction from its pages, instead of the mental poison which some works supply. We have before entered into more close analysis of the construction of this work, therefore we will now take leave of it with our best wishes, and a few farther extracts from our limits formerly permitted.

"It is impossible to be very busy and very unhappy at the same time. Catherine soon forgot that she was alone. She ordered dinner early, and then that it was over she began her plan of operations. The hours flew by unperceived; on the wings of occupation, and evening came as unexpectedly as it had seemed to do, when she had her sister to talk to, and her little niece and nephew to play with. She had just mounted her music-stool, to measure the length of the windows, when she fancied she heard the sound of wheels. She stopped, listened.

"Surely, Margaret," said she, "I hear a chaise! I hope my father has not been taken ill."

"No, miss, it can't be a chaise, for Caesar keeps it for most likely carrier, it's just about his time."

"Then very likely it may be, and I hope he has brought me my books," said Catherine, making a fresh effort to raise her hands high enough to hang a breadth of chintz from the top of the window; but whilst she was so doing, and just as Margaret was saying she knew it was the carrier, for she could swear to his step, the door was thrown open, and in walked a tall man, wrapped up in a military great coat, trimmed with fur, and braid, and frocked, in all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' of modern fashion.

"Catherine immediately descended from her elevation; not quite able to suppress a smile, as she thought of the ridiculous figure she must have made on it, half hidden in folds of drapery, which, sweeping to the ground and covering the stool on which she was standing, prevented the cause of her heightened stature from being at first discovered. She however advanced to meet the stranger, who looked pale and fatigued and who, she perceived, on looking more narrowly at him, wore his left arm in a sling. He bowed with easy grace, and after expressing himself unfortunate in not finding Mr. Neville at home, begged leave to inquire how long his absence might be protracted. Catherine replied she was expecting him every instant, and requested that in the interval she might give orders for the horses to be put into the stable. The 'Unknown' chose however to keep them in waiting, nor would be even lay aside his great coat, though he condescended to throw himself into the chair, which Margaret, after she had cleared of its share of lining and fringes, had respectfully handed to him.

"Catherine was somewhat ashamed of the confusion in which the room appeared; for she was aware that men make no distinction with respect to the cause or nature of a litter; they see something that they fancy looks uncomfortable, but what it is, or how long it may continue, they never think of ascertaining. Margaret, however, soon put every thing to rights, and then, bringing in the candles and tea-things, greatly relieved her young mistress by giving her something to do; for she could scarcely find a word to say to her unexpected visitor, who looked very grave and very ill; and though he occasionally addressed himself to her with an air of politeness, and even of interest, yet he seemed greatly to prefer remaining silent, with his large dark eyes fixed on a wood fire, which threw such a vivid light upon his sallow complexion, as made it look altogether ghastly. Tea, however, seemed to have the effect of a cordial on him; the expression of uneasiness in his countenance gradually abated, and Catherine would have begun to feel quite at ease in his presence; but she heard the rain and alet patter against the windows, and she could not help thinking of the horses and post-boy; she ventured to say something in their behalf to her guest, but he, opposite to the full blaze of the fire, and his great coat still buttoned, said that it was not all cold, and that a little waiting would do neither the horses nor the driver any more harm than it would the chaise. 'All machines together,' he thought, 'though Catherine, in his estimation. How Amelia would have disliked this man if she had been here!' This reflection, as well as all the reflections which it might have involved, was, perhaps fortunately for him who had given rise to it, interrupted by the well-known regular trot of the grey pony.'

The manner in which this grand tempered gentleman ejects his friend from the possession of Catherine's apartment, after he condescends to be in love, must be admitted to be very well done.

"As soon as ever Hamilton had closed his room door, an indescribable feeling of satisfaction, at the thought of being once more under the same roof with Catherine, diffused itself over his breast; but in thinking of her it suddenly came into his mind, that she must have given up her own apartment to Hainston; for he
was well enough acquainted with the topography of the house to be certain that there were no more spare bed-rooms in it, than those occupied by the Bartons and himself; and he suddenly resolved that if Catherine's apartment were indeed destined to admit any other occupant than its lawful mistress, Halston, at all events, should not be the occupier.

"Her dressing-glass would take fright at his long nose poking against it," said he, as he seized his portmanteau, and gathered up the things he had scattered about the floor; and what might it be used to very different reflections.

"In a minute he was at Halston's door, and found his compagnon de voyage in the act of binding a broad ribbon round his head, in order to keep his hair as he had previously arranged it, that is to say, as he did many other things, the wrong way.

"My dear fellow," said Hamilton, "when you have settled your brain-belt, you must come along with me. I want to show you something in my room."

"But perhaps I don't want to see it; he! he! he!—what have you been doing, a ghost, or a rat, or a pretty face? he! he! he!"

"Aye! there you've guessed it. Come, make haste."

"Bye-bye, talking of pretty faces, what a sight you are to tell me so much about the old person, and so little about his daughters. Egh! I like your notions of retirement! he! he! he! with such companions I would turn hermit to-morrow."

"Don't tell them so, Hally; for fear they should forswear the world in a hurry. But what do you think of Mr. Neville?"

"Oh, he's a venerable; a better-looking old fellow than my old Big-wig was, that hummed Greek and Latin into me."

"That tried to do it, I suppose you mean."

"He! he! he! well it would have been all the same by this time—Greek and Latin are so thoroughly out. The Persic and Moslem are the things. Egh! I should like to have the teaching of them to that delicious little prude, that sate next me at dinner; I would be her Bulbul;—who is she?"

"Mr. Neville's eldest daughter, and wife to the young man Catherine speaks so affectionately to, and calls Henry."

"Well, she can't help that," said Halston, "it wouldn't be fair to try her by such a standard. Yet the girl would make a figure at Almack's, as well as the best of them; her eyes and complexion would astonish some of our fashionables, after all; and then what a head she has!"

"Aye! it would be worth changing with, would it not Hally?" said Hamilton: 'inside and out it would be a good bargain; but come now, pray, my dear fellow, finish washing your own skull, such as it is, and come along. Now don't begin with your eye-brows, for I swear I won't wait another minute."

"So saying, Hamilton hurried Halston off; and when he had got him into his own room, he pushed him towards the glass. "There," said he, 'give me your opinion of the pretty face I promised to show you—you may look at it till I come back, for I am going to bring you your gin-cracks.'"

"What do you mean?" cried Halston.

"I only mean," replied Hamilton, returning almost instantly with Halston's portmanteau, 'to change rooms with you, for I hate moreen curtains, and you are not fond of dimity."'

"No more I am; one wakes too soon by half in those cursed white beds. I like a scarlet or a crimson the best; the more positive colour I have about me the better I look."

"Ah, you will look very captivating in this, I dare say, when you are fast asleep. You are like old lady, you look best in green."

"And so saying, Hamilton wished his friend good night, and left him to meditate upon the theory of colours, as far as it concerned coats, curtains, and complexions."

"Hamilton had no sooner shut himself securely into the room from which he had so deexterously contrived to eject Halston, that he looked round it with feelings almost amounting to reverence. The perfect neatness of its arrangements, the unassuming witness that it seemed to bear to the innocent and rational pursuits of the young woman to whom it belonged, all struck so forcibly upon his mind, that he was overpowered.

"Dear Catherine," he exclaimed, as he pressed to his lips a book of devotional exercises, which he found on her toilette table, and which opened of itself at a discourse on self-examination, 'How sweetly good, how innocently gay!' Of such a woman we may be said to bear, that 'the believing wife shall sanctify the unbelieving husband.'"

**Rhymes for the Romantic and the Chivalrous.**

By D. W. D. Whittaker and Co.

This is not a volume in which a reviewer has to search long for a specimen poem that will do credit to the pages of a carefully selected periodical; the difficulty is to choose from among the rich store of true lyrics which we find gemming its pages. Not often does so elegant an exterior possess such intrinsic worth. It is, in truth, a book of beauty, quite worthy of being placed in the boudoir with the most splendid of our annals. The vignette, by Wichelo and Finden, is a perfect piece of art, both in design and execution. The design of the frontispiece certainly does not accord with our taste; yet Finden has handled the graver as well as could be expected with an untoward subject.

The lyrical portion of the volume is of a very superior cast to the commencing metrical tales. We could hazard our critical reputation on the guess, that the latter are earlier productions, and the author does not show taste in making them companions of the brilliant and beautiful things ranged under the head of lyrics. Many of these would be easily arranged to music, as they are brief, full of spirit and fire, and written under the guidance of an ear which is accurate in accentuation. We like the following song in praise of an amusement which we cannot help thinking more in
consonance with the manly spirit of our island nobility, than the turf or the ring,*
polluted as these are with the sordid spirit of gambling trickery; besides, that
sailors are better companions than grooms and jockeys;—

YACHT SONG.

Hurray! for that ocean gem, the Pearl,
The gallant bark of our British earl;
Is there the vessel would match with her?
She must fly like the courser that feels the spur.
With a cloud of sail on each bending spar,
And the spray from her sharp bows flying far,
And a snow-white wake left for roads behind,
She glides o'er the wave like the sweeping wind.

When the sea is smooth as the cloudless sky,
And the breezes of summer nearly die,
O'er the waveless water still gently borne,
She moves like a maid on her bridal morn.

When the waves are like hills, and the winds are loud,
And the sea flies fast with the sable cloud,
She meets the swift billow, and roves the main
Like a conquering chief on the battle plain.

She is all that a vessel should ever be,
The pride of the port, and the ark of the sea;
She is fast in the tempest, and fast in the calm,
In the race of the swift she has won the palm.

O well did they learn her peerless pace,
When they followed her on in the fruitless chase,
As from thraldom, proud of her prize, she bore
The fairest girl of the Grecian shore.

Hurray! for that ocean gem, the Pearl,
The gallant bark of our British earl,
There is not a vessel of war or peace,
To match with that bark on the coast of Greece?"

There is also pretty imagery in the "Fairies' Gathering":—

THE FAIRIES' GATHERING.

O where, O where do the fairies meet?
They meet in their forest-hall,
With a pavement of verdure beneath their feet,
And pillars of oak-stems tall;
Where bough clasps bough, and the foliage weaves
A shadowy dome from its emerald leaves,
And the cope-screen forms each wall;
Where the glittering planets are peeping through
For lamps, like drops of Morn's diamond dew.
And when, O when do the fairies meet?
They meet when the moon is strong,
On the wood's green sward, and the lake's broad sheet,
When the trees cast their shadows long;
They meet at the noon of the summer's night,
When the glowworms, the stars of the ground, are bright,
And the bird chirps its vesper-song;
When o'er the morass, with their torches lit,
The merry wild mowers in revel sit.

And why do the fairies meet?—They meet
To dance round their mazy ring,
And list to the nightingale's wood-notes sweet,
When those minstrels of midnight sing

* See our correspondent's letter last month, and some awakening comments in this number.
—Ed.

To the moon; and to drink from their blossom-bowls,
The nectar dew-drops that feed the souls
Of the fairest flowers that spring;
And they meet to torment with malicious mirth,
And to laugh at the doings of foolish Earth.

Many people may find truth in the following pretty lines:—

SONG.

She wrote no word—she sent no scroll,
Though moons had passed since last they met;
He could not think it in his soul,
That one like her could ever forget.

Ah, foolish one! for long he stood
The bitter tear, and mourned her dead!
He little dreamt that absence parts
Those fragile links, by which love binds
The vain desires of fickle hearts,
The wandering aims of empty minds—
And he was in a foreign land,
And other suitors sought her hand.

Released from length of duty's throne,
Again he took his native elms,
And found the maid once called his own,
Another's bride—and from that time,
Woman hath only been a term
For fickleness, and faith unfirm.

Perhaps the last we quote is the best:—

THE LOVING-CONFESSOR.

He hath donned the confessor's glossy gown,
From his gracefull shoulders the folds hang down,
They hide his sword, and his glittering vest,
They hide the jewels upon his breast,
And who would know 'tis Don Carlos now
With the monk's grey cowl o'er his noble brow?
He hath friends in the priests of St. Jago's shrine,
For they lose their revels, and ruby wine;
So the maid he hath strives so long to win.
To the mock-confessor will say her sin,
Her bashful lips may impert to his ear
Even more than was meant for a monk to hear.
And the loveliest lady of Seville's town,
Who deals forth death with her slightest frown,
Whose smile is honour, and life to all,
Now sits in the love confessional;
And her lover learns what she would not own
To her secret self—and what none have known.
Ha! ha! there is none like a gallant bold
To bring to confession the maiden cold;
And the Donna Isaz, the over-cosy,
When she proves the pure, and the perfect joy
Of a worshipped bride, will forgive and bless
The art that hath made her at length confess.

Many others would give pleasure to our readers, which we have read with great satisfaction. The "Kentish Bowmen," the "Pole Star," the "Ear-shell," the "Forest King," and the "Heather Wreath," but we have already exceeded our limits for quotation.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Nos. 19 and 20.

We thought very highly of the first volume of this history of China, reviewed at
page 348; but the second is one of the most entertaining books we ever read; and we begin to be of opinion that the general curiosity of Europeans, in regard to the domestic routine of the Chinese, has occasioned such a mass of information to be gathered, "here a little and there a little," that the individual detail of Chinese life is now more minutely developed than that of any nation of the east. The learned conductors of this work have, in the course of their study, discovered, availed themselves of the labours of Stainslaus Julian; in this matter we have anticipated them, as our readers will remember that two or three years ago we translated a curious ballad from Stainslaus Julian's specimens of Chinese poetry. It was pearly of illustrative of a male life, and therefore it attracted our attention. For this reason we prefer now presenting our readers with an extract, descriptive of the life of a Chinese female, drawn from the works of a Chinese authoress, and most judiciously transferred to the pages of this volume of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library. The detestable manner in which females are treated from the cradle to maturity, we think, must make the name of China abhorrent to every woman. Crippled and imprisoned as the China ladies are, the painful distortions of their feet, inflicted by the odious jealousy of their tyrants, it seems, does not exonerate them from domestic slavery. One shudders at the female infanticide authorised by the fiendish laws of this over populated and over-civilized state; yet the fate of the poor baby who shrieked for three days, dying by inches and neglect and famine was perhaps enviable in comparison with that of females permitted to attain woman's estate. As for the slavish creature who writes on the subject, it is evident that she feels for her own individual sufferings, but has not the least sympathy for the miseries of the rest of her sex; indeed, in a passage which will be too extensive for our extracts, we find that this venomous China blue, recommends a still more cruel yoke to be laid on her miserable sex. There is no doubt that such an atrocious system has the natural effect of making the female character malicious and mischievous to a fearful degree; still, Mrs. Pan-hoei-pan had better have pointed out the main-spring of the evil, than recommended greater severity. Our extracts will make our English ladies thankful that they were born in this our Christian land.

"A girl from the moment of her birth experiences the sinister influence of these maxims. Whenever a supposed necessity impels parents to the crime of infanticide, a daughter is selected as the victim; and those who escape this fate are by no means treated with the tenderness shown to male children. Dr. Morrison makes a curious quotation from a native work, which seems accurately to describe the different treatment of the two sexes.

When a son is born,
He sleeps on a bed,
He is clothed in robes,
He plays with gems.
His cry is princely loud,—
But when a daughter is born,
She sleeps on the ground,
She is clothed with a wrapper,
She plays with a tile,
She is incapable either of evil or good;
It is her only thought of preparing wine and food,
And not giving any occasion of grief to her parents."

"Even Pan-hoei-pan refers to an ancient custom, that when a female infant was born she was left for three days upon some rags on the floor, and the family went on without taking any notice that any new event had occurred. After that period some slight ceremonies and rejoicing took place. This is applauded as a useful warning to woman, indicating the contempt which she must expect to meet with through life. 'Fathers and mothers,' says this writer, 'seem to have eyes only for their sons; their daughters they scarce deign to look upon.'"

"The education of beings having such an humble destination must of course be very limited. The first principles of morality, with skill to perform the necessary household tasks, ought, according to the soundest ethical writers, to comprise the whole circle of their studies. One author, indeed, referring to the frequent complaint of the husband that he finds very little gratification in the society of a partner whose mental resources are so small, seems to advise that he should teach her something, and encourages him by the remark, that even monkeys can be taught to play antics; but in this instruction nothing intellectual can be intended, since he concedes with other moralists in declaration that she ought never to open a book. It must at the same time be remarked that several females who have obtained high literary eminence, and bequeathed learned works to posterity, particularly Pan hoei-pan herself, are held by the people in peculiar esteem. Nay, in two of the most popular novels, the heroines are represented as having reached great distinction by their wit and learning, and thus rendered themselves objects of general admiration. One of them composes a piece of poetry, which is published with a notice, that the youth who shall produce a corresponding one to the same rhymes will be honoured with her hand. This step, extraordinary as it may appear to us, is highly approved, as a most happy mode of finding a husband of congenial character. To account for such anomalies must, to a foreign writer, be very difficult; and we shall only observe, that, amid the varied impulses that sway the human mind, similar contradictions are not very unusual. In China, for instance, as in ancient Rome, while celibacy is generally held in disregard, peculiar honours are nevertheless rendered to the few..."
who voluntarily embrace that state, and strictly fulfill its duties. As soon as a young lady has reached the age of ten or twelve, she is, in all families of any rank, placed in a state of the strictest seclusion. Her chamber from this time must be her sole abode; her mother and a few female friends her only society; and, with the exception of her nearest relations, she ought never to be seen by an individual of the other sex. Once to have been beheld by a youthful admirer, is considered an indelible blot on her reputation; the company of ladies, when in motion, are described as resembling a procession of suns. The custom of covering the face does not indeed prevail as in Mohammedan countries; but a peculiar reserve appears to be felt with regard to the hands, which are carefully concealed from view by sleeves of extraordinary length. Mencius, the philosopher, while inculcating the strict separation to be maintained between the sexes, was pressed with the question, whether, if he saw his sister-in-law drowning, he would not take hold of her hand in order to save her? His answer was, that in such an emergency the principle of decorum might be violated; but that a general rule should be tried by so extreme a case. It appears, however, that the fair inmates of the domestic prison are not without expedients to relieve its solitude. Sometimes two mirrors skilfully placed, one facing the door, will enable them to observe occasions of being seen, without the hazard of being themselves perceived. A class of females go from house to house to amuse them, by the recitation of songs and tales. They announce their approach by a little drum, when they are admitted into the outer hall, and soon find their way into the inner apartments. Ladies claim also the privilege of going to burn perfumes in the Pagodas, for which purpose they are given small gifts of gold and silk, and perhaps of being seen; nor do they hesitate to take the air in covered barks upon the water. Even when plays are acted in the great hall, many do not scruple to place themselves behind a lattice, where they have various amusements, through which may be described some portion of their persons; and occasional bursts of laughter attract all eyes towards that quarter. This, however, is, by strict moralists, decidedly condemned, and considered as the mark of a degenerate age. Another circumstance in which Chinese women generally concur, is, that this seclusion from the world does not in any degree abate the zeal of the fair for the embellishment of their persons, to which they devote a large portion of their leisure. Their ideas of loveliness are peculiar, and often fantastic, and they hold in the very highest estimation a delicate and slender form. This appears above all in their endeavours to reduce the foot to a preternatural smallness,—an effect produced by checking its growth in the natural direction. From the period of birth, all the toes, except the great one, are doubled down beneath the sole, so that at the age of maturity, the whole sole part of the foot appears as if amputated, while the remaining portion is swollen to an unnatural bulk. Mothers, who are so careless in every other point relating to their daughters, bestow extreme diligence in bandaging, and guarding against every attempt which the child might make to relieve herself from this painful pressure. As soon, however, as the latter is able to comprehend the vast importance of the subject, the martyrdom necessary for attaining it is cheerfully submitted to. These deformed parts are termed 'the golden lines'; and if a lady ever breaks through the prohibition, and displays her person, she presents her feet as the sur-a-ta daras with which a lover's heart can be assailed. They indicate, moreover, the rank of her who completely undergoes this mutilation; for it is not attempted at all by the labouring class, and by others who have not an entire command of time the effort could only be crowned with imperfect success. Some have ascribed this superstitious custom to the jealousy of the men, who thereby seek to check that propensity to gadding abroad to which the sex is represented as prone; but there seems little ground for this conjecture; the laws, which deal often with matters of smaller matters, are silent with regard to this usage, and leave it entirely under the sway of fashion. It does not, in fact, prevent motion, and that even with some degree of speed. Le Compte assures us, 'walk they do, and would walk all day long, with their good will.' The slender base upon which they move, however, renders it impossible that 'grace should be in their steps,' and allows only a hobbling and tottering gait, which has been compared to the waddling of a Muscovy duck. Another tradition, which refers the origin of this custom to the example of a celebrated imperial beauty, though not fully authenticated, seems rather more accordant with the usual march of fashion. To the means of embellishment we may add that of painting the face! for, though the artist just quoted questions, whether the practice be general, there is no doubt that it prevails to a great extent, rouge being mentioned among the customary presents made to a young lady on her marriage. Extreme delicacy appears to enter into the Chinese idea of a perfect beauty. The heroine of the 'Fortunate Union' is compared to a web of the finest silk; her waist, it is said, 'like a thread in fineness, seemed ready to break.' 'Though young women are secluded from the world, it is deemed right to inform them that their characters, nevertheless, may be perfectly known; and that no one can expect to be married unless she has the reputation of possessing such qualities as will make her a good wife. With this view, they are told, that they ought to be quiet, industrious, timid, and constantly by the side of their mothers. To speak loud is, in a young lady, to speak ill. What a fine hope for a family.' exclains a moralist, 'is a maiden with lips of carmine and cheeks of paint! The more she strives to make herself an idol, the less will she be worshipped. If she laughs before speaking, walks languidly, and gives herself affected airs, she is fit only for the theatre.' He thinks it necessary also to insinuate, that in vain will the roses of her lips and the lilies of her complexion eclipse the loveliness of the morning and of the spring; if the fire of anger mount up and inflame her eyes.'
The young wife, we are told, soon finds her situation far from being improved by having quieted the paternal roof. The degree of triadism in which she was then held was liberty itself when compared with the house of bondage into which she now enters. She is bound to render unqualified submission to one who views her as unfit to be a rational companion, and scarcely belongs to the same species with himself. The fair Pan-hoi-pian instructs her sex, that they owe to their husband an abnegation, without exception of times or circumstances, extending to, and exercised upon, every thing. Be he agreeable or disagreeable, he is her chief, her master, her companion, her only one, her all.' This subjection, however, might be felt as in some degree natural, and probably tempered with the exercise of affection; but there is another yoke which presses still heavier, and is harder to be borne. The mother in law, so long as she lives, is complete mistress of the house,—entitled to treat the young wife as a servant, and even as a slave. The Li-ki expressly states, that a daughter-in-law can have nothing personally belonging to her; nothing which she is entitled to give or even to lend; whatever she receives as a present must be taken to her mother-in-law, when, if not accepted, it may be modestly received from her as a gift. That lady, if every thing commanded by her be not strictly fulfilled, may both inflict censure on herself, and command her son to follow the example. Even the sister-in-law assumes airs of superiority over this new inmate, who, according to an author quoted with applause by Pan-hoi-pan, ought to be 'nothing in the house beyond a pure shadow and a simple echo.' According to a maxim of higher authority, it is better to make a wife weep a hundred times than a mother sigh once. A friendly moralist remarks, that it is hard for female pride thus to bend beneath one, and yield precedence to another, of her nearest relations. The series of miseries which the sex endures are forcibly depicted in the following poem:

"What a dismal condition is that of a woman! her lot is in the hands of the husband to whom she has been given away. Scarcely is she united to him when she must follow him as a slave does his master. Entering into his family she loses her own. So bitter a separation pierces her heart; her eyes become fountains of tears. She receives her mother's last adieu without hearing it from the excess of her grief, and no one sympathizes with her. Even her brothers and sisters return none of her sighs; while she bays her breast in the magnificent chair where they have shut her up, instruments of joy resound on every side. Her forehead is adorned with jewels and flowers; her ears are loaded with pearls; gold and embroidery adorn her dress; this is the last effort of her parents' tenderness. The porch of her husband's mansion is adorned with silk flags and garlands of flowers, yet within she often finds only poverty and indigence. I found worse, poverty, and pride; a sour stepmother, an in inferred-in-law, seemed to contrive how they might make me feel that I was come only to serve them; while their daughter, seated like an invited guest, spent the day in preparing and putting on her dress. The lowest household labor was the sweat of my forehead. I was obliged to rise before morning; and when night had extended her deepest veil, the hour of rest for me was not yet come.

"I became a mother; this was a new weight added to my yoke of iron. If I watered with my tears the countenance of my child, I was unwilling to afflict my husband, and concealed them before him. My children increased my trouble; they were frozen with cold, and I had nothing to cover them; they cried to me for Bread! they disputed for my breasts, and found them dry. How often have I taken up a cord to end my sorrows. Oh, my son! oh, my daughter! my tenderness for you made it fall from my hands, and the idea of leaving you orphans appeared more frightful than all my griefs. How little did it cost me to cut my long hair, and sell it to relate to you? I would have sold myself had it been possible!"

* * * * * * *

"The female sex, that oppressed and despised portion of the species, are almost exclusively the victims. Life is usually extinguished byimmersing the head of the infant in water; but sometimes a large dish is merely placed above her, and she is left to die a lingering death. Navarette saw one who had remained three days in that condition; she was parted only by a few boards from her mother; her father, grandfather, and grandmother, were constantly passing the spot; yet her cries, which pierced the heart of the Missionary, 'could make no impression upon those monsters.' He obtained permission to take away the child; but she was past recovery, and died in a few days, after severe sufferings. Still there have not been wanting native authors who have raised their voice against this enormity. Dr. Morrison quotes one of high reputation, who tells his countrymen that the 'drowning of daughters is a most wicked thing,' and declares the perpetrators to be 'worse than wolves or tigers.' Unable, seemingly, to impress upon them the value of the sex upon other grounds, he reminds them, 'if there were no daughters, there could be no mothers!' Notwithstanding these precepts, certain it is, that the law, otherwise so rigorous, does not take the slightest cognizance of this crime, nor ever subject those guilty of it to punishment. Amiot even charges the government with inviting to its perpetration; for every morning, before it is light, wagons traverse the different quarters of Pe-king to receive the dead infants. They are all conveyed to a particular place, and those in whom there are any remains of life, are said to be nursed and educated. The dead are deposited in a huge crypt or vault, and quicklime is thrown upon them that the flesh may be speedily consumed. Once a-year the bones are collected, and burnt in presence of commissioners sent by the Li-pou board. The ashes are thrown into the river, the Bones uttering a prayer, that the next life may be longer and happier than the unfortunate one which had so quickly closed, and that these remains may serve as materials for the formation of other beings. Amiot suspects that this
process is partly prompted by the dread that the skeletons may be applied to some unhallowed use, either of magic or sorcery, or is connected with the absurd idea, that a mixture of them improves the beauty of porcelain. The missionaries at Pe-king appear to have obtained such details as to justify the belief, that the number of infants destroyed was upwards of 2000 annually. This proportion, if supposed to extend over only half the empire, would give a very large amount.

We must pass by without commendation the amusing specimens given in this volume of the Chinese hieroglyphic writing, nor the admirable portion devoted to the statistics of this country. The selections from the maxims of Confucius, convince us that the attainments of this great civilizer as a literary composer, have been overrated by Europe. He was, in all probability, the first person who awakened a savage aboriginal people to the excellence and beauty of moral truth. No doubt, Confucius was a beloved instrument in the hands of the Most High; but to us who are used to the full blaze of revealed truth in Scriptures, the celebrated maxims of Confucius appears as truisms, little calculated to command attention from an intellectual people. One and one alone of these, though without any pretence to religion or morality, strikes us as witty and original:

"To feed one and not to love him is to treat him as a pig."

The third volume is by its nature more useful to men than attractive to women; notwithstanding, under the heads navigation and commerce, much amusement may be gathered; the zoology is extremely entertaining: we think among the other abhorrent practices of these over-civilized brutes, the murder of their poor domestic creatures, cats, and dogs, is most hideous; and the perusal of the following passage is almost as shocking to us as the murder of female babies:

"Du Halde observes, that it is 'a very good diversion to see the butchers, when they are carrying dog's flesh to any place, or when they are leading five or six dogs to the slaughterhouse; for all the dogs in the street, drawn together by the cries of those going to be killed, or the smell of those already dead, fall upon the butchers, who are obliged to go always armed with a long staff or great whip, to defend themselves from their attack, as also to keep their doors close shut, that they may exercise their trade in safety.'

"The Chinese, according to Mayer, eat almost everything that comes to hand. 'Upon the streets of the city, but particularly on the large square before the factories, a number of birds are daily exposed for sale, which amongst us have not yet gained much repute for flavour; among others, hawks, owls, eagles, and storks. To an Englishman, nothing can have a more laughable effect than to see the Chinese arrive with a carrying-pole, supporting two bird-eggs, which contain dogs and cats instead of birds! A small thing this of spauiel appeared to us to be most in request; they sit quite downcast in their temporary dwellings when they are brought to market, while the cats make a dreadful squalling, as if conscious of their fate.'"

On the whole, we make no scruple in declaring, that this history of China now complete, is the best production of the periodical libraries we have yet seen, and will gain much renown for the Edinburgh Cabinet Library.


Here French art and English type go hand in hand, we think greatly to the advantage of the public; for this edition of "Gil Bias" is a perfect treasury for the woodcut connoisseur: we own, we prefer our own style of comic design to Gigoux, yet English art must be benefited by the introduction of the broad and daring effect of the French blocks,—there is a constant aim at bold originality in these designs of Gigoux; sometimes the attempt is baffled, but frequently the critic is gratified by the complete success of the vignettes. The Departure of Gil Bias, page 14, is good; the Parasite, page 19, first-rate; the Arrest, the Issue from the Cavern, the Monk and Mule, and above all, the Escape with Donna Mercia, and the Conversation, in the next page, are capital.

The figure of Rolando, though a fine broad work of art, ought to have had a page to itself, it is too large for a vignette. The initial designs are beautiful, and on the whole it is a publication of great merit, likely to form a good example to English art, if the succeeding numbers are equally sustained.

We shall meet again. Original Pieces in Verse and Prose. Totham.

We are glad to meet this old friend, though with a new face. It is a collection of religious essays and poems, chiefly by the same contributors that supported its elder sister—"Remember me!" There are many well-known contributors to its well-filled pages; we think our readers will be well satisfied with the following:

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

By Miss Agnes Strickland.

Long had the eastern sages waked, to keep
Their heaven-directed vigil; on the height
Of solitary cliff, or lofty tower,
Watching the courses of those radiant orbs
Of living light, whose sparkling myriad gems
The darkly beautiful array of night,
Confused to slight observers; yet to eyes
Vers'd in celestial science, every star
Shining sublime, distinct, and differing.
In brightness from the rest; and each adorns
With some particular glory of its own.
From glowing sunset to the deep serene
Of sable night, the rapt Chaldæan gaz'd
On that resplendent train, 'till blushing morn
Surpris'd them, still unwearied at their task!
And the first planet, glimmering on the brow
Of dewy eve, beheld their silent watch
Once more resumed; 'till in the azure east,
With brighter beams adorns than ever shone
To mortal eyes midst that celestial choir,
They saw the long-awaited star arise,
Portentous of an infant Saviour's birth.

A Letter to the Directors and Subscribers
of the General Cemetery Company. By
G. F. Carden, Esq., the founder. H.
S. Street, 15, Carey-street.
This letter statement was published for
the occasion of the annual meeting, on the
8th of June, and particularly with reference
of the new elections. Professedly the
management declares for economy, but it
seems that, contrary to every pledge
of the original prospectus, and their own,
so large a sum as £36,000 is about to be
expended, as Mr. Carden shows (unnecessarily)
in brick and mortar, for the making of
vaults and brick graves. The letter
strongly recommends Mr. Kendall's much
approved and beautiful design, for which
he received, as a competitor, 100 guineas
premium from the company, as far back as
the year 1832, the cost of executing which
would only be £10,000. Whether guided
by taste, or influenced by honour and just
dealing, we hardly think the Directors
will venture upon this bold, and appar-
ently dishonest, and extravagant outlay of
£36,000, in a cemetery which is considered
to be finished, and on which some £50,000
have been already expended. Mr. Carden
has given the Directors a hard bone to
pick; but we shall delay further comment,
in the expectation of having a counter
statement; for there are several gentle-
men named, who would not like to be
reproached as defrauders, whose transactions
in this company set forth, with most un-
compromising accuracy, appear in a very
questionable light.

Arboretum Britanicum, Nos. 18, 19, 20, 21,
the last entitled, Arboretum et Fruticet-
um britanicum. Longman.
We are concerned when our limits will
not permit us to notice this admirable
work, number by number, as we did on its
first establishment; it richly deserves more
close consideration than when we first
received it, for Mr. Loudon is never con-
tent with fame, but is ever striving to effect
some new improvement. We had con-
sidered arboretum Latin sufficient to imply
fruticetum, therefore, the addition is not, in
our mind, an improvement.
As to the merit of the number on which
this additional name is imposed there can
be but one opinion. It is excellent in every
respect; the woodcuts have resumed their
clearness and boldness. The Japan Gli-
ditschia, the Eastern Oleaster, and the
flat-leaved Elm, are perfect patterns of
excellence in wood-cutting; nor could we
point out one cut in this number which is
not very good; the Atlantus Glandulosus
was in the spotty style which we love not.
Many of the cuts in the double number
are in this trifling style: we are pleased to
see the free, natural leafing restored in the
last number. The histories of many of the
trees depicted are now to be found among
the letter-press, they abound with valuable
and entertaining information, and the mar-
ginal wood-cuts and descriptions of flower-
shing shrubs, are features in the work which
give us great pleasure. We think the
large cuts of leaves of various trees, in their
natural size, were scarcely needed, and not
in harmony with the delicate finish of the
rest of the embellishments; these occur,
perhaps, for experiment, in the double
number 18 and 19. We think their omis-
sion would be desirable, for a stranger
opening the volume, would be struck with
a coarseness that can be found in no other
department.

The Magazine of Health dabbles not in
quackeries, its rules wisely inculcate the
best way of keeping the human fabric in
proper strength. We extract the follow-
ing wholesome stave as a specimen of its
spirit:
"The soul and the body are so linked and
joined together, as partners of each other's
ills, and of each other's welfare, that the one
cannot be affected without the other's being
so too. They mutually influence one another,
and each other's joy, and participate in each other's
sufferings, until death breaks the bonds of their
union asunder. Hence it is, that a diseased
body makes a heavy drooping mind, and a
wounded, disturbed, or restless mind, makes a
youthful healthy body to languish and decay.
The man who seeks for the health of his body,
must procure ease, and rest, and tranquility of
mind. A man who is thoughtful to an intense
degree, who is always or unseasonably em-
ploying his mind seriously and eagerly, whether
in real or fictitious matters, disturbs and inter-
feres with his other organs, enervates and
interrupts them in the discharge of their func-
tions, impairs his health, and hastens on old
age. By how much the rational faculty is over-
busy, or exercised at improper times, drawing
the full vigour of the soul into the exercise of
that faculty, and robbing the other organs of
their necessary influential supply; by so much
are the other faculties impoverished, and their
duties languidly and imperfectly performed,
A close student’s life is, therefore, most unhealthy; he is liable to many infirmities, and his life is necessarily short.

“The foregoing observations may be thus summed up:

- It cannot but be, when the mind’s not well,
  Its linked fabric must endure some wrong.
- Drink sparingly;
- Eat moderately;
- Exercise your limbs;
- Rise early from your bed;
- Keep your mind tranquil;
- Act temperately in all things, and intemperately in none.”

The rule is short; the life it leads to, long.


This number (23) contains “Tell’s Chapel and the Meadow of Gruth,” which well exhibits the lake of Lucerne, and the reflection of the mountains upon its glassy surface, but not strikingly Tell’s chapel. “The Wildkirchlein, or Hermitage, Canton of Appenzell.” This is the first we remember to have seen of this description of Hermitage or secluded sanctuary in this present collection; many a mile have we paced to see a hermitage cut out of, and in a rock, of which the neighbourhood spoke in terms of divine sanctity. “Wetterhorn, Rosenlain,” exhibits snow-clad mountains, and mountains covered with fir, peatgrass, the ried, and cattle, engraved with good effect by W. Taylor; the cattle are very well done, and the figures also.

“The Aar-fall at Handek,” engraved by W. Woolnoth, is nobly executed, and in every respect good: reader, fancy yourself there, and there you may in reality be.

From Heaven above to earth below
You see the foaming water flow,
And watch the “hull of waters” under,
Swift as light, and loud as thunder.

The swain’s midnight visit to his fair
Chosen one at page 84, is very feelingly and naturally told. We will not question Dr. Beattie’s knowledge of what took place formerly in Scotland, which gave rise to the popular Scotch “wooning” song, but we much question, whether any thing at all resembling the Swiss peasant’s visit, exists at the present time in the ‘land of cakes.’

With the Swiss in this respect there is far greater latitude than the doctor prudently mentions, and much less than he alludes to with the Scot.

The st. plate exhibits “Lucern,” engraved by Wallis, and one of the three extraordinary bridges built for the convenience of strangers in connexion with the town: they are, as printed at page 109, the greatest curiosities to a stranger. “The Hof-brücke” (here depicted) is 1380 feet in length, covered with illustrations of sacred history. Another comprises all the important events from the first dawn of liberty downwards, faithfully represented in oil colours, and tending to keep alive among the youth a knowledge of their heroic annals, and a spirit of independence. A third bridge is embellished with pictures from “Holbein’s Dance of Death,” and a fourth, apparently of great antiquity, uncovered. This design is excellently true, and efficiently done. The next is “Lake Leman,” engraved by W. Hill, in which great effect is given to a tranquil scene. Next follows “The Statue of Arnold von Winkelreid, at Stautz, Canton Unterwalder,” engraved by E. J. Roberts, a piece of very great merit: but we must here, as we have so often occasions, hint to the talented artist, that however excellent, in some departments, the faces and figures should be executed by some other hand; in this department, alone (and it is an almost exclusive art) they are deficient in power, and greatly so. As a whole, we repeat most sincerely, that this publication is one of extraordinary merit; but with attention to this branch it would be still nearer perfection, and in none other is there visible either hurry or carelessness. The last plate represents “The Gorge of the Tamina”; an awful pass, which marks at once the ingenuity and the daring enterprise of the Swiss. Mr. Wallis has done it ample justice.

Stanfield’s Coast Scenery. Paris 9 and 10.
Smith, Elder, and Co.

We have travelled month by month with this beautiful work from beginning to the end, and can say with truth that we have seen few of the artistical periodicals of the day sustained with greater excellence all the way through. Stanfield’s Coast Scenery soon deservedly gained a great name, but there was no flagging or falling off in consequence,—the last issue is still better than the first; and in support of this declaration we call to witness, the beautiful plates of Falmouth, the frontispiece engraved by Cousin, the exquisite sky and distance of the Martello Tower by Cooke, Wurthbarrow Bay by Appleton, and the Lands’ End by Kerfoot, and the Greeves by Highams. There is but one plate in the two numbers that is not decidedly successful, and this is St. Pierre fort, by W. Finden: the printing of this plate is not good, and we are inclined to think the faults of undue blackness and hardness in the distance is a mannerism, that sometimes we have faulted in Stanfield’s designs, though it has seldom occurred in this collection, which altogether is nearly perfect. We cannot bid farewell without a word of praise for the letter-press; it is full of entertaining and choice morsels from scarce books.
HER MAJESTY'S SIXTH DRAWING-ROOM.

(Concluded from p. 44.)

DUCHESSES.

NORTHUMBERLAND: Magnificent silver brocaded Irish cabinet, train and bodice lined with white satin, beautifully trimmed with silver-sprigged tulle, with white and ribbon borders; rich white satin petticoat, covered with tulle, trimmed with corsets and silver ribbons. Head-dress, lappets, splendid diamonds.

ROXBURGH: Blonde over white satin; pale lilac satin damask train, lined with white, trimmed with riband and gold. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds.

MARCHIONESS.

AVELSBURY: Blonde dress, looped with roses; rich pink satin slip; blonde body, sleeves to correspond; blonde train, over rich pink satin, trimmed with roses and blonde. Coiffure, feathers, splendid diamonds; lappets, rich blonde.

CHICHESTER: White satin, with blonde flounces, headed with tulle and satin bows; train and corsets, gray satin, richly trimmed with blonde, lined with white satin. Head-dress, plume, toque, splendid diamonds.

CAROLYN: Train and bodice, green satin, lined with white, brocaded in patches of gold flowers, elegantly trimmed with gold lace and blonde; petticoat, rich white satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds.

ROXBURGH: Train and bodice, blue satin, brocaded with white, lined with white satin, trimmed with blonde and riband; rich blue satin petticoat, super-brocaded white satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds.

LICHFIELD: White satin petticoat, en tablier in silver, edged with blonde, looped back with bows and diamonds; body, train rich lace figured satin, trimmed with silver and blonde. Head-dress, feathers, diamond comb, ear-rings, necklace.

KINNOCH: Superb Brussels point lace, over blue satin, en tablier, with Brussels lace, diamonds, pearls, and bouquets of blue convolvulus and silver wheat-ears; corseage magnificently ornamented with diamonds and pearls; rich blue satin train, embroidered with gold and silver, lined with white satin. Head-dress, splendid comb, feathers, and point lace lappets; diamonds and pearls.

CLANWILLIAM: Train and bodice, rich pink figured satin, lined with white, trimmed with point lace; beautiful white satin netting. Head-dress, feathers, diamond comb, lappets.

HARROWBY: White satin, with green satin and gold cordeliere; light green terry velvet train, richly trimmed; corseage a pointe, with rich blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and splendid diamonds.

LEICESTER: White cape over white satin; rich lavender figured satin train, lined with white, trimmed with riband; body and sleeves with blonde; diamond stomacher. Head-dress, toque, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

JERMYN: Brussels lace, over pink satin; manteau and bodice pink figured gauze, lined with white satin garniture; pink satin riband, with bouquets of flowers; bodice and sleeves trimmed with Brussels lace. Head-dress, feathers and Brussels lappets, with diamonds.

LEWIS: White satin, embroidered with gold lace; over satin; corseage and sleeves, trimmed with blonde; rich jouqil satin broche manteau, ruban et de perle. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds.

SEBASTIAN: Splendid Court dress, white satin argent, over satin: manteau moire bleu, richly embroidered; corseage a pointe, ornamented with dentelle soie. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, pearls, diamonds.

— De SALES: Superb Court dress, velour de la Reine bleu; corseage, ornamented with Chantilly; dress, rich blonde a fleurs, magnificent blonde flounces, over rich blonde. Head-dress, feathers, turquoise, diamonds.

VISCOUNTESS.

DELON: Train, rich pink brocaded satin, ornamented with satin; superior British lace dress, over rich white satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets.

BARONESSES.

LEHLEN: Blonde, over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; rich lilac figured satin train, lined with gros, trimmed with riband and blonde. Head-dress, feathers, pearls.— RUTHERFORD: French blonde, a colonnet, over white satin, en tablier with wreaths of pink hyacinths and convolvules, silver wheat-ears, and grapes; body and train, rich pink figured satin, trimmed with blonde and flowers. Head-dress, feathers, flowers, earrings, and diamonds; necklace and ear-rings to match.

DE BLOME: Blonde, over satin; manteau, green and white paint de soie, with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds.

D’OMPEDA: Tulle, in silver, over satin; train, embroidered satin, jaune foncée. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, pearls, diamonds.

LADIES.

MAXWELL: White satin, with Grecian tulle and bouquets of flowers; superb brocaded green satin, lined with white satin, ornamented with Grecian tulle and bouquets of flowers; blonde mantilla and ruffles. Head-dress, feathers, lappets and pearls; necklace and ear-rings, en suite.

ELIZABETH MURRAY: Tulle blonde, with rich satin under, beautiful pink satin train, figured white, trimmed with white and rose satin ribands; mantilla, sabots, and lappets. Coiffure, feathers and fine pearls.

G. MURRAY: Tulle blonde, under white satin; light rose satin figured white train, with white and rose ribands; blonde mantilla, sabots, and lappets. Coiffure, feathers and fine pearls.

RIVERSWORTH: Crapaudines de soie, embroidered with silk, trimmed with blonde and lilac-gray ribands; poplin train, figured white; mantilla, sabots, and lappets of rich blonde. Coiffure, ostrich feathers, diamond suit; — ALSTON: Tulle blonde, over satin, and trimmed with white satin and blonde; embroidered crape dress, with blonde and rosettes of diamonds, over white satin. Head-train, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

H. BAGOT: Tulle, with ribands and flowers, gold and blue; white satin under; train, oriental fabric, figured in gold; mantilla, sabots, lappets, superb Brussels lace. Coiffure, feathers, diamonds.

WYATT: Tulle, over rich satin, trimmed with tulle and bouquets of roses, a lien of silver, bodice l’ancienne style, deep rich blonde; rich lilac and white figured satin train, with bouffants of tulle, looped with roses and silver. Coiffure, feathers, and diamonds.

— YOUNG: Embroidered crape, over white satin, trimmed with silver lamé; pearl-colour cabinet mantue, lined with white satin, and rich silver border; body and sleeves same; antique ruffles, and leontine broad blonde, with rosettes of silver. Head-dress, feathers, silver roselle, lappets, and diamonds.

BROOKES: Rich white broche silk, with blonde and bunches of riband; biche satin mantue, lined with white, trimmed with roughs of tulle and diamond comb, and sleeves as manteau, trimmed with blonde. Silver roselle and plume.— DE TABBLEY: White satin, silver and blonde garniture; manteau, su-
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per' green satin, embroidered in silver. Head-dress, plumes, lappets, diamonds.—C. Lege: Train and bodice mag- nificent lilac and white flowers, satins, with white and ribands; petticoat rich white satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets,—L. Percy: Rich figured ducape, with tulle and blue rib- bands; mantilla, saibots bloncs, neckless, and blue satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets, C. and M. Hills: White crane, with blonde and riband; train rich figured with white flowers, lined with white, with silk, with rubbes of tulle, intermixed with cockades of pink riband. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—Gould: Train and bodice beautiful sky satin, lined with white, trimmed with tulle, bows of riband, and profuse of blonde lace; petticoat rich white satin with ribands. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—Beverly: Train and bodice splendid maize silk, lined with white, trimmed with blonde net and ribands; handsome mantilla and sabots; petticoat white satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets, and pearls.—S. Montross: Court dress, poult de soie rose faconne, with point lace; dress, rich white satin faconne. Head-dress, feathers, point lappets, diamonds.—Whatley: White figured satin, with satin garnitures, rich Chan- tilly en tablier; magnificent brocaded velvet mantel. Head-dress, blonde toque, plume, lappets, profusion of diamonds.—Dufferin: Blonde over white satin; superb lisse figured satin mantel, lined with rich white satins and roses; saibots brocaded satin train, with draperies of tulle illusion, blonde, and ribands; body and sleeves a l'antique; sabots costly broad blonde; white rich brocaded poult de soie dress, with blonde and satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and profusion of diamonds.—Grant: Rich blonde robe, with flowers and ribands, over white satin; rich lilac satin manteau, lined with white satin, trimmed with flowers and blonde; mantilla and sabots rich blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds and amorpepists.—Ayler: Coaslly green brocaded satin train, with blonde, and paillettes; body and sleeves obtiese with blonde, lined with white satin; blonde petit- tecost, over white satin. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—Steppe: Pale-amber gros- se, with blonde train, and blonde and white l'antique, with blonde and white lines; blonde petitecost, over white satin, with white lilac. Head-dress, feathers, point lilac, white lilac plume, lappets.—Curtis: Costume de Cour (moysen age), rich white satin, with tulle and blue flowers; rich blue satin train; Chantilly body and sleeves, Berlins and sabots. Plume, blonde lappets, brilliants.—Stuart Worthy: British blonde, over white satin, trimmed with white satin riband; mantilla ruffles British blonde; violet satin manteau, lined with white silk; garniture orange-coloured satin, festooned with boucufs of satin riband. Head-dress, plume ostrich, feathers, lappets blonde, ornaments, diamonds, pearls.—Lumley: Manteau and bodice rich blue brocaded satin, lined with white ditto, tulle and satin garniture, French blonde, paillettes of blue satin riband; bodice and sleeves trimmed with rich French blonde lace; petitecost rich French white satin, garniture tulle and blue satin riband. Head-dress, panache of ostrich feathers, lappets, diamonds, and chrysoulites.—S. Ken: Mais crane, over rich satin alp; body a la jeune France, with plumes, supin, train, elegan- tly trimmed. Coifure feathers, pearls, lappets.—L. Clay: Train and bodice magnificent pink satin, lined with white, beautifully trimmed with flowers and ribands; petticoat rich white satin. Head-dress, plume, blonde lappets, diamonds, and
in Petticoat, embroidered with gold; mantua, gown, and satin; bodice and sleeves, with blonde; mantilla, sabots blonde.

**Head-dress, diamonds, and lappets.**—**DICKENS.**
Tulle petticoat, embroidered in gold lama over white satin; train, corse lavender and white rich broche satin, all round with blonde, lined with white gros; mantilla, and sabots superb Chantilly.

**Head-dress, diamonds, and pearls.**—**MACDONALD.**
Brussels lace, over white satin: train, body, sleeves, gray satin, lined and trimmed with point. Head-dress, feathers, amethysts.

**Dickens.**
Court dress, a la Huguenoit, white gros de Naples; tunic body, sleeves blonde, pink and white Provence roses; train, pale rich pink satin, lined with white satin. Head-dress, jewels, lappets, and feathers. —**E. Foley.**
White satin, with tulle cerise bouquet silver wheat, cerise flowers; body a l'iso-line, sleeves, rich fall of blonde; train, oriental cerise satin, embroidered in silver, with puffings of tulle, looped with silver. Coiffure, feathers, diamonds, with lappets. —**F. BENTLEY.**
White crapes, over rich satin slip, satin and blonde trimming; manteau, superb green satin, and rich garniture. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds. —**W. PARKER.**
Blonde, over white satin; manteau, superb sky blue satin; corse a pointe, with blonde. Head-dress, plumes, lappets, and diamonds. —M. TRESSES.

**Delap.**
Brocade blue satin, with blonde at the sleeves, and turquoise: train, blonde and silver; bandeau, rubies and diamonds, diamond tiara, necklace, ear rings. —C. A. CUNNINGHAM. 
White, broche petit point de soie, with broques of heath and almost blossom; bodice, magnificently ornamented with blonde and flowers; costume a la Louis XIV.; manteau, rich figured pink satin, lined with white dito, garniture en rouleaux; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets. —S. REYNOLDS SULLY.
White crapes, silver filigree (sicle Louis XIV.); under white satin; splendid figured blue satin train, blonde and silver; mantilla, sabots, lappets rich blonde; coiffure, feathers, beautiful pearl and diamond earrings, diamond necklace, Sevigne. —**ALDIE.**
Figure white silk, with blonde; train, rose satin, white satin rouleaux; head-dress, ornaments, lappets, diamonds and pearls. —A. W. BISHOP. 
Court costume, sicle Louis XIV.; garni, pale pink satin, lined with rich white satin, superbly trimmed with chantilly; dress, splendid figured French blonde; mantilla and sabots, same; head-dress, feathers, laps, diamonds, pearls. —**H. C. HOARE.**
White crapes of splendid embroidery en colonnes, over rich white satin; stripes of white brocaded ribbon down skirt; body and sleeves with blonde; train, white gros d'Orient, with satin, blonde bows, white brocaded ribbon; head-dress, plumes, lappets, diamond ornaments. —**F. Loffte.**
Blonde over white satin, richly trimmed with blonde and pearls; rich satin train; broche, lilac and primrose, with blonde, lined with white satin; head-dress, plumes and lappets, diamond ornaments. —**Fox Maule.**
Tulle petticoat, embroidered in gold lama and pearls, over rich white satin; train and corseage, elegant colonnade, white satin, brocaded blonde lama, edged with pearls and gold braid, lined with white gros; mantilla and sabots, rich blonde Chantilly; head-dress, feathers, lappets. —**Gen. B. REYNOLDS-SOW.**
White crapes Petticoat, embroidered in gold lama, over white satin; train, rich colonnade broche mauve satin, lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed with blonde and satin rouleau: sabots, mantilla, superb Chantilly; head-dress, feathers, lappets; ornaments, diamonds, earrings, necklace, superb brilliants. —**B. WRIGHT.**
Rich white gros satin, trimmed with rich rouche of tulle and satin riband; train, rich blue satin, trimmed with blonde; rich blonde mantilla and sabots; head-dress, plumes, lappets, diamond ornaments. —**Admiral Lawrod.**
Rich white satin dress, volant de blonde et or; rich green point de soie, manteau trimmed with gold; blonde, sabots, diamonds, topazes, feathers. —**M. DEAN.**
White crapes dress, brodie or et blanc; splendid white satin mantua, jolie garniture du ruban; blonde mantilla; head-dress, pearls and feathers. —**Ashley.**
Rich white gros d'Afrique corseage and sleeves, with blonde and flowers; superb blue satin train, with blonde, &c.; head-dress, lappets, feathers, diamonds. —**J. SELBY.**
Costume de Cour (moyen age), rich white blonde, with pearls an d fleurs du Bresil; rich white satin train, looped with tassels of pearls; body and sleeves with Chantilly; plume, lappets, brillants. —**V. WILSON.**
White satin dress, embroidered colonnete et bouquets defleurs; body and sleeves, with diamonds and blonde; train, rich emerald tabinet, lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers, lappets. —**B. YOUNG.**
Blonde over a rich satin slip, ornamented with pearls and satin garniture; a superb manteau of white satin, faconne a fleurs, ornamented with rich blonde; head-dress, ostrich plumes, lappets, pearls, and diamonds. —**BLUNT.**
Brussels point robe, over white satin, with flowers and gauze riband; train, white, over grey poplin, with Brussels point and gauze riband; mantilla, and sabots, Brussels point; head-dress, feathers, point lappets, magnificent Oriental pearls and diamonds for head and stomacher. —**R. ROYAL.**
Blonde robe, with roses and lines of the valley over white satin; rich pink satin mantua, lined with white satin, with flowers and blonde; mantilla and sabots, rich blonde; head-dress, feathers and lappets; jewels, rich topaz, diamonds. —**REV. JOHN.**
Court costume (sicle Louis XIV.); white moire train, embroidered in gold; dress, rich white satin, blonde flourance; corseage, with blonde and brilliants; head-dress, feathers, brilliants. —**B. CHALONER.**
Court costume (sicle Louis XIV.), rich white satin train, with blonde; dress, white crapes, embroidered satin; head-dress, diamonds, mantilla and sabots; head-dress, feathers, lappets, brilliants and amethysts. —**CROCHALL.**
White satin, embroidered in silver; mantilla and sabots, rich blonde; dress, elegant mantua, white satin, with rouleau of silver lama, and bouquets of marbouts; head dress, feathers, lappets; prairie of diamonds. —**PICKELL.**
White blonde a volan, over white satin, blonde and riband trimming; train, white satin with amethysts; head-dress, feathers, amethysts, diamonds. —**BROWNE.**
Blonde, over white satin, superbly trimmed with blonde; train of rich pink satin, with wreaths of tulpe. —**RUSSELL.**
Rich blonde robe, over white satin, with blonde and gauze riband; rich figured lilac satin mantua, lined with white silk, trimmed with blonde; mantilla and sabots, rich blonde; head-dress, feathers, lappets, ornaments, diamonds and precious stones. —**PORTER.**
Blonde robe, over white satin, with blonde and gauze riband; rich figured green satin mantua, lined with white satin, trimmed with blonde and riband; mantilla and sabots, rich blonde; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds and precious stones. —**YOUNG.**
Tulle over white satin, embroidered in silver, trimmed with bouquets of pink roses mixed with silver; manteau of green Ponniah muslin, lined with silver; train, rich white satin, embroidered with broad silver border; corseage and sleeves a l'antique, Leou-
tine and ruffles of broad blonde; bouquets of pink roses and rock roses; bodices en robe, brocaded with gold and silver; satin — Round: Habit de Cour (XVII. siecle), pink damask satin, trimmed with pink rosettes; body and sleeves Berthe et sabots, Chantilly; dress, white satin, plume, lappets, brilliant — G. W. perry: Tulle, over rich white satin petticoat, with bunches of pale blue flowers and ribbons en robe, beautiful brocaded blue and white, train, lined with silk, ruche of tulle, satin rosettes; corsage and sleeves, Maria Stuart, blonde lace, and ruffles; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds, pearls, pearl necklace — Sheriff Lawton: Richly embossed train, lilac and white satin, lined with white, trimmed with blonde and riband; corsage, Maria Stuart; ant queue sleeves full trimmed with blonde; head-dress, superb diamond, feathers. — Majesty: Superb figured white satin, ornamented with blonde; violet satin mantua a la reine, with fine blonde and mat-or; sabots and Berthe de blonde; head-dress, feathers, pearls, amethysts. — Pich: Train and bodice of splendid blue figured satin, lined with white, trimmed with profusion of blonde, mixed with ribands; petticoat, rich white figured satin, beautifully trimmed; head-dress, plume, lappets, diamonds. — C. Shawe: Train and bodice, green satin, trimmed with ribbons and blonde lace, lined with white satin; petticoat, rich white figured satin; head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets. — S. Carey: Train, rich ruby satin du serail, with tortoise feathers; body and sleeves a lantique, with costly blonde and sabots; superb blonde dress over a rich white satin; head-dress, feathers, lappets, profusion of diamonds. — Beck: Rich brocaded pink satin train, with musca voiles; body and sleeves a lantique, richly ornamented with blonde and sabots; superb blonde dress a colonnes, over superb rich white satin; head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds. — Windsor: Embroidered cape, with rich azuro satin train; superb blonde and neuds of blue satin and silver; mantilla, rich blonde, clasped with diamonds; head-dress, feathers, diamonds. — H. E. erick: Tulle over satin, trimmed with pink, roses, and jessamine; mantoue of pink broche silk, lined with white, trimmed with tulle; train, black, embroidered a lantique, with rich blonde and roses. — Gen. Grosvenor: Elegant Court dress, feuille de rose, trimmed with tulle and satin, white satin, blonde and satin trimming; superb white satin trimming; head-dress, plume, lappets, pearls, diamonds. — Mitchell: Brussels lace over superb satin, with bouquets; mantoue, rich etoffe feconne; corsage, lace, silver cordeliere; head-dress, feathers, Brussels lappets, splendid diamonds. — G. Burnaby: Lace, rich pink satin train, lined with white satin, trimmed with swansdown and blonde; feathers, lappets, pearls.

MISISFS.

DOYLE: Dress and tunic white muslin, Turkish border of beautiful flowers, embroidered in gold and colours; corsage and sleeves a lantique, with gold and Brussels point; mantoue lilac satin Head-dress, feathers, diamonds. — Bridges: Rich white satin, with tulle illusion and bouquets of mixed geraniums; corsage and sleeves a lantique, Leontine and ruffles of blonde; mantoue promenade satin lined with white, and trimmed with geraniums, H. dresses, plume, and ribbon lappets. — Sutton (two): Costume de Cour (moyn age), dress, white tulle Grec, over white satin, with bouquets of pink wild roses; train rich white satin; body and sleeves a lantique, with Chiffon lappets. — Abbott: Embroidered white cape, over white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train rich pink satin, lined with white, and trimmed with net and riband. Head-dress, feathers and pearls. — C. Abbott: Embroidered white cape, over white satin, body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train rich pink satin, lined with satin, trimmed with net and flowers. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds. — Wynn: Clear muslin, over white satin, trimmed with blonde, and wreaths of roses; train clear muslin, lined with pink silk, trimmed with lace and roses. Head-dress, plumes and lace lappets, pearl ornaments. — Pontell: Blonde robe, with Brussels feathered flowers, over white satin; manteau rich white satin, lined and trimmed to correspond; mantilla and sabots rich blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, pearl ornaments. — Smyth: Petitcoat figured blonde, over white satin, richly ornamented with blonde lace and riband; manteau, lilac satin embroidered with pearls, trimmed with blonde; corsage with pearls and deep blonde lace. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets and pearls. — Smyth: Petticoat figured blonde, over white satin, with blonde lace and riband; manteau rich green satin, embroidered with pearls, trimmed with blonde; corsage ornamented with pearls and deep blonde lace. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, pink topaz. — Blake: French blonde, over white satin; lilac satin bodice; train richly trimmed with blonde, and bunches of lilies. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, necklace, ear rings. — Catton: White cape, over white satin, embroidered en tablier, with bouquets of dahlias and roses; corsage and sleeves a lantique, leontine and ruffles, superb blonde; manteau of rich cerise and white broche satin, ruches of tulle and rosettes of white satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets. — Hope Johnstone: White tulle, over white satin, with bouquets of flowers; body a l'Isoline, with rich blonde; sleeves a la Jardiniere, with sabots of blonde; train superb satin, white ground, rich stripe of pink and gauze, trimmed with tulle and riband. Coiffure feathers, diamonds and blonde. — Georgiana Curtis: Habit de Cour (XVII. siecle) white satin, with blonde tulle ruche; body and sleeves Berthe et sabots de Chantilly. Dress of white tulle over satin, with bouquet de cote. Plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. — Guillemine Curtis: Habit de Cour (XVII. siecle) poul de soie paille, trimmed with blonde tulle ruche; body and sleeves avec Berthe et sabots de Chantilly; dress de fantaisie over satin, bouquet de cote. Embroidered cape, brilliants. — Folke: Tulle over white satin, with bouquets of wild convolvulus; train rich blue satin, lined with white, body and sleeves Louis XIV, with blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets. — Kerr: White tulle, over rich satin with flowers; body a l'Isoline, with handsome blonde; train rich pink with pullings of Greek net and rouloue. Feathers, pearls, lappets. — Hoye (two): Petticoat dentelle de soie, with roses over rich white satin corgasse and train of satin face rose et blanc, a ruche of tulle; rich blonde mantilla and ruffles, looped with white roses. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, ornaments of pink topaz. — H. Brauecker: Tulle over rich white satin, en tunic, with bunches of blue and white marabout with silver grapes; corsage and sleeves Louis XIV, handsomely trimmed with blonde; train, white velours des Indes, rosettes of blue satin riband. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, turquoise, necklace and earrings en suite. — Cronick (two): Train and body, Crin, coloured satin, lined with white, beautifully trimmed with tulle riband and blonde lace; petticoat white satin and tulle, elegantly trimmed with lilac flowers and blonde. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets. — Eton: Embroidered
white crepe dress, superbly trimmed with blonde, over rich white satin; train rich Irish net, lined with white, trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—Figu : Trained blonde bodice, with blonde, white, and handsomely trimmed with blonde lace and ribbons; petticoat beautiful blonde lace over pink satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, peltlet. —White : Train and blonde hair, figured white satin, trimmed with blonde and ribbons, petticoat tulle rich white satin, with ruches of blonde and flowers. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—Kerr : Rich pink satin, with point lace; train pink satin, lined with white, richly trimmed with point. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, lappets.—Dillon : A figured green Irish poplin, with train torses of blonde and ribbon, body and sleeves a l'antique, with blonde and sabots; dress, white rich brocaded poult de soie, trimmed with rich blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets.—Bagot : Costume de Cour (moyen age), white crepe dress, trimmed with white and silver bouquets; train blue gros des Indes, lined with white satin; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Train of feathers, blonde lappets, brilliants.—Smith : Costume de Cour (moyen age), white Irish blonde dress over white satin; train rich brocaded pink tulle and silver; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Plume of feathers, feathers, lappets, and brilliants.—Bresford : Costume de Cour (moyen age), dress with blonde hair, gold and gold; train rich mauve watered silk, trimmed with gold lemas; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Plume, lappets, brilliants.—Illumis : Costume de Cour (moyen age), white Indian silk, brocaded green and gold; train rich mauve watered silk, trimmed with gold lemas; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Plume, lappets, brilliants.—Balke : Costume de Cour (moyen age), white tulle dress, over white satin, with ivory and wild roses; train rich white velours d'Athenes; body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly. Plume, lappets, brilliants.—Steuane : Costume de Cour (moyen age), splendidly embroidered in gold lemas; train white satin, richly embroidered over in gold bouquets, border in gold; body and sleeves with rich embroidery Plume, lappets, brilliants.—Blackwood : Blonde over white satin; train rich white satin, coralene a l'antique, Leontine and ruffles of board blonde; manteau de straw colour, poult de soie, with ruches of tulle and bunches of convolvulus. Head-dress, feathers, pearls.—Parka : White crepe over a rich satin; train pink poplin, satin garniture; corsage ornamented with rich blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, pearls.—Balfe : Blue silk train, blonde mantle and sabots, petticoat tulle over white satin, trimmed with blue polyanthus. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds, pearls.—Campbell : Court costume, siecle Louis XIV., rich pink satin train, with fullings of tulle and roses, blonde mantle sabots, tulle petticot over white satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, necklace, tiara of pearls and enamel.—Des Vaux : Tulle over rich white satin, en tunique with ruche of blonde, with bouquet of blonde and point lace; Mamelukey sleeves; train jonguil velours des Indes, ruche of blonde and bouquet. Head-dress, lappets, feathers, pearls, necklace, earrings.—Ivry : Tulle over white satin, with ruche of blonde en tunique, looped with bouquets of geraniums; corsage a la point, Mamelukey sleeves; train rich white satin, trimmed with blonde, looped en festoon, bodice rich blonde, feathers, lappets, diamonds, pearls, necklace and earrings.—Hughes : Tulle over rich satin, trimmed with tulle and bouquet of roses, with relief of silver body, ancient style, deep rich blonde; magnifique train of rich lilac and white figured satin, handsomely lined with white satin, bouffants et tulle, looped with rosae and silver. Feathers, diamonds, lappets.—Beauchamp : Tunic silver lama over rich white satin trimmed with blonde, looped with bunches of red and variegated carnations; Mamelukey sleeves, corsage a la Elizabeth; train broche pink satin, with small bouquets in colours. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, diamonds, pearls; necklace, earrings en suite.—Prince : Tulle over white satin, trimmed with heath and wild roses; train, pink satin, with blonde ruche, lined with white silk. Head-dress, plume, lappets, pearl ornaments.—Clinton (two) : White satin, with blonde; train, peach-blossom satin, lined with white satin, trained with tulle, blonde, and satin. Head-dress, plume, splendid blonde lappets, diamond and pearl ornaments.—Lloyd : Habit de cour (1710), rich pink satin, garni ruban et fleurs; bodice en sleeves, blonde mantilla and sabots; dress, tulle de Cambray, ornamented with bouquets of flowers, over white satin. Head-dress, feathers, pearls, lappets.—MacDonald : White crepe, trimmed with blonde, bows, ponceau satin; train, white velvet, with satin stripes; Head-dress, plume of scarlet feathers, diamonds.—Beauchamp (two) : Crape, over rich white satin, superbly ornamented with Turkish embroidery, gold and colours; corsage a la point; Mamelukey sleeves, deep blonde; train, rich white velours des Indes, looped en festoon, with bouquets of pale roses. Head-dress, lappets, feathers, diamonds.—Earskin : (Siecle Louis XIV.) white crape dress, bouquets of blush roses over rich white satin; body and sleeves trimmed with blonde; train, super white satin. Head-dress, plume, lappets; pearl ornaments.—Malcolm : Court costume (Siecle Louis XIV.), rich blue glace gros train, bouquet blue and silver, blonde mantilla and sabots; tulle petticot over white satin, en tablier, bouquet of blue and silver garniture satin, dress, feathers, lappets; diamonds.—Dillon : (Siecle Louis XIV.), rich figured white satin train; blonde mantilla and sabots; tulle petticot over white satin, trimmed with fancy flowers. Head-dress, feathers, lappets; diamonds.—Johnston : Court costume (Siecle Louis XIV.), rich blue broche train; blonde mantilla and sabots; petticot, figured white satin. Head-dress, feathers, lappets; diamonds, pearls.—F. Ivry : Blonde, over white satin; manteau blue silk, with mixed trimming of tulle and flowers; mantilla and sabots blonde. Head-dress, splendid plume of blue and white ostrich feathers, lappets; diamonds, pearls.—Cecilia Ivry : Blonde, over white satin; manteau figured white satin, with plume and mantilla and sabots of blonde. Head-dress, white ostrich feathers and lappets; ornaments, pearls.
HER MAJESTY'S SEVENTH DRAWING-ROOM.

HER MAJESTY.

Elegant tulle, richly embroidered in silver; body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blsse; rich silver tissue train, with handsome silver border, lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. (The whole of British manufacture.)

H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

Beautiful tulle, over white satin, magnificently ornamented with diamonds and pearls; rich maize train, figured satin, tastefully trimmed with satin and blonde, lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. (The whole of British manufacture.)

PRINCESS BREZENHEIM.

Habit de Cour (Hongrois), pink watered silk robe, a queue, richly embroidered in silver lamé; apron and epaulettes in tulle, embroidered in silver; body laced with pearls, and trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, pink and silver bows, veil and brilliants.

DUCHESSES.

NORTHUMBERLAND: White tulle, over white satin, richly trimmed with gold fringes and ribbons to correspond with train; train and bodice of white Irish taffeta, broaded with gold, lined with white satin, and trimmed with gold fringe; mantilla and sabots of blonde. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds.

HAMILTON: Handsome Brussels lace, over rich gold colour satin alp; corsage and mantashe a la Maintenon, richly trimmed with Brussels lace and Brussels ruffles; rich white watered gross-de-Naples train, richly embroidered with gold, and lined with rich white satin. Head-dress, handsome white ostrich feathers, Brussels lace lappets; diamonds and band- deau costly diamonds; earrings and diamonds derierre.

DOWAGER DUCHESS OF LEEDS.

White satin petticoat, richly embroidered in bouquets of gold; embroidered green satin robe, tastefully ornamented with ribbon; body and sleeves richly trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, panache of feathers, blonde barbes, with profusion of diamonds.

COUNTESSES.

STANHOPE: Habit de Cour (moyen age), tulle dress, richly embroidered in gold and colours; train of rich ceriase and white satin broche blonde; body and sleeves, with Berthe et sabots, Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.

SEBASTIANI: Court dress, cerise gros d'Afrique, richly embroidered in gold bouquets; corsage elegantly trimmed with gold and rich blonde; superb white satin dress, embroidered to correspond, and ornamented with splendid diamonds. Head-dress, elegant plume of ostrich feathers, blonde lappets, diamond necklace, and earrings.

POULET: Very rich white French satin dress, handsomely trimmed with satin ribbon and pearls; train, rich blue French satin, trimmed with blonde and pearls. Head-dress, diamonds, pearls, and feathers.

MEZIOROUGH: Rich black brochet satin, corsage and sleeves a l'antique, trimmed with black blonde, Venetian sleeves to correspond; black satin mantashe, trimmed round with ruches of tulle, and cockades of satin ribbon. Head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets, with Roman pearl ornaments.

JERSEY: Costume de Cour (a la fille d'Artois), superb silk train, elegantly trimmed with deep blonde and ruffles of silver; bodice same; sleeves a l'Isoline, with superb fall of blonde and diamonds; tulle skirt, over white satin, trimmed, en tunique, with net, intermixed with lilac flowers and rosettes of silver; rich silver band at the sides. Head-dress, coiffure, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.

MEMBIS AND MARCH: White satin front, magnificently embroidered in rich gold lamé; stomacher embroidered to correspond; mantashe and bodice, rich blue and white lavender satin, lined with white satin, surrounded with garniture of gold lamé, edged with French blonde lace; bodice and sleeves elegantly trimmed with gold lamé and beautiful French blonde lace. Head-dress, feathers, French blonde lappets, profusion of diamonds and emeralds; necklace and earrings en suite.

BROWNSLOW: Habit de Cour (moyen age), rich tulle Grec dress, embroidered in gold lamé, en tablier et riches bordures; tulle Grec train to correspond with the dress, lined with white satin; body and sleeves, with Berthe et sabots, embroidered en suite. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.

VISOUNTESSES.

BERESFORD: Habit de Cour (moyen age), rich white satin dress, embroidered in pink and tablier, trimmed with blonde and roses; pink velours epingle train, broche a bouquets; body and sleeves, with Berthe et sabots, Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.

ASHBROOK: Tulle, over white satin petticoat, handsomely trimmed with tulle and ribbon; azure blue satin train, trimmed with tulle and ribbon; mantilla and sabots of blonde. Head-dress, white feathers, diamonds, and rubies.

LADIES.

ADELZA MANNERS: Lilac crapes over white satin, trimmed as a robe with silver lamé, and neuds of lilac satin ribbon embroidered in silver lamé intermingled with silver wheat; mantashe and bodice rich perrique and white brocaded satin, surrounded with garniture of satin and silver lamé, festooned with neuds of satin ribbon edged with silver lamé; mantilla and ruffles handsome French blonde lace. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and blonde lappets; ornaments, diamonds, pearls and rubies.

LOUBEA FORBES: Handsome tulle, over white satin, richly embroidered in gold lamé and doss silk; mantashe and bodice pink figured satin, lined with white ditto, surrounded with garniture of tulle and satin, and gold lamé; blonde mantilla and ruffles. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and lappets of French blonde; ornaments, diamonds.

JANE CHARTERIS: Tulle, over white satin; handsomely trimmed with blonde and satin, bouquet of mixed flowers; bodice and sleeves to correspond, handsomely trimmed with French blonde lace; gros d'Arthus mantashe; colour vert de lune, lined with white satin, and surrounded with garniture of satin, edged with French blonde lace, festooned with neuds of satin, edged with blonde. Head-dress, on
feathers and French blonde lappets; ornaments, diamond brooches, &c. — J. A. COX: White satin, trimmed with blue flowers and ribbon; train and bodice rich blue satin, lined with white silk, and trimmed handsomely with blonde and ribbons. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets; rich blue lace, embroidered, over white satin, with brocaded ribbon down skirt; body and sleeves trimmed with rich blonde, decorated with bouquets of coquelicous; blue gros d’orient, train trimmed with satin blonde, and bows. Head-dress, plume, lappets, and pearl ornaments.—G. Benet: White satin, trimmed with French blonde and satin ribbon; mantilla and ruffles of French blonde; train, celeste Oriental, lined with white satin, trimmed with blonde and celeste satin, Head-dress, plume and blonde lappets, with pearl ornaments.—ROUSE BOUGHTON: Brocaded satin, trimmed with Brussels lace, emerald green satin; train, ornamented with shaded ribbon. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, fine point lappets, and diamonds.—KINLOCK: Tulle illusion, richly embroidered in bunches of flowers and leaves of blonde, trimmed with pink roses and ribbon; dress and train finest blonde. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.—M. GRIGSON: Dress embroidered, over white satin, Adelaide coloured satin; train, lined with white satin, trimmed with blonde and ribbons; corsage a la Sévigne; mantilla, sabots, and epaulettes of deep blonde. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; ornaments, amethysts.—SHERBOURNE: White cape, embroidered in silver, over white satin: train and bodice black satin, trimmed with black point lace and ribbons. Head-dress, blonde lappets and diamonds.—ACTON: Habut de Cours (moiety age), white poulpe de soie dress, trimmed with tulle and ribbons, fastened with brilliants; body and sleeves trimmed with Chantilly blonde; white tulle train, embroidered in silver lamé. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets and brilliants.—JOHN RUSSELL: Rich grey satin train, richly trimmed with ribbon and blonde en torsade; body and sleeves a l’Egyptienne, ornamented with blonde and sabots; white cape, dress over white satin, trimmed to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds.—J. Campbell: Habut de Cours (moiety age), white cape, embroidered in silver lame a colonnes; pink and white brocaded satin train, trimmed with silver lame; body and sleeves, with Berthe et sabots, Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.—G. CORKBURN: Petticoat of blonde net, embroidered, en colonnes, with floss silk, over white satin; canary and white brocaded satin mantel, lined with white satin, and garniture of blonde and ribbon round it; body trimmed with blonde lace, and deep ruffles. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds.—E. Courtenay: Blonde lace petticot, tastefully trimmed with blonde and pearls; celestial blue figured silk train, ornamented with pearls and ribbon, lined with white satin, body elegantly trimmed with blonde, and ruff in the style of Queen Elizabeth. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and pearls.—Anna Maria Courtenay: Rich white satin petticot, ornamented with bouquets of wild roses and blonde net; rich pink poplin train, lined with silk, trimmed in festoons with ruches of tulle and ribbon; bodied same, with deep blonde and pearls. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds. (The whole of the dress of British manufacture.)—C. Leslie: Rich figured white satin petticot, tastefully ornamented with draperies of tulle and bouquets of mixt. blonde and pearls; rich blue cape, embroidered, over white satin, with brocaded ribbon down skirt; bodice and sleeves trimmed with blonde, decorated with bouquets of coquelicoues; blue gros d’orient, train trimmed with satin blonde, and bows. Head-dress, plume, lappets, and pearl ornaments.—C. Nield: White satin, handsomely trimmed with blonde: rich silk robe, brocaded in bouquets of roses, tastefully ornamented with blonde; corsage a la Marie Stuart, studded with diamonds. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds; necklace and ear rings en suite.—Seymore: Costume, jonquille satin manteau, lined with white, superbly trimmed with silver and violet satin; corsage and sleeves a la Louise XIV., in gold, silver, an a llet, ornamented with antique point lace; dress, rich white satin, trimmed to correspond. Head-dress, point lace lappets, ostrich feathers, and brilliants, interspersed with violets; ornaments, brilliants and amethysts. Costume de Cours (a la fille d’Artois), a white silk, trimmed with a deep flounce of blonde; sleeves a l’asline, ornamented with blonde; train en Pompadour satin, tastefully trimmed. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds and blonde lappets.—L. Haig: White blonde, over rich white satin; body and sleeves elegantly trimmed with blonde; white gros velours, handsomely ornamented with ruche of tulle and white ribbon. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, diamonds, and pearls.—Stedman: Lace, over white satin, handsomely trimmed with Brussels point lace; blue satin train, lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.—Tennyson: White figured satin, with deep lace flounce; corsage and sleeves graminee satin, trimmed with fine Brussels point; point lace mantilla; granade satin train, lined with white satin, and trimmed with ermine. Head-dress, point lappets, feathers, and rib of pearls and diamonds.—Jodrell: Magnificent French blonde dress, a colombe, over rich white silk, diamond stomacher; rich French blonde mantilla; blue celeste satin train, trimmed with blonde, looped with bouquets of yellow flowers. Head-dress, diamonds, arranged with a diamond tiara; feathers and lappets.—D. Gordon: White satin; green satin train, figured and trimmed with ribbons of two colours; mantilla and sabots of Brussels point lace. Head-dress, feathers, suite of ornaments, and diamonds.—Dining: Blonde, with white satin under dress; Oriental fabric train, figured in gold, lined with white satin, trimmed with a rich chef of gold; mantillas, sabots, and lappets, of sapphire blonde. Head-dress, feathers, and suite of large pearls and diamonds.—MacIaine: Superb blonde lace dress, over white satin; train same, trimmed with silver lame; body and sleeves composed of blonde. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, rubies, and blonde lappets.—G. Crommelin: White gros-de-Naples dress, trimmed with ruches of tulle, tastefully intermixed with bows of pink ribbon; train, pink satin ornamented with pink riband; Court tucker, ruffles, and lappets of superb point lace. Head-
dress, feathers, diamonds, and pearls.—Campbell: Tulle illusion, with rows of red and blue and silver flowers; splendid mauve-coloured satin train; mantilla and sabots, Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, five pearls, and diamonds.—Mary Long: Rich brocaded maigre satin petticoat, with bunches of red flowers; sleeves and body, style of Charles IX., trimmed with point lace. Head-dress, feathers, point lace, lappets, and diamonds.—Hyde: Tulle illusion, over rich white satin, with superb maic brocaded satin train, richly trimmed with blonde; mantilla and ruffles to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, and blonde lappets, with jet ornaments.—Montfort: Blonde, under white satin, with superb maic brocaded satin train, richly trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, plume of feathers, lappets, and brilliants, diamond earrings and necklace.—Robb: White stipe, embroidered with gold and colours, over rich white satin slip; body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with gold and ribbon; mantilla blonde lace sabots; rich white moire train, splendidly brocaded with gold and floss silk. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, and brilliants.—Peel: White dress, embroidered with gold, elegantly trimmed with blonde; white satin train, embroidered with gold, and looped with gold tassels; corsege profusely ornamented with gold. Head-dress, ostrich plume, blonde lappets, and diamonds.—Dufour: Court dress, lavender figured satin, with rich blonde trimming; corsege a point, ornamented with point lace; rich blonde dress, over white satin slip. Head-dress, an elegant ostrich plume, blonde lappets, diamond necklace and earrings.—M. D. Christopher: India brocaded gold dress; green figured satin train, brocaded in gold, lined with white satin, trimmed with blonde and gold flowers, with profusion of diamonds. Head-dress, costly diamonds, lappets, and feathers.—Palmer: Tulle, over white satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde, with bouquet of convolvulus and diamonds.—J. Scott: Costumé de Cour (a la file d’Artois), white cape, over white satin slip; sleeves, a J’asline, trimmed with blonde; white satin train, elegantly trimmed, a la Huguenot. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.—Pynn: White satin, brocaded in gold bouquets; corsege and sleeves trimmed with gold lame; train of yellow satin, with garniture of gold and blonde. Head-dress, feathers, and brilliants.—Graves Sawle: Habit de Cour (moyen age), rich white satin, with deep Chantilly blonde flounce; rich pink and white brocaded satin train; body and sleeves, with Berthe et sabots, of Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.—Smith: Habit de Cour (moyen age), white crepe line dress, embroidered in bouquets of gold and coloured flowers, over white satin; rich faille et blanc brocaded satin train; body and sleeves trimmed with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.—G. Mitford: Costume, rich pink gros d’orient train; blonde mantilla and sa-
bots; tulle petticoat, over satin, trimmed, en tablier, with blonde and bouquet of red flowers. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; pearls.—Polwath: Costume, brocche satin train, blonde mantilla and sabots; white ducasse petticoat, handsomely trimmed. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; diamonds.—Dillon: Costume, rich yellow figured satin train; blonde mantilla and sabots; white petticoat, handsomely trimmed. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; pearls.—Cavagnari: Figured white satin petticoat; robe with double rows of rich point lace; body and train green velvet; mantilla and point lace ruffles. Head-dress, black velvet reticule, with splendid diamond sprays, and tassels, and feathers; diamonds.—G. Bathurst: White gros-de-Naples, embroidered in floss silk; rich blue figured silk train; trimmed with bouffants of tulle and ribbon. Corsege a la Sevigne, with rich blonde gothique mantilla sabots and epaulettes. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and diamonds.

HONORABLE MISTRESSES.

Stanley: White satin, trimmed with blonde and ribbons: train and bodice, figured maigre satin, lined with blonde and silk, and trimmed with blonde and ribbons. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds.—Carrère: Habit de Cour (moyen age), white brocaded satin trimmed with Brussels point; train Pompadour, damas brocaded, bouquets de couleurs; body and sleeves, with berthe et sabots, Brussels point. Head-dress, plume of feathers, Brussels lappets, and brilliants.—B. Thompson: Habit de Cour (moyen age), rich white satin; emerald green figured train, body and sleeves ornamented with Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, plume of feathers, blonde lappets, emeralds, and brilliants.—West: Crapo petticoat, richly embroidered with gold lace and silk, over rich white satin slip; deep blonde flounce; rich broche lilac ducasse train, lined with white satin, and garniture of tulle and ribbon; mantilla and sabots of rich Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, blonde lappets, feathers, and diamonds.—Milnes: Dress white satin, elegantly embroidered with deep border of silver, internizmated with pearls; corsege and sleeves rich black satin with leontine and double blonde ruffles, manteau black satin, lined with white, with border of black and silver roses, internizmated with tulle. Head-dress, feathers, with broad blonde lappets, and a profusion of diamonds.—Deminelle Rapp: Habit de Cour (moyen age), white poult de soie; rich velours des Indes bleu de ciel train; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants.

HONORABLE MISSES.

Flower: Tulle, over white satin petticoat trimmed with pink rose and tulle rich pink satin train, body and sleeves a la Louis XIV. Head-dress, white feathers, and pink topaz.—Moraston: Blue cape, over satin, trimmed with ribbon and tulle; train and bodice rich figured blue satin, trimmed with ribbon; mantilla and sabots of point lace. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.—Strutt: Blonde, over white satin, trimmed with bouquets of ribbon and lilies of the valley; corsege and sleeves handsomely trimmed with blonde; rich white
brocaded, train silk lined with white satin. Head dress, feathers, diamonds, and pearls; blonde lappets. OLIVIA STRUTT: Crape, over white satin trimmed, en tablier, with bouquets of camilla and jasmine, corsege a point, and sleeves entirely trimmed with blonde and esparto; train of rich satin broche, trimmed and lined. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and pearls, blonde lappets.—COLONEL RHODE: Habitt de Cour (siciile XIV.) figure blue satin, lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed with satin rouleau et tulle; Chantilly blonde dress, over white satin; mantilla and ruffles of Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, resaille, with blonde laplets, feathers, and diamonds.

MISTRESSES.

W. MOORE: Costume de Cour (a la d’Artois), white crape dress, trimmed with blonde, and embroidered in silk; sleeves a l’Isolier; rich pompadour silk, train, elegantly trimmed, Head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds, and blonde lappets.—ELLIOTT: Rich brocaded pomona green satin; train, trimmed with satin; body and sleeves a l’antique, richly ornamented with brocaded white sabots; brocaded white satin dress to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, and blonde lappets.—HIBBERT: White tulle dentelle, over white satin, trimmed with lice flowers and silver wheat; corsege and manches a la Mantuane; rich blonde; train and white brocaded satin, trimmed with deep blonde lace; rich lice and white brocaded satin train, linee with white satin, elegantly trimmed with blonde lace and ribbon. Head-dress, handsome white ostrich feathers, rich blonde lace lappets; costly diamonds, and pearls.—ST. JOHN: White crape over white satin slip, trimmed with roses and silver wheat, rose colour velvet corsege, and manches a la Mantuane, trimmed with rich blonde lace; train lided with satin, and richly trimmed with silver lama. Head-dress, white feather; blonde lace lappets, diamonds and precious stones.—C. WORSWICK: Costume, rich brocaded muslin satin, pink; touch of same colour, trimmed with bouffants of Brussels net, interpersed with roundels of ribbon; beautiful white brocaded satin dress, with deep founce of Brussels lace; corsege and sleeves a la Mantuane. Head-dress, feathers, lappets, and brilliants; ornaments, necklace cross, and earrings to correspond. —BLACKWOOD: Costume, cerise poplin train, superbly embroidered in gold shamrocks; lined with white gros de Naples, ornamented with gold and roundels of cerise ribbon; tulle illusion dress, trimmed to correspond, with corsege and sleeves a la Louis XIV. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, lappets, and white chrysanthemums.

CHICHESTER: Blonde en tablier, over white satin; rich green damask satin train, trimmed with blonde, lined with white gros de Naples; body and sleeves de satin, white gros de Naples, sabots, and mantilla of blonde.—J. LINDSEY: Point lace over rich white satin; mantilla and ruffles, rich point lace dress; white point de soie train, trimmed en drapette and bows of white satin, and lined with white silk, Head-dress, feathers, and point lappets, with diamond ornaments. ACKLAND: White crape petticoat, embroidered in ribbon and floss silk, over white satin; corsege, sleeves, laces, and feathers and lappets of white gros de Naples; rich pomme verte figured silk, trimmed with Chantilly blonde; deep ruffles and berths of blonde. Head-dress, ostrich plumes, blonde lappets, and suit of pearls and emeralds. —STACEY: Tulle embroidered over white satin, ornamented with amethysts and ribbon; rich main satin train, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; corsege, stomacher of amethysts, finished with fine blonde; sabots to correspond. Head-dress, blonde touque, white ostrich boa, theria, birds of Paradise, lappets, and diamonds. —BLAND, JUN.: Real blonde over white satin, superbly ornamented with fine blonde and diamonds; rich white satin train, trimmed with blonde and fine blush roses. Head-dress, feathers, lappets and bandeau of diamonds, ornaments, diamonds and pearls.—ROSE: Costume de Cour, a l’antique, pink damasse satin; body and train trimmed with pink rosettes and pink and white roses; moire silk jube, a colonnes; mantilla of rich blonde; Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.—OTWAY CAVE: Habitt de Cour (siciile XIV.), pink and white damasse silk, elegantly trimmed with white blonde; tulle ruche, rosettes of pink ribbon and pearl upon corsege; and, excitingly, Chantilly blonde dress over white satin embroidered with gold; body and sleeves, avec berthe et sabots, Chantilly blonde. Head-dress, feathers, blonde lappets, and brilliants. —HAYES: Figured muslin train, lined, and looped in front with roundels of ribbon; corsege a la Sevigne, richly ornamented, with deep blonde mantilla ruffles and epaulettes; white crape embroidered in floss silk dress, over white satin. Head-dress, a pearl resaille, feathers, and blonde lappets.

MISSSES.

JOHNSON: Dress, trimmed with ribbon, over white satin; blue figured satin train, looped in front with roundels of ribbon; body a la Sevigne, ornamented with rich blonde; mantilla, sabots, and epaulettes. Head-dress, feathers and blonde lappets.—POLE CAREW AND CATHERINE POLE CAREW: Tint masque on pink and white satin, with garlands of blue and white forget-me-nots, en tablier, with bows of white satin ribbon; body and sleeves, costume Louis XIV., trimmed with blonde and flowers; rich blue brocaded silk mantuane lined with white satin, trimmed with flowers and ribbon, to correspond with dresses. Head-dress, white feathers, lappets, and pearls; necklace and earrings en suite.—COTTEN: White satin petticoat, richly ornamented with beads; elegant figured lavender satin body and train; mantillas and mantilla blonde. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers; pearl and diamond ornaments.—LUCY COOPER COOPER: White blonde, over white satin; white figured gros-de-Lyons manteau, lined with white silk, trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, plume and blonde lappets; pearl ornaments.—DUTTON: White tulle, over white satin, handomely trimmed with blonde and lilies of the valley; train and bodice, rich figured white satin, trimmed with blonde and ribbons. Head-dress, feathers, turquoises, and blonde lappets.—MASON: White embroidered blonde, over white satin; pink satin train, lined with white satin, looped in front with flowers and ribbons; corsege a la Montespan; blonde mantilla, sabots and epaulettes. Head-dress, feathers and lappets. —STACEY: Tulle illusion, over rich white sa-
Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, JUNE 27, 1836.

Your two charming letters, ma bien aimer, only reached me a day or two since, in consequence of my having been back and forwards to Fontenay-aux-Roses, for the last few weeks; only think, ma soeur de mariee, how unexpected, and I have omitted giving them to me. J'étais bien colère je t'assure, et je l'ai bien grondé aussi, mais je crois comme le chanson ait: "qu'il ne s'en souci guère." He says that I scold him so often, that he begins not to mind my being in a passion now; I have half a mind to try what I can say to him by substituting smiles for tears and frowns; this, I am aware, is the plan you would have me pursue, for you know you were always preaching "patience" to me when we were together; but then, ma chère, recollect you are a model of conjugal obedience: your husband is about your own age, ainsi, more easily won—tandis que le mien is nearly old enough to be my maitre, and is neither to be "said nor led." It is astonishing that they do not see their own defects; if they did, they would gladly suffer themselves to be led by their wires, surtout, when they are fortunate enough to possess such a clever sensible wife, as I flatter myself M. de F— does. A propos—it is said that the Divorce Bill is to be brought again into the Chambers. A petition to this effect was...
presented the other day, bearing upwards of three hundred signatures. Ne t'affraie pas, ma belle, I did not sign it.

I was delighted, mon amie, with your description of the exhibition at Somersethouse; tu sais bien comme tout ce qui a rapport aux arts m'intéresse. Our chronological and historical museum at the palace of Versailles is proceeding with much activity; it is supposed that it will soon be opened to the public; je ten ferai les honneurs lorsque tu viendras à Paris. An equestrian statue of Louis XIV. is erecting in the grand court; a full length one of Napoleon, in the grand imperial costume, is also now being placed in the gardens near the orangery. The base of the pedestal on which the obelisk is to stand, has been placed in the centre of the Place de la Concorde; it is composed of a single block of granite sixty feet in length, ten in breadth, and three in depth. Lord Yar-mouth, the heir to Lord Seymour, le fameux bozeur, the present proprietor of the Palace of Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne, has upwards of one hundred workmen employed in improving and embellishing his new purchase. His lordship will, no doubt, construct convenient places where to carry on his favourite and elegant amusements of cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and boxing; des occupations bien digne d'un nobleman! nos François ne s'amusent pas comme cela! The celebrated General Allard has quitted Paris for Brest, whence he immediately sets sail for India. A grand marriage took place here a few days since, that of M. le Baron Mortier, Peer of France, and Minister Extraordinary from our court to the Hague, with Madeleine Léonie Cordier, niece to the deputy of that name. Horace Vernet is about to take his departure for St. Petersburg, where he is engaged to paint some pictures for the Emperor of Russia.

The Prince Talleyrand has been again seriously indisposed. On dit, that he sent off in all haste for his coadjuteur, the “Talleyrand in petticoats” (Princesse Léven), as she is called. It is certain that her excellency, accompanied by some other ladies of the “corps diplomatique,” are gone on a visit to the Chateau de Valencay, where the prince is confined by illness. We have a most delightful singer here just now, a Madame Cresini; her voice is one of the finest contraltos I ever heard. She was at the last concert at the Tuileries; the king and queen were so pleased with her, that her majesty sent her a magnificent parure a day or two after by one of her ladies of honour.

A piece called “Le Diable Boiteux,” from the old novel of that name, has been brought out with wonderful success at the grand opéra. Victor Hugo’s celebrated piece “La Notre Dame de Paris,” has been dramatised, and is now in rehearsal at the Académie Royale de Musique. Cette pièce la fureur.

Thanks, ma chère, for your excellent receipts of the dentifrice, and the milk of roses; I shall try them. This reminds me of giving you my celebrated receipt for making “pomme de coucumber,” which is in such vogue amongst us Parisiennes for beautifying the hands; take an equal quantity of the very best olive oil, and of the large white cucumber, which must be grated; mix them together, and then put them upon the fire au bain-marie, keep stirring the whole time; take it off the fire just before it boils, and strain through a cloth or sieve: repeat the same procedure six times, that is to say, add the same quantity of oil as at first, six times to the cucumbers that you have grated; take it off the fire each time before it comes to a boil, and strain it: put it in pots with a little melted hog’s fat poured upon the top to keep off the air; rub a little of this to your hands, and wash your hands, and also at night when you should put on your gloves. Cela donne une eclatante blancheur aux mains. Remember the cucumbers are not to be the little green ones eaten in England as salad, but the large white ones which are so good stewed with cream. This will give Madame de Malet some employment; I am glad to find that the pretty damsel is still with you. Maintenant veux tu que je te donne des modes?

The Hats have undergone no change in form since my last; they are still immensely large, too much so, indeed, for convenience: a pretty little bibi bonnet would be quite a treasure now; mais il faut suivre la mode. The fronts of the hats are worn erasés, and they are long at the sides; the crowns are neither remarkable for height, nor for being too low, but are well proportioned to the remainder of the hat. For grande toilette the paillés de riz are most fashionable: these latter are either trimmed with white sarsnet or gauze ribbon, or with velvet ribbon—black, crimson, or brown. Those trimmed with white ribbon, generally have veils sewed on at the edge of the front; a satin ribbon is inserted in the hem of the veil. A few of these bonnets have a bouquet of field-flowers, but they are more genteel without: drawn cappottes de poux de soie or crape; blue, pink, and white, are still de grande mode: they are always ornamented with flowers. Feather’s are occasionally to be seen; but they are seldom so general in summer as in winter. We consider flowers better adapted to the belle saison.

Dresses.—White and coloured muslins have now nearly superseded all others, still some of our belles have not yet left off their mouselines de laine: these latter are mostly made, en redigot, in front fastened down at the left side with bows of
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Courrier des Salons

Boulevard St. Martin, 61

Chapeau de Soie, d’italie garni de Velours du M. de M. Morceau, 2e R. des Italiens.

Robe dite en Soie par nos ateliers de M. Agnai, 19, rue M., St. Augustin.

Lady’s Magazine, Bobbs and Street, publishers, 15, Grevy street, London.
ribbon: the dress and pelerine edged all round with a single or double lisere (piping) of one or two colours. The muslin dresses are for the most part made low in the neck. The corsage à l'enfant, which I described in my last, is one of the most fashionable; many are made with the fronts to cross, the fulness coming from the shoulder; and manières châle, with a kind of revers that forms the châle, much in the style of the gentlemen’s waistcoats, but that they cross a little at the waist. This make is very becoming to the figure: the corsage is half high, and frequently worn without a collar or chemisette, or any thing inside. There is still no decided fashion for the sleeves; some continue to wear the large plain sleeves that have been so long in fashion, with the exception that they have taken out all stiffening from inside; and that the sleeves hang in a most unbecoming manner: they might well be called manches à l’insecte now, for they look shockingly; sans grâce, sans tonneur enfin. Many wear sleeves, as I have already told you, full at the top, and tight from the elbow to the wrist: others wear them in two puffs above the elbow, the remainder of the sleeve either loose or tight; and others have from three to six puffs all the way down. In fact, as I have before said, there is no absolute fashion for sleeves at present. We have none of those pretty muslins on coloured grounds which you mention, ours are all printed on white grounds. Small patterns are more admired this year than large ones. White dresses are, as usual, becoming very prevalent; indeed they are prettier than any other at this season: besides, they can be so well varied with coloured ribbons. Ribbons inserted in the hems of the dresses, and in the ends of pelerines and scarfs, are in high favour.

For Ball Dresses, the sleeves are mostly in the new fashion; that is, flat, but puffed out with trimmings of guaze, tulle, ribbon, and bouquets. The court dresses plain with drapeys put on à la Scéningé, are those most worn, and most becoming. Dresses made in the antique style, are not out here by any means; but you know that our grand reunions are over, now that yours are in all their gaiety and brilliancy. Well, I do think with you, that our plan is the most sensible.

Hair.—The braids on the top of the head are still in fashion; they are worn low, and towards the back of the head; the front hair either in smooth bands or in ringlets à l’Anglaise. A narrow band of black velvet ribbon, with a small gold clasp or a cameo in front, is much worn in the style of a Feronnière. Flowers are much adopted; in the evening, wreaths particularly.

Lingerie.—The pocket-handkerchiefs are worn with what is called a revière round in place of the hem, and a rather deep Valenciennes outside, put on with some degree of fulness: what I mean by a revière, is several rows of open work close together. Manchettes (ruffles), were scarcely ever more general than at present; those for the morning are of cambric, made double, and stitched round like a man’s wrist, without any lace; then we have them plain, with only the hem stitched, and a narrow lace outside. Some are beautifully worked; and in place of the hem a revière of open work. Flat sitting collars are preferred to all others. Clear muslin pelerines font fureur with low dresses. And some are double without collars, and others single with collars; they are trimmed variously: some with a rather deep lace put on full; others, with a small neat edging. Some, again, with a trimming of tulle, with an edging sewed to it: this trimming, if put on with only a slight degree of fulness, looks very well; but some prefer them very full and tuyacé with the Italian irons. Tulle scarfs, with a deep hem all round in which a ribbon is inserted, are very fashionable.

Colors.—For hats, white, pink, blue, and paille; for dresses, lavender, ecru, and poudre.-

Maintenant ma trés chère adieu, write to me.

Je t’embrasse bien tendrement.

L. de F——

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 13.)—Morning Walking Dress.
—Toilette de promenade des matin. Hat of paille d’Italie (Leghorn), trimmed with crimson or black velvet ribbon, and ornamented with a bouquet of field flowers, and a veil. The hat is large; the front evasie, and descending low at the sides of the face; the crown is neither remarkably high, nor is it low (see plate); the garniture (trimming) is rather simple, being composed of crimson or black velvet ribbon; one row of the ribbon goes round the lower part of the crown, crosses in front, and descends at each side, to form the strings: a second ribbon goes round the upper part of the crown, and is finished in a large bow over the bavulet at back (see plate); the bouquet of field flowers is placed high at the right side of the crown: the bavulet or curtain is of gros de Naples, edged with narrow velvet ribbon. The veil of blonde; a few light puffings or bows of ribbon to match that on the hat are worn beneath the front: the hair is in smooth bands, brought low at the sides. Redingotte of jacout muslin. The corsage is made à châle, with a revers trimming over, in the style of the shawl waistcoats. (See plate.) The back of the dress fits tight to the shape. The revers is rounded at back, and is sloped off towards the waist in front, in a manner most be-
London Fashionable Chit-Chat.

During the last month, my dear Leon-tine, London has presented the gayest and most crowded season ever remembered. Indeed, the beau monde have been making a dreadful toil of pleasure; for every body has been to five times as many balls and soirées as their stock of spirits could enable them to enjoy. The balls, amusements, on the other hand, have not languished; yet the brilliancy of the season has been chiefly confined to splendid private re-unions; and as you there hear the best professional artists, there is less occasion for seeking them in public. You have not informed me how you have arranged these matters this year in Paris; but the custom of introducing professional voices into the private circles has been the means of banishing all amateur performances from evening parties; amateur singing is, therefore, nearly silenced. This I do not regret on one account, as these exhibitions are apt to injure the delicacy of female manners; but I like a simple English ballad so much beyond the most striking Italian duo, that I grieve our native songsters are driven into the shade, although they cannot sing strains foreign to their utterance with full

I was present, the other evening, at the complimentary benefit given to Mr. George Jones, the American tragedian; it was most fashionably attended; all that was beau and belle in London, although it was the grand night of the Opera, might be seen at Drury-lane. He looks Hamlet well —better, to my mind, than Charles Kemble or Macready: has studied the part deeply, and effected many new points, which told well, as proved by the earnest applause of the audience. The public have actually united to bring this gentleman on the boards of one of our great national theatres, though it is not seen in his native land, and why is he not permanently engaged there? If managers disregard such a hint as this, they must be content to play to empty benches. The tragedy of "Hamlet" was followed by the fourth act of "William Tell," in which Sheridan Knowles, the friend of Mr. G. Jones, performed. The comedy of the "Wonder" concluded the amusements of the evening. The accomplished American played the part of Don Feliz, having Mrs. Nisbett for his Violante; he was an excellent Don Feliz. Some of the audience thought that his powers in comedy equalled his Hamlet; for my own part, I do not believe that either actor or dramatic writer can be truly great in performance or composition, without possessing talents in both departments. Hamlet himself is not without touches of comic humour; and the transition from playfulness to deep feeling is enchanting in authorship, in acting, and in conversation; for this reason, I always suspected that the two great Kembles, John and Sarah, would not have been (had I been of an age to have seen them) so much to my taste as Garrick; for they were incapable
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Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Chapeau en Balle d'Ivoire, orné de Ménis de Mlle. H. Boyer, rue Montmartre, 173.
Mantelet en Museline anglaise, à l'aiguille en fil de soie des ateliers de M. H. Lebeuf, rue Verronne, 8.

of comedy. Before I leave this subject, I must incline you a few lines, written in the theatre the night that the American performed, by a much better judge of acting than I am. These will give you a lively idea of the style in which the master character of Shakespeare was supported:

TO GEORGE JONES, ESQ., THE AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN, ON HIS PERFORMANCE OF HAMLET.

Young stranger, let a minstrel tell
How chastely, boldly, bravely, well,
Thou, with a magic semblance true,
The Hamlet that our Shakespeare drew
As he would wish, poured 'rard's! How thou hast nobly won a name,
And snatch'd a laurel-wreath from fame,
Which cannot fail or fade!
Go on: thy progress on the stage
Shall prove to an admiring age,
If thou wilt give thy genius scope,
Then all shall feel the drama's hope.

H. E.

Our Vauxhall opened the early part of the past month, and it is said much has been done to increase its attractions. We have not, however, yet made up a party to go there; indeed, these few days past the nights have been too cool for such revelry.

At the King's Theatre, it has been the benefit season. On the 19th ult., Her Majesty, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria were present to witness the opera of "Anna Bolena;" a new ballad was produced, entitled "L'Amour et la Folie," and it duly sustained its second title, being in every respect full of love's incongruities.

Drury Lane Theatre has presented little novelty. The principal attraction has been Madame Malibran and the "Maids of Artos," on alternate nights. At other times the house has been almost deserted. Last Friday there never was any thing like the concourse of notoriety. Madame Malibran will take her benefit on Monday, July 1st, and a few days after the house closes.

At Covent Garden Theatre a new operatic piece, called "The Sexton of Cologne," was produced on the 13th ult., from the pen of Mr. Fitzball; in one or two scenes it bears a close resemblance to "Romeo and Juliet." The music is by Mr. Rodwell. Many reminiscences of the Italian masters are intermingled in the piece. The scenery and appliances were all very imposing, and it went off with great success. The after-piece was the "Hunchback." This theatre closed on the 22nd ult., on which occasion "The Wife" and "The Sexton of Cologne" were performed to a very crowded house. The past, we believe, has been highly successful, and several distinguished performers are engaged for the ensuing season.

I see that a tragedy is announced by Bulwer, on the story of the tender forsaken La Valière, which Bulwer my informant saith not. Yet circumstantial evidence would bear on the fact that Edward is the man. Some artists and authors of high grade have that intense love for nature that they never work without a first rate model, and will sacrifice every kindly feeling for the abstract purpose of studying from life the agonized workings of the human heart in a state of mortal trial. You will remember the instance of the great Michael Angelo, who, in order to perfect his glorious picture of the Crucifixion, stabbed a man, and bound him, dying, on the cross, and scanned with minute attention the death struggle, and transferred every torture to the canvas fresh as it rose. For similar professional purposes, I suppose, has our contemporary painter of the human heart been tormenting as lovely a woman as La Valière, without her faults, too, that he may note all the nitty-gritty of a true heart outraged by her first love. I wonder whether his subject will forgive him when he has finished his study. I well know I would not.

Of the morning concerts which I have attended this month, I have only time to particularize the two last: viz., that given by the Misses Elonis, and Signor Piari, at the King's Concert Rooms, on the 20th of June; which was very fashionably attended, and afforded a rich treat to the lovers of sweet sounds. It commenced with a brilliant harp duet, encantarte by the two Miss Elonis. It was their first appearance in public, and some degree of diffidence was observable when they first took their seats, but when they caught the spirit of the melody, they gathered strength and power from every touch, till they appeared unconscious of aught save the thrilling notes they produced, till repeated bursts of applause exclaimed their great acknowledgments. These ladies are from Switzerland, but the youngest has decidedly an English face and manner. They were followed by Ivanoff, who sang in his very best style that divine Barcarole, "Or che in cielo," and was encored.

Then followed the Syren Grisi, who always beguilés me of my tears. She sang a duet with Rubini; "Scende nel picol legna," from Rossini.

By the bye, Grisi, who is so magnificent in her opera robes, is strangely negligent in her morning costume. Her pelisse full in the curse was careless put on all on one side; her bonnet bent and somewhat the worse for wear, on the whole she was what you call fogolli. She sang divinely through, and her expressive features became the touching paleness of their natural hue, far better than the couleur de rose which they wear on the opera boards. To rouge a cheek like hers is as tasteless as painting a Grecian statue of Parian marble,
The two Lablache's sang together effectively, and there was a charming quartetto by Salvi and Argioli, with Ivanoff and Piazzini. The soprano, one of the celestial choir, from which her name is borrowed. She is a pretty, unaffected creature, but dressed, if possible, worse than Grisi. I cannot guess wherefore it is that there is so little regard paid to the business of the toilet by the female singers at morning concerts: I suppose they fancy it is in character to appear like the nightingales they emulate—birds of a shabby feather by day. Of the instrumental part of the entertainment there was a delightful fantasia on the clarinnet by Livrani; on the violin by Mori; and the harp by that interesting and highly-gifted creature, Amelia Elouis. On the whole, I think this has been the most attractive concert of the season.

The other concert to which I allude, was Madame Mazzoni's, at the Hanover-square rooms, on the 23rd of this month. Ivanoff, my great favourite of all the male vocalists, sang with the finest voice, "As te fossi meo!" Miss Cooper, a pleasing, unaffected girl, was much and deservedly applauded in "Fatai Soffreda." We should have liked to have heard an English ballad from her.

Madame Malibran was announced, but did not make her appearance, to the great disappointment of those who regarded her as the attraction of the entertainment. The company were, I am sorry to say, inclined to give very serious manifestations of their displeasure on the occasion, not considering that poor Madame Mazzoni was the real sufferer, and could by no means prevent the perversity of the spoilt prima donna, in breaking her engagement, or more charitably speaking, in suffering from severe cold.

Madame Filiponzer performed in her usual splendid style on the violin; and a pale sickly Italian boy, looking like an over-drawn plant, gave some fine variations on the guitar, but looked as if he were playing his own requiem. I could weep when I see those juvenile musical prodigies brought into heated rooms, and their energies once relaxed, till the fine cord of existence is strained beyond its powers, and the living instrument is silenced for ever.

Notwithstanding the disappointment respecting the faithless Malibran, this was a very interesting concert; and that which pleased me much was the Improvisamento of Pistruci. If you had seen this singular being, you will need no description of the energy of his countenance, the fire of his eye, and the poetical wildness of his waving silvery locks.

I chanced to be present at a very large party on the night of the announcement of the death of Lord Byron. Then it was that in tone and substance—one while in heaven—the next, in the depths of another world, when describing the wonderful talent of that incomparably gifted poet.

On this occasion he presented himself with a modest, but dignified mien, and requested that one of the company would give him a word, or furnish him with a theme.

A dead silence followed, and a party to whom I was known, begged me to name the theme. Now, as I have a truly English aversion of hearing my own voice in a crowded room, I merely suggested to the friend who applied to me, the word "Ambizione!" It was a subject to inspire an Italian bard. The eye of the improvisatore brightened; he had no difficulties to encounter. He stepped to the piano, and spoke to the musician who was to accompany him. The pianist struck a few preluding notes. Pistruci looked doubtfully, shook his head, and told him to try another recitative. Then the right chord was struck, and the minstrel burst into song. Oh, what sonorous lofty sounds, and pompous images did he pour forth, accompanied with gesticulations as earnest, and looks so full of fire, that even to those who could not enter into the spirit of Italian poesy, there was a spell to attract and rivet the attention breathlessly, while he sang of the passion that led men to seek power and immortality, through dangers and deaths, chains, dungeons, storms, battles, heat, cold, hunger, thirst, to brave the wrath of kings, and either to lose a head, or win a circlet of gold, to crown it with regal splendour.

The two most splendid reunions this season were the Marquis of Hertford's last public night, and the Charity Ball at the Hanover-square rooms. Nearly the whole of the nobility were at these parties. At the last, dancing was kept up till seven in the morning! What a wear and tear of beauty, you will say! for bright eyes and roundness of contour are soon destroyed, if they are wasted so extravagantly. Notwithstanding the size of the rooms, there was a terrible crowd: each lady had not on an average, more space to dance in, than she would have in her closet. You arrange these things better in Paris. The married ladies were dressed most splendidly, blazing with diamonds; the dancing ladies very simply attired, chiefly in white. The fare provided for refreshments was of an ethereal and unsubstantial kind, chiefly eau de rosewater, the lightest rosewater sherbets, and perfumed eau de coco. If there were ices, my partner did not succeed in finding them for me; he assured me, on the word and vow of a duti-
ful cavalier, that there were none; the lady patronesses could not afford any from the fund of the fair, who we had to add the virtues of self-denial to the charitable capers we cut in galoppos. I did not even see the solidity of a sponge cake. I am glad this was the case. I wish the practice were universal, and then people who go to eat, and not to dance, would keep their distance, and not fill up doorways and dancing-rooms with their substantial persons.

I was also at one of the many elegant fancy balls given this season in Upper Seymour-street, by Mrs. Wenman Martin. I scarcely needed to be told the relationship borne by the husband of this lady to the great Holkham, attracted from the gay scene around me, to the beautiful cabinet pictures and enamels that presented themselves on every side. In one of the boudoirs I saw Hollar's celebrated pen and ink portraits, that the closest inspection scarcely distinguishes from engravings. Nor does Mr. Wenman Martin only patronise the works of deceased artists. I saw some exquisite cabinet copies of the works of Wilkie and other living painters, and some fine originals; but you will chide me for digressing into art when you wish to hear particulars of a ball; well, then, I saw no costume more gracefully worth than that of the for everything around spoke of the spirit that pervades Holkham, and combined the style of the old English country gentleman, with the refinement and perfect finish of the routine of fashionable life in the metropolis. There was, too, the same more gracefully a vestige of that makes Holkham proverbial in England. The house in Seymour-street is a London Holkham Hall, and my eyes were oft times charante maîtresse de la maison, who glided among her guests in her flowing Spanish mantilla, and train of the clearest blonde, doing her devours with winning kindness, and showing how much benevolence of manner adds to beauty.

How much I prefer historical costumes at fancy balls, to the peasant provincial dresses of France and Switzerland. I saw fitting for the gay green turf of a fête champêtre. The costumes of George the Second and Third amused me, one or two had been actually worn by the grandmothers and great grandmothers of the ladies of rank who came in them. I saw fans that had been flirted with Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole; and had, perhaps, gone through the fan exercise described in the “Spectator” at which you and I have often laughed. I should think such venerable and experienced fans could of themselves have gone through a complete course of antique flirtation without any assistance from the modern fans who held them. What a decided advantage have the military over all other gentlemen who attend fancy balls; their splendid uniforms add wonderfully to the glitter of the scene; but, alas for the navy, what could induce our sailor King to devise such a footman costume for the chiefs of the ocean? they look so ashamed of that horrid amphibious red collar, and their dress was the most becoming and meagre of all the destructive professions, as a utilitarian friend of ours calls naval and military officers! really the Greenwich pensioners are now better dressed than the rest of the navy. Why could not our sea-warriors have the same livery in which Trafalgar and Nile were won. A myriad of pardons I ask for naming them to a Parisienne; but you so long domiciled amongst us, that you may claim the honour of being half English.

You are amused at our frantic efforts to fall into the true Parisian style of sleeve. In evening dress the freaks are various; the ugliest and the most ungraceful are flat, made in the form of a round hand-screen, and nearly as stiff, and trimmed round with blonde. They flap in dancing almost audibly, and make a frightful outline. Then there are the stiff-pinned sleeves, with elbow ruffles, looking as if the pictures of Lady Walpole, Lady Suffolk, or Queen Caroline I. had walked out of their frames from George II.’s era. They give the exquisite effect of narrow shoulders and square elbows to the female figure. I like the flowing Venetian arts that best. In rich material they are noble; in transparent dress they are divine. Some are worn like the pattern of the at-home dress in January, looped up to the shoulder; others open on the shoulder with naeans de page. No long sleeves are seen but on chaperons, and ladies who do not dance. The last ball I was at was a pink night—pink crape over white or pink satin was most prevalent; white muslin, I think, was the next in favour, and is certainly worn more than white crape, which I see is less in favour than it deserves to be. White was most worn in the Hanover-square rooms. The hair is higher than in the beginning of the month, dressed high and borne backwards, ugly and poking. I think the style unbecoming to every face not severely Grecian, and then it ought only to be worn with a circlet-handkerchief, or gem couronne, low on the brow. Residues of flowers, pearls, &c. are the rage; thanks to your evil example in Paris: but how any woman, having a fine head of hair, can consent to pack it under such a thing.
as a resille, I cannot imagine. But what was not fashion do? I danced the other
day in the same quadrille with a lovely,
tall, fair girl, the daughter of Lady ———.
I knew she had only come out the season
before. She had tucked all her fair
tresses under a white ribbon resille, bor-
dered with white jonquils. This head-
dress gave her the look of a young mar-
rried woman, and added at least seven years
to her age. The word abandon, startling,
indeed, to English sense, but which in
France you apply with such naïveté to the
tie of a ribbon, and the trimming of a
sleeve; and to the graceful finish of a per-
fec toilette, in England folk require to un-
derstand the true application of that most
expressive French idiom. Our Ben Jon-
son knew it when he wrote that favourite
song of ours:—
Robes loosely flowing—hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me.

May I fly from fashion to the moon? In
doing so I only obey the magic power of
association of ideas, seeing that my cavalier
at the supper quadrilles, at a ball last
night, quoted them to me, the minute
before he told me of the late wonderful
discovery our astronomer Herschell has
made of the moonlings; how we got to
the Moon in conversation I know not; I
believe the gentleman was speculating
whether the lunar ladies can ever be in-
spired with a taste for Parisian fashions. I
should think not, seeing that he describes
them as seen through his telescope with
black bats' wings from shoulder to heel,
and rather formidable ears and horns. I
know not how far the peregrination of my
partner may have carried him in descrip-
tion, but he is guiltless of inventing the
groundwork of the discovery, as I see the
inhabitants of the Moon are placarded
all over London. I wait for further con-
viction before I believe, shrewdly suspect-
ing the moonings are a flight of flies
hatched in some warm corner of the teles-
cope, who have come out in June, and are
disporting themselves, marvellously mag-
nified by some perverse lens or other,
over the unconscious face of Madame
Luna, who I think is guiltless of sheltering
such horrid frights as Herschell describes
the Lunar ladies to be, in her refugent
bosom. We all know the story of the
blue-bottle fly that got into one of the
Herschell telescopes in the latter end of the
season and subsequently got into D’Israel’s clever Flim Flams.
And there I think the moonings would be
safely deposited, if so be D’Israeli ever
gave the world another edition of that
clever satire.

Our Hyde Park Review on the 18th of
June, the anniversary of the Battle of
Waterloo, gave the greatest satisfaction;
there and everywhere, when a woman can be consistent seen. I was vexed to think my letter to you should have been printed. Some one must have opened it after I had sealed it. Well, to Ascot we went, and the assemblage of company on the grand day was greater than ever. Our gracious King was, as usual, justly entitled to the adjunct of most gracious, and I never saw His Majesty look in better health. Nothing daunted by a very heavy fall of rain, the company continued on the ground until a very late hour, happy and jovial. As I had said so much against gambling, Lord —— prevailed upon me to go into the rooms under the grand stand devoted to play. Oh, such a scene of eager votaries. Some fifty men around, whilst others were waiting for a place at the table. There were no fewer than six or eight table-men assisting the cash-taker.

Whether Lord —— did it to vex me, or is a little given that way, he would try his fortune, and after many success, lost a considerable sum, whilst his neighbour took up his ten, or twenty pounds gain, during several turns of the ball (at Rouge et Noir) and quietly walked off. I do not wonder at the temptation, being successful; there is not even the necessity for shame, at being seen at St. James's, Crockett's, or the some hundreds of gaming booths at Ascot and Epsom. What degeneracy! What fatal destruction of honest principle! A young friend told me that a thimble-rig man, one who plays with peas and the thimble, in answer to a remonstrance, said to him, "Why, Sir, what is there worse in this, than in betting on horses, &c.?" How just the remark, it is all gambling; whether the young lady begin by betting for one, or a dozen pair of gloves, upon a chance; for a new silk dress, or an opera-glass; or hazard that sum which would have purchased either, at the time; the same sum is but a winner and a loser. However, I was determined to set about and work a reformation, so that there will, I expect, be no gambling in future. Lord ——, my companion, has a large circle of young friends of his own age, and his lordship is much looked up to by them, as well as being a regular attendant at church. I thought it a good opportunity to have him awakened by a suitable discourse at St. George's, Windsor. It was strange that in the presence of Royalty, in the town of Windsor itself, then filled by hundreds of the gayest of the gay, who had devoted the whole week to incessant pleasure, that such a congregation should have to listen to a discourse against pleasure and against gaming. The discourse was divided into several heads. "Dissipation of time, dissipation of income, dissipation of thought, whilst the love of man was wholly dissipated in the pretensions of those who were devoted to pleasure."

"The man or woman who is pursuing one continued round of pleasure, eats, drinks, and sleeps, without one thought of God. In his family a lover of amusements, leaves behind him an aching heart to his wife and his children. Every family delight is distasteful to his mind, he cannot rest during the day, and at night he hungers and thirsts after amusements; what makes a gamester? I do not mean a professed gamester? What can be the temptation to a man of rank and education? To the young man this artificial system of excitement, if success attend him, makes him so ever after, that he cannot bear himself away from it. He no longer knows the delights of intellectual society, his mind is prepared to exult in his own triumph and in the disappointment of his associates. Last of all, and when nothing is left him, the gamester, unable to bear up against his fate, an outcast from his quandam friends, falls a sacrifice by his own hand. Thus low pleasures, and the pleasures of high life, are equally full of excitement; the love of amusement delays all by the way, but the strong man will not be driven out without a stranger; and let me, my brethren, entreat you to make these a stranger to the love of God."

Independently of the races, there had been a ball at the assembly-rooms, on Friday, which was the very gayest and most delightful thing imaginable. You know I like a gay and innocent party of this kind. My best description of it, is, that it resembled, in costume, the Woolwich artillery balls, and, until the very last, there was a constant supply of the best of every thing. After quadrilles, waltzes, and supper, the gay galloper was danced with eagerness, and then the country dance, which has now become so fashionable, sent the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria set the example, with about a stream of forty couple in one set, until day alone lit up the apartment. It might have been 6 o'clock in the morning before the ball was over on the Saturday. It was well for the fair, beautiful girls who were present, that there were no mirrors, or glasses, to show them their tired looks—to the pleasure-hunting of these and such like (with their partners), the clergyman, not with austerity, like Mr. Close at Cheltenham, but with true Christian spirit, must have, in part alluded, when he said, 'he was speaking of one of those poor thoughtless creatures, who devoted to a life of pleasure, is toiling day after day, and night after night, in one train of uninterrupted pleasure.' It was evident in the foregoing, he alluded to the late sad event connected with race-betting.

The whole discourse was admirably worded, and delivered with the kindest Christian feeling; you would have liked it. Lord —— looked serious at this appeal to his generous feelings, and could not readily forget his once companion, Berkeley Craven. I, however, had not done with him, and put on his table a pamphlet, the substance of which is the following. You will peruse it with
great interest. The writer is, I glory to say, a particular friend of mine. Do all the good you can in promulgating the views taken in it. Read this at the general meeting of our gay literary friends, some of whom have a hankering that way. Here it was an awful crisis. I have since set the whole clerical body preaching against dissipation and love of extreme pleasure. I forgot to tell you that the young Etonians, as usual, rowed for a gold cup; thus is there constant excitement, even from earliest youth till every hair is grey.

""Our friend Contract treated us royally last night," said Mr. Day to his wife, as they were both trying to relish their breakfast, after a supper at two o'clock in the morning; and a feverish sleep of four hours, uncommonly well—quite en prince—I never tasted finer hock, nor ever saw tables more elegantly arranged—everything the best of its kind, and not too much of anything. But we kept it up rather too late, pushed my half, filled with coffee, between which, and the lock he had been regaled with, there seemed to have arisen some trifling disagree-

ments.

""Oh," replied Mrs. Day, "with plenty of money, it is easy enough to give splendid entertainments."

"It is so," responded Mr. Day, but if I had a fortune, I would have no care of small matters, but be puzzled what to do with it—in fact, I could not spend it; and what with the labour and anxiety of getting it as he does, and the additional trouble it would cost me to get rid of it, I should become one of the finest practical spec-
cimens of the vanity of riches that a moralist could possibly desire for an illustration."

"That's the way you always talk," replied the wife, twisting herself into an oblique position in the chair. "I have patience on the one hand, but not on the other. It was just the same when you had only three hundred and fifty pounds a year, and when you were raised to seven hundred; and it is the same now that you have a thousand, which is the highest you can hope to attain. If it had not been for me, you never would have asked for promotion, but remained stationary at three hundred and fifty pounds all your life."

"Mr. Day was precisely what he has described himself—a man contented by nature with his lot—and made a philosopher rather by his position in society, than by reflection or precept. "Man, we are told, is an imitative animal; and so is woman. But this propensity to copy, never shows itself in a desire to be as poor, as humble, or as afflicted as our neighbours. We are all of us religious observers of the tenth commandment; and therein only, it is to be feared. If we compare the world to a huge mountain, we shall see every one toiling and panting to climb up to those who have attained the summit; none willing to return to those who have been left behind. And it is fit it should be so; life else would stagnate, and our minds become paralyzed for want of stimulus and exertion.

"Among the most intimate of Mr. Day's friends was Jonathan Contract, Esq., of Freme-
mium House, in a beautiful suburban hamlet. In the same village, Mr. and Mrs. Day occupied a pretty little residence, with a pretty little garden, kept a pretty little pony chaise, and in the whole ordering of their establishment, maintained a miniature resemblance of the style which belonged to ten thousand a year: in other words, they, or rather Mrs. Day, took their tithe (not in kind, but at a composition) of their friend Contract's style, and sorely did it grieve that worthy woman to think that she could do no more. Mr. Contract was an eminent stock-broker, who made money like dirt, as good Mrs. Day was in the habit of remarking as often as she tried, which was every day, to engage Mr. D. in the same mode of manufacturing it. 'I cannot imagine what is your objection,' she would sometimes remark; 'you see how Mr. Contract does it.' "No, I do not see how he does it," interrupted Mr. D. placidly—'I only see that it is done.' "Well, that is all the same," rejoined his spouse. 'Not quite,' replied Mr. D., taking his quiet pinch of snuff—'I certainly see a great many things done, which, I should not know how to do myself.' It is no wonder therefore this good lady sometimes lost her temper."

"Had Mr. Day been gifted with the somewhat rare faculty of divining into men's characters, he would have been at no loss to understand the alchemy by which his friend turned into gold whatever he took in hand. It was that alchemy for which the world has various names, fortune, chance, good luck, by philo-
draphy has only one—talent; a fool may be rich, because a fool may inherit other men's wealth; but how seldom does a fool construct a fortune! more commonly, it is beyond his skill to keep one that comes into his possession ready made."

"Mr. Contract was one of those men, the current of whose mind flows at a considerable depth below the surface: its existence was known, consequently, not by a constant ripple of small thoughts on the top, but by the unexpected throwing up of vigorous ones, when its course was fretted by difficulties or obstruc-
tions. It was possible to have daily transactions with him for months together, if his affairs were calm and sunny, without the least suspicion of his being anything more than a shrewd, sensible man of business, with the polish of refined society showing itself on all occasions, and a cast of thought, as well as of expression, indicative of a cultivated intellect. But, view him in seasons of difficulty, when rapidity of decision requires to be united with accuracy of judgment, self-possession with energy, and the power of influencing others without being in-
fluenced by them, you would find him suddenly transformed, as it were, though in reality he would be nothing more than drawn out to his natural dimensions. As a man endowed with great muscular strength only exerts it when a giant's force is necessary, so Mr. Contract, on ordinary occasions, passed for no more than he seemed; while, on trying ones, he became all that we have described. It matters little where the lot of such a man is cast. Be it where it may, he is sure to make subervient to his purposes the circumstances by which he is surrounded, either by shaping them to his ends, or his ends to them."

"With this gentleman and his family, Mr. and
Mrs. Day were in habits of the closest intimacy, the pretty little villa of the one being situated not more than half a mile from the splendid mansion of the other. But never did Premium House become a subject of conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Day—never was its fair domain mentioned, with its costly furniture, its splendid decorations, its valuable library, its works of art, and its general magnificence—without eliciting from her incessant regrets, that her husband would not speculate a little, in order that they might enjoy like their neighbours. For years had Mr. Day withheld these importunities. But what will not time effect? There came at last a gentle yielding, a little giving way, which showed itself in (what had never been witnessed before on the part of Mr. Day) a short but serious conference as to how they would spend five thousand a year, supposing they lived it. The ‘money bill’ being thus brought in, as it were, Mrs. Day provided an appropri- ate arrangement without any difficulty, and went to bed that night with a dark-green bodied chariot and a pair of greys, in which she intended to go to the next party of Mr. Contract’s, as vividly in her mind as if they were already in the coach-house and stable. Mr. Day, in short, was fairly worried into what his wife called a spirit of enterprise, but what in his case might be more justly termed, a resolution to hazard the calm and tranquility of thirty years, for the chance of a sudden rush, in the evening of his life, with the cold brightness of a setting sun in winter; for he was beyond the age, even had he not been disqualified by nature, for enjoying the delight of sensation. The Rubicon, however, was to be passed. He had screwed his courage to the sticking-place, and determined forthwith to consult his friend and contractor, upon the method of putting an end to his present felicity.

To the hermit and the philosopher not daily mingling with their fellow men, it might appear inconceivable that a rational being should be thus moved; that any thing should make him forget the comforts that by use he knew. And hope to find that novelty had more. But man is proverbially discontented, easily tempted by the hope of forbidden fruit, and ready at the call of the deceiver, to risk all he has of good, for the desperate chance of gaining something better.

He called upon Mr. Contract, whom he had not seen for two or three weeks previously. His reception was as cordial as ever, but there was not the same cheerful aspect, the same flow of buoyant spirits, nor the same elastic animation of manner, which he had been accustomed to observe in his friend. A skilful reader of the human countenance would have discerned at once in this change, the difference, the vast difference, between the excitement produced by a multiplicity of important, but prosperous affairs, and the anxious, harassed, care-worn appearance which denotes not only the magnitude, but the complexity and disas- trous threatenings of something impending evil; and the dullest observer could hardly fail to remark the bitter smile that slightly curled the parched and quivering lip, and the dimmed lustre of the eye, that had evidently passed, if not a sleepless, certainly a watchful and unquiet night, as Mr. Day said, 'Well, Contract, I am come to borrow a golden leaf out of your book—I mean to make my fortune in Spanish!'

Turning a penetrating glance upon his friend, from beneath his closely knit brows, as if he would search for some further meaning in the words that had been uttered, 'Are you serious?' said the stock-broker. 'Quite,—and in a hurry to begin,' replied Mr. Day laughing.

'How is this, my friend?' rejoined Contract; 'we have known each other for some years, during which not only have you never thought of such a thing as now seems to possess you; but you have positively once or twice resorted direct overtures from myself, to engage in small but safe speculation; and yet, just at this particular moment, you come to me as a volun- teer. It strikes me as odd—very odd— repeating the words with marked emphasis, while his look still wore the same scrutinizing character, though his features began to relax into a half playful expression.

'Every thing must have a beginning, you know,' replied Mr. Day.

'And an ending,' added Mr. Contract, in a subdued tone, speaking to himself rather than to his friend, as he turned round to see who was entering the room. It was his servant with a letter.

'Mr. Contract looked at the direction, then at the seal, and flung it unopened on the table. 'And so,' he continued, resuming the conversation with Mr. Day, as he leaned with folded arms against a window which opened upon the terrace of his garden, while it was evident his thoughts were intently fixed upon other matters; and so, my friend, you would fain make a plunge into the troubled waters where I have been buffeting all my life?' 'Don't know what to say about the plunge, but I am disposed to paddle a little along the margin of these troubled waters, as you call them.' This figurative reply failed to reach Mr. Contract, so utterly was he absorbed in other thoughts. When, however, the voice had ceased, he seemed to remember that something had been addressed to him which perhaps required reply; but he could make none, and was weary of the conversa- tion, for he was impatient to get into the city; and moreover, there still lay before him that unopened letter—unopened, because he had a presentiment that no mortal eye ought to be upon him while he perused its contents. With some abruptness, therefore, he ended the interview, promising to think of what his friend had been saying.

'It would be unjust to exclude from this cat- alogue a description of persons who are to be found wherever misfortune shows itself; and the greater the evil, the more obtrusive is their long-sighted wisdom. The persons to whom we allude boasted of having foreseen, for the last twenty years or thereabouts, the identical catastrophe here attempted to be delineated. They had always set their faces against foreign speculation; they had always predicted that it

* We believe to the credit of the craft, that the most respectable or substantial brokers do their utmost to dissuade the over anxious beginner.

Ed.
must end in a general crash; and now, behold! they had proved true prophets. Such a prophecy, with a quarter of a century to run, has every chance of fulfilment. And there is, we suppose, a pleasure which none but prophets know, in prognosticating evil; since these telescopian seers were evidently de-lighted with the fruition of their vaticinations, than with the amount of misery which was involved in them; for while they shrugged their shoulders and exclaimed, 'We knew it would be so,' they could find no pity for those who, in spite of being forewarned, persisted in being undone. Carrying their heads aloft, with an air of undisturbed self-complacency, they looked on, and coolly triumphed in their exemption from the common calamity.

"These were the confections of men who might call themselves Christians; sadly contrasting with the conduct of one who was not a Christian; of one who prayed not in that creed, but who, nevertheless, could make a just estimate of noble dealing, and be ready to requite it with a kindred spirit. We might not choose to go to the synagogue for our religion, but neither will we ask that what is his religion, whose actions proclaim that, in the hour of calamity, his heart is touched with manly and generous sentiments."

I ask not what the kind man's creed, Who checked the tear about to start; Turk, Hindoo, "Israelite indeed," Religion animates his heart.

"As the tide of devastation rolled on, there were daily and hourly increasing manifestations of its destructive progress. Hagard countenances and oppressed hearts began to show themselves, with the languor and morbid irritability produced by nights of sleepless anxiety. The dismay at what was approaching became stronger and more general; none could wholly resist the infection; distrust insinuated itself into every mind, and there prevailed a suspicion haunting of each man's movements; a stifling of each man's words for hidden meanings and intentions, lest unworthy bestowed confidence, or a too credulous reliance upon appearances, should aggravate circumstances already sufficiently afflicting.

"Occasionally, and for a brief interval, gleams of sunshine would burst forth, irradiating this scene of gloom and sadness, when Hope relumed her torch, and smiling looks grew warm upon the cheek; but then came some unexpected blow, which dissipated all these cheerful anticipations, and rendered the returning despondency still more hopeless and profound.

"It was painful to witness the inroads which this state of suffering was making upon the habits and feelings of individuals. The usual hour for closing the business of the day was no longer a signal for returning home. Home had ceased to be the place of those serene delights, the expectation of which sustains a man through the toils he undergoes. Alas! what is home to him, who carries thither a vulture-spirit gnawing at his heart, which it is mercy to keep from others while he can; but, to do which, he must deceive those whom he has never yet deceived. Is that a home to which its master knows he is the messenger of sorrow, if his tongue speak the tidings that are upon it? Is that a home to which the husband and the father goes a ruined bankrupt, and looks upon his wife and children, who are yet ignorant of what they must soon learn, and finds, for the first time, that he has no answer to the scenes of his distress?..."

"He sits within the circle of his holiest affections, disdained from them all, and listless as the thing which turns upon pleasures that are to come, with the miserable consciousness that he has a tale to tell, a single word to pronounce, which shall not sooner pass his lips, than anguish becomes the portion of those whom it had been his pride and pleasure to surround with every substantial and refined enjoyment."

"It was not moral discipline alone, neither was it constitutional energy of character merely, that enabled Mr. Contract to sustain the shock. Amid all the toil and care which he had given to the accumulation of wealth, and amid all the seductions of pleasure to which the possession of it had exposed him, he had found time to remember that, besides the riches of this world, there were the treasures of another to be carefully sought after. He never forgot, in the moment of brightest success, that the precept of inspiration teaches us so to use our wealth as though we had it not, and that instability and vanity are its essential characteristics. He did not, like Esau, suffer the vain boast to enter his heart, that he had gotten all by his own guile and deceit. The value of this wealth, and the wisdom of having acquired it, were now brought to the test. His family, too, were partakers of the soothing influence of such principles, for under him they had been trained to an habitual observance of religious duties, and a constant feeling of their deep importance.

"But, alas, for poor human nature! Nurtured in the silken pleasures of the world, its many delights and pleasant things engrained upon us, how sharp is the separation, how ill we bear the rude tearing of them away; and how we bleed at every pore, in spite of all the aids that religion and philosophy can impart! We may be patient, but we are also sorrowful; we may be resigned, but we are also dejected; not a murmur may escape our lips, but are we not full of sad thoughts for the present, and sadder fears for the future? Oh! could we look into the heart that is most meek and submissive under affliction, what evidence should we behold of the storm that had passed over it! Uprooted hopes, blighted prospects, scattered joys!"

"And what was Mr. Day about all this time? Learning a lesson that would be useful to him for the rest of his life, by unlearning one that had cost him some trouble to acquire. He had heard from sympathising neighbours and acquaintance, who felt no surprise at the circumstance, however much they might be distressed at it, that his friend had been utterly ruined by rash and improvident speculations. The intelligence was garnished, as usual, with those felicitous touches of invention which never fail to embellish tales of this kind in passing from mouth to mouth. Some declared that Mr. Contract had abscended to Ashmoor;
others, with some ingenuity, had provided for him in the new police; while others, with more charity, had consigned him to the madhouse or the grave!

"False delicacy prevented Mr. Day from calling at Premium House during the prevalence of these reports, but it must be admitted that he was seeking to pry into his friend's situation, from motives of impatient curiosity. One evening, however, he resolved to overcome these scruples, and set forth to visit a mansion to where he had so often shared this splendid hospitality of his friend; and with anxious hope, rather than with any decided expectation, of finding the reports of the past week exaggerated.

"It was a beautiful evening in the early part of June—one of those glorious evenings, when, after a sultry day, there breathes from the golden western sky the light fanning breeze which plays so deliciously upon the exhausted frame. Nature herself seems to rejoice in the approach of such an evening; while the spirits of man, as if instinctively attuned to the same gentle influence, throw off the burden of the hot day, and yield themselves up to luxurious enjoyment!"

"The letter which Mr. Contract had received, and which he opened immediately after his friend had left the room, justified his worst forebodings. He learned by its contents, that the occurrence of a particular event, an event he knew to be inevitable, would involve him in liabilities beyond even what his ample fortune could meet, and that in a few days he would have to consider how his family should be reduced to beggary or ——, but his mind spurned the alternative. He felt that he could face want, but not dishonour. There lingered in his heart, however, in spite of the terrible conviction that to retrieve his affairs was impossible, a vague hope of something that might yet happen to ward off the impending blow. It is often thus! in the most disastrous trials of fortune, was not utterly abandon ourselves to despondency. Our conversation, indeed, may savour of this feeling, but our actions belie our words: with the language of despair upon our lips, we continue to struggle; and what prompts this struggle, but the hope of still overcoming or mitigating the calamity we fear?"

"It was so with Mr. Contract. He left his home for the Stock Exchange that morning with all the mental sufferings of one who saw inevitable ruin staring him in the face; yet with the feeling that some one of the many sudden vicissitudes of that living lottery might, perhaps, serve for his extrication. This feeling was partly the result of an opinion which possessed him strongly, before the shock of the panic had been generally felt. He was among the few who had clearly discerned the approach of that appalling event, and believed that precaution would enable him to escape its ravages. He fancied that his measures had been so prudently taken, and his ground selected with so much caution and foresight, that, like a spectator upon some tall cliff, he could look on, sorrowful indeed for the sufferings of those whom the storm overwhelmed, himself utterly beyond the reach of danger. And this would have been his position, or nearly so, had nothing more been exacted of him, than to steer his own bark in safety through the tempest; but he found himself lashed to smaller craft, that were sinking, and by their weight he foresaw he should be dragged under, unless they could right themselves. The sense of security, however, which he had felt at the outset still partially survived, though now moulded into the subdued and vague expectation of some fortunate occurrence that might intervene to save him.

"The state of the Foreign Stock Exchange, at that particular period (towards the latter end of May, 1835), was one of deep and varying interest, exhibiting to those who had opportunities of witnessing it, a scene too heart-searching, too instructive, and in many respects too extraordinary, ever to be forgotten. The ruin was so comprehensive, both in its actual and probable results, that scarcely an individual could be found whom it did not reach, or fearfully threaten. There was, consequently, one common sense of danger, requiring united and simultaneous efforts to grapple with it; but which, from its very universality, paralysed and stupefied all, none being sufficiently remote from the calamity, to be able to consult for the safety of those who were drifting into its vortex. It was as if a mine had been suddenly sprung beneath their feet; and the affrighted sufferers were running to and fro, calling for aid, but unable to render any."

"Next to life itself, is that which gives to life all its value: and some there are who rate even higher than the bare privilege to breathe, both the place and manner of their existence, who, when stripped of the accidental goods of fortune, rashly and ignominiously end a being, which they thus show they never prized but for its outward attractions. It was to be expected, therefore, that a crisis, like that we are describing, should exhibit the workings of the deeper passions of our nature, as strongly as we find them excited under circumstances which are commonly supposed more favourable to their production. There were indeed the lights and shades, the dark and the bright touches of human character, strongly, faithfully, even painfully brought out. It was a strangely mingled and discordant scene, wherein might be found much to admire, much to despise, and much to deplore. The lofty and enduring spirit of some; the crafty and selfish calculations of others; the helpless agony of a third class, who would willingly have met the first sacrifice, but were prevented by the general alarm, and who now saw that they must abide inevitable destruction; constituted altogether a combination of circumstances, such as could be concentrated in no other spot, perhaps, than that where they were exhibited. Some there were, who, knowing that, calamitous as matters then were, the ultimate consequences would be still more frightful, concealed their knowledge for the gratification, it is to be feared, of a base cupidity. There were others whom desperation had rendered reckless, and who, with a sort of sullen apathy, committed themselves to the current..."
London Fashionable Chit-Chat

earing not whether it might carry them, their
condition being already beyond remedy. A
few among the motley group were spoken of as
reckoning, in imagination, the dishonest profit
they hoped to reap, from making a feigned sym-
pathy with the truth, a mean by which
to exonerate themselves from onerous respons-
bilities; thus seeking to extract a selfish gain
from the common distress. Last of all, and
most to be commiserated, were the really heart-
broken; those men who pictured to themselves
the thrill and toil of a long life scattered in a
moment; a home of fire-side enjoyments and
unambitious domestic happiness so thoroughly
blighted and laid waste, that in the vista of the
future their eye could rest upon a spot where
haggard poverty did not appear dogging the
future steps of those whose welfare was far
dearer to them than their own.

"Mr. Contract was seated in an alcove, in a
retired part of his grounds, and alone. Even
had there been nothing to confirm the visitor's
worst fears in the manner of the servant who
admitted him (a faithful domestic, who had
been many years in the family), the disorderly
and deserted appearance of the rooms
through which he passed, Mr. Day needed not
to have asked how it fared with his friend, when
he saw him. Ruin had written its own tale in his
smile and faded features. And then the silent
grasp of the hand, given with unwonted pres-
cence and a lingering hold, what was that but
the dumb prayer of an overcharged heart, saying
'You know all—speak me the recital.'"

"A contract, Mr. Day," interrupted Mr. Con-
tract, in a slow, calm voice, 'we quit this phase—next day the
auctioneer comes in to prepare his catalogue—
when that is ready, there will be a sale of every
thing—aye, of every thing, my friend—nothing
that is here is mine now—nothing, of all I
possessed elsewhere a month ago, belongs to me
—is that beggary? Come, come, you must not be unmann'd," he continued, seeing by Mr.
Day's countenance that he was much affected,
'I have already gone too far, and I am under the
weight of my ordeal; I must learn to bear the rest of
it without disgracing myself. When you came,
I was in the midst of thought, mingled with
many shapings of old things and days gone by.
But there must be no more of that—no more of
that," he repeated, rising from his seat, and
passing his hand across his brow, as if he would
sweep away every disturbing recollection.

"'You talk too despondingly: with your
spirit of enterprise, and the long experience
you have had in giving it a judicious direction, there
must be still a wide field at your command.

'Well—let me think so. One thing is cer-
tain, I am in His hands who has seen fit to
humble and abase me; but I trust I did not re-
quire this severe lesson to teach me, that what-
soever He permits is for good. Perhaps I
should have become too worldly-minded, too
much engrossed with the vanities of this life,
had I not been taught in this manner, how
fleeting, how unstable, how utterly insecure and
worthless they are.'

'The conversation was interrupted here, by
the servant who had opened the door to Mr.
Day, and whose melancholy air had impressed
him with such a sad pressage of what he after-
wards learned.

'"That faithful, honest creature," he con-
tinued, when the domestic was out of hearing,
strewed a few roses in my path of thorns.
Would you believe it—(and his voice faltered
as he spoke,) he came into my room yesterday
morning, to tell me that he had saved a few
hundred pounds in my service, and to beg—I
cannot go on!" The tears now trickled down
his face; and after a short pause he resumed,
'but I declare to you, I was more touched by
this instance of affectionate fidelity, and the
humble earnestness with which the offering was pressed upon me, than by any thing in the whole course of my last month's trials. I ought to add, in justice to the rest of my household, that he was deputed to convey to me their en-
trances, that they might all be allowed to place in my hands their little savings. Oh! my friend! who shall say adversity is entirely a cheerless blank, when it has green and sunny spots like these!

When they returned in silence to the house.

They went at the ball door, the for-
mor, shaking his friend by the hand, said,  
'God bless you! Many a time, perhaps, when we have thus partied, you have gone to your own home with disparaging thoughts of its com-
forts and attractions, because of what you had witnessed here; go to it now with a grateful heart, to think that this home, which is no longer mine, is not your's.'  

Mr. Day bent his steps homewards, not only an altered, but a wiser man. A thousand thoughts pressed on his startled mind, which had never occurred to him before.

The unexpected address of his friend part-
taking almost of the nature of a rebuke, clung to his thoughts, and awakened a train of reflec-
tions so just and so natural, that they might aptly serve for the 'Moral of our Tale.'

The other night at a charming soirée I heard the celebrated Polish violinist, Madame Filipowicz; she certainly plays on the violin with extraordinary execution. I never could acquire a taste for artificial harmony, and own, that the extremely diff-
cult compositions performed by this lady gave only the pleasure of surprise. Still I own that I never heard more delicate or sensuous sounds produced from the violin; and I have first rate musical authority for saying that her powers are very great.

I should have liked to have heard some of my simple favourite melodies under her sweet brow. She uses her little hands with astonishing rapidity, her instrument is of the smallest size, she plays with a steel bow, and seems perfectly absorbed in the sounds she produces. Her performance on this difficult and scientific instrument is more rare, as it is a most curious mani-
festation of female talent.

I scarcely dare confess to any lover of sculpture, that I was baby enough to be exceedingly amused by the exhibition of Madame Tussaud's wax figures at gas light; whoever loves reality should go there. The student of phrenology would be bene-
fitted in the study of his art, as all the heads being taken from casts marvellously agree with the characters of the persona-
ges, with the singular exception of Fieschi, whose benevolence and veneration are enormously developed—so are the frontal organs. I think his actions were the effect of derangement and over-excitement, of ideality and wonder; mad, he certainly was. The figures of Burke and Hare are admirable, but rigid, certainly, but life-like. I noticed that all those who drew near this group, spoke under their breath, the horrid conference was so real, it produced feelings of awe in the sight-
seers; the foreheads of the other reprobates—"who did murder for a meed," are in wonderful coincidence with their charac-
ters. Contrast the ideality and bounce of Fieschi's plot with their dark crawlings to crime, and you will see the difference of crime acting on God-forsaken creatures, when differently impelled by passions and organization, in both instances widely and fearfully mischievous. I have forgotten the wax-work; I was much diverted with the French coquette of Pausanias doing the amiable with Voltaire for her beau—this was excellent: as for the figures in court robes, ermine, and plumes, they looked very theatrical, and were just in the common run of a wax-work show. The group in the centre is worth looking at.

The Princess Victoria looks older than she will look for these seven years to come. The best part of this exhibition is in the characters out of court costume. There was but one figure in court costume which I thought appeared natural, this was Marie Antoinette, a sitting figure in a regal dress. I observed that the celebrated ladies of France are better represented than those of England; Queen Elizabeth is a failure.

An exhibition has been opened, called by the proprietor "Zoëlypyrographe," or the art of engraving on charred wood. It seems that a sufficient surface of hard wood is submitted to the action of fire, and with a graver certain parts are cut out, thus leaving to the eye various shades, or if needed, the extreme white of the wood. It may become a new source of amusement for you and our fair friends, as such work would be in no respect an unsuitable occupa-
tion. Copies, in this manner, which seem like sepia drawings, or fine old engravings, are made of any picture; the effect is ex-
tremely good, and the plan is particularly successful for the hands, the hue well assimilating with the colour of human flesh—Paul preaching at Athens, from the Car-
toons, is about the best, being so rich in figures, it affords sufficient display for su-
prior talent. In architectural designs it seems also to answer well. I should like to see the proprietor make an attempt at the "Colosseum of Rome." There were about fifteen designs done after this manner; really, on entering the room, they presented a very striking and beautiful appearance.

From several paintings we drove to the Pan-
ongrama of "Isola Bella," and the "La-
go Maggiore." This is, without exception, a most finished performance. To speak first of that which pleased me most, the mountain-
ain part, called " the road of the Simp-
ron," and the summit of the "Vergante," are so admirably done in point of distance and effort, that it deserves to be preserved in our galleries as a choice display of the most happy combination of mind and pencil. Here
"Isola Bella" presents the appearance of a magic Isle; the point of view is, indeed, in the Panorama, more favourable than on the lake itself; there you are on the water below the building, or walking on the several terraces; here, as if raised on stilts to about the centre of view, so that you can at once look upon the terraced walks, and the innumerable orange and citron trees. One of the great beauties of the Italian lakes is, the tranquillity which reigns around; here, perhaps, Mr. Burford has introduced too many boats and figures; he has probably, taken only as many as were at some one time to be seen, but he has remembered that, as he had only a limited space for an almost ocean of waters, so he should have lessened the number of his secondary objects. Thus I would have wholly left sun-dry banks which interfere with the eye's tranquil gaze of water and mountains, particularly when looking towards Castello and Caildi.

Delighted as you have been with what I have told you of the beauties of this great lake, and its surrounding scenery, your desire would be greatly increased could you but see this very admirably executed pictorial representation, which was taken in the year 1835, by Mr. Burford, at a season when nature was clad in her most attractive robes. Make a thousand excuses for this long and rambling letter. Soon I hope to walk with you again in the delightful gardens of the Tuileries.

Yours affectionately,

LEONORA.

**Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**

**Births.**

June 4, at Montereiot, the Marchioness of Lothian, of a daughter. — June 7, Mrs. Taylor, Neclemburgh-square, of a son. — June 4, at Halkeskie, the lady of Sir Ralph A. Anstruther, Bart., of a son. — June 5, the lady of Alexander Atherton Park, Esq., of a son. — June 9, the lady of Sir William Geary, Bart., of a daughter. — June 6, at the Ray, Maidenhed, Lady Phillimore, of a daughter. — June 9, the lady of William John Lawson, Esq., of Park place, Regent's-park, of a son. — June 9, at Upper Norwood, Mrs. John Boyd, of a daughter, still-born. — April 12, at Government-house, St. Vincent, the lady of his Excellency Captain Tyler, K. N., of a son. — June 8, in Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the lady of Charles Gonne, Esq., of a daughter. — June 22, Mrs. Gilbert, at Brunswick-square, of a daughter. — June 9, the lady of William Adair Bruce, Esq., of Lansdown-crescent, Bath, of a son. — June 21, at Becket, the Viscountess Barrington, of a daughter. — June 19, at Clarence-terrace, Regent's-park, the lady of William Christie, Esq., of a daughter. — June 17, the lady of Dr. Williams, 39, Bedford-place, of a son. — June 18, in Cumberland-street, the lady of Langham Christie, Esq., of a daughter. — June 11, in Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park, the lady of George Marsden, Esq., of a son. — June 10, at Blackheath, Mrs. Henry Railing, of a son.

**Marriages.**


**Deaths.**

June 6, after a few hours illness, William Augustus, youngest son of the late Lieut. Col. Sir Ogilby, Hon. E. I. C., and lately of Froome-lodge, Priem-Barnet. He was a remarkably fine, promising youth, 10 years of age. — June 8, at her house, Leonard-place, Kensington, after a few days' illness, Eliza, the beloved wife of Colonel G. E. Pratt Barlow. — At Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, Mrs. Frewin, aged 77, widow of the late Richard Frewin, Esq., formerly Chairman of H. M. Customs. — May 31, Elizabeth Sarah, the beloved wife of James Crowdy, Esq., Secretary of the island of Newfoundland. — May 31, in London-street, Eitray-square, Mrs. Maclean, widow of the late General Allan Maclean. — At Hewtree, near Exeter, on the 30th ult., Colonel Delamair, C. B., late Commandant at Agra. — In Poet's Corner, May 29, Alexander Thomas Grey, son of the Lord Bishop of Hereford, in the 10th year of his age. — May 31, in Harley-street, the Hon. George Sackville Germain. — June 1, Ann, the beloved wife of the Rev. John Emblem, of Stratford, Essex. — January 30, at Cawnpore, in the East Indies, a few days after given birth to a son, Elizabeth, wife of Duncan Menzies, Esq., H. M.'s 16th Foot, and eldest daughter of the late Mr. Leeson, of Davies-street, aged 28. — June 5, at Hertford-street, Mayfair, General William Scott. — June 8, Sophia Ranken, the infant daughter of John Nix, Esq., Sydenham-common. — June 2, at his residence, Pembroke-square, Kensington, aged 73, Christopher William Fisher, Esq., late of Kensington-palace.
RENÉE DE RIEUX
Comtesse de Châteauneuf.

Born 1550. Died 1600.

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

VOL. IX.

No. 34 of the series of ancient portraits.

1836

Robb & Street, publishers, 15, Carey Street, London.
THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM
OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES ENLARGED.

AUGUST, 1836.

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

MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.
(With a beautiful full-length, authentic, coloured Portrait.)

"What is required for history, is truth. Truth uncovers the events: Posterity judges of the results. Be the judgment of posterity upon the results what it may, they cannot fail to exhibit either as example to avoid, or a reason to direct."—Annual Report of the Royal Society of Literature, published June, 1835.

"As the convulsions of nature are produced in mountainous regions, and the fury of the tempest sweeps over the heights, so are eminent stations in society exposed to perils and wrecks, that to a reflecting mind ought to render them objects of anxiety and apprehension, rather than of desire and ardent pursuit."—Mary Hag's Memoirs.

[The Memoir of this unfortunate queen will be found at page 291 in the Number published May last. The artists could not accomplish the work in time, and, in the end, required a very considerable increase in price; we therefore trust our readers will excuse us for a delay which was unavoidable on our part. There may be also seen in the Lady's Magazine, published in July, 1832, portraits, with historical particulars, of Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau,—the very ugliest of all men, to which we beg to refer the reader.]

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

The portrait of Marie Antoinette shows the costume of the court of France just before the most elaborate style of dress ever adopted by the vanity of the fair sex yielded to simple white drapery and scanty attire—a fashion which preceded the French Revolution. The beautiful hair of Antoinette is covered with powder and pomatum; she wears a white heron plume, and three rose-coloured ostrich feathers; her hair is interwoven with strings of pearls; even the tresses on her bosom are wreathed with them. A ruby aigrette supports the heron plume; she wears the regal mantle of France, purple velvet "starred with fleur de lis," of gold. She has a court dress of pink satin with a pointed corsage, from which depend elaborate festoonings of white gauze and gold fringes, displayed ostentatiously over the amplitude of a vast hoop. The petticoat is fringed with gold, and four pair of heavy gold tassels and cords are dispersed among the festoons; the epaulettes and ruffles are of Brussels lace; the bracelets are of rich pearls. Round the bust are folds à la Sévigné, fastened with a brooch and pendants. In one hand the Queen has a large fan, in the other an embroidered pocket handkerchief.
TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES.*

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE CO-HEIRESS OF HEREFORD.

(This Tale is continued from page 35.)

CHAPTER IV.

The Lady Mary de Bohun, after laughing heartily with her own maid, Margery, at the summary mode she had taken of punishing her sister’s waiting woman for her impertinence, and, above all, at the manner in which she had secured the completion of the new dress on which she had set her mind, despatched her breakfast with a better appetite than usual, and sat down to compose her excited spirits by reading the fashionable court poet Geoffrey Chaucer’s last new tale of “Patient Grizell.”

She read with a deep and eager interest, which presently caused her to forget her own troubles in those of the much enduring spouse of the royal tyrant, Gaultherus; yet such is the perversity and contradiction of human nature that, instead of rising up with improved meekness from the perusal of this edifying romance, she inwardly resolved to conduct herself the very reverse from the gentle heroine of the clerk of Oxenford’s tale if ever she entered into the holy pale of wedlock, and met with undue provocation from her husband, whoever he might happen to be.

“For,” said she, “the moral of this tale plainly demonstrates to womankind the uselessness, as well as the folly, of unconditional submission to unreasonable men. We may do nought else I see, and yet be ne’er the better; and, for myself, I do repent me not a little of my frequent condescensions to my tyrannical brother-in-law, the Duke of Gloucester, which only had the effect of encouraging him to impose upon me till I was well nigh reduced to the condition of a household slave, whereas by plucking up a little spirit I might have had mine own way all along, as in this instance, wherein I have not only quelled the saucy tailor in his contumacy, and punished his impudent confederate, but placed matters in such a train that the haughty duke himself must be faint to interpose his authority against his own will for the completion of my new array, albeit I have fifty suits in my wardrobe, as well he wotteth, each fit to wear at a coronation procession. Yea, and I perceive that this mighty Plantagenet, who maketh King Richard tremble on his throne, might be hen-pecked by as small a vixen as myself; marry and shall, or I am no true daughter of a lord high constable of England.”

Precisely as the castle clock struck eleven Master Nykin, who had been compelled to summon all the duchess’s handmaids to his assistance in completing the robes of the Lady Mary de Bohun, presented himself with a reverence, but one degree removed from prostration at the door of her ante-chamber, bearing the costly garments he had just finished on a large tray, covered with a fair damask cloth.

“’Tis well,” said the Lady Mary; “look to the stitching, Margery.”

Margery, after a critical examination of the work, pronounced it “passing well.” On which the Lady Mary commanded her to gerdon the tailor with a noble, and to dispense to all the maidens who had lent a hand to expedit the work a silver groat a-piece.

She then delivered up the christening mantle to the duchess’s chamberlain, who had applied for it thrice within the last hour, and now stood waiting at the ante-room door in an attitude of supplication to receive it.

* The following Tales of the English Chronicles have been published in this Magazine; viz.—
No. 1.—Hubert de Burgh, the favourite of King Henry the Third. January, 1834, p. 6.
No. 2.—The Sanctuary, in the same reign. April, 1834, p. 206.
No. 3.—The Prisoner of State, during the Wars of York and Lancaster. December, 1834, p. 378; and January, 1835, p. 10.
No. 4.—The Double Bridal, during the same period. March, 1835, p. 150.
No. 5.—Sir Lucas Stanmore and the Lord High Admiral. February and March, 1836, pp. 103 and 160.

The above numbers may be had singly, or in the respective half-yearly volumes.
The guests were now beginning to arrive in thongs, and Margery was commencing a voluble lamentation that the villainy of the tailor had consumed so great a portion of the precious time that ought to have been bestowed on her lady's toilet, when Judith came to apprise the Lady Mary that the Bishop of London had been taken alarmingly ill with a sore fit of the cholic, therefore the christening of the heir of Gloucester was postponed till the following day.

"Though the holy pope of Rome were present in person to anathematize me for a sacrilege I could not forbear singing a Te Deum therefore," cried Margery; "not that I have any ill will to my lord the bishop that I should rejoice in his illness, but merely because I shall thereby gain time for the better adorning of your ladyship for this grand occasion, which comes but once in a life, as one may say."

"I am sorry for the cause, nevertheless," observed the Lady Mary, "for the bishop is a very friendly lord spiritual, and I shall pay him a visit of sympathy as soon as I understand he is in a state to receive company; meantime I shall put on my pomegranate and gold surcoat, and descend to dine with the gentles in the hall, as a matter of course, albeit I have had no bidding from the duke, my loving brother-in-law, yet, as my dear aunt of Arundel will be there to take my part he dare not say me nay. See, good Margery, who waits," continued she.

"Robin, your ladyship's page," said Margery.

"Tell him to bear my greetings to the Duke of Gloucester, and say that I shall dine in the hall to-day with the guests."

"The duke bids me greet you right lovingly from his noble brotherhood, my lady, and says withal that he should be blithe to welcome your fair company in the hall but my lady duchess keeps her chamber, and my lady of Arundel dineth with her to-day, and they crave your presence there," said the page when he returned.

"Humph!" muttered the Lady Mary; "I don't think it will be worth our while to give my suit of pomegranate and gold an airing for such an occasion as that, Margery; I shall e'en go as I am."

"And quite good enough too," said the waiting maid, "the only gallant that will see you there is my young lord, Humphrey of Gloucester that is to be, and he is not curious in ladies' tiring at present?"

"How, my fair niece," said the Countess of Arundel when the Lady Mary ran to embrace her; "is this the attire which my noble brother's co-heiress wears on a day of such festivity in her princely brother-in-law's castle; one would suppose thou wert sorry that the blood of Plantagenet was mingled with that of Bohun in the person of the goodly boy that hath been born to thy sister."

"Benedicite, my loving aunt," replied the young lady of Hereford, "I was in disgrace with the Duke of Gloucester only this morning for employing the family tailor in making me a more seeming garment to wear at his heir's christening than this grey conventual gown; so it seems I am always in the wrong, as every one will be that taketh carnal matters too closely to heart."

The Lady Arundel looked very searchingly at her niece to discover whether she spoke in sober seriousness or mockery, and was immediately aware that the damsel had some covert meaning in what she said that was intended to deceive either herself or the Duchess of Gloucester. A few minutes' observation of the manners of the sisters towards each other convinced her that there was little friendship, and no confidence, between them, and that her younger niece was any thing but happy in her abode with her royal brother-in-law and sister.

There was an air of constraint in her looks, and an affectation of conventual phraseology in her language, that sat any thing but naturally on a proud self-willed young lady of her birth and breeding. Lady Arundel knew not what to think of all this, but when, with some difficulty, she succeeded in obtaining a private conference with the Lady Mary, and demanded an explanation of these circumstances, the young lady flung her arms about her neck, exclaiming, with more genuine feeling than she had exhibited for many months, "You are right, my dear aunt, there is nothing real or agreeable in my manners or bearing; but, the truth is, I am compelled to act a part that is prescribed to me if I would not be debarred of the small remnant of liberty I possess."
"But what is the meaning of your affectation of sanctity, my little Marie; you that used to be so very a romp."

"It is because the Duke of Gloucester has set his princely mind on making me a nun," said the Lady Mary.

"A nun, forsooth, and with the moiety of the lands of Hereford tacked to your kirtle," cried Lady Arundel. "What is the man dreaming of?"

"Of appropriating all these lands of Hereford, yea, and all the revenues of the last three years thereof, to his own share, sweet aunt," replied the young lady.

"Oh, brave Plantagenet," cried the countess; "but he forgetteth that the wife of the lord admiral of England liveth to protect her brother's orphan from his Judas-like policy."

"Nay, but my good aunt, what can you do for me, seeing that he was named my guardian, and intrusted by my father with unlimited powers during the term of my spinsterhood, which, under these circumstances, is, I trow, likely to last as long as this provident brother-in-law liveth."

"Fear not, we shall find some true knight who will adventure the exploit of getting you out of this doleful castle, though you were guarded by a more formidable dragon far than this redoubtable Duke of Gloucester," said Lady Arundel; "or let the worse come to the worst, we will swear that you were contracted to my boy, and only waited the pope's dispensation, which you know, Marie, a few thousand crowns will procure any day; and, then, I can claim wardship of you as my son's betrothed wife."

"Your son's wife, aunt; St. Mary to speed!" interrupted the damsel, with a look of unfeigned astonishment; "why it is but the other day that the babe was in swaddling clothes."

"The heir of Arundel hath entered his teens, and you are not yet out of yours, my fair niece," said the countess; "in the points of rank, lineage, and wealth, he is not only equal to yourself but may, without presumption, aspire to wed with a royal Plantagenet, and then, for beauty and fair endowment of mind and manners, it becometh not a fond mother to speak, lest she should be accused of too much pride; but the youth is in the hall with his father, and we will send for him hither that you may look upon him, and judge for yourself."

The Lady Mary, in her turn, scrutinized the countenance of her aunt to see whether this proposal of a matrimonial treaty of so amusing a nature were made in jest or earnest, and she perceived at a glance that she was free to take it either way; in fact, that it was one of those deep strokes of family policy which are sometimes dextrously hit off in the form of a joke.

As a joke it suited the coheirness of Hereford to treat the hint, and she replied, with a merry laugh,

"In good sooth, my loving aunt, I might have been right glad of such a pretext for ridding myself of the inconvenient title of a spinster, had my cousin Fitzalan been of years to claim me at point of lance from the surly dragon of Gloucester; but, besides the point of our over-nearness of kin, the boy is so very a child in comparison with myself, that I fear I should, instead of making vows of obedience to him at the altar, endeavour to extort them from him."

"There can be no doubt of his demeaning himself in all things as a dutiful spouse to you my fair niece, and you would have the satisfaction of training him to your own pleasure if you took him now. The power is sure to fall to the spindle-side where a noble youth weddeth an heiress whose years outnumber his own," observed Lady Arundel.

"My good aunt, that may be all very true, but I require a paladin of a different fashion from my pretty cousin Fitzalan to deliver me from my present durance in Pleshy Castle."

"Enough, enough, my fair niece," returned the countess, "it is a full-grown husband I perceive that we must provide for thee, which there will be no trouble in finding among the noble bachelors who will be assembled together at this christening; but mark me, maiden, I will not consent to any marriage unsuitable to thy degree, so I warn thee beforehand to observe due caution ere thou lend thine ear to any love suit."

"Alack," replied the Lady Mary, "I would that I were of no higher degree than my maid Margery, that I might taste the unmixed pleasure of being wooed for myself alone, and not for the lands of Hereford."
"Thou must t'en take the thorn with the rose, Marie," rejoined the countess, "and consult thine own interest in wedlock, without weighing too closely the motives of the noblest suitor who may seek thine hand; I have thought of one who will be fittest mate for thee among the noble bachelors of England."

"Some comely gentleman, I hope, good aunt," said the young lady.

"One who might win a royal bride, if it listed him to woo a sovereign prince's daughter; but he, having an English heart, hath vowed to wed none other than an English lady," said the countess.

"I like his spirit well," replied the Lady Mary; "who is he, aunt?"

"Henry of Bolingbroke, the princely heir of Lancaster," said Lady Arundel.

"Humph," said the Lady Mary.

"Humph!" repeated Lady Arundel; "he is like to be the second man in the realm when he shall please the mighty duke, his father, to bid the world good night. What more could you have, unless you wedded the King or the Earl of March, neither of whom are bachelors, as it happens."

"Nay," replied the young lady, "my mind was not set on alliances so lofty, but as to this heir of Lancaster—"

"Have you ought to object against him, damsel, that you syllable out your words with such a scornful lip?"

"Against him — yes — no — that is, aunt, you married a proper gentleman with only ten thousand nobles for your portion, and why should not I, who have five times that sum coming in every year, do the same?"

"Ha, ha, my little nun, you are no bad judge I see of a truly fine and noble gentleman," said the countess; "but if you wait till you can win a spouse like Richard of Arundel, you will be like to hide a maid. He is peerless among England's peers, believe me, and if you desire a spouse after his pattern, you had better take his son."

"Now, prythee, do refrain from jokes, dear aunt, when we are on such a serious subject," said the young lady, with some degree of impatience.

"It is you that joke, I ween, my lady niece, when you say that the heir Lancaster is not a goodly and a proper gentleman," observed Lady Arundel. "However, you will have opportunity of seeing and judging for yourself, as he is to be one of the sponsors of the infant, Humphrey of Gloucester, our nephew."

Here the Lady Mary made a face indicative of her distaste to the illustrious person who had been selected by the Duke of Gloucester to act with her in that capacity.

"Why don't you recommend the other charming godfather, old Edmund of York, to my attention also," said she, putting up her lip.

"For the best of all reasons, my child; he is a married man, and has brought his royal consort, Isabella of Castile, with him to Pleshy Castle, who will be preferred to the office of godmother instead of your ungracious self, unless you look to your ways," said the countess.

"Hath not the Duke of York two sons, and are not they with him?" asked the Lady Mary.

"He hath two sons, the Earls of Rutland and of Cambridge, the younger of whom is here, and is at present at play with my young Fitzalan at trap-ball in the castle court, so you may see them both from yonder window at the end of the gallery."

"I have little curiosity to look after gallants of their standing," returned the Lady Mary, carelessly; "so the heir of York is not here?"

"No; he was not bidden to the christening; he and his uncle of Gloucester are foes."

"A very engaging person, I make no doubt," observed the Lady Mary; "prythee is he handsome, aunt?"

"Is he not a Plantagenet, and are not they the goodliest race on earth?" replied Lady Arundel.

"I have heard of princes of that line bearing the surnames of Crouch and Wryneck, nevertheless," said the Lady Mary.

"Oh, they were of the old line of Lancaster, who were subject to an infirmity of the backbone; a family complaint, but they were noble and valiant knights notwithstanding. Fame speaks bright things of Henry of Lancaster in spite of the defect in his neck."

"Humph," thought the Lady Mary, "the bishop threw out a shrewd hint touching that point; I have very little affection for obliquities, either of mind or person, and as for this infirmity of the backbone being a family complaint,
that, methinks, is an aggravation of a very sore calamity; I'll none of him, though he were as valiant as the Black Prince, and wiser than Solomon withal."

Then, suddenly recollecting that she had omitted her daily visit and benefaction of bread to sundry dependents of hers who occupied a certain corner of the pleasance or garden, to wit, a pair of pet-lambs, a young fawn, some white rabbits, a family of tame pheasants and lapwing, and a company of peacocks, she cut the above interesting conversation with her lady aunt suddenly short by starting up, transferring a basket of fine wheaten manchets that had just been brought into the duchess's ante-room for the use of the heir of Gloucester into her lap, and scampered off with the wild haste of a giddy girl who thoughtlessly obeys some fresh impulse of her wayward will.

"Gramercy, damsel," said the countess, casting a glance of unfeigned astonishment upon the door through which her niece had made her hasty exit, "I wonder who the venturous man will be who thinks to woo and win a maid endowed with thy wealth, thy learning, thy wit, and thy caprices."

CHAPTER V.

The Lady Mary de Bohun reached the pleasaunce at a critical moment for her numerous family of pets, for a huge bear and a pair of mischievous apes, belonging to one of the travelling showmen who had been attracted, with other itinerants, to Pleshy Castle, by the fame of the christening feast of the heir of Gloucester, had escaped from their intoxicated wardens, and made a sudden inbreak among them.

The cries of the terrified animals, and the screams of the birds, mixed with the impertinent chattering of the apes, and the savage growling of the bear, raised, as may be supposed, a concert which, while she was yet afar off, sounded ominously enough in the ears of the affrighted patroness of the invaded settlement; but when, on hastening to the spot, she perceived that one ape had already slain a white rabbit, and the other well nigh despoiled her gayest peacock of his splendid plumage, while Bruin, having killed one lamb, was in full chase of the other, she added her own shrieks for help to the general clamour, in a key so shrill and piercing, that it presently brought to her side a gentleman who was recreating himself with a solitary ramble in one of the pleached alleys at no great distance from the spot. He held certain papers in his hand, in the perusal of which he appeared to be deeply occupied: these he hastily secured in the bosom of his doublet, as he approached the distressed damsel, who had so loudly invoked his aid; but before he could ask the cause of her affright, she, without pausing to inquire whether he were gentle or simple, knave or knight, seized him by one of the hanging sleeves of his mantle, and, pointing to the formidable assailant of her unfortunate dependents, exclaimed: "For the love of all saints and martyrs, sweet Sir, whoever ye be, have the charity to save my poor lambs and pullen from yonder savage monsters who are worrying them to death."

"Madam," replied the gentleman, with an air of solemn courtesy, "I will do my best devor in your service." He disencumbered himself of his mantle as he spoke, and drawing a polished rapier of Milan steel from the richly studded hilt that clasped his doublet, he sprang over the light wire fence that separated the Lady Mary's menagerie from the rest of the pleasaunce, manfully attacked master Bruin, who had just seized the fairest of the two pet lambs in his unfriendly embrace, forced him to relinquish his prey; and, after a short fierce combat, laid him dead at his feet.

He then turned to inflict condign punishment upon the apes, but one flourish of his bloody rapier was sufficient to quell their audacity, and they both scaled the wire fence with ludicrous haste, and fled precipitately into an adjacent labyrinth, where the victor certainly felt no inclination to follow them.

"Ah! villains," cried he, when on looking up, after cutting off the bear's head, he perceived them grinning and chattering at him from the top of a tall mulberry tree: "If I had my arblast at hand, I would soon send ye both a quiver of darts in your evil deeds; but at present I have other game to attend to than such a pair of vile losels as ye."

With these words he placed the bear's head on the point of his rapier, and
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gravely approaching the Lady Mary, he put one knee to the ground, and laid the shaggy trophy at her feet. She retreated some steps backward, with a childish exclamation of terror, and surveyed both the handsome conqueror and his hideous victim with the same sort of air with which a kitten regards a strange mastiff, who is disposed to treat her with more respect than she has been accustomed to receive from his species. Her quick eye meantime failing not to make due observation both of the dress and person of the doughty champion who had performed such notable service for her.

He wore neither the gay colours, nor elaborate decorations of embroidery, cut work, and jewellery, which characterized the attire of the gallants of the splendid and fantastic court of the second Richard, but was simply habited in a doublet and hose of black velvet, without any ornament whatever; nevertheless it is to be noted that his mantle, of the same material and colour, which he had flung on the green sward at the Lady Mary's feet, was lined with the fur of martin, the use of which, by the sumptuary laws of that period, was confined to persons of royal blood, and his crimson cap was surmounted with a small plume of white feathers, and turned up round the edge with fleur de lis, composed of oriental pearls.

His form was above the middle height, slender, yet of nervous proportions, built alike for feats of strength and agility, with the martial air and bearing, which, though often aped by courtiers and civilians, sits gracefully alone on those by whom it has been acquired in camps and battle fields.

There was more sternness than is quite compatible with beauty in the outline of his strongly marked features; and the expression of his lofty brow was rather indicative of commanding intellect and profound reflection than anything of a nature sufficiently frank and prepossessing as to have induced a young lady, and a perfect stranger withal, to pluck him unceremoniously by the sleeve, with a requisition to proceed to the rescue of her pet lambs and poultry. "Surely," thought the Lady Mary, "I durst not for my life have done such a thing if I had looked at him first; and yet I know not what there should be in him to awe a spirit like mine. His eyes—" The Lady Mary de Bohun stopped short in her inquisition, and cast her eyes upon the ground, for she felt that those large thoughtful penetrating eyes had detected her in the midst of her scrutiny; yes, and answered it with a glance of insinuating softness that seemed to ask what was the result of her observations upon him.

Her answer to that glance was a blush bright and mantling as the glowing colour with which the fierce excitement of his recent conflict with the bear, had suffused the usually pale features of the victorious champion, who thus addressed her:

"Have I not performed my devoi to your satisfaction, lady mine, that thus you turn away instead of rewarding the deed with one little word of commendation?"

"What would you wish me to say, fair Sir," asked the young lady, with a low curtsy.

The knight bent his piercing eyes on her face with a look that seemed to enquire whether this query were the result of simplicity or coquetry, and then replied, "I should wish you to tell me what you think of me, my pretty novice."

"Wherefore novice," asked the Lady Mary.

He pointed to her grey conventual gown, and the rosary that hung from her girdle.

"Alack!" thought she, "that I should be in no better trim, when for the first time in my life I have met with an adventure as delightful as anything that ever befell Dame Custance in Chaucer's sweetest tale," then turning to the bold inquirer who, presuming on her apparent ignorance or innocence, had ventured, not only to propose, but to repeat his audacious question to her, she was provoked into the following sharp reply:

"That you are braver than a bear, and more subtle than a serpent."

"Your compliments are not likely to increase the vanity of men, I find, fair lady. I hope the next knight whom you honour with a commission that imperils life and limbs may appear more amiable in your eyes when his task is achieved," returned the champion, with a profound obeisance—an obeisance that
savoured more of mortified pride than humility.

For the first time in her life, the co-heiress of Hereford repented the sharpness of her retort.

"I dare say you think me very ungrateful for your courtesy," said she; "I am not wont to make apologies; so if you are offended I cannot help it, and am sorry you should be so foolish as to take a little pleasantry amiss."

"You are very candid with me, I must say," observed the gentleman.

"Candid, to be sure; why should I be otherwise with you who are neither my guardian nor my lover?"

"Certainly not the first," observed the stranger, the stately composure of his features relaxing into something very like a smile—a smile? aye, and one of peculiar fascination. The Lady Mary began to think him a very agreeable person; he suspected as much from the appearance of certain little dimples that played at bo-peep round her lips, in spite of her endeavours to banish them.

He advanced a step nearer.
She uttered a stifled cry, and drew back. "Ah, there is blood trickling from your hand," cried she; "you are wounded."

"Only a scratch," said he, carelessly turning back the cuff of his velvet doublet, and displaying a very white wrist which had been cruelly lacerated by a stroke from Bruin's claws.

"Does it not sorely pain you?" asked she, with a very compassionate glance.

"It smart a little, certainly; but I shall not mind that if you will be my chirurgeon," said he, baring his eloquent eyes upon her.

"I cannot refuse you the benefit of the trifling skill I possess in that way," replied the Lady Mary, "if, indeed, you would not rather seek the assistance of the family leech."

"No; the ladies are the best physicians for those true knights whose sufferings they have caused," returned he, with a glance which once more suffused the dimpling cheeks of the Lady Mary with a tint so brilliant that even the Duke of Gloucester, if he had seen her at that moment, must have owned that if she were not a beauty, she was at least very charming.

A greater proof of this could not have been afforded than the unaccountable manner in which she had engaged, and continued to hold captive, the attention of him whom she had not only impressed into a combat with a travelling showman's bear and two apes, but beguiled from his usual stately reserve into light, trivial, and even amorous discourse with her, an unknown damsel, whose dress was certainly very far from indicating either her rank or wealth.

"I wonder what my father would think if he knew that I, who came hither, in obedience to his injunction, to woo and win the younger co-heiress of Hereford for my wife, am at this moment entangled in something very like a love adventure with this witty but, doubtless, pennyless *suivante* of the Duchess of Gloucester?" thought he meantime, while the unsuspected heiress was engaged in tenderly binding up his wounded wrist with a delicate handkerchief of fine lawn, which she took from her own fair neck for the purpose, for lack of other linen for the bandage.

The injured arm lingered in her pretty little hand after the bandage was secured and the velvet cuff carefully smoothed over it. The Lady Mary felt as if it would be unkind to withdraw that gentle support without providing a substitute, so she said—

"You cannot rest your arm any longer thus, but you can make a sling for it by tying your scarf across your shoulder, which will answer the purpose much better."

"I am not skilled in knitting knots with my left hand, lady mine, and you perceive that my right is disabled," replied he.

"True," rejoined the young lady; "then I will tie it for you."

"It would be an act of charity in sooth, gentle maid," said he, bending one knee to facilitate the operation, in which he appeared somewhat difficult to please, for the Lady Mary was compelled to alter the length of the sling thrice, and to change the fashion of the tie as many times more, till at last she got out of all patience, and bade him tell her plainly what knot he wished her to knit, and before the knight could reflect on what he was saying, he exclaimed—

"None other than a love knot sure." At this, the Lady of Hereford blushed deeper than the crimson scarf she was
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essaying to tie about the gallant's neck, and rejoined in a whisper—

"Fair Sir, I must take a lesson of you, then, in that art, for I never knitted knots of that fashion in all my life."

"I swear," replied he, "that till this hour I never thought of anything to which the name of love could be applied, therefore it is plain, that if I knit love-knots, you must be my mistress in that gentle craft."

"There, then," cried the Lady Mary, triumphantly drawing the ends of the scarf into one of those mysterious little wreaths which have always defied the skill of the author of the tale to imitate, "behold a true love-knot, and see that ye follow the pattern I have given you."

"Good," replied he; and withdrawing his wounded wrist from the sling which he had caused the Lady Mary so much trouble in adjusting, he began to exhibit some ingenuity in knitting one of the ends of the cordonnette, that fastened her grey conventual gown into a similar knot.

"Softly, my good Sir," said she, twitching it out of his hand, "I must know who and what you are, before I permit you to practise your lesson thus saucily!"

"I thank you, madam, for recalling me to self-recollection," he replied; "I had well nigh forgotten that myself."

The Lady Mary's eyes fell upon the martin fur that lined the velvet mantle at her feet, and the royal fleur-de-lis that bordered the gallant's cap, and the colour faded from her cheek, as the thought intruded itself upon her mind, that it was possible, even for an heiress whose yearly revenues amounted to fifty thousand nobles, to raise her eyes to one too much above her—but no! that could scarcely be. She was the richest lady in the land, and her lineage was equal to her wealth.

"I, too, may boast me of the blood of the Plantagenets," thought she; "my sister is wedded to the proudest man of the line, and why should I fancy that any one bearing that lofty name is too great to be my husband?" That he who stood before her was one of the race, she felt assured. She even fancied that she could trace a trick of the Duke of Glocester's lineaments in his countenance, since he had changed the insinuating glance and radiant smile he had worn a few moments since, for the compressed lip and cold brow of inaccessible reserve, which persons of exalted station occasionally assume when they have for awhile condescended to hold a too familiar intercourse with those whom they consider beneath them, and which is intended as a quiet way of marking the distance between them.

This was perfectly intelligible to the Lady Mary, and she thought proper to reply aloud to the reflections that were passing in the gallant's mind. "I understand you," said she, "you wish to make me comprehend, that you have been in some danger of condescending too much in your idle discourses with me. I pray you not to be alarmed, for I am very apt to forget unmeaning follies, especially when spoken by a person of whom I know so little as yourself," she added, with a glance of infinite disdain.

The knight was surprised at the haughtiness of her language, and touched to the quick with the lively expression of scorn that flashed from her bright hazel eyes; the more so as he was sensible that he had merited it. However, as no man can endure a lady's contempt, and very few will acknowledge themselves to be in the wrong, he thought proper to attempt something very like a justification of his capricious change of humour, by laying the fault on her sharp, and, he said, "insulting manner of demanding his name and quality, not considering that he was equally ignorant of hers."

The Lady Mary returned a hasty and very disobliging answer to this observation, and without vouchsafing any further leave-taking than a haughty curtsy, she walked off to her menagerie to offer her sympathy and condolences to her luckless pets, for whose misfortunes she had really manifested a great lack of sensibility during the period of her flirtation with their deliverer.

When, however, she beheld the piteous sight of one lamb dead on the ground, and the fleece of the other sadly torn and stained with blood, and the forlorn condition of the birds who had been despoiled of their plumes, she made ample amends for her late forgetfulness of them and their sufferings, by wringing her hands and uttering a series of the most passionate bewailments. Meantime, the offended gallant who had
been making the sternest and most prudential resolutions of dropping his acquaintance with the wayward little vixen who had first bewitched, then flouted, and lastly, put a positive affront upon him, could not forbear from casting one or two sidelong glances through the wire screen to observe her proceedings there; but at the sight of her affliction all his wise resolves were forgotten, and before he was aware what he was doing he was once more at her side. At his approach she redoubled her tears and lamentations.

"Be comforted," said the knight, "I will send you a dozen lambs to-morrow, a hundred times prettier than these whose loss you lament."

"I am in no need of your charitable gifts," replied the ungrateful damsel, "I could command the flock of a thousand lambs if it were my ambition to turn shepherdess. Oh! my sweet peacock, how thou despoiled of all thy brave plumage!"

"It is not meet for ladies to waste all their love on lambs and peacocks," observed he.

"They are far more amiable and deserving of ladies' love than men," retorted the Lady Mary.

"They are also much quieter and easier to rule than some women," rejoined the knight.

"You are quite welcome to confine your regard to them if you think so," said the Lady Mary; "nevertheless, you are not overburdened with courtesy or you would scarcely make such sentiments public. No wonder I prefer my dear murdered pets to such as you."

"You deal too hardly with me, lady," said the knight; "did I not venture my life to please you in my combat with the bear just now?"

"I acknowledge that you did, by the token that you have left the monster's hideous carcass on my pretty grass plot; and what I am to do with it, I know not, unless it please you to expel it," said the lady.

Now this was a service which the knight had no particular inclination to perform, so he glanced significantly at his wounded wrist, and said, with a very stately air, "I will send some of my servants to remove all traces of this unlucky business."

"And, in the mean time, you care not if I swoon away with the horror I feel at having so hideous an object left in my sight," said the Lady Mary; "there is not a page in the castle but would have shown a more manly regard to a lady's feelings."

"Certes," said the knight, "such offices are more in their vocation than mine; however, as you seem bent on employing me as your groom, I suppose I must, for once in my life, submit to the performance of an unwonted task."

He then, with marvellous ill grace, laid hold of one of the bear's hind legs, and dragged his headless trunk from the enclosure.

"So ends the second labour of Hercules," said the Lady Mary; "Sir knight, I am beholden to you for both services."

"Cannot you think of a third?" demanded he, half sullenly, half lovingly.

"Oh, no! you have done very well for the first day of your servitude. You are not over fond of trouble I perceive, and your courtesy is not quite so enduring as the patience of Job. Good even, sweet Sir! I am now about to return to the castle, and must beg to decline your escort thither, lest I should be taken to task for being seen in your fair company."

It is somewhat mortifying for civilities to be declined before they are offered, and it was no part of the knight's intention to have honoured an unknown damsel with the attention which she thought proper to reject by anticipation. He marvelled at her presumption in expecting such a thing, and actually walked off without the ceremony of bidding her farewell. He returned to the noble company in the banqueting hall of Pleshy Castle, she to the solitude of her own chamber, each with a feeling of mutual pique against the other, which was separately indulged by each during the rest of the evening, to the entire exclusion of every other subject of meditation.

CHAPTER VI.

The Lady Mary de Bohun rested very ill that night; she never closed her eyes till long after midnight for thinking of her adventures in the pleasance, and her desire of discovering who the strange knight was who had conducted himself
so gallantly, so amiably, and so offensively.

She was very wroth with him, and still more so with herself, and when at last she fell asleep, she dreamed of nothing but the two odious apes that had made their escape into the labyrinth, and that she was condemned to lead them in at the christening banquet, dressed in Mistress Joan’s high-horned cap, and finally awoke in a towering passion, cuffing her pillow, which she mistook for the showman, who, she fancied, had accused her before all the noble company of slaying his bear with her own hand.

In fact, the latter part of her dream was caused by a furious altercation under her window between the Duke of Gloucester’s gardener and the bearward, touching the catastrophe of the wretched Bruin which, together with the disappearance of the two apes, had just been discovered.

The gardener protested his innocence of the decapitation of Bruin, “though,” said he, “the salvage monster, if he had had twenty heads and as many tails, deserved to lose them all for the slaughter he hath committed on the young lady of Hereford’s pet lamb; only my masters,” continued he, “I swear by all the saints in the calendar that are the patrons of herbs of grace, that I am guiltless of such a valorous deed as taking his life, seeing that same was an exploit for a belted knight, and not for the likes of a poor bordari like me, who never wielded a more deadly weapon than a pruning knife, which would be but a sorry sword wherewithal to enter the lists against a ramping bear.”

“Villain!” said the bearward, “that excellent bear cost me ten marks over seas; and if thou dost not disburse the same, and render me satisfaction for my lost brace of jackanapes as well, I will teach thee to dance to such a measure as thou hast never footed before.”

“Help, oh!” cried the gardener, “I am like to be murdered for the sake of a salvage bear and a pair of jackanapes, who have wrought my Lord Duke a mort of mischief among the flower-beds and bowries in the pleasaunce, and are now robbing the mulberry-trees.”

“Clown, I defy thee!” retorted the bearward; “my Bruin never robbed a mulberry-tree in all his life. He was the sweetest tempered, most sensible beast in all England, and could dance a saraband and a pavon like an angel, and where I shall hap with such another St. Ursula only knoweth, even if I get the silver to purchase him, which if thou payest me not on the spot, I will appeal to King Richard himself for justice.”

“King Richard, forsooth!” echoed the gardener contemptuously.

“Aye, King Richard, thou paltry knave! he knew my bear well, for he hath often danced in his royal presence, and the jackanapes were both especial favourites of his grace,” said the showman.

A shout of laughter from all the serving-men of the Duke of Gloucester greeted this boast, which they thought proper to treat as a political allusion to the reigning minions of the court, the Earls of Suffolk and Oxford, who enjoyed the chief place in the young King’s favour at that time, and were the cause of much of his unpopularity both with the nobles and the commons.

In the midst of the mirth occasioned by the angry showman’s observation a new actor made his appearance on the scene; this was no less a person than Master Nykin, the tailor, bearing Bruin’s head aloft in triumph on the point of the knight’s rapier, with which it had been transfixed by the victor in order to lay it at the feet of the Lady Mary de Bohun on the preceding evening.

“St. George and the Dragon to speed,” roared all the serving-men, with a tumultuous burst of laughter; “behold the doughty champion who hath slain the bear, and put the jackanapes twain to flight! oh, brave Nykin! who would have thought that all this coil had been raised on account of thy daring do? Why, the young Lady of Hereford will give thee a silver needle and a golden goose for avenging her lambs so manfully on old Bruin.”

“Pay me for my bear and my jackanapes, thou pitiful stump of cabbage!” cried the showman, seizing Nykin by the throat.

It might have fared hardly with the poor little needle-man, if an immediate rescue had not been effected for him by the Duke of Gloucester’s men, who all highly enjoyed the scene, and, willing to prolong it as much as possible, were endeavouring to prevail upon him to attack the showman with the same weapon that
had been so successfully employed against the bear.

"Not so, my masters, not so," replied Nykin, retreating behind the tallest of the duke's household; "I am a man of peace; my business is to make and not to merr." "Ihou hast melleth with Bruin to some purpose, nevertheless, friend Nykin," said the gardener; "witness that grim trophy on thy rapier's point."

"Oh, geese and ganders!" cried the tailor, "that any one should accuse me of such a deed; why, my masters, I found this here bear's nob in the pleasance, whither I was going, by appointment, to meet a friend; and, being the civillest fellow in the world, I took it up with intent to restore it to its lawful owner, Master Pogson, the showman, when, lo you, ye all set upon me as if I were Sir Goliath of Philistia, or, at the least, one of King Arthur's knights' companions, and my whole business was to ramp about the world slaying bears, wolves, and dragons."

"Oh, Lord!" cried the showman; "thinnest thou to persuade me that my bear left his head lying in the duke's pleasance, stuck on the point of thy rapier?"

"My rapier, good sirs!" howled Nykin, "my rapier! why what times think'st thou are come that tailors may be so bold as to sport rapiers. The saints preserve us! this weapon hath a jewelled hilt, with a blade of Milan steel, and pertineth to some noble or belike princely guest of my lord the duke, who hath found thy pitiful bear trespassing in the pleasance, and hath slain him for his own disport; and if thou sayest a saucy word in his hearing, he is very like to slice of thy ears into the bargain. This rapier —"

"Is mine!" interposed a courtly voice; "and I am willing to redeem it by paying the value of the bear, whom I slew last night in defence of a gentle damsel; it was of absolute necessity that I did so, for the creature was very savage, but I was loath that any man's property were injured through a deed of mine, therefore I beseech you, Master Pogson, if that be your name, to accept these nobles as a compensation for thy bear. As for the apes, they are skipping about in the pleasance still, therefore you may reclaim them and dispose of them to King Richard if you will, since you say his Grace doth so much affect their company."

"Long life and good speed to your princely worship," replied the bearward, with a profound obeisance. "It would be well for the land we live in if it were governed by one more like yourself."

"Aye, aye," shouted the assemblage. "we'd have merry days then."

"Hush, hush! my loving friends! no reason, I pray ye, for I am a loyal liege to my royal kinsman, and love not to hear of his faults," returned the object of this applause, bowing profoundly to his lowly partisans, as he retired.

The Lady Mary, who had witnessed the latter act of this melo-drama from behind the rose-coloured damask draperies that shaded the window of her bedchamber, was lost in admiration and perplexity at the reappearance of the hero of her last night's adventure, and the part he had assumed among the minor actors in the scene.

He did not appear to her quite so captivating in his personal appearance as when, flushed with his recent toil and triumph, he had laid the shaggy trophy at her feet. Instead of laughing with the rest of the spectators she had been absolutely angry when she saw that trophy borne aloft in such apish state by the little strutting tailor, and on that very rapier, too, that had been so gracefully handled by its dignified owner. How dared that vile slave profane it with his touch? It would have afforded her positive pleasure to have seen the angry showman wreak all the wrath that was due to him who had slain the bear on the innocent shoulders of poor Nykin.

When the knightly champion himself appeared, she had, with the romantic simplicity of an inexperienced girl, expected to see him frown and stare and lay about him to right and left, like another Amadis or Orlando; what, then, was her astonishment on observing the air of gracious affability with which he addressed the cringing tailor and bullying showman, and the profound obeisance with which he replied to the greetings of the menial train; yet there was something in this very condescension no less indicative of conscious superiority than the haughtiness and caprice he had manifested in the course of his interview, with herself the day before.
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The habitual reserve which the Lady Mary had acquired in the companionless gloom of Pleshy Castle prevented her from seeking an elucidation of the mystery by inquiring of her kind aunt of Arundel who the doughty champion was who had slain the bear in the pleasance. She could scarcely have done this without hazarding questions as to her own share in the transaction, and, being equally proud and cautious, she resolved to keep her own secret and wait for the natural development of the business at the approaching solemnity of the christening of the heir of Gloucester, when she trusted to see the champion again, and to hear his name proclaimed.

All these reflections and deliberations had taken place before the entrance of her maid Margery to attend her toilet; I may well say before the entrance of Margery, for the faithless bower-maiden never made her appearance at all in her lady's chamber that morning, and sorrow am I to record that she had been seduced away from Pleshy Castle by a travelling hoppister, or dancing-master, who had insinuated himself into her good graces by the assurance that she would make the most famous glee-maiden in the world.

It was to no purpose that on this important morning the young lady rang peal after peal with her silver hand bell; no Margery came, though the sun was already high in the horizon. At last the Lady Mary got out of all patience, and, throwing on her robe de chambre of peach-coloured cloth, she ran to her sister's antechamber and inquired of Mistress Joan the reason of her bower-woman's non-appearance. Mistress Joan, who had not forgotten the outrage that had been committed on her horned head-tire, drew her mouth on one side, bridled, tossed her head, and began to fan herself with a huge fan composed of feathers.

"Why don't you answer my question, minion?" said the Lady Mary, stamping her little foot.

"May it please your ladyship," commenced Joan, "I have no jurisdiction in your apartments, neither have I authority over the person of whom you speak; I thank my stars I never was in her confidence, lie upon the bold creature! Well, there's some difference between some people, that is all I can say, tho' she did not think me qualified to wear a horned cap."

"How dare you presume to pray to your lady's sister, instead of answering civilly and respectfully to my question, woman?" interrupted the young Lady of Hereford. "I demand where my bower-woman is, and the reason she hath not appeared to answer my bell this morning?"

"To tell your ladyship where the creature now is, passeth my power," returned Joan; "but I believe she is not to be found in Pleshy Castle, which, certes, is no small comfort to all decently disposed and modest maidens abiding within these walls."

The Lady Mary perceived the uselessness, as well as the folly, of wasting her wrath on a person of Joan's description, but as she was not one to take an affront tamely, she boldly entered the chamber of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and putting back the silken curtain that fell from the plumed and canopied dome under which the princely pair reposed, she said,

"I crave pardon, most noble brother and sister, for this unseasonable visit, and also for the state of disarray which I am compelled to appear in your presence, but I wish to inquire wherefore I am deprived of my bower-woman, Margery."

"Now verily, my fair sister, this is sheer peevishness and perversity on your part, and put on withal for the mere desire of picking up a quarrel with me," said the Duke of Gloucester. "What should I know of your bower-maid, I prythee?"

"That is what I came hither to ask," said the Lady Mary; "for well I ween nothing goeth on in this castle, from the dungeons to the attics, without your princely direction, my lord duke. That saucy piece of presumption, Mistress Joan, after much gratuitous insolence to myself, in which she dare not for her life indulge unsanctioned either by my sister or yourself, affirmed just now that Margery had left Pleshy Castle, and I demand by whose authority she was dismissed."

"Marry come up," cried the duke, "you are talking very loud and fast, my sweet sister, but it is all unintelligible matter to me; prythee call Joan hither, that we may solve the mystery."
"My sister may ring for her woman if it so please her," returned the Lady Mary, "but I am not a meet person to employ in message carrying to menials."

"Come hither, Joan," said the duke, when, in obedience to her lady's summons, the head-tirewoman entered; "come hither and tell us all you know respecting the disappearance of the Lady Mary de Bohun's bower-woman." "May it please your high mighty and illustrious lordship," said Joan, "my Lady of Hereford hath been pleased—"

"How dare you mention my name when your lord asks a question touching my woman?" interrupted the Lady Mary, angrily.

"Oh, la, my lady, pray don't put yourself into a passion again," cried Joan, "for I am very sure I have nothing to do with the creature's elopement; fie upon her for a stank naught hussey, that she should disgrace my lady, the duchess's household by such doings."

"Why, what hath she done?" asked the duke; "speak out, good Joan, and don't hide your face in that foolish way."

"Well, then, my lord, since it be your pleasure that I should make publication of the shameless creature's doings, I suppose I must file my mouth with a confession thereof, but I beseech you to let me stand behind my lady's curtain, that my blushes may be hidden while I disclose her naughtiness," said Joan.

"You mincing ass!" said the duke, "it is enough to make a cat sick to hear your affectations. I dare say, the girl has only walked off to Colchester fair with some noble's yeoman, or lady's page, and you are envious of her preferment."

"I am sure, my gracious lord, I have had offers of preferment, as you are pleased to call it, enough," replied Joan, "only I told all the earls, and barons, and knights, and gentle, that I defied them and their temptations. It was only yesterday evening, my lord, as true as I stand here, that a naughty young gallant, in a poppy coloured pourpoint, broderied with gold, and hose of azure velvet—"

"Prythee, my princely brother, do put a stop to this most improper history of her own indiscretions with which this person is taking up our time," said the Lady Mary, "and allow me to make inquiries among my sister's maidens about poor Margery."

"Poor Margery, forsooth!" shrieked Joan. "Yea, she is a vessel deserving of a noble lady's favour and protection. Last night, I vow she was haunting it in the pleasance with Jacques the French hoppister till near dark, and it seemeth they slew poor Fogson the showman's bear between them, and stole both his jackanapes, with which they eloped from the castle this very morning, and I dare say, as my lord the duke saith, 'are at this moment playing off their antics at Colchester fair.'"

"A likely story by my fay!" cried the Lady Mary, blushing crimson deep, and with difficulty restraining tears of anger and vexation at the provoking malice with which her sister's waiting woman had mingled her last evening's adventure with the scandalous tale that was afloat respecting Margery's disappearance.

"Prythee, Mal!" cried the Duchess, "do not fret thyself so sorely about the escapade of thy handmaid; Joan shall dress thee for the christening anon, and she is a much more skilful tirewoman than Margery."

"Aye, in the compounding of scandalous tales she is, I believe, without parallel," returned the Lady Mary scornfully; "but no such false tongue shall enter the bounds of my chamber, I promise you. Fortunately, my aunt of Arundel is at Pleshy, and will lend me one of her women, I know, when I tell her how I am bereaved of my bower-woman." With these words, the young lady swept out of the Duchess of Gloucester's chamber.

Among the weaknesses of the Lady de Bohun, that of being addicted to shed tears could not be reckoned, yet, when she found herself within the sanctuary of her aunt's dressing-room, what with anger, mortified pride, and other feelings not less agitating, she threw herself into an arm chair, and gave way to a violent burst of weeping.

"How now, my child," said the Countess of Arundel, tenderly embracing her; "hath aught happened to distress thee?"

"Yes," sobbed the Lady Mary, "my maid Margery hath been spirited away out of the castle. There are a hundred scandalous stories afloat concerning her, and I have no one to dress me."
"Gramercy!" cried the countess, laughing, "these are disasters of very trifling import, methinks, to draw tears from the eyes of a Bohun on a festival morn withal. Luckily, the worst part of the evil is not without remedy, since my Gertrude is an accomplished tirewoman, and I will engage, that, together, we will set thee off in braver trim than maid Marian on May-day, and then the fault will be thine own if thou win not the heart of the bachelor sponsor at the christening."

"Prythee, do not talk to me of anything so odious, dear aunt," said the young lady; "I have long been sick of the deceitful wiles of men, and am more than half-minded to profess myself a nun and bestow my wealth on the church; yea, there are only two reasons that deter me from so doing."

"Let us have them, by all means," cried Lady Arundel.

"First, then, my good aunt, I mean to wed, in order to spite my brother-in-law and trusty guardian; and next, I wish to show the greedy locusts who wear frock and cowl, that I am not the silly dupe they take me for. So if I could meet with any noble gentleman who would play the lover to the woman rather than to the heiress, I think I might venture to bestow my lands upon him."

"Thou hast read Italian romauts and love tales till thou art well nigh ready to take up the trade of an errant damsel in quest of true affection," said Lady Arundel; "whereas thou shouldst consider thyself as one happily born to do without it, and therefore bound to make a great alliance, remembering withal that thou art the last of the name of Bohun."

While Lady Arundel was thus exhorting her youthful niece, Gertrude made the best use of her time in combing and tressing the rich chestnut hair which, according to the fashion of noble maidens of that period, the Lady Mary wore flowing over her shoulders in loose ringlets, at its full length; after which the trio adjourned to Lady Mary’s own apartments, to conclude the important business of adorning her for the office of enacting the godmother to the infant heir of Gloucester.

(To be continued.)

SILENT MOONLIGHT.

BY G. R. LEYCESTER, ESQ.

The moon is on the dark blue waters sleeping,  
And stars are there their silent vigils keeping!  
How like a young bright queen’s her lovely seeming!  
Those quiet stars her pages, tremulous, teeming  
With anxious fear, lest that sweet sleep be broken  
By noise incautious made, or word too loudly spoken.

FAREWELL TO ZION.*

FAREWELL to thee, land of our pride!  
FAREWELL to thee, land of our shame!  
God no more is our father and guide,  
We have scorn’d and derided His Name!  
Too late all our faults we avow,  
Too late our transgressions we own!  
When the smile is withdrawn from His brow,  
There well may be gloom on our own!

February 6, 1835.

PeliCAR.

* In reading this, reference should be made to the 137th Psalm.
LA BELLE COMTESSE.

BY MRS. G. S. KINGSTON.

But faithless woman naturally deceives;
Their frequent oaths are like the falling leaves,
Which when the blast hath from the branches tore.
Are torn'd by every wind till seen no more. - Dryden.

The Comtesse Adelaide de Montgérault was one of those beautiful women, who instinctively felt herself born to charm all eyes, and gain at will the hearts of all those who surrounded her. Coquettes, who ever are regardless of evil consequences to others, and move forward as victors, disdaining for one instant to contemplate the possibility of their own feelings being called into action, ever unceasingly put forth to their aid the many advantages with which kind nature endowed them to impress their power upon the hearts of their victims, calculating upon their own coldness as the shield which is to save their own hearts from danger, and when they have carried this species of cruel warfare to the pitch their thirst of conquest destined it to reach, they ever and anon, erecting their reputation as the rampart which must never be scaled, precipitately retire behind it, and live secure in fame, whilst those who have dared to feel that which they themselves have ever been seeking to inspire, reap nothing but the scorn of their enslavers. The ardent glance and syren voice of the countess, had enslaved many within the bright circles which her wit and beauty adorned; and yet was her fair name unstained, for none could truly boast of having raised one single sigh within her bosom. She was la belle de belles, and the palm of beauty had not as yet in one single instance been disputed with her, since her first appearance as a bride in the beau monde of Paris, that gay capital of pleasure. Poets and artists of various descriptions had celebrated her beauty, and even those fair rivals who feared her presence more than all others, ventured indirectly to imitate her style of dress or mode of coiffure. She had been successful in that great speculation of the French yclept matrimony; that is to say, she had bestowed her fair hand, at her father's will, upon one who had been the friend of his youth, who was eminently endowed with all those advantages which "the world" of France consider desirable in the married state; to wit, he was exceedingly rich, and had laid in an ample harvest culled from Napoleon's laurel fields, and enjoyed to the utmost the entire consideration and esteem of all who knew him.

Amongst the numerous admirers of the Comtesse Adelaide de Montgérault, was the handsome, dissipated, and eccentric Lord Arthur Allerton, the admired of the French fair ones, and the beau ideal of those young demoiselles who awaited the happy epoch of their marriage, c'er they could be permitted in their turn to mingle in the divers flirtations, or enlise amid the ranks of the bright-eyed coquettes by whom they were surrounded. Lord Arthur had not failed to distinguish the Comtesse on the first hour in which he had beheld her, and was for a time assiduous in bland courtesy and polite attentions toward her; but more than blasé in his love successes, he had not ardour sufficient to attempt a lengthened siege; and the boudoir was often neglected for the field, where manly sports, in which his lordship far excelled all others, whilst they tried the outward man and fitted him for repose, diverted him of that inward languor which had gained for him the appellation, in gay festive scenes, of le beau misanthrope. Her reputation of coldness, instead of acting, as on others, as an incentive to pursuit, had the very contrary effect with him; and far too proud to endanger himself by being classed amongst the defeated, he had become far less empressé towards the lady than she had calculated it was possible that any favoured one, who had been honoured by a smile from her bright lips, could ere become. Piqued at the novelty, she had firmly resolved to punish the delinquent, for such a crime of lèse gallantry; and therefore calling to her aid the whole artillery of coquetish
La Belle Comtesse.

which, in the fashionable world, prolongs itself until the setting sun) the blooming Countess was denied to all, and Lord Arthur was alone admitted into the favoured sanctuary of the boudoir, a sanctuary which seemed formed by the very hands of love, to be the dwelling-place of beauty; for there the foot rested upon velvet, and the light of day was sweetly tempered as it stole softly through roseate tissue, as though it feared to intrude too boldly upon the fair occupant of this abode; indeed each article of furniture seemed to have been fashioned with indulgent design to charm the eye, rather than to endure the finger-toucch of time, who was the arch-deity defied; for the very clock which was to recall to mind his flight, was a golden toy, where two Cupids were represented in the act of wrestling to seize a butterfly, which swung to and fro upon a rose, and thus in its light restlessness, proved the pendulum which, poetically with each motion, stole a minute from their lives. Nought around this fair fashionable, in this brighter age of civilization, could possibly be severe in aspect, and every thing was made to speak the language of love and poesy; the humble sand-glass, so severe in aspect, which was wont of old to remind our moral ancestors of their life's brief course, so long since discarded, was here a gorgeous timepiece, with bright allegorical device, which, proclaiming each hour's departure by fairy melodies, bade the attentive listener to its silver accents forget the flight of time, when it musically warbled forth consoling sounds, in lieu of feehlishly whispering, "Behold thy sand runs out! Thy days are numbered!" Music was the pretext which united Lord Arthur and the Countess within this temple of modern luxury, and this their ostensible motive was to call into play those sentiments which both had intended to feign towards each other; the lady in the hopes of inspiring a passion which she regarded as an act of retributary justice towards her fascinations, slighted by the cold-hearted Englishman; and the latter in order to prove, by a triumph, to those who had doubted his success in such a quarter, that he had power at will to outshine them.

The intimacy which subsisted between them had already become a subject of coun-
La Belle Contesse.

termination and surprise; and numerous were the conjectures of those young mer-
veillers, who feigned to be surprised that the blasé Milord should consent to
steal so much time from other pleasures, to bestow it upon a fair one, who would
not fail to scorn and jest at his feelings, when they should have risen to that de-
gree of warmth which should prove pleasing to her inordinate vanity and vindic-
tive self-love; although they felt inwardly piqued to hatred against him, for the
marked preference which was bestowed upon him. However the heart of Ade-
aide was swayed by various sensations, which she did not venture to analyze;
hers days seemed charmed, and their hours glided on with a speed which she
did not dare reflect upon: her harp had acquired a double value, and she strove
to excel, in order to gain a word of praise from the lips of him who accompanied
her upon an instrument to which he seemed to give an unknown charm, for
Lord Arthur was indeed a proficient upon the flute. Each duet which they
performed, and each bland compliment addressed to Adelaide by the gentleman-
like and dangerous Allerton, served to increase a peril which seemed to have
become inevitable from the tenacity of her self-confiding coquetterie. Rich
vases of choice flowers, and bouquets formed to express sweet vows and love
devices, were each day accepted; and when the tempered sun was declining,
the Countess, accompanied by her admirer, was usually to be seen directing
an English horse, of great beauty, to
wards the Bois de Boulogne, or some of the other romantically beautiful rides in
the vicinity of Paris. Upon one of these occasions, having dismounted, with a
view to rest for a few moments upon a delightfully bright green bank, so lone
and sweetly shaded that its very aspect from afar seemed to inspire coolness,
she bent familiarly upon his lordship’s arm, and looking up tenderly towards
him, drew his attention to the sweet scene around them. “How calm, and
beautiful is nature,” exclaimed the

Countess; “I know not why, but her
vernal dress seems fairer to me than it
has ever been; my very soul seems re-
freshed and happy! and I almost think
I could quit without regret the busy
world to lead a pastoral life;” she here
attempted to stifle her visible emotion
by a senseless coquetish laugh, but
Lord Arthur pressed her to his heart,
and, falling at her feet, wooed her in
tender accents, with the insidious elo-
quence of love, to be his for ever, and
seek in other climes a career of love and
never-ending happiness! The lovers
tarried long upon the vernal seat. The
sky was fine and cloudless, the air was
still and fragrant, and words were softly
accented, which were to prove decisive
of a future fate! Aye, perfidious words
which had power to strip a proud one of
her fame, and give a few brief hours of
passion for a dark and unceasing re-

morse.

Evening was stealing on apace, and
distant voices which seemed to bespeak
the approach of strangers, warned the
guilty pair to retreat. They sought
their horses, the one to return to the
house of a confiding husband, she had
promised her lover to betray; and the
other to hasten the necessary prepara-
tions that were to enforce a speedy com-
pliance with such promise.

A few moments after their departure,
that lovely green spot was the scene of
another meeting more violent, but not
more guilty. On that velvet verdant
turf, a bleeding corpse was soon deposited.
It was the Comte Jules de Régnier,
who had there met, by appointment, on
an affair of honour, young Charles de
Blainville. The cause of dispute was,
that the latter had dared to say, when
high in wine, that he did not consider
the Comtesse Adelaide de Montgérault to
be a strictly principled, or truly virtuous
woman!

MORALE.

Take heed to thy ways, lest, whilst
thou thinkest thou standest, ruin over-
whelm thee.
THE FAREWELL.

TO E****.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For others' weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky!
'Twre vain to speak, to weep, to sigh;
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Is in the word Farewell! Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast, and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thoughts that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns, nor dares complain,
And grief and passion there rebel;
I only know I lov'd in vain,
I only feel—Farewell! Farewell!

J.

MY 'LOVE' OF INFANCY.

Oft have I long'd in heart to see
The girl I lov'd in infancy.
She was a beauteous cherub then,
As fair and pure as seraph, when
Amid the spheres where all is light,
Pure and celestially bright,
It moves without a touch of earth's
Dull, cold, alloy.

What is she now?
I know not, and may never know;
But this I know—in infancy
She was my very soul to me;
The magnet of my little heart,
From whom I ever cry'd to part;
Nor mother's kiss nor mother's smile
Could cheer me if away awhile.
But we were parted; I became
One of a herd as wild and free
As ever Bedouin could be,
And scarce dar'd think of her for shame.
Still have I cherish'd in my soul
A feeling time cannot control;
For it began ere guile or lust
Had power o'er my erring dust.
Could it be love?—and yet it must.
Or else twin cherubs we had been,
And meeting so soon e'er the sheen
Of th' immortal world had left
Our young remembrance, and had cleft
The slight idea that Lethe's stream
Had left of our ethereal dream;
And thus confounded by our birth,
Forgetting heaven, seeing earth,
We met, and in each other's faces
Discovered some familiar traces,
We loved.

A FOREIGNER.
In good set terms did we apostrophize and analyze the spirit of charity, as we wended our way in one of our strolling and dreaming ambulations through the motley throng of a metropolis thoroughfare. The origin of these reflections was a simple incident which caught our casual observation—a simple incident, which a great mind, doubtless, would have set down as much too mean and insignificant to gain admission into the audience chamber of its serene consideration.

A heart of similar capacity might, perhaps, have felt otherwise.

On the margin of the pathway stood a suppliant for contingent benefactions. His retiring eyes, which the damps of affliction had quenched of any brilliancy they might once have claimed, were bent ever and anon to the ground in silent humility. Before them he held a paper bearing that pithy appeal to the benevolent, "Necessity compels." The clean white apron and thread-worn decency of his apparel, spoke him to be a reluctant intruder upon the sympathies of his humane brethren—an artisan with his hands idle—a slave deprived of the burden by which he earned a scanty sustenance. In his hand, a little girl with flaxen hair confined in a small neat biggin, immaculate enough to excite a dairymaid's envy, gazed on the passers-by with a look of uncompromising wonder.

Opposite to this interesting picture, sheltered under a door-way, was a character of very equivocal complexion. A shoeless—hatless—shirtless—begrimed—unshaved, and unanointed ragamuffin, with a lid of an old fish-kettle slung before him, scantily furnished with those indispensable articles in domestic economy—flints and steels. This itinerant Prometheus was chipping away with commendable zeal, and eliciting a continuous stream of scintillations, to satisfy the most sceptical purchaser of the quality of his materials, at seeing enter, or rather advance, a venerable dame in grey cloak, capacious cane basket, bunch of turnips, and sundries. Now for what can this worthy dame be rummaging in her unfathomable pockets? A fugitive halfpenny; she traps him. Charity! charity!

thy heart is not a flint with which misery must bring his iron gyves into ardent collision for a manifestation of its sensibility. But charity's auditory organ may be somewhat impaired, or charity may be blind; "doubtless," says the considerate matron internally; "doubtless, we ought to feel for the necessities of others, and sure it would be a charity to buy a flint of this poor fellow; moreover, my tinder-box is in positive want of new furniture." Now the prince of sparks perceives, through the needle's eye of his innate sagacity, the syllogistic process going on in the old lady's inward representative, and chips away with more resolute energy than before.

Some ingenious author who must be exalted to a "great unknown," on account of the treacherous propensities of memory, illustrates the impolicy of placing reliance on good fortune, to the prejudice of personal exertion. by telling us that a fruit-purchasing urchin, seeing one day a ripe cherry on the eve of detection from the bough of its suspension, sat himself quietly down on the turf, and, with vacant portcullis, anxiously awaited the desirable event. Just at the critical moment a bird (a little unknown) sprang from amidst the foliage, and, plucking his anticipated prize, in triumph bore it away. In like manner, he of the kettle lid felt pretty confident that the old lady's metal was gravitating into the mouth of his pocket, if he could boast of one. The consequence was, he relaxed a little in his proprietary efforts, and calmly looked forward to the crisis.

Charity, thou bearest no scrip, thine altar displays no votive shrine, the tears of gratitude are the only reward to cheer thee on in thy benignant visitations, which thou preservest in the lachrimatory of thy remembrance, to revive at any time the fainting flowers of sensibility.

But to our tale. The poor artisan and his little girl have become rival candidates with the flint merchant for this prize of a halfpenny. Embarrassing situation for an unsophisticated old woman, who never before dreamt of such a science as the balance of powers—she
had not another loose halfpenny in the world! Time is one of those unpleasant traveling companions, with whom it is almost impossible to maintain a footing of good fellowship. Sometimes, in a querulous fit of the unities, he finds matter for complaint at his dramatic friends posting over thirty years, while he can only hobble through a couple of hours; on another occasion he will insinuate that we dawdle, to appropriate a familiar expression, and occupy twenty minutes performing a task which he can accomplish in one. To the latter accusation we must, in candour, respond, "guilty, my lord." This Patagonian narration was a very Lilliputian in action. The long-winded brevities and minims (in musical phraseology) which we are performing with our pen, flourished off in a series of demi-semi-quavers; and now to the catastrophe. Now, old Goody-list-shoes, immediately following the prudent resolution she had at first made, to bestow her donation in purchase of a good sparkable flint, happened to turn her eyes in the contrary direction, and, lo! they were taken in arrest by what she without hesitation acknowledged was a genuine specimen of deserving necessity. And was not so the shoeless, hatless, unshaved, and unannointed ragamuffin?—Unquestionably. "Sadly need a flint," said the provident housewife; "next Saturday I can give the poor mechanic." "Till next Saturday is rather a long fast-day," whispered some officious sprite, within hearing of the simple dame's homespun conscience.

Meanwhile, our unadulterated sample of penury remained in dormant unconsciousness of the stir he was making in the bosom of a benevolent spectator. His attention seemed irresistibly drawn down to a fragment of orange-peel on the flags. "Looks very pale, poor man," remarked our compassionate grandmother, as the metal in hand began to evolve its sensible caloric. "No shoes this frosty night," she continued, casting a moiety of her near vision to him of the hardwares, chipping away with destructive vehemence. "Excellent flints, too; brilliant as lightning."

"How much time will be saved by having a good flint these sharp morn-

ings!" was the natural reflection excited by a patronizing glance at our Prometheus spark. "But charity (ah, sister! art thou there again,) ought to be considered before convenience."

The moralizer's identical hand alluded to in a preceding paragraph, rose from its vertical position to an angle of 5° S. N. W. (thermometer of benevolence at 36°.) "May be, the poor man (and she ogled him somewhat closely) has a sick wife and baby (mercury rising rapidly) starving at home," (index hand at 45°).

"But then, what is a ha'penny (reduced to 10°,) and then how many impostors are there?" (Charity falls to zero.) "Pray remember the needy."

"Stuff, stuff! my honest fellow, we are in a hurry."

"Best flints I ever saw, I do think," resumed the tedious old crone, looking with an eye redolent of compassion on the stony-hearted commodities; "well! bless me! I must be going, (self-interest slowly describing an arc S. N. E.) How cold and innocent the child looks, poor little thing—must give it ——"

"Fine striking flints two for a penny," vociferated the unshod, at seeing the hazardous condition in which his cause was diverging. It was too, too much. Female stoicism could hold out no longer; the weak old woman talked about, and, selecting the most prepossessing piece of silex, went "on her rejoicing," but in imagination only, for, fortunately before all this could be carried into execution, she caught a glimpse of that laconic petition in large text—she wavered: "Necessity compels," she repeated aloud, the halfpenny dropped, insensibly dropped from the good old dame's prehensile member into that of the poor mechanic's; the crucible of her heart seemed in a fiery glow, from which the copper ran out at the first convenient aperture, as any other molten metal would have done.

"Necessity compels!"—the little girl dropped a courtesy, the good old woman dropped a tear; and now, Mr. Editor, actuated by sheer commiseration at your fidgety symptoms, and craving ten thousand pardons for so long detaining "so sweet a gentleman" on a crowded plebeian causeway on such a frivolous pretext, we will drop the communication.

A. A.
GUSTAF LINDAU; OR, THE MAN THAT WAS ENVIED.

BY W. LAW GANE.

Various even as the features of men are their minds. Not only do we never meet with any two which in all things assimilate to each other, but we generally find that each has some striking individual singularity, some prominent and peculiar feature. This is a wise ordination of nature; the fruit of reason; mere instinct produces no material variety or difference. Paradoxical as it may appear, almost all men, particularly the distinguished, are monomaniacs. The following narrative will illustrate a peculiarity, and, perhaps, not the least singular, to which the human mind may become subject.

Some years ago, during a journey on the continent, I was the bearer of a letter from a friend to Herr Gustaf Lindau, a gentleman residing at a small town in Germany, a few leagues only from the French borders. "The gentleman to whom this letter will introduce you," said my friend, "is a most estimable character; he has, however, a singularity which entirely governs his conduct; it is apparent in the most trifling actions, and even in his conversation: I leave you to discover it, being aware that I have said enough to arouse your curiosity." I could not prevail on him to be more explicit, and thus commenced my journey.

The gentleman to whom my friend’s letter was directed, I found was the provincial domare, or judge, for the town in which he resided. He received me with the greatest cordiality, and would not hear of my continuing my journey the day of my arrival, which I had fully intended: his hospitality could not brook a traveller entering his portals without tarrying within them. With some little reluctance I yielded to his pressing solicitation to stay until the morrow. After partaking of some refreshment, he conducted me over his garden, which was laid out in a chaste yet elegant style, in some measure betokening the mind of its owner. After our walk we returned to take coffee in the library. As yet I had perceived no traces of that singularity which my friend, had mentioned; I began to reflect that he must have wished to play off some joke upon me, or, at least, that the peculiarity of my kind host was far from being so apparent as he had represented. My friend’s library, though not very large, was select, and comprised the most eminent authors of all countries: but, considering his profession, I was rather surprised to observe that there were more medical than law works; and other little matters seemed to indicate that the heart of my host was not in his present pursuits. That, however, which, more than anything else, attracted my attention was a painting, the only one which adorned the apartment. It was the portrait of a young female, beautiful as even imagination could shadow forth, clothed in a manner certainly neat, but betokening extreme poverty, and the painter appeared to have desired to represent her as overwhelmed with grief, and had succeeded in his object, for she might have been mistaken for sorrow personified. Herr Lindau observed my attention fixed upon the portrait, and sighed.

The information of my friend recurred to my mind, but from what cause I am not aware. Mr. Lindau, observing me serious and thoughtful, good-humouredly inquired the reason. I frankly owned the conversation I had held with my friend; he smiled, and added, "You certainly are not misinformed, but you must have perceived that my weakness is not quite so bad as represented; it would, perhaps, be necessary to relate the adventures of my life to enable you to discover it, and my only objection to this is the egotistical nature of such narratives."

I expressed a strong desire, which I certainly felt, to know more of this amiable man; he kindly promised to gratify me, and immediately commenced the relation of his life:

"Fortune seemed willing from my very birth to treat me with more constant indulgence than she does the generality of mankind; in truth, however, I felt her caprices, for she either acted towards me as a step-dame, or quite overwhelmed me with her favours. My father was a merchant in a small provincial town; he was not overburthened
with wealth, but was sufficiently rich to live in respectability, and to give me a good education. My abilities did not render me an universal genius, but, without vanity, I can say, that they might have been much more limited. My passions kept, which few can truly say, a middle course: my mother and my aunts proclaimed me a good boy, but a peculiar trait was apparent in me from my very earliest childhood. I could not bear to be envied. I have been assured that, even in my second year, I always gave up, without hesitation, my cake or my apple to my playmates if they cried for it. I never looked forward with pleasure to new clothes, for they drew all eyes upon me, and whatever might be given me, I always gave the greater part away—and yet they envied me! for they considered me more fortunate than themselves in having received the whole present.

"I grew up, and my father sent me to a public school. When it is considered that he was regarded as one of the principal men of the town, that he consigned me to the special regard of the rector, that I gave all my attention to study, and for that reason found it easy to perform what others regarded as impracticable; in a word, that I never gave my tutors cause to complain; it will be perceived that I was almost certain to earn the goodwill of the monarch of the school, and to be held up as a pattern for others to copy. I held for my performances, with few exceptions, the rank of Optimus. That which would have made all others proud and happy, was to me a misfortune. I was the most inoffensive being under the sun; I wished well to all, and did all I could to obtain their good-will in return. I viewed envy as an enemy to peace and friendship, and therefore did all I could to avert it. I tried to escape from my tutor's praises, never named my performances, or my prefect's situation; took part in every game, and even in many follies, that I might not appear particular. It was of no avail; I was still envied, for my coat was good, my exercises and my credit with the rector unimpeachable.

"In my nineteenth year I was despatched to the University. The whole town talked of my elegant wardrobe, and of the liberal provision my father made for my support. Even the farewell party, for which I, kind-hearted dolt, devoted all that I could beg of my parents to treat my acquaintances, was talked of and envied. Vexed when I heard of it, I immediately started for Leipsic.

"Three hundred rix-dollars, which my father had appointed for my yearly support, was not that immense sum there which it was in my native town, and I anticipated that I should no longer be pursued by envy. I did not long escape it. Theology was my principal study. Several of my fellow-collegians, with the same income as myself, were obliged to eat at a common table, while I could go to a good tavern for my meals; begged their way in the colleges, while I paid every demand; clothed themselves in the coarse country cloth, while I could wear fine English; they saw me once or twice a week in the Kuchen-garten, and occasionally take a trip to Roschvitz, whilst they were obliged to content themselves with Lindenau and Zscher: it was not long before I was again envied.

"I adopted every method to guard against my enemy, I explained to every one who exhibited the least degree of envy, how small my income was compared with that of some rich merchants' sons, and told them how much more I would frequent concerts and the theatres did my finances admit of it, and how much anxiety it cost me to be forced to abstain from those amusements. They listened to me, but it produced no effect. The knowledge that the king is richer than the duke, affords no consolation to the beggar when he is forced to step out of the way for the latter's carriage.

"But I did more. I occasionally invited some of the poorest of my enviers to my rooms, in the hopes of gaining their favour. Thoughtless that I was! had they not now ocular demonstration that I calculated on making only three cups of coffee from the ounce, while they never made less than six? Did I not place before them c'naister, when at other times they were happy to get common shag? Their own eyes told them that my books, as regarded their contents, number, and bindings, were infinitely superior to their own. In short, I should have been envied had I bestowed on them my last stiver.
It happened, during one of my most melancholy moods, that I was visited by a friend who was studying jurisprudence; he inquired the cause of my misery; heard it, and merely laughed. 'Singular being,' said he, after some pause, 'your evils are merely ideal; but even these, perhaps, can be remedied; choose the profession of the law. Amongst us there are very few poor; it is the sons of poor schoolmasters and country curates who choose the black gown, for that soonest provides them bread. Besides this, I do not think you suitable for a clergyman; change then your pursuit before it is too late.'

"This advice certainly coincided with my own ideas. My sense had often told me, how much I needed, to become even a mediocre clergyman. My voice was neither a pleasing tenor, nor a grave powerful bass, which might stir the hearts of my hearers. I could not roar loud enough to alarm the sinner, and I mixed too few quotations and fag-ends of texts in my discourses.

"I soon made up my mind to follow the advice of my friend, but I considered myself bound first to consult my parents. My father was quite delighted with the contemplated change, but my mother was quite as averse to it. All her dreams and phantasies before I was born, and her passionate desire to behold her son occupying a pulpit, would be disappointed; but after some difficulty her consent was obtained for me to continue the study of theology; it was, however, with the proviso that physic, and not law, should be my future pursuit.

"Truth to tell, this arrangement pleased me more than my mother, perhaps, imagined. It was through my friend's advice that I had chosen the law, and scarcely had I commenced the study, before I was heartily tired of it. Institutes and codes, civil and criminal law, were to me excessively tiresome, in fact, almost disgusting, and I very gladly exchanged my corpus juris for Hippocrates.

"I now began to study medicine with my accustomed diligence, and was soon noticed with approval. It necessarily happened, that some of my comrades perceived this, and were envious enough. But my civility to all, which amounted almost to timidity; the extreme frugality which I assumed in my dress, living, and amusements; (and the money I saved procured me books;) besides the advantage I gained in the company of the serious, enabled me to live for a whole year without being envied; and often have subsequent sorrows called to my recollection this happy year.

"But I was not destined long to enjoy peace. One of our most celebrated professors needed a man of talent as his deputy: many sought the place; I took no trouble about it, yet to me it was offered; plainness in my garb, in a place where so much consideration was attached to dress, made every one believe me poor, and the professor imagined that I should joyfully accept his offer. His astonishment may be conceived, when I asked time for consideration, and he was still more surprised when I required no other reward than the free use of his library. From this time, I again experienced my comrades' envy. The favour I obtained, and the confidence reposed in me by my superiors; my attention to study; the seriousness of my conversation, and my grave deportment, induced many, who had hitherto looked over my shoulder, to regard me with envy, and my torments commenced anew.

"A curious circumstance, which would have made any other person of my condition the happiest of mortals, still more increased my misery. The professor I served was father to the most beautiful girl in Leipsic, and she must have possessed no ordinary charms to entitle her to this distinction: Wilhelmina G—— reigned supreme and unrivalled, and moreover, she was possessed of those qualities and accomplishments which render even the ugly amiable and engaging.

"In no place is a woman of sense or beauty surer to be known than at an University, and in no place is beauty more ardently worshipped than at Leipsic.

"Scarcely had Wilhelmina arrived at that stage of life mid-way between the girl and the woman, when all who were supposed to possess taste or spirit collected around her, and besieged her with their homage. At concerts a dozen noblemen, and the wealthiest of Leipsic's youths, crowded around her chair; a long row of beaux, hat in hand, generally bordered her path; flattery of every sort, witty and dull, in rhyme and prose, was administered to her with un-
Sparing tongue and hand. It would have been a something more than heroism, a more than feminine strength, for a young girl who met with such a reception on her first entering into the world to have regarded all she heard and saw with indifference. Wilhelmina could not do so. A young baron won her heart. She believed his oaths, for she felt what he feigned: she laid out her plans of happiness, nor, truth to tell, did shelook with indifference on the title of baroness. But it terminated, poor girl, in a manner common to University courtships—the baron left Leipzig, in person to convince his noble parents that he had learnt to dance and to play at ombre, but, ere he departed, swore to Wilhelmina eternal truth, and quickly to return. He wrote two letters soon after his departure, but was not heard from again for two months, and then, in a letter sufficiently lachrymose, he wrote to inform his dear girl that his parents had compelled him to give his hand to a countess.

"With a bursting heart, Wilhelmina tore this cruel letter to pieces, and determined to act towards her faithless lover with the coolest contempt. She did this in her answer to his letter, and the same when she mentioned his name:—but her heart told a different tale. With some, hope blasted destroys the peace of the soul for ever. Every smile planted a fresh dagger in her breast; she showed herself cheerful by day, but her nights were spent in tears and sorrow, and corroding care soon began to undermine her health.

"Her father soon perceived the change in her appearance and manner, but divined not the cause, the love she bore the baron being unknown to him. A few evasive answers satisfied the affectionate old man. A dangerous fever soon laid Wilhelmina upon a bed of sickness.

"Nothing could equal her father’s grief—nothing save the anxiety with which he sought to re-establish her health. As his age and his office did not permit him to be constantly at her bedside, and, as he had the highest opinion of my prudence, and no mean one, I may be permitted to say, of my skill, he never left her without desiring me to attend on her, and do all in my power towards her comfort and restoration.

"Without overstepping truth, I can state, that I performed this task most conscientiously; and, not only as a physician, but as a companion, adviser, and even as a spiritual instructor.

"Picture to yourself an affectionate, love-sick girl, such as Wilhelmina, and a youth of twenty-five continually by her bedside; scarcely leaving her by day or night; sparing no exertion to add to her comfort; seeking even to spare her the trouble of expressing her wishes; administering all her medicines with his own hand, and soothing all her pain. She often saw my eye glisten with the teardrop of pity—a rather uncommon circumstance with a doctor; she heard her father bestowing on me the sincere praises of gratitude, as her preserver from death, the instrument of her restoration to health, (for she recovered rapidly under my hands,)—and may she not be excused for looking on me with the warmest gratitude, and, eventually, with the glances of affection?

"You may easily imagine the impression this made upon me.

"When Wilhelmina again appeared in public, her worshippers swarmed around her with increased ardour. Her illness had robbed her eyes of a portion of their lustre, and had left a paleness upon her cheek, but this rendered her an object of greater interest. If she talked less, her conversation was richer, and her seclusion for a time threw around her the charm of novelty. Hundreds of gay gallants laid their hearts at her feet, but she appeared to overlook them all and to think only of me.

"The eyes of a youth are generally sharp enough in aught which flatters his self-love; in reality, I must have been blind had I not perceived that, as often as Wilhelmina’s glances met mine, the roses of her cheeks assumed a deeper red; that she always studied to play my favourite tunes, and to read the books which I recommended: she invariably wore the dresses and ribands which I approved. Could I help feeling the gentle manner in which she pressed my hand when we joined in the dance, or seeing that she offered me her arm in preference to every one when she walked? All this was done without art; affection was the instigator, and, to herself, it was scarcely apparent that she bestowed on me any extraordinary attention. Affections of this sort are generally terminated on coming to the knowledge of
parents, but it did not happen so in this case.

"During this time, I had advanced a few steps nearer the goal for which I was straining; that is, my purse was some few hundreds of rix-dollars the poorer, and my name was enriched by the addition of a few letters. Academic honours, of most sorts, had fallen to my lot, and I had long possessed my patron's respect. The care with which I attended his daughter during her illness, and my general conduct, increased his good-will towards me: the intelligence he received of my income, which was now tolerably good, and of the prospect of its increase, added to the probability of my acquiring distinction at the University, caused him to regard me as one whom he should not be ashamed to call his son-in-law."

Here I took the liberty of interrupting Lindau:—"You have passed over one material point: did your heart respond to Wilhelmina's affection?"

"To speak the truth, I cannot give you a decided answer to that question. I must have been insensible had not so beautiful, so amiable a girl been dear to me: of all those I knew, she held the first place in my breast; but I felt as men generally do, to whom women too soon make known their attachment; I loved well—but I might have loved more passionately. This I might, probably, have done in the course of time, had not my foolish weakness again destroyed my prospects of happiness.

"Scarce had I appeared in public with Wilhelmina, scarcely had the sweet girl begun to acknowledge me her friend, before a whole swarm fell at once upon me. All those who had sought, and those who had only desired to do it, regarded with deep malice the new-made M. D., who had the presumption to aspire to a lady of such beauty, consideration, and wealth. Ill-natured surmises were made on every action which was not understood, the most innocent trifles were distorted; even a glance would excite slander; attempts were made to prepossess the professor against me; Wilhelmina was accused of folly and even worse; and I was so continually tormented by these matters, that they compelled me to adopt a desperate resolve—to fly from Leipzig and Wilhelmina. 'Heavens!' said I often to myself, 'if this befalls the favoured lover, what will happen to the bridegroom and the husband? It is better that I should burst the bonds of affection, blissful as they are, while it is yet possible. Wilhelmina's happiness is dear, very dear to me, but eternal peace of mind is still more so, and this I hope to find in my native town.'"

"In this way, I closed the door against fortune, and gave the pleasing prospects of the future to the wind. My companions' astonishment, the poor girl's silent sorrow, who believed she was approaching the summit of her hopes, her father's disappointment, who had already opened to me his plans for my future welfare, all this would not detain me. I was ready to fly from my own shadow, and before any one in my native town had an idea of my arrival, I was there; offering every one that was sick, or who believed himself so, my abilities and my services.

"Even here, fortune seemed to attend me: the medical gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who had long shown a praiseworthy solicitation for the churchyard and the sexton, were either very old or very little respected.

"A flattering report had, by some means, gone before me: the income my parents allowed me enabled me, without looking for remuneration, to attend to many poor persons who needed aid: and in a short time I beheld myself in a good practice, respected by the virtuous and the good, beloved and sought after by the poor and the distressed. I believed myself happy. When a thought of Wilhelmina intruded itself, I adopted the only remedies for love—exercise and study.

"But this peace was a treacherous calm: the gale was not over; it was only reposing in order to recruit its strength.

"I had been with my parents about six months, when I found a competitor in a newly-arrived surgeon, named Woller, and such an one as I had not wished for. He had studied at Gottingen, and had there learnt much that was useful and necessary; but he believed that he had learnt every thing. To think differently of him was an unpardonable crime, and he considered himself guilty of an inexcusable weakness if he yielded to another's opinion. Such a professional brother was not likely to make a
good neighbour. At first, I sought to cultivate his friendship, but was soon compelled to break off all confidential intercourse with him: I continued civil, polite, and ever ready to serve him, but nothing more. This did not satisfy Woller. The man who looks upon himself as faultless, naturally regards every one more fortunate than himself with ill will, and views every mark of respect shown to them as so much of which he has been robbed; and will generally find occasions for quarrelling.

"Such was the case with Woller, and in so uncertain a practice as that of medicine, he would not want for opportunities. No patient of mine either died or recovered, that he did not attempt to prove, either that they ought to have been saved, or much sooner restored to health; and although these attempts to injure me were seldom successful, a majority of voices being usually in my favour, he soon gained a more substantial triumph by marrying the burgomaster's eldest daughter.

"With her he gained over to his side a large portion of the wealthy and influential of the town; my practice began sensibly to diminish; cabals were formed; untruths spread abroad; trifles magnified; ignorance discovered, where heretofore the wisdom of Esculapius had been seen; in short, my life was rendered a burden to me. And I!, instead of despising these contemptible manoeuvres, I again succumbed: I wished envy, my eternal persecutor, in Hades, and again thought of changing my residence.

"My father smiled when I made known to him my sorrows. 'You are a most singular being,' said he, 'but you are yet young, and without incumbrances; choose a larger town for your abode, where you will have more than one competitor, and where you can more freely show yourself. Perhaps, this little town is too small for two surgeons, and nothing excites envy sooner than success.'

"My birthplace was scarcely a league from the borders, and not more than three from W——, the residence of the Duke of ———. There I had two relations in the service of the state, and thither I took my flight, and was well received, being regarded as a wealthy foreigner.

"The manner in which I conducted myself towards my brother surgeons did not appear to displease them; on the contrary, the warm respect which I evinced for the elder, and the friendly tone which I adopted to my equals, gave satisfaction to all parties. I had here fewer patients, but I found enough to do to occupy my time. Many respectable families admitted me to their society, and many fathers, with pretty daughters of eighteen, often assured me that it would give them great pleasure to be better acquainted. But it was soon again my lot to find misfortune in what others would have made subservient to wealth and rank.

"I had been about a year in W—— when the small-pox began to rage with violence. The palace, the town, and the country trembled for the life of the young prince, the heir-apparent. He was the only son of the reigning duke, and there was no prospect of his having any more children. The prince was weak and sickly, and the disorder which raged in the town was of the most virulent kind. Vaccination, as yet, was only known by report. But the duke's favourite, a travelled chamberlain, who had spent fourteen days in London, and a week in Paris, ventured to make known to his sovereign this discovery, and represented to him the great benefits it had produced in England.

"The representation, that His Durchlauchtigkeit, by adopting this operation in the case of his son, would gain the praise and gratitude of his subjects at an easy price, made a great impression upon him, and all was arranged for carrying it into effect, except procuring a person who would venture to perform the operation.

"The favourite had a son,—Sir Page — whom I had attended during a trifling illness. The duke's own physician declined this formidable undertaking, and, for the first and, not improbably, for the only time during the century, a courtier showed himself not destitute of gratitude. In short, the page named me to his father, his father to the duke, and the duke was satisfied with the recommendation. One morning, while I was as much expecting the heavens to fall as to receive such a message, came an officer of the court, who first recommended himself to my high notice, and then informed me that his highness
desired to speak with me. I attended according to command, and was appointed to vaccinate the prince, and promised a bountiful reward if the operation proved successful. It was eminently so: his highness presented me to his consort, and desired me to name a request. It was supposed that I should ask to be appointed medical attendant to the duke, and the favourites secretly whispered me to do so, but I merely recommended myself to his highness’s grace, and returned to my former privacy. During three weeks which I had spent there, I had seen that happiness dwells not in a court; narrow souls were too generally concealed beneath laced and embroidered coats; the eternal round of folly, and the constraint, which nothing can hide, detested me from entering within its circle.

“Weak fool! I thought by this means to escape envy. At the first step which I made in the sovereign’s favour, the hate of his medical attendants met, and the envy of the younger members of the profession accompanied me. From that moment, I was ceaselessly pursued by jealousy, and soon felt its effects in a thousand petty vexations. I had flown from a single Woller; I had now to contend against six or seven, who differed from the first only in name: I perceived that slander distorted and shadowed all my proceedings, and I was surprised to find those my fiercest enemies, who had hitherto loaded me with flattery, and from whom I had rather deserved gratitude than hate. I now perceived how foolish I had been in venturing into a capital, and, instead of retaliating on my opponents, I became downcast, melancholy, and reserved: I concealed myself from those who sought my advice, ceased to visit my friends, and began to hate, not only my way of life, but life itself. The determination of adopting every possible method to depreciate the rumours of my persecutors, was the only thing which prevented me from falling a victim to despair.

“Count von Bulau was one of the richest and worthiest noblemen of our court. His estates lay principally in M——, and he generally spent several of the summer months in that country. To escape from my tormentors, I accompanied him there as a surgeon. The count had an only son, a promising youth of seventeen, whom he was about to send to the University. One evening he named to me the difficulty he had in finding a sensible and steady man as guardian for the young count. I listened to him with attention, and at last inquired if he would accept of a person of my selection. To this he readily agreed, but was puzzled to divine on whom I should fix. He was greatly surprised when I named myself, and assured him that I had for some time entertained a desire of again visiting the University, and exchanging the profession of medicine for that of the law.

“He endeavoured to dissuade me from this singular project; but when he perceived that I was perfectly serious, he very gladly consigned to me the care of his son. My father also endeavoured to persuade me not to alter my pursuits, and with much difficulty I wrung from him an unwilling consent to my scheme.

“I shall pass rapidly over three years and some few months; it is enough to say that, during this time, I endeavoured to fulfil my duties, not only to my youthful charge, but to myself. My companion became a worthy and a clever man, and I a tolerable lawyer.

“In imagination, I had marked out my future course; its grand points were to be simplicity and usefulness, sufficiently so, as I hoped, effectually to deliver me from my old enemy. I thought to fix my residence in a moderately-sized country town, never to adopt an unjust cause, but to exert myself for the poor and the oppressed without any regard to fame or remuneration. I resolved never to use any underhand method to obtain an employment, nor ever to accept one the income from which amounted to more than the one-half of my expenses, or which would occupy more than one-third of my time.

“Singular as this plan may appear, and though it may be deemed that such a place was not to be found in real life, it did really happen that I found one which, in all points, coincided with my ideal delineation: this ought to have convinced me that my difficulties were merely imaginary.

“Count von Bulau received me with the warmest expressions of gratitude and kindness on my return with his son, and I was promised the first important situation which became vacant in the
Justitine College, but I preferred accepting the office of judge on his extensive domains, the situation which I now hold. My jurisdiction is sufficiently extensive; it includes this town, where I have fixed my residence, and I endeavour to fulfil my duties with zeal and honesty. There are those who give me credit for this, but even virtue itself is no shield against envy. How could I forget that it is virtue which envy pursues with its fiercest malignity!

"I soon began to feel the burthen of my new condition. I was blessed by the wretched; I saw myself flattered by the rich, even by those whose oppression of the poor I had discomfited, but belied by those who feared me, repaid with ingratitude by those whom I had benefited, and, which pained me more than all, envied by all those who sought the count's favour for the influence I possessed with him, and by those who considered me immensely rich, because I gave away three-fourths of my income. This was done on purpose to avoid the very thing which my unwise liberality brought upon me.

"My vexations increased so fast, that I certainly should not have been able to bear up against them, had not a circumstance occurred, which, in some measure, deadened my extraordinary sensitiveness. It has enabled me to bear what, at any other time, would have driven me to madness.

"In the course of my professional duties, a young woman, remarkable for her beauty, her modesty, and her distress, was brought before me charged with robbery. Her poverty was painfully apparent, but her manner indicated that she had moved in the higher spheres of society. Her prosecutor, I may justly style him her persecutor, was a man of advanced years. It is needless to say more of him, as I cannot say aught in his praise. He charged the poor prisoner with having stolen or made away with the furniture of his house, and attempted to prove it by the testimony of a woman who really appeared to be an embodied personification of evil.

"I must confess that, from the moment of my beholding her, I felt much interested for this persecuted girl. Let me not boast of possessing the stern virtue of the Roman, who could sentence his son to death, and view him perish on the scaffold unmoved: it would have been no easy task for me to sentence one so lovely, so friendless, to a severe punishment: luckily my virtue was not put to this distressing trial. The falsehood and malignity of the charge were soon evident enough, and the gross prevarications of the wretched witness who endeavoured to support it, completed its overthrow.

"I plainly perceived that there was much more in this case than the prosecutor desired to have known, and was determined on having it fully gone into. It was considered quite unnecessary to hear any one for the defence; but, that the mystery which enveloped the affair might be cleared up, I inquired of the girl what she had to say in answer to the charge. Tears were, for a while, her only response; but, after a time, she delivered a statement which, I scarcely need tell you, made a deep, a lasting impression upon me; and, at the same time that it roused my detestation against her persecutor, so increased my pity for her sufferings, and my admiration of her virtue, that, insensibly, affection for her person stole upon me.

"Her father, it appeared, had been an officer of high rank in the service of ——, and, having been fortunate enough to acquire the esteem of his sovereign, had been intrusted with several important commands. Circumstances occurred which caused him to be appointed to a situation of great responsibility, the duties of which were of a secret and extremely delicate nature. He was not fortunate: success is not always the reward of virtue: enemies were ready to misrepresent his conduct; the sovereign lent a reluctant ear to their slanders; but intrigues, prompted by envy and malice, are too often successful: they were so in this case, and the officer was disgraced. His proud spirit could not brook contumely: he shrunk before the sneer of those who had recently made him the medium of favour and advancement.

"We will not dwell upon the subject ——he died! Pity will drop a tear upon his blood-stained corse; mercy will absolve him from the imputations of a thoughtless, an uncharitable world.

"He left a widow and a daughter to weep over his melancholy end: the ran-
grave: it raised an insurmountable barrier between the bounty of the sovereign and his wretched widow; she was thrown upon the world without a friend to guide or to succour.

"Far from the scene of her former happiness, for a time she managed to procure an uncertain subsistence by those accomplishments which in other days had been her amusements; but sorrow undermined her constitution, and it was evident that she was hastening to rejoin her loved one in a happier sphere. She could not, however, look on her daughter, now rising to womanhood, and lovely as she was pure, without experiencing the most poignant anguish. She saw her about to be cast upon a stormy ocean, full of hidden quicksands, without a pilot and without a chart; she strove to live for her sake, but her doom was fixed, and anxiety brought it every moment nearer. She was advised to try a change of air as a last expedient, and she came here. How vain to fly from death! The fatigue of her journey tended to complete what grief and illness had nearly accomplished: three days after her arrival she was no more, and her daughter a friendless, helpless orphan.

"The journey hither had entirely exhausted their slender resources. They had taken up their abode at a small lodging-house in the outskirts of the town, and here the poor lady expired, with no one near her, no one to close her dying eyes, save her heart-broken child, whom, with her last sigh, the dying parent consigned to heaven, the only hope of those the world forsakes.

"To procure her mother a few comforts during her last days, the poor girl had sold the few trifles they had brought hither with them; these, their landlord conceived, were the only guarantees for the payment of his rent; it was for this the unprotected orphan was accused of robbery, and, it is almost needless to say, the landlord was her prosecutor.

"I had not yet heard all: this monster would have agreed to forego his demand; before her mother was interred, and in the presence of her cold remains, he made the most dishonourable proposals to the poor orphan.

"Had my power coincided with my inclination, I should certainly have sentenced this hoary wretch to some severe and disgraceful punishment; I was forced to be content with discharging the case, and expressing in indignant terms my abhorrence of the prosecutor's conduct; need I say that, from this time, the lovely orphan became the object of my tenderest care.

"I will hasten over the remaining portion of my narrative; suffice it to say, that pity and admiration ripened into affection; I loved with ardour and sincerity, and was blessed by having it returned. Here I certainly thought to escape from my arch-enemy: I little imagined that any one could envy me the possession of a girl penniless and unknown. It was not so, however. I was pursued bitterly as ever, but love enabled me to bear up against the storm. A day was appointed for our nuptials, and I led the beautiful Anna Dorstorf to the altar. I now considered my troubles at an end: how liable we are to disappointment! The clergyman who was to perform the ceremony was one who, more than all others, had envied me my good fortune; he had long sought to gain the affection of my bride, and did not regard his disappointment with resignation. As we approached the altar, he exclaimed, loud enough for me to hear. 'Beautiful Anna! O, that thou wert mine,—worlds, in comparison with thee, would be a worthless gift.'

"'Good God!' I cried, 'am I pursued by envy even at thy altar?'—It was more than I could bear: I rushed from the church, and was not wrongfully regarded as mad.

"Little more remains to add,—that painting represents Anna as she appeared before me in court: if envy robbed me of the beautiful original, it will not deprive me of the delight of gazing upon the copy. But" (added Lindau, lowering his voice) "she is not yet beyond my reach, she still loves me. Some day I may summon up a better resolution, or envy become less powerful."
At a time when the pleasantly gossiping volumes of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall are recalling to the minds of sexagenarians those names in the world of politics and fashion, which excited their curiosity in early life, their ambition in more advanced times, and which still retain interest enough in the winter of life to place spectacles on many a withered brow, and awaken recollection in many a fading memory, perhaps some anecdotes, which are still older, but of a similar description, may not be deemed intrusive. Whatever develops human feeling, and shows the diversity of its operations in social life or individual character, I apprehend must obtain interest in the hearts of all; for although no two human beings were ever alike in situation, opinion, and circumstance, yet we all have a sufficient resemblance to each other to render us capable of the sympathies demanded by our common nature; and, sensible how far we might or might not, under similar trials, be induced to act or to suffer as others have done before us. It is this circumstance which renders the recital of even trivial illustrations of character the most captivating of all reading, and gives a sense of consanguinity with the person whose biography we are for the moment pursuing. A slight story, it is true, will not have the deep interest of a whole life, but it will amuse an idle reader, and may instruct a desultory rambler; there is no heath so barren but it could produce a daisy.

The readers of English history will not fail to be well acquainted with the name of Sir George Savile, who was in his day a marked politician and orator, on the liberal side, and the dear personal friend of the Marquess of Rockingham. He was a man so endowed by nature and fortune, so admired for his person, attainments, and accomplishments, as to stand almost alone in his circle, although it boasted in the beginning of George the Third's reign many whom Addison would have termed fine gentlemen. It was fully understood that Sir George was the original from which Richardson drew his Sir Charles Grandison, and, however fashionable it has been of late years to deride the buckram-lined coats, bag wigs, and low bows of that superb excellent baronet and his companions, it would be well to remember that although manners may vary and tastes may change, the value of integrity and talent is immutable. The state of society may greatly influence a man's conduct, for one who is born a peer holds himself tied to that mode of action from which a peasant is exempted; but if he is governed by good principles and feelings, it will unquestionably demand esteem, even if we deny approbation. However admirable and even loveable the high-born belles of his day might esteem Sir George Savile, and however frequently he might receive those flattering attentions which, in his day, (as in ours,) were indirectly, yet assuredly, meant to ensnare his affections, it is certain he reached the thirtieth year of his age without giving indications of sensibility on that point where it is usually exhibited most prominently. He was a man of so much humanity and active benevolence, of such acute feeling and lively imagination, had travelled so much, and lived so much both with the high and low, (for the goodness of his heart rendered him as accessible to the latter as his ancient descent, large fortune, and singular abilities endeared him to the former,) that he appeared to be a man more than usually calculated to feel in all its power a passion his virtues would ennoble, whilst his station bestowed happiness on its object and on himself.

To a certain degree it was supposed that the widowed mother, to whom he was most tenderly devoted, supplied to his heart that domestic happiness it was evidently so much fitted to enjoy, and it was concluded by others that the superior refinement of his mind and the extent of his knowledge, rendered him more fastidious than wise. He was the last of his
name and his race, with the exception of a beloved sister, and his surviving parent naturally wished to see him married, although she was probably not a little anxious on the subject of his choice, but year after year had passed by without a prospect of her wishes being realized. Perhaps he had become too much of a politician—perhaps the improvement of his estates and the welfare of his numerous dependents occupied him exclusively.

That any human being could have refused a man so gifted, so amiable, so descended, so independent, so universally beloved by his friends, so respected by even his opponents, (in the political world,) entered not his parent’s mind, nor was there cause that it should.

The time came when his beloved sister, who was two years his senior, returned to their mother an impoverished widow, with two helpless female infants. She had been the wife of a profligate nobleman, but was herself most blameless and excellent, and she now sought the consolations family sympathy could alone supply, and that retirement from the world necessary for the upright and judicious application of her husband’s dilapidated fortune, in the hope that her innocent girls might sometime emerge from the cloud that was cast upon their infancy by a father’s misconduct.

It will be readily conceived that Sir George received them all with the most generous tenderness, not only providing for their comforts, assisting to arrange his sister’s affairs, but bestowing upon the afflicted recluse that time and personal attention so peculiarly dear and valuable to her, which was demanded by every circumstance connected with him as a man of fashion and of business, one who hitherto had lived for others, either in the duties his station demanded, or the social ties which so extensively bound the handsome bachelor to make one in every party.

His sister in his virtues forgot her own miseries, and, by degrees, mingled with the circle that enjoyed his hospitality at the seat in Nottinghamshire, which he still considered to be his mother’s home, though she sometimes retired to her own jointure house. This she wisely kept ready to receive her, when the still desired bride of her son should be brought home; but time passed, no bride appeared, and, at length, conjecture became wearied, and the subject dropped.

“Sir George loves the children of his sister so much, he wants none of his own,” said some; others were of opinion “that he remained unengaged in order to save large fortunes for these dear nieces;” but, as he was neither covetous nor ambitious, this idea could not be retained; for the girls, so beloved, had received important legacies, and it had always been his assertion, “that wealth in the hands of females had seldom failed to be ill-bestowed,” and he frequently expressed a desire that both Lady Selina and Lady Blanche would marry country gentlemen.

By degrees, Sir George became almost a fixture at his seat in the country, and visited London only whilst Parliament was sitting; and when an election took place, it was with the utmost difficulty that his constituents wrung from him a consent to represent them again—his heart was wedded to home, and he returned thither with a rapidity, and dwelt there with a tenacity unaccountable even to his mother and sister, who, at length, wished him to vary the scene, partial as they could not fail to be to his company.

This desire arose from a change which had imperceptibly fallen upon his spirits, and rendered him a silent, thoughtful man, and which now threatened even his health. He who had been the life of every social meeting, now found pleasure only in a book and a solitary ramble: field sports were wearisome, the humours of a country circle no longer amused him, and even visitants of the highest literary attainments failed to excite his mind to exertion.

“My uncle is never quite happy; he never smiles with his best smile but in your dressing-room,” said Blanche.

“That is very true, my dear,” said the countess, as she pursued her embroidery, “and I am sorry for it, as I am sure it argues some latent evil in his constitution. A man like my brother would not, because he ought not to be tied to a woman’s apron strings, unless there were some cause for it.”

A person who had been assorting the silks required for Lady——’s work, laid down the case and left the room; but so soft were her movements that it was supposed she had taken her usual place
at another embroidery table, until one of the children observed,—"I do think, mamma, your Mrs. Willis is the handsomest woman in the world."

"And the most graceful," said the other; "grandmamma always says she has the presence of a duchess, and would grace a court."

"It is very true, my dears; but Willis is much more than a beautiful and elegant woman; she is very sensible and very pious, and has so well-informed a mind that I find her society preferable to any other person's. Her modesty and her proper sense of the station she fills as my maid prevents her from saying much, but I really find no other person so agreeable as a companion, and when I first came here in great affliction, she was my best comforter—did she go out to get more of the blue silk?"

"I don't know; she blushed exceedingly, which made me remark how pretty she was as she closed the door."

"Blushed!" said the countess, and a new light flashed on her mind; she rose hastily, almost angrily, and, in another moment, had entered the bed-room of her servant, who rose from a chair, and had evidently been weeping.

"What can possibly be the matter, my good Willis?"

"It is painful, very painful, to leave you, madam, but I must go, I have said so before."

"You have, and gave me half-a-dozen reasons which appeared to me utterly inadequate motives for quitting a situation so eligible as this—a situation where you have unquestionably been held as a friend rather than a servant." The tears of the truly admirable woman flowed afresh. "I may have been wrong—you may have a motive that it is not wise to sav. I know not what I would say; perhaps, Willis, you are sensible of feeling too much—but, no! you are too wise, too good, to think of loving my brother!"

"You do me only justice," said the maid, recovering herself; "I am not a woman to give way to an improper fancy, even for such a man as Sir George Saville; but, indeed, I cannot stay, for I must not listen, or the time will come when I shall no longer be able to refuse."

Lady—sunk down on the bed, her face pale, her lips quivering, and faintly articulating, "Refuse? Refuse?"

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an union which could not assist them, and might injure them. The Germanized court of George II., in which she had long shone, imparted no hopes of a candid judgment on an alliance of this nature; nor could she bear the idea of her beloved brother being received with cold looks and contemptuous pity, by those noblemen who had hitherto held him in especial respect as a friend and equal.

At length, the conference was closed by Willis's hasty removal from the house, but only to a very easy distance; for each found her very heart broken by the separation. But the greatest sufferer had the strongest mind, and, in fact, was the only one capable of maintaining that resolution thought to be necessary for the happiness of all.

To trace the feelings of him who loved but once, and for ever, is impossible. Unquestionably, he listened to his mother and sister, for they sought to console him; but, as he was too much a lover not to believe that the rejection of her he sought arose from principle, not aversion, it was no wonder that he could not soon be brought to resign her. At length, he appeared to have done so: he plunged more than ever into public life, and so filled his house with company that his mother took refuge in her own. Determined to effect his own cure, he had long since ceased even to mention the name nearest his heart; but it was his consolation to know, through various mediums of communication, that her comforts were supplied through his mother and sister; and he now learnt, with the truest satisfaction, that, henceforward, the woman who had nobly rejected him for his dear mother’s sake, would be the companion of that mother’s retirement.

His sister married both daughters highly, and their children were his heirs. His mother lived to a very old age, and he survived her only a short period. Long before then he had been able to meet as a friend that amiable and excellent person who had exercised so great an influence over him during all the best years of his existence. During the period in which she lived as a companion to his mother, (where her merits were conspicuous,) she received many advantageous offers of marriage, all of which were firmly declined, a circumstance which never failed to give him pleasure; though he said little on the subject save to his mother, to whom, in his declining days, he would expiate for hours on the feelings and the struggles of the past; and who, after such interviews, would bitterly regret that any mistaken fear of degradation, or pride of family and circumstance, had prevented her from fully acquiescing in his wishes, and using her own influence to the uttermost on behalf of one who would have given more lustre to the highest station than she could have received from it.

Mrs. Mercy Willis lived seven or eight years after Sir George, but like him she only entered the autumn of life. That it was rendered shorter to both by the silent sorrows and deep disappointment each endured, we can have little doubt; how much sooner we may admire the magnanimity and fortitude each displayed under the trial. It is, at this time, much the fashion with highly-talented authors to portray the misery arising from unequal marriages. Lord Mulgrave, the author of “The Old Man’s Tales,” and others, show us in a striking manner the many sorrows endured by that party who is considered the fortunate one. Although I agree with them in their conclusions, and see the truth of their observations in the situation of their own victims, I never can reflect on this true story without feeling that these parties would have proved an exception, and have been as happy as the general condition of humanity admits when married to each other.

Mercy was twenty-seven when she first attracted Sir George, who was two or three and thirty. His love was founded not less on her merit than her beauty; since her devotion to his sister had probably first induced him to notice her, and years elapsed before he gave words to his passion. He was by nature kind and constant, as his friendships and family affections proved, and her own mental qualities were of the same character; her heart also was bound up in the same persons and pursuits with his; she had the same fortitude, the same self-renunciation which distinguished him. Theirs was no childish preference, or headlong passion; it was the distinguishing taste and love of matured mind, honouring the virtues it cherished in the form of another. Perish the Brahminical observances of caste, when
they would divide hearts which God has fitted for each other, and minds that can accord in all the best attributes of intelligent existence!

When libertine lords marry pretty peasants, or young men of fashion turn sentimental, scorn money, and marry portionless misses to sigh and starve, misery must be the result to both parties, and the greater share is inevitably the woman’s. But of such marriages no one could make a parallel with that of a man of large fortune treating himself to a portionless wife, seeing it is done daily in the higher ranks; therefore, it is family claims alone which to such a man can merit consideration.

That a gentleman ought to give them due weight, no one can deny who observes the general effect in society of any species of disorder; but, surely, as it is allowed that a man raises a woman to his own rank by marriage, there are cases which fully justify the exercise of this power? And little can or ought he to respect the circle who would reject a beautiful, sensible, and well-conducted woman, for no other reason than humble birth.

That he is called upon to pay more deference to his parents and connexions than to the world in such a case, every one will admit; but a man advancing to life’s meridian, in possession of fortune, rank, and character, naturally desirous of perpetuating all in his offspring, has surely a right to consult his own judgment in a case where his own happiness is the subject of consideration? “The price of a virtuous woman is above rubies,” said Solomon; surely, then, it is far above the idle etiquette of a frequently misjudging world. The good woman, with whom a good man can go hand in hand to heaven; the intellectual companion with whom a patriotic landholder can form plans for the benefit of his tenantry, or diffuse hospitality to his friends; the kind and prudent mother whose children shall honour his name, is a person of more importance than alliance, ancestry, or adventitious circumstance can give; and, although not one of these advantages is to be despised, small, indeed, is their comparative weight in the scale of connubial felicity.

We happily live in a more liberal age than obtained “sixty years ago.” And with all the unmeaning rigmarole uttered against the aristocracy at the present moment, by those who are ignorant of them, I am fully persuaded few indeed could be found in their most exclusive circle who would have condemned the woman who thus condemned herself to constancy and celibacy.

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**THE BROKEN VOW.**

**BY J. E. CARPENTER.**

Thou hast spurn’d the heart that lov’d thee,
Thou hast broken every tie,
And thy false vow, it hath prov’d thee
To be worthless as thy sigh.
When another came and saw thee,
Thou hadst sworn my bride to be,
He’d but to kneel before thee,
And thy heart was lost to me!

Then he woo’d, (and soon he won thee,) For he knew that thou wert fair; But they tell me he doth shun thee, And hath left thee to despair. Oh the thing that most we cherish With a feeling of delight, Like the frailest flower must perish By chill winter’s earliest blight!

Thus it is, thou’st known the sadness Of love’s premature decay, And art cast, amid thy gladness, Like a faded flower away.
Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

Oft my mem’ry fondly traces
When we met with joy supreme!
Glad hearts, and merry faces
Awaken’d passion's fairy dream.

Thou dost stand alone, forsaken
By all who held thee dear,
And thy sorrow scarce can waken
One tributary tear;
For even he hath left thee
A cold world's scorn to bear,
And of ev’ry joy bereft thee
Which thy heart once hop’d to share

And I who did adore thee
With a passion pure and deep.
Must I alone deplore thee,
For thy frail image weep?
Oh! 'twere better we’d ne’er parted,
Or that we ne’er had met,
Than to live thus brokenhearted
With a fond but vain regret!

Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE APPROACHING FETES.

Paris, July 25th, 1836.

I deferred writing until now, my charming friend, in the hope of receiving a letter from you; your last has this instant reached me, and a most amusing one it is.* As I had anticipated, you ask numerous questions; all of which are to be answered de suite! Now I am going to put your patience to the test, and defer answering them until next time, for, in truth, I have so many engagements at this moment that I scarcely know where to commence. The Count Jules de C— has one of his private plays to-night, and — Oh! you will be so angry with me! — I have really overcome my natural timidity sufficiently to perform in one. The first piece is the “Suite d’un Bal masqué.” I would not take part in that, but I am to act in a little English comedy—one half of my audience will not know a word I say, and, probably, the other half may not understand my bad pronunciation, tant pis pour eux. M de F—— will not be present, fortunately; for though he has given me a reluctant consent, I fear, when the time came, he would withdraw it; however, ma chère, I have settled that point. Woman’s wit was not given her for nothing. In the first place, I persuaded my husband that he was getting a fit of the gout, and when I had terrified him almost into an actual belief of it, I sent for a medical friend, Mr. B——. When he came, he said with true English franchise, for he is an Englishman you know, that he saw no cause of alarm for the present, but he advised M. de F—— to keep himself quiet, and avoid crowded assemblies and heated rooms — this was all I wanted. I am to go with my belle sœur, (by the way, I wish she was comfortably settled once more in her château in Lorraine, for I am quite tired of her company,) and mon cher et aimable époux will nurse himself at home. I intend this maladie imaginaire not to last longer than to-morrow night, for on the 27th the fêtes begin, and he is afraid to trust me and the children to go to see them without him, and go I am determined.

On the 27th there are to be funeral masses in all the churches; the interior of the chapel of the Invalids is being hung with black for the occasion; they

* See notices above the page of this present month’s “Contents” respecting the reprint of a great portion of this letter, owing to passages being misplaced, and other typographical errors.—Ed.
say that sixty thousand ells of cloth have been employed for this purpose. On the 28th the inauguration of the Arc de Triomphe at the Barrière de l’Etoile is to take place. That splendid arch is at length finished; the bas-reliefs are to be uncovered: seats are erecting for the accommodation of the royal family, ministers, &c., &c. The troops of the line, and the national guard, amounting to about sixty thousand men, are to defile before the king, and enter Paris by this barrière, but there is to be no review; indeed, it is to be wondered at that any fêtes whatever take place this year after the fatal events of last July. The king is to be surrounded by a numerous escort, and every precaution taken to prevent any repetition of the late horrible attempts.

The 29th is to be, as usual, the great day in the Champs Elysées; theatres, shops, booths, places for dancing, &c. are all preparing with the greatest activity. At the commencement of the Champs Elysées, sixteen columns, each forty feet high, are erecting, as a triumphal entrance, and smaller pillars of about fifteen feet in height, and to the number of five hundred and eighty-two, are to be placed all along the avenue to the Barrière de l’Etoile; these are to support garlands of variegated lamps. The illuminations are to be the same evening, and the fêtes are to close with a magnificent display of fire-works.

How I wish you were here to enjoy all these fine sights with me! You are _traitement bien méchante_, not to have come over as I asked you.

Madame d’Appony, our Austrian ambassadress, me charge de te dire une infinité de choses aimables de sa part. I called to see her a few days since, or rather, I should say, called to see her beautiful gazelles; she has a number of them running about her garden in the Rue de Grenille. The pretty black-eyed creatures are so tame that they eat out of one’s hand. I am going to write to Colonel A., to Algiers, to beg he will send me over three or four immediately; car, ma chère, les gazelles font fureur à Pris maintenat. When I see one, I always think of the beautiful lines in Lalla Rookh; you remember them.

Veux-tu te faire belle mon amie? parlons donc modes un peu. We are still wearing the enormous bonnets I have been describing to you lately; if any thing, they are becoming larger; in fact, they will be like umbrellas on the head if they continue increasing in size as they have done lately. The fronts are enormous, très évasée, coming down very close at each side of the face, and nearly meeting under the chin; the corners are rounded off, and not left square; the crowns are a little higher than they have been; the bavolets deep and full. A very full trimming of saracen or foulard ribbon is fashionable; the bows are worn at the right side, and étagés, that is, the puffs placed one above the other as much as possible; a bouquet generally springs from the front of the bow; flowers are also worn a good deal under the fronts of the bonnets. Hats of pailler de riz are extremely fashionable, with a guirlande of roses, red poppies, ivy, or mixed flowers round the crown. Drawn capottes of white tulle, crap, gauze, or poux de soie are also very much worn. Nearly all the hats and capottes are ornamented with a demi-voile of blonde or tulle, with a white or coloured ribbon run into the hem.

Dresses.—The dresses most worn during the warm weather are of white India muslin, striped or cross-barred muslin or organdi. Nothing is prettier in summer than white. The corsages are mostly made low, some à revers, others à l’Enfant, or à la Grecque; the band at top is insertive. The sleeves are according to the fancy of the wearer; some full and plain all the way down; some plain at the shoulder, and in one or two puffs above the elbow; the remainder of the sleeve tight or loose. When the dress is of thin muslin, the sleeves look very pretty tied in at distances all the way down the arm with coloured ribbon, the ceinture and ribbon round the neck to match. The dresses of silk or mousseline de laine, which are not very prevalent at this season, are made en redingote, to cross to the side, where the skirt is fastened with bows of ribbon to match the dress.

Clear muslin pelerines, round, long, or short, I mean to reach the band or come below it, and trimmed with lace or net, are exceedingly fashionable. Scarfs and mantelets of black silk, black tulle, and white, plain, or figured tulle, are more worn than anything; the ends are rounded, and they are trimmed all round
with lace; the white ones have frequently a coloured ribbon run into the hem.

The prevailing colours for hats are white, pink, paille, and blue. The same for ribbons and ceintures with white dresses; for dresses, white, lilac, and lavender.

Now, chère amie, I shall say adieu. I am going to rehearse my part for tonight. Tu ne me gronderas pas, n’est-ce pas?

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(NO. 15.)—TOILETTE DE CHATEAU. Standing Figure.—Dress of white clear muslin (organdy); the corsage is made low in the neck, the sleeves full all the way down, but taken in with a very narrow band, about half way between the elbow and wrist (see plate), and finished at the wrist by a deep poignet (wrist-band), mannelet en filet de soie grenadine (a new and very open black silk tulle, rather imitating fine netting.) The mannelet consists of a piece of this tulle two aunes in length, the ends rounded, and a deep black lace put in full all round (see plate); coiffure ornamented with roses. The back hair is twisted up in braids on the crown of the head, but rather far back; the front hair carried plain as far as the temples, and finished in full tufts of curls, falling low at each side of the face. Two full-blown white roses are placed over the left temple, and one with a bud over the right: gold earrings, straw colour kid gloves, broderquis (half boots) of brown satin royal.

Sitting Figure.—Dress of mousseline de laine, the pattern full blown roses on a brown ground. The corsage made low in the neck, and plain to fit the bust; the sleeves are finished at the wrist by white embroidered ruffles. Mantelet of white spotted tulle, and trimmed all round with a deep white lace. (See plate). On the neck is a small collar, called col à châle; it is made with two pattes or ends, that cross in front, embroidered and trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace; it is fastened in front with a brooch. Hair in braids on the top of the head; the front hair, which is very long, is in smooth bands over the brow, and as far as on a line with the top of the ear; it then forms a thick braid, which is turned towards the face; the ends are fastened beneath the braid on the crown of the head. (See plate). Long gold earrings, black silk mittens, white silk stockings, black satin shoes.

(NO. 16.)—PLANCHE DE DETAILLES DE MODES. First Bust.—Coiffure ornamented with flowers; the back hair is twisted up into several thick braids, and forms one nearly solid mass upon the very summit of the head (see plate); from the centre of this mass springs a high bouquet, consisting of poppies, harebells, wheat, wild roses, &c., &c. A second bouquet is placed at the lower part of the braid, at the right side of the head towards the back, the flowers drooping downwards; the front hair is in smooth bands, brought as low as the ear at each side of the face, and turned up again underneath, and fastened with a small comb. Corsage décolleté, low in the neck, with a double revers, or low pelerine; the underneath fall is left plain, the upper one overcast in large deep scallops formed by several smaller ones (see plate); the ruffles to the edge of the short sleeve are also festonné.

Second Bust.—The coiffure the same as the preceding, with the exception that neither the braid nor flowers are as high as on the other head. Low corsage, fitting tight to the bust, with a revers; the revers goes plain across the back, falls very low upon the shoulder, and is gracefully sloped up in front towards the waist, where it forms a point; it is trimmed all round with either white lace, or with a worked trimming; the sleeves of the dress are long, the tops plain, but very full, and tight from the elbow down: pearl necklace, long gold earrings.

Third Bust.—Drawn capotte de poux de soie. The front excessively large, long at the sides, and très évasée. The crown is higher than those lately worn, and forms a large puff at the very top (see plate); a full puffing of ribbon goes round the top of the crown, and is finished by a large bow on the right side over the bravolet; a bouquet of yellow roses is placed exactly in front. High and tight corsage of muslin, made plain and to fasten in front. Sleeves plain at the shoulder, then in two full puffs, and nearly tight to the arm from the elbow down. A bow of muslin is placed in front of the arm over the first puff. Square embroidered cambric collar, trimmed with lace.

Fourth Bust.—Capotte the same as the one just described; the sleeves are also nearly similar, except that they have only one puff instead of two, and are left loose all the way down, and taken in just above the wrist. (See plate).

Fichu, ou Pelerine à la Paysanne.—This pelerine consists merely of a half-handkerchief of thin muslin, the point reaching nearly to the waist at back, and the ends crossed in front; it is folded into five plaits or folds (see plate), and a small slope is taken out of the top of the neck to make it sit.

Pattern of Short Sleeve.—The sleeve is plain and tight at the shoulder, and finished with a double fall of work or deep lace ruffle. A bow of ribbon, with long ends, is
Le Follet-Courrier des Salons
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

[Text in French regarding fashion and tailoring services]

[Signature]

[Logo or emblem]

[Additional text or advertisement]
placed in the centre, and a small bouquet at each side.

Revers, or Garniture de Corsage.—This revers is nearly similar to the one in the first bust, with the difference of the bow in front, and the flowers on the shoulders.

Col à châle.—Small collar with pattes, or ends to cross in front, and trimmed with a full trimming of tulle, edged with narrow lace.

Ribbon Scarf.—The ends unravelled and knotted.

Tales of Fashion and Reality. By the Honourable Caroline Frederica Beauchlerk, and Henrietta Mary Beauchlerk.

First Series. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The mass of the English public, it is well known, have a great desire to be acquainted with all that is going on at Almacks, and other exclusive resorts of the élite of the nobility. Hitherto their appetite has been very scantily fed with cold scraps collected, we verily believe, by valets and ladies' maids, and collated by some editor capable alone of getting up the would-be-termed fashionable novels, &c. How correctly they depict the manners of the great may readily be supposed. "They best can paint them who have seen them most," is a truth scarcely to be disputed; and when we open a book written by the grand-daughters of a duke, our readers may safely conclude that the plot only may rely on the "fashion," but the "reality" of the scenes described. With the productions of one of these fair sisters our readers are well acquainted, the Honourable Miss H. M. Beauchlerk having been a contributor to our pages. Her style has hitherto been devoted to romantic subjects, but we are mistaken if, as well as her sister, her peculiar talent is not to "catch the manners living as they rise." The very best portions of the volume are, assuredly, the lively and satirical passages; although, with the usual bias of young writers, for neither of the fair damsels is it, we believe, eighteen years of age, these ladies have a great fondness for plunging into violent and sudden terminations, which are very destructive to the high tone of finish that ought to wind up tales of fashionable society. Violent and gloomy pictures are not the forte of the fair sisters; gay and sportive sketches are the scenes in which they are to be found at home. In this department of literature we far prefer their effusions to Mrs. Gore's; and if they would wholly eschew startling transitions into appalling incidents, their productions would be far superior to that lady's, inasmuch as their tone of feeling is free from the hard worldliness that alloys all Mrs. Gore's productions. There is, in truth, good moral tendency and sunny temper in all that is written by these fair and noble sisters, whose Beaumont and Fletcher mode of authorship bespeaks a most interesting union of heart. A portrait of Caroline, from the pen of Henrietta, we select as an introduction to the extracts we give our readers from this volume. If we were permitted to mingle personal remarks with professional criticism, we could say, from the testimony of one who knows the ladies, that there is no undue sisterly partiality or poetical fiction in the composition of these lines.

LINES TO MY SISTER.

BY HENRIETTA MARY BEAUCHLERK.

Fairness resembles of thy Maker fair,
Thine all things living gone on.

Art thou some sylph descended from above,
To fire the breast of man with hope and love;
And when their hearts they'll offer unto thee,
Wilt raise thy hidden wings, and quickly flee?

If so, bright ray, depart ere harm is done,
Nor in these lands again, I pray thee, come;
If as a mortal thou wouldst deign to dwell,
Cast off that form, and all will then be well.

But she, who now before me radiant stands,
Is not a being of the fairy lands:
And, though her form is slight, her features fair,
She still is not created out of air.

"The Journal of a Débutante," "The Journal of a Chaperon," "Match Making," and "The Honey Moon," are the tales which please us best in this volume: from the first we give the following specimens:—

"When Lord Montreville had departed, I went to Mrs. Somerton's, to rehearse with her daughters a charade they were getting up. This lady has earned the reputation of being the greatest fortune-hunter in London; she does bold strokes for husbands, but she does not perform them with that finish which distinguishes mamma's efforts. The difference between the two may be better understood when I state, that a gentleman once remarked, that Lady Elmor's maneuvering was like Sir Thomas Lawrence's painting, whilst that of Mrs. Somerton resembled more Stanfield's scenic paintings at the theatres. She had three very pretty daughters, and she moved heaven and earth to get them married, which was easier said than done, for Caroline Somerton, the eldest, as her mother told me, was very headstrong, and would not listen to reason. She had taken it into her head to flirt with a young life-guardian, a Captain Damer, and I believe matters had come to a proposal. Mrs. Somerton declared she should never marry such a scamp. Caroline, however, replied, 'Where there's a will there's a way.'"
"We went to Almack’s at night. I am come to the conclusion that these are the pleasantest balls in London; a fresh and elegant dress shines there, and not having to go through the fatigue of making deammae compliments, you make more independent.

“Lord Montreville said that I was the prettiest girl in the room, which pleased mamma so much that she bestowed on him that much used expression, ‘I am sure you are very good.’

“I am not surprised at a London ball-room striking foreigners with admiration. The patrician and courtly bearing of the high-born ladies of fashion, and the aristocratical thoroughbred look of their daughters, bear away the palm from every other country. I admit that when an English woman is ugly, it is to a surpassing degree. I wish my pretty countrywomen would reform both their style of dress, and their mode of dancing. The subject of female dress has been deemed important enough to be commented on by Addison, and many other learned men. Sir Philip Sidney maintained that the comeliness of the body depends on the comeliness of the cloth. Julius Caesar passed an edict, forbidding unmarried women wearing jewelry. Female attire has no such guardians; fashion rules all with despotic sway. If sleeves resembling balloons are in vogue, the Brobdingnag of five feet nine, and the Liliputan of four feet odd, wear them the same size. Why should not every lady have a style of dress of her own, instead of adopting that system of uniformity which exists in a London ball-room? Every chaperon is seen dressed in the ‘regulation’ satin robe, with the ordinary accompaniment of a velvet or crape hat, and feathers. The young ladies all dressing so much alike, give a salon de danse the appearance of a large national school.

“Let ladies, who wish for becoming and recherché dresses, imitate the elegance and grace displayed in the toilettes of Mademoiselle Mars-Leontine, Fay, and Madame Vestris. But let them beware of seeking their models from the English stage, though this was done formerly.

“As for dancing, reform it altogether. Oh! why will not mothers force their daughters to learn battements et glissades, and make them plié choisi—pas bourrée, &c., to work out the English stiffness, and to give them a little abandon in their gait. The confidential quadrille, the inspiring galoppe, the fascinating Ionian valtz, the seducing mazourka, and the coquetish cotillon, have, I am aware, been condemned by the English as romps. But is it necessary that a young girl should resemble her great grandmother;—or is a young man expected to be a pettifaction? I have heard many times that light beets denote a light head. This theory I hold as quite unmeaning, and ridiculous. Tradition tells us that Socrates, the greatest of all philosophers, joined in the amusement of dancing. I, who put my whole heart and soul into the galoppe, that most delightful of all dances, am quite grieved to see the insolent way in which it is danced in England; really, the manner in which some of them shew it is disheartening. As I was following a great fat girl, who, to use a masculine expression, was a regular jack of
down, I overheard one of that numerous order yclept tatties, exclaim to the chaperon of the jack:—

“‘What a difference there is between your charming daughter and that little mad thing Miss Vernon,—what a contrast she makes of this dance, floating about like a Bagadere, and dressed unlike every one else, even to her shoes. My goodness! look at them!’

“I glanced my eyes from my own foot, chaussé, par parenthèse, in Le Saunier’s best, to the ‘understanding’ of my rival,—something resembling a cow’s hoof in a pair of shoes, the price of which I should conclude was five shillings and sixpence. Mamma was very angry with me because I preferred dancing to staying with Lord Montreville, who sat by her all night. Another civil speech I overheard, was, ‘Lord Montreville has been sitting in Lady Elinoor’s pocket the whole night. I suppose she is trying to catch him for that flitting girl of hers.’ I turned sharp round, and discovered my friend in Miss Brown. I could have beat her black and blue, but merely stared her full in the face, and gave a dead cut:—really the impertinence of this woman is past endurance.

“After a most delightful galoppe with Charles Stuart, we were repairing to the tea-room, when I saw Lord Montreville following me. I pretended not to see him, but quietly seated myself, and began sipping a very hot cup of tea, a very good excuse, by the way, when you wish to have a good flitting bout, when, to my great horror and dismay, Lord Montreville came and placed himself between Mr. Stuart and myself. After looking at me with the eye of a basilisk, he said:—

“‘Pray, Miss Vernon, am I to understand that Mr. Stuart has supplanted me; for since you have known him, you avoid me as you would contagion?’

“I answered with a voice tremulous through shame and vexation. ‘May I ask, my lord, by what right you thus question me? Mr. Stuart, continued I, rising, will you return with me into the ball-room, and take me to my mother.’

“‘On my soul,’ burst forth the indignant Lord Montreville, ‘you shall not go with him.’ At the same time grasping my arm with a hand of iron.

“‘Pray, pray,’ I cried, ‘unloose me! Mr. Stuart do not go; pray assist me. Lord Montreville, what right have you thus to insult me? I demand you to unhand me!’

“Mr. Stuart then said, ‘You surely cannot wish to detain Miss Vernon by force.’

“‘I beg you will not dictate to me,’ returned his lordship, haughtily. ‘Miss Vernon, say you forgive me,’ continued he, as he saw me ready to faint through shame and terror. ‘Will you have a glass of water?’ he cried, in the greatest alarm.

“‘More dead than alive,’ I replied. ‘Your conduct has been, Lord Montreville, most unprouoked, and ungentlemanlike. It is your absence alone that can set all to rights.’ Here my heroism could support me no longer, and I burst into tears; they both seemed shocked and amazed.

“‘My dear Miss Vernon,’ cried Lord Mon-
treville. ’Pray do not cry; I cannot bear to see a woman weep. Take a little water; pray do not cry, my dear creature, every one is looking at you.’

‘When you say to a child, ’Pray don’t cry, darling,’ it is a signal for him to burst forth with renewed vigour. Such was my case—the more Lord Montreville said, ’don’t cry, the more I wept and sobbed, as if my heart was breaking, so mortified and ashamed did I feel at thewhole affair; and at hearing people around me say, Whether is this the matter? What is it? A general murmur had informed mamma that I was prima donna in a scene: when I saw her, I greeted her in a Siddons’ tone, with ‘Take me away—take me away! ’

‘She could not conceive what had happened, but thought it best to take me downstairs: in her heart she must have rejoiced in it, as Lady Sopwell, Mrs. Crampton, and two or three notorious commère, craned their necks to catch a look at my face, saying, ‘May we congratulate you, Lady Elinor?—It is very natural she should be overcome, poor thing!’ &c. &c.

‘Mamma did not contradict their supposition, but was whispering to Lord Montreville, who followed, looking like a naughty child. Mr. Stuart had got the carriage for us, into which Lord Montreville handed me like a niece all in tears.

‘For goodness sake! what has happened?’ cried my mother, as we drove off. ‘Has Lord Montreville spoken out like a man? Has he proposed? Speak, child—I have had enough of heroics and such toasts!’ I then explained the cause of my tears; upon which she coolly replied, ‘I should be extremely angry with you, but that I think it may bring matters to a crisis. I am convinced he loves you; in which case I do not wonder at his being jealous of that horrid Stuart, to whom you could not make yourself more agreeable had he twenty-thousand a-year! To this maternal lecture I could return no answer—Alas! I could not help loving one bereft of title or fortune.

‘The next morning Mr. Stuart called, but he had hastily excused himself a minute before mamma said, ’I am going to do a very rude thing, Mr. Stuart, and that is, to turn you out of my house, (putting on a forced laugh,) as we are on the point of setting out to a déjeuner.’ When he was gone she remarked, ‘I cannot suffer my drawing-room to become a refuge for penniless scamps. Heigho!’ continued she, ’I hope to God you will marry Lord Montreville—that will be a great charge on my mind. Good heavens! no one can form a conception of the exertion and anxiety I went through to get your sisters off. But how successful I was! Men will laugh, talk, dance—say, make love to a girl; but how difficult it is to make them propose! Even Mary’s husband—ugly, hunch-backed creature as he is—did I not risk my own son’s life to frighten him into marrying her.’

‘Ah, poor Mary!’ said I, ’what a man you made her marry!’

‘Therefore, Julia, ought you not to be thankful, when I work like a galley slave to get such a man as Lord Montreville for you; who, besides being the eldest son of an earl, with a clear thirty thousand a-year, is straight, and, as men go, is not deficient in good looks.

‘Spare me, on that subject,’ said I, shuddering, ’it makes me sick.’

‘Arrived at Whitehall Stairs, as I was stepping into the boat, I heard mamma say, ’Oh dear Lord Montreville, I am so glad you’re come; just help Julia.’

‘When I heard his hated name, and on his attempting to hand me in, a loud scream involuntarily escaped me, as I drew back my hand in horror.

‘Captain Damer! Captain Damer!’ screamed out Caroline Somerton, at the highest pitch of her voice, as a set of gentlemen-rowers pulled up alongside our boat, ’I insist on your joining our party. How lucky, to be sure,’ continued she, blushing with delight, ’that we should find you here, as we just want one more rower,—William Vernon being on guard.’

‘Poor Mrs. Somerton looked daggers at her daughter, but to no purpose, as Caroline did not take the slightest notice of her, and was not quiet till she had established her favorite beau with an oar in his hand. I am quite convinced that this ruse de guerre of hers was a preconcerted plan.’

‘In the midst of this uproar and confusion, poor, fat, old Mrs. Somerton rushed into the room in a state of distress, very evident in her manner and complexion: ’My dear Miss Vernon,’ said she to me, ’Caroline has set off with that bête noire of mine, George Damer. I have been up Richmond Hill, and down again, and cannot find her—my palpitations are dreadful—you are young and can run fast. Pray don’t refuse my request—none but a mother can tell what I feel.’

‘Lord Montreville said, ’Come, Miss Vernon, a run up the hill will do us both good.’

‘I was about to refuse, really not having the constitution and strength to go; but mamma gave me a look so terrible that I winced beneath her glance. To oblige Mrs. Somerton, Lord Montreville and I accordingly raced after the fugitive, like two policemen after a pickpocket. But having made the tour of the park without success, we returned to the house in time to find Mrs. Somerton flat on her back in a fainting fit, and every one in a state of dismay. As all the ladies were tormenting the unfortunate woman—one deluging her head with water, another burning a feather under her nose, &c. &c—I took up a letter, which I found open on a table, which contained the following agreeable and edifying information:

‘Do not be angry, my dear mamma, with me, I have taken decided measures, but I trust to be happy with the man I adore. Riches bring not happiness with them, and he is not rich; but I shall never be a burden to you. It is useless to pursue me, for you can never persuade me to forsake my husband.

‘CAROLINE DAMER.’

‘I was much surprised and amused that she had gained her point so well. When I heard la voix d’amiante of Miss Brown, who was
gently forcing her handkerchief down her throat, to still the effects of her risible proclivities. I went to her and said, 'I'm a moment like this, be not so unkind as to laugh.'

'Oh,' she cried, 'I am such a merry-hearted little girl, that I can even find fun in other's woes. When I saw,' continued she, 'Miss Somerton set off with such expedition, I boded she was after no good—a little sly thing! So I followed her to Richmond church, where she was married with the greatest composure. She then wrote the letter in the vestry room, (into the window of which I peeped,) gave it to the clerk to deliver to her mamma, and then set off with her beloved in a carriage and four. Trust me for finding out a hornet's nest—it was all preconcerted.'

'At length Mrs. Somerton came to her senses again. Her other two daughters thought it best to take her home by land. Mamma was obliged to go away also, for, said she, 'If I return by water, I cannot go in a hackney coach from Whitehall Stairs to Park Lane.'

'Mrs. Somerton was in a dreadful state, crying and sobbing most violently, and murmuring out, 'It is all that boat, that horrid boat! Oh, my child! my child! who refused a duke to marry a beggarly ensign! She, the beauty of London, to live in a barrack yard! Oh! Caroline! in losing you, I have lost my heart's idol, my own pet child—ungrateful, cruel Caroline!'

'Really the laments of this poor bereaved woman would have moved the gods. When we were seated in the carriage, mamma said, 'Pray come in, Lord Monteville, I assure you there is plenty of room.'

'Indeed, I won't submit to that,' cried Mrs. Somerton with great spirit, and recovering in the most sudden manner, 'Have mercy on my horses, Lady Elinor, we are five already in the coach—drive on!'

'She then shut her eyes, and tied her kerchief round her head. Her daughters were frightened, and did not speak; neither did I nor Lady Elinor: till, at last, the silence was broken by mamma asking whether the Somertons were going to Lord Mornington's grand ball, which was to take place the following night.

'No,' replied Mrs. Somerton, sharply, 'we are not fine enough for him—the airs people give themselves are disgusting—pray, what are the Morningtons but law-lords? I always tell Mr. Somerton, who seems to have a sort of delight in making his family out a set of quizzes, that Lord Mornington would give half his fortune to have one drop of our blood in his veins.'

'He'd purchase it at a high price at any rate,' observed Lady Elinor.

'No,' continued Mrs. Somerton, 'we are not going.'

'I wish we were,' sighed Clara Somerton.

'You know, Julia, that Charles Stuart is his nephew, and as he is everything to his uncle, and as you know him so well, I thought perhaps you might get us an invitation—would you, dear Julia?'

'No, she cannot,' said Lady Elinor, peremptorily; 'the thing you ask is an impossibility.'

'The conversation was again dropped, nor was silence broken until we stopped in Park Lane. At the door of our house we saw my brother William.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Somerton, 'I thought you were on guard.'

'Not I,' replied he, 'I have been ready to hang myself all day from want of something to do. I suppose I was not asked to row you down to Richmond because I am a detrimental, eh, Mrs. Somerton?—Oh, by the way, I forgot to tell you an immense piece of news:—George Damer's uncle, Sir Henry Fitzwalter, a strong hale man, broke a blood vessel this morning, and died immediately; consequently, George Damer is one of the greatest partis in England, perhaps.'

'Merciful Powers! I thank thee!' ejaculated Mrs. Somerton. 'Captain Vernon, prepare yourself for a surprise, Caroline married him this morning.'

'I am sure she had my full consent so to do,' replied my brother.

'How seldom one meets with so much romance and reality. If every one could have what was wished, what a general massacre of rich uncles would take place,' remarked Lady Elinor.

'Before we bid farewell to this volume, we must add a few lines descriptive of Almacks:—

THE ALMACKS' GALOPP.

BY CAROLINE FREDERICA BEAULIEU

Momentary as sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream.

SHAKESPEARE

Now Weipert's harp each youthful breast inspires,
A space is clear'd, the dancers take their ground,
Each dancing beau claims her he most admires
With pleasure here all youthful hearts rebound.
But see, the gallop's graceful, joyous strain
Makes the red rose mount high in beauty's cheeks,
Old damsels round for partners hunt in vain,
'Th' unrival'd one his favour'd fair one seeks.
Enchanting dance!—the growth of German land—
At thy gay signal fairy feet are flying;
Soft rows are made, and broke, as hand in hand
The dancers rush in speed each other vying.
Let's mark the num'rous vot'ries of this dance:—
I, ——— first rushes like a headstrong silly,
Cranston and Walpole may be said to prance,
Smith's, so so,—and ditto, Baron Bille.
E'en envy now is mute at Erskine's grace,
While Hillborough a Hercules advances;
Who can cease gazing on Alicia's face,
Till Blackwood smiles, or Fanny Branding dances.
St. John,—sweet Maynard,—pretty Stanhope glide,
And lively Hill, inciting gentle Karr,
Meade and Regina ambling side by side.
In dancing this, are all much on a par.
Oh! now observe, Maude, Littleton, and Brooke,
Flowers so pure, you'd deem from heav'n they fell,
While N—I—n, queen-like in her very look,
Would make a desert bliss—a heav'n of hell.
Desperate rush a band of raw recruits,
With ardent minds, and no regard to time—
I beg their pardon, but they are such brutes.
They must excise my writing such a line.

Among these extracts we have taken the largest portion from the productions of Miss C. F. Beauchler, not because her genius is superior to that of our fair contributor, but because the latter has exercised it most in a department in which it is evidently congenial to it.

"The Journal of a Chaperon," by Miss H. M. Beauchler, displays the same shrewd, lively spirit, and the same acute remarks on life that distinguish "The Journal of a Débutante": and we recommend these ladies, in their ensuing series, not to wander from the scenes they draw, with life and spirit, into the regions of mere imaginativeness. They excel in delineating what passes before their eyes; but, though fashion's life constantly furnishes its tragedies, still they must remember that all the gay butterflies—contemporaries in fashion, that flutter in the atmosphere of Almack's—are not broken on the wheel, yet there is scarcely a tale in this collection that has not a terrible termination. This is a point that deserves their attention in future compositions.


Our favourite department of this volume is the portion devoted to sonnets: some of these are of a noble order, full of lofty and splendid imagery. The sonnets to the Duke of Wellington will be greatly admired as poetical compositions, even by those who do not partake of Lady Emmeline's political enthusiasm for the hero. We select one which does not particularly bear on the struggle of 1834: but, nevertheless, it is illustrative of the deeds of our modern Coriolanus, and the spirit of the times towards his Grace.

Should we forget thy deeds of glory?—No!
We should not, must not, cannot so forget—
Foul shame were, ere the living Sun hath set!—
But some remembering still what they do owe,
The worst of ingrates—basely seek to overthrow
Their glorious benefactor!—Yet, oh!—yet
Some, some there are, who nobly chase and fret
Beneath their load of obligations, though
They dream not, hope not to discharge the whole
Of that most infinite, and onerous debt!

With deep acknowledgments—to him who met
For them, War's horrid front—who made his goal
Their England's ark of peace—unchecked
By frown or threat!

We give another sonnet, addressed to Spain on the subject of her civil warfare.

Upon thy hills, oh Spain, war's beacon gleams,
Battle's shrill clarion startles thy soft air—
Spears glance, and banners float! the sight is fair,
The sound is noble, by thy rolling streams—
And brings to mind a thousand glorious dreams.
But say, do thine murder—heinous murder, there
Her blood-stained arm with barbarous triumph bare?

What means those groans, those yells, those echoing screams?
Alas! the brave, the gallant, and the bold,
Must they, escaping the honourable death
Upon the well-fought field—slow, slow and cold,
Have judgment dealt on them?—the laurel wreath
Shall wither on their brows, who thus have tolled
High chivalrous feeling's knell on battle's sanguine heath!

The poem of "The Visionary" is in a still gloomier style of mysterious metaphysical melancholy than the poems we disapproved in Lady Emmeline's last volume; and we remain of the same opinion touching the un wholesomeness of this tendency, both in regard to author and reader.

We can, therefore, only re-echo what we have before said, and refer to a former review for our own opinions at length on such description of poetry. Yet we will not altogether dismiss "The Visionary" without showing that some of the thoughts come home to the sentiments of human kind.

Woe, woe to them,
Woe to all who on life's troubled scene
Are wanting in that blunt, cold, worldly phlegm,
Which sole enables men earth's various tides to stem!

We are distracted from each other now,
My once beloved!—and yet at times I deem
Our souls converse—mine own once more art thou—
But then the pitiless currents of life's stream
Bear us apart.—Still that one little beam
Long, long lights up my course; I will not sink,

But stir up those sweet ashes of a dream.
To warm and cheer me, and will fondly think
There is yet between our souls a rivet and a link.
We are distracted from each other now—
Oh! could I teach another but to love
As I have loved—then with far smoother brow
Along my briery pathway I might rove.
Since I should know, that thou at least
shouldst prove
What a divinest blessing life may find
Love—love immortal—and that thou
shouldst move
Savethless along—a deep, deep heart and mind

'Twixt thee and every storm, and shock of fate unkind.

Oft when at midnight's deep, still, solemn hour
I ponder lone—they whom I have loved and lost
Come back on me—in beauty and in power,
And 'twixt regret and hope my soul is tossed—
They live! I feel they live! though a dread host
Of worlds may sunder us—but in the strife
Of this world's occupations—I feel most
Their silence on my soul—with miseries rife
Their memory on my hope—their death on—
In my life!

There—then—there is no room nor time to think,
We almost feel by rote!—such feelings lack
All sense of inborn solace—and they drink
A wine of their mixed blood and tears,
Black, black
And bitter, who on lonely desolate track
Move lorn mid crowds, their veins run tears,
Weeps blood
Their brain—thirteen thoughts upon themselves forced back
Grow sufferings and make suffer—until
Good
Too oft their evil proves—warped to their morbid mood.

Royal Society of Literature for 1836.

We have had an opportunity of perusing the annual report of the Royal Society of Literature, a society that keeps alive a taste for abstruse learning which seems fast fading away from the present age; yet we think the partiality of its members for classic antiquity too exclusive; and are inclined to remonstrate at finding that not one member bestows the slightest attention on matters going on at the present day, however important or beneficial they may be to mankind in general.

With all due deference to antiquity, we think English history and English improvements ought to claim some part of the attention of men so celebrated as most of the members of the Royal Society certainly are. The colonization of Canada and Australia might be found to be as worthy their meditations as the colonization of ancient Egyptians in Italy; notes on the river Swann as valuable as notes on the river Styx; and the establishment of modern cemeteries as deserving their study as a tomb at Thebes. As there seems no law which compels the learned members only to turn their eyes so far back on the past, we think a certain portion of their regards might, most advantageously to themselves and the public, be devoted to the encouragement of designs of utility and beauty in their own times.

The Statue of Memnon. (whose head is now in the British Museum.) From Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, Vol. ii. Part 1 and 2.

To us the most interesting among these papers is that on the "Inscriptions on the Memnon in Egypt," by the savant Lepron, an honorary member of the Society. It is in French; but, although it treats of a subject of high learning and classic celebrity, we find in it much that would be pleasing to the general reader; for, however the human affections have left memorials, there are hearts which respond with feelings of pleasure, even if thousands of years intervene.

It seems that it was highly fashionable for Romans and their subjects, when they were stationed in the province of Egypt, to make pilgrimages to the headless statue of Memnon, (which is now in the British Museum,) sitting at the gates of Thebes to hear the extraordinary musical sound with which this headless statue saluted the dawning of the day; and those who were successful enough to hear it, wrote small pieces of poetry on the pedestal, and those who could not versify, wrote their names and the dates of hearing Memnon, each thereby leaving a sort of ancient traveller's album on the basement of this mutilated statue. Here are the autographs of the Empress Sabina and of several of the blues and beauties of Rome, for ladies of rank seem to have considered Memnon a lion of great respectability. And we find the names and verses of Julia Camilla and Cecilia Trebulla: three times did the latter lady write to the honour and glory of the vocal Memnon. Her first effusion, in Greek, is thus rendered:

"I have heard the sacred voice of Memnon,
And wished for thee, my mother; and I made vows, that thou might'st hear it also."

To these lines the savant adds a criticism altogether barbarous to a blue who has been dust nearly two thousand years. He declares, "that the sentiment is praiseworthy, but the verses are not; and though consisting of but two lines, the first is not right, and the second is wrong." However, he allows she gets on better in her next attempt, which is as follows:

"..."
"Cecilia Trelulia, having a second time heard Memnon, has written these verses:—
"Formerly Memnon, son of Aurora and Tithonus, merely let us hear his voice, but now he salutes us as acquaintances and friends. Has Nature, creator of all things, really given a stone feeling and a voice?"

This is certainly a very reasonable query for a heathen, let our saevius say what he will. It is, however, doubtful whether the third is written by this lady or her daughter.

Ladies and children were brought to hear this marvellous voice, as we find by the testimony of the following inscription:—

"Thy mother, the goddess Aurora, with the rosy fingers, oh renowned Memnon! has rendered thee vocal for me who desired to hear thee! In this twelfth year of the illustrious (emperor) Antoninus, the thirteenth day of the month Phaenon, twice, oh divine being! have I heard thy voice, when the sun rose over the majestic waves of the great lake. In times of old, Jupiter, the son of Saturn, made thee king of the East, now thou art nothing but a stone, yet a stone from whence issues a voice.

Gemellus has, in his turn, written these verses, having come hither with his dear wife Rufilla and their children."

This is not the only poetical stave in which these affectionate pagans remember their wives and children, there is another.

"Fusius Alanus Charisis, Strategus of Hermione, and Latopolis, came to-day, accompanied by his spouse Fulvia. After that thou gavest forth thy sounds, oh Memnon, at the moment when thy mother bathed thee with her showers of dew, Charisis, having made thee a sacrifice and pious libations, sung these verses to thy glory: In my infancy I had heard it at Argo, and that the Dodonian oak of Jupiter was gifted with speech, but thou art the sole thing I have seen with my eyes that can resound and make myself heard with a certain voice.

"Charitus has made these verses for thee, who hast spoken to him amicably, and hast saluted him."

Here is a curious memorial of this voice, written by a lady named Balbilla; it records a visit of the emperor Adrian.

"I had learnt that the Egyptian Memnon, warmed by the heat of the sun, sent forth a voice out of the Theban stone. Having perceived the slumber, the king of the world, before the rising of the sun, he said to him, "Good day," as well as he could. But when the Titan traversed the sky with his white courser, and occupied the second measure of the hours marked by the dial's shadow, Memnon sent forth a new, a sharp sound, like that of a vase of copper struck; and full of joy (at the presence of the emperor) he again, for the third time, made himself audible. The emperor heard him, and on his part twice saluted Memnon."

All this politeness to the emperor looks a little like trickery, and we think by the manner of relation, and the comparison of the copper bason, the lady Balbilla thought so too. Nevertheless, she has left another record relating the interview of Sabina, the empress, with Memnon, in which it appears the statue had remained sullenly silent one morning, and was with difficulty persuaded to say anything the next day, when the empress attended in a very angry mood.

"Yesterday not having heard Memmon, though we had implored him to change his humeur, and not to deprive us of his voice, for the majestic features of the empress were inflamed with rage, and to make us hear his divine sounds, for fear that Adrian himself should be enraged, and a long regret remain with his august spouse, then, Memnon, fearing the anger of these great princes, all of a sudden made his voice he heard, and testified how much he was pleased with the company of the gods."

This Balbilla seems to have been the daughter of a Roman father, and an eastern princess; she was, most likely, lady of honour to the empress, as in a third inscription she declares that she was near Memnon "with the august Sabina."

Four years after this imperial visit, there is this record:—

"Artidoros, son of Ortolon, imperial secretary of the names Hermione and Latopolis, heard the very divine Memnon, and his wife Arsinoy and my children Euton and Tolutus (called also Quadratus) and Tolutus, in the fifteenth year of Adrian the lord, in the month Chiosic."

One of these curious inscriptions bears witness that the statue is that of Aememon, an ancient king of Egypt, as the myth the priests informed him; another, that before Cambyses broke off the head there was no voice; while another declares that the sounds were now vague and imperfect, but when the head was on they must have been distinct and powerful. Many agree that the statue, as now, is in a mutilated, headless state.

Jerningham; or, The Inconstant Man.
In 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This novel possesses captivation of style and interest of story, although the arrangement of the latter is far from perfect; for the interest is divided into too many little streams; consequently, the mind of the reader is frequently diverted from the hero and his adventures. Everything relating to him and Margaret de Laurier is of great interest. Through the malice of talebearers he loses her, and marries a fair, gentle girl, who loves him devotedly, and indulges him in all his wayward whims. The consequence is, that he becomes perfectly intolerable; and, plaguing his poor little wife to death, at last, nearly kills
himself for grief, in the true spirit of inconsistency. The portraits of these ladies are drawn with skill; we give them as a proof of the author's talent.

"There could not, in the whole world, have been two beings more opposite to one another—mind and body—than Ellen and Margaret. I should have liked Ellen Hervey for my sister, and Margaret de Laurier for my wife. Ellen was very fair, with gentle blue eyes, and the most beautiful yellow ringlets that ever glistened in the sunlight. Margaret had dark brown hair, and large hazel eyes; but her complexion was so uncertain that you scarcely could determine its hue. Ellen's figure was slight and fragile; she looked younger than she was; but Margaret's, though perfectly graceful, was full, rounded, and voluptuous, giving her a wan womanly appearance which you would not have expected from her years. The two maidens, in one picture, would have furnished the finest illustration imaginable of that line of Edmund Spenser's, to which our painters are so much indebted—"

'Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.'

Ellen Hervey might have sate for the personation of Youth; Margaret de Laurier for the image of Pleasure. I am not sure that, seeing them in a picture, I should not have preferred the loveliness of Ellen; for no painter could have caught the transitions of Margaret's countenance. Ellen was always placid, and her serenity was characterized in her face; but the aspect of Margaret varied with each several change of feeling which passed at will her moral structure, like clouds on an April day, which every minute diversify the landscape. Ellen was always gentle; Margaret had her gentle moods, as the ocean has; but she was full of passion; and though none could be more truly feminine than Miss de Laurier in her softer hours, there were seasons of excitement, when her exhibitions of feeling were appalling. The bark of Ellen's existence moved along with a gentle breeze; but Margaret's was, at one moment, reclined, at another tossed by a tempest. Ellen was all simplicity; she did not know that she was pretty, and she did not desire to be clever; she had no pretensions whatever; she presumed not to display her accomplishments. Indeed, she did not know that she had any—but she was accomplished, for she sang beautifully, and painted with a degree of taste rarely seen in one so youthful. Indeed, she had a remarkable aptitude for acquiring knowledge of all kinds; but when she studied it was for the sake of others, and if she rejoiced in her attainments, it was only because they made her more beloved. But Margaret de Laurier was a genius; she thirsted after knowledge for its own sake. She loved poetry and was herself a poetess; she loved music, but most of all in solitude, when she could abandon herself entirely to its delights, without a care for the betrayal of her excitement, in unrestrained enthusiasm and rapture. She could not feel a common interest in anything; she entered with her whole soul into a pursuit, or she neglected it altogether. It was precisely the same with her attachments; she loved ineffibly, or she loved not at all; she had no likings, she knew not the word; it was either utter apathy or deep passion with her; she was one who delighted in excesses. But Ellen Hervey loved everybody; she loved one person better than another; but still there was a portion of her affection to be bestowed upon all whom she knew. She never hated, she could not hate. If you wronged her, she would forgive you immediately. She was the most patient creature in the world, a fragile flower, and a tempest would have killed her. She never offered resistance; she would bend until the stem were snapped, and then she must die, but she would say nothing. Margaret was not of this nature; she would have resisted; but resistance would have killed her.

"Incomplete as this comparison is, it is sufficient to show the distinctive qualities of Ellen Hervey and Margaret de Laurier."

"My readers will take their own choice between these two lovely young maidens. At the time of which I am now writing, Margaret de Laurier was uppermost in my affections."

The story of Delaval is highly original; but it ought to have formed the groundwork of a separate work. The mind of the reader quits the thread of the story with regret to enter into this episode; and, pleased with the powerful delineation of this extraordinary character, leaves the episode with regret to resume the thread of the story; so that the style as well as the title is truly inconsistent. We know that the introduction of episodes is the practice of the old classic novelists. Cer- vantes, Le Sage, and Delfos introduce them frequently, yet we doubt the policy of the practice; and if the author had carefully examined his own feelings when he first read these celebrated works, he would have found that to break an integrity of story, when once it had become interesting to the reader, is impolitic, even though sanctioned by the great men we have named.

The character of Everard Sinclair is avowedly copied from that of Shelley. We like this sketch well in some parts, but his story weighs rather heavily on the work towards the latter end. We think the adoption of real names and titles is in very questionable taste. The singular and exclusive name of Jerningham, and the actual title of Leicester, ought not to have been borne by the creations of imagination. The character of Leicester shows talent in the author. Two situations are struck out with the boldness of this young noble and his evil tutor. Delaval ought to have formed the groundwork of a novel, devoted to their adventures alone. But our author, though one of the most accomplished scholars that ever took up the pen, rich in learning, and tasteful in reading, is evidently a tyro in the construction of fiction, and does not know how to arrange the materials, as well original and acquired, with which his mind is overflowing. After all, the beauty of the volumes consists in short, terse remarks,
that break upon the reader with startling truth; and it is in the interior workings of the human heart, and in the analization of the inconsistent spirit of man, in regard to what is called love, that he shows his ability: perhaps the feelings and behaviour of a man who has married out of pique and disappointment were never better drawn than those of the "inconsistent" Claude Jerningham. There is truth in every word of the following extract, which is no creation of the imagination; it is evidently the fruit of acute observation, and there are few persons but must have seen such conduct in one or other of their married friends. Claude dared not have behaved to the high-spirited and intellectual Margaret as he does to Ellen; he would have paused on the consequences before he insulted her, and, therefore, she would have been but seldom affronted and seldom have differed with him. It is a singular fact, that two master-spirits always agree better than an impious spirit and a meek one; because proud spirits feel the inconvenience of exasperating each other, and forbear from aggravation out of a very natural policy.

"I speak as a fool! I was a shameless ingrate. I was cursed with a thankless heart. I had a wife—the most gentle, the most affectionate, the most angelic creature in the world—yet I loved her not. 'A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband,' saith Solomon; yet I trampled upon the jewels of my crown, I stained its lustre; I threw it aside, I neglected it, and it was broken into pieces.

"I have more than once in the course of my narrative presumed to speak of myself as possessing a kind heart. How inconsistent is human nature! A tale of sorrow—of distress, or more than all of generosity, filled me with the tenderness emanating from any crouched moisture to glisten in my eyes. I was charitable, my pity was easily excited, and, on the whole, I was but moderately selfish. My behaviour towards Ellen and Sinclair was to the last degree noble and chivalrous—my conduct towards my uncle was such as left nothing to be desired. But to my wife I was a brute—a demon—a monster of cruellest ingratitude.

"I had been piqued into marrying Ellen. I had united myself to her not because I loved her, but because she who was the idol of my soul—the light of my world—the pillar of my hopes—had deserted me, and became the wife of another. Yet I had always from my childhood upwards regarded Ellen with a placid affection—a gentle brotherly love, which had never amounted to a passion, but which, in my calmer moods, often took possession of my soul, and came upon me fraught with feelings of hallowed purity and bliss. I loved her as an elder brother doats upon his favorite sister. It scarcely seemed possible to me that I should ever make her my wife; we were rare already to be united by ties which precluded altogether the possibility of any further alliance.

"Yet so it was, that we became man and wife. In a moment of extreme exasperation I had resolved to throw myself at her feet. With me to resolve was to do. I suffered no second thoughts, no after qualms, to turn me aside from that which I had once determined on. When the dreadful news of Margaret's faithlessness became known unto me, in the bitterness of my spirit I cried out, 'I will marry another.' I knew many women in the world possessed of those amiable qualities which render marriage a blessing, but it happened that Ellen Hervey was the only one, the state of whose affections I could calculate upon with any degree of certainty. Besides, it was natural that my thoughts should have voluntarily turned themselves unto her. I knew that she loved me, and I loved her in return—but not as a bridegroom loveth. Some may think that such an union as this was likely to be productive of much happiness; there was a quiet serenity in my affection for Helen which exhibited more symptoms of fastening than does a passion of a more violent nature: but it was not so, for Ellen Hervey only held the second place in my heart.

"Yet I believed that I should be able to fulfill all the duties of an affectionate husband. If any one had hinted before marriage that I was likely ever to be unkind to my wife, I should undoubtedly, in the sincerity of my heart, have rebuked the insinuator of such a calumny with all the indignation of offended innocence. But it fell out that we had not long been married, before the wickedness of my disposition became manifest. The injuries which I had suffered rankled in my heart, and the venom which they diffused through my veins vented itself in unkind words, which fell crushingly upon my poor wife. I struggled with all my might to divest myself of these evil propensities. I said to myself, a thousand times, 'Jerningham, this conduct is unworthy of you; your behaviour is that of a brute!' but my self-upbraidings, vehemence as they were, wrought no amelioration upon my morality. I was depraved; the canker of guilt had wormed itself deeply into my constitution. I could not help myself; I used my utmost endeavours to love Ellen, but I could not. I was by nature no hypocrite. I could wear the mask for a season, but I could not be always acting a part. I could not dwell, day after day, beneath the same roof with another, and support a fraudulent character for a series of months together. It was laborious enough to be the hypocrite of a day, but to live a life of deception was impossible. I could not smile, and kiss, and wear a face of affection when feelings of aversion and disgust were paramount in my evil soul. It is the nature of love to be erratic; I, at least, could not control its wanderings. Affection must be spontaneous or not at all.

"It is an invisible hand from Heaven that ties this knot, and mingles hearts and souls by strange, secret, and unaccountable conjunctions."

* South's Sermons.
of a wife; the most censorious eye could not have discerned a blemish in Ellen’s spotless behaviour. All those endearing qualities which render a woman amiable in the sight of her husband, adorned both her person and her mind. She was young, beautiful, loving, and commendable. She believed me: she would have been well content to have been the humblest of my slaves; she lived only for me; her feelings were as the shadows of my feelings; she knew neither joys nor sorrows but such as were the reflections of mine. But I loved her not for all this: her undying affection nauseated me; her yielding gentleness disgusted me; that very feminine softness, which is the crown of a fair woman, and which my reason could not but commend, made me almost sick with aversion. But I had no reason; my intellect had gone from me; I grovelled in abject darkness. I was the most degraded amongst men. The wretch who tramps upon the plant nature of a weak and unfonding woman, is lost; there is no hope for him. God and man have alike deserted him.

"I was to the last degree selfish and exacting; I was not even consistent in my tyranny. I would issue an order one day, and abuse my wife on the next for having obeyed me. One time she was too silent; another time she was too loquacious; yesterday she was absurdly affectionate, to-day cold and distant, I was sure that she did not love me. It was impossible, let her do what she would, to give me the smallest satisfaction.

"My dearest Claude," she would say, her large blue eyes brimful of eloquent tears, "only tell me what you desire that I should do, and it shall be done, but do not upbraid me for fulfilling your own behests." And then she would look meekly and imploringly into my face, and laying her hand affectionately upon my shoulder, supplicate me to forgive her—and for what?—for being only too good a wife, for being an angel when I was a monster.

"I was not so wholly depraved but that I often bitterly repented of my unkind behaviour towards Ellen. I upbraided myself time after time; I promised to amend, but I did not. I was a brute; if there was one circumstance wanting to set the crown upon my utter unworthiness, it was this, that my poor wife was about to become a mother, and that, despite her interesting situation, I obstinately persevered in insulting her.

"I asked myself more than once, 'Is there any real cause for the rest of the exacerbation of my spirit? What has Ellen done, or what is she, that I should trample upon her in this wise?' I tasked my ingenuity to its utmost stretch, and all that I could elicit was this—

"Her intellect is not sufficiently elevated to sympathize with my loftier emotions, and she renders the gulf between Margaret and myself more impassable than it would be were I unmarried.' I remembered, too, that Margaret had said, 'They told me that you were wooing Miss Herry to be your wife, and then I began to hate you.' But poor Ellen! what had she to do with this? She was as innocent as the little lamb in the fable, whom the wolf fell upon for disturbing the waters.

"Ellen's health gave way beneath my unkindness. She was like a delicate flower exposed to the rough winds of the north. Besides, she was my uncle's nurse, she sat by his bedside all the day; and the day was never too long for her. The sick-chamber was her sanctuary, she knew that she was safe there; she was happy when she was doing good; she thought too that her kindness to my uncle might make me more kind to herself. But it did not; she tried to smile, though the canker-worm was eating into her heart."

Our readers may see by these extracts that it is the merits of no common novel we are discussing, and although we cannot say that the arrangement of the story is perfect, still no one can read the work without improvement in self-knowledge, and of all knowledge that is the most valuable.

**Ascension. A Poem. By R. Jones.**

Smith and Elder.

We find in the pages of this unpretending little pamphlet descriptive poetry of a very different order from the productions of the thousand and one rhymesters who appear for a moment on the surface, sink, and are forgotten. It seems as if the man of amateur publication has the effect of dragging down to the depths of oblivion with the dull and worthless many a gem that well deserves a conspicuous place in our libraries, which, treasured up in a monthly publication, would have been rendered still more valuable by the diligent caution and tact of a liberal editor. The poem of Ascension is certainly of the latter class; it is at the same time an original subject, originally treated. We find intensity of thought as well as beauty of language in this poem; there are single lines full of imagery, to us the strongest proof of the presence of poetic power, with which we seldom meet in the present era of literature. We will instance the lines in italic, which are worthy of the sea-side pencil of Crabbe.

Now on thy beach where crystals gem the sand,
Laughing in brightness at the soft wave's kiss.

The traveller cling's with life grasp as he climbs.

And when the moon, in milder beam arrayed,
Rose o'er the silence of the ocean night.

The verse is of a somewhat non-descript character, being three long quatrains finished with a couplet; sometimes stiffness and prosaic lines occur, particularly where the description is of a familiar cast, but in the delineation of natural objects the metre is well accented and harmonious. The first verse is a good specimen of the faults and beauties of the poem; the concluding couplet being stiff, prosaic, and obscure, while the preceeding lines are rich and well accented. These errors induce us to believe that we are reviewing a first poem, for there
is throughout the whole more want of skill than genius. The concluding stanzas, descriptive of the rollers, a species of wave peculiar to those shores, are in a more perfect style; and with this quotation we take our leave of a poem that has afforded us both pleasure and information:

Record of central fire's mysterious power!
That glowing soul of earth's unfathomed sphere!
What, though impervious clouds of ages lower
Around thy birth, the hand of fire was here
Making or marring,—From old Ocean's bed,
Called by the earthquake to the realms of day;
Crownd with volcanic fires, whose splendidous
shed
A blaze that mocked the sun of Afric's ray;
Or formed in beauty at the birth of time,
Coeval with creation's greenest isle.
A flower-decked altar reared that flame might
climb,
And meeting but to lose bright nature's smile;
What boots the question between fates so dire,
Ascension fire-born or baptized of fire?
Thou ruin on the waters! isle of gloom!
For centuries unmarked by human trace,
Save the heaped cinder where a lonely tomb
Tells of some way-worn wanderer's resting-place;
Who, with perchance that lingering after land
Which marks our nature, caught, with dying eye,
The distant outline of thy desert strand,
And hailed it, smiling e'en in agony.
Oh! might he there repose, nor make the sea
The never resting trackless sea—his grave,
Yet marky isle his fitting sepulchre,
Death would be welcome, so he 'scape the wave.
This may be weakness, but ah! who can say
What thoughts may rack him on his dying day?

But lo! a distant swell comes o'er the sea;
And now the rollers rise with crests of foam;
And fierce and wild shall be their revelry.
'Tis to Ascension's grottoed shores they come,
And 'neath the fragile arch fantastic thrown
From crag to crag, as if by fairy spell,
They dash in noisy sport.—It is their own,
Formed in their play—and now with booming swell
They pass some cavern's mouth to meet the air
Imprisoned in its womb; the strife of power
Is told in bellowing thunder; and see where
The white sand rushes and with glittering shower
Descending crowns the overhanging height,
Proclaiming Ocean victor in the fight.
And now like fan-spread rockets to the sky
The joyous waters mount in silvery spray;
And now the towering billow arched on high,
Swells o'er the yielding beach—away—away—
It knows no boundary till its rage is spent;
Or turn and breath suspended wait the rush
Of brine descending as through floodgate rent.
'Tis past—and mimic rills and cascades gush
From rock and height as if from hidden springs;
The sea recedes, but to renew its power,
Vainly the famished sea-hound venturous wings
Her luckless course, again the rollers tower,
Again they foam, and madly leaping have
Beach, cove, and headland, with their boisterous
wave.

S.—Vol. IX.—August.

Florigraphia Britanica. By Richard
Deakin, F.R.C.S.E., and others. August
(December not included.) January 1836,
February, March, April, May, June, and
July. George Ridge, Sheffield.

Our favourite opinion of the plan and
execution of this work, at its first issue in
August, 1835, has been confirmed by the
manner in which the succeeding numbers
have been brought out. Eleven of these,
including the number for the month of July
1836, have been submitted to us, and we
are more pleased with the comprehensive
and connected view of them than if they
came in separate numbers. It is a work
that does great honour to Mr. Deakin and
Mr. Marnock, since it unites the long-sought
for desideratum of scientific knowledge with
an attractive style. For instance, not only
are all departments of those difficult and
important families, grasses and reeds, aby
and scientifically treated, but the feelings
and taste of the reader are gratified by a
discourse on the subject, written in the
pleasing style which professed botanists
have hitherto neglected. Such of our
readers as are yet strangers to this delight-
ful study will be amused by the knowledge
that the stately bamboo and the beautiful
and precious sugar-cane are grasses, as well
as the lowly herb that carpets our lawns.

"The grasses are solitary, or social, multi-
plying and spreading to a great extent, erect
or creeping, simple or branched, or almost
every variety of height, from a few inches to
upwards of two hundred feet,—assuming the
port and character of trees, with foliage equally
various, and roots not less so. Some species,
from the fact of their producing large seeds
containing a great portion of farinaceous mat-
ter, have been called Cereals, or Corn-grasses;
and others, producing smaller seeds, but as
furnishing a nutritious herbage for cattle,
pastoral or fodder grasses.

The whole order, comprehending about two
thousand species, with scarcely more than one
exception, are wholly, abounding in nutriti-
ous succulent matter, and sugar; indeed, the
abundance of the latter substance, in what is
called from that circumstance the Sugar-cane,
has rendered the cultivation of this grass a
matter of great importance, as from it we are
so plentifully supplied with an article not only
entering into the composition of numberless
of our esteemed luxuries, but which seems to have
become indispensable in household economy,
though formerly it was found only in the apoth-
cary's store of dried drugs, being es-
teeemed as a useful medicine in the cure of
febrile and other diseases.

"Grasses are also remarkable from the fact
of their cuticle containing a quantity of silex,
similar to that yielded by the Equisetums; it
is this which accounts for the vitrified masses
which have sometimes been found in the ashes
of corn or hay-stocks, when destroyed by fire.
This siliceous secretion is perhaps effected at
a greater rate in the hotter than in the temperate climates. In the sugar plantations, where the canes, after the extraction of the juice, become the principal fuel used for the fires kept up under the pans, &c., large masses of converted sugar are frequently found in the grates and amidst the ashes; these masses excited considerable curiosity and speculation before the circumstance had been properly investigated and explained.

Grasses, though found in almost every part of the globe, are far, however, from being equally distributed. In tropical countries, they are less numerous than in extra-tropical climates; they grow to a much greater size and height, are tougher, more wiry, having broader leaves, the flowers more elegant and downy; nor do they usually grow crowded together in close compact tufts, but are scattered and wide asunder, some species assuming an arboreous form, and attaining an amazing altitude, as Paniceum arborea arum, a most extraordinary grass, growing in the woods of Hindostan: its culms or stems, although not so thick as the little finger, grow so high as to o'ertop the loftiest trees, above which they form, as it were, an aerial meadow, gracefully waving in the balmy breeze.

"The Bamboo, as already intimated, is one of those surprising tropical grasses of which we have no parallel in temperate climates. An idea of the grandeur and beauty which these magnificent arboreous grasses impose upon the face of their native country, may perhaps be best collected from the account of Captain Basil Hall, who, after travelling during the night in a palanquin, from the bare table-land of Myore towards the lofty and thickly wooded regions overhanging the Malabar country, awoke in the morning, when, says he, 'I found myself in the midst of one of the most curious and magnificent scenes which my eyes had ever beheld. It appeared as if I were travelling among the clustered columns of some enormous and enchanted Gothic cathedral, compared to which the Minster of York, or the Cathedral at Winchester, would have seemed mere baby-houses; the ground extended on all sides, as smooth and flat, and clear of underwood, as if the whole had been paved with grave-stones. From this level surface rose on every hand, and as far as the eye could penetrate into the forest, immense symmetrical clusters of bamboo, varying in diameter at their base from six to twenty or thirty, and even to twice that width, as I ascertained by actual measurement. For above eight or ten feet from the ground each of these clusters or columns preserved a form nearly cylindrical; after which they began gradually to swell outwards, each bamboo assuming for itself a graceful curve, and rising to the height, some of sixty, some of eighty, and some even of one hundred feet in the air, the extreme end being at times horizontal, or even drooping gently over, like the tips of the feathers in the Prince of Wales's plume. These gorgeous clusters stood at the distance of from fifteen or twenty yards from one another, and being totally free from the interruption of brushwood, could be distinguished at a great distance—more than a mile certainly, in every direction, forming, un-der the influence of an active imagination, avenues and transepts, aisles and choirs, such as none but a Gothic architect ever dared to conceive. Over head the interlacing curves of the bamboos constituted as complete a groined roof as that of Westminster, on a scale of grandeur far beyond the bold conception even of those wonderful artists who devised that glorious school of architecture."

This passage is partly illustrative of the best arrangement of grasses, of which there are upwards of 300 varieties, we have ever met with in our studies, after the publication of which, no person need complain of difficulty in a department of Botany that is peculiarly interesting to the inhabitants of islands where are produced the greatest variety of grasses in the world. The publication of this section of the work will, we are convinced, place the authors in the highest rank in their profession; and, for sake of further diffusion of a science we dearly love, we hope the public will encourage a work that offers at the same time sound science and elegance of style at a very low price.

Among other excellent features, we are particularly pleased with the glossary on the covers, well knowing that when technical terms are overcome the acquisition of any branch of knowledge is more than half attained. The total absence of pedantry from the pages of this work, and the evident wish to make every description as perspicuous as possible, are very attractive features of the work. We were greatly pleased with a passage that occurs, (p. 112,) pointing out the wonderful coincidence between the arrangement of the natural orders and the creation of plants in the book of Genesis.

The plates are good; twelve in each number: they are of no common order, being well drawn and delicately coloured after nature, for the trifling sum of one shilling. It is scarcely credible, but so it is. Hitherto, grasses, veronicas, valerians, and the plants that rank but as far as the third class, second order, which are mostly small blossoming ones, have been the subjects; but we hope that the authors will not confine the larger plants to those divisions marked on their plates, as it would be better to give but two or three subjects from a family of plants in a number than to injure the correct taste of the whole by drawing a fox-glove or a water-lily in the same space as a veronica or saxifrage.


Many have been the comments both by ancient and modern authors on the divine character of Socrates, yet he speaks more eloquently for himself, through the medium

It is well to mark the various improvements suggested in this periodical, and particularly under the head of Domestic Notices, which are exceedingly interesting to the general reader. The important subject of rail-roads is also discussed with ability. Respecting the New Houses of Parliament, commented upon in this and several numbers, we find the general opinion to be in full agreement with our own. From the resolutions at a public meeting of the architects on the 7th June last, detailed at pages 325 and 326, we make the following extract:

"That the incompetency of the commissioners, being amateur gentlemen, unassisted by scientific knowledge or professional advice, is apparent in the selections made, and in the admission contained in their report; and that a final judgment on so grave a subject, without scientific advice and professional knowledge, is without precedent in an enlightened country."

Educational Literature.

2. Edward, the Crusader's Son. By Mrs. Barwell. Chapman and Hall.

Nursery Government.—It gives us sincere pleasure to find Mrs. Barwell again in the field of juvenile literature. Much as we admired her former productions, we are forced to give the preference to her "Nursery Government," as the most useful work that has yet issued from her pen. It is a treatise of practical instruction, addressed not only to mothers but to nurses. Many books have passed before us relating to the treatment of children, but no volume that enters with such acute discernment into the government of children's persons in connexion with the formation of their minds and tempers, and this from the very first dawn of existence: when, as Mrs. Barwell plainly shows, the germs of a fretful or a cheerful temper often spring from physical causes. We have before observed, that tight shoes worn by children often lay the foundation of a miserable temper. And will our readers believe that we know more than one gentleman who inflicts this torture on his little daughters, for the sake of their possessing the very inconsequential charm of a small foot. We think, after our subscribers have read the following passage, such barbarities will be left to those over-civilized barbarians, the Chinese, as recorded in our last number.

"The feet must be at perfect ease; the shoes so made that the toes remain straight and separate, as intended by nature. Consider the use of the feet. They are not only the pedestal, the prop, the support of the whole body, but the means by which it moves along. It is fair to presume that this pedestal has been made exactly of the length and width which will best serve the purpose; but if it be narrowed* and cramped, the motion of the rest of the body becomes uncertain, difficult, and distressing. Observe the carriage of any person who has the slightest pain or ailment in even a part of one foot. He generally stoops a little, walks away, and contracts the chest; all these postures prevent the free action of the lungs."

"If, then, the feet be put into shoes which do not correspond with the form of the natural foot, the consequence will be uneasiness in the part; the toes will be crooked, and wrap over each other; freedom of motion and gait will be prevented, and there will be a consequent effect upon the general form and health, more or less great, according to the natural strength or weakness of the constitution. Shoemakers are gradually becoming more willing to attend to the real shape of the foot; and if parents insist upon this, and return upon their hands every pair of shoes not so cut, they will find it their interest to follow the dictates of Nature, instead of thwarting and contradicting her. We seldom see a deformed bird or a quadruped, and I take the chief reason to be that they wear no clothes; these, with human beings, serve the purpose of a covering, and, with the young especially, should never be regarded as a means of restraint or pressure. Boys are rarely as liable to defects in their shape as girls, for they have no unnatural restraints—no stays, no belts, no waist ribbons, no shoulder straps; and these, or rather the

* The greatest torture is inflicted when the width of the shoe as well as the length is insufficient; a foot laterally may be greatly compressed, but woe to the wearer who has to contend against both these pressures.—En.

† We are greatly disposed, as in the case of the short shoe, to think that the shoulder-strap more than the stays creates the distortion so dreadfully common with the female sex in the present day.—En.
abuse of these, ought equally to be baulched from the wardrobe of girls. But the care of the feet is with both sexes either much neglected or misunderstood, and the effects are seen in contracted chests, unequal gait, corns,* and a general want of freedom in motion."

Again, on the head of employment, the observations are luminous, taking for a rule a maxim that we have laid up among our own stores of observation.

"The children usually called mischievous are those who are very active in mind and body, and who are not sufficiently provided with proper means of amusement.

"If the child love you (and it will love you if you have treated it rightly) the expression of your countenance will have a great effect upon it. The faults of passionate children are often confirmed and strengthened by the anger of their nurses. I have heard it recommended to allow a child to scream till it is tired; and that thus it will care itself; but I am sure that such a plan only confirms the evil. If, on the contrary, the character of a child is silent, and slow in noticing or imitating, it will very likely whine and fret.

"Punishment, like reward, must be adapted to the feelings and pleasures of the child; and, therefore, few absolute rules can be laid down for its regulation. For bold-spirited children restraint in a closet may be useful, but with a timid child it will be hurtful; a child who likes eating may be punished through its stomach; one who is anxious to possess may be refused the object of its wishes; one who is selfish and quarrel-some may be obliged to play alone, and not permitted the advantages of uniting with the companions to whom it has behaved ill. But, whatever the kind of punishment, it must be administered as an act of justice and necessity, not as the effects of anger or revenge. If this be not attended to, the child believes itself punished because its nurse or mother is cross, not because they have found it necessary to restrain the evil disposition of the child. The incessant scoldings and upbraiding usually heard amongst persons who, from ignorance or disinclination, are unapt to bring up children, are very injurious. The little creatures may hear the everlasting phrases, 'Do not do so,' 'Let that alone,' 'Be quiet,' 'Do not make such a noise,' 'How tiresome you are,' 'I never saw such a child in my life,' 'I'll tell your mamma,' but they soon cease to regard them; and by such means a habit of disobedience is early taught and confirmed.

"I have endeavoured to show the importance of habit as regards the body, it is equally so as regards the mind and conduct. All children should be early taught to do as much as possible for themselves, and this will also be a means of amusement; I have seen a child delighted to lace its own boot; it will do it wrong many, many times before it succeeds; but all things must have a beginning, and nothing is perfect at first. Let it have some box or drawer in which to keep its toys, and accustom it to fetch thence what it wants, and return them again when no longer needed. Children are generally delighted to fancy themselves giving assistance, or busy; and if this feeling is not natural to them it should be encouraged, since it is the first seeds of industry. There are many occupations in the nursery in which a child may take a share; if your charge be a girl, she may early be trusted with a needle and thread, and a pair of pointless scissors, a book of prints, some patch-thread to wind, in short, anything of this kind, provided your eye is always upon the child, and you show it the right method.

"When you have three or four children under your care you must have no favourites; and should one of them (which is not unusual) be of a more endearing character than the rest, you must not let your very natural preference interfere with justice; for any error of this kind will be detected by them immediately, and you will thereby lose respect and authority. Nothing will excite rebellion so soon as any unjust preference, and if you make one child envious of another, the favourite will become obsequious and tyrannical, and the other, if you have wronged, will hate the object of your favour.

"When children are together there is more temptation for them to do wrong, and more trials of temper than when alone, and, therefore, they require redoubled attention and discretion in directing them. It is the duty of a nurse to see that there is sufficient means of amusement for all, and she should endeavour to encourage their playing together with kindness and affection. The cleverest and most active child will be sure to take the lead, and the rest will be ready enough to follow; all will go well if it do not lead to a spirit of command, which must be instantly checked; if it do not lead to quarrels it will induce an over-bearing temper in the child who practises it. Remember, that the providing the little party with the means of amusement or employment does not end your care; your eyes and ears must be ever on the watch to prevent and to correct wrong; above all things, bearing in mind that it is much easier and pleasanter to prevent faults than to punish them. Perform whatever you promise, execute whatever you threaten; so must you never promise what you will be unable to perform, and never threaten what you cannot execute. Personal chastisement is scarcely justifiable, even when inflicted by a parent; but nothing can warrant a servant in striking a child, however slight may be the blow; setting aside the cruelty, nothing but injury can arise from such a mode of treatment, and the nurse who has recourse to it, is totally unfit to govern children."

Much remains that is deserving of being placed before the public as widely as possible; but we have already exceeded our limits of quotation, and can only advise every sensible mother to peruse this pamphlet, and suffer no person to have the superintendence of her children that is not acquainted with its precepts.
2. Edward, the Crusader's Son.—Our zeal in the cause of infant training has somewhat restricted us in our notice of these two charming little volumes by the same author, which comprise not only a captivating historical tale, but lively and instructive information on the domestic manners and internal customs of the life led by our forefathers in castle and field. We have not space to analyse the story, although it is far better worth that trouble than many a modern romance. But to show the spirit in which it is written, we extract a specimen that will afford a strong proof of the sound utility that pervades the whole.

"Stephen was a man well fitted to assist the designs of the Chancellor, and his grasping spirit was ever ready to embrace any project likely to gratify his avaricious disposition. His countenance was indicative of his character; his surname, Mortoni, had, according to the custom of the period, been bestowed on him in consequence of a personal defect, one eye being different in colour from the other, and having a white or rather a dead appearance, somewhat resembling what is now termed in horses a wall-eye; in like manner his father had been surnamed Courtame, from his possessing a remarkably short nose, and thence the name Courtenaye.

"The double name distinguished the Norman from the Saxon race; the latter bore only a Christian name,—for instance, they were designated as Ceolwulf, the son of Raoul; Athelwulf, the son of Etheire, and so on, while the former assumed a Christian and surname, the last of which was either genealogical or derived from the possession of some estate or office, or from some personal peculiarity of form, feature, or character. For instance, William the second was surnamed Rufus, from his red hair, and John Lackland from his poverty; Henry the first, Beauflero, from his great scholarship.

"And here it may not be amiss to describe the castle which had formed a part of the lady's dower, and of which her father was equally proud as of his Saxon origin, since it had been erected in the period of the Heptarchy, and had been preserved with almost religious care from any change. The court or bailey was surrounded by a wall and ditch, and was entered by a gate between two towers and a drawbridge. The foundation walls of the castle or keep were so lofty as to have the appearance of a hill, the bottom being circular, but as they ascended, six projecting buttresses were seen, which were carried up to the top of the castle itself.

"Immediately above this slope arose the lofty tower, its interior being circular, while on the outside the buttresses showed like six additional square turrets; a steep flight of steps led to the grand portal, on entering which was a small vestibule in the thickness of the wall, on one side was a straight staircase also in the wall, and on the other an entrance into a circular apartment, having neither window nor loop-hole; but in the centre of the floor, as also in the ceiling above, there was an aperture; the former opened into a dismal, dark, deep dungeon, excavated in the midst of the foundation, a well at the bottom of this vault supplied the castle with water. These openings were formed in the floor of each of the principal apartments for the admission of light and air, they having but one window. The staircase led into another circular room above, in which was a large hearth or fire-place, having a chimney carried through the wall and opening through a loop-hole on the outside; opposite the fire-place was an arch leading into a small recess, where was a window that overlooked the main entrance. A door on the right hand of the fire-place opened into a closet, and on the other side was a niche, which in Pagan times had held an idol, but which was now filled with a crucifix. An arched door-way opposite to the entrance led up a second straight flight of stairs in the thickness of the wall in a circular apartment, having other apartment, also circular, having a fire-place, recesses, and closets, which latter were used as bed-rooms by the principal members of the family; the domestics sleeping upon straw and rushes strewn on the floor of the first and second rooms."

3. Hints upon Tints.—A good useful little book, which we would advise to be made the inmate of every drawing-box drawer which is presented to a young person, its size and the simplicity of its rules fit it for this purpose. It is enriched with a few clever engravings, illustrative of perspective, which will be very useful. One of these plates is, however, defective, viz., that of the draft-board. Our author will know better than we do where the defect lies, but to our eyes the board is not flat. This defect is an important one, and ought to be remedied.

4. Meetings for Amusing Knowledge.—The clever contributions of Miss Wood to the annuals have more than once, it will be remembered, commanded our approbation, and even induced quotation. The present volume, besides containing a reprint of some deserved public favours, comprises the best lecture on conchology ever offered to the juvenile student. The utility of this treatise is enhanced by some clever specimens of shells drawn on stone from nature, and coloured by Miss Wood's sister, a union of family talent that is exceedingly interesting. Among the tales interspersed, our favourite is a little French story called "The Mother and Daughter." In this story the relative claims of child on parent, and parent on child, are admirably defined. Another story, called "The Embroidered Bag," enters with great skill into the egotistical selfishness that we can often trace in some characters from the first dawn of childish intellect. "The Sphinx," another feature in the work, is a collection of historical riddles; an idea perfectly original, and calculated to excite the curiosity of children, and make them commence a vo-
The Shakespeare Gallery. Parts 1 and 2.
Tilt.

This is a new pretender for public approval, and we heartily give it welcome. If the following parts be equally good it will be a general library book. The plates are ‘Viola,’ in Twelfth Night; ‘Beatrice,’ in Much ado about Nothing; ‘Anne Page,’ in the Merry Wives of Windsor; with descriptive letterpress. The second part arrived subsequently to the above being penned, containing ‘Perdita,’ as in the 4th act, 3d scene, of Winter’s Tale; ‘Ophelia,’ as in the 4th act, 5th scene, of Hamlet; and ‘Helena,’ as in All’s Well that ends Well, act 1, scene 1. If we can give a preference we might pass it on Ophelia; there is the very look of melancholy love. If this work thus continue its merit and literary utility will no doubt cause it to have the most extensive circulation of any yet published.

Cruse’s Original Cathedral Services, chiefly in imitation of the Olden Style: to which are added, Sanctorales, Responsories, Doxologies, and other parts of the Service, as used in many Churches. The whole arranged for Four Voices, with a Compressed Instrumental Accompaniment. Complete in Twelve Parts, each containing either a Morning or Evening Service. Part 1. D’Almaine & Co.

The Number before us contains the “Te deum” and “Jubilate.” The composer has in the present instance sustained the justly earned reputation of possessing a musical mind and genius of the first order, which his pleasing as well as scientific arrangement of the Psalms has elicited for him from every quarter.

Cruse’s One Hundred Original Double and Single Cathedral Chants; being the concluding part of an extensive Collection of Original and Select Sacred Music entitled “Cruse’s Psalms,” prepared under the immediate sanction and protection of Her Most Gracious Majesty. D’Almaine & Co.

We cannot too highly recommend the whole work to families and schools who are in the habit of using sacred music. It will also be found a valuable appendage to the organ loft.

Lament on the Death of Amy Claude; the Child of Extraordinary Musical Genius. Written, composed, and inscribed to her memory by her friend and instructor, Edward Cruse. D’Almaine & Co.

The melody is pleasing, and deeply embued with that melancholy which the author must doubtless have felt at seeing so gifted a being thus early snatched away to join the celestial choir.

The excessive self-praise that pervades the introductory Memoir prefixed to this treatise must elicit smiles from the reader. It is, however, written in a sprightly style, and is an amusing record of the musical gossip of the last century.

The annexed instructions on the Art of Singing, from the simplicity of language, and the good sense in the rules, certainly raises the authoress far higher in our estimation than all the extravagant puffery she bestows on her own compositions in her memoir. We do not scruple to own that this bragging and boasting had the usual effect of producing prejudice in our minds against the productions of a person who could thus transgress against taste; yet we cannot help declaring that the professional part of this book is calculated to be of great use to the elementary student. It can produce clear ideas on a subject that is generally rendered by those who have published treatises on the subject, as if on purpose, most intricate and obscure.

My Maiden Aunt. Words and Music by Miss Smith. J. Dean.

Whatever young lady, in the pride and bloom of her charms, wishes to indulge in the hospitable diversion of welcoming an aged maiden relative by singing at her an appropriate song, cannot do better than possess herself of the present song, as she will find all the ill-natured common places that, perhaps, she has not wit to adapt herself, very neatly arranged to a lively air.

London Fashionable Chit-Chat.

B—— square, July 24th, 1836.

The violent heats of the beginning of July have had, my charmante amie, the effect of thinning the vast crowds that filled the fashionable part of the metropolis this season; yet the late sitting of Parliament, necessarily, at present, detains many first-rate families in London. The prolonged session kept the fashionable world together very late indeed last season, and would have had the same effect this year, if it had not been for the extreme unhealthiness of the atmosphere of last spring, which, joined to the exhaustion of dissipation, has forced every one whose constitution is delicate to make an earlier retreat into the country, or depart to the sea-side. One may now cross Regent Street or Portland-place with something of safety, for in the height of the season, the whirl and rush of the carriages is so frightful, that I really have felt, in gazing upon the expectant crowds, as if they were an host about to ford a raging river, and were only safe on the opposite bank when they had safely gained the pauv; and as for the escort of gentlemen, they choose to show their own fearlessness by leading their fair companions into the midst of danger. I have seen ladies take care of themselves by running away, in many instances to the great displeasure of their escorts, but it is better for a man to look cross than for our tender selves to have to encounter such terrific hazards.

There is still much to see in London, though some fashionables have deserted it. In this great mart of talent and exertion, new objects of powerful interest are ever presenting themselves to the notice of the inquisitive. I love much to visit the studios of artists, to watch the progress of works before they have been viewed by the public; the other day I was greatly interested in a monumental design by Baily for the late Lord Broome, the heir of the house of Cornwallis. This beautiful youth, about two and twenty, is recumbent just as he breathed his last; the repose of the brow, the regular and mild features, the composed, yet natural attitude, appear as if the king of terrors had scarcely ruffled the placidity of the departed. I saw the model which Mr. Baily had taken from the face of Lord Broome just after death, the same angelic repose dwelt on his visage. The model is the size of life, no artificial allegory disturbs the chaste simplicity of the design. There is the pillow just pressed by that nobly-formed head, reclining in the languor of death, with the sheets, and the night dress forming the finest sculpture draperies, and yet giving the closest idea of the reality of the death-bed. The workmen were just hewing a vast mass of marble into the rough form of the recumbent statue; if the marble copy equals Baily's model, it will be a work of immortality. I am more touched with it than with Chantry's far-famed children in Lichfield cathedral. We shall now see,
as our national cemeteries are establishing so fast, that monumental sculpture will receive an impetus before unknown, and the natural genius of our nation is decidedly superior in sculpture to any other excepting ancient Greece, and our artists are perfecting their studies in great numbers at Rome.

You will be pleased to find that your Père la Chaise has a fast advancing rival in the Harrow cemetery. Sir Francis Freeling made it his dying request, that he should be buried in that ground. I think he is the first of our public characters that has chosen his final resting-place there. His interment has since been followed, in the same ground, by that of Sir Matthew White Ridley, baronet. Do not you remember I took you once to look at that horrible Mary-le-bonne burying ground, and you were eloquent for a whole morning on the bad taste of the English. My dear friend, that reproach will soon pass away, though, to be sure, that frightful city of the dead still continues to deform Mary-le-bonne. Baily's monumental marbles have led me to a grave subject; non impietatis, we will whisk off to the new opera, where I went two nights after I last month wrote to you. On June 30th, I saw the new opera of "I Briganti," by Mercandante. The story is the Robbers of Schiller, with which all the world is familiar, but the plot is turned and twisted to suit the genius of the Italian Opera: for instance, Grisi and Rubini, instead of the one being killed, and the other rushing off the stage in a state of desperation, as Charles and Amelia ought to do, make very affectionate glances at each other, join hands, and seem in a fair way to be married at the finale:—really, in the original Robbers, there is no good cause why this happy termination should not take place. What becomes of Tamburini, who acts Francis, I did not discover, but I suppose, according to Dogberry's test, he proves himself a thief by stealing out of the company. One stage trick greatly amused me, and was, indeed, the most entertaining circumstance in the piece; an old hermit goes poking about the stage making believe to sing, while in reality Tamburini, behind the scenes, sang the part of the poor Eremito for him, as the hermit was a mute, that either could not or would not sing. As for the music, it was noisy in its character, and, certainly, well performed; but there is little that claims remembrance for striking originality; a hymn sung by Rubini was the best morceau.

On the 2d July I received a very gracious card of invitation from Lady Scott, to be present at the annual commemoration of a most excellent parochial charity at Richmond, Surrey. No such scene has afforded me greater gratification. I went in company with a party from the neighbourhood. We arrived about 2 o'clock at the residence of Admiral Scott, the gallant husband of this amiable lady. Lady Scott was superintending the arrangements for the children's reception in an ample court-yard; we walked into the library, a very elegant apartment, opening with a semicircular sash into very beautiful grounds and shrubberies. Many distinguished visitors had then arrived, and crowds were continuing to pour in to grace a feast of true benevolence, viz. to see the children, objects of a beneficent institution, the Petersham Penny Clothing Club, and to hear the annual report. When there was a sufficient number of the clergy to preside at the different tables, and every thing was in readiness to admit the happy little creatures, in number 150, from without, a gong was sounded, and each repaired to the banquet of charity. There were three tables spread out for the children, boys and girls, who came in, with their parents and friends as spectators, two by two, and took their seats accordingly. After solemn benediction had been given by the ministers at each end of every table, plates of roast beef and plum-pudding were served to them by the noble visitors; and it was a thrilling sight for the christian philanthropist to see the sons and daughters of the noblest in the land rivalling one another in their attendance on this interesting occasion upon the offspring of their poorer brethren.

It would have been difficult to have decided who were most delighted, the little urchins in their holiday suits devouring the good things before them, or the amiable and lovely women who waited upon them, replenishing their very quickly emptied platters. It was truly a delectable treat. Well would it be if there were a Lady Scott with such zealous colleagues in every parish in the kingdom. The repast ended, and thanks-
givings made, the tables were removed, and a circle formed at the upper end of the court, where the company assembled to hear the children sing a hymn and witness the distribution of prizes to the well-behaved during the past year.

After the hymn the learned vicar delivered an appropriate and affectionate address, pointing out the exceeding great advantages of the charity in thus providing for each child at a weekly donation of only one penny by the parent, even a suit of wearing apparel: how grateful they should be to Lady Scott in particular for supplying, by her own and the purses of her distinguished friends, the too general deficiency in the fund. The veteran admiral appeared to possess the heart of a true British sailor. His "quips and cranks" with some of the little, fat, chubby urchins were the amusement of every one.

Another clergyman delivered a further exhortation to the children, and assisted Lady Scott in the distribution of the prizes, which consisted of Testaments and other books. These proceedings occupied many hours in the broiling heat of the day, so that I was, my dear friend, thoroughly warmed in every respect; but our fatigue was soon overcome by the luxuries spread out for the higher guests in the garden under the shade of lofty elms and fragrant bowers.

You cannot but be pleased with the following descriptive and historical account of Claude's much celebrated picture, written by a lady, a friend of mine, in London. The picture is now exhibiting in our galleries.

The Castle of Falkenstein stands upon the most beautiful spot in the northern coast of Italy. The sea washes the rock upon which it is built, the castle is fallen to decay, the wind whistles round the deserted banqueting rooms, the wine cup has fallen from the hand of the reveller, and the daughters of music are brought low, no foot approaches the deserted castle, the fishermen rest upon their oars and cast no nets there. A young and lovely lady is said to haunt the shore, who sits in the grey dawn singing mournfully.

The Baron of Falkenstein, having been treated, as he conceived, ungratefully by the reigning prince, in whose wars he had greatly distinguished himself, retired from court, and, though in the prime of life, and possessing great talents and many personal advantages, sought in the solitude of his own domain for that tranquillity which he had not found in the world. The baron married the beautiful daughter of one of his peasants. He raised her to that high station, on condition that her family should remove to a distant province, and that the young baroness should not hold any future intercourse with them. In all but this interdict he proved a most tender husband, he added noble picture galleries to the castle, and adorned the apartments of his lovely lady with the finest specimens of statuary. He played well on several instruments, and cultivated the taste and voice of his wife, whose sweetness of temper and natural grace of deportment made her fair outshine, in his eyes, the greatest beauties of the court. They who have truly loved and entirely trusted may guess the anguish of this unhappy nobleman, when an old and faithful domestic revealed to him the infidelity of this young creature; he promised to give his master notice of one of her stolen interviews. Next day he went not to the chase, but concealed himself in a thick wood near his castle, where he saw his wife embracing a handsome young soldier, from whom she was parting, with many caresses, and many tears. The baron sprung upon him and stabbed him to the heart. He killed her brother.

This legend has been often related by poets, but one painter has rendered it immortal. The lady of Falkenstein will never be forgotten. She remains in eternal beauty sadly seated on the shore of Claude's Enchanted Castle.

In giving you an account of the death of the authoress of the "Sketches of Corfu," I cannot avoid making a few preliminary remarks upon the too common fate of the highly-gifted. It is a true observation that, with few exceptions, those bright stars which for a little time cast a moral sunshine on our earth of sorrow and change, are the first to depart the scene which their presence lighted

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* There are numerous such excellent charities now on foot in all parts of the kingdom. The village of Sydenham can boast of ladies who, without ostentation, weekly perform, from house to house, the duties of collecting pennies, and afterwards lay out the monies received to the best advantage.——En.

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with a joyousness foreign to its nature. You know we have together observed that it often happens that an only daughter, the delight of the domestic circle, whose smile of affection was to the cares of the world what the rainbow is to the storm, has been removed in the bloom of her girlhood, when her lively intellect was ripening into maturity, from the fond arms of her wretched parents to the cold embrace of death.

How fair thou seemest in thy virgin shroud,
Though thy cheek glows not with the stream of life;
Like some pale lily, by the zephyr bowed
To earth, ere comes the wintry tempest's strife.

Star of my being! wherefore is thy light
So early quench'd in dark sepulchral night?

And when the faint agony of grief has subsided, with what fondness have they not dwelt upon her sainted memory.

Thus then, I turn over in thought the records of genius; and you will acknowledge the mournful truth, that the lives of its most exalted votaries were but ephemeral. The "boy Chatterton," the amiable Kirke White, and that Prometheus of poets, Byron, are but a few of those who have gone down to the grave in their manhood. Among those of a later date was poor Atkinson the Scotch poet, and author of the "Chameleon," who died of consumption, while on his voyage to a warmer climate, the influence of which it was fondly hoped would arrest the insidious complaint, and preserve a life his gentleness had rendered dear to all. You cannot forget Mrs. Hemans, whose poetry was simply the harmonizing of ideas constantly floating through her amiable mind. At a comparatively early age, her crown of laurels was exchanged for one of glory, and the last lyric of the dying poetess, when already visions of futurity began to press on her mental eye, is one of the finest in the language. Miss Jewsbury (afterwards Mrs. Fletcher) was another writer, of whom I would remind you, whose effusions, if not grand, were always touching, appealing with simple eloquence to the heart. Her efforts were not devoted to detailing the insipid fooleries, and the unfeeling gallantries of fashion, but to awakening the mind to a sense of divine goodness, and in pointing out evidences of it at every time, and in every place. She too is gone to her rest. And now I must mention the name of another accomplished and virtuous lady, who has lately departed this life—Mrs. Maclean, favourably known as the writer of the "Sketches of Corfu," a work of such capabilities, that it gave birth to expectations of much future excellence. Subsequent to the decease of Bishop Heber, a few years since, she travelled with his relict and family, and imparted to the latter the benefit of her valuable acquisitions. Shortly after her return to England she published the volume referred to, which was rich in the legendary lore of Corfu and of the adjacent islands, in which were scattered some exquisite stanzas, which even a superficial observer might perceive were prompted rather by her own feelings, than by a mere desire to proclaim her capabilities. Her work was inscribed to a relative, and in her dedication she thus beautifully and, as the men would say, logically expresses her belief in man's immortality:

"We shall meet again! yes yes; we shall meet again! Had I no other evidence of the immortality of the soul than this of the affections, I should believe it as firmly as I believe in my present existence. It cannot be that the God of mercy should have given us these precious feelings, that they should bloom, and then wither and die for ever! Yes; we shall meet again, if not on earth, in heaven! and dwelling on that hour, I forget absence, distance,—all!"

In the concluding stanzas of an address to the Cicada, a species of grasshopper peculiar to the Grecian isles, Mrs. Maclean reverts to a similar idea, which is so touchingly told, that I shall do myself the pleasure of transcribing them for you.

Beyond that sky so blue and bright,
Lie fairer worlds than this:
Realms of untold, unseen delight,
Where every breath is bliss.

The bitter tear of trust betray'd
The tremblings of despair,
Hope unfuldil'd, and faith dismay'd,
Can find no entrance there.

And there, too, we shall meet again
The loved, the lost, the true!
Who would not bear earth's sharpest pain
With such sweet hope in view?
I will not mourn, though all that cheer'd
Life's early days be fled;
Though they whom early love endear'd
Dwell now among the dead.

I will not wish, Cicada, more
My life should be like thine;
Thou diest! thy life and hope are o'er,
Death opens bliss to mine.

I will look up—all murm'ring past—
Upon the bliss to come,
And cheerily tread, while life shall last,
Life's pathway to the tomb.

You will thus perceive that throughout this lady's writings an air of pensiveness is visible, as if she had had a prescience of her premature fate. In the last volume Mrs. Hemans ever published, her preface was similarly distinguished; and Mrs. Bray, in her introduction to "Warleigh; or, the Fatal Oak," indulges in the same feelings, followed up by a presentiment that her existence would be of brief duration. All Mrs. Macclllan's observations tend to some moral point; and several of the traditions are so selected, as to elucidate her feelings in that respect. The isolated passages where she gives way to a train of reflections, penning down her thoughts as they flitted across her brain, are perhaps the finest portions of her work. My brother often points out to me that there is more sound practical philosophy in the powerfully-written sentiments that follow, than in works of greater pretence and learning.

"She whose utmost skill cannot reach beyond the drawing forth of a few chords of a simple melody, does yet, by so doing, soften and refine her own mind; and it may be, her unskilful song, connected with long buried memories of early hope and early love, and first grief, touching unconsciously some hidden spring of feeling, may fall on the heart of the listener with welcome and refreshing, as darkness falls on the traveller in the desert; and may call up from that heart—seared and hardened by time, disappointment, and experience—a fount of salutary tears, which the finest bravura would fail to excite. There are those who in their ignorant pride would debar woman from cultivating her mind. If by cultivating accomplishments, the mere flowers of life's wreath, she enhances her stock of innocent pleasures, oh! how incealuable does she enlarge her hidden treasury; if she improve to the utmost the intellect she has received from heaven—heaven's best and worthiest gift!—she will render herself independent for happiness of time and circumstance. Sorrow may come, and she will feel it more intensely perhaps than others, but her mind will sooner recover its elasticity; she may be removed from society to solitude, but her sources of excitement and amusement, multiplied as they are various, will prevent her from feeling a moment's ennui; she may lose the external decorations of life, wealth and distinction, but she will create a world of infinite enjoyment for herself; youth will pass, and beauty will decay; admirers will fail, and friends may become estranged or die; still will she enjoy the companionship of the great and good of all ages, and, with hope enlarged and faith strengthened, may anticipate eternal re-union beyond the grave with those who were dear to her in life."

I fear I have almost performed a work of supererogation in reminding you of these passages, but the amiable character of its writer therein most unconsciously, but yet most faithfully, portrays herself. I am indeed a strong admirer of the principle inculcated in the old church-yard couplet:

Praises on tombs are trifles idly spent:
A good man's works are his best monument.

And in such spirit I would have you form an estimate of that lady's worth whose loss will be mourned by the good as well as the learned.

The circumstances connected with Mrs. Macclllan's death are peculiarly melancholy. A few months ago a trifling excrescence appeared on her cheek, of which at first little was thought, but, as by degrees it increased in size, advice was taken, and it was pronounced to be that fearful scourge of humanity—a cancer. An operation was suggested as the means of saving her life; and she expressed her readiness to undergo the painful ordeal. At the proper time the cancer was removed, together with a portion of her jaw-bone; and she bore the painful process with a fortitude as noble as resigned. After acute sufferings, she became apparently convalescent, and her friends beheld with delight her returning health, and anticipated that she would soon be able to resume her professional duties. Suddenly a change took place, she relapsed, and gradually grew worse. On examination, all the glands of her face were discovered to be diseased, and the distressing reflection followed, that, after enduring a martyr-
London Fashionable Chit-Chat.

dom of pain, the object for which it had been inflicted would be frustrated. Her malady daily increased in virulence, until at last she became incapable of receiving any solids. Exhausted nature at length sunk under these privations, and in the middle of June last she experienced a release from her dreadful sufferings.

The Duke of Buccleugh has been giving, at his residence, Whitehall, a grand series of weekly entertainments with splendid fireworks, for the public delight, as well as to amuse his distinguished guests, on the river Thames. His Grace's residence was lit with variegated lamps, and temporary dancing-rooms were erected. The whole fashionable world has been present. Very sedate and proper hours were kept by the company. London has been one round of amusement in town, and in the vicinity of the metropolis by guests furnished from the capital. I have not had much inclination to visit the theatres lately. We went the other night to Vauxhall Gardens; this was luckily before St. Swithin wept. Every thing is arranged upon a scale of great expense and attraction; the fireworks are really superb excellent. The company is greatly improved: noise and riot, so common in former years, are superseded by gentlemanly conduct, and tolerably good behaviour, and the first families may be seen, nightly, in considerable numbers.

You know my love for home comforts exceeds even our island prejudices, and above all things in life, I think I most delight in a bright clean fire-side; and, subject as I am to those attacks on the wind-pipe which your country-people call catchèe-le-cold, I never could be happy in a house warmed by a German stove. Although I knew, the temperature being equal in the hall and passage, I was less likely to take chills from passing into currents of air, yet, in seasonable time, I should die with melancholy if banished from the sight of a cheerful fire. The other day I went to see an invention by an ingenious German gentleman for warming a house equally and economically with warm air supplied from the kitchen fire, by which means only one fire was necessary in the severest winters. Now I once spent some time in a house in Warwickshire, supplied with warm air which superseded the use of fires, and not only was I melancholy from the want of the pleasant sight of a fire, but I felt a languishing oppression of spirit succeed my usual saucy cheerfulness. I became very tame, and left Warwickshire before I had intended, on account of this horrid warm air, which agreed with neither mind nor person. Well, you may suppose I carried a very pretty set of prejudices to the examination of any invention of the kind; but I became a convert, when I found how ably all my objections were met and provided against. The points of improvement of our German inventor are to consume the smoke of a common fire, and thus prevent impurity of atmosphere, and to make this one fire warm and cook for the whole house; and at the same time, to give us the cheerful and ornamental appearance of a fire. You would be surprised to see how completely all this is effected. In the drawing-room there was a very pretty pillared fire-place, the front of which was enclosed in glass. Here a gas circle was lighted, which produced as cheerful and brilliant imitation of burning coals in a grate as was ever seen: here a tea-kettle may boil if it please; on each side of the gas is a brass net-work, one supplying warm and the other cold air to the room. Our German professor explained to me in a moment, that the oppression of my spirits in Warwickshire originated in the want of cold air mingled with the warm; I own I suspected that I had been troubled with a pain in my temper, being discontented from want of the sight of a fire, but he assured me this depression was the susceptibility of my organization, which severely felt the exclusion of the cold air, with which our common fires are liberally supplied. Every one feels this more or less with warm air. I asked whether he made his own gas from the smoke of the fire below. No, he said, it can be supplied so much cheaper from the pipes in the street, that it would be a quackery to load the plan with such a troublesome apparatus: he confined his efforts to purifying the common gas by taking away the offensive odour. And truly this was well effected; for, though the smell of gas at theatres or private houses always makes me ill when I remain there for some time, this house was utterly free from deleterious vapour, the more extraordinary as London then gave anything but pleasant odour, the evening being intensely hot.
and the atmosphere heavy with an approaching thunder storm, which on that night visited us in grand style. You know the flavour of London air at such a crisis. I went into the lower regions to see the action of the apparatus, and was surprised at the effective simplicity of the machinery. I have forgotten the name of the inventor, but the house is in the neighbourhood of Bryanstone Square.

St. Swithin daily sheds an abundance of tears; we have a most changeable atmosphere, so that I am glad to consider these comforts.

My friends are preparing for Goodwood races, and I—to surprise you by a hasty trip across the water: almost ere you get this, you will see me. My affection for you, and a little inclination to see the fêtes, have prompted me to take this hasty resolve.

Your cousin, who had been in London on official business, was greatly vexed at the beginning of the month, it being imagined that the plague was bad in Egypt; but recent advices show that there are scarcely any cases, even of sickness, and that the trip may be accomplished in safety. I had ever from a child longed beyond measure to visit that land of sacred record, but I must, I fear, for the present, be content with his account of it. If he keep his promise, we shall have a faithful record of his movements, and he is sufficiently inquisitive to search for everything which may be interesting, and not too lazy or selfish not to record it. You will see, my dear Leonine, as far as opportunity permit, I do all in my power to furnish you with an account of every thing that can delight you, until the happy moment when I shall be able tenderly to embrace you.

Yours affectionately,

Leonora.

To L. de F— , Paris.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

July 1, in Cadogan-place, the lady of Charles Birch Reynardson, Esq., of Holywell, Lincolnsire, of a daughter.—June 30, at Camberwell-grove, the lady of Capt. A. Nairne, of a son. July 5, at the house of her mother, the Hon. Lady Hope, in Park-street, Westminster, Lady Verney, of a daughter.—June 30, at Leverock Bank, near Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs. Davidson, of Tulloch, of a son and heir.—July 5, at 60, Upper Norton-street, the lady of the Rev. William Bennett, of a daughter.—July 5, at Kennington, the lady of P. T. Meugens, Esq., of a son.—July 4, at Chislehurst Rectory, the lady of the Rev. Francis Dawson, of a son.—July 6, at her father's, in Brunswick-square, Mrs. Henry Cheape, of a daughter.—July 8, at Hill-house, Tooting, Surrey, the lady of Alderman Venables, of a daughter.—July 13, at Dorset-square, Regent's-park, the lady of G. Westby, Esq., of a son.—July 11, at East Sutton-place, Kent, the lady of Sir Edmund Filmer, Bart., of a daughter.—July 11, at Ewell-grove, the lady of T. Gladstone, Esq., M.P., of a son, who survived only a few hours. —July 13, Lady Mary Vyner, of a son.—July 14, at Connaught-square, the Hon. Mrs. Stopford, of a daughter.—July 8, at Paris, of twin daughters, Madame La Princesse Louise de la Tremoule, daughter of the Hon. Colonel Alex. Murray, of Frienley, near Bagshot, and niece to the Earl of Dunmore.—July 15, at Chase-cottage, Enfield, the lady of E. Walker, Esq., of a son.—July 13, at Aldbury, the lady of the Rev. James Galloway, of a daughter.—July 15, at Finchley-circus, Mrs. J. E. Fox, of a daughter.—July 13, in Berkeley-square, the lady of Thomas Peters Williams, Esq., M.P., of a son.—July 14, at Abridge, Essex, the lady of the Rev. J. H. Sharwood of a daughter.—July 18, in Cadogan-place, Mrs. W. White, of a daughter.—July 18, Mrs. Bulkley J. M. Praed, Esq., of a son.—July 18, at Higham-hill, Mrs. A. F. Mewelle, of a son.—July 17, at Eckington, Derbyshire, the lady of Captain Orange, 51st Regiment, of a daughter.—July 21, Mrs. Smither of Clapham-rise, of a daughter.—July 21, at Montague-place, Russell-square, the lady of Charles Berkeley, Esq., of a daughter.—July 24, at Dulwich, Mrs. Francis Toke, of a daughter.—July 25, at Ashton Rectory, the lady of the Rev. W. Longlands, of a son.—July 23, at Bridehead, Dorset, the son of her father, Robert Williams, Esq., the lady of Arthur H. Dyke Ackland, Esq., of a daughter.—July 25, in Woburn-place, the lady of J. Mellor, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a son.—July 25, at the Rectory, Ditton, Devon, the lady of Henry Kerr, of a son.—July 14, at Vienna, Lady Townsend Earquhar, of a son.—July 27, at Greenwich, the lady of Chas. J. Carttar, Esq., of a daughter.—July 4, at Toronto, Naples, the lady of E. Burnaby, Esq., of Baggrave-hall, Leicester, of a daughter.—July 26, at Cewe's the lady of William Stewart Day, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIED.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

St. Martin's, Ludgate, Mr. John B. Cross, eldest son of the late John Cross, Esq., of Charterhouse-square and Grove-house, Chevening, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Isherwood, of Ludgate-hill.—June 30, at Bolton-by-Bolland, Craven, Yorkshire, the Rev. Robert W. Goodenough, Vicar of Whittingham, Northumberland, and student of Christ Church, Oxford, to Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of the late Anthony Littledale, Esq.—July 5, at the Collegiate Church, Wolverhampton, Matilda, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Wainwright, rector of Sturmer, Essex, to the Rev. Arthur Johnson, youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Johnson, rector of St. Perranuthnoe, Cornwall.—July 5, at Charlton, Peter William Barlow, Esq., to Bethia Crawford, eldest daughter of William Caflin, Esq., of the Royal Laboratory, Woolwich.—July 5, at the mansion of the Marquis and Marchioness of Alisa, in Privy-gardens, by the Rev. Lord Augustus Fitclarence, by special license, Sir John Cathcart, Bart., of Carlton, to Lady H. Eleanor Kennedy, granddaughter to the Marquis and Marchioness of Alisa. The ceremony was attended by the relations in town, and a few personal friends, consisting in chief of the Earl of Cassilis, the Countess of Newburgh, Sir David and Lady Anne Baird, Col. and Lady Alice Peel, Lady Augusta R. Erskine, Lord Adolphus Fitclarence, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Earl of Eglington, Lord Hill, Sir Edward Diabrow, the Hon. Colonel Lygon, Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Cathcart, and most of the junior branches of the family.—June 20, at Chapel-en-le-Frith, Lieut. J. M. Waugh, R.N., to Susan, youngest daughter of the late Rev. T. Hornsby.—July 5, at Flintham, Nottinghamshire, the Rev. H. Chester, of Ackington, Devon, to Mary Anne Gerrude Whyte, daughter of R. Moyer, Esq., of Hotham-hall, Yorkshire.—July 5, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, the Rev. George Bingham, of Melcombe Bingham, county of Dorchester, to Francis Byam Blagrave, only daughter of A. Blagrave, Esq., formerly of the Hon. E. I. Company's Establishment.—July 6, at Christchurch, St. Marylebone, the Rev. Alfred Fennell, to Lavinia, third daughter of the late J. Satter, Esq., of Hall-place, St. John's-wood. July 22, at Abbeville, France, Robert William Bertolacci, Esq., French Royal Stads, to Cecilia Cobham, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Martyn, Esq., of Greenwich, Kent. July 5, at Cheltenham, J. B. Loussada, jun., Esq., eldest son of the late M. B. Loussada, Esq., to Sarah, second daughter of J. B. Loussada, Esq., of Brumeyne, Pans Bas. June 23, at Maidstone, Kent, Edward James Barker, Esq., of the Middle Temple, to Josepha Euphemia, only child of the late J. Anderson, Esq., of Oporto. July 5, a Barnes Church, Surrey, H. Wendell, Esq., of Barnes-green, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of J. Pain, Esq., L.L.D., of the same place. July 7, at St. John's, Paddington, the Rev. Dr. Buckland, head-master of Uppingham Grammar School, and vicar of Peas Marsh, Sussex, to Catharine, widow of the Rev. John James Cory, late vicar of Aylsham, Norfolk.

DEATHS.

Index.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF LADIES ATTENDING HER MAJESTY'S SIXTH AND SEVENTH DRAWING ROOMS, WHOSE DRESSES WERE DESCRIBED JULY, 1836, VOL. 9, IN THE LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

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Note.—Such of our readers who like to have at one view a Complete Index to the Drawing Rooms of the Court of 1836, can bind this along with the Index, published July 1, 1836, to the preceding half-yearly volume.
HERMENGARDE, 
Princess Plantagenet

Born 1082  
Died 1147

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for The Lady's Magazine and Museum.
THE LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND MUSEUM,
OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES ENLARGED.

SEPTEMBER, 1836.

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

MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCESS ERMENGARDE PLANTAGENET.
(Ilustrated by an authentic, whole-length Portrait, richly coloured and illuminated, as preserved in an ancient Abbey in Normandy.—No. 43 of the Series of authentic ancient Portraits published in the Lady’s Magazine and Museum.)

"What is required for history, is truth. Truth unveils the events: Posternity judges of the results."

The family connexions of this beautiful princess were rather extraordinary. Her father, Foulque Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, obtained from his subjects the sobriquet of Le Rechin, or the Quarreler, an appellation he no doubt duly earned. Her mother was the famous witch-countess of Anjou, whose renown as a mighty magician was equal to that of the Lady of Branksome in the Lay of the Minstrel; she was famous withal for learning, beauty, and high spirit, but, like the Lady Buccleugh, she had a great antipathy to regular church-going, which antipathy occasioned no little scandal at her husband’s court; as it was there hinted that this dis-taste to the rites of holy church was in compliance with the commands of the countess’s ally and master, his sable majesty himself. To counter-

act this report, Foulque the Quarreler thought proper one day to insist on his lady’s attendance at high mass, when, to the horror and consternation of all beholders, the foul fiend flew away with her through one of the church windows, and she was never more beheld; neither was there any trace of her left, nor any token of her departure, except a terri-

ble stench of brimstone, attended with dreadful thunderings and lightnings. This sorceress-countess of Anjou was great-grandmother to our Henry the Second; and that great prince was not exempt from being taunted for the family misfortune of having a witch for his great-grandmother. When Hera-

clius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, was urging him to undertake a crusade for the relief of Constantinople, then hard pressed by the infidel Turks, the wise
monarch excused himself, saying that his rebellious sons would tear his dominions to pieces during his absence. Whereupon the disappointed patriarch was rude enough to reply, "Aye; from the devil they came, and to the devil they will go." And this the ancient chronicler, William of Brompton, declares to be an uncivil allusion to the hasty departure out of the church-window made by their immediate ancestress the witch-countess of Anjou. As we found this anecdote in the annals of England, no apology can be needed for introducing it in the memoir of this lady's daughter.

Ermengarde was renowned, like her mother, for her great beauty and magnificent taste in dress. She was married in her childhood to the Earl of Gatenois, but having been left a widow while very young, she was determined to shelter herself from the power of darkness, that had carried off the countess her mother, by professing herself a nun. She retired to the monastery of Redon, near Vannes in Normandy, where, having piously performed her noviciate, she dressed herself in the most splendid apparel she had, (in which we now see her portrait represented,) and appeared before a vast concourse of people, assembled to see her profess; then, renouncing the world and all its vanities, she, kneeling before the altar, received the veil from the hands of the celebrated St. Bernard, certainly one of the greatest and best men the Catholic church ever could boast of. She lived and died in the odour of sanctity, without any attack from her mother's spiritual ally. Her death happened in the year 1147, while her great nephew, Henry Plantagenet, was, with his mother, the Empress Matilda, employed in battling for the English crown with King Stephen, whom he afterwards succeeded as King of England, being Henry the Second, the first Plantagenet of that renowned name. She did not live to see his recognition as King of England. Geoffrey, the father of our Henry the Second, was the first prince that in our chronicles is mentioned by the name of Plantagenet, but the sovereign counts of Anjou, for many generations, had borne that name, and worn the broom, (Planta genista,) with its pods and blossoms, as their cognizance or crest. This appellation originated in Foulque the Red, Count of Anjou, who having committed a murder, some say of his brother, was sorely troubled in conscience; to stone for his crime, he made a pilgrimage to Palestine, and voluntarily endured the penance of being scourged by his servants before the holy sepulchre, at Jerusalem, with broom stalks, which grew plentifully in the vicinity of that city. He returned from his pilgrimage wearing sprigs of the plantagenista in his helmet, and enjoined his descendants to do the same, as a humble memorial of his crime and penance. This badge of humility and disgrace became, in process of time, a warlike crest, from which was derived the proudest surname in Europe, that of Plantagenet.

Princess Ermengarde was the sixth in descent from Count Foulque the Red, whose crime and penance affixed this mighty surname on his renowned posterity.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.

This is one of the earliest portraits on record: our readers must not be startled at the date of the twelfth century, since the arts were then in a much better state than they were four centuries after, and if an enamelled monumental figure or illumination, or painted glass portrait, has escaped the hand of time, of that era, its beauty often strikes the antiquary with surprise. The likeness of this princess was preserved in an ancient linning in the monastery of Redon, in Normandy. She wears the high Syrian cap of gold brocade, edged with pearls, a fashion, doubtless, introduced by her brother's wife, Queen Melicent of Jerusalem, in whose right her brother Foulque the Fifth was made King of Jerusalem; this lofty head gear is rendered still more formidable by a veil pinned aloft. Her robe is of rich crimson velvet, faced and bordered with the most costly furs, and cut with a graceful sweeping train. The corsage opens in front, to show a superb gold brocade stomacher, edged with pearls, and a delicate chemisette à la vierge of fine white lawn. Her necklace, earrings and belt appear to be formed of large gold bezants, the coin of Constantinople, another fashion drawn most likely from the connexions of her family with the east. These bezants were a good deal in circulation in Europe, but
were worn by the ladies in Syria for ornaments, as coins still are in the same country at this day. The queer shoes she wears, are called *pigaces*. These long tailed shoes, which, we see, deformed all the genuine portraits of men and women from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, were introduced by this lady’s father, Count Foulque the Quareller. He was a great sufferer with corns and bunions, and is said to have brought these shoes into fashion to hide the distortions of his feet. The *pigace* fashion of shoes became the rage in Europe. Orderic Vital, a monk, who wrote the annals of the twelfth century, reproaches the courtiers of Anjou with wearing the tails of serpents at the ends of their toes. Sometimes these tails were stuffed hard with wool, and twisted about like horns.

The Lady Ermengarde holds in her hand a book of devotion; if she could read it she must have been a learned lady for the twelfth century. It must be recollected, that she was thus dressed when she appeared before the high altar, when she renounced the world, and took the veil from St. Bernard. The book she holds in her hand confirms this statement, and adds authenticity to the portrait.

And often did she look
On that which in her hand she bore,
In velvet bound, and broder’d o’er—
Her breviary book. MARMION.

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**SONGS OF THE MONTHS.**

**PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY HOUSE.**

My wife’s relations come from town?
They’re really quite a bore;
The summer season always brings
Us, cockneys by the score.
It is in vain that I complain
Or mention their presumption;
Like wolves, they eat what’er they meet,
Then talk about “consumption!”

Though summer may have joys for some,
It brings me plagues by dozens;
My wife, she invitations gives
To brothers, sisters, cousins!
They break the trees—do what they please,
Such havoc each one makes!
And, I declare, the girls they dare
Get playing with the rakes.

They get up fêtes upon the green,
My wife says they’re divine!
I am ashamed that she’s concerned
With any fêtes but mine.
But let them wait till Christmas comes;
In town then, for I’ve reason,
I will appear, and make them fear
“Returns, oft, of the season!” J. E. C.

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**THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE.**

How sweet that sudden grateful tear
Just springing in the eye,
That trembling stands as if for fear,
It brighten’d but to die;
Till gently stealing down the cheek,
And glist’ning as it flows,
It seems to say, my home I seek—
’Twas from the heart I rose.
So much time had been lost by the Lady Mary de Bohun, in consequence of the defection of the faithless Margery, that the period which she deemed necessary to devote to the duties of the toilet on this important occasion was considerably abridged. Moreover, the Duke of Gloucester, who appeared bent on causing her all the inconvenience he could, thought proper to antedate the christening by a full hour, and at ten o'clock sent word to her that the bishop, with the princely godfathers, and all the rest of the noble company, were already in the chapel, and only waited for her appearance to commence the ceremony.

Gertrude was in the act of lacing the close-fitting bodice of the Lady Mary’s kirtle when this query was put at her anti-chamber door, in great agitation:

"Dear aunt, what am I to do; what word am I to send in reply to this notice?"

"Take your own time, Marie, and send word that you will be duly attentive to his, the duke’s, pleasure; and that you only wait, as in duty bound, to accompany your aunt of Arundel to the chapel, who will be ready anon."

"But, dear aunt, he will storm like a Saracen at such an answer as that."

"Let him, my child, it will not be in our hearing, and he dare not say wrong we do if we keep the bishop waiting till night, or he will have to answer it to my husband at point of sword, and it will not suit his choleric grace to offend the lord admiral; so, pr’ythee, be not flurried in thy tiring."

But flurried the Lady Mary was, and hurriedly did her foolish heart beat against the tight boddice Gertrude was lacing, till she was fain to call for breathing room, malgré the protestations of her lady aunt against her childish disregard of the advantage of a close-spanned waist. Before she had donned her white and silver robe of estate came a second message from the duke, importing "that the health of the princely heir of Gloucester would be damaged by her unseasonable delay, and that he should be enforced to tell the noble company that she was indisposed, and to pray some other lady to act as her proxy if she came not."

"There, dearest aunt," cried the Lady Mary, "I thought as much; he never did mean me to stand in proprē persona for the boy. What shall I do? Sweet Gertrude, make all the haste you can."

"Tell the Duke of Gloucester that the fair godmother of his princely heir doth only tarry till I, the Countess of Arundel, be ready to accompany her to the chapel, and I have not been accustomed to be stinted of my tiring time," said Lady Arundel. "So," continued she, turning to her niece, "together, you perceive, we may follow our own devices, and defy the tyrant of Pleshey Castle to his teeth. Let him fume inwardly as he will, he hath no remedy. Very well, Gertrude, you have shown excellent craft in the looping of these sleeves. There, fix the jewelled stars in the centre of those brodered shoulder knots. I will adjust her tucker, and place the breast-knot and the brooch while you arrange the folds of her veil; confine them with the pearl jasmine wreath of choice jeweller’s work. Bring the braids a little lower. That will do. Give me the diamond carcnet that I may clasp it about her throat. So, now you look excellently well, Marie, but I must..."
add a white heron's plume, to give you a little more height. Pity you are such a minikin; you will, I fear, be quite hidden behind the horned heads of the wedded dames, now these monstrous Syrian caps* have taken the place of the modest English wimple and coverchief; I'll none of them. There, draw on your fringed gloves while Gertrude settles my coronetted cap of estate and crimson velvet robe. An old wife's toilet is speedily made, you know."

"Ah! your majestic beauty, my fair aunt, needs no such pains to set it off as you have kindly taken to make me appear passable. If I had had a face like yours—"

"Why, then, you might have had a brother, as I had, to heir all the lands of Hereford, you little fool; you cannot have every thing."

"True, aunt, but beauty—"

"Cannot be purchased even with the inheritance of a co-heiress of Hereford, you would say. Be contented, you have that which gallants prize beyond all the charms of dame Helen of Troy, and for outward comeliness you have no cause to complain. You are a sprightly little brown girl, with indifferently bright eyes, and teeth that are passing white and even,—you show them pleasantly enough when you smile,—"

"What! a third summons from the Duke of Gloucester? Nay, there he is to blame, for we were just about to set forth on our progress to the chapel, and now must we tarry ten minutes longer, at the least, to show our dignity, lest the noble company should think we are enforced to come at his bidding."

The Lady Mary agreed to the propriety of the delay, but her impatience to ascertain whether the valiant bear querler was among the assembled guests, who had been bidden to the solemnization of the baptismal rite, induced her to persuade her aunt to abridge the period to half the time she had named.

Exactly as the clock struck eleven, these two noble kinswomen and faithful allies entered the chapel of Pleshy Castle, in all the pomp and pride of their rich array, glitter of jewellery, and waving plumes. They were attended by a suitable train of ladies, pages, and gentleman ushers,

* These enormous Syrian caps will be shown in the series of our authentic Ancient Portraits.

and proceeded in great state down the central aisle to join the illustrious group assembled round the silver font.

The chapel was crowded to excess, and the Lady Mary looked anxiously to right and left in the hope of catching a transient view of the only person who had as yet interrupted the waveless calm of her passionless existence. It was to no purpose that she looked. The furtive glances which she directed through the transparent folds of her veil, only fell on a formidable blockade of horned caps rising on either side the aisle in triple rows, behind which all gentlemen, unless of gigantic stature, were compelled to hide their diminished heads. Now and then, indeed, she encountered the curious eyes of tiptoe gallants, peeping at her from between the horns of some lady's cap, of less imposing height than her neighbours, but none that looked like those of which her own were in quest.

In spite of herself, certain unpleasant notions and vague suspicions connected with Joan's malicious inuendos touching the person who had slain the bear did cross her mind as she swept through the chapel, without recognising any one among the assembled nobles, knights, and gentle, who bore the slightest semblance to him. "Surely," thought she, "he would have been here had he been of the high rank which the marten fur on his mantle seemed to indicate;" but then that odious creature Joan had boldly asserted that the bear was slain by a vile hoppister, who had since decamped from the castle with her maid Margery. Now hoppisters were often very handsome men she knew. Moreover, they were accustomed to play the part of mimes or mummers at all stately pageants, enacting the characters not only of certain allegorical personages, called Valour, Prudence, Justice, Fame, Peace, Plenty, Concord, and Chivalry, but of all the ancient heathen demigods and heroes, who were attired according to the fancy of the performers; and in that case, not only the fur of martens, but even royal miniver and ermine might be worn with perfect impunity by any mummer who thought proper to assume the style and title of Sir Hector or Sir Troilus of Troy, Sir Agamemnon or Sir Alexander of Greece; and the nearer the costume of those classical chiefs approached to the
dress of the princely heroes of Cressy and Poictiers, the greater was the applause with which it was greeted by the spectators.

These reflections were of course any thing but agreeable intruders on the mind of the haughty co-heiress of Hereford, and no thing can be more mortifying than when a person is compelled by a combination of provoking circumstances to admit a suspicion that some part of the malignant report of an enemy is founded on facts. She remembered the graceful agility with which her mysterious acquaintance had disencumbered himself of his heavy robe, and the skill with which he had entered into the combat with the bear, just as if such exercises had been familiar to him, and so undoubtedly they were if he belonged to a class of people who were accustomed, not only to quell bears, lions, and dragons in the characters of King David and St. George, and other worthies of scriptural and legendary fame, but even to enact the parts of the salvage monsters themselves for the amusement of nobles and fair ladies. King Richard had lately imported a travelling company of skilful mimes from Constantinople, and the fame of their performances had even been heard of at Hadleigh and Colchester, to the great scandal of all christian like people. The Duke of Gloucester had been loud in his condemnation of these fashionable diversements, which he called “new-fangled devices of Satan for the corruption of a before worthless court and sovereign.” He had likened his royal nephew both to Nero and Heliogabalus, on account of his predilection for such people, and predicted his speedy downfall in consequence; therefore it seemed strange to the Lady Mary that any member of this interdicted class should have ventured to make his appearance at Pleshy Castle. Then, again, it was possible that his flight was in consequence of having been informed by Margery of the duke's prejudices against mimes and hoppisters. In short, the Lady Mary de Bohun was marvellously disquieted in her own mind when she approached the font round which the illustrious personages who were to assist at the christening rite were assembled. One hasty glance was all she ventured to cast upon the crowd of nobles, knights, and gentlemen who surrounded the Duke of Glou-

chester and the two princely sponsors, in the now almost forlorn hope of detecting one among them arrayed in black velvet. Black velvet! there was not a single shred of sable hue in the whole chapel; and so gay and brilliant were the emblazoned robes of the gallants round the font, that they looked like a bed of tulips, and quite outvied the ladies in the richness and variety of the colours they displayed.

Brief time, however, had the Lady Mary for making general, much less particular, observations. The bishop and officiating priests were only waiting for her appearance to commence the baptismal rite; the nurse stood ready with the infant; the taper of virgin wax, which was borne by the handsome young Earl of Warwick, one of the noblest bachelors in presence, was lighted. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester rose from the canopied chairs of state in which they had sat enthroned, like reigning sovereigns, and the attendant heralds summoned the sponsors by their proper style and title to take their places. The Lady Mary, thoroughly ashamed of her tardy appearance, was glad to hide her confusion by bowing her face over her infant nephew, whom the consequential nurse, with much solemnity, placed in her arms, wrapped in his magnificent christening mantle.

A murmur of admiration was heard from all the spectators who were near enough to obtain a glimpse of this costly envelope, which, when unfolded from the face of the babe, was carefully spread by the two noble ladies who supported her on either side, over the arms of the youthful godmother, whence it descended so low that its pearl fringes and tassels swept the ground.

If any busy retailer of the domestic secrets of Pleshy Castle had whispered to the reverential throng the history of the termagant godmother's capture of this sacred article on the preceding day, and her pertinacious detention of the same in pledge for the completion of her own finery by the family tailor, it must have produced a most ludicrous effect on the minds of all when they beheld the mantle so pompously displayed in the chapel.

The Lady Mary herself was unfortunately possessed of so keen a sense of the ridiculous, that it was with difficulty she preserved her gravity when she
observed the profound veneration with which the congregation pressed forward to obtain a peep of the said mantle, by means of which she had been enabled to ouitwit the Duke of Gloucester, and carry her own point in spite of him. So strong, indeed, was her inclination to laugh, that she dared not raise her head to look at any one, nor did she recover her self-possession till called upon by the bishop to answer with the other sponsors for the slumbering epitome of life that reposed in its tender helplessness on her cradling arm, unconscious of the parade and imposing solemnity which attended his admission into the Christian church.

Her own almoner, who stood behind the Lady Mary, was prompting her with the suitable response with which she was to reply to the prelate's solemn question on behalf of the infant neophyte, and she mechanically repeated the words after him; but in the midst of the majestic Latin sentence she started, and the cadence faltered on her tongue, for she heard the rich deep voice of the mysterious hero of her last night's adventure mingling in the response close to her ear.

She raised her eyes instinctively, and perceived that he was actually standing by her side; nay, more, he appeared to be united with herself and the venerable Duke of York in the office of sponsor to the princely babe. Such was the bewilderment and amaze into which she was plunged by this unaccountable circumstance that the second address of the bishop fell unheeded on her ear, and she remained silent till twice warned by her reverend monitor in the rear to answer in the words which he repeated to her in an audible whisper.

Again, the familiar accents of the champion of the pleasaunce united with those of the Duke of York and herself in the response. A second time she stole a furtive glance at him, who now, royally robed, supported on either side by nobles of distinguished rank, and attended by vassal knights, stood in high place as one of the sponsors of the princely babe, and assured herself that her senses had not played her false, but that he whom the attendant heralds had with loud voices, when they took their places at the font, proclaimed to be “that mighty and illustrious prince, Henry Earl of Derby, and heir of Lancaster,” was, indeed, the unknown person with whom she had commenced acquaintance so oddly on the preceding evening.

Henry of Lancaster! how could that be? In spite of the solemn proclamations of both the heralds, whose correctness it was worse than heresy to doubt, she knew not how to believe in the identity of the person whom they had so styled, for where was the defect in his neck, of which the bishop had spoken with a groan, and the Lady Arundel herself, prejudiced as she was in his favour, had been compelled to admit was a family infirmity.

The sweeping volumes of gold brocade and pall, with all their sumptuous linings and facings of costly fur, that enfolded his form, and descended in yards of ample drapery on the ground, might have concealed, it is true, even an important irregularity in the shape of the wearer, but then she had seen him in his close fitting doublet, without any ornament but a richly studded belt of tawny leather, and had admired the symmetrical grace of his figure, and the manly vigour of arm with which he wielded his weapon in his deadly combat with the bear.

She was now directed by her almoner to resign her infant nephew into the arms of the bishop, and this she did with less elegance than might have been expected from one who had practised this part of the ceremony with Margery and a large wax doll, every day for the last week, in order to perform her part with proper eclat; but all her studied airs and graces were forgotten when the important moment arrived, for the precious babe, just then chancing to awake, set up such a shrill squeaking cry, that she hastily delivered him to the mitred prelate, as if she were in a mighty hurry to be rid of him, and with no more reverence than if she had resigned him into the arms of his nurse.

The Duchess of Gloucester was mortified, both on account of her sister's failure in this most important point of the solemnity, as well as the slight that was shown to her boy. As for the duke he frowned, and with difficulty refrained himself from rebuking the offending godmother, being the more especially displeased, inasmuch as he had detected the stolen glances that had passed between her and the bachelor-godfather, and observed withal that his confusion exceeded hers.
Now the bashfulness of a fair lady is often very graceful, and may possibly render her more than commonly interesting; but when a gentleman blushes, and hangs his head as if ashamed of himself, it must be confessed that he looks somewhat like a fool; at any rate so thought the Lady Mary de Bohun, who was withal unreasonable enough to conceive resentment in her heart against the luckless gallant, on account of his demeanour on this trying occasion. This was a little hard upon him, since she was herself accountable for all the awkwardness and confusion that had displeased her. In fact, the Earl of Derby, whose every feeling had hitherto appeared absorbed in the ambitious project of wielding the democracy of England as a weapon wherewith to awe the royal despot, and the luxurious satraps who surrounded him, into submission to his domination in the council chamber, was for the first time in his life in love.

The beauties of the court of Richard the Second had practised all the artillery of their charms in vain upon him, and the Lady Mary de Bohun might have been equally unsuccessful had she mediated a serious attack upon his heart; but a romantic incident had made them acquainted with each other under circumstances that had left no common impression on the mind of either.

Now it may be imagined, that the discovery of the golden endowments of her who had, in the undistinguished simplicity of the dress of a lay sister of a Benedictine convent, stirred up the hitherto imperturbable calm of his bachelor tranquility into a tumult of conflicting passions, was a very agreeable surprise to him; at a moment, too, when he felt half inclined to sacrifice all other considerations to the intoxicating influence of first love.

The possibility of his being an unsuccessful wooer never entered his imagination, till he discovered who the unknown damsel was who had so strangely captivated his fancy, and then it occurred to him that he had departed from the rules of courtesy more than once during his tête à tête with the young lady in the pleasance, by treating her with a degree of caprice which he bitterly repented, when he found that it had been unwittingly exercised towards the greatest heiress in England. “Surely,” thought he, “she must consider me the worst mannered knight in all Christendom. She never can overlook it. I shall only expose myself to a mortifying repulse if I attempt to play the wooer after this. She who might have been my loving, free, and wealthy bride, will be a prize for one of King Richard’s insolent minions, who are both on the look out for her; then she will, of course, amuse her spouse with this pleasant adventure, and I shall be the laughing stock of the whole court. The worst of the matter is, I am fool enough to be in love with the damsel too; nay, more, if I win her not I must die a bachelor for her sake. I feel, albeit, she lacketh much of being a beauty, as my uncle Gloucester truly saith. Yet the King’s lovely sister, Matilda Holland, whom all men call Maude the fair, did never trouble my peace when she tried all ways to vex me into wooing her, as this little brown girl did when she parted from me in scorn last night.”

While such reflections occupied the minds of the sponsors, we may imagine how much the spiritual weal of the precious godson was cared for by them. Truth to tell, he was so entirely forgotten by both of them, that the illustrious god-mother, who had so many interesting duties to perform for her infant charge, knew not what had become of him after she had once resigned him into the bishop’s arms; and even his passionate cries, at the moment of immersion, failed to recall her to remembrance till the almoner and both the supporting ladies, joined with the nurse, the mother, and the old Duke of York, in exhorting her to advance and receive him in the consecrated lawn and chrismantle, and then she started forward with such precipitation that she extinguished the taper of virgin-wax which was borne by the Earl of Warwick.

This unlucky accident, which was in that age of superstition regarded as an evil omen, caused general consternation. The Duke of Gloucester turned pale, the Duchess swooned, the nurse shrieked, the babe bewailed its misfortune as loudly as a babe of five weeks old could. the Duke of York shook his head and sighed compassionately, and the spectators groaned. As for the taper-bearer, he was so much afflicted at his share in
casting so direful a blight on the destiny of the princely heir of Gloucester, that he made a precipitate retreat from the chapel, and called “to horse” immediately, to escape the reproaches of the duke and duchess, though the accident was certainly no fault of his. From that hour, moreover, the Earl of Warwick gave up all thoughts of offering himself as a candidate for the hand of the young co-heiress of Hereford, of which he previously had entertained serious thoughts. In fact, it was for the purpose of obtaining, as her jealous guardian had rightly enough suspected, a favourable introduction to the wealthy godmother, that he had entreated to be honoured with the office of holding the taper of virgin-wax at the christening of the heir of Gloucester, and it had required all the influence of his friend, the Lord Admiral, and a splendid christening gift to the babe, to bring the Duke of Gloucester to consent to the noble, young, and handsome bachelor occupying a post that placed him in such near proximity to his jealously-guarded ward. A pretty business they had made of it, in sooth, between them, and the disconcerted earl protested that even if the young lady had been sole heiress of the mighty duke, her father, not all the lands and honours of Hereford would have induced him to wed so unluckily a damsel.

As for the hapless godmother she stood speechless with consternation at what she had done, and it was almost by miracle that she escaped the more fatal mishance of dropping her precious godson on the marble pavement, whereby she would, in human probability, have brought all the calamities that were predicted for him, in consequence of the ominous extinguishing of his christening taper, to a very speedy climax.

The lady Arundel, who was happily more experienced in such delicate matters than her giddy niece, kindly relieved her of her naked slippery burthen, but not before she had nearly squeezed the breath out of his body in endeavouring to preserve him from the perilous fall of which he had been in danger a moment previous. The worst of it was, that the Lady Mary, in the midst of all the trouble she had caused, was afflicted with a strange inclination to laugh, an inclination so irresistible, that nothing in the world but an hysterical burst of weeping enabled her to disguise it; for repress it she could not.

Amidst all this scene of confusion, the Earl of Derby stood like one in a dream, still pondering on the unexpected discovery of the quality of the lady of his heart, in such deep perplexity, that he was almost unconscious of the clamorous interruption of the baptismal rite; but the sight of her distress recalled him to recollection of her presence; and regardless of every other consideration, he sprang to her side, and offered her the support of his arm to lead her from the chapel.

“Ha, thou false recreant!” cried the Duke of Gloucester, angrily detaining him by the folds of his mantle. “Is it thus thou darest perform the part of a godfather, whose duty it is to renounce and defy the devil and all his works in behalf of a prince’s son. Verily, men accuse thee not in vain of Lollard heresies, for thou art acting as Satan’s own ally, in abandoning the babe ere half his baptismal rites be ended. Fie upon thee! and this withal for the sake of playing the squire of dames to her who hath in evil hour extinguished the hallowed taper of virgin wax, whose previous brightness augured good fortune and length of days to the child.”

“I cry you mercy, noble uncle,” stammered the heir of Lancaster; “I was not aware that the extinguishment of a taper was of any such direful consequence at a religious ceremony; and finding you had all come to a full stop, and that the lady godmother required comfort and support, I came to her succour, without intending thereby either disrespect or want of duty to my fair young cousin, who is quite safe in the cherishing arms of the Countess of Arundel, his loving aunt. Pray heaven she may succeed in quieting his brawling!”

“Brawling, forsooth!” exclaimed the Duke of Gloucester, laying hand upon his sword, “I'll have you know, my lord of Derby, that my heir is not to be spoken of irreverently by any of his kin.”

“I charge ye, in the name of St. Peter, the patron saint of this chapel, to forbear your strife, ye sacrilegious princes,” cried the bishop, interposing his crozier between the Duke of Gloucester and his nephew. “Know,” con-
continued he, "that a fray between the parents of the child and its sponsors at
the font is a contempt and a profanation of this holy place, and a far greater
triumph to the foul fiend than the extinguishment of the hallowed taper of
virgin wax, which, albeit it is a mark of his malice, is by no means a just reason
for our delaying the completion of the godly work we have begun for our in-
fant brother."

"But my young prince's taper is
clean put out, Lord Bishop," said the
nurse with a piteous whine, "and Sa-
thanas himself hath doubtless entered
therein."

"I will drive him thence by censure,
sprinkling, and crossing the taper," said
the bishop, "and after that I will re-
light it with mine own hands, and de-

deliver it into those of the noble taper-
bearer, where, in spite of all attacks of
the evil one, it shall burn with a brighter
and more glorious light than before."

"Holy father, the taper-bearer hath
fled the chapel," said the Duke of York.

"Then let another take his office,"
replied the bishop.

The Earl of Arundel, in compliance
with a beseeching look from the Duchess
of Gloucester, advanced, crossed him-
self, and on bended knee received the
re-consecrated taper from the prelate's
own hand. "Back to your places,
sponsors," said the bishop, "and, for
the love of our blessed Lady, unite in
manfully defying the foul fiend, who
hath essayed so many cunning devices
to oppose the entrance of this princely
babe into the holy catholic church."

The Earl of Derby and the Lady
Mary de Bohun resumed their former
stations by the font with downcast eyes
and crimsoned cheeks; and the Duke of
Gloucester led the little Lady Eleanor,
his eldest daughter, forward, to present
the chrism to the bishop, which she did
in such a graceful and engaging man-
ner, that it greatly operated to dispel
the pervading gloom which had been
caused by the previous mischance, and
the christening concluded in a more
edifying way than it began. The
bachelor godfather, however, and his
fair gossip were both so heartily ashamed
of the blunders and solecisms which
they had committed in their interesting
vocations, that, ere the closing benedic-
tion was well ended, they, as if by mu-
tual agreement, simultaneously started
from their knees, and made a hasty re-
treat from the chapel through opposite
doors, to the indignation of the Duke
and Duchess of Gloucester, and the
great scandal of the noble and gentle
congregation.

CHAPTER VIII.

The illustrious fugitives had taken
different very different directions when they left
the chapel, but either chance or sympathy
led them both to the same spot, to wit, the
identical corner of the pleasure where
the stout earl had lain the bear on the
preceding evening; and there they met.
They met not as offended and offending
lovers meet, with lofty looks of affected
coldness and disdain, but with the frank
good fellowship of those who are united
in the same misfortune. The sight of
any other person would have been intol-
erable to either of them, but they could
look at each other without a sense of
mortifying humiliation. The Earl of
Derby was the first to break the silence,
which he did in these words:

"How, now, my fair gossip! have
you played the truant as well as your
faithful bachelor?"

The Lady Mary smiled, and blushed,
at this greeting, to which she replied,
"Marry, Sir Sponsor, and in seasonable
time too, I trow; when the valiant con-
queror of salvage bears flies from the
impending wrath that is bottling up yon-
der for our benefit, how think ye that
the weakness of a foolish maiden, who
hath no one to take her part withal,
may tarry for its bursting?"

"The Lady Mary de Bohun shall not
lack a champion, if any one dare but to
look urgently on her in the presence of
Henry of Lancaster," said the earl.

"Aye," replied the young lady, but
it will not be in your presence, for my
trusty guardian knoweth how to choose
his times. I shall never hear the last
of this unlucky business of putting out
his boy's candle, unless I quiet the
greedy old fox by professing myself a
nun, to get out of hearing of my delin-
quency. Would that the Earl of War-
wick had been kind enough to take me
behind him, when he scamped away
from Pleshy Castle with as much haste
as if he had stolen some of the christen-
ing plate?"
"'Tis pity that Beauchamp was not acquainted with your flattering wish, and then, perchance, he might have been induced to tarry for so fair a companion," said the Earl of Derby, turning pale with anger.

"Nay," observed the Lady Mary, "my motive for flight would not have been love for the noble earl of whom I spake, for I noted not a feature of his face; and if he stood before me now, I am by no means sure that I could identify his person, therefore, my faithful bachelor, as he styles himself, hath no cause for jealousy of the fugitive taph-bearer."

"Why then didst thou wish to have been the companion of his flight from Plesh, lady mine?"

"Simply to escape the coil that will be made at Plesh for ever and a day about this unlucky business."

"Is there, then, no other paladin than Beauchamp whom you would employ as your deliverer from this doleful prison-house?" demanded the earl, fixing his eyes upon her. The Lady Mary looked down, and replied:

"I thought I told you, even now, that I had no particular regard for the Earl of Warwick."

"Have you for any one else?" asked the Earl of Derby.

"Tell me first, on what grounds you aspire to the office of my confessor?" said she.

"Because," replied he, taking her hand, "I have a confession to make to you of that, which, if it be a sin, I cannot repent me, unless you refuse to confess in return that you love me."

"Last night, I verily believe I hated you; but at present I am foolish enough to consider you very amiable, though I have some reason to think you can be proud, cold, and capricious on occasion," she replied, smiling, and looking down.

"Only when I am flouted beyond man's endurance, cruel maid," rejoined the earl; "to the fair and gentle, I am all humility."

"And deceitfulness, withal," added the damsel.

"You are resolved to prove my patience, I see," returned the gallant; "but all men have their faults and failings, and I presume not to boast that I am free from the general leaven; only this I will be bold to say, that you may go farther and fare worse, if you reject the heir of Lancaster."

"I am partly of that opinion myself," said the young lady, "otherwise I would not have vouchsafed to hold discourse with you so long; but before I positively betroth myself to you in marriage, I must be informed of my lord the Duke of Lancaster, your princely father's mind on the subject of this alliance, and that will take some while to learn."

"I can answer for my father's full and entire approbation of my present courtship."

"You speak very confidently; but how should you know his pleasure touching this matter, till you have discussed the same with him, and asked his blessing on our espousals?"

"I have it beforehand, lady mine."

"Beforehand, audacious!"

"Aye, for the princely duke sent me hither with a commission to woo and win the younger co-heiress of Hereford for my countess, which command caused me no little perplexity between love and duty, when I, par accident, encountered a certain sprightly benedictine novice, as I supposed her to be, in the pleasance, whose merry glances first taught the heart of Henry of Lancaster to feel the power of woman's eyes."

"Will you swear to me that you had no suspicion of my quality when you slew the bear, at my bidding?"

"None, upon the honour of a knight."

"Is it your fashion, then, to make love to every lowly maiden who allows you to hold parlance with her in grove or garden, fair sir?"

"As I am a christian gentleman, I swear to you that I never discoursed after that manner with any lady but yourself; you are my first and only love, Mary de Bohun."

"Why call you me thus simply by my name, my Lord of Derby? I have a title as well as yourself; and your peers do style me the Lady of Hereford."

"And those who have an eye to the lands and dukedom of Hereford may; but I think only of Mary Bohun, and as I think I speak. Forgive my plainness!"

"Oh, subtle, subtle flatterer!" said the Lady Mary.

"The heir of Lancaster hath no need of flattery to win him a wife," rejoined the earl, turning away proudly.
"Oh, you can play the haughty one
to the Lady of Hereford as well as to
the simple maiden in her conventual
gown of grey, I see," said the damsel,
mimicking him. "Well, I must say, I
like you the better for that, though I
observe you save all your courtesy for
bearwards, tailors, and serving folk;
and I greatly fear that if I were now to
say, 'I, Mary of Hereford, plight my
troth to thee, Henry of Lancaster, in
token that I will become thy wedded
wife, as soon as opportunity shall allow
the church to cement our contract,' thou
would'st not make me half so low a
reverence in acknowledgment as thou
did'st to the people in the court-yard
of Pleshy Castle this morning."

"Where did you see that, lady
mine?"

"From mine own chamber window,
forsooth, whence I watched your 'havi-
our in amaze, not knowing who you
were and marvelling who you might be."

"Who did you suppose I was?"

"I formed a shrewd guess that you
were a Prince and a Plantagenet."

"Indeed," replied the Earl of Derby,
with a complacent smile, "may I ask
by what tokens you were led to draw
those flattering conclusions?"

"Persons who wear those furs which
are forbidden to any of lower degree
than the kindred of kings, have no rea-
ton to be flattered when they are reck-
oned with the class to which such gear
is permitted," returned the Lady Mary,
coolly; for among her peculiarities she
never paid a compliment to any man,
and with a revenue of fifty thousand
nobles she would have been to blame if
she had; but, as was said before, she was
fully aware of the dignity attached to
such a dowry.

Now the heir of Lancaster was as
proud as herself, and would have been
better pleased with a lady who would
have treated him with a greater show of
reverence, even if she had lacked the
lands of Hereford, for his besetting sin
was ambition not avarice; but as he
happened to prefer the wealthy co-heiress
to every other woman in the world, he
thought proper to brook her saucy en-
treatment of himself, though with rather
an ill grace.

"I see," said the Lady Mary, "that
you have some family points of resem-
blence to your uncle of Gloucester, and I
fear I shall find it a hard matter to obey
you, if I become your countess."

"You shall be my queen, and I will
be to you, at any rate, a loyal subject,"
replied the earl.

"Now you speak like the man for
whom I have remained a spinster until
this day, and therefore I am content to
plight you my faith, and to accept yours
in contract of marriage."

"Till I can obtain the Duke of Glou-
cester's consent to our espousals, my
life?"

"You will have to wait a great deal
longer than will suit your pleasure, if
you tarry for that, Sir Earl," rejoined
the damsel.

"Nay, but what other course am I
to pursue in order to obtain you in mar-
riage, for you are not of age?"

"I will speak plainly, my Lord of
Derby," said the young lady; "I have
no inclination to have a love cross on
my mind, in addition to my other trou-
bles at Pleshy Castle. The Duke of
Gloucester's son is heir to my lands,
and the duke will never consent to my
marriage with you or any one. He
obligingly designs me for a convent at
present; but if a lover, and one of your
rank, should make bold to ask my hand
of him, it is possible that a safer and a
surer method may be devised for secur-
ing my inheritance to his issue. If,
therefore, it is indeed Mary de Bohun
whom you seek, take her, and get her
lands as you may."

"I am content to espouse you on
your own conditions," replied the Earl,
"so that I can but devise the means
of escapade for us both. As for the in-
heritance that falleth to your share, I
shall not fear wrangling that out with
my uncle Gloucester, by appeal to par-
liament, albeit we shall never meet
again as friends after such an interfer-
ence with his business, as he will
style it."

"Do you hesitate between love for
Hereford and friendship to Gloucester?"
asked the lady, fixing her eyes upon
him.

"No, Hereford for Derby, is the
word," returned he; "come what will.
Moreover, I have been my uncle Glou-
cester's puppet too long, considering
that I have a game of my own to
play."
The lovers were now joined by the Countess of Arundel, of whom the Lady Mary, to conceal her confusion, thought proper to demand, “What news?”

“Most surprising news in the world,” replied the countess; “it is at present reported, in Pleshy Castle, that the untruthy godmother, who whisked out the infant neophyte’s christening-taper with one of her monstrous hanging sleeves, hath wisely escaped from all the clamour she hath caused, by fleeing London-ward with the recrant taper-bearer.”

“Nay, now, you are pleased to jest, good aunt.”

“Jest, or no jest. Marie, the Duke of Gloucester is already in the saddle to pursue and tear you from the arms of the bold Earlie of Warwick, while you, ah, sly thing! are wooing your bachelor gossip quite at your ease, among these pleasant bowers.”

“Not quite so much at my ease as you may think, my lady aunt; for I have just contracted myself in marriage to the heir of Lancaster, on condition of his taking me hence with him; and he, it seems, hath not wit enough to devise any plan of escape for me.”

“And yet thinketh himself wise enough to win a crown,” rejoined the countess. “Now listen to me, Marie; I have taken some pains to pick a quarrel with the Duke of Gloucester, for your sake”—

“For my sake, gentle aunt?”

“Yes; and for a wonder he was so civil that I had much ado to come to an open rupture with him; but I succeeded at last in provoking him into calling me a bitter shrew, and then I called ‘to horse’ as loudly as if I had been my brother, the Lord High Constable of England, giving the battle word along the line. And then he protested ‘he meant me no offence,’ and prayed me to tarry; but that not suitting my project, I replied, ‘Only till my husband’s followers and my maidsens could make themselves ready to attend us;’ it being my purpose to carry you off in my train.”

“Dear aunt, he will never permit you to do that, believe me.”

“Not if he suspects it, certainly, my sweet niece; but he is already upon a wrong scent, as you perceive, which makes our game easy enough to play.”

“And what am I to do, my Lady Arundel?” asked the Earl of Derby.

“Do? nothing—only go and show yourself boldly in the court-yard along with the family-muster the Duke of Gloucester is skirling together, and call to horse as lustily as the rest; make all the noise you can, and, if possible, over-bawl your uncle himself, that he may not suspect you of being a party concerned in the elopement of his runagate ward. And mind ye, Harry Lancaster, hurry the Lord Admiral and his men all you can, and send my almoner, Sir Barnabas, to bring us word when our retinue be ready to set forth: I shall want the loan of his hood and gown for the travelling suit of my lady niece, here.”

“Do you think the duke will let ye pass?”

“Dare he detain the wife of the Lord Admiral within his walls a moment longer than lists her to be his guest, when her husband wearath a sword to fight her way out of Pleshy Castle, if that be needful?” said Lady Arundel.

“And I,” rejoined the earl, “am ready to win my bride at point of lance.”

“There will be no need of doing battle for her,” said Lady Arundel, “as the report is that she is forward, therefore our duke will never look for her behind him. So now, as you have taken Eleanor Arundel for your captain, obey orders, and keep between the retainers of Gloucester and those of Arundel till the moat be crossed; and be sure to provoke your steed to all the caracols you can induce him, by dint of spur and curb, to perform, when you are once upon the drawbridge, that so you may keep it down to secure free passage for your lady love and me, in case those within should give the word to raise it against our egress.”

“Excellent!” cried the earl; “why, my Lady Arundel, you understand well that a leader’s best skill lieth in providing for retreat.”

“Away with you,” exclaimed the countess, “if you waste the precious moment in prating here, we shall be caught like birds in a trap; we have no time for compliment now.”

The Earl of Derby obeyed all Lady Arundel’s directions implicitly, and presently had the satisfaction of communi-
cating her directions to the Lord Admiral and the chaplain. The former presently caused his countess's travelling carriage, a huge gilded machine, that bore some resemblance to a wild beast's caravan of our days, to be drawn forth, and six stately Flanders mares harnessed to the same, while the priest hastened to attend his lady.

The Duke of Gloucester, meantime, was storming in his saddle at the dilatory proceedings of his men at arms, who, bewildered among the retainers of Derby, Arundel, and Warwick, all of whom were purposely running in their way, and causing all the delay and confusion they could, to favour, as they imagined, the flight of the fugitive pair, as every one, except the parties immediately in the secret, believed most firmly that the Lady Mary of Hereford and the handsome Earl of Warwick had eloped together, and that the misadventure of extinguishing the christening taper had been all a concerted plan between them.

The Duke of Gloucester himself was of this opinion; and no sooner did he set eyes on his nephew, than he exclaimed, with great vehemence, “What ho! Harry Lancaster, hast thou heard of the villainous dealing of that false guest of mine, Richard of Warwick, in stealing away my sister and ward?—having first by her consent and contrivance committed a sacrilege at mine only son’s christening, by putting out the consecrated taper of virgin wax?”

“By my fay, noble uncle, you astonish me,” replied the young earl; “I wist not that our friend Beauchamp had any design upon your fair sister's affections. Hath he ever asked her of thee in marriage?”

“Aye, five times over hath he, and I refused him as oft; but on this his last visit to Plesby, he said nought of her, but only asked of me leave to hold that taper at my boy's christening. I misconstrued his doing it, but he raised such a coil about it, that, as he always sides with me in parliament, I could not well refuse him a request which seemed of no consequence. A pretty hand he made of it, by the mass! But I'll after him, and have his life’s blood for the affront he hath put upon the honour of my family! Why don’t my rascals move on, I wonder?”

“My good uncle,” said the wily heir of Lancaster, “do not you see that in this motley press every one runs in his fellow’s way, and that if they are rated or forced forward they will fall to loggerheads with one another?”

“Yes, I see that Warwick’s people occasion all that confusion to gain time, for their precious lord to get the start so long as to baffle my pursuit. I have more than half a mind to give the word for cutting every one of the Beauchamps down to make free passage.”

“That will be cutting off your right hand to be avenged of the left,” said the Earl of Derby, laughing. “Be patient uncle, for a few minutes, till your men can make their way over the bridge. Storming at them will but increase the confusion.”

“Let me alone,” cried the duke; “I suppose I am free to storm, as you call it, in my own castle yard.”

“Aye, my fair uncle, if it like you to waste so much breath to your own hindrance,” said the earl, glancing stealthily over his left shoulder at the Lady Arundel's carriage, between which and the duke he had artfully opposed a barrier of his own followers.

His glance was stolen at the critical moment when the Lady Mary, drest in Sir Barnabas's (the chaplain) hood and gown, was in the act of ascending the carriage. “So then, my good uncle,” continued he, with an air of affected carelessness, “you positively think that the Earl of Warwick hath stolen your rich ward.”

“Think!” echoed the duke, “I wish I were as sure of the crown of England as I am of that matter; why Hal, my wife's waiting woman swears that they have been seen on the road to Colchester, whither the shameless jilt-flirt’s favourite maid Margery posted off, by peep of dawn this morning, to order all things convenient for them at the hostel.”

“But how came they so closely acquainted?” asked the Earl of Derby.

“Joan saith, that it was all along of a device of the sly traitor bribing an accused hoppister to turn a showman’s bear into the pleasance yester-even, when my Lady Mary was walking there; and when she, on seeing the beast, shrieked aloud, he, who was hidden in a convenient corner, jumps him out and runs to the rescue, and, in imitation of his bragadocio
ancestor, stout Guy of Warwick, slays the poor tame bear; whereupon she fancieth the doer of such a deed must be rewarded with no less a guerdon than herself and the lands of Hereford, and so falleth to courting him to carry her off from the surly dragon of Gloucester, as the shameless wanton calleth me, her best friend."

"I protest this is the strangest tale!" said the earl; "surely, uncle, you must have been misinformed."

"I misinformed! I, the Duke of Gloucester! Sir nephew, I’d have you know”—

"Well, well, good uncle; but what are you going to do in this matter?"

"To pursue them to the death," cried the duke; "and I charge you to lend me your counsel and aid in this emergency."

"My counsel, noble uncle, is that you stay quietly at home, for I do not believe that Warwick hath carried off the young lady."

"If you say another word in contradiction of my opinion on that matter I shall believe that you are confederate with Beauchamp, and have abetted him in the villainy of robbing me of my ward."

"Nay, my good lord, I have a liking to the demoiselle myself, if I must confess the truth, and was thinking of asking your consent to wed her, when you startled me with this vile scandal of her escapade with Beauchamp, which I think I may make bold to say is a base fiction of your wife’s woman."

"It is every syllable true, Harry. Moreover, it is enough to provoke a saint to see you sitting like a statue on your horse, grinning and shaking your head as if you gave no credence to my words."

"Excuse my vanity, good uncle, but I never can believe any lady who had the prospect of wedding me would make a runaway match with the Earl of Warwick."

"So much for self-conceit," said the duke; "I don’t wish to say anything in your disparagement, but Warwick is the handsomest peer in parliament, and, therefore, far more likely to please a foolish girl than a gentleman of your complexion."

"My complexion, forsooth!" muttered the earl, reddening; "however, we will let that pass—women look not on these things with the same eyes that men do; but I suppose, my loving uncle, you would not have withheld your consent, if I had made suit to you for the hand of your fair sister-in-law in marriage, if so be I had been lucky enough to win her love?"

"What is the use of talking of that now another hath stolen her away?" said the duke, peevishly. "Of course, I should have considered your suit in a very different light from that of such a vain coxcomb as Beauchamp."

"Then, uncle, you would have given consent to her becoming my wife, I hope."

"I may very well say that, as you can claim no benefit from my courtesy," said the duke; "and now I conjure you to set forward with me in chase of them, that you may assist me in taking vengeance on the vile ravisher."

"Let Gloucester advance, and then forward Lancaster and Arundel!" cried the earl, raising himself in his stirrups.

The retainers of the Duke of Gloucester, headed by their princely master, displayed the duke’s banner, and galloped across the drawbridge, shouting, "Pleshy for the Duke!" Then followed the Earl of Derby and his men, with the banner of Lancaster, crying, "Lancaster for Derby to the rescue!" and lastly, the Lord Admiral and his retinue, surrounding the carriage that contained Lady Arundel and the damsel respecting whom all this bustle had been raised, crossed the drawbridge, shouting, "Arundel, Arundel, for the Lord Admiral!"

The whole cavalcade took the road to Colchester at full speed, in pursuit of the supposed fugitive, but ere they had advanced a mile on their march, they encountered a party of knights and gentlemen wearing the royal liveries, escorting the king’s herald, who, advancing to the Duke of Gloucester, presented a broad letter sealed with the great seal of England, and addressed to him.

The duke received the packet with evident ill will, and read it with a compressed brow. It was the royal commission appointing him to the command of the expedition then ready to sail for Brittany, to assist the reigning duke (who was the husband of king Richard’s aunt) against the invading force of France.

It was impossible for him to decline so
honourable a commission; especially as the expediency of succouring the Duke of Brittany, the faithful ally of England, and his own brother-in-law, had been often urged by him in parliament against the opinion of the king’s favourite counsellors; and he had made use of such vehement language and bitter reproaches against all who opposed the aid which was required, that he could not with any degree of propriety, nor, indeed, without a complete compromise of honour and consistency, refuse the command of the armament.

Nothing, however, could be more ill-timed than the arrival of the commission which enjoined him to proceed to London without delay, to receive the royal instructions before he sailed.

The herald was also charged with a similar packet, addressed to the Earl of Arundel, enjoining him to take the command of the fleet, in the capacity of Lord High Admiral of England; on which that valiant naval peer exchanged a hasty farewell with his lady and the Earl of Derby, and spurred his charger London-ward without delay. He was followed by his friend and reluctant coadjutor the Duke of Gloucester, who, like many others, was not the less discontented because the present inconvenience had been occasioned by his own pertinacious opposition to the opinions of others. He was now compelled to give over the pursuit of his ward and the Earl of Warwick, bestowing upon them a thousand maledictions, which were certainly quite undeserved by the latter. As for the young lady, she very quietly pursued her journey with her aunt to Arundel castle, under the avowed escort of the Earl of Derby, to whom she was publicly espoused on the very day that the expedition under the command of the Duke of Gloucester sailed for the coast of Brittany.

The expedition was a futile one, and seemed as if it had only been devised for the torment of the commander of the English forces, which, only amounting to eight thousand men, was, of course, unable to attempt any action of importance.

The Duke of Brittany signed a treaty with the king of France, without any regard to his previous engagements with his English allies, and made a great merit of lending the Duke of Gloucester a sufficient number of ships to convey his troops back to their own country.

The duke returned in a marvellous ill-humour, at having been thus trifled with by his own sovereign and his ungrateful ally. The first news that greeted him on his return was the marriage of his cunning ward, not with the Earl of Warwick, but with the heir of Lancaster, who, backed by all his father’s power, and privily supported by the king, who was disposed to do the Duke of Gloucester a displeasure, had not only taken possession of her moiety of the lands of Hereford, but had actually, by permission of King Richard, assumed the dukedom of Hereford, and was sitting in parliament under that title.

Remonstrance was vain, and wrath ineffectual in this case; especially as the heritage of the lady was already in her bridegroom’s possession, who pleaded and brought a host of witnesses to prove the duke her guardian’s consent, publicly implied in the court-yard of Pleshy Castle.

The Duke of Gloucester, finding himself thus outwitted, could only reply, “that being deceived by a false report, he spake unadvisedly; but that words so spoken were not binding, therefore he should enter a protest against the marriage, and claim the wardship of his sister-in-law and her lands, by virtue of her deceased father’s will, which constituted him her guardian till such time as she should contract a marriage with his consent.”

The protest was, however, useless, for the marriage was declared good and legal by the lords spiritual and temporal. The husband of the Lady Mary de Bohun was, therefore, confirmed in the possession of the lands and honours of Hereford, and the felicity of the youthful couple was, in due time, increased by the birth of a lovely and hopeful progeny.

Had the Duchess of Hereford lived long enough, she would undoubtedly have been Queen of England, as her princely consort was afterwards chosen king, on the deposition of his cousin Richard the Second, and reigned thirteen years by the style and title of Henry the Fourth; but, though the Lady Mary de Bohun was never destined to wear the wreath of royalty, she was the mother of one of the mightiest of the Plantagenet
line of kings, the renowned Henry the
Fifth, and of his illustrious brothers, John,
Duke of Bedford, the Regent of France,
and Humphrey—Duke of Gloucester—
the virtuous protector of England, who
obtained a more truly glorious name than
his victorious brethren, even, that of the
good Duke Humphrey, a name which is
still traditionally dear to the people of
England.

TWO GRAVES; OR, THE CONTRAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MOTHER'S PRAYER."

"Believe, and shew the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb."

-YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

WHENCE come those sounds so fraught with woe,
That midnight's stillness break?
And who doth thus repose forego,
To watch for sorrow's sake,
When sleep would lull it on her breast—
The mourner's hope, and misery's rest?

From yonder darken'd chamber, where
Grief a lone vigil keepeth,
There rests a mother's pride, and there
A father's treasure sleepeth;
And that last night, morn speeds to end,
The living, with the dead shall spend.

"Tis Death's pale bride, in funeral state
And nuptial robe reposing;
Affection's parting glance they wait—
The coffin lid is closing;
And on its glittering plate it bears
The number of her fleeting years.

Soon will the waving plumes of snow,
And sable hearse be seen.
Her bridal train, with movements slow,
Pass o'er yon village green
To where the stone ere long will tell,
Or true, or false, that "all is well."

But not for her who sleeps beneath
The fresh-raised mound beside,
Hath partial love presumed from death
To draw the veil aside;
Nor tell of virtues, it may be,—
Heaven's searching eye hath fail'd to see.

Yet was that fall'n and blighted flow'r
As fair in promise deem'd;
And blooming in its native bow'r,
As gay and beauteous seemed.
She too was lov'd, alas! how well!
A mother's broken heart may

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Two Graves; or, The Contrast.

Her's too was once a path as bright,
By splendour's beams o'erspread;
Though not one ling'ring ray did light
The chamber of the dead.
Her glazing eye gaz'd dimly round,
But there alone, pale want was found.

Yet not for this the silent tear
Stole from its closing lid.
Nor wealth nor pomp that breast can cheer
Where sin and grief are hid:
But it was sad, thus left to be
Alone with death and misery.

Ask'st thou the cause?—the world it knows
And few—how few are they,
Untaught in this,—that oft their vows
Are plighted to betray:
To leave in her who such believ'd
The scorn'd, deserted, and deceived.

Yes, it is known, if thou hast been
Where Samiel's* flames have pass'd,
And mark'd the desolated scene
Left by the deadly blast.
Such was that heart, whose hour of peace
Came not until its pulse did cease.

But from this spot, the first to hide
A wanderer from shame,
Turn'st thou to boast with heartless pride,
A yet unsullied name?
Not thine the praise; nor should it be
Thy triumph in her fall to see.

Art thou more pure than He who knew
And yet the contrite blest?
The tears that did His feet bedew
A sinner's love exprest.
So faultless art thou, as to throw
The stone that lays the guilty low.

And might not passions' waves, when check'd—
Their work of ruin done—
Receding, leave the heart they wreck'd
A broken, contrite one?
Then pause to think, if wise or well
To scorn where God might deign to dwell.

* "It was the hot season of the year, and we were to travel through that country over which the horrid wind I have before mentioned sweeps its consuming blasts; it is called by the Turks Samiel; is mentioned by holy Job under the name of the East Wind; and extends its ravages all the way from the extreme end of the gulf of Cambaya up to Mosul; it carries along with it flakes of fire, like threads of silk; instantly strikes dead those that breathe it, and consumes them inwardly to ashes—the flesh soon becoming black as a coal, and dropping off the bones. Philosophers consider it as a kind of electric fire, proceeding from the sulphurous or nitrous exhalations which are kindled by the agitation of the winds. The only possible means of escape from its fatal effects is to fall flat on the ground, and thereby prevent the drawing it in: to do this, however, it is necessary first to see it, which is not always practicable."
Campbell's Travels, p. 130, Part 2.
SEPTEMBER, ITS DELIGHTS AND DEFICIENCIES.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

It has been asserted that September generally affords fourteen fine days, and in a climate so mutable as ours this must be considered a very valuable proportion, and one which should make us welcome its coming with gratitude. We know that we shall neither experience the trials of the torrid nor frigid atmosphere, that the fruits of the earth will be secured in their utility and abundance, that the face of the earth will shine in its mantle of emerald green, and that the decay of vegetable life will be combined with its richest tints and most gorgeous colouring: never are the woods so beautiful, the hedges so picturesque, as in September.

And what a sky shines over them! Italy itself, in all its glorious sunshine, is scarce more "deeply, sweetly, beautifully blue," than our own foggy island in this gentle month, which, like a meek, yet cheerful matron, spreads a smile over all creation so urbane and protecting, that we forget to deplore the summer we have lost, or to dread the winter we are expecting—so placid, benevolent, and consoling appears September in its influences, that we could hardly believe it possible that the human heart would not share in them, and be for one month in the year incapable of anything approaching to ferocity, if it were not also the season when partridge shooting supersedes the far more manly diversion of cricketing, and "Lord's" is forsaken for any spot which shelters a covey.

But the country in this delightful month will have charms for more than sportsmen. Rich in every attraction, the poet, painter, or rambler, can meet with all he would desire, and many a tourist will go forth to explore the "land of cakes and lakes," and still more proceed to a distant watering place, as much for the love of the journey as the promise of health or repose given by a short residence at the conclusion of it. How especially welcome must such a change be to the M. P., who, like the fisherman in the gospel, has "toiled all the season and caught nothing." Heated rooms, late hours, labours neither supported by friends nor appreciated by opponents, patriotism sneered at, abilities questioned, exertions ineffectual, and motives misunderstood, are the common trials of all who serve, or seek to serve that undefinable thing, the public; and even the happiest of those jaded servants, misnamed the masters, of that awful tyrant, may well rejoice in the day which dismisses them to their own green retreats, or watering-place refuges, to "babble of green fields," or find the mace of a billiard table more agreeable than that of the Speaker. Surely it must be far more pleasant to exercise a man's oratory in his own hall, at the head of his own table, or on the bench in his own county, than it can be where people take liberty in gaping at or coughing down an opponent,—a Demosthenes would be silent at the cry of "Question, question."

When we consider the power enjoyed by our country gentlemen, more especially in the month of September, when preserves yield up their game, when hunting commences in all its glory, and members of both houses run from a long session in all the joyous sense of freedom which marked their schoolboy holidays, we are surprised to find how short many of them make it, by hastening thence to any place on the coast which affords an inn, or any little village in the interior decorated with the title of a medicinal spring. Harrogate and Scarborough, Leamington and Margate, are, or soon will be, full to overflowing, and the master and mistress of many a noble mansion, surrounded by parks and pleasure grounds, will be found scrambling for the possession of a half-furnished parlour boarding-house, and a seat at the table of an ordinary, where such superior fare as their own fish-ponds, poultry yards, and venison haunts' produce can never be beheld, and wine, at which their butlers sneer, is the only beverage. Mrs. Gore, in her very clever novel of "Mrs. Armytage, or female domination," takes her heroine to Doncaster races, as being the grand scene of Yorkshire re-union and county exhibition and competition; but she never takes the proud woman to a watering place, which is a proper diversity, since, unquestionably, her pride would
have received ten wounds a day in her associations, and Mrs. Armytage had much too good an understanding to subject herself to punishment of that nature. The infirm nobleman and the ancient baronet, seated on one side, would not have redeemed the quack doctor and the worn-out gambler on the other, at the table of the Granby or Green Dragon; yet mixtures as incongruous are met with every day, at every public table in the hotels of watering places, proving it is not always true that "birds of a feather flock together."

Such residences do not therefore inculcate the virtue of humility, nor increase that spirit of affability said to be much wanted in English society. On the contrary, the love of show and the errors of extravagance are contracted by the rivalry which is excited in places where society is on a small scale, and the discrepancies in rank, character, or wealth, of people seated side by side, are marked in a more decided manner, and with an hostility of contempt which would not be called for if the parties were more distant. It is also true that people of a certain caste allow acquaintance of a more friendly character than would otherwise be allowed by moral and prudent persons, and many a dubious character has found entrance into a respectable circle, because "there were so few people with whom one could associate, that as he was a man of family we invited him, not foreseeing, &c."

Alas! how often it was not foreseen, that a son would be ruined at the gaming table, a daughter at the altar, by such casual acquaintance! How many miseries have their date from scenes entered into for the sake of pleasures more exciting, but less endearing and lasting, than those which might have been enjoyed in perfection at home, with a smaller but far more select circle, where there was nothing to dread; where the abandonment of the heart which "takes its ease in its own house," is one of its happiest enjoyments, and might be indulged without restraint in perfect safety! The fact is, we are by nature gregarious animals, and the present condition of society, in that overflow of wealth which must be spent, or that desire for wealth which must be sought, increases this natural propensity beyond the bounds of necessity and propriety. Thus in every place "where man doth congregate," will man be found, and every portion of our populous country capable of offering anything in the shape of pleasure and company (terms now deemed synonymous) forms a confirmation of Pope's assertion:—

Who most to love or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.
Abstract what others feel—what others think,
All pleasures lessen, and all glories sink.

But surely that which is natural and even praiseworthy demands consideration, and it would be well for many, now desiring to enjoy the delights of September, after the feverish turmoil of a sojourn in London is past, to take that sacred advice, "let your moderation be known to all men."

London will now be deemed by the aristocratic part of the community a desert; for streets and squares, where the busy hum of fashion most prevailed, are resigned to desolation: numbers, also, of those inhabitants who are not regularly migratory, are now seduced by cheap steam travelling for Paris or to Yorkshire; not a few are stationed here and there, upon the shores of the Thames; and, taken altogether, we apprehend September will be found the dullest London month in the circle, without excepting that season of fogs and damps, which Voltaire has denounced with as little truth as mercy. Nevertheless, we apprehend the giraffes will still munch leaves, the balloons pierce clouds, and "Female Domination," at the theatres, produce amusement for stay-at-home pleasure seekers—to say nothing of trips in the city barge, races on the river, and new panoramas of the most brilliant and nouvelle description. Life goes on in London, and merrily too, even when twenty thousand, who consider themselves its world, are withdrawn. The mighty mass may be still seen in considerable importance, occupying no small space in Europe, although the "Corinthian columns of polished society" have for a season disappeared.

One of these said columns bestowed a notoriety upon the last month, from which I trust the present will be free, not only as regards that which has been
called justly “a ferocious attack;” but its cause, which was the more cruel attack and less justifiable, since far less provoked. It ill becomes an editor, who is also a reviewer, to travel out of his way for subjects of censure, more especially in a case which offers him the means of exercising the rod legitimately, which is likely enough to occur in a man of fashion’s first attempt; for, although such a man may write a good book, we are sure that the chances are against him: universal as the qualification is now supposed to be, quite sufficient proofs are abroad to show that writing books which can be read, and are read, is a distinct thing from writing books that can be published on the strength of a name, or title, in the title-page of such book. That there are to be found a greater number of persons in a thousand of the aristocracy capable of expressing themselves well, and of reciting anecdotes of their own order, than would be found in a thousand persons in an inferior situation, I cannot doubt, because we must suppose them to be all well educated, and to a certain degree inured to epistolary writing, together with exercises and themes, but I also think that the chances of a really original thinker, and consequently clever writer (in the highest sense of the term), are quite as great in the second thousand, though it may happen that circumstances depress him so far as to diminish his powers. Lord Byron and Ebenzer Elliott, alike men of extraordinary genius, must, in any age and under any circumstances, have come before the world as great poets; but how much sooner were the powers of the former acknowledged than those of the latter?—it is one thing to sing in a cellar, another to warble in a palace; nevertheless, such men as they were, could neither be enervated by luxury nor depressed by poverty, beyond their power of proving how bright was the celestial fire with which they were endowed. Betwixt them and our present race, either of lordly poets, or lowly poets, there is no comparison, but betwixt themselves there is a very fair one—the basket-maker being not a whit less elegant than the gifted daughter of the duke, and certainly more musical in his rhythm: but it must be also conceded that Lady Emmeline spreads a bolder wing and takes a wider flight than he has dared, or perhaps ever will, for it requires a reading and cultivation of intellect impossible for the poor poet to attain.

We have no female poet who so nearly resembles Mrs. Hemans in imagination, sensibility, piety, and a most mellifluous purity of diction, as Mary Ann Brown; like her she felt the ruling passion early in life, and fond parents, in both cases, perhaps, published the first effusions of each too soon; but it is certain, Felicia Brown’s poems, written in her fifteenth year, were far inferior to those of M. A. Brown, published when she was only thirteen. Mrs. Hemans improved immensely after her marriage,—expanded affections, increased observation, and many sorrows combined to produce that excellence which has placed unfading laurels on her brow: nor let it ever be forgotten, that her beauty was not less remarkable than her genius, for its possession perfected her character, and stamped on her memory the seal of virtue.

Very lovely,—very young,—idolized by her own connexions for the sweetness of her temper and the goodness of her heart, sought by all as an object of admiration and curiosity, and left in the most unprotected and distressing situation a female can occupy,—neither homage to her talents nor her beauty ever drew her from the solitude it was her wisdom to adopt, and her difficulty to persevere in. That beauty which would have charmed all eyes, aided by the talent which could render its fascination complete, was (with a total absence of all vanity and curiosity, the constitutional weaknesses, the allowed frailties of woman, profound respect for the conjugal ties and feelings due to a tenderly attached, though improvident husband) doomed to wither in solitude, and find in self-respect, maternal solicitude, and mental exertion a substitute for the society she was alike calculated to adorn and enjoy,—truly might we say, “many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excelledst them all.”

The ladies who love, and honour merit like hers, the tender and imaginative who delight in her poems, and the music, which, in many instances, give new powers to their divine inspiration, will pardon this tribute to the memory of a woman
To the Roman Eagle.

whose melancholy fate awakes an interest as powerful as the admiration conceded to her genius, and who, “take her all in all, we may not hope to find her like again.”

Rambling and desultory as these pages are, beginning with the beauties and deficiencies of the month, and ending with the errors and sorrows of authors, let not the subject be deemed wholly unconnected; for as the shortening days, brilliant skies, and changing foliage of September typify human existence in general, so do they resemble the fame, which is, perhaps, another word for the happiness of an author. Human life has increased in its longevity; but literary reputation has grievously shortened, and most writers have, or are likely to have, the pain of surviving the life of life, and seeing themselves defunct and forgotten, few like Miss Edgeworth, being capable of re-blossoming in more than their early glory; or like the author of Waverly covering uncounted acres with annual flowers. Many spring up, too fragile, and, perhaps, too worthless, to live,—many have a short yet bright existence,—not a few are cut down by frosty reviewers, but if they have stamina, they may revive and flourish the better, for justice though slow is sure; but under any circumstances, in the present era, fame is fleeting. The multitude of writers divide and weaken the impressions made on the public mind, and the multitude of reviewers, on whom the public pins its faith, distract opinions and abridge approbation, although it is well known that the man, and not the work, is the object of the critic, who does not even pretend to read that on which he passes judgment! In some cases, it is certain, an author may be safely praised. No one suspects D’Israeli or Bulwer of writing nonsense; but surely this delicate, and, to a conscientious man, awful office should not be undertaken, whilst ignorant of the good or evil of the work before him. At all events, it is with the work only he has to do. If it has an immoral tendency, let the author be punished with all the severity due to him who is the enemy of mankind, in comparison of whom the incendiary and murderer are comparatively pure: if his effort is marked by incapacity, let him be admonished, instructed, or reproved; but never let the reviewer (himself a child of earth) usurp God’s right of “visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children.”

TO THE ROMAN EAGLE.

BY G. R. CARTER.

Bird of the hills! like a meteor of Glory,  
Thy triumphs illume the dark pages of story;  
And nations have quail’d at the sight of thy pinion,  
As it spoke to their bosoms of pride and dominion.

Stern monarch of empires! thou symbol of slaughter!  
The blood of the brave pour’d around thee like water;  
And the plumes of thy hosts, o’er their marble brows streaming,  
Told where thy proud crest in the sunshine was gleaming.

The sea-kings of old, as they swept o’er the ocean,  
Have gazed on thy banner with fear and emotion,  
And the realms that confided to tyrants their trust,  
Beneath thy broad shadow have crumbled to dust.

Bird of the hills! thou hast folded thy pinion,  
And ceased to exult o’er thy dreams of dominion;  
For Bigotry’s clouds have been wafted around thee,  
And the chains of a papal usurper have bound thee.

The voice of a Caesar no more shall awaken  
The death-like repose of thy spirit forsaken;  
For the sunbeam of hope has departed for ever,  
And the conqueror’s trumpet shall welcome thee never.
THE NECKLACE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEN HOWARD," &c.

"I am afraid, my dear Clara, I am too early," said Rosalie de Lavondalle, to the young Countess de Bellune, as she entered the boudoir of her friend, and discovered her half hid among the downy cushions of a couch, on which she was reposing, with closed eyes, and breakfast standing beside her; "I fear I disturb you."

"By no means, my dearest Rosalie," replied Clara, rising and embracing her friend; "I have breakfasted, and am quite ready—I merely shut my eyes that I might the better indulge in a reverie about you."

"Or my brother Lancelot," archly replied Rosalie.

The countess laughed and blushed—"but we lose time," said she, running up to a mirror, and hastily throwing a shawl around her; "we shall be late, and we have much to arrange: where shall we go first?"

"To the milliner's," answered Rosalie, "to choose our dresses for the birthday; then to Dubois for flowers; and then to Argent's, to see if he has any thing new in jewellery."

The friends hastened down stairs, but just as Clara was following Rosalie into the carriage, a man in mean attire, and of dejected aspect, arrested her progress, earnestly beseeching to speak with her for a few moments. He was one of the thoughtless countess's creditors, and having in vain applied to have his debt cancelled, determined upon watching for an opportunity of speaking with her herself. He told her of a starving family, seizure of property, and utter ruin if she refused to pay his bill. Clara was moved, and was on the point of re-entering the house, to give him his money, when Rosalie, ignorant of what was passing, called out to her to beg her to make haste, and Clara, springing into the carriage, bid him call again in the evening.

The Countess de Bellune was one of the most attractive persons in Paris; young, beautiful, and a widow, she was beset with numerous admirers, but her affections had long been bestowed upon Lancelot, the brother of her friend; and it was, perhaps, one of Clara's chief merits that she appreciated the worth of a character like the Marquis de Lavondalle, and remained constant to him amidst all the flatteries and seductions that assailed her. Lancelot was deeply enamoured of the fascinating countess; he was enchanted with her wit, and dazzled by her beauty, and, notwithstanding the frivolity and dissipation in which she passed her days, discovered traces of a superior understanding and benevolence of heart, which he trusted to time to lead her to feel the uselessness of her present life, and induce her to dedicate her existence to nobler purposes.

The fair friends passed from one emporium of fashion to another, purchasing, without reserve, every article of dress and luxury that by its beauty or novelty arrested their attention.

"And now M. Argent," said the countess, after they had surveyed the brilliant treasures of the most fashionable jeweller's shop of the day, "show us one of your tasteful novelties."

The obsequious jeweller led the way to an inner room, and, opening a casket, displayed to the admiring eyes of the ladies, a necklace of unrivalled beauty and workmanship.

"How beautiful! how exquisite! how novel!" exclaimed the Countess and Rosalie; "ah! M. Argent what taste you have!"

"It is precisely the same kind of necklace," said Rosalie, "as the Duchess B. appeared in at court yesterday: you were not there Clara. Lancelot admired it so very much;—we were told there was no other like it."

"I have made but this one other," replied the jeweller; "and I have orders that no more are to be manufactured of the same pattern."

"Oh! that my brother would purchase it for me!" said Rosalie, heaving a deep sigh, as she relinquished her hold of the dazzling treasure, and seated herself, with a dejected air, at some distance off.

"But when I asked him lately for some less valuable jewels, he told me I must wait, as he had debts which duty obliged him first to discharge."

"He admired it, did he?" said Clara.
"Exceedingly," replied Rosalie; "he observed that, though not much in the habit of taking notice of ladies' trinkets, there was something so unique, so chaste, and yet so beautiful in this, that it was exactly the sort of ornament he should like to see adorn his wife."

"It shall grace the lovely neck of his sister," said Clara, taking up the necklace, and clasping it round Rosalie's polished throat. "M. Argent, you will place it to my account."

"Your ladyship," replied the jeweller, with some hesitation, "is not, perhaps, aware of the value of that ornament, I fear. Clara quickly comprehended the nature of Argent's demur; he had already a large account against her of long-standing.

"Give me a pen and ink," said she; and writing an order on her banker for immediate payment, handed it to M. Argent, who, all bows and thanks, followed the ladies to the carriage, and placed in it this last best effort of his unrivalled genius. The friends parted to meet again in the evening, Rosalie full of gratitude and enthusiastic love for her friend, and Clara indulging the delightful thought of the rapture her generosity would excite in the breast of her lover.

In the evening, just as the countess was rising to adjourn to her toilet, she was informed that Maurice, the tradesman who had visited her in the morning, desired her to be informed that he had called according to order. A pang shot through the giddy Clara's heart: she had entirely forgotten the tale of misery which had distressed her in the morning, and her promise to be just, which promise her recent lavish expenditure had put utterly out of her power to fulfil; for she had drawn upon her banker for all the ready money she then had at command.

"Tell him I am sorry; yes, say I am sorry, that I cannot pay him now," said she to the servant in attendance, "he must wait a little longer;"—and, added she, "do not let me be disturbed any more at present on the subject, it is of no use."

But Clara need not have taken this precaution, for Maurice, on receiving her message, instantly quitted the house, merely desiring that the servant would return to her to say, that she alone must be answerable for whatever consequences might ensue from her unfeeling conduct. For some time the countess sat immersed in painful reflection, she even told Finette that she would not go out that evening; but the artful waiting-maid, who had her own reasons for wishing that her lady should not remain at home, displayed the elegant dress that was selected for the night, talked of the effect it would produce, and insinuated that she had never before looked so beautiful, for the pensive expression that madam's countenance just then wore gave it a grace that was inexpressibly touching. By degrees, Clara recovered her composure, Maurice was forgotten, and she was sitting in high spirits before a glass watching the arrangement of her hair, as each instant it grew more beautiful under Finette's skilful hands, when a packet from Rosalie was placed before her, directed to be opened immediately. Clara unfolded it, and discovered to her amazement the necklace which she had presented to her friend in the morning: a small billet accompanied it, containing these words:

"I am commanded by my brother to return you the enclosed jewels; he says they were purchased at far too high a price for him to permit me to wear them."

Rosalie de Lavondale.

The note fell from Clara's hands, and she remained stupefied with surprise. What could all this mean? She read and re-read the few words of Rosalie's billet, purchased at "too high a price." Lancelot knew she was rich;—did he object to his sister's accepting so expensive a gift from her?—that could not be, for on her once before bestowing a present of nearly equal value, he had pressed her to his heart, and called her his generous, his noble-minded Clara. But it was now too evident that he was displeased; the style of Rosalie's note, so different from the usual fond effusions of her pen, too plainly convinced her of the painful truth. She dismissed her maid, and throwing herself on her bed burst into a violent flow of tears; when, suddenly recollecting that she was to meet Rosalie and her brother at the Princess of C——'s that night, and that she might there receive an explanation, she started up, and, bathing her eyes, re-called Finette, and hastily dressing proceeded to the palace. She found a crowded assembly, but she sought in
vain for her friends — they were not there; with hesitation she inquired for them of her noble hostess, who politely informed her, that though not at present arrived she expected them in the course of the evening. Clara stationed herself near the door of the saloon, whence the guests assembled, and, with a beating heart, watched for the entrance of the only persons in the world who had then the power of interesting her. With listless eyes and pre-occupied manner she endured the compliments and assiduities that assailed her, and rejected every offer that was made to induce her to join the dance, of which she was accustomed to be the life and grace. But Clara was doomed to disappointment; no Lancelot, no Rosalie arrived—the guests began to depart, and she was compelled to acknowledge to herself that there was no longer any hope of seeing them. Despairing, she returned home, and passed a sleepless night, and had hardly patience to wait for morning, before she ordered her carriage and drove to her friend’s residence, where the startling information was given her, that the Marquis de Lavondalle and his sister had quitted Paris the evening before, and were gone no one knew where.

With feelings such as Clara had never before experienced she desired to be driven home; she shut herself up in her apartment, and gave way to reflection of the bitterest kind. Hour after hour passed in meditation upon Rosalie’s and Lancelot’s inexplicable conduct, till, worn out by fruitless conjectures, she determined upon sending to request the attendance of a mutual friend.

Madame de Rougemont, an elderly lady, was a relative of the Marquis de Lavondalle; she was a woman of a benevolent nature, united to uncommon strength of mind. She sympathized in Clara’s distress, and endeavoured to restore her to some degree of composure.

“I should not care,” at length said Clara, “if I could only know what has caused this apparently capricious conduct in Lancelot and Rosalie.”

“If,” replied Madame de Rougemont, “you will consent to follow me, I will lead you where I think you may obtain an explanation; but you must promise not to shrink back, and after a time refuse to accompany me farther.” Clara promised obedience, and entering her friend’s carriage, Madame de Rougemont gave orders to be driven to a street that led to one of the worst quarters of Paris; where, desiring the coachman to stop, she alighted from the carriage, and bid Clara follow her, and, attended by a single domestic, led the way through some of the narrowest and darkest lanes of the city.

“Good heavens! is it possible that life can be maintained in such situations?” exclaimed Clara, as she observed the different inhabitants issuing from their dirty, dismal abodes. She was several times on the point of declaring that she could proceed no farther, when, desire to have the mystery of Lancelot’s conduct unravelled, and the remembrance of her promise, kept her silent, and she accompanied her friend till she stopt before one of the worst of the vile residences that surrounded her.

“Now, Clara,” said Madame de Rougemont, turning round and addressing her, “summon all your fortitude, for we must ascend to the top of this house.” Clara made no reply, but, exerting a violent effort over herself, followed her friend up a dark staircase, where at every turn scenes of filth and poverty assailed her senses, of which before she had not the slightest conception.

“Come in,” said a faint voice, as Madame de Rougemont knocked at the door of a room on the last story. The friends entered,—the chamber was utterly destitute of every article of furniture; on a scanty quantity of straw in one corner lay a young women, with a newborn infant, without any clothing on it, by her side, while three or four more very small children were huddled together at their mother’s feet.

“Shocking! horrid!” exclaimed Clara, throwing down her purse before the young woman; “take that and buy food and clothing for yourself and children.”

“There are distresses,” said Madame de Rougemont, gravely, “for which money can afford no relief:—but let us return, I will explain more when we reach home.” In silence the ladies retraced their steps, and entering the carriage drove to the countess’s mansion.

“The father of that family,” said Madame de Rougemont, as she closed the door of Clara’s boudoir, after they entered, “the father of that family
threw himself into the Seine last evening. The Marquis de Lavondalle happened to be passing at the time that they were dragging forth his lifeless body, and upon inquiry found that, being disappointed of receiving a sum of money from a lady in the gay world, he was unable to bear the sight of a starving wife and children, and in a fit of despair resolved on committing the rash act which terminated his life.—You, Clara, are the lady of fashion, and Maurice is the suicide."

The countess uttered a loud shriek, and fell insensible upon the floor. Madame de Rougemont regretted that she had not used more caution in relating these circumstances; but consciousness after a time returned, too soon, indeed, for the unhappy Clara who wished that she had for ever remained insensible, and had never waked to the anguish of mind which from that moment took possession of her. After the first shock had somewhat subsided, she expressed to Madame de Rougemont a decided wish to take the veil, but her friend pointed out to her that, by secluding herself from the world, she lost the best chance of atoning for her errors. She advised her to employ her great wealth in alleviating the distresses of her fellow-creatures, and seeking herself for worthy objects, to whom not only her bounty, but her kindness and commiseration, might be of service.

Clara became an altered character; she entirely forsook the haunts of her former dissipation; she retrenched all useless expenditure; she punctually discharged all her debts; and the only ray of happiness which then ever lit up her sorrowful countenance was when she reflected upon the benefits which she was constantly conferring upon her fellow-creatures. For many months the name of Lancelot and Rosalie never passed her lips; for when her friend mentioned them, she preserved an invariable silence; till one day, when Madame Rougemont had been dwelling with eloquence on the excellence of Lancelot's character, she suddenly exclaimed, "I shall never see him again; but when I am dead tell him that I never ceased to love and esteem him, notwithstanding his cruel desertion of me in my affliction—but," added she, "I deserved it."

"You were not to have been married to him for a year," replied Madame de Rougemont, "and that time has hardly yet elapsed; De Lavondalle is a man of honour and."

"He will never, never, return to me," exclaimed Clara, passionately; "and if he did, what woman of any delicacy of mind would accept the hand of a man who for many months had not shown that he even remembered she existed. But why do I talk thus, as if it were possible I could ever again know happiness! have I not caused the death of a fellow-creature? and is there anything left for me in this world but despair?"

She ceased to speak, and, overcome with reflections of the most painful kind, was fast sinking into one of those fits of dejection from which Madame de Rougemont had great difficulty in ever rousing her.

"Think, my dear friend, my amiable Clara," said she, "of the good you are constantly doing; think of the hearts that you cause to leap with joy, and of the hands that are raised to bless you; and here," continued she, producing a note, "I have an invitation for you to go this afternoon and visit Maurice's widow, in the last new habituation, the little villa out of town, which you have given her. Come, my sweet friend, rouse yourself, you will not, I am sure, disappoint your protégée."

Clara suffered herself to be conducted to the carriage; and, after riding for a short time, the fineness of the day and the sweet air of the country restored her to nearly her usual degree of composure.

"Wait here a few moments," said Madame de Rougemont, seating Clara in the porch of a pretty cottage ornée, where they had stopped; "I will just enter first, and see if everything is ready for your reception."

In a few minutes she returned, and led Clara into a neat little parlour, where her smiling protégée, attended by her laughing children, advanced to meet her.

"Welcome, dearest madam, a thousand times welcome; but," said she, beckoning forward a respectable looking man, who stood rather in the background, "I see you do not recollect him; you saw him but once, and you do not remember Maurice."

"Maurice!" exclaimed Clara, "impossible—he was drowned—he is dead."

"No, he lives!" cried Lancelot, rush-
ing forth from an inner room, and clasp-
ing Clara in his arms, "animation was
only temporarily suspended, and proper
means were used for his restoration to
life;—but Clara, dearest Clara! can you
forgive the friends who have thus made
trial of your virtue, who have subjected
you to so severe a proof?"

"O, she never can forgive us; the
trial has been too severe," cried Rossalie,
starting forward from behind her bro-
thor, and hiding her weeping face on
the bosom of her friend.

"No, my beloved friend," said Clara,
at length sufficiently recovering from her
emotion to speak, "the punishment has
not been too great; for so well has afflic-
tion made me acquainted with my own
heart, that I fear nothing short of the
dreadful experience I have had would
have cured the inveterate levity of my
character. You know, my dear Lance-
lot, that I disregarded all your gentle
counsel and affectionate admonitions,
and if love, such as I felt for you, had
no influence, some stimulus of extraor-
dinary power was requisite to awaken
me to a just sense of the weakness, the
wickedness of my conduct."

"And," said Madame de Rougemont,
"in the tender affection which you, my
children, feel for each other, you will
find ample reward for the sufferings
which I own myself to have been the
planner of, but which I felt assured, and
at last, I believe, convinced you, Lance-
lot, would, if persevered in, be attended
with the happiest results."

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Fortune.

As Nile’s sweet water, fragrant from its source,
To Ocean bending an unwearied course
In dimpling eddies, kissing as it glides
‘Gainst fields which border and embrace its sides,
By mighty Nature’s law forbid to stay,
But rolls, and rolls again its constant way,
With slime o’erflowing, blessing wide the land,
Wealth sending far to every human hand:
Or with destruction’s wild impetuous roar,
Spreading the plague o’er the devoted shore,
Led by ’vastation, spoil, and famine,—
E’en so is Fortune: if thou mark’st at her right,
She stays not with us, but pursues her flight,
As winds unstable; swift she’s here and there—
Now Virtue has her, now with Vice a share.
She’s brief as dewy drop in baby’s eye,
Where mother doubts if ’tis a smile or cry;
Or friendship’s balm, with which this world doth bless
Him that is crush’d by poverty and distress;
Or wav’ring winds; now zephyr, now a gale;
Scarce flies a feather, yet now sinks a sail;
Or like the favour of the great in power,
Or ice in March, or wary April’s shower,
Or busy bee, roving from flower to flower,
Or vital spark, so fresh, gone in an hour—

So Fortune,
The symbol of a happy life,
Of war, of broken peace and strife,
Of pleasure’s fettering, foppish mind;
Or thought, that crosses him born blind.

Then think not, man, to hold her at command;
She’ll laugh at caution, and elude thy hand.
This moment, kind, she kisses thee and smiles,
Thy schemes will favour, and reward thy toils;
A Russian Court Incident.

The next, in arrant coquetry will fly,
And bless a stranger, though she knows not why.
Nay, as thou turn'st to thank her, she is flown,
Giving another what thou deem'st thine own,
Ne'er to return—but, letting time pass on,
For Thee in misery to pine,
At Recollection's bitter shrine,
Tasting keen hunger's cruel smart,
And die at last of broken heart.

A RUSSIAN COURT INCIDENT.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

At the time when Lord D—— held the important function of ambassador from Great Britain at the imperial court of Catherine the Second, Mr. Sunderland, a native of England, was the acting banker of that court, and added to the influence of immense wealth the personal friendship and intimacy of the empress; which distinction, of course, procured him honour and flattery, even from the proudest and the most English-hating nobleman of that progressively rising empire.

One morning Mr. Sunderland was busily engaged in his closet—the day previously having had the honour of dining with the empress at the imperial and lonely-situated palace of P——y, three wersts from the capital—when he was suddenly startled by the appearance of his faithful favourite old English servant, who, pale and trembling, rushing into the room, in broken and most agitated sounds at last articulated that the house was surrounded by soldiers, and that the chef de police (Mr. Reliew) demanded to speak with him. He had scarcely time to finish this, to Sunderland, strange intelligence, before that officer entered, and, with a countenance more bespeaking sorrow than any other trait of human passion, half apologizing, and truly sad and afflicted in countenance and appearance, he approached the banker, and thus addressed him:—Mr. Sunderland, it is with the greatest sorrow imaginable that I this moment am here, having been charged by her majesty to execute on you an imperative order, the severity and cruelty of which both afflict and frighten me; moreover, as I am ignorant through what offence you could have convicted yourself to such a degree, as to excite her wrath to a point deserving so unprecedented a punishment.

"I excite the wrath of the empress!" exclaimed the astonished banker, "it cannot be; I have never trespassed upon her kindness; never either offended her in word, thought, or deed; never misused her confidence, or allowed myself the least expression as to the land over which she sways her imperial sceptre. It must be a mistake, and I am ignorant of its cause, even more so than yourself;—but where are your orders?"

"My orders are verbal, and delivered by the empress herself," answered the officer.

"What do they amount to?—what is her majesty's command?—what are you to do with me?" exclaimed again the agitated Sunderland. "Be brief, sir, let me know it."

"In truth, my friend," replied the officer, sighing, and at every word turning paler and paler, "I have as little courage to tell as to execute my orders."

"It is not that I have lost the confidence of the empress," said the now doubly agitated Sunderland.

"Heaven send it were nothing but that, you would not then see me so distracted;—her confidence might be regained."

"Am I then banished?" demanded the banker.

"No, not even that should afflict me to such a degree," replied the officer, "for your wealth would make you welcome in any country, and respected wherever gold and virtue sway with power and influence."

"Is it then to exile me to Siberia?"

"Even from there you might return."

"Is it the dreadful knout, or the gloomy dungeon, or the pillory?—speak, say in the name of heaven, for the love of mercy—tell me which of these."

"Oh! no, no; these, though horrid,
bear the balm of hope—but your doom
is dreadful!”

"Is it then my life she aims at?" muttered the trembling banker. Say—
as you hope for happiness—by our friendship (previous to receiving your
orders). Speak! relieve me from these pangs of uncertainty; for death itself is
better than these insupportable tortures."

"Know then," said at last the officer,
with the cold sweat from his forehead,
and mustering all his resolution, "her
majesty has commanded me to see you
skinned and stuffed."

"Stuff'd! stuff'd like a wild beast?" cried Sunderland, sternly; but more
calmly regarding the communicator of
this dreadful punishment. "Are you
mad? Have you lost your reason? It is not,
it cannot be an order from the empress
—it is impossible for the mind of human
nature to construe so extravagant a barbarity,
or the world, even Russia, to
express those fiends to execute them."

"Such are my orders," replied the
officer. "I showed the empress my
surprise, my uneasiness, my sensation. I
hazarded it even, nay, I was bold
enough to remonstrate; but she sternly
reproached my hesitation, and com-
manded me to leave her and instantly
to execute the order she had given me.
'Go,' said she, 'and remember that it
is your duty, without a murmur, to
discharge any commission that I should
have to honour you with.'"

It is impossible to paint the astonish-
ment, frenzy, and despair, that bames-
ted the poor banker; a quarter of an
hour was allowed him to put his affairs
in order, and, after much persuasion, the
chef de police permitted him to send a
letter to Count de B——, then prime
minister. The Count, having received
and read it, immediately sought an inter-
view with the empress, communicating
the contents of the banker’s letter.
"Just heaven!" cried she, "Reliew
must have lost his reason. I never ordered him—I never spoke with him
of Sunderland. Go,—fly, my dear
Count,—command the madman to de-
sist; secure him from committing further
outrage; and, before all, relieve my poor
banker from his horrid situation."

The Count departs and arrives just in
time to prevent the perpetration of the
awful tragedy; he liberates the banker,
and returns with Reliew secured. Ad-
mitted to the empress, he is surprised to
find her convulsed with laughter. "I
have discovered," said she, after a pause
of some moments, and in broken sen-
tences, constantly interrupting herself
by renewed laughter, "the cause of this
nearly fatal, but exceedingly ludicrous
affair. My favourite dog—a beautiful
English spaniel—died yesterday. I was
extremely fond of him, and as he was
the gift of Sunderland, I, in honour of
the giver, called him by that name.
When Reliew awaited upon me this
morning, I ordered him to see the dog
stuffed, calling him at the time by his,
all over the capital, well-known name;
but as he hesitated, I commanded him
to do it, thinking it was his vanity that
dicted him to consider the execution
of my commission beneath his dignity."

A FOREIGNER.

SONNET TO THE ROMAN RUTUPIUM.

Thy glory has departed—ancient pile!
The pomp and splendour of thy regal sway,
Like dreams that 'witch the slumberer's heart awhile,
From thy defenceless walls have passed away!
And yet thou art a record of the kings
Whose sceptred hands upheld thy towery pride,
When Roman eagles plumed their sunbright wings,
And sought an empire o'er the western tide.
Ruin sublime! although thy roofless halls
Are level with the dust,—thou art the shrine
Where star-eyed Contemplation still recals
Her scatter'd thoughts, and communings divine.
Oh! may the mournful ivy o'er thee spread,
Till heaven's last thunders rouse the quick and dead.

G. R. C.
THE FERRYMAN OF THE MOSELLE.


"Oh Woman! matchless gift of God!
The flower, when bursting from its bud,
From sin—from guilt, is not more free
Than that bright soul which dwells in thee!

Perfection do we wish to trace?
'Tis found in thy bewitching face!
Seek we the place of Virtue's rest?
'Tis found in thine unsullied breast!
Seek we a gem of price to find?
'Tis treasure'd in thy sacred mind!
And all our happiness, unless
'Tis shared with thee, is vauntedless."

Extract from an Unpublished Poem.

To woo nature in her most beautiful moments the visitor must adopt the plan he would pursue when making love to a fair lady, and visit her when she, as well as himself, can indulge in the contemplation of loneliness. My assertion may appear eccentric, but it was precisely the plea given many years ago by a valued and valuable friend for a lonely excursion he made along the banks of the Rhine and the Moselle, malgré the troubles then reigning throughout Europe whilst under the imperious sway of Napoleon. Such was the answer given in reply to the substantial logic employed to keep him at home, but I have reason to suspect that it was the hope of healing the wounds of a broken spirit by withdrawing probing thought from torturing it, which really caused him to become a wanderer; however, as my present narrative does not embrace him for its hero, I will forbear further allusions to the misfortunes of his early life, and commence with the first interesting incident which he met with while abroad.

He had, as I said before, traversed the margins of those glorious streams to which so many countries owe their chief attractions, and, after for some time lingering near their confluence, a little beyond Coblenz, gazing with steady eye upon the whirlpool of Bingerloch, and comparing with his own ruined hopes the castles of Ehrenbreitstein and Philipsthal, he crossed from mountain to plain and from plain to valley until he reached a quiet picturesque village, which, in addition to being sheltered by the hills, and refreshed by the limpid Moselle, was situated in a part of Lorraine from whence a retreat, if necessary, could be made with equal facility to France, Germany, or the Low Countries in the North. Here, with a softened sadness, he resolved to abide, and while the nations around him were convulsed with war, he calmly devoted all his thoughts and actions to the most peaceful occupations. Milderton, for so was he named, soon grew so enwrapped of his solitude that he would not have resigned it for an empire. His book diverted him from that weariness so often attendant upon the solitary, and his fishing-rod (which, by a strange anomaly, is so frequently to be found in the hands of the meek and gentle) preserved him from actual idleness. He resided in a small maison de plaisance, over which the vine-leaf clustered in profuse luxuriance; and, although the strict retirement which he observed might, in those troublesome times, have made him an object of suspicion, yet there was such an entire absence of mystery about him, and his manners were so engaging and unconstrained, that he not only remained un molested, but won the confidence and affection of rich and poor, to whom, however, he was hardly known, save through his frequent bounties to the latter.

Precisely underneath the jutting crag on which Milderton had taken his abode, and in a recess at the foot of the mountain, could be observed a beautiful chaumière or cottage, which an inscription over the door betokened to be the ferry-house of the village; its sole occupant was the passeur, a young man named Antoine de Lachasse. Of his history little was known; he had entered the village when quite a boy, in company with an old man, who was supposed to be a refugee from the tyranny of Robespierre, and who, in a few short years, breathed his last on the bosom of his son. Although thus left destitute,
the lad, from his praiseworthy conduct during the lifetime of his parent, for whose subsistence he had latterly laboured, became an object of interest amongst the villagers, and in a short time the proprietor of the bateau de traverser engaged him as an assistant. Ever since this period Antoine had pursued his humble occupation, until the death of the ferryman, who was childless, put him in sole possession of the boat and cottage. In spite of the lowliness of his calling, Milderton discovered in this young man an air and acquirements which betrayed an origin more lofty than was denoted by his situation in life, but the Englishman was too averse to being an object of curiosity himself, ever to introduce inquiries upon the subject. Antoine, however, openly confessed that his parents had moved in a respectable sphere, and frequently, whilst rowing Milderton down the tranquil Moselle, spoke at large of the dreadful scenes of the Revolution which had thus consigned him to obscurity. In this way, a warmth of feeling became engendered between the two exiles: and although Milderton was a scion of his country’s aristocracy, he bestowed that friendship upon the boatman which he coldly withheld from those with prouder pretensions to it. Every morning he prepared his fishing-tackle at the hut of De Lachasse, and at nightfall the latter conveyed him to some favourite spot where he might watch the stars and meditate on the agreeable conversation they had had together during the passage.

One evening, when the sky was unusually overcast, Milderton, who was pensively strolling near the post-house on the opposite margin of the river to that on which he dwelt, suddenly heard the clattering of horses’ feet, and shortly afterwards his ear was attracted by voices in contention. On approaching, he distinguished through the darkness the forms of two men muffled in large cloaks, and who were engaged in earnest conversation with the post-master.

"Indeed, indeed, Monsieur," said one of the strangers, whose voice and slender form betrayed him to be a mere youth, "we are honest persons. We have been attacked by robbers, and— and——"

"And not lost the passports with which you had provided yourselves, that is evident, from what you told me just now," interrupted the post-master; "however, as the one you have now presented is both illegible and incomplete, I cannot suffer you to proceed until the Prefect has seen you."

"For God’s sake, do not detain us," said the elder stranger in great agitation—"I have already told you the urgent necessity for my immediate presence at Vienna.—You shall have gold to any amount—only for permission to pursue our journey."

"But your tale may be untrue; besides this document does not in any way relate to you," replied the official, again examining the passport.

"No; it—it is a mistake of mine—it belonged to a friend who accidentally left it in my apartment."

"Your real names, then, are—

"André and Ambrose de Verigny—see, here is a letter addressed to us."

"In a language unknown to me," said the post-master, glancing at the proffered cartel. "Come, this is waste of time. Either find your true passports or submit to be placed under immediate arrest."

These words seemed to make a painful impression upon the tallest stranger, who was so overcome as not to be able to speak; but at this crisis, the melting voice of his young companion was again raised in dulcet accents. "I assure you sir," he said, "that we had them safe an hour ago. My father must have dropped his pocket-book on the road. Suffer us at least to retract our steps, and I doubt not of its being found."

To this request the post-master turned a deaf ear, and a desultory conversation ensued, made up of entreaties on one side and expostulations on the other, which appeared about to end in the arrest of the travellers, when a fourth person approached.

"Good evening, sir," said he, addressing the postmaster, "I was just seeking for you."

"Indeed, friend Antoine,—and what may be your pleasure?"

"I wished to inquire," said the ferryman—for it was he—"whether there have been any arrivals from Paris recently?"

"Why do you ask?" said the post-master, while the strangers shrank back, as if threatened by some new danger.
‘Because, whilst hastening just now to remind my English customer that it was time I ferried him home, I observed some newly-trodden impressions of a horse’s hoof on the high road, near which I perceived this pocket-book almost buried in the mud,—I wish you would take care of it till an owner can be found.’

‘What does it contain?’ said the post-master, opening the pocket-book which Antoine now put into his hand.

‘Mon Dieu! the very passport which Monsieur has lost!’ he continued in surprise, as he drew out some papers and read the names of the travellers, with a very accurate description of their persons.

This discovery produced an instant alteration in his manners, and with uncovered head and a low bow, he apologized for having hesitated, for one instant, in taking Monsieur’s word, and added a thousand excuses for doing what was after all but his duty. Meanwhile, the elder stranger stood as if thunderstruck; instead of displaying any satisfaction at the event, he appeared perfectly bewildered by it, and gazing on the pocket-book, muttered to himself, ‘By what witchcraft has this astounding miracle been brought about?’

At this instant Milderton stept carelessly forward, and, as if nothing of any importance was on the tapis, exclaimed, ‘Come, Antoine: the night wears chilly, and late, and I would fain seek the comforts of my bed.’

Antoine, with even more alacrity than he was wont to display, hauled his boat to shore, and scarcely allowing the postmaster time to make a parting bow, without even inquiring the destination of the travellers, hurried them into the bark, and, after assisting Milderton to follow, pushed off as if life and death depended upon his movements.

‘Now—now!’ cried De Lachasse, as soon as the grating of the keel ceased and announced the vessel to be safely floating in deep water—‘Now, I say, if it is your interest to remain unobserved, lie along the bottom of the boat under that tarpaulin,—those on land will then only be able to perceive this gentleman and myself.’

At this remarkable address, the strangers gazed upon each other as if to gather in silence their respective sentiments regarding it. Whatever these sentiments might be, however, they did not betray themselves to their fellow-voyagers by gesture or by word; yet they obeyed the boatman’s advice, but in such a manner that a looker on would have imagined that they had not heard him and were only intent upon reposing their wearied limbs. During this singular scene, Milderton stood erect in the boat with his arms folded, and in profound silence. It seemed as if he was totally incurious respecting what passed around, for even his eyes did not glance inquiry. He had been a listener to the conversation on shore merely as a bystander, that being the spot where he had appointed to meet Antoine; and mysterious as the discourse had been, the same apparent apathy was still evinced by him during their passage of the river. The youth so frequently alluded to raised his head, and for some moments watched the Englishman’s countenance with evident anxiety; but the scrutiny seemed to reassure him, for after breathing a kiss upon his father’s forehead he again reposed his temples on his hard pillow, although his eye, whose brightness could even at that dark hour be distinguished, still kept sentinel in case of danger. Antoine viewed these proceedings with satisfaction, and a smile played over his sunburnt handsome features, while in a low tone he hummed a favourite air, in accompaniment to the plashing of his oars. Gently as this was done, it seemed to profane the universal stillness of nature, and before he had executed a single stanza, the song of Antoine ceased, so that at length it might have been supposed that the boatman was conveying the spirits of the dead across the water.

‘Viva!—at all events, the broad Moselle flows between us and those on the other side,’ exclaimed De Lachasse, with animation, as his shallop flew, like a bird seeking its nest, into a small creek which almost reached the ferry-house. ‘Now, sirs, be stirring!—Stay! I will hold my lanthorn;—that’s right—keep in the centre of the seats:—now, take my arm—bravely done, good youth; a girl could not have skipped more lightly from the prow!’

With these expressions, Antoine assisted his silent passengers ashore, and having received his batelage, he directed the strangers to the nearest auberge at which they could procure post-horses, and
The Ferryman of the Moselle.

abruptly entered his cottage, the door of which he was heard to bolt. Milderton waved a mute but courteous adieu to his fellow-voyagers, and then ascended swiftly to his habitation.

At sunrise on the following morning, Milderton, agreeable to custom, rose to watch from his window the slow dawning of the day upon the Eastern hemisphere. His attention, however, became otherwise attracted as he perceived Monsieur Jacques Pettifer (the functionary who had figured so prominently in the events of the preceding evening) in earnest altercation with Antoine de Lachasse; and in strange contradiction to the indifference which our Englishman usually manifested, he now hurried on his morning robe, and hastened towards the disputants.

"Thank heaven, here is Monsieur himself," cried the ferryman, as Milderton advanced. "Now then you will learn the truth; for, although a foreigner, his lips were never yet suffused by the breath of falsehood."

"That we all know," said the postmaster, "but I must be allowed to question him myself." With these words, he raised his chapeau, and after making that reverent obeisance which nobler minds and shining virtues extort even from triflers, he thus continued: "You were present, Monsieur, last night when two strangers presented me with a wrong passport?"

"I was," Milderton laconically replied.

"Have you any knowledge of their persons?"

"None whatever."

"Dispatches have arrived this morning detailing the escape of the Duke de ——, (who has been concerned in a recent conspiracy against the emperor,) in company with his only daughter, and it is suspected that they have taken their road through Lorraine. Should you imagine the parties of last evening to be the fugitives?"

"You saw, as well as I did, that neither of them wore the attire of a female."

"True, but one might have been disguised, and I am sorry to say that, from certain peculiar little incidents, I am led to suspect our honest friend Antoine of having protected them from discovery."

"I can answer for it," said Milderton, "that in my presence and hearing he directed them to the 'Lion d'Or,' and then betook himself to his own fireside."

"There!" cried Antoine, clapping his hands triumphantly, "I told you so. And now, I don't care how soon you search my residence."

Pettifer again bowed to Milderton, and said, "Monsieur's assevation renders that step superfluous; yet, as we have strict injunctions to make the most diligent search, I will just go over Antoine's apartments for form's sake." Having thus spoken, he led the way into the hut, but after poking his nose into every hole, corner, and cupboard, he was constrained to confess that his suspicions were groundless. Milderton now rather anxiously asked whether inquiries had been made at the auberge; upon which the post-master exclaimed, with a vehement shrug at his own stupidity, that the thought had never entered his head, and started off full speed to make the investigation. In this instance he was more fortunate, as he found that horses had actually been hired at the auberge, and was told which way the fugitives went, but on pursuing his inquiries along the road, he again lost all traces of them. The only thing, consequently, that could be done was to dispatch scouts to scour the country in every direction.

We will now follow the pursued, who, after keeping the high road for about three miles, struck into a passage leading through the mountains. Here prudence made their terrors yield to its dictates, and caused them to slacken speed lest a false step should precipitate them into an abyss below. In this manner they had already gained the passes which would carry them to the frontiers, when a man suddenly sprang from behind a projecting rock, and in startling tones demanded their passports. The travelers were preparing to comply when the interrogator suddenly assailed both horses with a ponderous whip, at which they simultaneously reared, and then plunged over the dismal precipice. The perpetrator of this deed was the Ferryman of the Moselle.

Shortly afterwards, some peasants in exploring the ravine discovered a huge shapeless mass of flesh, with the tattered remains of wearing apparel, which, from various letters and other documents, were too plainly recognised as having belonged to the ill-fated Duke of —— and his
daughter. Further pursuit was therefore put an end to, but a strict watch was still maintained to guard against the escape of future refugees.

The memory of these occurrences had not subsided before Antoine was discovered one morning busily engaged, together with several workmen, in pulling down an entire side of his cottage, and making preparations for its enlargement. Milderton was taking his morning's walk during these operations, and being attracted by the bustle, looked on for some time in silence, and then inquired the cause. Antoine, to whom the question was addressed, made no reply, but cast his eyes downwards in palpable confusion. Milderton smiled, and said, "Hey, Antoine!—art thou deaf this morning?"

"I beg pardon," returned the boatman, whilst a glow of scarlet overspread his naturally ingenious features, and his utterance became impeded by an unusual stammer. "I—I was lost in thought. Yes, these alterations are to fit my abode for the reception of an uncle and his daughter—two newly found relations from Alsace. They are coming to reside with me. Their names are Julian and Rosa Leclerc. They are honest folks—but I must look after my labourers—bon jour, Monsieur."

For some minutes after Antoine had spoken, the thoughtful countenance of Milderton betokened a deep interest in some passing reflection of the mind, and somewhat of gloom superseded its usual serenity. Anon the vapour disappeared, and a latent smile, like rays of sunshine, broke over his eyes and lips, expressive not only of satisfaction but of pleasure. This lasted during the remainder of his walk, and it was observed by many that he had never before been seen to step so gaily along his course as on that occasion.

News, especially in a French village, flies with gossamer wings, and the day of which we are now speaking was not many hours old, ere the expected arrival was bruited far and wide. Antoine promoted this publicity as much as possible, and by evening not a man, woman, or child in the place was ignorant of the addition, his family—the cat and himself—was about to receive. He also related a long history of the manner in which he had discovered his relations, and hinted at the advantages he expected to derive from them. In a month, all his preparations were complete, and after engaging a pretty young villager, named Nina le Val, to wait upon his fair cousin, he took his departure to meet her on the road. It was nearly midnight before the ferryman returned, so that few, save the deputies at the passport-office, had an opportunity of seeing the new-comers; those, however, who had that opportunity declared by the virgin, that a prettier merrier looking girl than Rosa Leclerc had never entered the village, for her eyes were as blue as the Moselle, and her cheeks as dimpled as its waters.

Antoine conducted his relations to the ferry-house, and it was soon discovered that he had no intention of letting them form acquaintance among the villagers, as he never carried them on visits or gave any invitations. Nay, he even hired an assistant to work the bont, that he might have more leisure to attend them in their walks. His respectful manners, too, might have induced the good folks of the village to suspect that Rosa was some superior being, had not Mademoiselle issued circulars to the surrounding belles, notifying her intention of working embroidery for their holiday suits on the lowest possible terms; yet she made such slight efforts to gain custom, and took such an unconscionable time to execute the few orders with which she was favoured, that the whole proceeding looked suspiciously like a blind. On the other hand, the fille, Nina, although not much given to chattering, informed her wondering gossips that the ferryman's table daily groaned under the best of cheer—but then he explained this affair by boasting of the frequent presents of provender which the friends of his uncle and cousin were in the habit of sending from Alsace; yet, as he always thought proper to visit the market town in propriâ personâ, to bring these presents from the carrier's office, it was impossible to ascertain the extent which truth swayed over his assertion. Upon the whole, all these circumstances furnished ample food for speculation and conjecture; but the excitement died away, when it was discovered that Jean Martine, the deputy commissary of police, was a favoured swain of Nina's, and was not only freely permitted to pay diurnal devotions to her in the kitchen, but did so without making any discovery worthy
of attracting the attention of the most
Argus-eyed functionary of the law: nor
did people, for a moment, imagine, that it
would ever enter the head of any one to
hire Nina for the express purpose of
disarming the police through her
lover; such a stroke of policy was en-
tirely beyond conception!

The little popular agitation just de-
tailed were of course unshared by Mil-
derton, who, in fact, studiously avoided the
ferryman’s house for several days after the
accession of its new occupants, to give
them leisure to settle themselves in com-
fort. But no sooner had sufficient time
for this elapsed, than he sent his servant,
a discreet old woman, to bid Antoine pre-
pare his fishing-tackle as usual: where-
upon De Lachasse immediately waited
upon him at the villa, and begged, in
future, to be excused from making the
custody preparations at the ferry-
house, on account of the deficiency of
spare room which then existed.

“Antoine,” said Milderton, taking
Lachasse encouragingly by the hand, “I
scorn to be in the possession of a secret
without imparting my knowledge of it
to those whom it concerns, and who
consider themselves secure in my igno-
rance. Your excuses are dictated by the
fear that I might possibly develop the
real characters of your guests; but learn
that I already know them to be the un-
fortunate Duke de — and his daugh-
ter—the strangers whose pocket-book
you pretended some time ago to find,
and whom, on the same evening, you fer-
rried over the Moselle.”

An honourable man will always con-
fuse in one whose sentiments are akin to
his own; Antoine, therefore, neither
started nor changed colour at this dis-
closure, but, raising his eyes till they
met the open glances of Milderton, he
said, “Then I am sure that you will
never betray me.”

“You do me but justice,” said Mil-
derton.

“Nor will you blame me, when I tell
you that I remember having heard my
father frequently speak highly of the
duke, whose politics are those held by
my own family.”

“Your actions always deserve the
highest praise, my friend,” said Milder-
ton. “But tell me how it is that you
have been enabled to manage matters
with such admirable dexterity?”

“To do so will be to reveal all my
secrets,” said Antoine; “but I feel my-
self secure. Know, then, that my at-
tachment to the royal cause some years
since acted upon me with such magnetic
influence that I secretly devoted myself
to learning the art of engraving in order
to become supplied with a number of
fictitious passports, ready to be filled up
at a moment’s notice, as occasion might
require. These have, in numerous in-
stances, opportunely assisted a wretched
fugitive to gain a land of safety, when
he would have otherwise fallen beneath
the arm of power; and surely the act
which prevented innocent blood from
being shed ought not to be stigmatized
as sinful, though it was a forgery.”

“Tyranny itself could not do so.
In what peril have you lived, while
all seemed so calm and secure. I see
that appearances never can be trusted.
But proceed, I long to learn the cir-
stances which you turned so adroitly in
favour of your noble guests.”

“You may remember, sir, that on
the evening on which you expressed
an inclination to wander for a longer
period than usual, I indulged myself
with a row for some distance up the
river. The twilight was coming on,
and my mood was pleasingly sad.
My bark stole gently along the shaded
shore, and my heart opened to the beau-
ties of nature—for I need not tell you
that circumstances have not had power
to destroy the finer emotions of my soul.
While thus enjoying myself, I heard the
sweetest of all voices speaking in accents
of complaint, and I drew towards land
to listen, but from no unworthy motive.
It was she—(you know whom I mean)—
she was alternately consoling her
father, and deploring the loss of some
fictitious passports, which reduced them
to the necessity of using others but ill-
suited to their purpose. I soon dis-
covered that these were some new victims
to the present unhappy state of my
country; but judge my sensations when,
on looking beyond the clump of willows,
which screened me from observation, I
discerned the features of one who had
been pointed out to me in early days as
a pattern for mankind. My resolution
was instantly formed. They had halted
for the purpose of consultation, and their
discourse had put me in possession of
their past and intended proceedings; so
I pulled out a blank passport from a secret part of my pocket-book, and with ease wrote down a description of their persons, and filled in the necessary particulars—all, except the names they went by, which I had not heard them mention. To ascertain this, and make an offer of assistance, I quitted my boat, but my step alarmed them, and instantly putting spurs to their steeds, they resumed their journey at a pace which it was in vain for me to compete with. I was not, however, disheartened, for I immediately took to my oars and arrived at the post-house in time not only to overhear the names which the duke at random mentioned to Pettifer, but also Mademoiselle's clever attempt to make it appear that the pocket-book had only just been lost. This was sufficient for me. By the aid of my dark lantern I finished what had been left incomplete, and after sufficiently soiling my pocket-book in the mud, I enclosed it in the false passports, and accosted Pettifer with the inquiry which led to its production.

"Upon my honour," interrupted Milderton, "I know not which most to admire, your tact or your presence of mind."

"Nay," rejoined the ferryman, "I possessed but little of the latter faculty; for such was my agitation that I gave up the pocket-book with all its forged contents, besides other papers, which would have consigned me to the scaffold had a single line been read. It was this feeling that made me afterwards act so unguardedly in your presence; but I made amends for my error by a subsequent manœuvre in sending the disguised lady and her father forward together, hoping thereby to remove any suspicions which might alight upon me; to secure your valuable evidence in case of danger, and to give a false clue to the pursuit which I knew would be made."

"What! you intended, then, to bring them to your cottage that very evening?"

"I did, sir. It would be folly now to conceal the fact that for several years past I have been laboriously employed in excavating a portion of the rock which forms the back of my house, by way of retreat in times of peril. From this excavation a subterranean passage leads to a mountain pass, to which the outward approach is nearly three miles in length, and I there ascended a spot where I could observe the road intended to be taken by the travellers. I had scarcely taken my position before they approached where I stood. No time was to be lost; I caused them to dismount by demanding their passports, and then drove their beasts over the abyss. A few sentences put their fears at rest. They accompanied me to the cave; I furnished them with disguises, and threw their apparel into the ravine. Though this trick has answered the purpose, the authorities have ever since been so vigilant that the duke prefers remaining with me for a few months, in the capacity of a relation, to risking the safety of his daughter and his gold, by an immediate attempt at further flight. And now, sir, my story is told; may I, in return, inquire how you became possessed of my secret?"

"It is explained in three sentences. First, my eye, which rarely deceives me, detected Rosa's sex when we crossed the water together; secondly, I doubted, through previous suspicions, the tale you so bunglingly related about your newly-found relations; and thirdly, on their arrival I recognised them, by a single glance, as my former fellow-passengers."

"Why is not Fouche acquainted with your powers of discernment?" cried Antoine, laughing, "you would form an invaluable police agent."

"Halloa, Monsieur Martine! why do you strike the poor fellow?" suddenly exclaimed Milderton, at this moment, on perceiving the deputy inflict several heavy blows on a ragged delinquent whom he had just taken into custody.

Jean approached with his prisoner, and replied that he was hurried into this severity by the provoking fact that he had detected the culprit in the act of wringing the neck of Nina le Val's favourite pigeon; "And you know, Monsieur," added the police officer, "galantery demanded that I should display some indignation on an occasion in which my mistress was concerned."

"What could have tempted you to this cruelty?" said Milderton, addressing the prisoner.

"Hunger! hunger! hunger!" shrieked the poor trembling wretch, flinging himself wildly upon his knees; "If you'll believe me, Monseigneur, I have
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not tasted a morsel for three days. I have begged with tears in my eyes for work; I have implored, with a breaking heart, for charity; but all in vain. What was I to do? I never passed a cottage without seeing its inhabitants at their meals, whilst I was famishing for want of a single mouthful. Oh, sir, you don't know how terrible a thing it is to starve. I tried to eat the grass, but it choked me. At last I saw the bird hopping upon the ground—I could have devoured it alive, and—and I confess that I took away its life to preserve my own."

The full tear of generous pity hung trembling on Milderton's eye as he listened to this impassioned tale. He immediately drew out his purse, and said, "I will replace Nina's loss with a whole flock of pigeons; meanwhile, friend Martine, take this money, and see that the poor fellow is fed and clothed; after which, if you will procure him some employment, I will make whatever recompense you may require."

On hearing these directions, the sans culotte sprang into the air with ecstasy, and then throwing himself at Milderton's feet, bathed them with tears. "Tell me, tell me," he cried, "the name you bear, that every hour of my life I may remember it in my prayers!" Milderton gratified the poor fellow by repeating his name, and immediately afterwards had the satisfaction of seeing the man, with true French versatility, dancing and singing as he followed Martine to the village.

Antoine forbore to pain Milderton's delicacy by remarking upon the scene which had occurred, but a look told all he thought, as he said, "Come, sir, after this you must become a visitor at my cottage." He then led the Englishman to his hut; and on entering, exclaimed, "At length, noble sir and lady, I bring to you one whose station will render him a more fitting companion than myself, and with whom you may freely converse, as he is already in possession of your history."

The duke—I shall continue to give him his title—struck by the commanding and open air of the stranger, advanced with extended hand to greet him; but Milderton saw him not, for every sense was wrapped in contemplating the beauty of Rosa. "'Tis she!—It is my own—" he exclaimed, pausing abruptly. Then, recollecting himself, Milderton passed his hand across his brow, and added, "Pray pardon me, I was overcome by the recollection of a departed saint, of whom that young lady too forcibly reminded me;" saying which, he turned towards the window, to wipe away his tears, and to recover his self-possession.

Even without the reason ascribed, Milderton's emotion might well have been excused, for Rosa was one of those lovely creatures that at once dazzle and captivate the soul. If it was possible for form to be faultless, hers was that form; could eyes have matched the sky and sun in hue and lustre, those eyes were Rosa's; and if ever features, with the perfection of beauty truly expressed the perfection of virtue and every amiable quality, such features mirrored forth the mind of the highborn damsel, who now sat smiling like an angel in the simple attire of a lowly peasant girl. But this circumstance, which would have fretted many noble ladies to death, was a secondary consideration with her—or, rather, no consideration at all. Her flow of spirits was unbounded, and the natural purity of her taste made her prefer the lovely scenes amid which she dwelt, to the artificial splendours of the Tuileries. "What are towers and palaces," she would exclaim, with bewitching naïveté, "compared to these God-reared mountains! What roof equals yonder sky! what carpet yonder sunlit sward! I am ten thousand times happier here than in Paris. My father gives me his society daily, without being called away or distracted by state affairs. Every morning I can be presented at the court of nature without being obliged to wait for hours behind an interminable line of carriages, till my turn arrives; and every evening I can listen to the matchless choristers of the air without breathing the suffocating atmosphere of a concert room!" In this way the heavenly girl cheered her father's solitude and reconciled him to his fate, till, at length, the offer of a kingdom would not have induced him again to plunge into the troubled ocean of politics.

It was an interesting and rare sight to witness the daily occurrences at the cottage. Here was wealth enjoyed in a ferry-house; rank, content and joyful
in obscurity; and the elegances and refinements of polished society maintaining a fascinating influence, unfettered by etiquette, over the manners of a few supposed peasants. Oh! how frequently would such scenes present themselves, did but lordly man seek a little more the indulgence of his heart and reason.

To the gay circle just described, Milderton was a welcome addition. Rosa recognised him the moment he was introduced, and flew to his side. "Ah!" she said, with the undisguised simplicity which marked her as truth's own child, "I remember that piercing eye and ample brow which so irresistibly inspired me with confidence. Nay, you must not put me from you, as I know that I shall love you dearly."

Milderton, who had not quitted the window to which he had retired, before Rosa spoke, now turned to that artless being as her snow-white fingers touched his arm, and bending over her upturned, beaming countenance, with a look of paternal kindness, replied, "Bewitching girl, from this moment my heart adopts you for its daughter?" then rallying himself sportively continued, "And I prophesy many a contention betwixt your father and myself as to who shall share the largest portion of your love."

"That will never be," said Rosa, joining Milderton's hand to that of her silver-haired sire, "for I shall prove such a plague to both that each will long to get rid of me."

"In which case, allow me to have the refusal," exclaimed De Lachasse; but scarcely had he spoken before he retired in confusion at his own boldness. Rosa laughed, and even the duke and Milderton smiled.

From this time existence seemed more like the bliss hereafter than the common lot of mortals. The varied information and brilliant accomplishments of Milderton, now almost an occupant of the cottage, chased languor to the shades. The duke drew upon his stores of knowledge to furnish instructive entertainment; Antoine read and drew for the amusement of his friends; whilst the incomparable Rosa gave mirth, music, life, and soul to every enjoyment. But it was not only beneath their roof that they partook of felicity, for the beauties of the wood, the water, the mountain, and the wild were alternately explored; and Milderton, instead of wandering alone, as formerly, now brought his bugle or his flute to cheer the homeward voyage of his companions after their daily excursion along the ever-flowing Moselle. To such a height did the fearlessness and vivacity of the party at length arrive, that they no longer kept themselves secluded, but even joined the villagers at night when they assembled to trip away their cares on the soft grassy lawn.

The handsome Antoine, on the occasion of these festivities, turned the heads of many a village demoiselle, and frequent were the encouraging glances which invited him to solicit each fair one's hand. At such times Rosa proved a never-failing obstacle to his compliance, for in the innocence of her heart she always declared that he should have no partner but herself. Indeed, it soon became evident that this young creature had given her heart's best affections to the noble youth, but it was equally perceptible that she was also ignorant both of her passion and its display. The faltering tongue and half-formed accent were certainly not wanting when she addressed Antoine, yet the unruffled smile and unbroken hilarity which accompanied every word told fully of her unconsciousness; indeed, she never made an effort to conceal her feelings towards him, and frequently when her father adverted to the many titled suitors she had left at Paris, she, without knowing her own meaning, would laughingly exclaim, "Aye, but what room is there for regret while possessing such a friend as Antoine?" sometimes, however, she added, "and Monsieur Milderton."

Thus the season of love with her was one of perfect felicity. The being of her choice was for ever at her side, and neither doubt nor jealousy obstructed to detract from his merits. It is not likely that Antoine could behold these flattering symptoms, and daily live in the presence of such an angel, without reciprocating the sentiments her artlessness betrayed; yet he refrained from any open manifestations of a return, and appearing for the present satisfied with knowing how far his interest stood in her affections, determined to await the course of events.

About this time the duke received the visit of a chronic complaint with which he was afflicted; and although it was not
of a nature to alarm his friends, it
caused him more serious reflection than
he was naturally prone to, and to dwell
more particularly on his advanced age.
Thought begetting thought led him by
a natural process to turn his mental
vision upon his daughter, and for the
first time it struck him that if he died
she would be left without a protector.
Full of these ideas he seated himself near
the window; the evening sun had shed
its last rays on his wintry head; Rosa
was sketching a sea-view on her knee,
and purposely committing a thousand
whimsical blunders to make Antoine
smile and to provoke his criticisms, whilst
Milderton alternately watched their pro-
cedings and glanced his eye over a map
of Europe. At length the old man
spoke, and every look was bent upon
him.

"I have been musing," said he, "on
the uncertainty as well as shortness of
existence, and have likewise bestowed
much reflection on the emptiness of
earthly grandeur. How say you, Mr.
Milderton, is not a life such as we now
spend preferable to one, however pro-
tracted, amid the vain glitter of palaces?
—is not an unstained name better than
titles?—are not honest heads and hearts
more valuable than crowns and sceptres?
and does not the art of securing peace of
mind immeasurably surpass the power
which ambition thirsts to attain?"

"The essence of all the doctrines
taught by reason and religion are in your
words," replied Milderton.

"I thought you would agree with me,"
said the venerable duke; "and now I
will consult you on a point wherein
my daughter is endangered." At these
words Antoine instinctively clasped the
hand which he prized most on earth, and
Rosa, the girl for whom princes had
vainly sighed, shrunk towards him as if
for protection. Her father beheld this
with a smile, and proceeded, "It pleases
me to see the effect my words have made.
Six months ago I would have reviled the
man who, without noble blood in his
veins, had dared to ask my Rosa's hand,
but experience teaches us all wisdom.
Come, hither, child; suppose,—we will
only imagine the case, ma chère fille,—
suppose Providence were pleased to call
me from this world of trouble, wouldst
thou object to my leaving thee in the
care of Antoine de Lachasse?"

"Of me!" exclaimed the ferryman;
but Rosa prevented him from saying
further by the sudden movement which
she made towards her parent. Checking
herself, however, with astonishing com-
posure, she resumed her seat, and,
though her eyes swam with tears, she said,
in her calm and most musical tone, "My
father is pleased to jest with me, other-
wise he would neither address me thus
openly, nor allude to the possibility of an
event to contemplate which for a moment
makes my very heart die within my
bosom."

"I have my motives for doing both,"
said the duke. "However, since the
mention of what must some day occur
afflicts you so greatly, we will suppose
that now, while in the possession of
health and strength, it was my wish to
bestow your hand in marriage, would it
grieve you to accept our protector as a
husband?"

Though Rosa felt her forehead glow-
ing, it was pale when her father paused
for a reply. She cast an imploring look
upon Milderton, but, saving that, her
countenance remained without expres-
sion, and she uttered not a word.

"I perceive," continued the duke,
"that you do not wish to offend our
benefactor by an avowal of your anti-
pathy towards him. God's will be done.
Perhaps one of our noble friends in the
capital may yet be found to——"

"Oh! no, no, no, no, no!" cried Rosa,
with thrilling earnestness; "think you
that all the coronetted brows on earth
would weigh against him in my estima-
tion? Think you—oh, father, father,
what have you made me say?" As thus
she revealed to herself the secrets of her
heart, the guileless maiden became over-
powered with their sudden rush, and,
clasping her hands over a face rich with
the suffusing tints of modesty and de-
light, she abandoned herself to the sup-
port of her chair, in sweet subjection to
the most refined emotions.

"Enough," said the duke. "And
now, Antoine, answer me fearlessly.
That in any case you would protect my
child I am aware; but how do you in-
cline towards taking her to your bosom
for your bride? She is beautiful, good,
and spotless."

"Oh, sir, speak not of her transcen-
dent qualities," said Antoine, "but re-
member the wide gulf which custom
and its usages place between us. Consider the difference of rank.”

“Are these the only objections you have to urge, young man?” interrupted the duke.

“Can you ask?” said Antoine, glowing with ecstasy.

“Stretch forth your hand, then. Rosa, my beautiful, my own, give me thine; it is thy father speaks. And now, Mr. Milderton, I call upon you to witness this mute, but eloquent, compact. Should death overtake me, I depend upon you to see it ratified.”

“Stay!” said Antoine, with some apprehension in his tone; “Rosa’s hand is yet a stranger to mine.”

“Rosa will not disoblige me,” said the duke, relinquishing his hold. Rosa’s hand fell upon her bended knee. The ferryman gazed upon it with painful expectation, but it neither moved, nor did she raise her eyes. At length he breathed her name in so heart-thrilling a tone that she could no longer remain passive, but, drooping upon his shoulder, gave both hands into his, and exclaimed, “Thine, thine for ever, De Lachasse.”

Antoine clasped her to his bosom, while the duke exclaimed, “Now have I secured my child from her mother’s dreadful fate. Judge, sir,” he continued, turning to Milderton, while his voice became broken with sobs, “judge how much I must have had this thing at heart when I tell you that my wife was torn to pieces by an infuriate populace. Yes, she was destroyed before these very eyes, and I without power to save her. Do I not right, then, to secure my daughter in this retreat, far from the dangers of political excitement, however deep the wound I thereby give my pride?”

“You have acted wisely,” answered Milderton. He then fixed his eyes inquiringly upon Antoine, as if he expected him also to speak, but the youth remained silent, and, except the gentle sighs of Rosa, not a sound was to be heard. Milderton suffered a slight frown to ruffle his forehead; then, stepping with majesty into the middle of the apartment, he exclaimed, “This trifling, De Lachasse, is unseemly. Have you not had sufficient proofs of the disinterestedness of this excellent nobleman and his daughter to satisfy your unworthy scruples?”

“What does this mean?” inquired the duke.

“I assume the responsibility of explaining. It means, Monseigneur, that in consummating your dearest hopes you yet preserve the dignity of your house unshorn. De Lachasse, the ferryman of the Moselle, is no plebeian, but in reality the Marquis of Crossy. Antoine, is it not so?”

“If Rosa will forgive my reserve, I will confess the truth,” said Antoine, gaily raising his betrothed, and drawing a star of brilliants from his bosom.

“I could have forgiven that had it lasted for ever,” returned Rosa, with equal liveliness; “but I cannot pardon you for destroying my opinion that courtly graces were not wholly monopolized by rank.”

The duke was by no means displeased with the discovery which had been made, especially as in Antoine he found the son of an old friend. He, however, made the Marquis promise that, even if he hereafter resumed his station in society, he would never endanger Rosa by taking part in political conflicts.

Antoine readily gave the desired pledge, and from that moment devoted himself entirely to his affianced one. It was now that his hitherto restrained passion displayed itself in all its force; every glance told the intensity of his love, and his devotion to Rosa showed how completely it pervaded his soul. And she—the fairy, the sylph!—oh! how spotless was the flame which lit her heart. The homage paid by a vestal to her god could not have been more pure, nor a pilgrim’s prayer more fervent. She now, if possible, surpassed her former efforts to give delight; her most thoughtless prattlings resembled the playful out-pourings of a poet’s mind, so sparkling and abundant was the varied vein of imagery which ran through them, while, in her more lofty moments, the sage might have listened and gathered wisdom—the son of eloquence have sighed to find his equal—the enthusiast have glowed at her enchanting fancies! It was astonishing to observe the skill with which she changed her subjects. The tear would yet be trembling on the eyelid when some brilliant sally would make the admiring circle smile it away.

(To be concluded next month.)
THE UTILITARIAN LOVER.

BY W. LAW GANE.

Blessings on those grand doctrines, and their illustrious discoverers and propagators, that teach us the just value of every thing, from a glance at the "spangled firmament" to a shoe-maker's awl. Utilitarianism, hail! how much wiser, how much happier, how much more virtuous hast thou made mankind! Kindly cherisher of the affections, who can speak thy praise? We may not attempt it; for thou thyself teachest that it is folly to labour for nought; and where would be our reward? We could not hope nor expect any. But as some one had, before thou wert named, or even thy existence known, discovered that words have value, we must cease to waste them in digression, and proceed at once with our intended narrative, to the truth of which hundreds in every nook of our utilitarian land, but more especially in its northern corners, can bear witness.

Jeremy M'Useful, as his name sufficiently indicates, was a son of Auld Reekie; not the Scotia of Burns and Scott, but that of the steam-engine and the economists, long life to them—in the other world. His sure, by the practice of the utilitarian virtues, amassed a sum pretty considerable, even for the amusing days in which he ran his race. Jeremy was something the better for the bill, which his father had drawn on old dame Nature at seventy years' sight, becoming due, for he paid it with his clay, and left his gold to no bad judge of its value. This affair was concluded as Jeremy was about entering into his eighteenth year, we may not say spring, of which he knew nothing, save that it was the time for the sailing of the merchants' vessels.

Had he been born of the loom, he could not have been a better utilitarian: circumstances concurred to render him a prodigy. His infantile years, even the hour of his birth, exhibited the future man and his inclinations. At fitting time young master was sent to school, where he made most prodigious progress in arithmetic; his studies were exclusively confined to the useful; the descendants of Adam Smith were his household gods: he adored Cocker, equally detested Homer, and consequent, though intensely fond of numbers, he could not tolerate poetry. He had occasionally a bawbee bestowed on him by dad or mam, but always with the proviso that it should be well laid out. This, to Jeremy, was a needless admonition. He spent his money, to be sure, on cakes, and other articles of boyish consumption, but not as the thoughtless do: he did not lay out his money by farthings, but preserved it until he had amassed a capital amounting to sixpence, with this he went into the market, and generally obtained seven penny buns for his outlay; these he retailed at a penny each, carefully abstaining from picking out a single currant, lest he should spoil the sale, and when he came to balance accounts, he usually found himself a clear gainer on the transaction of one penny.

In this way Jeremy passed his school-days, learning, at once, the theory and the practice of business; and when his fourteenth year arrived, he entered his father's counting-house, possessed of a vast stock of useful knowledge, and no less than eleven pounds, nine shillings, and three pence half-penny of his own amassing. Such a youth could not but make an useful man. His counting-house career it is unnecessary to dwell upon, particularly as Jeremy was too sensible to diverge from the right-lined course which he had marked out for himself.

We must recur for a moment to the point whence we started, the decease, alias the winding up of the accounts of his father. The old gentleman had too good an opinion of the discretion of his son—and under almost any circumstance, economy would have prevented him—to bother the youth with any of the expensive machinery of guardians or executors: thus, approaching the age of eighteen, Jeremy was left sole master of sixty thousand pounds in hard cash, ships, cotton-mills, and a flourishing business. We need hardly say that he was an only son and child; it would have been in violation of every law of the Malthusian economists for his father to have had more than one child.

We are now, for a few moments, necessitated to digress. The sire of Jeremy
had a brother, a very second self: the tastes, the inclinations, the pursuits of both were the same: the brothers were equally devoted to utility, to economy, and to gain. Wonder not then that both were rich, that both had married, or, that the fruit of each marriage should be an only child, who differed but in one immaterial respect—the difference of sex. This slight disagreement, however, is highly curious; and clearly proves, that the laws of utility may sometimes be at fault, or, what we can scarcely imagine, that there are other laws, those of nature, for instance, which occasionally take precedence. The lease of the brother expired some few years before that of Jeremy's father, and the ground landlord accordingly entered upon possession, no inducement being able to prevail on him to grant a renewal.

At this period, the gentleman's daughter was very young, and exhibiting no symptoms of an infant Martinsean, herself and her father's wealth were consigned to the guardianship of her uncle, with only one proviso—that she should marry her cousin Jeremy. This was in accordance with the views of both brothers, whatever it might be with those of their offspring.

Time passed on, and when Jeremy came into possession of his fortune, his cousin was not far behind him in age. We regret to say, however, that the cousins but little resembled each other in disposition; though very few words will express the difference existing between them—Ann was the utilitarian of nature; Jeremy of perverted science. Our readers will intuitively perceive the wide boundary which separates these two characters.

We have entered rather largely into the character of the youth; so that we cannot be so un gallant, though more briefly, as not to bestow a little attention on the maiden. Ann was not, perhaps, so remarkable for beauty as for sweetness of disposition; but cold must he have been who could not trace charms of a high and superior order in this amiable girl. Goodness decked her countenance in sunny smiles, and innocence lent its soft beam to her glance. She was a lovely and a loveable being, and, he might justly be envied who anticipated the possession of such a treasure. As the dial marks the progress of that abstract untangible something, time, so was the countenance of this sweet girl the unerring emblem of the nature and desires of her mind. We have said that she was the utilitarian of nature: that is, the affections, the tender relations of life, had, in her eyes, a value: she believed friendship to be better than gold; love, though as yet she knew not its intensity, to be above rule, the rule of the cynic and Malthusian. Enough! she was one whom angels might be proud to claim as sister. World! thou art not all evil, possessing such a being: life! thou hast thy sunny spots while such a star shines upon thy path.

Ann was about sixteen years of age at the death of her uncle and guardian; for some years she had resided beneath his roof, and continued to do so after his death.

We cannot say that Jeremy was insensible to the charms of his fair cousin; but nevertheless, his affection was shown according to the most approved principles of utilitarianism; making love, as it brought no tangible return, was not an important matter in his eyes, and he deemed courting only appropriate when nothing else could be done. These ideas, carried out into practice, did not form the very best mode of winning a beautiful and high-minded girl, who, withal, felt what was her due, as every maiden should, for spirit detracts not from loveliness, and even pride, in woman's glance, has its own peculiar charm. But we are not exactly in the order of time; these remarks at present applied not to Jeremy and his intended wife, for the youth, at this period, felt too much the importance of the career on which he had newly entered, to waste his time, or distract his attention from business, by a pursuit so trifling as that of attempting to win the affections of a girl, lovely as she might be. The dignity, "which hedged him round," as head of the firm, must be sustained; Jeremy was a shining light, a whal; his career must be consistent, or his example might be productive of ruinous consequences among minor constellations and minnows; he avoided "soft dalliance," as much as bankruptcy, and would sooner have thought of paying more than a life-supporting remuneration to his labourers, than of expending a farthing for the sake of affection. But time, which sets
all things even, produced a change even here. Jeremy began to reflect on the amount of his cousin’s fortune, and to think how profitably it could be employed in his business. Jeremy never wasted thought in theories of any kind; his mind was so trained, that none but practical thoughts had birth there, and his conceptions ever induced action. Love and business were pursued on the same principles, and as soon as it appeared to the youth that love-making would be to his interest, he immediately began to lay his plans, and to pursue the desired object with the same regular undeviating ardour with which he sought to find the best markets for his cottons, to cause a glut, that he might buy—a scarcity, that he might sell.

It was about three years after the death of Mr. M’Useful, sen, that Jeremy began to reflect on an alliance, the alliance of his cousin’s fortune with his own business. He was at some loss how to make the first venture, never having previously done business in this line, in trying to gain a young lady for his partner. Hope generally favours man in this matter at starting: joy kindles love’s first fire; expectation feeds it for a while; but disappointment too often follows fast to cloud its brightness.

On a delightful evening in sunny June, Jeremy, with day-book and ledger in hand, entered a beautiful garden, attached to his house, but upheld solely for his cousin, and bent his steps towards an arbour, where the jessamine, the rose, and the woodbine entwined their wanton arms, intending to glance over his accounts in so delightful a spot. It may be supposed from this that Jeremy was a lover of nature: he was—so far as he conceived nature to be conducive to utility; the evening he found to be warm, and he went to the arbour, not for the beauty of its foliage, not for the delicious perfume of its roses, but for the coolness which its airy situation afforded. He had scarcely been there a sufficient time to put his books in due order when some one approached, he turned, and beheld his cousin. Incomprehensible is the mind of man! We know not what were Jeremy’s emotions at being thus surprised, whether there predominated a sentiment of pleasure at the unexpected appearance of his future bride, and the opportunity afforded him for commencing the business on which his heart was fixed, or a feeling of vexation for the interruption caused in the more smooth and easy pursuit of money-getting. The young lady entered the arbour, and, as usual, when the cousins met, began to rally him on his pursuits and inclinations.

“Why, Jeremy!” she cried, laughing, “must even the temple of Flora be desecrated by the presence of day-book and ledger? What have the rose and the honey-suckle in common with Russia tallow and Dutch cheeses?”

“Cousin, you speak like one who never perused the ‘Dictionary of Commerce,’ who prefers a Scott to a Smith:—are not your Russia tallow and Dutch cheeses of more real value and use than these flaunting flowers?”

“No, dear Jeremy, I may not concede that—no: accept but from me this opening rose-bud: say, is it not lovely? and can ought lovely be useless? Nature throws nothing away; beauty she bestows with generous, yet careful hand;” and the sweet girl’s cheeks became, at her own arbour, the colour of the deep red rose which she presented to her cousin.

“I do not say, dear Ann, that the rose is valueless; I set a worth upon it, proportionate to the quantity of honey it yields to the bee, or oil to the chemist; its charms, you must confess, are, intrinsically, valueless. But, Ann, I desired to converse with you on a more serious topic: we are now arrived at years of discretion, and you are aware of the mode in which our parents disposed of us: I think it would be well were we to fulfil their intentions. Your property, which now lies comparatively idle, could be employed to great advantage in my business: do you object to the partnership? It would render ‘our house’ somewhere about the richest in Glasgow.”

“In truth, Jeremy, the matter requires a little consideration.”

“Consideration! what consideration? its advantages are self-evident.”

“There is, cousin, such a thing as inclination; though, perhaps, unnamed in the ‘Dictionary of Commerce.’ I fear it has not been placed in your balance sheet, or if it has, yours and mine may possibly be on different sides.”

“Dearest Ann, everything, even in-
clination, must succumb to utility: its laws are universal, at the same time governing the mighty universe, and teaching me to prefer a dried herring to a rose-bud."

"It also teaches that human beings must be sacrificed at its shrine."

"That, Ann, is the language of wild romance. Utility certainly regards man as a machine, or in the same light as the lower animals, and proportionating his cost to his productiveness, so finds his just value: but as to sacrifices,—utility sacrifices nothing."

"I know not that, Jeremy; methinks the affections, the softer emotions of the heart, it regards as valueless; indeed, your own words establish the point. Cousin, I do not like utility—your utility; and as there is no probability of your converting me, I'll away:—good-bye, Jeremy, good-bye." and off scampered the light-hearted girl to find a more congenial occupation.

Jeremy, when he began to reflect, was surprised and grieved at the little progress he had made in a matter whose accomplishment he now ardently desired; he found that he had scarcely broached the subject, but he most clearly perceived that the little he had said was not very well received; but in a bargain Jeremy was not easily diverted, and he sat down more attentively to calculate the advantages of the proposed transaction.

In the first place, thought he, the cost of an individual, according to Adam Smith, is about 10l. per annum; but at the present period it will be something more, say 20l. This, for a lady moving in a respectable sphere, may be doubled, perhaps trebled. Again, the probability of a family: the chances are—let me see—I forget—hum! I must read Malthus again. The medium gives, I believe, about three children: the expenses of these may be estimated at 30l. each, which, added to the other 60l., makes 150l.; for incidental expenses consequent on the maintenance of a family, give 50l.: the total is 200l. So much for the debtor side: now for the creditor. Ann's fortune is 20,000l.; this, at four per cent., brings in 800l.; but the same amount in business would probably produce twenty per cent.: this may be stated in round numbers at 4,000l. Thus, without allowing for savings, as the expense of housekeeper, &c., deducting the 200l., I should be a clear gainer of 3,500l. per annum: excellent! immense accession!

Darkness surprised Jeremy in the midst of his calculation, and at its termination he hastened to seek repose after the toils of the day.

Strange, Nature, are thy freaks! mankind, in truth, are thy puppets, and thy sport is, their changeful motions. We are led to make these remarks by the singular spectacle which was exhibited in Glasgow at the period of our tale. There were two other orphan cousins, a male and female, in that city, precisely in the same relative situations as Jeremy and Ann; and, what is still more surprising, their views were as dissimilar on the subject of utilitarianism. There was only one slight difference which detracted from a perfect similitude: the opinions of the lady coincided with those of Jeremy, the gentleman's with his cousin's. Accident brought these four individuals together: Jeremy was charmed with the lady, who was learned in the doctrines of the economists; we know not at present what his cousin thought of the gentleman. Reader, please not to suppose that inter-marriages took place among these parties—there is a probability of your being mistaken.

The next time Jeremy had an opportunity of privately conversing with his cousin, he renewed the subject broken off so abruptly on another occasion. He went at once more directly to the point, and no less pointed was the lady's reply. She stated that, though aware of the disposition of her father's will, to which she was desirous of paying all due attention, she did not know that any specific time had been named for carrying its provisions into effect; and as such was the case, she must beg leave herself to name a period, and certainly she did not feel inclined to mention an immediate one. This quite disconcerted poor Jeremy, but he felt more for the violence offered his favourite system, than for anything which concerned himself. Luckily, the lady, whom we have before alluded to, and who was announced by the name of Miss Multiple, made her appearance at this critical moment. She had already to Jeremy become a sun which could dispel the few cares which disturbed him: she did so in this case.
“Ah! friend Jeremy, what ails you? has any speculation failed? or are you only musing upon some of the more abstruse doctrines of our favourite science?”

“Nothing, particular, Miss, ails me. At least, I am only grieved that some persons, to their own loss, will not appreciate what you so justly term our favourite science. I was, a few minutes since, proposing to my cousin the union of our fortunes; and you are aware that it is indisputably proved, that a large capital united can effect more than the same amount divided into any given number of smaller capitals; but the silly creature laughed away my proposal, and with a smile demolished my long and laborious calculation of its benefits. Shade of the great Adam, the founder of our race, enlighten her ignorance.”

“Jeremy, you are growing eloquent: I do not like the symptom; there is no utility in eloquence; it is a hot torrent, which runs counter to the calm, cool tide of reason: eschew it, friend; you find it not in any of our favourites: but—you were saying something about your cousin.”

“Yes! my cousin—my cousin; she has refused to fulfil her father’s last wishes until she herself please: was the like ever heard? thus to see the best plans frustrated, give me, oh, give me your advice and counsel.”

“I hardly know what to advise; I fear the girl is incorrigible.”

“She is, indeed.”

“And she has twenty thousand pounds?”

“Quite true.”

“Let’s consider:—is there no rule in the science which will apply to the case? Surely I have read somewhere that a half is not equal to the whole; by the same rule, a half is larger than no part at all, and the negation—”

“Stop, stop, Miss! you reproved me for eloquence just now: remember, we are utilitarians, and, as such, bound to hold all science, save our own, in supreme contempt.”

“Ah! friend, we are ever doing what we ought not to do. Still, I think, we should not be too scrupulous as to the means, if the result we anticipate is good; so, at least, our magnates teach. Everything should be regulated by the amount of profit.”

“Indisputable!”

“Well, then, I was about to demonstrate, that if twenty thousand pounds cannot be had, it is better to have half that sum than no portion at all; and, moreover, he was no bad utilitarian who said, ‘A bird in hand is worth two in the bush.’”

“This needs but little demonstration: but to what does it lead?”

“I do not think I have fully proved my proposition, or that question would be needless.”

“Proceed, then.”

“Wisdom and ignorance, otherwise, utility and its opposite, are not less heterogeneous than fire and water; and yet, silly one, you think they can be made to blend, and not produce a convulsion: the folly of this you cannot deny, and, for its application, you have only to look to your cousin and yourself.”

“This is as true as that five per cent. is not so much as ten: but what can I do?”

“Will you resign the girl?”

“It requires consideration.”

“Jeremy, our acquaintance must cease: I can bear with the open opposition of avowed enemies, but I cannot tolerate the indifference of lukewarm friends. I no longer regard you as an utilitarian, who evidently make your principles subservient to some paltry consideration, such as friendship; perhaps, that shadow of a shade, affection. Jeremy! Jeremy! what would your father have thought of this?”

“He wished me to marry the girl.”

“While the advantages of such an union——”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed the sprightly Ann, bursting suddenly into the room, accompanied by Miss Multiple’s cousin.

“At your favourite occupation: you surely do not intend, Miss, to rob me of my lover? Does any economist treat on the subject of lover-stealing? I suppose it is a legitimate branch of commerce?”

“Our worst enemies, Madam,” returned the lady addressed, “do not accuse political economy of inculcating robbery: the gravest of their charges amount to no more than knavery, and the only foundation for this is our possessing that wisdom which gives us the advantage in bargain-making.”

“Well, if you want a bargain, we, perhaps, can deal: you shall have my
The Utilitarian Lover.

dear cousin at a very reasonable price. Jeremy, love, may I sell you? Miss Multiple, will you become a purchaser?"
"It requires consideration," cried the economical pair in a breath.
"What are your terms?" added Jeremy.
A deep blush told that the amiable girl considered she had gone too far: she scampered from the apartment, exclaiming, "Good-bye, good-bye; settle the business yourselves."
Mr. Multiple also took his leave.
"What a disagreeable interruption!" re-commenced Miss Multiple.
"Truly so," responded the youth.
"It has, however, saved me some little trouble: the proposition which I was attempting to demonstrate ere its proposal, has been very well put by your harebrained cousin: it is singular, considering their contempt for utility, how well these people sometimes manage matters. In a word, Jeremy, you and I appear made for each other; and I consider the business as already closed.
My property, you are aware, is a clear ten thousand: regard the immediate possession of this, and your cousin's fortune in perspective, and your choice cannot remain doubtful. Good night; I shall call on you to-morrow;" and away went Miss Multiple.

Jeremy's cogitations were interrupted by the announcement — "Supper is ready;" he lingered five minutes, and then walked down to the parlour. The recent proposal had come upon him so suddenly, that, with all its apparent advantages, he deemed it to need consideration. He certainly felt not an earnest attachment for his cousin,—utility admits it not,—but the habit of association almost supplied its place, and he evidently experienced some little compunction at thus unceremoniously resigning her. In such a mind, however, theory reigns triumphant.
The sole tenant of the supper-parlour when Jeremy descended was his cousin. As soon as they were seated, he repeated to her, we may not say his own views, but those of Miss Multiple. It cannot be said that the sweet girl listened to these with unmixed pleasure: human nature, as some humble, but penetrating moralist has said, is ever human nature, and though she evidently liked another better than cousin,—ha! the murder is out at last,—with real womanish caprice, she felt a little piqued at any one being preferred to herself. This slight wound inflicted on vanity worked its effect: she gave, with something like an air, unconditional agreement to Jeremy's arrangements: but these, it is necessary to remark, gave to herself unlimited freedom.

The morrow came, and with it Miss Multiple herself, laden with a weight of argument and quotation from her authors, under which an ordinary mortal would have sunk. It was scarcely necessary, however, to open this formidable battery; Jeremy was all compliance, and Miss Multiple's victory decisive. Time lost in dalliance would, in the eyes of these lovers, have been a most terrible enormity.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly.

This they bore in mind, and just three days after the economical Cupid had shot his first arrow, and three weeks after their acquaintance, our hero had broken the first commandment of his idol, Malthus — he had become the spouse of Miss Multiple. How they lived and loved it needs us not to know: a family of young economists, in due course of time, sprung up around them; and, all things considered, there was but very little difference between them and other people.

One point of some importance has been entirely passed over: at the conclusion of the ceremony which united Jeremy and Miss Multiple, the cousin of that lady, who acted as father to the bride, stepped up to Jeremy, leading the gentle Ann by the hand, and, not a little to his surprise, thus addressed him:— "As your own affair, my dear friend, has been so satisfactorily terminated, will you permit me and this young lady to try a similar speculation. Our correspondence has been conducted unknown to you, and in rather a different mode to your own, but I trust it will have as happy a result. You will give your consent, and, every thing being prepared, utility even demands it." This came upon Jeremy so unexpectedly, that he could not do otherwise than he was desired: the double union was cemented, and all parties, utilitarians and non-utilitarians, left the church equally happy and contented.
THE FAREWELL.

FREE TRANSLATION FROM HEBER.

[A clever correspondent has found out the accidental omission of Byron's name to the last "Farewell," in which the adapter made none other change than introducing a "blind I" of his own. The contrast of the following will show the advantage of placing the two in successive numbers.]

When eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell;
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell;
When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,—
Ah! bitter, bitter is the smart
Of those that bid farewell.

When hope is chidden
That pain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the breast to dwell;
When, fetter'd by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again,
Oh! death were mercy to the pain
Of those that bid farewell.

Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MODES.—LARGE HATS, FLOWERS.—EQUESTRIAN FÊTE AT CHANTILLY.—ITALIAN OPERA.—INCIDENT TO TAGLIONI.—STREET MURDER AND ROBBERIES AT PARIS.
—PARIS DESERTED.—A NEW MUSEUM.—INAUGURATION OF THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE TO LOUIS XIV.

PARIS, August 25th, 1836.

Tu me demandes si l'on porte toujours ces énormes chapeaux. Oui, ma chère amie, on les porte, quoique, pour dire la vérité, ils sont fort laids; still, it is to be supposed that if our merveilleuses did not find them pretty, they would not persist in wearing them. The hats, at present, are enormously long at the sides of the face, and worn very close, the corners are rounded, the calottes (crowns) are quite plain, the bavolets deep and full, and a border all round the hat. Flowers are still very fashionable both in the hats and underneath the fronts. The material generally adopted for these hats is pour de soie, white, pink, blue, or straw colour. Drawn capottes of crape, white tulle, or gauze, are much worn, they are ornamented with gauze ribbons and flowers. The hats of paille de riz are on the decline; but Leghorn bonnets are very fashionable; these latter are trimmed with black or crimson velvet ribbon, and a full-blown rose placed at the side. Short veils, with a ribbon inserted into the hem, are generally adopted with all sorts of hats and capottes.

Dresses.—White and coloured muslins are more worn than any other dresses, at present; this, you are aware, is generally the case during the fine season.

The white dresses are mostly of thin muslin, the corsages made low, à l'enfant, the sleeves in full puffs all the way down; the hem at the bottom of the dress is about one finger in depth, and is lined with coloured ribbon; the pele- rine is made to match, having a ribbon likewise inserted into the hem.
For dinner or small soirée costume, for, you know, we have no grand reunions at present, the dresses are white thin muslin or organdi; the corsage à l'enfant, very full, or else quite plain to the bust, with a small point in front; a fall of deep lace goes round the bosom of the dress; the hem is lined with coloured ribbon; a very small bow is worn at the end of the point in front; and another with ends as long as the dress at the back of the waist; but the ribbon does not encircle the waist. Some prefer the small bow at back, and that with the long ends in front; this is, perhaps, the prettier of the two: the sleeves, if long, are either full all the way down, or tied in at distances with coloured ribbon; if short, they are made perfectly tight to the arm, being cut on the cross way of the material; at the bottom of the sleeve is a deep hem, lined with coloured ribbon, which is brought out in front and tied in a bow with long ends; below the hem is a fall of lace reaching nearly to the elbow. These dresses are extremely pretty in summer; half long black silk mittens are worn with the short sleeves.

Hair.—The front hair in ringlets, à l'Anglaise, or in bandeaux brought low at the sides of the face and turned up again; the back hair in a braid, en couronne, but placed excessively far back on the head, voilà le genre de coiffure de bon ton. Frisonnères, or rather narrow bands of velvet, with a cameo, or other ornament, in front, are much adopted at present; a bow of ribbon with long ends is frequently placed in the centre of the braid at back; natural flowers are also much worn.

Mantelets.—The long black silk scarf mantelets, trimmed with black lace, font fureur. White ones, with coloured ribbons in the hems, are also très comme il faut.

Shoes.—The shoes are very high in the quarters, which gives them the appearance of being very narrow across the instep; they are much more pointed than they were; brodequins (half boots) are worn, but not very generally.

Flowers.—The flowers most in vogue are roses, apple-blossoms, hyacinths, and all kinds of wild flowers, with wheat, barley, and blades of grass.

Colours.—The prevailing colours for hats are white, pink, blue, and paille. For dresses, white, pale lavender, light green, and light écru.

I have been expecting to see you for this last fortnight, and it was really very cruel of you to disappoint me. I am going off immediately to Chantilly to be present at the equestrian fête given by the Duc d’Orleans to the king of Naples; ce sera curieux à voir. There will be races, tournois, in the style of those of the middle ages, &c. I promise myself a great deal of amusement; ce sera, dit-on, merveilleux. The royal family and all the haute noblesse are to be at it.

Our Italian Opera opens on the 1st October, we are to have Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, Santini, Ivanoff, Magliano, Monterasi, and Pesanti; the ladies are, Grisi, Taccani, Albertazzi, Assandri, Schironi, Amigo, Vecchi, and Rossi. They say two new operas are to be produced during the season.

Taglioni has at length made her reappearance in the “Sylphide.” A curious circumstance occurred the first evening of her performance. A gentleman, sitting in a box near to the stage, got up suddenly, and tearing the flowers from the head of a lady who occupied the same box, and seizing the bouquet she carried in her hand, threw them on the stage at Taglioni’s feet! As you may suppose, the sanctity of the gentleman was somewhat called in question by his fair neighbour, who found herself thus suddenly deprived of her bouquets.

You have no doubt heard how the streets of Paris have been lately infested with robbers at night, and the melancholy fate of a Mr. Maglie who was stabbed, and died the following morning of his wounds. The police have at length become a little more active, and a number of suspicious persons have already been arrested.

Paris, ma chère, is almost deserted at present. Baden and the Pyrenees are the fashionable places of resort this season. In about six weeks more our beau monde will be flocking homewards; alors, vivent les bals et les grands réunions—mais, adieu au beau temps!

L’Arc de Triomphe, at the Barrière de l’Etoile, is finished; it is universally allowed to be the finest monument in Paris. The interior is to be fitted up as a museum, to be called “La Musée Napoléon.” All the arms, costumes, &c.,
LE FOLLET

Courrier des Salons

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Robe et Bas de Mousseline anglaise et Robe d'enfant en mousseline brodée des at. de Mlle. Bland
rue des Moulins, 19 — Fabriquées en peint de soie.

Lady's Magazine. Bobbe and Street, publishers, 15 Carey Street London.
taken under the emperor are to be de-
posited there.

An equestrian statue in bronze of
Louis XIV. was inaugurated in pre-
sence of the king, last week, at Ver-
sailles; it is placed in the centre of one
of the court yards of the palace: four
other statues of Marshals Mortier,
Lannes, Massena, and Jourdan, have
also been placed in the same court.
Ecris-moi bientôt, chère amie. Je t'em-
brasse bien tendrement. Adieu.

L. de F——

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No 17.)—Toilette d’ Interieure.

Morning Dress.—Dress of white muslin;
the corsage made low in the neck, and
quite plain to fit the bust. The sleeves
short and tight, and, in order to show
the shape of the arm to more advantage,
you are cut on the cross way of the
material. They are finished by a broad
hem, (see plate,) in which a coloured
ribbon is inserted; they are ornamented
by a bow of ribbons with rather long
ends, and a lace ruffle reaching nearly to
the elbow. The skirt of the dress has a
coloured ribbon, likewise inserted into
the hem, which is little more than a
finger in depth, (see plate;) above
it is a very full flounce, with a small
cotton cord hemmed into the edge.

Fichu, or Pelerine a la Paysanne.—

For the exact shape of this very pretty
pelerine, we beg to refer our readers to
the plate itself. It is trimmed with
tulle, and has a ribbon to match the
dress run into the hem. Apron of poux
de soie, with small round pockets on the
outside; the apron is very full, but
gathered into a very small space at the waist
(see plate). Hair plain on the forehead
and in long ringlets at the sides; the
back hair, which is dressed very low and
far back on the head, is in two coqes, or
bows; a band of ribbon crosses the
brow, and is finished on each temple by
a pompon, or round bow (see plate).
Round the neck is a very narrow black
velvet ribbon, from which depends a
trinket; long mittens of black silk
netting, with a quilling of ribbon at top;
white silk stockings, black satin shoes.

Child’s Dress.—Frock of spotted
muslin, the corsage made plain, with a
small point in front; tight short sleeves,
finished at the lower part with a double
frill; the skirt short and full, with two
rows of embroidery round the bottom
(see plate). Cambric trousers taken
in at the ankle, and finished with frills;
coloured brodequins. Hair parted on
the brow, and forming small braids on
the temples, in the centre of each is
a bow of pink ribbon; necklace of
Roman pearls.

New fashioned toilette table, of bois
de Palissandre, gothic mirror, white
marble slabs; window curtain with
large, thick gilt rings, and without dra-
peries.

(No. 18.) — Toilette de Cam-
pagne, or Summer Dinner Dress.—

Dress of organdi (book muslin); the
corsage made low, a l’ enfant. The
corsage is extremely full both in front and
back, and the gathers very small. The
sleeves are long, tight to the arm all the
way down, and have deep pointed cuffs
at the wrists; they are ornamented at
top with triple jockeis (see plate) cut
like pointed leaves, and placed over each
other, they are edged with a small gaunce
or cord. The skirt of the dress has an
entre-deux (insertion) immediately over
the hem; it is lined with a coloured
ribbon.

Fichu à la paysanne of tulle, edged
inside and out with lace; it is cut much
in the style of a half handkerchief, with
two or three folds or plaits, to bring it
into slit; this fichu is worn very low and
open on the neck; it crosses in front,
(see plate,) and is pointed at back; a
pink ribbon is inserted into the hem at
each side. Coiffure demi-antique, the
front hair is brought in smooth bands,
rather low at the sides of the face, where
it is turned up again, but not braided;
the back hair is in three high coques or
bows, and a thick braid; three rows of
pears go round the head, one crosses the
brow, the others are placed farther back;
a full blown (natural) rose is placed
over each temple. Long gold earrings;
black velvet ribbon round the neck,
from which is suspended a gold cross
and heart, pink satin ceinture, with long
ends in front, white kid gloves, black
satin shoes, bouquet of violets and roses,
fan.

Sitting Figure.—The dress, which
gives the back of the last, is of pale
lavender poux de soie. Tulle scarf.
Miscellany.

Blackberry, or Bramble.—The present month, September, produces the fruit which affords the greatest delight to children, high and low, who all feel a universal passion for gathering this indigenous fruit, malgré, the tearing of frills and trowsers among the prettily dressed, and the woeful scratchings of legs and arms belonging to the unclad infantry of Great Britain, from the prickles of the o'er arching trails," as friend Clare calls them. The blackberry is, we are happy to say, eminently wholesome. "The British Flora Domestica," an excellent botanical work lately sent us for review, distinctly points out the stage in which the qualities of the fruit are beneficial. We quote it for the benefit of our readers.

"This sturdy shrub," common in every hedge in this country, occurs as far north as Sweden. It flowers in July and August, and the fruit ripens in September.

The Latin name is supposed to be derived from the Latin ruber, or the Celtic red, red.

Qualities and General Uses.—The bramble is applied to several economical purposes. It is useful in forming hedges. The shoots are very tough, and are employed by thatchers for binding their roofs; and by straw-hive and nut makers. The well known fruit is made into pies and puddings by the cottager. The berries, eaten at the moment they are ripe, are cooling and grateful; a little before, they are coarse and astringent; and a little after, disagreeably flavoured or putrid. The injurious effects attributed to them, when eaten plentifully by children, are probably owing to the latter circumstance. Ray mentions that a good and pleasant wine has been made with the juice, which possesses considerable strength and a pleasant flavor. Some of the muscadin wines of France are coloured with the fruit."—Brit. Flora Domestica.

The country people make blackberry-syrup for dropsey and stone; likewise blackberry-jam for puddings.

The Acanthus.—This very elegant plant delights in warm countries, such as Italy, Egypt, the Levant, and the south of France; growing in moist, stony places, and on the banks of large rivers. Although not a native, it is generally known and admired in the English garden, where it has occupied a place since the commencement of the sixteenth century. It is a perennial herbaceous plant, and flowers from July till September.

The generic name, derived from akantha, a spine, does not apply to this species, which is smooth and unarmed; nevertheless it is the Acanthus, par excellence,—the plant celebrated by Virgil and other poets. It has been renowned for ages, on account of the beauty of its leaves, which furnished the ancient sculptors and architects with one of their chief ornaments. The Greeks and Romans carved them upon their vases, and their massive goblets, and wove them into their costly vestments. The discovery of their ornamental character is contained in the following legend:

"A young lady of Corinth, having died a few days before her marriage was to have been celebrated, her afflicted nurse put into a basket different articles of which the girl was fond, and placing it near her tomb, upon a plant of the Acanthus, covered it with a large tile. The following spring the Acanthus grew up, and its large leaves encompassed the basket; but, meeting with the projecting tile, they were curved at the extremity and bent down. An architect named Callimachus, passing by, was struck with the novelty and beauty of the figure, and resolved to apply it to the decoration of the Corinthian capital."

Milton enumerates this among the plants which decked the primeval bower of Eden,—

"On either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall."

Brit. Flora Domestica.

Common Beet.—The Common Beet grows naturally in many southern and temperate climates, especially in maritime places, but is not indigenous to this country. The Beta maritima, which grows on our sea shores, is easily distinguished from this species by its procumbent stems and flowers in pairs. It flowers in August.

The name is said by Thés to be derived from the Celtic beth, which signifies red. Others imagine it to have been formed from the Greek θη, on account of a fancied resemblance of its seeds to that character.

The white beet (beta cicla) Poiret à cardes, Fr.; Bietola, It.; is used for nearly the same purposes as the red. In many parts of the continent, the leaves deprived of their midrib are used as spinach, or put into soups, and the midrib is boiled and eaten as chard or asparagus.

Qualities and General Uses.—The common beet is a well known culinary vegetable, extensively used as a pickle and
salad; preserved as a confiture, made a substitute for coffee, and yielding a beautiful varnish. A good beer may be made from the roots, and, when fermented, a pleasant wine. Submitted to the acetic fermentation and reduced to a pulp, the beet-root is the principal ingredient in the substance named barszcz, in Poland, which is esteemed a salubrious food, and a preservative against scurvy and putrid fevers.

But the most important product of this plant is the saccharine matter which is procured abundantly from the roots, and which may rival that obtained from the cane. The extraction of sugar from beet-root, first resorted to by Buonaparte as a matter of necessity, has been carried to such perfection in France as to become a lucrative branch of commerce; and the produce from this hay-sole appears to be so guile of rendering themselves independent of the colonies for that important article at no very distant period. The following is a good, but not a very profitable way of preparing it:

Let the roots be softened in water, sliced, and the juice expressed, which is to be boiled down with the addition of a little lime, till about two-thirds remain, and afterwards strained. These boilings and stainings are repeated alternately, until the liquid attains the consistence of syrup, when it is left to cool. The sugar thus extracted retains somewhat of the taste of the root, but it is more refined by the same process as refined West India sugar, and it then loses its peculiar flavour. The quantity obtained varies considerably, but in general it averages between four or five pounds from one hundred pounds of the beet-root, beside a quantity of uncrystallizable matter. In Germany, the expense has been calculated at about three-pence per pound.

Medical Properties and Uses.—The use of this plant as an emollient and laxative is now almost forgotten. The leaves softened by a hot iron, or steeped in beer, were a familiar topical application for dressing issues, blisters, certain sores and ulcers, and even in scald-head.

The powder of the root, and more especially the expressed juice, is a powerful ertheine, and was remarked as such by Galen. It was recommended to be sniffed up the nose in cases of catarrh, and tooth-ache, but it is condemned by Borrich as a dangerous sternutatory.

The Cyamus, or Blue Bottle.—This plant grows abundantly in corn-fields, embellishing them with its brilliant flowers, which appear in July and August. The name is said to be derived from the Centaur Chiron, who with some plant of this genus was fabled to have cured himself of a wound made by Hercules. It is called Cyamus from cyanus, azure-coloured.

Qualities and Uses.—This plant has little to recommend it but its ornamental character. Several varieties are cultivated in gardens, with white and purple flowers, but they must all yield in beauty to the dzen of the fields. The expressed juice of the florets, with the addition of a little alum, makes a good ink; and may also be used as a water-colour, and for staining linen blue; but it is said not to be permanent.

Medical Properties and Uses.—The Cyamus was reckoned, by the credulous of former times, antispasmodic, aperient, and diuretic, and contributed to swell the catalogue of vulneraries, being applied to confusions, wounds, and bites of venomous beasts. Ray mentions that the powder is of the utmost service sprinkled over crystalline affections. A famous collyrium, called in France Eau de Casseluneette, was made from the flowers; and the distilled water is not yet banished from the Parisian Codex, which directs it to be made from one part of the flowers and two parts of water, distilled to one part and a half.

The Eau de Casseluneette, or break spectacle water, was deemed an excellent remedy in all cases of chronic inflammation of the eyes, and in dimness of sight.

Brit. Flora Domestica.

The Lady of Coventry.—The story of Godiva is not a fiction, as many suppose it. At least it is to be found in Matthew of Westminister,* and is not of a nature to have been a mere invention. Her name, and that of her husband, Leofric, are mentioned in an old charter recorded by another early historian. Whether it was owing to Leofric or not does not appear; but Coventry was subject to a very oppressive tollage, by which the feudal lord enjoyed the greater part of the profit of all marketable commodities. The countess entreated her lord to give up his feudal right, but in vain. At last, wishing to put an end to her importunities, he told her, either in a spirit of bitter jesting, or with a playful railing that could not be bitter with so sweet an earnestness, that he would give up the tax, provided she rode through the city of Coventry naked. She took him at his word, and said she would. One may

* "Nuda," says Matthew of Westminister, "equum ascendens, armis capitis etricas dissolvens, corpus suum totum, praevers crura can didissima, inde relavit." See Sedan's Notes to the Polvllion of Drayton. Song 13. It is Sedan from whom we learn, that Leofric was Earl of Leicester, and the other particulars of him mentioned above. The earl was buried at Coventry; his countess most probably in the same tomb.
imagine the astonishment of a fierce, unlettered chief, not untiring with chivalry, at hearing a woman, and that, too, of the greatest delicacy and rank, maintaining seriously her intention of acting in a manner contrary to all that was supposed fitting for her sex, and at the same time forcing upon him a sense of the very beauty of her conduct by its principled excess. It is probable, that as he could not prevail upon her to give up her design, he had sworn some religious oath when he made his promise: but, be this as it may, he took every possible precaution to secure her modesty from hurt. The people of Coventry were ordered to keep within doors, to close up all their windows and outlets, and not to give a glance into the streets, upon pain of death. The day came; and Coventry, it may be imagined, was silent as death. The lady went out at the palace door, was set in the same time divested of her wrapping garment, as if she had been going into a bath; then, taking the fillet from her head, she let down her long and lovely tresses, which poured around her body like a veil; and so, with only her white legs remaining conspicuous, took her gentle way through the streets.

What scene, says the Indicator, can be more touching to the imagination!—beauty, modesty, feminine softness, a daring sympathy; an extravagance, producing, by the nobleness of its object, and the strange gentleness of its means, the grave and profound effect of the most reverend custom. We may suppose the scene taking place in the warm noon: the doors all shut, the windows closed; the earl and his court serious and wondering; the other inhabitants, many of them gushing with grateful tears, and all reverently listening to hear the footsteps of the horse; and lastly, the lady herself, with a downcast, but not a shame-faced eye, looking towards the earth through her flowing locks, and riding through the dumb and deserted streets like an angelic spirit.

VERSAILLES.—The King of the French has conceived the noble project of rendering this ancient royal residence useful, and of consecrating it to the fine arts, by forming it into a national museum. All the historical recollections which have been recorded by painting and sculpture, from the most distant period to the present day, are here collected together, and arranged chronologically, so as to present a series of memorable events and celebrated personages, illustrative of the history of France. To realize this project, it has been necessary not only to throw all the small apartments into galleries, and to heal the wounds of the building, and at a very great expense, for all the historical pictures, statues, and bas-reliefs now existing, but to order from French artists those which will be wanting to complete this interesting collection. The works, both of construction and art, of this great undertaking, are already far advanced; and it is estimated that they will cost 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 francs before they are entirely finished.

ARCHITECTURAL MAGAZINE AND JOURNAL.

FONTAINEBLEAU.—It is with the same solicitude that the King, as protector of the arts, has saved from utter ruin the fine paintings in fresco at the Château de Fontainebleau. All the works of art, executed in this palace in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, by the artists whom Francois I. and Henry II. invited to France from Italy, being in a deplorable state of degradation, able painters have been called in to restore them; and they have succeeded in doing so in the most satisfactory manner, by means of encaustic painting. The interior of this palace, now restored to its ancient splendour, displays the most imposing appearance, and confirms the tradition of the taste for the arts which existed in France at the epoch of its erection. Several millions of francs have been devoted to its restoration, and to the rebuilding or rebuilding of those parts which exhibited most symptoms of decay.

ARCHITECTURAL MAGAZINE AND JOURNAL.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.—An old officer on the retired list, living at Saintes, in the Charente Inferieure, a few days ago fell into a lethargy, and was buried, with military honours, under the conviction that life was extinct; but, awakened by the firing of the platoon over his grave, which took place before the coffin was covered with earth, he made himself heard by his cries, was taken out, and walked home arm in arm with those who had believed they had taken their last farewell of him.

FRENCH PAPER.

MATRIMONIAL AGENT.—M. de Foy, the matrimonial agent who was to procure brides upon a remuneration of five per cent., had occasion lately to apply to the tribunal; the successful suitor having refused his demand. The court negatived his claim, which decision was also subsequendy confirmed when an appeal was made to the ‘Cour Royale,’ on the ground that this contract between the rotary of Hymen and his deputy was not good in the courts of justice.—Galigant.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 3.—Several persons are said to have died of the plague at the sultan’s palace, and the physician-in-chief of his highness has, in consequence, placed the village of Beyler Bay and the seraglio in quarantine. Among the victims of this disorder rank the governor of
Miscellany.

the hereditary prince, two of the principal eunuchs, and several battawees; and it was even reported, though erroneously, that the prince himself had been seized with the disorder. The sultan has ordered every means of disinheritance to be employed in order to put a stop to the progress of the distemper. The belief in fatalism is evidently on the decline among Mussulmans.

Times.

ADRIANOPLE. — Letters from Adrianople say that the plague has lately broken out there, and commits great ravages. Odessa, July 29.—Times.

FIVE GREAT ENGLISH POWERS.—Balbi remarks that another century, or century and a half, will witness the remarkable appearance of five great independent powers, situated in remote regions, descended from the same ancestry, speaking the same language, and having the same general habits, manners, and customs; that is to say, the British power of Europe, of Asia (Hindostan), of America (already formed), of Southern Africa, and of Australia.

Popular Geography.

A TREASURE.—Hamburgh, Aug. 26th.
A case has lately been picked up on the coast of Sylt containing two gold and one silver watch chain, one gold necklace, one pair of bracelets, and one pair of ear-rings. Six silver fruit baskets, four silver fans, and ninety-seven silver needle-cases. On one of the pasteboard boxes a seal, with Wonsong, gold and silversmith, No. 15, China: the whole said to be Chinese manufacture, or imitated as such.

CAPTAIN ROSS has returned, but it appears without making any important discoveries, or even, from the shortness of his absence, gaining any satisfactory intelligence.

FINE ARTS. — Barratt's Liquid Gold, Silver, and Copper Ink.

Every day produces some useful novelty. We have just been favoured by Messrs. Barratt with a bottle of their liquid gold; and, according to the directions, shook it well before opening it. Having broken the seal, we found that the venous parts of the cork were reduced to the driest powder, and that in a very short time the cork would have been destroyed. This is a circumstance of which they are not assuredly aware, though to their cost they would find it to be the case after putting aside a quantity for even a very short period. We hasten then to pass our remarks, and to save the skilful proprietors from that severe loss which they would otherwise sustain, and advise them to use glass stoppers. Now we have our own fancy under this head: as gold is heavier than every thing else, and cannot be permanently held in equally distributed solution, so after a while it falls naturally to the bottom. We would, then, advise a ground glass stopper, to have so broad a top that the bottle might always rest on the head when in use; and the simple act of turning back the liquid would again distribute gold, and at the same time leave the best mixture for use.

We then tried the liquid with a clean quill pen, and we can give no better account of it than that even the finest strokes were as visible gold, when dry, for a minute elapses before it is so, as ink is black wherever a mark is made. The colour of this approached rather to the finer dead gold. We then applied to it a tooth set in a handle which accompanied it, and burnished it to exquisite brightness. It is evident that the finer and more highly glazed the paper, the more beautiful can be the handicraft work with quill or steel pen. The preparation is likely to supersede the shell gold entirely. We trust Messrs. Barratt will not sell any cheap stuff, but pay the greatest attention to the purity of the gold: they ought even on that point to give a guarantee to the public, and sell it only by regularly-appointed agents. Respecting the silver and copper, we have only the specimens to refer to; but it looks well on paper. Our female friends and amateur artists can now indulge themselves by copying and illuminating all our series of authentic portraits, for which this preparation of gold is so extremely suitable.

THE LANDGRAVE CHARLES OF HESSE CASSEL died suddenly on the evening of the 17th August, at the castle Louisenhead, in Denmark. He was the oldest prince in Europe. Father-in-law of the king of Denmark, a field-marshall, and governor of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. He was in the 92nd year of his age, being born on the 19th of December 1744. In 1766, he married the Princess Louisa of Denmark, daughter of Frederick V., and in 1820 celebrated with that princess a matrimonial jubilee of 60 years.
Tales of a Rambler. Smith, Elder, & Co.

The narrative portions of these tales are written in a pleasant, easy style, and the author tells a ready made story tastefully and skilfully. We scarcely think equal success attends the dialogue in such short tales. If dialogue is introduced, it ought to be full of fire and vivacity, and, indeed, possess dramatic talent; to talk for talking sake, without advancing the plot or developing character, is the pervading fault of the imaginative authorship of the day; and these tales are not wholly free from the defect. Some of the tales are founded on oft-repeated subjects; thus, “The Covenanter,” “The Bride of St. Alban’s,” and “St. Michael’s Eve,” have, under various titles, formed the ground-work of tales in the Annuals till we are somewhat weary of their frequent repetition. Freshness and originality can alone secure public attention. We must say that publication is useless without these indispensable requisites. We think our author’s talents shine to the best advantage when employed in illustrating an authentic historical or biographical anecdote; but in some of these tales time and talents have been thrown away on subjects that have been too often dwelt upon. We will give a favourable specimen of the work by an extract from “The Painter of Antwerp.”

“The great clock of St. Peter’s was chiming an hour past midnight, as a solitary boat proceeded rapidly up the centre of the Tiber. It contained but two persons, the boatman and his passenger, a young man who stood at the head. He was closely enveloped in a large cloak, which, however, left to view a singularly handsome countenance, round which flowed a profusion of dark auburn hair, descending in long curling locks upon his shoulders, according to the fashion of the time. Although his mantle concealed the greater part of his person, the three-plied Genoa velvet bonnet, surmounted by the jewelled plume and the extravagant length of his embroidered shoes, plainly indicated him to be the cavalier or gallant of the fifteen century. The night had been remarkably still; and the moon was sailing in all her glory through a cloudless Italian sky. The palaces of princely Rome gleamed brilliantly in the distance; while, far above all, towered the giant dome of St. Peter’s, rearing itself aloft, like a haughty monarch surrounded by his subject slaves. As the last reverberation of the bell died faintly away, the boat neared the shore, and the cavalier, leaping from it, proceeded rapidly along the bank of the river. He had scarcely gone a hundred paces, when his progress was impeded by three men, who sprang forward from the projecting angle of an adjacent building, behind which they had lain concealed. The cloak of the cavalier was quickly thrown from his shoulder, and his rapier bared to receive the attack of his assailants, whose mail coats, and ponderous swords, proclaimed them to be the bravi of the period.* Placing his back against a wall behind which he defended himself from the fierce onset of his adversaries, with a skill and valour that proved him to be a perfect master of his weapon; but, in the height of the conflict, the faithless rapier broke short to the hilt, and he stood defenceless. The arm of the foremost ruffian was raised to fell him to the pavement, but ere it descended, a fourth sword gleamed in the air, and in an instant the brave was stretched at the feet of a new opponent. This terminated the combat; for the companions of the fallen man, finding they had to contend with an unexpected and powerful adversary, after exchanging a few blows, retreated, leaving with them the body of their wounded comrade, and were soon lost to view amid the shadow of the surrounding buildings.

“Blessed Saint Luke!” exclaimed the rescued cavalier, addressing the person who had so opportunely delivered him; “but that stroke of thine, my friend, came not a whit too early; and I would fain know to whom I am indebted for so vast a service.” The person thus addressed was a tall, powerful young man, whose clear blue eye, and fair, yet ruddy complexion, denoted him to be no native of Italia’s sunny clime. He was attired in a leathern jerkin, which descended to his hips, and fitted closely to his body, showing the muscular proportions of his person to great advantage, and leaving to view the whole of the legs and thighs, which, being clothed in tight hose of scarlet cloth, disclosed a symmetry of form equal to the nervous proportions of the ‘Laocoon,’ or of the ‘Gladiator.’

“For my name,” returned the stranger, bluntly,—“I am not ashamed to own it; my name, signor, is Quintin Matsys, better known, it may be, as the armourer of Antwerp; but for the debt you speak of, I deserve no thanks, I saw three brands opposed to one, and I had the villain at my feet ere I knew mine own had left the scabbard. And now, having answered your query, I, too, would be better acquainted with the gallant gentleman who must have handled his rapier right prettily to have kept these murderous dogs so long at bay?...”

“Call me, Urbino,” replied the Italian, grasping the hand of the young Fleming. “But, he continued, ‘is there naught in which I could serve ye? Thou art a stranger, I should say, by thy tongue; and perhaps—’ He paused as he glanced at the coarse doublet of Matsys. The Fleming caught the direction of the cavalier’s eye, and his brow was flushed deeply as he answered—

“The purse of the armourer of Antwerp, signor, may not be so weighty as when he forged harness for prince and peer in his native town; but, Saint Nicholas be praised! it is not so light that he should ask aid of any man of Rome.”

“What brings ye to Rome, then?” said Urbino, smiling. “I should have thought your

* Vide the “Habiti Aziichi” of Cesare Vecellio.
Brabant burghers needed coats of mail more than the Roman citizens, to whom Milan harnessed a horse, as rusty iron on Perche, you have journeyed thus far to purchase our Italian steel; or, is it a vow of love to some fair-haired, blue-eyed beauty, for whose favour you have undertaken a pilgrimage to our Lady's shrine? You smile;—have I guessed aright, then?"

"By Saint Hubert!" returned the Fleming, "you have nearly struck the right nail on the head, and perhaps I deserve a smile for my folly, in leaving friends and country for the sake of a fair cheek and a bright eye. But you shall judge for yourself, that is, if you have patience to listen to a short history.

"That will I right gladly," replied the Italian; "but this is no place to hear it; my lodgings are hard by, and if you will please me with your company thither, and taste a cup of Greek wine, you will add another favour to the one you have already rendered me."

"I accept your proffer," returned Matsys, frankly; "for, to say the truth, I had a broil with the master of my hostel this very night, so that I must reckon on the ground for my bed, and my cloak for my pillow."

"'Nay, that shall never be,' replied Urbino, 'while I have a couch beneath my roof. Follow me!' And the cavalier, resuming his mantle, struck into one of the narrow streets leading from the bank of the river into the centre of the city. After pursuing the windings and turnings of two or three streets, the cavalier paused for an instant before a building, whose marble walls seemed worthy to form the residence of a prince; and, passing the principal entrance, stopped by a small door at the side of the Palazzo. He pushed it, and the wicket yielding to the pressure, he entered, motioning Matsys to follow him. The Fleming obeyed, and found himself in a long corridor, dimly lighted by a single lamp. Urbino passed on till he led his companion to the foot of a noble staircase in the centre of an open space or court. Reclining on the marble pavement, reposed a swarthy negro, splendidly dressed, having his naked arms adorned with bracelets of massive gold. The African started to his feet as the cavalier approached, and seizing a silver lamp burning by his side, proceeded up the staircase, followed by Urbino and his guest. After mounting several flights of steps, they came to a broad landing-pace paved with various coloured marbles, from which opened a number of doors, apparently leading to different portions of the building. One of these Urbino opened, and after speaking a few words to the negro slave, entered the apartment with his companion. A large lamp of richly worked silver, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, threw a soft delicious light around the spacious chamber, displaying to the wondering eyes of the Fleming a singular and gorgeous scene of luxury and refinement. Yet there was a degree of confusion, and perhaps some few discrepancies, among the number of objects crowded together, that might have excited a smile in the cynic or philosopher. On one side, resting against the splendid hangings of the apartment, stood a large unfinished picture of the Transfiguration, the figures forming the different groups being the size of life, each endowed with an expression and action that insensibly rivetted the attention of the beholder.

The whole seemed the production of an exalted and highly refined mind; yet, on a portion of the canvas was sketched a grotesque caricature of a group of friars. Here stood the effigy of the sainted mother of Christ, and, reclining by its side, rested a splendid lute, hung with garlands of flowers. Here might be seen the statue of the Queen of Love, whose voluptuous form seemed only waiting for the breath of life to make her glide from her pedestal. There hung the fleshless bones of a gigantic skeleton, and by the feet of the relic of mortality was thrown a manuscript book of madrigals and songs, penned from the amorous romances of the Provençal troubadours.

"'This is my poor lodging,' said Urbino, throwing himself listlessly on a pile of cushions, near a table of Parian marble. 'I pray you make yourself welcome.'"

"Before Matsys could reply, the negro he had before seen entered the chamber, bearing a collation of the rarest fruits and wines, which he placed upon the table, and then retired behind the couch, where he remained with his arms crossed on his breast, as if awaiting the further commands of his master.

"'I pledge ye, Sir Quintin!' exclaimed the cavalier, pouring some wine into a crystal goblet till the ruby bubbles sparkled above the brim; 'do me right in a cup of true Corinth. And now,' he continued, as Matsys quaffed the contents of his goblet, 'I would gladly hear your history; for a tale of love is always welcome to a true gentleman.'"

"'I will not trespass on your patience,' replied the armourer, as he seated himself by the side of the cavalier; 'for I am not one who can profit by the hour like a shaven monk. Thus then it is. There is in Antwerp a famous limner, by name Michael Floris: you may have heard of him?"

"'His fame has reached Italy; he is, indeed, a worthy follower of the great art of painting.'"

"'He,' continued the Fleming, 'has a daughter, as far-famed for her beauty as her sire is for his pencil. The maiden, signor, I have loved dearly from my boyhood, and, I trust, I do not over-rate myself, when I say my love has been returned: ay, and long ere this, but for the accursed obstinacy of her father, we should have been the happiest pair in Antwerp. But pride, or the devil, put it into his head to look down with contempt on my godly craft, and he has sworn, by all his saints, that I shall never call him father—except I equal him in his own mystery.'"

"'By'r Lady! but it is a strange tale,' said the Italian, 'and puts the lovers of Italy to shame. Thou hast left then, thy home,—thy kindred,—for the sake of a blue-eyed girl, with whom I warrant me, the money-bags of some old husserl will soon make a wondrous change.'"

"The Flemish maidens, signor,' interrupted the armourer, rather angrily, 'when their love-tokens are given aside by their choice; albeit, they may not be so lightly come by, as those of the dames of Rome.' He glanced, as he spoke, at the girdle of Urbino, in which was
entwined an embroidered glove, which, from its size, could but belong to one of the softer sex.

"Nay," replied the Italian, smiling, "thy readiness to defend them inclines me to think with thee; and yet, though our ladies' favours are so easily won, you see they may not be worn with impunity." As he spoke, he drew the broken fragment of his rapier from his scabbard, and threw it on the floor. "But a truce to this bantering," he continued, in a more serious tone; "thy errand, now, would be shrewdly guessed, were I to say, thou hast journeyed thus far for the purpose of studying the great art thyself?"

"My best hammer never struck truer!" responded Matsys, eagerly: "canst thou assist me in this task? But now, thy services were proffered; serve me in this, and, if he be within call, the arm of Quintin Matsys shall be always ready to strike with thee in the fray, or, if absent, thou shalt have his prayers, as regularly as he says his patroness. I have heard that some of your Roman painters keep open school for the instruction of their art; I will toil from sunrise to sunset, and this hand—"

"Alas! thy hand," interrupted Urbino, half smiling, half mournfully, "is far fitter to hammer the rings of a hauberth than to handle the tools of a limner."

"It is well, signor," returned the armourer, drawing himself up proudly, "Quintin Matsys is not wont to take gibe or jest upon his calling at any time, nor is he now in the humour to afford laughter to a stranger. I must seek for courtesy elsewhere."

Matsys rose from his seat as he spoke, and was about to leave the room; but the hand of Urbino was laid on his shoulder, and arrested his departure.

"Nay, nay," said the Italian, "this must not be; I meant not to offend thee. Besides, I am your debtor, for that timely blow of thine; and though somewhat given to pleasantry you shall not find me ungrateful. Trust thyself to my guidance, and there shall be naught on my part left undone to serve thy wishes, as far as the humble efforts of a poor votary of the art can effect it."

"Thou art, then, a painter thyself," returned Matsys.

"As I said, an indifferent follower of the pencil," replied Urbino, glancing round at the various works of art which adorned the room.

"The Fleming hesitated, bit his lip, and then suddenly struck his hand into the extended palm of the other with a force that made the walls of the chamber ring with the sound.

"Per Bacco!" exclaimed Urbino, laughing, and withdrawing the member which had received so unceremonious a salute: "The tiara of Pope Leo himself should not bribe me to supply the place of a breast-plate if it needed but one blow of your arm to rivet a nail in it. You will accept my service then?"

"Ay, that will I," returned Matsys, "with many thanks for your courtesy."

"So be it, then," replied Urbino, rising: "and now, Sir Smith, I give ye good night, or rather good morn.—Ali, conduct this gentleman to a sleeping chamber."

Here the reader may see how well the author can handle materials of a different order from the triple subjects of the day. Of some particulars relating to his hero he seems unaware. Matsys was thirty-five years of age before he attempted the art of painting. His peculiar talent, although he studied at Rome, was in the delineation of misers, and queer humorous characters. His great work, however, is the celebrated basso-relieves, in iron, on the cathedral gates of Antwerp. We are inclined to think that he was an artizan, in the same vocation as Benvenuto Cellini before he became a painter, a fact that takes somewhat from the marvel that love achieved in his favour. He is usually called the Blacksmith Painter of Antwerp.

"The Tales of a Ramble" is adorned with various sketchy lithographs. Among these we were much pleased with the Mansion House, (which is by the way only a gateway,) and the Painter of Antwerp.


This is another of those works so characteristic of the literature of the present day, in which the most interesting and popular matter is combined with science and sound information. Till within a few years the deep penetration and profound research of such men as Mr. Bell, have been made known to the public but through the medium of fearful octavos, the very title of which was unintelligible to the greater portion of the community, much less those long crack-jaw, Greek-derived terms and appellations so peculiar to the physical science. But this is now no longer the case, and we cannot but hail with delight the present beautiful work, wherein the author, mighty in science, has amiably condescended to become the instructor of his more humble brethren; and that, too, in so intelligible and pleasing a manner.

The name of Bell is a pledge of the excellence of the literature, and as for the embellishments, the highest wrought steel engravings will scarcely bear competition with the delicacy and accuracy of these wood-cuts. Let any one look at the fineness of the lines on the wings and fur of "The Whiskered Bat," as a proof of our assertion. We do not see the name of the artist, but we give our testimony that his work is most beautiful. Now and then we find little fanciful vignettes placed as tail-pieces, after the manner of Bewick. "The Fox and Hedgehog" is exquisite. "The Bat in the Parlour at Candlelight" is a de-lightful little morsel. But we must not beslow our whole attention on the embellishments, when the ease and simplicity with which the information is conveyed deserve the warmest admiration. Our author
communicates minute and original observations, in a style that is truly fascinating. We doubt not our readers will be as much pleased as ourselves with his account of the behaviour of certain bats, with whom he became intimately acquainted in the course of his researches. Considering that Naturalists class us, the ladies and lords of creation, with bats, it will be interesting to know something of their customs and habits.

"It is one of the most common of our British bats; and the extraordinary development of the ears, their beautiful transparency, and the elegant curves into which they are thrown at the will of the animal, render it by far the most pleasing: it is also more readily tamed than any other, and may soon be brought to exhibit a considerable degree of familiarity with those who feed and caress it. I have frequently watched them when in confinement, and have observed them to be bold and familiar even from the first. They are very cleanly; not only cleaning themselves after feeding, and at other times, with great assiduity, but occasionally assisting each other in this office. They are very playful too, and their gambols are not the less amusing from their awkwardness. They run over and against each other, pretending to bite, but never harming their companions of the same species; though I have seen them exhibit a sad spirit of persecution to an unfortunate Barbastelle which was placed in the same cage with them. They may be readily brought to eat from the hand; and my friend, Mr. James Sowerby, had one during last summer, which, when at liberty in the parlour, would fly to the hand of any of the young people who held up a fly towards it, and, perching on the hand, take the fly without hesitation. If the insect were held between the lips, the bat would then settle on its young patron's cheek, and take the fly with great gentleness from the mouth: and so far was this familiarity carried, that when either of my young friends made a humming noise with the mouth, in imitation of an insect, the bat would search about the lips for the promised dainty."

Our readers may like to see how these long-eared bats behaved to the Barbastelle. Being a French bat we suppose they were influenced by the national spirit of John Bullism.

"It was taken during a very hard frost, in the latter end of December, in a large chalk cavern at Cisselhurst, in Kent, which is excavated at the bottom of a shaft seventy feet deep. In this cavern, during very severe frosts, several species of bats are found to retreat; and, on this occasion, I received with the Barbastelle a specimen of V. mystacinus, three of V. nattereri, and several of Plecotus auritus. My little prisoners, when brought into a warm room, soon began to exhibit signs of vivacity; and the Barbastelle, with the others, fed readily on small bits of meat, and drank water. He was a timid animal, and did not evince the slightest disposition to become acquainted with me; he would take his food, however, with his companions, and was accustomed to rest with them in a cluster, at the top of the box in which they were placed. The Barbastelle certainly became torpid more readily than any of the others, and more completely so; but, when awake, evinced extreme restlessness, and was incessantly biting with great violence at the wires of his box. When suffered to fly about the room, he flew very low, and less actively than any other under similar circumstances; and he was fond of lying before the fire on the hearth-rug, where he appeared quite luxuriate in the warmth. Whilst the long-eared bats evinced much attachment to each other, and became very familiar with me, the Barbastelle remained sullen and apart; until at length I found that he was an object of persecution on the part of his more active companions, one of whom I detected in the act of giving him a severe bite on the back of the neck. This occasioned his immediate removal to another box; but this sharp discipline probably hastened his death, which took place about a week afterwards, though he continued to eat till the day before he died. The specimen was a male, and apparently adult."


It is an undeniable truth that Pandora's box did not contain half the evils that Mr. Coulson enumerates as the effect of tight lacing; and this may very well be believed, because Mademoiselle Pandora did not wear corsets, or, assuredly, she would have put a pair among her collection of calamities. The list of diseases, and affections of mind as well as body, which the faculty trace to this cause, is really tremendous, and is enough to make the hair of every lady stand an end with alarm, whether she may happen to wear a real or an artificial chevrole. No doubt there is a great deal of truth in what Mr. Coulson says. Oh, if he had happened to have been in our party the other day at Madame St. A——'s, and heard the earnest French harangues we did, addressed to a lady whose figure took Madame's fancy, and we heard the lively little modiste assure her, "That, with her corsets, the waist of Mademoiselle would not span more than that," showing the circumference described by a pair of French fingers and thumbs of dreadfully small dimensions! But we beg all our fair friends, before they listen to the seductions of Madame, to read Mr. Coulson's book, and then make her furnish them with corsets twice the size that she meditates providing them with, turning a deaf ear to all her eloquent remonstrances on the way in which they choose to be fagottée. We trust Mr. Coulson will think we have behaved like dutiful reviewers, both to his book and our fair contemporaries. It is not our fault if all are not blessed with length of days."

2 D—Vol. IX.—September.
Oration upon Shakspere. By George Jones, the American Tragedian. Churton.

No person can read this pamphlet without perceiving that Mr. Jones, like Kemble, Young, and Macready, unites the attainments of the scholar with the talents of an actor. It was delivered before the Royal Shaksperian Club, on occasion of their first annual jubilee, at Stratford-upon-Avon. In enthusiasm for the genius of Shakspere the author is surpassed by none, but his sentiments respecting the genius of the Avon, though in a high degree polished and energetic, are unavoidably in the same track with all other eulogists since the first jubilee, and some passages, however, relative to the influence of Shakspere's genius in foreign countries, and especially across the Atlantic, open a vein of interest and information that must have given great pleasure to his hearers, and certainly does to his readers, as the following extracts will prove.

"I have mentioned twelve languages being in the possession of the works of Shakspere; they having been translated by eminent scholars in the several countries. These nations were in flourishing existence at the time in which our poet lived, and he might have cherished the hope that such would be the case in regard to his productions. But, my friends, is there not a nation which has just sprung up with a giant's power, since his death?—A country which then appeared merely upon the horizon of belief; but of whose discovery he glimpses at in the expression,

*I am no pilot; yet, were thou as far
At that vast shore washed up by the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.*

A land that cannot boast, 'tis true, of her Saxon or her Norman castles—those palaces of feudal power:—nor can she point to the pilgrim's eye the ruined abbey, or the ivy-clad cathedral:—no gothic halls glitter with the dazzling armor of old warriors:—no evening breeze flutters o'er a tomb the tattered penions of chivalric knights; nor does the morning sun e'er cast its beams upon the grey walls of a ruined palace:—yet she possesses the cathedrals of a thousand years, formed by the spreading branches of her eternal forests:—her broad, deep rivers glide on slow, unmurmuring, and majestic, the emblem of her greats held by mountains rise in sublimity, cloud-capp'd, to the skies: her plains and valleys far stretch the human eye: her ocean-lakes seem but the mirrors of nature and of heaven:—while her mighty cataracts echo from shore to shore the loud thunders of adoration to the Deity! The mind of man expanded by scenes like these,—the soil of that nation therefore possesses, like your own, a Temple seat'd to Freedom, whose cornerstone is founded upon our natural rights; around whose columns are entwined the wreaths of peace and benevolence; whose statues are dedicated to mind and intellect: whose entablature is adorned with the emblems of art, science, commerce, and agriculture: the fire of whose altar is guarded by Liberty and Justice: whose walls reverberate in language like your own, with man's deep-toned gratitude to his Maker and his God! This is not all America possesses:—she hath within her very heart a secret pride, which she would not exchange for any visionary thought, or stern reality. It is a pride posterity will find within her laws; penned within her archives, and traced upon the tablet of her fame.—It is a pride breathing through her very language; proclaimed aloud by her page of history; and years yet unborn shall echo within her senate chamber the glorious unfading truth—*England is our Father-land!* In that country they require no translation to understand the works of Shakspere; they enjoy them in the same language as yourselves.*

Again, speaking of the translations of Shakspere's dramas, the information he gives us is new to most readers, particularly the representation of his female characters by the noble Polish lady, the Countess Leduchowska.

"Germany has given a tribute to the poet, which no other can boast of,—that of being in four translations in the German language. The same tribute has been paid to our bard (though in a less degree) by the Italian, French, Danish, Hungarian, Swedish, Bohemian, Belgian, and the Spanish tongues. Several of his tragedies have been translated into the Russian language. The play of the Merchant of Venice, and the tragedy of Julius Cesar,* have been translated into the Freisian, a language spoken by the fragment of a people. There yet remains to be mentioned another nation which has given this honour to Shakspere, and where a descendant of princes became their tragic queen, unmindful of customary laws, but carried on by a devotion to mind and intellect. It is with peculiar fondness, yet with heartfelt melancholy, that I pause to pronounce that nation's name; this hesitation does not arise from any feeling of censure upon the deeds of that country, but of scorn and indignation as I contemplate those of its ruthless destroyer. The nation that breathed forth the music of our bard has not only been 'blotted from the map of Europe,' but from the world of literature! Where is the intellectual student whose heart does not throb with anguish as it reflects that the language of a nation is suddenly cast into oblivion—that its dying echoes only are to be heard in the earth-caverns of Siberia?"*

*They are dedicated to the accomplished scholar, Dr. John Bowring.

*The Mrs. Siddons of that country.

* Romeo and Juliet.
matic genius of England, should part with an actor whom she has fostered and reared herself, and to whose genius England has given the most ample testimony. We wish Mr. Jones well, not only on account of his genius, but because he seems one of those transatlantic brethren whose desire it is to carry the olive branch between America and her father-land.


The papers of the editor on West India subjects monopolize all the talent of "The Garland," but we have little or no light thrown on the localities of the South of England. A provincial magazine is seldom successful; because, instead of giving minute information on traditional, topographical, and zoological features of the district to which it belongs, it is invariably an old-fashioned imitation of the periodicals of the metropolis. But the second and third numbers will, doubtless, put "The Garland" in its true position as a periodical.

John Jefferson Whitlaw. By Mrs. Trollope. Mrs. Trollope has again been flourishing the scalpel over the poor unoffending Americans. In the present romance she has shown a darker spirit than that which prompted her biting but witty attacks on mere external manners. She draws pictures of horror, attributing to most of her American characters an innate malignity; a national depravity that will be warmly denied by all who have had unprejudiced communication with our transatlantic brethren. As for ourselves, we forbear to remonstrate with her on the anti-Christian and anti-philosophic spirit that attributes, upon no just ground, evil motives to any individual, to much less to a whole population. But we are well aware that Mrs. Trollope's American antipathies are a mere matter of business,—a pound, a shilling, and a pence concern between her bookseller and readers. Private pique caused her to hit on a productive vein of ore, and she is working the mine as long as it will yield any gold; critically, we think, much too quickly for her own literary reputation. The best passages in the present volume are, decidedly, those in which Mrs. Trollope throws herself entirely on her talents for minute real life description, unconnected with her party spirit. The mooring of the boat by the father of Whitlaw, and the landing of his family in the creek, where he settles, is, to our taste, the best morsel in the work. The reception of Lucy among the other needle-women is entertaining; why, we scarcely know, except for the truth with which the uncoined beauty of the occasion is depicted. Our readers would scarcely thank us for the extract, which is much in the style of some of Mrs. Sherwood's interior scenes; only the latter lady paints in a more lively, as well as in a more benevolent spirit. This romance is an illustrated work. Some of the lithographic caricatures are remarkable for their coarseness and vulgarity. We trust the Americans will feel the honest ambition of proving themselves as unlike Mrs. Trollope's pictures as possible; internally as well as externally, in mind as well as in manners.


The Scottish Tourist's Steam-Boat Guide. M'Phun.

We cannot help congratulating our friend M'Phun on the taste displayed in these useful little guide-books. Really the writer of them seems as if he felt the scenery and historical interest of the ground he traversed, and was desirous of giving his reader all the information it was possible to comprehend within such prescribed limits. Usually we are disgusted with the vague and wordy generalities of which such publications are composed. These tiny volumes, on the contrary, are full of anecdote and chronicle lore, very tersely and tastefully put together in a good literary style. In the business department, as to distances, and proper information regarding routes, the publications, assisted by good maps, give every necessary information. We need say no more to recommend them to all tourists who are disposed to roam northward this most auspicious season.


"The British Flora Domestica" unites the popular form of the herbal with the improvements of modern science. Indeed, we wonder the learned author did not condescend to add the title of "Herbal," humble and old-fashioned as it is, to his title-page, as our herbals, with the exception of Thornton's, (now scarce and out of print,) are rather relics of barbarism and curiosities for antiquaries than useful botanical works; and yet how popular does the name of herbal make the common-place shallow treatise of Sir John Hill, and the still more ancient "Herbal" of Culpepper. Well do we remember the astonishment and laughter with which we greeted the first sight of a copy of the last-named tome, with all the starry influences under which the plants, or, as Cooper's Betty Mulligan would say, the garbs, were to be gathered. Still more were we astonished when we were told that Culpepper's "Herbal" was a regular trade-book, of which a constant
supply was demanded, all owing to the influential title of herbal, a title peculiarly dear to females of a grade lower than ladies, and not a little attractive to ladies themselves, and to children. One excellent quality the "Flora Domestica" has, in common with these familiar treatises—the plain English names of the plants are printed beneath the figures. The botanical descriptions are short and terse, and, considering they are in scientific language, very clearly expressed; perspicuity secured, the rest of the dissertation is familiar diction, remarkable for its amusing and perspicuous style; and the medical directions are calculated to be of great advantage both to families and professional students. We shall occasionally give some seasonable extracts in our miscellany as a proof of our approval, and as specimens of the manner in which medical botany is treated by a writer as enlightened as the author of this beautiful little work. "The Flora Domestica" is illustrated by numerous coloured engravings. Some of these are depicted with striking truth and elegance. We would point out to our readers the excellent delineation of Cobnut, Cleavers, Centaury, Buckthorn, Bistort, Asparagus, Alexanders, and Balm; all these are life itself; and any intelligent child of seven years old might search them in the fields, and match them, as we well remember doing at an earlier age with "Curtis's Flora Londinensis." We cannot leave the present work, however, without remonstrating on the fashionable error that we see pervading every botanical work lately published, excepting Mr. Loudon's. We know the days of encouragement for art and science have sadly altered since the time of the first Curtis; still we grieve at seeing the slovenly and inelegant mode of depicting botanical specimens into which publishers have been forced by the niggardliness of book-buyers. The great fault we find is the absurdity of drawing flowers of all dimensions of the same size. We know the stately teazel, or burdock, or water-lily, cannot appear in all their due proportions on a duodecimo page; still there might be a graduated scale. A plant of the largest scale might occupy one page; two, the second size, might be put on a page; four of the smaller, and even six of the minute plants, such as sedums, verucneas, mossots, ericas, &c. We are aware of the reason that this plan is not adopted—it is the greediness of the public. If purchasers had not twelve coloured prints for half-a-crown every month, which is a great deal too cheap, many would grumble and return the numbers; and thus avarice does injury to art and science, and eventually injures the buyer. Last, for instance, take the frontispiece of the June number: here is best figured with the blossoms and stem-leaves about half the natural size, one of its radical leaves twenty times as small, and the root many times smaller;—convolvulus (bind-weed) about four times smaller than the convolvulus;—cynus (blue-bottle) the natural size;—and the blackberry a size smaller than life. Of course, a child or student, not quite so familiar with plants as we are, would consider all these plants were of the same size. The eye that knew the cynus would expect to find the convolvulus of a similar size; and, of course, would pass over the original growing convolvulus without notice; and, judging by comparison, would suppose beet-root the size of a radish. Now we well know that the buyers would count the specimens as they would the number of apples or onions for a penny. And if beet occupied one page, as it ought in proportion to the rest, convolvulus another, cynus another, and two other proportionable plants, a third, the public would raise an ignorant cry of "Humbug!" and vow they were cheated out of two plants for their half-crown. And what will become of science in a few years if this spirit continue?—We shall be an island cotton-spinners.


We congratulate the public on the circumstance for which Mr. Loudon is sincerely penitent, namely, the extension of the Arboretum in consequence of the feature of the Fruticetum being added to it. On this account the work will reach to thirty or thirty-two numbers, instead of being brought to a conclusion at the twenty-fourth. When we see a publication increasing in merit and ability in every number, as the present does, we must think its extension a benefit, and no imposition on the public, although, with the modesty and integrity ever attendant on sterling characters, Mr. Loudon is apprehensive of seeming to encroach. He has declared his intention of giving any numbers gratis that may exceed the thirty-second; but a man whose publications deserve the gratitude of the public ought to receive assurances from his subscribers of their confidence in him, and their full permission to do whatever seems right in his own eyes towards the proper completion of his work. Apologies from Mr. Loudon for the introduction of more matter in such a publication as this are, if rightly considered, reproaches on public taste and discernment. For who can read the mass of information and entertainment in the history of the Rosaceous, which are discussed and beautifully delineated in the four last numbers of the Arboretum and Fruticetum, without rejoicing that the shrubs as well as the trees suitable to
our climate are described by so able an author? In the twenty-second number the boldness and beauty of the larger wood cuts are remarkable; the tulip tree, the common horse chestnut, and the white-leaved willow, are in a noble style of art. We miss the blossom of the tulip tree from the bottom of the page, but suppose we shall meet it as a marginal cut with the letter-press.


The "Architectural Magazine" for August contains, among other interesting matter, the report of a committee of scientific men, held at the house of the Earl of Euston, for the purpose of considering Mr. Martin's plan for the improvement of the banks of the Thames, by erecting public walks thereon; and secondly, a plan for diverting in a different channel the impurities which are now lodged in the Thames.

One of the most important parts of the question is the right that the public have to demand of private proprietors the liberty of promenading; this important branch of the business was settled by the antiquarian and legal knowledge of Mr. T. Saunders (the restorer of the Lady Chapel), who, in evidence before the House of Commons in 1833, deposed, "that parliament, in the reign of Charles the Second, had placed forty-six feet width of ground from the Tower to the Temple, at the disposal of Sir Christopher Wren, in order to form a healthy public walk, for the benefit of the citizens." This important right, wholly forgotten by every one but antiquaries, who do not all make a practice like Mr. Saunders of consulting the records of historical knowledge for the good of the public, appears to have been wholly encroached upon, and the public way blocked up by brick-buildings, cranes, and sheds. Now, Mr. Saunders has proved, that in the busiest part of the commercial wharfs, the public have a right to the ground; and it only remains for the present owners, amicably to settle with the public the privilege of continuing the active commerce they at present carry on and, at the same time, to allow the population to enjoy its rights. Mr. Martin proposes the public walk to be a terrace constructed on columns, beneath which would be regular embanked quays and wharfs, something we presume on the plan of the Adelphi. Mr. Loudon objects to this terrace, and we think his objections do not show his usual acuteness. He says, the embanked terrace would shut out the air and view of the river, from the numerous streets leading down to the Thames; but surely, if arches and viaducts were too expensive, flights of steps leading up and down, and the promenade crossing the mouth of the streets leading to the Thames, might be adopted. There is nothing in Mr. Martin's plan like a proposition for blocking up the egress of the streets into the Thames, that we can find. In viewing the scene with the eye of a painter, we agree with Mr. Loudon in preferring the little sketchy scenes produced by the present heterogeneous objects on the banks of the Thames, sordid as they sometimes are, to the grand and uniform arrangement of Mr. Martin's columnar plan; but when we consider the moral and physical good which would result to the miserable poor of the metropolis, if such a benefit was bestowed on them as an airy public walk, we feel inclined to sacrifice the sketchy picturesque to the actual good, which, nevertheless, to many tastes would not be without its pictorial beauties.

**Educational Literature.**

**Popular Geography.** By Rowland Bond, Thomas.

"Popular Geography" forms the companion to Thomas's Atlases; we find in it sound reflection and true philosophy condensed into the limits of a cheap elementary book. Question and answer school-books, owing to the idleness of teachers, create mental alienation on the part of unhappy children, who are forced to learn by rote history and geography, and are for life sickened of those intellectual subjects by being crammed with bald and pedantic verbiage. Let our readers turn to the River Systems, and read that division attentively, and be convinced of the superiority of this Geography to the skeleton bestiaries usually forced on learners. We wish we could induce teachers and parents to make children exercise the higher powers of reflection in preference to those of mere memory; but while parents are indiscriminate in the choice of those to whom they intrust the education of their offspring, such results are not to be expected. A child, for instance, learns half a page of answers to questions on geography, without forming a notion beyond the mechanical position of the words; the teacher is satisfied if the mechanical answers come pat to the mechanical questions: close the book, and require teacher and pupil to give spontaneous questions and answers on the subject, and see how few will satisfactorily abide the test! And yet if they do not, be sure no mental faculty is exercised but that of memory; and worse than all, the child is disgusted with the dry exercise. Give a child a page of the Popular Geography to study, not to learn by rote; and let the test of proper attainment be, the power of answering satisfactorily sponta-
nceanous questions arising from the subject, in its own simple unstudied language, and see the animation and pleasure that will attend the exercise if the person questioning is intelligent and the book replete with sterling matter. But let parents remember that if the two last requisites are not brought to the task of tuition, an intelligent child has to struggle with great difficulties; and notwithstanding the vast improvements in instruction, the mere parrot sentimental prevails in the educational system. We have done our parts in recommending to mothers a good book and a good plan; and we must say, that those teachers who do not exercise their own faculties enough to be able to put spontaneous questions from such a work as this are unfit even to have the tuition of half a dozen charity children. We will show our meaning in illustration by an extract.

"The last division is the Australian family, exhibiting man in his lowest state of existence. Almost all natural appearances are different in Australia, and in the Northern Hemisphere: and man partakes in the difference, affording thus the last and crowning proof how close is the connecting link between his physical and moral character, and the peculiarities of the soil which he inhabits. The rivers of this continent descend, in general, from the mountains in full and large water-courses, but quickly lose this character in the level plains, descending both in width and depth, being partly absorbed by the sandy nature of the soil through which they flow, and unrelentlessly with tributary streams to supply their waste of water. Captain Sturt observed, that the Murray and Ganges, in a course of 340 miles, was not joined by a single running stream. Many of the large rivers of this region also terminated in marshes, but few, comparatively, reach the ocean in large volume. This element of civilization was therefore clearly wanting, and under circumstances, at all analogous, the man of Europe, or of Asia, had been a hunter or a shepherd. In Australia, however, both these occupations were precluded by the want of animals to tend or chase. Even the excitement of danger, which rouses the negro to attack the lion in his forest, was wanting here, since the only land carnivorous quadruped was a sort of half domesticated dog. Safe, therefore, from attack, the Australian savage has wandered up and down in search of food through all the stage of his existence. He builds no house, he wears no raiment; and all the arts by which a regular supply for man's necessities are provided, to him are totally unknown. He has no chief, elective or hereditary, no form of government, nor the least vestige of civil institutions. A vague and dreamy notion of a good and bad spirit, whom he calls respectively Koyan and Potoyan, is all that he possesses of a religious faith, and he offers neither prayers to one, nor depreciation to the other. With all this, the Australian is lively, intelligent, good-humoured, and inquisitive; and by his intercourse with the European settler may be destined to exhibit the phenomenon of the advance of man from this, his lowest state of animal existence, through all the various stages of improvement, up to the refinement of civilized society. If he be met in a better spirit than that in which the American was met, (and, hitherto, this seems to have been the case,) his progress will afford an interesting subject for the attention of the philosopher."

Now let us consider the questions that would naturally arise from this passage, which is taken from the whole section headed Distribution of the Human Race. They would be something like the following:—
Which is the most uncivilized race of man? Are natural appearances in Australia similar to those in the rest of the world? What are the peculiarities of the rivers? Do many of them communicate with the sea? Why could not the Australians get their living as hunters or shepherds? Do they build houses or wear clothes? Why not? Have they king? laws? religion? What notions have they of a supreme ruler? What natural disposition have these savages? How are they likely to be improved? How were the South Americans treated by the early discoverers? It is not every book that furnishes information sufficiently clear and terse to afford plain answers to these plain questions. If a book is pedantic and prosaic, which we have found to be the case with too many, it will not afford matter for the spontaneous answer system; the teacher must choose books written with simplicity and good sense, and full of matter; or a child will be unable either to understand the question, or furnish from such sources a rational answer. We can, and we have proved it, conscientiously recommend the present Geography, which well deserves to be popular.


A more beautiful specimen of the art of sketching and gravure was never given to the world than this second number of the "Ports and Harbours of Great Britain." A noble national work it proves. It contains Holy Island; two views of Bamborough, land and sea;

"King Isaac's castle huge and high;"

Newcastle; and the Port of Berwick. Who can forget the voyage of the Nuns in Mar- mion? Not we, indeed! though poetasters pretend Walter Scott's poetry is out of fashion: but sometimes Nature herself goes out of fashion with the world. In this second number we go over the ground, or rather over the sea, of that animated description of coasting voyage. A print of more perfect tone than the North-West
view of Bamhorough Castle we never looked upon. There is a bold beauty in the wholeness of the coup d’ceil that prevents us at first from looking into the minute detail; yet how well is it worth examination! The group in the pendent of Colomby is a fine study. How finely are those clouds delineated as breaking up before the Eastern gale! and how naturally is that flag streaming from the summit of the castle! Never was atmosphere more beautifully expressed by pencil or graver than in this exquisite plate. We own that the name of Bulmer, the delineator of these noble scenes, has been hitherto unknown to us. It will be difficult for him to remain unknown to any one after the publication of this work.

Switzerland. By W. Beattie, M.D. Illustrated by W. H. Bartlett, Esq.

Part 25.

The first plate, Kandersteg, canton Berne, engraved by R. Wallis, cannot fail to give the very greatest satisfaction. The representation is as true as the work is good. In one view you have much that characterizes Switzerland and its inhabitants from the rest of the world. The next is the passage of the Cardinells, Mount Splügen. Here you have a peep of a way cut out of the solid rocks, with fountains hiding their summits in the clouds, with awful depths beneath, and, to give greater effect, an army suffering from want and cold is wending its way under the dreary rocks. The next is the “Summit of the Jungfrau”; such are the hazardous situations, admirably shown in this plate, which the bold hunter of the chamois is forced to place himself in, to shoot with rifle his still more venturesome prey. It is rarely but by efforts of this sort that he can be killed. The last in this number is the “Castle of Laufen, and the Rhine fall at Schaffhausen.” On the left is the mighty torrent of waters now rolling impetuously from the higher ground, lashing itself with angry foam against one or other of the three rocks, curiously remaining across the stream, on which with singular beauty are growing several trees of rather a large size. There are few travellers who can be traversing Switzerland at a time when this fall can be seen to the greatest advantage. Weeks of rain have scarcely any effect upon it, but the melting snows in spring time increase its waters to an awful quantity. At other times, the inquisitive “fall hunter” might be rather disappointed, or at least, until he put himself into a certain chimney house connected with the castle which overhangs the sides of the fall; there, indeed, the noisy fury and raging foam of the waters are awfully grand. There are some curious incidents mentioned in the letter press; matters of fact and traditional fiction blended.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

July 29, at Brighton, the lady of W. H. Sumner, Esq., of a son.—July 30, at Bellevue-house, Richmond, the lady of J. W. Bowden, Esq., of a son.—Aug. 3, in Belgrave-street, Belgrave-square, the Countess of Pemfret, of a daughter.—Aug. 1, at Merstham, Lady Joliffe, of a son.—July 31, at Mariston, Devon, the lady of Sir Ralph Lopes, Bart., M. P., of a son.—Aug. 1, at the rectory, Malden, Surrey, the lady of the Rev. G. Trevelyan, of a daughter.—Aug. 3, at Eden-hall, Lady Musgrave, of a daughter.—Aug. 1, at Rothay, Isle of Bute, the lady of Major Frederick Hope, 72nd Highlanders, of a daughter.—Aug. 7, at Bowdenhall, Gloucester, the lady of Henry Bowyer, Esq., late King’s Light Dragoons, of a son and heir.—Aug. 4, at Dinon, France, the lady of Lieut.-col. Eden, 56th Regiment, of a son.—Aug. 11, in Park-lane, the Countess of Lincoln, of a son.—Aug. 10, at Petersham, Mrs. Spencer Walspole, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.


DEATHS.

MARGUERITE DUCHESE DE JOYEUSE,
Sister to Louise de Lorraine Queen of France

Born 1554
Married 1581

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

Vol. IX.
No. 44 of the series of ancient portraits.

Dods & Street publishers, 18 Grevy Street, London.
THE LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM, OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES ENLARGED.

OCTOBER, 1836.

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

MEMOIR OF MARGUERITE, DUCHESS DE JOYEUSE.

(Illustrated by an authentic, whole-length Portrait, splendidly coloured, from the original at the Salon de Musée in Paris.—No. 44 of the Series of authentic ancient Portraits published in The Lady's Magazine and Museum.)

"What is required for history, is truth. Truth unescs the event: Posterity judges of the result."—Annual Report of the Royal Society of Literature, published June, 1836.

Marguerite of Lorraine was youngest sister to Queen Louise of Lorraine,* whose sudden conquest of the handsome Henry the Third forms one of the most romantic tales in the chronicles of France. Henry having fled from the kingdom of Poland, in order to take possession of the richer diadem of France, which had devolved on him by the decease of his brother Charles the Ninth, tarried for a night at Vaudemont, the castle of the prince of that name, situated on the borders of Lorraine. There he was captivated at first sight by the modest beauty and gentle manners of Louise, daughter of the prince; and, before he left her home, demanded her in marriage. This splendid union changed the prospects of the family of the Prince de Vaudemont. The king was exceedingly attached to his wife, and for her sake treated her father's children as if they were his own. Her sister, Marguerite, who was tenderly beloved by the queen, he gave in marriage to the Duc de Joyeuse, with a rich dowry. Joyeuse was brave, the heir of a princely domain, and descendant of an ancient house; he was also the king's favourite, and, next to Henry himself, the handsomest man in France. Notwithstanding the imperial blood of Charlemagne flowed in the veins of the princesses of Lorraine-Vaudemont, yet, as their father was but the younger son of a small independent sovereign, an alliance with those portionless daughters of royalty would have been scorned by some of the powerful peers of France, if the monarch had not already espoused their eldest sister.

Henry the Third astonished all Europe by the fêtes and magnificent masques and ballets he gave at the marriage of

* See the portrait and memoir of this queen, Nov. 1, 1834.

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his sister-in-law, whilst he himself had
the satisfaction of pleasing the two
persons who were most dear to him,
the queen and the Duke of Joyeuse.
The Journal de l’Étoile, one of the
chronicles of France, thus describes this
marriage:

"On Monday, 15th of September, 1581,
the Duke of Joyeuse and Marguerite de
Lorraine, sister to the queen, and daughter
to Nicolas de Vaudemont, Duke de
Mortemart, were betrothed in the queen’s
chamber, and the Sunday following were mar-
rried, at three o’clock, in the parish church
of St. Germaine. The king took the bride
and bridgroom to Montier, with the
queen, the princesses and ladies, all richly
attired. No one in France had ever seen
anything so splendid as the preparations
on this occasion. The king and the bridg-
room were dressed alike; and, without
reckoning the pearls and precious stones
with which their dresses were covered,
the embroideries and the making of each of
their garments alone cost ten thousand crowns.
Seventeen fêtes were given to the king
and the court, by the relatives of the
Duke of Joyeuse and by the princess of the
blood of France; and at every one of these
the chief ladies of the court appeared in
different apparel, most of which was of
cloth of gold and silver. The king’s share
of these expenses, including the dowry
and the presents to the bride, amounted,
it is said, to twelve hundred thousand
crowns."

As the finances were then in an
impoveryished state, and a civil war raging
in the kingdom, this extravagance was
considered by most of his subjects as
a token of that insanity which, it was
whispered, had occasionally been observable
in Henry ever since the death of
the Princess de Condé. He believed
that this lady, whom he passionately
loved, had been poisoned by his wicked
mother, Catherine de Medicis,* and the
agony of mind this supposition occasioned
threw him into a delirious fever. He
had been reckoned a wise and war-
like prince previous to this illness, but
after his recovery he did nothing consis-
tent with his former character, ex-
cepting his marriage with the virtuous
Louise of Lorraine, and the regard with
which he ever after treated her. Even in
the festivals given at the marriage of his
sister-in-law there was discernible some
flightiness of ideas; for instance, he
determined to float down the Seine with
all his court on a triumphal marine car,
surrounded by twenty-four boats formed
and decked out like dolphins, whales,
and sea-horses. His destination was
the hotel belonging to the Abbey of St.
Germain-au-Prés, where the Cardinal
de Bourbon had prepared a magnificent
entertainment for the new-married pair
and the royal party. Within the atten-
dant boats, in imitation of the
monsters of the deep, were to have been
placed musicians who were to entertain
the king and fifty thousand spectators,
stationed along the banks of the Seine,
with a concert of trumps, clarions,
vioins, cornets, and hautboys, while
this marine triumph was floating along.
Unfortunately, however, for the success
of this romantic scheme, when the sea-
monsters were set afloat they were so
badly balanced, and their huge shapes
made them so top-heavy, that they
turned over and swam on their heads
or bottom upwards, drowning not a few
of the hapless musicians and their in-
struments. The king waited for his
escort of dolphins, and whales, and sea-
horses, with great impatience, from four
in the afternoon till seven, but the im-
practicable monsters could not be per-
suaded to swim in accordance with the
royal wish. As it was a plan of his
majesty’s own devising, he was very
wroth at its failure, and took coach to
the Abbey of St. Germaine, giving up
his progress by water, saying in a rage,
"the floats were monsters, but those
who managed them were beasts." At
last he arrived with the queen, the
Duchesse de Joyeuse, and all the court,
by land, at the cardinal’s fête. Among
other things worthy of record at this
festival was an artificial garden, which
afforded to the guests the flowers of
May, and the fruits of June and July,
although it was then October.

The next fête was that of Sunday, the
15th of October, given by Queen Louise
in the grand salon of Bourbon at the
Louvre. Here the queen, the Duchesse
de Joyeuse, and ten of the greatest ladies
at court, danced a ballet as naiads and
nerides. It is in the character of a
neroid that the Duchesse de Joyeuse
was painted in the celebrated picture
from which the present portrait was
taken. This portrait gives us a tolerably
correct idea of the degree of costume

* See Portrait and Memoir, July 1836.
and character assumed by the great
when they danced at these balls. 
Marguerite departed not in the slightest
particular from the court dress of the
day; all that denoted her nereiship was
a trident stuck above her coif, and the
water-blue colour of her satin petticoat.
For further particulars of the fête of
Queen Louise we refer the reader to the
Lady’s Magazine for May, 1834. As
those curious details have already been
given, we need not repeat them here.
Marguerite spent but a very few years
with her husband, owing to the distrac-
tions of France, which called Joyeuse to
the head of the army. It was no very
easy matter for even a good subject to
know on what side it became him to
fight in those days. The king was now
harassed by two most formidable fac-
tions: that of the League, at the head
of which was the family of the Guises,
which had planned and put into execu-
tion the famous massacre of St. Bar-
tholomew, and now wished to compel
the king to exterminate the Protestants
altogether; and that of the Huguenots
or Protestants, which owned the King
of Navarre, afterwards Henry the Fourth,
as its chief. Henry, unable any longer
to bear the insolence of the chiefs of the
League, raised an army, and commanded
the Duke de Joyeuse to march at its head
against them, but, having suddenly made
a treaty with them, countermanded the
duke, with orders to proceed against the
Huguenots. Joyeuse was thus compelled
to leave his amiable Marguerite in order
to command an undisciplined, ill-paid
army, which was by no means decided
as to whom it intended to fight against;
for it had been levied to oppose the
insolence of the League, and then was
marched against the Huguenots, the
opposite party. It was impossible for
any general to be placed in a more
difficult position.
While the Duc de Joyeuse supposed
that he was commissioned against the
League, he had persuaded Sully (then
the Marquis de Rosny) to join him in
attacking that insolent and bigoted fac-
tion. We will transcribe Sully’s own
account of this affair:—

“Joyeuse, who had my two brothers in
his army, passing by Rosny, prevailed
upon me without much difficulty to go
with him, as though about to attack the
League. I gave him the best reception in
my power, but nothing charmed him so
much as the beauty of my horses. Mean-
time, the brave buffoon Chicot, a notable
partisan of the Huguenots, persuaded
the commander of the escort belonging to
the Duke of Joyeuse, that I, that devil of a
Huguenot, meant to detain the deaf man
(for so he nick-named Joyeuse) prisoner
in my castle; and the officer, drawing out
all his men at arms, came blustering up to
the door, and was finely laughed at by his
master and all in the castle for his pains.”

Sully set out with his new commander
against the League. He thus continues
his narrative:—

“We had only got to Verneuil, when
the Duke of Joyeuse received a packet
from court declaring that peace was con-
cluded with the League, and that the
army under his command was instantly to
be marched against the King of Navarre.
Joyeuse, in relating this to me, said, ‘Well,
M. de Rosny, this stroke will give me the
power of making a cheap bargain for all
your fine horses, for war is declared against
the Protestants; but I persuade myself,’”

added he, ‘that you will not be so simple
as to join the King of Navarre, and, by
embarking in a ruined cause, lose your
fine estate of Rosny.’

“The duke might have continued much
longer without interruption, for I could
not help reflecting with astonishment on
the difficulties through which fortune
seemed to delight in leading the great
Henry before she conducted him to the
eminence designed for him. The predic-
tions of La Brosse, the astrologer, were
ever present to my mind; from them I
was always persuaded of the final pros-
perity of the King of Navarre. My an-
swer therefore to the Duke de Joyeuse
turned wholly on those prophecies. This
appeared to him, it would seem, somewhat
extravagant on my part, for I am told
that he said to his people after my de-
parture, ‘There goes a fool who will be
finitely duped by his sorcerer.’”

Who can wonder that the duke should
have made this observation? Here was
one of the wisest, best, and most useful
of men that ever lived taking his first de-
cisive step in life, by his own confession,
through the predictions of his fortune-
teller! Human pride and intellect are
often forced to blush when the motives of
some of the greatest of men are traced
to their true source.

Joyeuse, though mild in private life,
was a strict disciplinarian in the field,
and with his ill-organized army he had
need of all his firmness. He succeeded
in defeating and dispersing the Protestant forces under the Prince de Condé, but in 1587 was recalled to Paris, on account of the complaints of some influential persons, who were displeased with his severe discipline. He was received with the tenderest affection by his wife, the king, and the queen, and great rejoicings were made at court on his return. The moment Joyeuse departed, the army, left under the command of Lavardin, broke through all discipline, and Henry of Navarre, falling on the troops in a disorganized state at La Haye, defeated them with great loss. Sully says, the duke heard of the defeat of his army with great grief, and begged of the king to consign it once more to him. His arrival at Paris had disconcerted the practices of all his enemies, and his favour with Henry soon rose again to its former height. His generosity and fame were such that all the courtiers attached themselves to him, and he again set out for Guienne, with the flower of the French nobility and numerous companies of recruits.

This was the last time the Duke of Joyeuse saw his young and beautiful wife, for the fatal field of Coutras soon followed his departure from Paris. It was at that famous battle, "the battle of the white plume," that Henry the Great obtained so much personal glory. The victory was chiefly gained by the advantageous position which the King of Navarre had chosen for his cannon, whilst the Duke de Joyeuse, being near-sighted, had miscalculated his distances, which rendered his artillery utterly useless.

Before the forces joined, Henry is said to have thus harangued his little army:

"My friends, behold here a prey much more considerable than any of your former booties; it is the king's brother-in-law, who has still the nuptial portion in his pocket, and all the rich courtiers about him." to the princes of the blood, Condé and Soissons, he added, "You are of the house of Bourbon, and, please God, I will show you to-day that I am your elder brother. Follow my white plume; you will ever find it in the path to victory!"

Five thousand of the King of France's army, with their brave leader, Joyeuse, and his gallant young brother, Claude, Count St. Sauveur, were left dead on that famous field of Coutras. Sully says:

"The bodies of Joyeuse and St. Sauveur were drawn from beneath a heap of carcasses, and laid upon a table in the hall of the castle of Coutras, and a coarse sheet thrown over them."

Such was the end of the brave, generous, and beloved Duke de Joyeuse. He left no children; and, what is singular, none of his six brothers, all distinguished for their beauty and valour, left any issue, excepting one, a female heir. Five of these brothers, including the duke, fell in the dreadful civil wars that convulsed France, and two died eclesiastics. With them ended the princely line of Joyeuse.

A very few months after the fatal event that made Marguerite of Lorraine, Duchess of Joyeuse, a widow, her sister, the Queen Louise, was also deprived of her consort by the blow of an assassin, James Clement, a fanatic monk, attached to the party of the League. With his dying hand Henry wrote to his absent queen these words:

"Ma mie,—You have heard that I have been desperately wounded, but I hope it is nothing. Pray to God for me. Adieu, ma mie."

Marguerite, who had shared the good fortune of her excellent sister, the queen, likewise shared her grief. They had both been faithful and exemplary wives at a time when the moral corruption of the court of France was most hideous; and as widows their lives were no less irreproachable. They dwelt in convents, far from the gaieties of the court of Henry the Fourth, and were remarkable for their beneficence and kindness to the poor.

The retired life led by the widowed Duchess of Joyeuse prevents the historian from ascertaining the precise time and place of her death, but it is supposed that she died at her sister's favourite convent of Moulins, about the year 1616.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.

The original portrait, from which this plate was taken, may still be seen by all the visitors of Paris in the grand salon...
of the Musée, where there is also a large picture representing the nuptials of Marguerite. We think by the trident on her head, and the blue colour of her robe, that the Duchesse de Joyeuse is attired in the same array in which she danced at the queen’s (her sister) ballet, of the 15th of October, 1581, in the character of a nereid. The high ruff of the 16th century, the pointed waist, and the large fan, must have formed droll additions “to the watchet weeds of one of Seine’s blue nymphs,” but these discrepancies were received with the utmost gravity in her era, and even in the reign of the classic Louis, long after.

The head-dress, with the exception of the nereid’s trident, is strictly in the coif fashion of that day, being made of scarlet velvet, edged with gold. At the base of the trident is a large sapphire set in wrought gold. The ruff is Elizabthian. The robe is of watchet blue satin, lined with gold flowered brocade, and made with gold coloured brocade, tight sleeves banded with pearls, over which there are large loose Venetian sleeves, lined with gold flowered satin.

The corsage of her dress is exceedingly pointed, and opens with reverses of the gold flowered lining. The pointed corsage is richly studded with sapphire and ruby ouches, eight, placed alternately from the point of the waist to the bust. Three chains of bronzed gold hang from shoulder to shoulder in front of the bust. The skirt of the dress is very full, gathered round the hips, and cut so long, that it falls round the feet and sweeps the ground on every side; it is bordered with rows of gold ribbon. In one hand she holds a large gold embroidered fan, and in the other a fringed and embroidered handkerchief.

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**SONGS OF THE MONTHS.**

"THE SEASON."

BY J. E. CARPENTER, AUTHOR OF "LAYS FOR LIGHT HEARTS."

On London’s the place in October,
    For the days then begin to grow chill;
A watering place is too sober
    When town is beginning to fill.
I’ll send and secure inside places,
    It will not do longer to stay,
Nor linger the while all the traces
    Of fashion are wearing away.

’Tis all very well in the summer
    To walk on the gay promenade,
With every butterfly comer
    Professing the slightest regard;
But, oh, does it equal the pleasure
    That often our bosoms can thrill
When we dance to melodious measure
    Thro’ the maze of the graceful quadrille?

I greet thee, return of “the season,”
    When joy recommences her reign,
And not without plenty of reason,
    I can’t bear a poor country swain.
Then London’s the place in October,
    For the days they begin to grow chill;
A watering place is too sober
    When town is beginning to fill.
THE MENDICANT.
AN HISTORICAL TALE.

Daily might have been seen, sitting under the lofty arches of one of the principal churches of Paris, a poor mendicant, whose hoary locks and decrepit appearance betokened the extreme of age and misery. The period of our story need not be carried farther back than some two or three years, so that many even of English travellers may be able to bear in their recollection the remembrance of the very spot, as well as the features of the humble hero of this our simple narrative. His manners, behaviour, and language bespoke a superior education than is common to those who have to struggle against misery and adversity. His dress, though poor and ragged, was clean, and bore evident marks of having been the companion of one in happier days; and a noble mien expressed in every feature, combined with the characteristics we have mentioned of silvery locks and advanced age, strongly convinced us that he once had occupied some elevated station in society. Even the poorest and most wretched inhabitants of the place regarded him with a kind of veneration that plainly bespoke his acknowledged superiority. He bore the name of Jacques: he was as much beloved as respected by all the poor of the parish, for his kindness, goodness, quietness of temper, and even for his generosity in sharing with others, if possible, more distressed of his fellow-creatures, the alms which he himself had received.

The history of his life and of his misfortunes was meanwhile, to those who were his intimate friends, as well as to the authorities of the parish, wrapped in deepest mystery. Daily for twenty-five successive years had Jacques regularly seated himself in his wonted haunt, and each frequenter of the holy edifice had made himself so familiar with his appearance, that he seemed to them even as a living statue pertaining to the sacred precincts, just as much as the splendid entrance itself, and the many beautifully carved stone statues and Gothic ornaments, which, superabundant in kind and superior in quality, notwithstanding the ravaging hand of a sweeping revolution, were yet visible on every side. None of his companions were able to account for or relate the slightest particulars concerning him. This only was known, that, although a Catholic, he had never entered the threshold of the church.

Under its ceremonial services, when the zeal of pious devotees made the sacred dome resound with song, when the fragrance of the holy incense fuming from the altars, intermixing with the prayers and wishes of the faithful, ascended towards heaven, when the grave and melodious tones of the organ filled out and supported the solemn choirs of the Christians, then the old withered man was to be seen sunk in intense thought, and in deep and silent veneration he seemed to join with those who were thus engaged in their Maker’s praise within the cathedral. With an eye full of sorrow, and with deep humility, he contemplated, at the entrance of this the dwelling of God. The reflection of thousands of tapers that dimly traversed the gorgeous structure, the shadow of the pillars for centuries supporting its sombre Gothic arches, like the great symbol of the eternity of religion, powerfully affected his soul. With trembling frame he involuntarily bent his knee with enthusiastic fervour, and tears of anguish rolled down his wrinkled and faded cheeks. The recollection of some great misfortune, or the gnawings of evil conscience, seemed to agitate his soul. At his first appearance at the church-door he might have been regarded as a great criminal exiled from the society of the good and virtuous to linger life away in misery.

There was also a clergyman who went daily to this church to solemnize mass. This minister of religion was descended from one of the first families of France, and the possessor of an immense fortune; moreover, he abounded in virtue. To him no happiness was greater than in doing good and assisting and consoling the needy and unfortunate. The old mendicant was among the many who had fortunately become an object of his solicitude; and every morning the Abbot Paulin de St. C—— administered to
him spiritual consolation, together with
temporal assistance.

From some unexplained cause Jacques
had absented himself for several days
together from his accustomed place,
which caused anxious inquiries after
him from several persons who daily
visited for mass; amongst others was
our Abbot, who, chagrined at not having
the pleasure of giving his old friend the
long-acquainted daily alms, inquired
after his place of abode. There visiting
him, the good father found the aged
mendicant stretched on a sick-bed.

The Abbot at his entrance was aston-
ished by the strange admixture of luxury
and misery which pervaded this never-
theless miserable dwelling: a magnificent
gold tester hung over the wretched
and mouldering straw couch on which
he was lying; two large paintings in
rich carved frames covered with grape
were suspended on the old walls; a
Christ of ivory, executed in most beau-
iful workmanship, was lying at the side
of the sick; close to the bed stood a
Gothic chair, which yet disclosed to view
some remnants of red velvet, and was
covered with old and seemingly much
used books; amongst the volumes was
a large family prayer-book with heavy
silver clasps; but every other article of
furniture represented a frightful spectacle
of poverty and of the devastations of
time.

The presence of the clergyman re-
animated the weak old man, and in a
voice full of acknowledgment he cried,

"Thank you, most reverend Abbot,
for this your condescension, in having
had the kindness to remember an un-
fortunate old man!"

"My friend," answered M. de Paulin,
"a true Christian never forgets the un-
happy. I am come to see if I can be
of any benefit to you."

"I want nothing," replied the mendicat;
"my end is drawing nigh; my
death hour is close at hand;—my con-
sience is the only part of my internal
frame that calls for assistance.

"Your conscience! have you then
any crimes or earthly sins by which
your conscience is oppressed?"

"Yes; a crime, an enormous crime;
a crime for which my whole life has
been one fruitless act of repentance! a
crime for which in heaven there is no
pardon—on earth no punishment."

"There exists not," replied the tender
father, "in the wide region of heaven
a crime without pardon, for the Divine
mercy is far greater than all the sins
of man."

"For a criminal polluted by the per-
petration of the most horrible of crimes
—what hope? pardon! forgiveness! no,
no; there is none for me."

"Yes, there is!" cried the Abbot,
with enthusiasm; "and to doubt His
mercy would even be a more horrible
blasphemy than all your crimes. Reli-
gion reaches her arms to the repentant
Jacques! if you sincerely repent, im-
pire the Divine goodness, and He will
not forsake or cast you off: confess
through me, and I will open the pathway
to heaven."

The Abbot then covered himself, and
after having pronounced those sublime
prayers that open the gates of heaven
to the repenting, he lent an attentive
ear to the following confession:

"The son of a poor farmer, I was
honoured by the affection of a high and
noble family, under which my father
cultivated a little land. From my earliest
infancy I was brought up in their man-
sion, and, although intended at first for
a servant, they took pains to have me
educated; and from the rapid progress
made by me in my studies, with the
good will of my masters, my prospects
in life were changed. I was elevated
to the rank of secretary. I had already
passed my twenty-fifth year when the
revolution broke out. My principles
were easily shaken by the seductive lan-
guage at that epoch circulated in the
daily journals. My ambition rose above
its just limits. I became weary with the
easy position in which I was placed.
I made projects to leave the asylum of
my youth for the camp. Alas! had I
but followed this first propensity my
ingratitude would then have been com-
paratively trifling, and prevented the
commitment of all my other horrible
crimes;—but to proceed. The fury
of the revolution soon spread over our pro-
vinces, and, apprehensive of being ar-
rested, my master discharged all his
servants. Hastily possessing himself of
such moneys as were within his reach,
and packing together some portions of
his rich furniture, together with objects
of value and family remembrances, we
departed for Paris, to repose in security.
amongst the multitudes of that densely populated city: as a child of the house I had the privilege of accompanying them. At the period of our arrival terror reigned with the utmost fury, and tyranny was triumphant in every department of France; but the retreat of my master was a perfect secret. The family name was inscribed on the emigrant list, and the wealth of their house was confiscated in the name and to the service of the republic; but this seemed not to concern them, for they were in happy union, unknown, and enjoying peace and tranquillity. Animated with strong faith in Providence, they submissively hoped and looked towards heaven in perfect confidence. Vain hope! the only person able to reveal their abode, to tear them from home, comfort, and security, to deliver them up to their pursuers, had the treachery to inform against them! and I—I was that informer!

"Father, and mother, four daughters, angels, in comparison, for their beauty and innocence, and a young child ten years old were dragged to a dark dungeon and delivered up to all the horrors of captivity, and proceedings were instituted against them. The most trivial accusation sufficed in those days of bloodshed to send the innocent to the guillotine; the public prosecutors could, meanwhile, not find evidence to ruin this good and noble family; but a man who was acquainted with their private family affairs was brought forward, who made depositions respecting their domestic concerns; making crimes of their most innocent actions, and affixing on them fictitious crimes, of being party to a frivolous conspiracy—and I was that false witness, that perjurer!

"Their fatal judgment was made known to them, the awful sentence of death was pronounced over the whole family,—the young son was the only one to be spared. Unfortunate orphan, so early destined to mourn the fate of his whole family, and to curse their murderer, though unknown to him. Full of resignation, and finding a consoler in their virtues, this unfortunate family in their dungeon awaited the knell of the death hour. Through some mistake the order of execution had been omitted to be obtained. The day intended for their final suffering passed on, and if no one had been interested in seizing on those innocents, they would have escaped the scaffold, for it was close on ninth Thermidor; but a man, impatient to enrich himself by their spoil, went before the great revolutionary tribunal, directed their attention to the error, and received as a reward for his zeal the diploma of patriotism. The order for their execution was instantly drawn up, and the same evening the dreadful judgment was to follow. And I,—I was again that eager informer.

"At the eve of day, by the lights of dim burning torches, the fatal cart dragged this noble family to the scaffold. The father, in deepest grief and despair, clasped to his heart, with ardent affection, his two youngest daughters; whilst the mother, strong in Christian fortitude, pressed the two eldest to her bosom; then embracing her husband, they for the last time gave vent to their oppressed feelings, their remembrances, their tears, their hopes; and then, again repeating their farewell, they uttered the final prayers of death. The name of their murderer had never escaped their lips.

"As it was late, the chief executioner, tired of his day's labour, had trusted one of his servants with this late execution; he, little acquainted with its horrible use, implored some of the surrounding multitude to lend him assistance. A man of the crowd readily advanced and offered his aid in this ignoble office. And I,—I was that man.

"And the price for such many crimes was the sum of 3,000 fr., and those objects of value which you see around me,—the irrefutable witnesses of my guilt.

"After this crime I yielded myself into the arms of pleasure and debauchery, to spend my ill-gotten gold, and quench the voice of my overcharged and reproaching conscience. No project, no enterprise, no undertaking was crowned with success. I became poor and infirm. The gains from charity were now my only resource, my only means to keep me from starvation; and I have for years availed myself of the offerings of the bountiful at the entrance of the
cathedral! The memory of my crimes has always stood liven before me, constantly piercing and torturing my soul, so that I ever despaired of divine mercy, never daring to implore religious consolation, or even to enter a church. The alms I received, particularly from you, most reverend Abbot, have with strict economy and temporal forbearance enabled me to gather a sum equal to that I stole from my ancient master,—here it is! The objects of luxury which you remark in this room, this watch, this 'Christ,' these books, these portraits, are part of the property of my benefactors. Oh! how long, how deeply, and how profound has not my repentance been, but it has not been able to bring me consolation! Reverend father, do you then think I may flatter myself with the hope of receiving an Almighty's forgiveness?"

"My son," answered the Abbot, "your crimes are certainly revolting, and the circumstances that have led to them atrocious, and unequalled in barbarity. The orphans, through the Revolution deprived of parents and friends, are the most able to judge and appreciate their immensity. A whole life passed in tears and prayers is hardly enough to extinguish such misdeeds. But then the treasures of the divine mercy are also immense, and blessed be your deep repentance. You believe in the almighty, all-powerful goodness of God—I think I may assure you of your pardon."

The Abbot now raised himself from his kneeling position; the mendicant, as if animated with new life, left his bed and threw himself on his knees, ready to receive from the clergyman, after the rites of the Catholic religion, "the absolution for sins committed,"—when he cried out,—"No, not yet holy father; before you communicate to me my forgiveness, release me from this gold, the fruits of my crimes; take these objects, sell them, and distribute the product of them amongst the poor."

In the eagerness to display every thing, the mendicant tore the crapes away from the portraits, crying, "Take all, all," then pointing to the portraits, "these were my benefactors, my victims."

The Abbot threw a hasty glance upon them, and with a violent cry, clapping his hands upon his eyes, exclaimed, "My father! my mother!" and instantly the remembrance of the horrid confession, the presence of the assassin, the sight of the portraits, flashed vividly, in all its horrors, on his mind, and tore up the nearly healed wounds of his heart. His whole frame trembled, and, unable to support himself any longer, he involuntarily fell into a chair, his head drooping on his trembling hands, and with a flow of tears at last gave way to his oppressed and nearly suffocating feelings.

The mendicant had thrown himself on the ground, not daring to raise up his eyes upon his terrible, irrevocable judge, the son of his victims, who was to let fall on him all his wrath, to chase for ever all pardon from his thoughts; he writhed himself at his feet, bathing them with his tears, crying aloud, in a voice full of despair, "My master! my master!" The Abbot restrained himself, and, without looking at the wretched being, urged him to control his grief.

The mendicant, raving, cried, "I am an assassin, a monster, a murderer! Sir, dispose of my life; what shall I do to avenge you?"

"Avenge me!" answered the Abbot, recovering himself at these words; "avenge me! oh, unfortunate man!"

"Had I then not the judgment to foretell you that my crimes were above pardon? I knew well that even religion would throw me off; repentance could not avail a sinner like myself. No pardon!—Pardon exists not for me."

These last words, pronounced with a terrible accent, recalled to the Abbot his mission and his duties. The struggle between filial sorrows and the exercise of his holy calling ceased. Human weakness had for an instant claimed the tears of the grief-distressed son. Religion reclaimed the yet stronger soul of the priest. The clergyman rose; took the image of Christ in his hand, presented it to the mendicant, and said, with a strong and steady voice, "Christian, do you sincerely repent?"

"Yes"

"Your crime is then the object of your true and profound horror.—Then God, suffering on the Cross for mankind, accords you your pardon; finish your confession."

The Abbot, with one hand lifted over the mendicant, and holding the sign of the redemption in the other, made the
I Follow Thee!

heavenly clemency and forgiveness descend on the assassin of his whole family. With his face bent towards earth, the mendicant still lay kneeling at the feet of the clergymen; the Abbot stretched forth his hands to assist and forgive him, but he was no more. M.

I FOLLOW THEE!

BY G. F. RICHARDSON, ESQ., TRANSLATOR OF THE WORKS OF KORNER.

Among those friends who attended Korner’s interment there was one named Von Bürenhorst, a noble and accomplished youth, who found it impossible to survive such a death; and a few days after, being placed in a dangerous post in the battle of the Göhrde, threw himself on the enemy, with these words, “Korner, I follow thee,” (Korner, Ich folge dir,) and fell pierced with many balls.—Life of Korner.

I follow thee! thy young name was dear
As great names to youthful spirits be;
And in each bright path of thy brief career
My boast hath been, I follow thee!

From mine early youth, in my distant home,
Thy minstrel art was dear to me:
I have dwelt, like thee, on the classic tome,
And my boast hath been, I follow thee!

And, when in the ranks of the patriot band
I have claimed my place mid the brave and free,
In the cause of our faith and father-land,
I have joyed to feel, I follow thee!

I have fought by thy side, I have seen thee fall,
I have marked thy bright, brave, spirit flee;
And, while I have borne thy bloody pall,
My prayer hath been, May I follow thee!

I have dug with thy comrades thy warrior grave,
’Neath the deep, lone shade of thine own oak tree;
And I share thy fate, thou young and brave,
For e’en to the tomb I’ll follow thee!

The warrior spoke; from his battle post
He sprung mid slaughter’s gory sea,
And high o’er the crash of the mingled host
Rang his last loud shout, “I follow thee!”

There are few of our readers that are not familiar with the glorious fate of Korner, the partisan leader of the Landwehr in the patriotic war of Germany, when the students from the different universities thronged into the ranks of the militia raised to oppose the tyranny of Napoleon; and, inspired by the songs and glorious personal heroism of young Korner, actually turned the scale of Napoleon’s fortune in Germany. The burial-place of Korner, near Lubelow, under his favourite oak-tree, is carefully fenced round, and is enthusiastically visited by the youth of Germany. We accidentally met with these lines in a collection lately published by Mr. Richardson; and their glowing poetic beauty made us wish to give them a more extended circulation.

The author has indeed caught the spirit of Korner—“him of the lyre and sword,” as Mrs. Hemans calls the warrior poet of the German Landwehr.
THE FERRYMAN OF THE MOSELLE.

BY EDWARD LANCASTER, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE BURNINGS,"
"CHRISTMAS EVE," "NEW YEAR'S GIFT," &C.

(Concluded from page 184.)

It is impossible to say how long so delightful a courtship as that which we have detailed might have been protracted between the devoted Martine and the lively Nina had not circumstances rendered it necessary to fix the wedding day at once. The pretty Nina le Val, after testing the constancy of her lover in all those ways which her sex is privileged to use, consented at length to make him happy, and thus was about to open those eyes which love had blinded. In other words, by withdrawing Jean Martine from the ferryman's hut, Nina would unconsciously excite the police to use vigilance, which had been suffered to slumber while one of the body was a daily visitor there; consequently, it was submitted by Milderton, that if Antoine, whom no one supposed had claims beyond his situation, celebrated his nuptials at once with Rosa, he would thereby, in the most effectual manner, lull even the whispers of suspicion, and make it appear beyond a doubt that her rank was no higher than his.

Advice such as this could not fail of being acceptable to Antoine, and even the beauteous Rosa did not oppose it. Preparations were consequently, made with the utmost promptitude, and the villagers given to understand that they were all about to be invited to one of the merriest weddings which Lorraine had ever seen. The news spread like wildfire, and all was bustle, activity, anticipation, and glee.

How often when the sky is most serene does a small speck-like cloud in the horizon denote a coming storm! The hours were passing swiftly on, and the happy day at hand, when word was hastily brought of the arrival of a small military detachment, under the command of a Captain Riensee, for the purpose of effecting a conscription. Hitherto, Antoine had escaped the dreadful fate of being forced to serve in the ranks in a cause which he detested, but now a foreboding of ill made the intelligence sink heavily into his heart, and he already feared the worst.

Rosa was absent when the tidings were circulated. It was natural that, as the most momentous period of her life approached, she should sometimes court solitude and reflection; consequently Antoine, with a delicacy which yet more endeared him to her, had latterly forborne to insist upon accompanying her in all her walks, satisfied that no harm could ever reach her. She was now, therefore, quietly roving along the grassy banks of the Moselle, and offering up silent thanksgivings to her Creator for the happiness she enjoyed, when a smart puff of wind disengaged her kerchief from her neck, and carried it across the meadow. A gentleman, in the undress of a military officer, was passing at the instant, and sprang forward in time to secure the flying silk, and then hastened to restore it to its fair owner, with the bow, the compliment, and badinage which every well-bred Frenchman considers as forming so essential a portion of his accomplishments. Rosa listened to this as a matter of course, and, having uttered some sportive reply, curtseyed her thanks and withdrew, but not before her eyes had kindled an inextinguishable flame in the heart of Captain Riensee; for he it was who had rendered this trifling service.

When Rosa returned she heard from the lips of Mr. Milderton of the approaching hazard which her lover was about to run. She changed colour at first, but quickly exhibiting that presence of mind and self-control which would have fitted her for a Roman heroine, she erected her sylph-like form with an air of sweet dignity, and said, "We must be prepared, dear Antoine, for whatever may occur. It is only by arming ourselves against the approach of evil that we can avert its consequences. Suppose you should be drawn as a conscript, will not money procure a substitute? Why then view those troubles with impatience for which there is an immediate remedy? Come, while I smile you ought not to look grave!" It was thus that the playful, but high-minded girl chased the phantoms of sadness from about her lover's brow, and as he folded his arms
around her he felt an inward assurance that Heaven would never afflict a being so nearly resembling one of its own in-habitant seraphs, and with the thought he bade adieu to all his forebodings.

The time fixed for drawing the lots was that preceding Antoine’s wed-ding-day, and scarcely a villager was absent on an occasion which decided the fate of so many a husband, lover, brother, and son. Antoine was amongst the first to essay the fearful chance—he drew—and, oh, joy! he was saved. Rosa rushed forward with her friends, and was the first to congratulate him on his escape.

Poor girl! her zeal stamped his fate! Riensec, who presided, immediately re-recognised the female whom he had re-solved, as soon as duty permitted, to make his prize, and, eagerly addressing Antoine, said, “You are fortunate, young man; I understand that you are actually on the eve of marriage; is yonder pretty maiden to be your bride?”

“She is, sir,” returned Antoine, “and proud am I to say so.”

The brow of Riensec darkened for an instant; but, disguising his feelings, with an insinuating smile, he rejoined, “I wish you every happiness. Remain in court till it breaks up, as I am desirous of speaking further with you.” Antoine did not think it prudent to decline this invitation, and therefore bowed his head in acquiescence. Business was then proceeded with, when suddenly it was announced by the captain that some informality—the omission of some unimportant ceremony—rendered it necessary to go over the whole proceedings again. True or false, there was no appeal against the president’s decision, and accordingly, Antoine again advanced to decide his fate. But this time, whether at the decree of fortune, or through some accursed legerdemain employed by Riensec, his former good luck was reversed, and he was declared to be—a conscript.

“Never mind, dear Antoine; never mind, love,” whispered Rosa, springing to his side. “In a few hours you shall laugh at these vagaries of chance. Come, don’t droop, love; I fly with Mr. Milderton to procure a substitute.”

Alas! the then recent calamitous expedition into Russia had so completely operated upon the terrors of the people, that even poverty became proof against the temptations of wealth to sell its freedom, and, in spite of every exertion, Antoine, at nightfall, found that not a man could be bribed to exchange situations with him. It was now that Rosa’s heart began to fail her. She turned a look of timid supplication upon her father, and said, “We have wealth enough to arm a battalion. Shall we not offer it for the liberty of Antoine?”

“In doing which the consequences would be fatal to you all,” said Milderton. “No, no, we must beware of exciting any thing like suspicion at this crisis.”

“Oh, Virgin of Heaven! what is to be done!” exclaimed Rosa, with streaming eyes.

“Come, come,” said Antoine, in a tone of confidence, “things are not so bad as they appear to be. It is obvious that the star of Napoleon is already on the wane. A thousand arms are as unwilling as mine to draw the sword in his defence, and but few years will elapse ere he is overthrown. Let me then go at once; and you, Rosa, live—live for the sake of your Antoine!”

Every word that Antoine uttered seemed like a withering blast directed against the rose of Rosa’s cheek, and, when he had concluded, its bloom had completely perished. I will not, however, dwell upon the painful scene which followed. They parted; and Antoine was marched towards the capital.

About a fortnight afterwards he was one afternoon pensively strolling along the outskirts of the lines when the name of Captain Riensec, uttered by a private, struck his attention. He turned round and saw a couple of veterans walking leisurely side by side in earnest conversation. “I tell you,” cried one, “that the captain is an infernal villain; why I heard him but last night wager a hundred Napoleons that in another week Rosa Leclerc would become his mistress.”

Antoine’s almost resistless impulse at these words was to rush forward and demand an instant explanation, but fortunately he reflected that such an indiscretion would defeat even the hopes of revenge, by sealing the lips of his com-rades; he, therefore, resolved to hear more before he decided his mode of action.

“What!” exclaimed the other soldier, “do you mean the girl to whom our new recruit was to have been married?”
"The same. He is already on leave of absence at the village of ——, and in my own means do not win his wager he will have no scruple in employing foul."

Antoine needed another word. He flew to his commanding officer, and, almost breathlessly, implored a furlough for a week.

"These are stirring times, my man," said the superior, "and it behoves us to make the most of every moment in learning our duties. However, as you say you wish to take leave of your sweetheart, we will see what is to be done. How are you named?"

"Antoine de Lachasse."

The officer appeared struck as he heard this name, and retired to examine a paper which lay on the table by his side. Shortly returning, he said, "I am sorry, my fine fellow, to disappoint you, but your captain—ahem!—there are reasons why I cannot spare you at present."

"Sir," said Antoine, "I must be spared."

"Must!" returned the officer; "such another expression and I order you to the guardroom; retire, sir."

Antoine did retire, but it was only to leap on the first horse which he saw at hand, and gallop off towards ——. On his arrival there he lost no time in hastening to the humble abode in which he had left his Rosa, and the first object that presented itself at the door was Captain Riensec conversing with the idol of his affections.

"This is beyond belief," Rosa was heard to say as Antoine approached; "my father has gone to attend a message by which he was desired to meet my affianced husband at the distance of a few miles, and now you come to tell me that he is expecting me in Paris. This bodes treachery, monsieur."

"You misunderstood me, Mademoiselle. I meant that I was commissioned to convey you where your father has already gone."

"Liar!—villain!—miscreant," shouted Antoine, dashing forward like a thunderbolt, and felling the captain to the earth.

"Ha! desertion!" cried the enraged Riensec. "Forward there, and secure the traitor."

This summons was followed by the appearance of several soldiers, but they paused as Antoine, drawing his sword, exclaimed, "Comrades, hold, ere you seal our mutual perdition! The wretch now grovelling on the earth would have polluted my intended wife—a being as pure as the fountain spring of the Moselle. Will you, because I have punished him, send me to my grave? No! You are Frenchmen—you are men, and will feel as such. Give me but time to carry my bride beyond his power, and be assured that the blessing of heaven will be your reward; but move one step, and, though we have slept in the same tent together, that moment shall prove your last."

"Slaves! cowards!" cried the disabled Riensec, "instantly obey my orders, or your own fates are sealed!"

The men now no longer dared hesitate, but advanced to secure Antoine. Little, however, did they know the strength and skill of his arm. With the speed of lightning three of their number fell; their numerical superiority, nevertheless, would finally have prevailed, had not Rosa, in desperate resolution, at the instant forcibly drawn her lover into the cottage, and barred its entrance.

"Force the door! drive it off its hinges!" shouted the captain. At that moment Rosa perceived a brace of her father’s pistols lying upon the table. She seized them with the rapidity of thought, and pointing them from the window at the still prostrate Riensec, exclaimed, "Hold! or by the Creator and the cross, the brains of your captain shall be scattered on your path!" This threat, uttered in a tone of almost fierce determination, produced immediate irresolution amongst the men, and they paused, uncertain how to act. "Now, then," continued Rosa, in an undertone, to Antoine, "fly through the secret pass! you will meet my father on the mountains. Apprise him of my danger, and raise the villagers to my rescue. Your false passports will then enable us to flee to England! Away! Every moment now is precious."

"I will die before I leave you here alone," returned Antoine. "No, no; you shall accompany me. They will never be able to pursue us through the dark mazes of the cavern, and with you upon my arm I shall possess the fleetness of the wind. Give me the pistols. And now, away!"
Rosa was not one to waste time in combating an evidently unalterable resolution; she consequently resigned herself to the guidance of her lover, and in the next minute found herself in darkness. Antoine had taken the precaution to close the entrance to the cave, and therefore felt but little apprehension of pursuit. He, however, exerted the utmost speed, and in an incredibly short space of time once more emerged into open day; but it was only to be surrounded by an armed multitude of soldiery.

Considering resistance to be worse than vain, Antoine at once resigned himself a prisoner, without reflecting that in all probability his captors were ignorant of his liability to arrest; and that, but for the words "I surrender," from which they judged him to be a deserter, they would have suffered him to have pursued his course. Rosa perceived this when it was too late to check the impetuosity of Antoine, but she also saw with satisfaction that the officer in command had no suspicion of the existence of the subterranean passage, and merely imagined them to have been concealed among the brushwood. Whilst reflecting on this, her father and Milderton, who had discovered the imposition practised upon them, came up, and before they could utter a word she flew to their protecting arms, and, in a whisper, acquainted them with all that had happened. The escort, meantime, continuing its march, ultimately halted, pursuant to the previous orders of Riencec, at the gateway of the ferryhouse. On its arrival, the soldiers who had attacked Antoine had just succeeded in restoring the captain from the stupefying effects of the blow he had received, so that the cottage remained unforced, and the treasures of the duke were consequently secure. Antoine was of course placed under arrest, and committed to prison. Immediate preparations were made for his trial; the result of which was, alas! too faithfully predicted by his friends. He had quitted his regiment after being refused a leave of absence: he had struck his commanding officer, and escaped, as was supposed, from the roof of his house, to consummate his desertion. Under the mildest of governments offences such as these were punished with death. How, then, could he ever hope to escape?

Woman, the first to droop, but the last to fall, never soars so highly as when the object of her affection yields to the crush of misfortune. It is then that we own her real greatness; it is then we discover that in her God did indeed bestow upon us an help-mate. Antoine, though he gave way to no unmanly sorrow, was yet bow'd down by affliction. The duke was devoid of comfort; but Rosa seemed to have become a new being in this extremity. Hope beamed from her eye, and comfort flowed from her every accent. Her high patrician bearing was blended with the utmost gentleness of manner, and yet energy and decision marked all her actions. Nothing had power to perplex her. Amid all the fluctuations of hope and despair she held onward her course. She advised with Milderton, cheered her father, and consoled Antoine. Every arrangement for his defence was superintended by her. Even her innocence of the world and its ways seemed enlightened; and with miraculous art she anticipated and guarded against the specious traps which cunning might lay for the life of her lover in the event of his escaping the main engine. Lastly, she dressed her loveliness in all its richest smiles to make it appear that these cares rested lightly upon her hands.

But in the solitude of her chamber Rosa could not repress the woman, and oftentimes, in bitterness of heart, she wept throughout the long and dreary night. At length the day of trial came. Milderton remained near Antoine in case his assistance might be required; whilst Rosa, accompanied by the duke, and attended by Nina, sat closely veiled to watch the proceedings. She was also provided with materials for taking notes, but God knows how she ever nerved herself to such a task, and on such an occasion.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed a young officer of the cuirassiers to a comrade, as he accidentally caught a glimpse of Rosa's countenance. "What a heavenly creature! I declare she perfectly resembles the late charming and lamented Mademoiselle de ——, who is reported to have broken her neck somewhere in these parts."

"She beautiful?" said the other indolently, raising an eyeglass to his eye. "Pshaw!—she wears a stuff petticoat!"
The charge was read, and the evidence entered into. Word by word was every sentence weighed and sifted by the advocate for the prisoner, who was one of the first men of his day. With consummate skill he made the very witnesses for the prosecution betray the character of their employer, and on those occasions he artfully introduced the mitigatory circumstances which his client’s case admitted. But, however the court might have been inclined to make allowances for the provocation under which the blow was given, they had no power to justify the alleged act of desertion, and he was solemnly pronounced culpable of desertion and insubordination.

Towards the close of the proceedings, Rosa had foreseen the result: she, therefore, still retained her senses, and even raised her veil in order to catch the words of the decree.

It was death!

Yet Rosa was calm: the sighs she stifled in her bosom, and the sobs, which, unuttered, gave agony to her throat, might have overpowered a martyr; but the greatness of her mind displayed itself, and her only thought in the midst of all this mental torture was how to comfort De Lachassé. Antoine, on the contrary, was overwhelmed; not for the loss of life, but for what he should lose in Rosa. When the sentence was passed, his first glance was upon that high-minded girl. But what were his sensations at perceiving that she even smiled upon him!—He burst into tears.

Rosa was in a moment by his side, and entwining one arm round his neck, and paring the jetty curls from his noble forehead, she pressed her lips to its throbbing temples, and exclaimed, "Mon pauvre Antoine! I wonder not to see your sadness, but do not give way thus. For my sake be collected. As long as you remain so I will not pain you with my womanly weakness. But when I see those eyes brim with tears, oh God! how can I restrain my own?" Here nature could endure no more; and, as her first flood of grief fell in scalding torrents down her lover’s face, the wretched girl fainted upon his bosom.

The sentence was forwarded to headquarters, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy, backed by all the members of the court. Again, therefore, hope found a resting place in the breast of Rosa; and again was every faculty on the alert to promote her one great object. In the present instance, too, Milderton proved an invaluable ally. He bribed the veterans, to whose conversation Antoine had been an unintentional listener, to state on oath the diabolical boasts they had heard their captain make, and that such boasts had been a subject of their discourse. He assisted Rosa to draw out a statement of what passed between Riensec and herself before her lover’s arrival; and he also certified on oath concerning the trick by which the duke had been inveigled from the cottage. Nay, more, the indefatigable Englishman, at the risk of his own safety, ventured from his retirement and persuaded the commanding officer, to whom Antoine had applied for leave of absence, to confess that it was at the instigation of Riensec that he witheld the desired permission, so that now scarcely a doubt was entertained, by the friends of De Lachassé, of his ultimate release.

"Yes! he will still be our joy and solace!" Rosa would exclaim. "Still will the honey of life sweeten our cup, and still shall we rejoice in the bounty of our Creator!" The hope, that had glowed brighter even as the prospect darkened, and the fortitude of this unequalled being insensibly found a reflection in his own despairing mind, and filled Antoine with astonishment; insomuch that he not only became tranquil, but looked forward to the day which would irrecoverably decide his fate with almost pleasing anticipation. At length, that day arrived. He had parted for the evening with Rosa, and was conversing with Milderton and the duke, when a warrant was placed into his hands. He glanced his eye over its contents; his breast heaved; his lips trembled: but, by a convulsive effort, he succeeded in mastering his emotions, and with an unaltering voice exclaimed, "Amen! Amen!"

"Say, my son, my valiant boy! what is it?—What do they adjudge?" cried the duke, violently excited.

"Death, without appeal!" returned Antoine, rising with an air of Spartan heroism, as if by that one act to wipe away the stain of all his former weakness. Milderton rose and departed without a word, so completely was his mighty mind overthrown by man’s injustice.
The Ferryman of the Moselle.

Injustice, however, in this case it could not be called. We will explain. After Antoine had struck Riensec to the earth, it will be remembered that he was engaged in a struggle with the soldiers, and it was during this conflict that the pocket-book, containing documents relative to his rank, a number of forged passports, together with other papers of value, fell from his bosom, and it was instantly secured by Riensec without the knowledge of Antoine, who even afterwards never bestowed a thought upon his loss.

It may be wondered why Riensec did not produce this important prize at the trial; but no: he wished the sacrifice of Antoine to be purely on his account, in order that the blow he had received might legitimately be washed out with blood. When he found that his revenge was likely to be defeated by the strong exertions made on the prisoner’s behalf, that was the time to forward the fatal packet. He did so: it was laid side by side with the recommendations in Antoine’s favour, and it proved that intercessions were made for the life of a traitor—a traitor to an usurper!

The commissioners, therefore, had but one duty to perform; and their mode of executing it cannot be blamed. The treason was self-evident, and its punishment not to be withheld.

It was long after Milderton had quit the prison before those who remained gave utterance to a word. At length, the anguish of the venerable Duke de —— found vent in tears; and, leaning his white head against the cold damp walls of the dungeon, he wept in anguish, and bemoaned himself aloud. Antoine instantly hastened to his comfort. “I must not have this sorrow,” exclaimed the youth; “the bitterness of death is passed with me.” And yet, he added, glancing contemptuously upon the fatal warrant which he still held, “they have done their utmost to add wormwood to its gall. But it is not the grave which has horrors for me. No, Rosa! ’tis the quitting thee that tears my bosom!”

At this moment the heavy clank of chains was heard without, and the bolts being slowly undrawn the door was opened. Nerved as he was, Antoine felt an electric shock thrill through every fibre of his frame, as turning his head he beheld the almost spiritual form of Rosa emerging from the darkness. The door was closed upon her, and she tottered forward one step. “Antoine!—Oh, my God, Antoine!” she cried, in soul-piercing accents; then, urging herself forward with the strength of phrenzy, she added, “Tell me, I conjure you, is the horrid report true?”

“What hast thou heard, love? Do not distress thyself thus,” said Antoine, trying to smile, though tears were gushing from his eyes.

“I have heard that Moloch requires a new victim. They tell me, Antoine, that you are doomed to die!”

“Is not that doom for all, dearest?” said Antoine.

“Yes; it was given as the wages of sin!” exclaimed Rosa, flinging herself into his arms with a burst of despair. “Why, then, is it extended to you?—You, whose life has been one act of virtue! Did you not humble yourself before man and before your Creator? Did you not abandon rank, wealth,—all! that you might go spotless into the kingdom of heaven? Why, why then, does the curse of crime thus fall on you?”

It was now that her father advanced, and, though bent with age and affliction, his step might have dignified the movements of majesty. “Hold, my poor mourner,” he said, taking one of Rosa’s hands; “remember that the world has seen one whom no man could charge with sin; and yet, He died!”

“Oh!” cried Rosa, her large blue eyes swimming with tears, “we were so happy!—we never harmed a being!—we voluntarily withdrew ourselves from the world! Why could it not have left us at peace!” Here her voice became drowned in sobs, and it was with difficulty that she could be heard to falter out, “Oh, Antoine, Antoine! how can I ever part from you?”

A scene of the most heart-rending description followed these words. The anguish of Rosa was almost beyond endurance. She had been the last to cling to hope; she had displayed an almost supernatural strength of mind, as long as the slightest chance existed for her lover’s safety; a strength which even men looked upon with awe and admiration. Cold and white as marble, she gazed upon Antoine with a wild fixedness; and, refusing all comfort, gave way to loud outcries and lamentations.
At length, a new fire shot from her eyes, and something like a smile mocked her grief-worn lip. "Antoine," she said, nestling still closer in his arms, "you must grant me one favour before you die!"

Antoine shuddered. "And what is that, my suffering angel?" he said, in his kindliest tones.

"Nay, first promise me that it shall not be denied."

"How can I, dear girl?" said Antoine.

"Very easily, Antoine; come, I must have your promise."

"You have it, Rosa."

"Solemnly?"

"Solemnly!—before Heaven!"

"I am satisfied," said Rosa, with another withered smile; "but, first of all, take this ring. It was my mother's. Now place it upon my wedding-finger, and repeat the vow of love which you whispered in those days whose brightness has for ever fled."

At this strange request Antoine began to fear that her senses were wandering; yet, unwilling at such a moment to afford her the slightest pain, he complied, and, as the pledge of truth issued from his lips, it was breathed with a holy fervour, scarcely less exalted than that of Abraham when he made his covenant with God. When this was concluded, Rosa knelt by the side of Antoine, and, in a tone that gathered strength and sweetness as she went on, reciprocated the plight she had just received. This done, she again arose and said,

"Now, Antoine, in all but a few forms we are bride and bridegroom, and I have a right to claim the boon which I am about to ask."

"Speak, dearest?" said Antoine; "have I not already promised?"

"You have. My petition is, that I may accompany you to your execution."

"Rosa!" exclaimed Antoine, in startled tones; "a horrible suspicion flashes across my brain! You surely would not intervene between me and the instruments of death!"

"That might be sinful," returned Rosa, again creeping to his embrace, "but it will suffice to hear the firing of the musketry; for then I know my heartstrings will snap asunder, and we shall, love, ascend to heaven together."

This was too much for Antoine, but, rallying himself for Rosa's sake, he pressed her to his heart, and endeavoured in vain to be absolved from his promise. At length, he started from his seat, and exclaimed,—"Now have I reason to bless the malice of my enemies! Rosa, your intention cannot be accomplished, for, learn that I am doomed to die a traitor's death—upon the scaffold!"

As he spoke, the prison clock began to toll the midnight hour, and Rosa shrieked aloud. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "and yonder bell chimes in the morning that will see you suffer. To prayer, Antoine, to prayer, while I have strength to join."

All present would have knelt, had not their attention been at that moment arrested by the harsh grating of the door upon its hinges. They turned, and lo! with finger upon his lips, there stood Milderton upon the threshold. "Hush!" he almost inaudibly whispered; "not a word. Rosa, come with me; Antoine, do you follow and support the duke. Paise not to wonder—we may yet escape!"

This announcement at any other time might have hurried Rosa into some imprudent expression of her transport, but the solemnity of the hour, the darkness, the stillness, the devotional state of her feelings, and, above all, that admirable presence of mind by which she had so often been sustained, prevented her from displaying so fatal a weakness, and, with eyes shining fire, she kissed the hand of Antoine, and muttered, "Did I not all along bid you hope?" and then grasped Milderton's arm as he had desired.

When her eyes had become a little more accustomed to the surrounding gloom, she perceived that she was following a stranger, who seemed to hold a constant watch against surprise, and at the turn of every passage he cautiously penetrated each corner with the light of a dark lantern which he carried. Who this could be Rosa had no conception, yet—wonderful to tell—she forbore to inquire.

At length the whole party reached the outward portal; it was unlocked by the guide, and Antoine once more stood beneath the canopy of heaven.

"Now, Rosa," said Milderton, "all depends upon your courage and discretion; I am glad you do not interrupt me with needless assurances; yet the task is trying. You must proceed in the ad-
vance and alone, till your ear has guided you to the water's side, (a branch of the Moselle,) and then you must pursue it to your right hand until you reach a stunted oak. Should watchers be abroad your woman's wit will beguile them from the path, until we have safely gained the goal.—Away! God speed you."

This was indeed a trial for Rosa's resolution, yet it was to serve Antoine, and she sprang forward with a light heart. Her dress enabled the party to keep her in view, and also formed an object sufficiently conspicuous to attract the eye of a straggler, and prevent his attention from being drawn by the more dusky forms of her followers.

It fortunately happened that Rosa pursued her way without molestation, and in half an hour she reached the anxiously sought oak tree, to the stump of which was tied the painter of a small vessel. "Here is a bateau," said she, for the first time breaking silence.

"It is the ferry-boat," said Milderton, coming up. "I have stowed it all your father's and my own valuables, even your harp is not forgotten, Rosa. Now, my friends, it is not the only time this bark has borne you from danger. Speed! speed! and pursuit will be outstripped." There was no need to repeat this injunction; the party, not excepting the man who had opened the prison-doors, hurried into the boat. Milderton took the helm, he fixed his eye upon the starry heavens, and away they shot into the centre of the stream.—"To the Rhine! to the Rhine!" he exclaimed with animation, as he guided the vessel down the river. "André, you must pull lustily, for Antoine is weakened by confinement. But never mind, De LaChasse, I verily believe that Rosa will take an oar as soon as you are tired."

"When I tire with her eye upon me, she shall," was Antoine's reply; "but pray tell me," he added, "how this miraculous deliverance has been effected? I can scarcely yet persuade myself that I am not in a dream."

"Now, Rosa," exclaimed Milderton, "in a tone of gaiety, which he was not wonted to assume, but which circumstances sufficiently accounted for, "if ever in your matrimonial squabbles Antoine taxes you with curiosity, always remind him that he was the first to inquire the means by which he was freed, although a woman was in the company. And now you may talk."

"That I will!" exclaimed the joyous Rosa; "and I thank you for the weapon you have placed in my hands; but pray satisfy the poor youth."

"I will, for your sake," said Milderton. "Antoine will recollect that on the day he introduced me to you I was fortunate enough to relieve a poor starved mendicant, and to recommend him to the patronage of Monsieur Jean Martine. The deputy, in pursuance of my recommendation, procured for André the appointment of jailor to the prison we have just quitted. Need I say more than that to his gratitude Antoine owes his liberation? I might have effected this escape many weeks ago, but, hoping that mercy would be extended to De LaChasse, I thought it imprudent so to do until the result of the petition in his favour was made known."

We must now fly over events, and satisfy ourselves with simply stating, that the decisive measures which consigned Napoleon to the isle of Elba occurred just in the nick of time to facilitate the escape of Antoine; otherwise, nothing on earth could have saved him from being recaptured. He is now naturalized in this country. He still considers Rosa to be the loveliest flower of creation, though, at this moment, a bright-eyed girl of sixteen is leaning over the page on which I am transcribing the history of her father:

**The Ferryman of the Moselle.**

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**ON ANGRY ARGUMENT.**

*BY THE HON. W. GEORGE HERBERT, 1630,*

("Commonly called, "Holy Mr. Herbert.")

_Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes Error a vice, and truth discourtesy._

_Why should I feel another man's mistakes_  
_More than his sickness or his poverty?_  
_In love I may—but anger is not love_  
_Nor reason neither.—Therefore gently move._
ANACREON, ODE XV. (IMITATED.)

For Gyges' treasures what care I,
His diadems and title high?
What is the tyrant's gold to me?
A god on earth I would not be.
I envy not the wealth or state
Of great ones; let them still be great.
My chief delight, my only care,
Is to perfume my jet-black hair,
And gracefully to deck my head
With wreaths, of sweetest roses made.
The present time is that alone
Which we can truly call our own.
Alas! what shall to-morrow be
Is neither known to you nor me.
While yet the days look fair and clear,
And storms their blust'ring rage forbear,
Let us be jovial, blithe, and gay;
Let's play our dice and tope away;
Let's celebrate great Bacchus' praise,
And to his godship altars raise;
Lest some grim malady appear,
And softly whisper in our ear,
You have no farther business here.

THE DYING RECLUSE TO AUTUMN.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSO DE LA MARTINE, BY MRS. G. S. KINGSTON.

Receive, ye woods, scarce verdant now,
The homage of an aching breast;
Farewell, bright days! the dying glow
Of nature suits me best.

With failing breath, I linger through the solitary day,
And gaze upon the sickly gleam
Emitted by the pallid ray
Of Sol's departing beam.

Autumn days, and nature dying,
For me have charms of sweetness still:
They mind me of the last meek sighing
Of lips that Death's about to chill.

Thus now, the scenes of life when leaving,
I weep the joys of days gone by,
And glance around, as though still cleaving
To wither'd hopes that claim a sigh.

* * * * *

The flower fades and falls, whilst to the gales
It yields sweet fragrant sighs,
As an adieu! its breath the breeze inhales,
It bows to the earth, and dies!
I wane, yet mem'ry, fading fast
As dying music, lingers to the last!
PALE, feverish, and unrefreshed, Sir William Lovell arose from the couch on which only a few hours before he had lain himself, having passed the night in one of the most notorious of the many gambling houses in the "fashionable" St. James's! He had sought to obtain repose, but he only slept, in fact, to renew the scenes he had quitted, and awoke to experience still greater agony when the result of that evening flashed anew, with all its horrors, on his mind.

"Fool! fool that I was," he cried, "to be again tempted; but it is over now. I am ruined, quite ruined. Would that I were the only victim!" Then, heaping curses upon himself, he paced the room for awhile in the greatest agitation. The breakfast on table at length attracted his attention, but, ringing the bell before he had partaken of anything, he ordered the things to be removed, at the same time giving directions that his steward, Ambrose, should be sent to him immediately.

Ambrose was the only remaining domestic of the number who had been in the service of the late baronet, his father; the others having been discharged, as the extravagant folly of his master rendered it necessary for his son to diminish the cost as well as the splendour of his establishment. The good steward had long considered the interests of the family as his own, and had on more than one occasion remonstrated with his master on the course of life he was pursuing, and he had entreated him to abandon it. At the time, he appeared grateful to the worthy old man for his advice, yet in but a few hours he was to be found engaged with his former riotous companions. Lost in the infatuations of the gaming table—drinking deeply of that stream of perdition, which had nigh poisoned his existence, and had blighted for ever his prospect of a "fair to-morrow"; notwithstanding his want of attention to the precepts he received from him, Ambrose had always been considered by his master more as a friend and adviser than a servant; he had known him from childhood, and the respect borne to the memory of the father whom he faithfully served, added to the many reasons why he was entitled to possess a considerable portion of the son's estate—it was not therefore without a feeling of shame that Sir William called him to listen to an explanation of the embarrassing situation in which his folly had placed him.

Tears filled the eyes of poor Ambrose as he perceived his master's haughty looks, and he doubted not that the disclosure he had long anticipated was now about to be made to him; and his opinion was further strengthened when Sir William, in faltering accents, bade him be seated.

"Ambrose," said he, after a pause, "the hour is come; your warnings were vain, but your forebodings all too true!"

"For mercy's sake, Sir, be more explicit," exclaimed Ambrose.

"That I am ruined," replied Sir William, emphatically.

"No, Sir William, not quite—there is always hope amid the worst of sorrows."

"Not for me, Ambrose; mine is a hopeless case."

"No, no, Sir William," pleaded the old man, "not hopeless, if you will only renounce play."

"Renounce it! ha! ha! 'tis too late," he shouted, "too late now; it has renounced me.—I cannot play again—I am beggar'd; yes, old man, you stare, but I am quite—quite beggar'd."

"Pray, Sir William, be calm," interrupted Ambrose.

"Calm!" echoed his master, "calm! —to be robbed—cheated—plundered—ruined—and be calm,—but yet, I must. Hear me, Ambrose, for I have much to say;—last night, I—I—pshaw! I thought I had been too lost to blush now at dishonesty—well, I played—lost—all!—I have given three bills payable in a month to the winners of 3000l. each."

"Robbed, Sir! robbed!" exclaimed Ambrose; "you would not be so mad as to pay them."

"Yes, Ambrose; I played to win—
and, losing, I must pay, though life be sacrificed to honour.”

“Honour!” repeated Ambrose, with a long, deep-drawn sigh, at what he considered the misapplication of the term.

“Ambrose,” continued Sir William, “I am resolved to quit town immediately. At some future time,—on the death of my uncle, perhaps,—I may be enabled to return; but till that time I must drag out a miserable existence where I shall be unknown, unpitied.”

“Nay, Sir William,” said Ambrose, with tears in his eyes, “that need not be,—pardon my presumption, but I have a little property, if you would stay and share it with me.”

“No! no!” interrupted Sir William, “I owe you too much already to be under deeper obligations to you; I have, however, one request to make, that you, on the plea of my quitting England, superintend the sale of my effects, pay my creditors, and then meet the bills that are coming due,—take 200l. as a poor requital for services you have rendered me, and place the residue in my banker’s hands.”

To accept any gratuity above his salary Ambrose positively refused, but it was in vain that he remonstrated and proposed schemes to avoid the catastrophe; Sir William was inexorable, he felt that the sacrifice must be made, and he was determined to accomplish it while he had nerve and courage for the task. The sale of his property would produce him a little more than the amount of his debts, with which he determined to retire to the continent, and live in seclusion until fortune enabled him to resume his station in society. They sat long, conversing together in what manner the sale was to be conducted, for Ambrose, finding his persuasions unavailing, was obliged to yield to his master’s views. With a heavy heart he proceeded to make the necessary arrangements; and the following morning Sir William left the home which had now become hateful to him, and proceeded by the coach to Dover, to await the result of his arrangements, before passing to a foreign land.

It was late in the evening when he arrived, and, having before had lodgings in the town, he repaired thither, preferring the quietude to the noise and bustle of an hotel. As he was unattended, there was less obsequious attention paid him on his arrival than is customary for new comers at a boarding house, and Sir William had the gratification of being at once shown to his apartments. Sir William was equally free from inquisitiveness, and he paused not to inquire who might be the other inmates.

Leaving for awhile the still gamaster at heart to gain some hasty snatches of turbulent repose, there are other characters, exhibiting no less of human misery, which will for awhile diversify the scene, though the picture is not less of human misery.

CHAPTER II.

In another room of this boarding-house were seated two ladies, the youngest about twenty, though marks of care, visible on her fair face, gave at first sight an older look. Recent sorrow, or the deep recollection of woes yet fully remembered, had an evident influence over her; tears stood trembling in those eyes which were turned imploringly to her companion, a lady a little her senior, whose matronly appearance clearly showed that, though still young, she could glory in the dignifying and endearing title of wife.

“Come,” said she, taking the hand of her young friend, and pressing it gently in her own, “cheer up, dear Rose; will no gleam of sunshine ever come to break that gloom which now o’ershadows thy once merry heart?”

“I fear not,” was the desponding reply; “a blight has caused the once fair flower to droop, and none now heed its withering leaves but you, dear lady.”

“Speak not so coldly, Rose; call me Ellen,—the Ellen of your childhood, of your heart, ere grief had seared it,—I am still the same.”

“True,” said Rose, “true; but I am not. I dare not think of the beloved names of youth; I dare not recall the dreams of by-gone happiness; and, if I sometimes do carry thought to the happy years of childhood, it is but to make the present prospect seem more dreary, and then the illusion vanishes, and I feel that the once gay, laughing, Rose Claverley, is a child of scorn, a thing for the world’s mockery. Oh that,—that is a chilling thought!”

“You must not think so,” exclaimed her friend, supporting her. “You really
must not indulge in such thoughts, but
be happy in the smiles of the few whose
kindness would outweigh the coldness
and scorn of the many."

"That few is few indeed," rejoined
the unhappy girl, "since he who loved
me most forsakes me."

"Rose," exclaimed the other vehe-
mently, "you wrong yourself; the man
who would leave you thus does not de-
serve an affectionate thought: for your
own sake, for all our sakes, since he is
so unhappily related to us, you must
not think it was love."

"It was! it was!" cried Rose, pacing
the room with great agitation; "you
cannot gainsay a woman's heart. I have
borne much—but will not yield in silence
while you hum me to my very destiny;
and, though no one else in the wide world
will stand boldly up and say that Wil-
liam's love was honest, I will—he shall
not be without a friend, though I am
but weak."

"I will say no more," replied the
elder lady, "since it offends you, but
leave time to shew what honest feeling
cannot; yet would I have you cherish
some hope of happiness: that way is
dark indeed which leads not in the end
to light."

"I fear that way is mine, Ellen," was
Rose's petulant reply, as exhausted by
her own energy she sank silently on the
sofa, and concealed her pallid face within
her hands.

It may be here necessary briefly to
relate some portion of the early history
of these ladies.

Rose Claverley, the younger, was an
orphan, and at the time her father died
she was betrothed to a gentleman of
good birth and education; to his care
the dying man committed her, and strong,
in the faith of his honour and integrity,
and with a perfect knowledge of that af-
cotion which he had seen with satisfaction
spring up between them, he bequeathed
to him the whole of his property, under
his verbal promise, that, in the event of
the union not taking place, two-thirds of
the property on his daughter coming of
age should be her own; yet this arrange-
ment at the time was considered a mere
nominal engagement, for it seemed to be
impossible that any circumstance could
disunite hearts so firmly knit together.
Circumstances, however, had awakened
different interests. Her lover, without
assigning any reason, had strangely for-
saken her: yet she had no apprehen-
sion but that on her arriving at the
prescribed age he would restore her
property; yet her whole desire was to
call back to herself his wandering af-
fections. Wearyed by her continued grief
and alarmed at the mental agitation she
displayed, the kind friends with whom
she resided determined visiting the sea-
coast, in hopes that fresh air and change
of scene might have a good effect in
luring her mind from an object which
now so unhappily engrossed her entire
attention. Ellen had been her friend
for years, and, when the latter mentioned
to her husband the proposed scheme for
benefiting her friend, he obtained leave
of absence from the regiment in which
he was a captain, and agreed to accom-
pany them on their trip. It was not
long after the conversation on the even-
ing alluded to that he joined them, after
having been visiting an acquaintance in
the town.

Ellen and her husband made many
vain but fruitless attempts to draw Rose
into general conversation, and, when the
usual hour for retiring to rest arrived,
they separated for the evening.

CHAPTER III.

To return to Sir William;—the agita-
tion of two days had completely exhausted
his much shattered frame, and when he
awoke in the morning he found himself
seriously indisposed. It must not be
forgotten, how much soever morally to
blame, and although he deservedly had
obtained for himself the reputation of a
gamester, yet that he was rather the
ambitious, covetous, thoughtless lover of
play, but in other respects not so lost to
humanity that he could not feel acutely the
bitter pangs of remorse; he was, moreover,
too much a man of honour to be mixed up
with the double-dealings of the clique
which frequented his customary haunts,
and thus he became a victim to black-
legs, by whose arts and temptations he
was surrounded. With this considera-
tion, it was not to be wondered at that
such a painful and sudden change of
circumstances had caused serious indis-
position, and it was many days before
he was permitted, under the best medical
advice and treatment, to leave his apart-
ment.
It was the fifth morning after his arrival, when he proceeded to the parlour, that his eye rested on several letters which had arrived by the post, which were lying on the table for their respective owners. The first he took up casually bore a direction, "To Captain Lovell." "Captain Lovell," he repeated, reading the direction aloud, "it must be my brother Henry; if so, Rose Claverley is with him: this is a mischance, yet why this trembling? shall I never gain the mastery over this woman's heart? the quivering of my own breath startles me, and why should it? not a word, not a whisper, from mortal lips can harm me, yet the thought of that girl, that angel creature, whom my poisoned breath has blasted in her loveliness, the dearest object in the bosom of her bitterest foe: she should have been mine for ever, but the hour of dishonour approached—the tempter came, and I—oh the thought is madness: he was about to rush out of the room and return to his own apartment, but he heard approaching footsteps, and hastily drawing back, he quickly saw the urgent necessity to hide his emotion. "I am a fool," thought he, "to let every passion thus betray itself; I'll learn to clothe my tones in coldness and deceit."

But Sir William was a bad dissembler, and had been too much accustomed to give the display of his passions full scope on all occasions to conceal them in this one solitary instance.

A slight tapping was heard at the door, but Sir William spoke not, and two ladies, in expectation that it was tenantless, glided into the room; these, we need scarcely say, were Mrs. Lovell and Rose Claverley: had a dagger been suddenly placed at the heart, or a pistol at the head of Sir William, he could not have shrank back with more horror than he did on beholding the latter, nor was Rose's surprise greater; and for some time neither of them could speak a word.

Rose was the first to break silence. "It is, it is William," she exclaimed, springing towards him, and hindering him in his endeavour to pass out of the room. "Stay, stay, if there exist but one particle of the love you once had for me, stay and speak to me—may, only but look upon me."

"Rose," said Mrs. Lovell, who had stood a confused, but silent witness of the scene, "Rose, you shall not approach him; I know he is the bitterest enemy you have on earth."

Sir William looked scornfully on his sister-in-law, but deigned not to utter a sentence in reply.

"Let me go, Ellen," cried Rose, endeavouring to get from Mrs. Lovell, who was holding her. "It is false. I will speak to him. William, William, do look upon me; I will not come near you; but do speak to me, though it be even in bitterness."

"Speak to you, Rose," at last uttered Sir William, his proud spirit wholly subdued by the gentle supplicant before him; "nay, come to me,—I will embrace you;—I will kiss thy faded lips, through my heart burst in the act."

"Ellen, I said truly; I knew he loved me still. Let me go—I will—I will," and bursting from the arms of her companion she rushed to Sir William, and, clinging round his neck, buried her face in his bosom.

"Rose Claverley beware; if harm come of this the fault lies on your own shoulders."

The admonition of Mrs. Lovell was, however, unheeded by Rose. "My own William," she continued, "now I claim your promise! I thought I could never again have known a moment's happiness."

"Rose," said Sir William, gently putting her aside, his agitation at the time increasing, "I said, indeed, I would, but I cannot. Go! leave me; I am an altered being. I neither know now what I say, nor what I do; a burning thought spreads its appalling influence over me. Go, Rose; dear, devoted Rose, depart—for ever."

"No, no, recall those words, they will be the death of me. I will forgive all the past, and live again for you. We will seek some other more congenial clime." Then, overcome by her emotions, she fainted in the arms of Mrs. Lovell.

The latter part of this scene was not unobserved by others than the chief actor, for Captain Lovell, having heard a voice which he recognised as his brother's, and fearing some act of rashness, went instantly to his chamber and provided himself with a pair of pistols; not that he intended to molest his brother, but that he deemed it advisable to be
provided with the means of defence should his brother be guilty of any act of desperation. When he entered the room the first object which met his eagerly-inquiring eye was the apparently lifeless form of Rose; giving vent to an exclamation of horror, he handed one of the pistols to Sir William, and bade him defend himself, whilst he levelled the other at his antagonist’s breast. Rose screamed with terror.

“‘For mercy’s sake, Henry, what are you about?’ exclaimed Mrs. Lovell.

“‘Henry, what does this mean,’ exclaimed Sir William; ‘if you would charge me with any act of baseness speak out, and I will give you a candid answer.’

“‘Look at that angel,’ replied the brother; ‘a tender blossom blighted by the villany of one who comes like a bluenk north blast to crush it; it is your own proud work.’

The violent tones of the gentlemen had alarmed the people of the house, and, having procured assistance, they burst into the room.

“Take that man into custody,” said Sir William; ‘he has raised a murderous arm against his brother.

“No, no!” said Mrs. Lovell; “it is not so.”

“William, be not revengeful,” said Rose, faintly; “spare him; he is your brother, and my friend.”

“Do your duty,” sternly said Sir William to the officers, who now no longer hesitated at removing him to a place of security.

“William, you have done wrong,” said Rose, as she beheld her friend hurried away as a criminal, followed by the mob.

“I will hear no taunts,” he replied, and, thrusting her from him, he rushed out of the apartment, leaving the agitated Rose to recover Mrs. Lovell, who had fallen into a violent fit, and was lying on the floor.

In a short time an officer returned with a message from the resident magistrate, that the following morning was appointed for the private examination of Captain Lovell. He then took down the names of the parties whose attendance would be required, and, giving to Mrs. Lovell, a note from her husband, departed.

How great was the affliction which followed; the night was spent in tears; deeply conflicting passions agitated the breasts of all. Rose’s situation was, perhaps, the most distressing, for she had been the innocent cause of Henry’s incarceration; and, though she inwardly blamed Sir William for his severity, her heart still yearned towards him, and she felt all the infatuation that a first love usually creates in the mind of a young and romantic girl.

As to Sir William, it was not till he found himself alone that he reflected upon what had occurred, but it was evident to him that his own personal safety required that, in his present state of excited feeling, his brother should be bound over not to molest him, and there he wished the matter to end; and he determined Mrs. Lovell should be made acquainted with his decision as soon as her agitation had in some measure subsided.

In the morning a long and earnest conversation took place between Mrs. Lovell and Rose on the subject of her misplaced affection; and Mrs. Lovell was resolved if possible to overcome it.

“I am tired, Rose, of this foolishness; will you never cease to indulge in those girlish imaginings, and dry up those everflowing tears?”

“I do not wish to dim the brightness of another’s eye by my own affliction, but when I think that he——”

“Name not the man who has robbed you of your domestic peace, and heaped on you a load of sorrow; who has sent your protector, his own brother, to a prison; who has thwarted your happiness in every way; can you still speak of him with sentiments of approbation? Rose, you cling to a serpent, who will some day turn and sting you.”

“Ellen, what can I do? I have no power of myself; my will is not my own; my heart is acted upon by two contending passions, struggling like a beast of prey for the mastery. I am hurried onward by a power that is beyond the influence of reason. I cannot alter my cruel lot, and because I cannot you load me with censure.”

Mrs. Lovell was evidently unprepared for an appeal whose force and truth she could not but admit, and she would have shed tears of compassion over her friend, but her husband’s fate occupied the first place in her thoughts.

The time fixed for the examination
was fast approaching, and Sir William, whose intention was to conciliate Mrs. Lovell, entered the room; he was about to speak, but was prevented by Mrs. Lovell, who, seizing Rose by the hand, and dragging her towards the door, exclaimed, with firmness, "Come away; you shall not remain one single moment."

"Flee from him,—never!" was the tremulous but resolute reply of the infatuated Rose.

"Then," continued Mrs. Lovell, "you must leave him or me. Think of my situation and your own. Would you be friendless; an orphan cast on the cold and cheerless world, at the mercy of a reckless——"

Sir William, interrupting her, entreated Mrs. Lovell to listen to him.

"I will not," she exclaimed; and, again turning to Rose, asked her if she would still possess her friendship.

"I would, indeed, still have you as a friend," answered the heart-broken Rose.

"Then you must," replied Mrs. Lovell, "instantly leave him."

"I cannot leave him;" saying which she sank, almost fainting, into a chair.

"Rose Claverley, farewell; you have chosen your own fate, and I leave you to it."

Saying which Mrs. Lovell quitted the apartment, leaving her charge with her heart's destroyer. At any other time Mrs. Lovell would not have acted with such impropriety, but she could not at that moment of irritation be altogether considered as the mistress of her own actions. In a state of mind bordering on distraction she instantly quitted the house, and hastened to the residence of the magistrate, to plead for, and request a private interview with, her husband.

Left alone with her false lover, Rose felt alarmed for the first time by his presence; she ventured, indeed, to gaze towards him; their eyes met, but he turned aside, to conceal his emotion.

"What!" she feebly ejaculated; "do you too shun me? then I am indeed alone, and all my once remembered friends have also left me; every one has forsaken me."

Tears fortunately came to her relief, and she sobbed bitterly. Sir William endeavoured several times to address her, but utterance failed him; he, at other times so eloquent, was then rendered speechless in the presence of the woman he had injured.

"William, do you hate me?"

"Hate you—no."

"Do you still love me?"

"I cannot bear to say so."

"Tell me, I beseech you, why you have this repugnance."

"I cannot give utterance to my feelings. This state of torture is insufferable;" and, almost unconsciously grasping her lily-white hand in his own, Sir William, in the depths of agony, threw himself trembling at her feet.

"Why kneel thus to me, Sir William, and not venture to look at me. Think not I could condemn, nay, even chide you; my smiles must ever welcome you. But tell me, without a moment's delay, what the meaning is of this conduct."

"Yes! yes, I will tell you all; unfold to you the inmost secrets of my soul, that you may execrate me for my crimes; but I shall not live to bear this misery long."

"What are you saying? are you mad?" exclaimed the alarmed and sorrows Rose.

"No," replied Sir William; "I am a guilty wretch awaiting to hear his just sentence."

"For the love——"

Her words were broken short. "Say nothing, but listen to me. I will tell you all. You know then, Rose, we once were happy; that I loved you with all the ardour of my youth; your father saw and approved of our attachment, and on his death-bed confided you to me as his last dying trust; he, moreover, gave your fortune into my hands, convinced that I should act justly. I mingled in the giddy throng of fashionables, and indulged in every pleasure. Amongst my many vices I was addicted to play; played deeply, and lost largely, and ultimately I lost all I possessed. Well had it been for me had I stopped short in calamity; but, tempted by some demon spell, in endeavouring to regain my own fortune, I was prompted to use thine. Again I went to the hazard table, and lost, lost, Rose! You now know why I have shunned you. Excruciate me, execrate me!"

"Can I declare him to be a villain? Oh, my poor father, my poor father!" but, rallying a little, she added, "I am determined, though it be my last
effort, I will forgive,—yes, William, you are forgiven.'

"I will not be forgiven," he frantically exclaimed. Then rising, and proceeding to the table, where he hastily penned a letter, "Take this to the magistrate; it will release my brother from his unjust confinement; hasten, I pant for retribution."

"I will go; but, William, utter not one syllable of what you have confessed to me."

In language strange and incoherent Sir William continued to give vent to his feelings; at length, recurring to his recent resolution, "Go," he repeated; "if you linger for a moment despair shall give me a voice of thunder."

Afraid to leave him alone, yet forced to obey, Rose proceeded on her, at any other moment, most welcome mission. For several minutes after she had quitted him, Sir William stood musing in idle vacancy of mind, then suddenly seating himself at the table, he again paused for a few seconds to collect, as it were, his scattered thoughts; when he had penned a letter he rang the bell and deliberately asked for the sealing-wax and a taper. "There," said he, when he had sealed the letter and directed it, "life shall not hang long upon me. Rose, you shall read this when he who wrote it is no more, when the hand that once clasped thine in fervour shall be cold and lifeless, and when the lip that hath so often kissed thine in the warmth and purity of requited affection shall have lost its hue. Rose, an evil destiny has been upon us; two victims sacrificed at one altar; but soon shall thy memory be blotted out from my recollection; soon shall the pulse of the heart thou cherishest cease to beat. Oh, I have wronged thee more than I can tell, yet, angel-like, thou hast forgiven me; farewell—farewell." He gazed a few moments on the letter, placed it on the table, and slowly, but calmly, walked from the apartment.

Taking one of the servants as her guide, Rose went immediately to the magistrate's, and when no charge was to be preferred against his prisoner, an immediate discharge was prepared, and Rose proceeded with the messenger to Henry's place of confinement, where she had the happiness of finding Mrs. Lovell.

"His former callousness will scarcely permit me to believe this," said Henry, on being informed that his liberation was owing to a voluntary act of his brother. "Hush," replied Rose, "I will not hear a word of harshness uttered against him; use all speed or you may be too late. I dread to think of what may happen during our short absence."

When Captain Lovell was fully aware of his brother's repentance and remorse, he freely forgave him, and his conscience chid him for the hostile position he had assumed. From the heart-broken sentences uttered by Rose as they hurried towards the house, Captain Lovell feared that his brother intended to destroy himself; and that he should in any way have been the means of bringing about such a catastrophe filled his breast with feelings of unutterable horror and dismay.

Arriving at their lodgings they immediately proceeded to the apartment where Sir William had been left; he, however, was not there, but the letter he had written caught their attention. Rose broke the seal, which, although a mere chance, yet, as if in token of the contents, happened to be black, but, seized with sudden giddiness as soon as she had opened it, she clung to Mrs. Lovell for support, and motioned to Henry to read it. With eager eye he scanned the contents; his forebodings were too true, the letter too unequivocal to need a moment's thought, and his every energy was directed to find, and, if possible, save his brother; and, thrusting the letter into his pocket, he hurried instantly from the room.

The report of a pistol was heard almost immediately in one of the upper apartments.

"He is killed!" said Rose, sinking on her knees, and lifting her hands in supplication to Heaven, "God have mercy on his soul!"

Mrs. Lovell, kneeling by her side, joined with her in earnest prayer for the forgiveness of her lost, though erring, relative.

We must now return to Sir William, whom we left after he had written his farewell letter to Rose. Proceeding to his bed-room, he hastily penned some directions to his steward, Ambrose, respecting the final disposal of his property, at the same time making him acquainted with the obligations under which he lay to Rose, and directing him to meet them
as well as circumstances would permit; he then wrote to his uncle, and had only just concluded the letter when he heard his brother's return. "Ha! so soon returned; I must not," said he, "be interrupted, the keenest pang is over, the lesser only remains to be endured, yet would I live; yet, live did I say? with the brand of infamy upon me. Oh, no! I cannot, will not; and thus, Rose—thus you are avenged." He had previously taken his pistols from his dressing-case, and, seizing the nearest, he walked a few steps towards the bed, and, cocking it, levelled the weapon of destruction at his head; this was the moment at which Henry rushed into the apartment. Sir William was then in the act of pulling the trigger, but with a sudden bound his brother caught his arm, and thus so far diverted the aim that the ball was lodged in the witherscot.

Henry had then the happiness of knowing that he was the fortunate means of saving a life which in his own rashness he would but a short time before have sacrificed. The report of the pistol immediately brought the whole party to the spot. Henry succeeded in obtaining from his brother a promise not to attempt his life; but, with due prudence, he did not think it advisable to depend upon his pledge: for although he well knew that the love of life in man is strong, and that an intended suicide in almost every instance expresses gratitude to his preserver, yet, when nearly similar circumstances again present themselves to his mind, he does not hesitate making a second attempt at self-destruction. He, therefore, determined that his brother should be strictly watched, for he was silent and reserved, and received the advances of his family in a cold, sullen, and suspicious manner. When Captain Lovell expressed his intention of attending him all the night, Sir William remonstrated warmly; his brother, however, was not to be diverted from his purpose, and, changing the apparent intention, he pleaded some cause of excuse, and at length overpersuaded his brother. It was fortunate that Henry had taken this resolve, for after the lapse of a few hours Sir William fell into a high fever, and the wild incoherent language which even in sleep issued from his brother's lips proved that reason had temporarily lost her dominion. The patient next morning was in so very dangerous a state that a physician was sent for, and being acquainted with the circumstances of the case, he ordered that Rose Claverley on no account should see him.

Although the fever abated in the course of a few days, Sir William remained insensible nearly a week afterwards, until the following circumstance recalled his scattered senses.

Captain Lovell had just left his brother with the nurse while he went to see his wife and Rose, when they were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door, and presently a stranger, making anxious inquiries for Sir William, was shown into the room.

"I am the brother," said Henry, "of the person you inquire after."

"But Sir William; cannot I see Sir William?" again he repeated, with looks of great earnestness.

"He is dangerously ill, and, I fear, it would greatly agitate him to see a stranger at this time."

"I am no stranger; do you not remember me, Mr. Henry?"

"'Tis Ambrose," said Mrs. Lovell, at length recognising him.

"I remember him now," said Henry; "excuse me, for our distracted state has impaired my memory."

"You alarm me," exclaimed the old man; "and now I look at you, you are all pale, and Miss Rose there—pale as a lily; surely he lives?"

"He does," answered Henry.

"Thank God! then I must see him; I have news, good news to impart to him."

"I will first go to him, and prepare him for your reception. In the mean time take some refreshment, which you must need after your journey."

But Ambrose refused to eat or drink anything until he had seen his master, and in half an hour, Sir William appearing to be calm, Henry conducted him into his presence.

Sir William immediately recognised old Ambrose, and putting his hands for a few moments to his forehead the whole of the past seemed to flash into his mind.

"So, Ambrose, they have it all, eh? they have it all?"

"No, Sir William, thank goodness, they have not. I have saved it."

"How! not paid them? Why they'll
Rose Claverley.

post me as a scoundrel—a black-leg—fool—dolt—idiot. Old man, I thought you were to be trusted."

"But listen, dear Sir William."

"You had better not disturb him now," interrupted Henry; "he raves."

"No, no," cried Sir William; "go on—I am not mad."

"Dear sir, be calm, then," said Ambrose, alarmed at the irritability of his master.

"Go on," faintly ejaculated the patient. "Well, then, when you left me, sir, I followed your directions, and went straight to the auctioneer's and the lawyer's, and told them your instructions; and then, pardon me, sir, but I grieved to see you deprived of so fine a house, I went to the club-house, and inquired for the gentlemen who had the bills you spoke of. With some difficulty I found one of them, and I asked him if he really intended you should pay the sum he had won of you; he replied he did, and no persuasion could induce him to believe that he was wrong in so doing." A faint smile passed over the cheek of Sir William on hearing this assertion from the unsophisticated Ambrose.

"Well," the latter continued, "it so happened that he had in his service a confidential servant, to whom I had once rendered a service, and wishing to learn how his master had obtained his property, I asked him a few questions concerning him; by degrees he became pretty communicative, and when I advised him to leave his course of life, and hinted that it was in my power to procure him a better situation, he confessed that he had been in the habit of procuring his master loaded dice."

"Ha!" exclaimed Sir William, starting upright in his bed; "and thus I have been plundered."

"Hear me out," continued Ambrose. "On getting this information, I persuaded him to accompany me to your lawyer's; his testimony was there taken down, and after he had signed it, as he did not wish to return to his employer, I gave him a letter of recommendation to a family, and repaired home. I then wrote to the gentleman, for so I supposed by courtesy he was called, and told him if, with the other two who held your bills, he would meet me on the following morning they would be provided for. At the time appointed they arrived. I had taken care to have the lawyer present, and 'Now,' said I, 'gentlemen, I must insist on your foregoing all claims on Sir William Lovell, and on your destroying his bills in your possession, which you obtained through the medium of false dice.' 'Tis false,' was the immediate reply. I bade them behold the evidences of their guilt, and the lawyer produced the deposition of the servant, and at the same time exhibited a set of loaded dice which, since making it, he had obtained possession of. Ashamed and confounded at their unexpected detection they immediately acceded to the terms proposed, and left us without a word, glad enough, even at the loss of their anticipated booty, to escape the risk of a prosecution."

When Ambrose had ceased speaking Sir William stretched out his hand, and taking in it that of his faithful servant, thanked him over and over again for the services he had rendered him.

His amended prospects had a wonderful effect in restoring Sir William to health. In a few weeks he was able to leave his room, and was again seen by the side of Rose renewing those vows of affection that he now more than ever deeply and sincerely felt.

"They were shortly after married, and Sir William, whose health still required change of air and scene, repaired with his happy bride on a tour to the south of France; and without entering into a detail of their future lives, we may inform the reader that the enduring affection of Rose was amply rewarded by a kind and indulgent husband. They sojourned on the continent but a short time, when their reappearance in the circle which they had often graced was announced by the following paragraph in the "Morning Post":"

"Sir William Lovell and his amiable lady have just returned to their residence in Berkeley Square from a tour on the continent; it is expected they will leave town again in a few days for Westmoreland, where Sir William repairs to take possession of the vast estate which has just accrued to him by the decease of his uncle."
EPITAPH.

But yesterday, and who more bright than he,
The son of genius, and the child of song;
To-day, within the dreary tomb he sleeps,
And o'er his head, unheeded, sweeps the blast.
How joyous beam'd the morning of his youth!
And the bright sun held on his course serene,
Smiling, and causing nature all to smile;
But ere his spring-time passed, a canker stole
Into the op'ning bud; it droop'd and died,
And nought is left but memory and woe!
Oh! pass not by, as flies the summer wind,
Leaving no trace upon his lowly tomb.
The child of genius well may claim a tear,
For he was gentle as the heart's first love,
Though many a grief and many a care
Had he; and more, that overhanging curse
Which turns the brightest fruit of human hope
To bitter dust and tears, alas! was his.
Now sleeps he well! the dark damp grave hides all;
His hopes, his fears, repose within the tomb.
His name may pass away, and he who once
Shone bright as briefly on the world's dull sphere,
May be, as that which, never, was; but no;
From this lone breast his mem'ry ne'er can flee.

W. LAW GANE.

TRUES* EPITAPH.

BY MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ.

(Transcribed from the Harleian Collection of MSS., No. 7316, page 28.)

If wit or honesty could save
Our mould'rering ashes from the grave,
This stone had still remain'd unmark'd,
I still writ prose, and True still bark'd;
But envious fate has claim'd his due,—
Here lies the mortal part of True;
His deathless virtues must survive,
To better us that are alive:
His prudence and his wit was seen,
In that from Mary's grace and mien
He own'd the pow'r and lov'd the Queen.
By long obedience he confest,
That serving her was to be blest.
Ye murmurers, let True evince,
That men are beasts, and dogs have sense.
His faith and truth all Whitehall knows;
He ne'er could fawn or flatter those
Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes;
Ne'er sculk'd from whence his sov'reign led him,
Or snarl'd against the hand that fed him.
Read this, ye statesmen now in favour,
And mend your own by True's behaviour.

* A favourite dog of queen Mary's.
It is rather remarkable that the present season, although singularly ungenial, subjecting us at once to the showery temperature of April and antedating the equinoctial gales, should be pitched upon by daring aeronauts for those flights which more especially "tempt the elements to strife." Week after week brings forward some new candidate for fame; some new adventurer into regions which have never yet rewarded one explorer; and now, to one's surprise, and the admiration of tens of thousands gazing on, heroes and heroines go forth by dozens.

That the philosophical principle is better understood, and the apparatus belonging to balloons better arranged than formerly, as well as the power of rising and descending more practically accommodating than it was found to be fifty years ago, we cannot doubt; yet the only royal person whose ambition was not bounded by earth, found it a dangerous experiment, and the most courageous and best informed female who ever ventured to pilot her bark through the clouds nearly proved it to be a fatal experiment. Mr. Green informs us of the loud mirth which characterized his company as they journeyed through the regions of air; but we are well aware that, however cool and self-assured he might be, yet he did not partake of any emotion resembling those of "Comus and his crew," whilst conducting the slight bark in which nine human beings, and the hopes of their numerous connections, were involved. If ever a man would be ready to say of laughter, "it is mad," it must be when he felt the responsibility, the danger of such an office, united at the same time with that sense of the awful and sublime natural to the situation, and in fact constituting the very charm it offers. Why should we court danger if it bestows not that novelty of sensation which cannot be found in the ordinary course of existence? Why should we render ourselves objects of solicitude, yet deny ourselves the emotions which belong at once to fortitude and terror?

We live at a period when every possible medium is resorted to in order to produce excitement, and unquestionably ballooning is the most piquant we can conceive; for although a rough sea in a light yacht is tolerably trying to the nerves, and sufficient for the purpose of awakening apprehension till it merges on despair, still hope may arise in despite of probability, and the recollection that although thousands have been swallowed in the roaring abyss, yet thousands have been delivered from its perils; that spars, and hencoops, safety-boats, and cork-jackets, have floated drowning wretches to friendly shores; and such memorials may assist in imparting that presence of mind really necessary for self-preservation. But in any case of accident in that region where no friendly planet ever left its orbit to succour the wanderer wrecked in ethereal fields, all hope of rescue is out of the question; and wonderfully constructed must that mind be which in the moment when destruction,—unexpected, inevitable destruction, is upon it, can concentrate its powers, command its resources, and cry—

"—— Come wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back."

Perhaps science may bestow a self-reliance efficient for the purposes of saving the skilful individual accustomed to such expeditions; the practised eye may be undazzled by the unfathomable depths through which its owner is descending with a velocity that would annihilate all power of thought in almost any other head; but can his powers avail to save his fellow-travellers also? Can he impart that self-collectedness necessary for securing the slight possibilities of safety which remain? the glance which takes in every medium of assistance? the firmness which can meet appalling danger and violent death? Would not the very circumstance of having needlessly exposed one's life for the sole purpose of obtaining a fugitive pleasure, so act upon the conscience as to confuse the mind by adding self-re-
Balloons and other Excitements.

Proach to the horrors of the situation? Can any rational and accountable being reconcile himself to the notion of hearing from the cracking cordage, the descending ballast, the out-pouring gas, the vacillating boat, those sounds which say in effect "Prepare to meet thy God?"

Perhaps, next to a sea-fight and a balloon ascent, it will be found that gambling is the most exciting employment in which persons of a certain temperament can engage, and it is probably in consequence of many brave men having shared much in the emotions produced by the first, that they have become ensnared by the temptations afforded by the last. That inflated perception of animal existence, that intense anxiety which at once fills the mind and exhausts it, increasing the faculties and debasing them, may be traced in the common gamester to avarice, acting with a sense of power, and receiving stimulants from want, cunning, the love of expense, and the cruelty of rapacious triumph over others; but these motives seldom actuate the class of persons of which I speak, who frequently are victims to the other. They seek in play for that nervous excitement the beaten path of life cannot present, nor the common amusements of life afford; and they are willing to tempt misery in order to escape inanity; and are generally found to be persons of deficient imagination, who seek from without that which they might find within were their minds better informed, and their views of human nature enlarged.

When Siddons and Kemble trod the stage, the sorrows of Belvidera and the shriek of Isabella thrilled every heart to its centre, and no necessity existed for rising into any other atmosphere than that of Drury Lane in order to try how far we might tax our feelings. The mysterious tales of Mrs. Radcliffe, in which the romantic was blended with the supernatural, and unearthly visitants perpetually threatened the reader with visions that might dislodge reason from her throne, carried with them sufficient of the terrible to satisfy the most wondering mind; and it is certain that ghost stories of every grade and character, when we, in the language of Milton,

"Hold each strange tale devoutly true,"

have an interest far exceeding all others, and the world beyond the grave has a power of enchaining the faculties, of awakening curiosity and terror, in a higher degree than the world around us, whether beheld from the peak of Teneriffe or the boat of a balloon.

It is unquestionably the march of intellect and of utilitarianism, the decay of the dramatic art, and the matter of fact system adopted by novel writers, whether they pursue truth in historic records or fashionable satires, which compels minds of an adventurous character to seek either "the bubble reputation," or the more transitory bubble "excitement," through the medium of a balloon ascent; of course science may influence a few of the gentlemen who thus adventure, but no one can doubt that the same motive alone influences women in such expeditions as that which leads her to seek for the means of developing her sensibility, or satisfying her curiosity, through any other medium apparently calculated for that purpose,—a tragedy or a murder, and the tale of the fortune-teller, or an execution, would answer the purpose, perhaps, as well, and be less personally dangerous.

In early life there is an irresistible desire to give trial to those innate feelings which nature has implanted in every breast, and which are not probably called forth by the common routine of circumstances. To this desire we are indebted for every explorer into new and savage countries, and, when combined with knowledge, to ancient kingdoms and forgotten scenes. Hence our wanderers through the deserts of Africa, our dwellers in the tombs at Thebes, and excavators at the Pyramids. This spirit animated Columbus when he sought a new world, and the Portuguese navigator who doubled the Cape in his examination of the old one; for it combines readily and happily with enterprise and courage, being the cause of enthusiasm, and often its reward; and, perhaps, no great man has ever been without a considerable portion of it in his composition, though it cannot be deemed a component part of his greatness. It is, nevertheless, certain, that as life advances this desire declines; we have all felt enough, and many of us more than enough, to satisfy the "craving void" for emotion of any
kind, and we then seek only for the ease
of apathy, or the tranquility of peace.
How far this alteration in disposition
arises from the wisdom attained by ex-
perience, or the weariness imposed by
weakness, it is not for me to say, be-
lieving, as I do, that although education
and circumstances may modify conduct,
the propensity must necessarily exist,
and will to a certain degree be acted upon
by the young, the imaginative, and sus-
ceptible.

I may, nevertheless, be allowed to ap-
pel to the good sense of every woman,
how far it is right or wrong to give up
her mind to seeking for stimulants of
either pleasure or pain. I need not tell
her that excitement is succeeded by
mental exhaustion, which incapacitates
her either from performing the ordinary
duties, or enjoying the common blessings
of life. She is aware that a succession
of large parties makes small ones appear
dull, even when they are composed of
those who are most dear to us; that
weeping over the sorrows of a stage
heroine does not render us more sympa-
thizing with the pains of a suffering
sister, or the homely misfortunes of a
poor neighbour, for the grandeur of
the great affliction diminishes the less.
Indeed, the mental, like the corporeal
palate, if it impregnate every article of
food with cayenne, must lose the power
for relishing a simpler diet, yet it must
be plain to all that such diet (to continue
the comparison) is proper to that sex
who,

"Well ordered home, their chief delight
must make."

One happy medium, however, remains,
by which woman may gratify her love of
awakening sensibility, and even variety
of emotions, without infringing on the
habits and occupations becoming to her
sex, or derogating from the superior sta-
tion she may happen to fill. If she will
only read the reports of examinations on
the state of the poor in Ireland, I may
venture to assert that the sincerest pity,
the profoundest commiseration, and,
perhaps, the most generous anger, will
by turns take possession of her breast.
She will say indignantly, "What are the
ladies of Ireland doing, when one rag of
a blanket is shared by a starving mother
with her perishing children? Where are
the legislators of England gone, that the
groans of a whole people never reach
their ears or touch their hearts? How
comes it that a nation which by turns
receives and assists all others in their
day of sorrow, abandons the land she
annexed to her own alike by subjection
and adoption; and, whilst in a moment
of humanity she can frame laws which
prove her merciful to the 'beasts that
perish,' can abandon God's image in
her brother to poverty in its direst excess,
disease in its most mitigated infliction,
and sin in its most bloody character-
istics?"

And when, with her best feelings thus
awakened by that simple truth which
renders fiction feeble, she lays down
"The Times," which her glistening eyes
can no longer read, will she not haste to
pour the balm of consolation into the
wounds of those around her? To a suffer-
ing people she can only give "a tear;"
but to the sick father of a pining family—
to the bereaved widow and her fatherless
children—thehouseless beggar, or the
aged housekeeper, denied and probably
insulted by the minions of office, she can
do good; yea, even if misled by the
follies of the season her purse is low
(ah! how much too low for the noble
wishes of her heart), yet something she
can effect, and her awakened soul, her
excited benevolence, achieves more than
she had dared to hope for; whilst her
pity and her kindness are in themselves
the "life of life," to the heart-broken
and destitute on whom they are bestow-
ed.

Think you, she needs to be exhilarated
by a balloon ascent or a watering-place
expedition, the power to ruin a rival
beauty's claims, or even outshine a
duchess's diamonds? No! I question if
the honest glow on her cheeks were called
rouge, that it would therefore deepen
with anger, or fade from fear; her heart
is in her work, silently and unostenta-
tiously as she pursues it; and when she
shall have seen even one sufferer at ease
from the medicine her cares administered,
one starving family fed, one ragged urchin
clothed, one infirm old man relieved, one
proud oppressor disappointed of his vic-
tim, will she not enjoy at once a rational
sense of gratified benevolence and find
that natural desire satisfied which prompts
us to provide excitement?

Men seek it "even at the cannon's
mouth." Women, when they seek aright, find it in the lonely garret or the damp cellar; with the "good man struggling with his fate," and the bad man suffering for his sins, but never with so much comfort to themselves as when they help their own sex in the hour of man's desertion and nature's distress, or when they afford to infamy the food and clothing for which it pines, and the pious and useful education, which alike fits it for time and for eternity.

THE DOCTOR DISTRESSED.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE, BY MRS. DUNBAR MOODIE.

"So, my nephew is returned," said Dr. Beaumont, taking off his spectacles, and laying aside the letter he had been reading. "What will he do at home?" This remark was addressed to a stout, rosy, matronly looking woman of fifty, who was seated by the fire knitting, and who acted in the double capacity of companion and housekeeper to the reverend gentleman.

"Humph!" responded Mrs. Orams, without raising her eyes from her work. "Do, why, he will do as most 'young people' do in his circumstances; cut a dash as long as his money lasts, and when 'tis all gone depend upon his wealthy relations to pay his debts."

"He's an extravagant dog; but I can't think so harshly of poor Harry. No, no, Mary Orams; the half pay of a lieutenant in the army is but a trifle, a mere trifle. I must allow him something yearly to keep up his place in society." This was said in a hesitating under tone, and with a timid glance at the housekeeper, whose countenance, now pale, now red, betrayed considerable marks of agitation.

"Oh, your reverence may do as you please with your money, but I am sure, if I were in your place, I would never deprive myself of the little comforts to encourage a young man in his idle and expensive habits. If his half-pay is not enough to support him, let him do as many better men have done before him,—join Don Pedro at Oporto."

"'Tis a hard alternative," said the doubting but compassionate doctor. "Not at all, sir," replied the crafty Mrs. Orams. "He's a fine young man; let him try his fortune in matrimony, and look out for a rich wife."

"Nonsense," said the doctor, whilst a frown drew his grey bushy eyebrows so closely together that they formed a shaggy line across his wrinkled forehead. "The boy would never be so absurd. In his circumstances 'twould be madness. Pshaw! he's too sensible to think of such a thing."

"But young people will think of such things," replied Mrs. Orams, frowning in her turn; for well she knew the aversion the doctor had to matrimony.

"And old people too," said the doctor, with a bitter smile; "in which they show their want of wisdom."

"I hope, sir, you don't mean me by people. I am not an old woman. It is my own fault that I am single. The foolish respect I entertained for your reverence," she added, adroitly applying her handkerchief to her eyes, "made me reject many advantageous offers. But I thought it better to enjoy the company of a clever man, and contribute to his domestic comforts, than to be the mistress of a house of my own."

"You were a wise woman, Mary Orams," said the doctor, greatly softened by this piece of flattery. "A married life embraces many cares. We are free from them. Our rest is unbroken by the squalling of children and nocturnal lectures. You may bless God that you are what you are."

"Indeed, Dr. Beaufort," said Mrs. Mary, in a sulky tone, "I never trouble the Almighty with blessing him for such small mercies; and since we are upon the subject of marriage, I think it right to inform you that I have received an offer of marriage just now, and to convince you that I am neither old, nor ugly, nor despised, I think I shall accept it."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Orams?" said the astonished old bachelor, sinking
back in his chair, and staring the housekeeper full in the face.

"To marry."

"You are not in earnest?"

"Quite serious."

"A woman of your years, Mrs. Orams."

"Pray, sir, don't mention my years."

"Oh, I forgot; but what in the world can induce you to marry?"

"I wish to change my condition; that's all."

"Are you not comfortable here?"

"Why, yes, tolerably comfortable; but one gets tired of the same thing for ever. Besides, I don't choose to be despised."

"Despised! Who despises you?"

"Your niece, and their mother."

"Mrs. Harford and her daughters?"

"Yes. They are jealous of the good opinion your reverence entertains for your poor servant. There's not one of them will speak a civil word for me; and this fine Mr. Henry, you are so fond of, the last time he was at home, had the impudence to call me a respectable woman, a loafer, to my face. He might as well have called me a bad woman at once. I have been insulted and ill-treated by the whole family, and rather than be thought to stand in their way, which your reverence well knows is not the case," continued Mrs. Orams, casting a shrewd glance at the alarmed old man, "I will marry, and leave you; and then you know, sir, I shall no longer be a servant, but have a house of my own."

"And who is to be your husband?"

"Only Mr. Archer, Squire Talbot's steward," said Mary, simpering, and looking down into her capacious lap.

"Your reverence can make no objection to him. He is a regular church goer, and never falls asleep in the midst of your reverence's sermons, as most of the other parishioners do. 'Tis true he is somewhat advanced in years; but who can attend to an old man's comforts so well as his wife? What hireling can take such an interest in his welfare, and all his domestic concerns? Grey hairs are honourable, as Solomon says; and he has plenty of money withal."

Dr. Beaufort groaned aloud during Mary's eloquent harangue on the advantages to be derived from the Archer connexion, which he suddenly cut short by exclaiming, in mournful tones, "And what am I to do when you are gone, Mrs. Orams?" For he perceived, with no small alarm, that the affair was likely to prove of a more serious nature than he had at first imagined.

"Do, sir! Oh, sir, there's plenty to be had in my place."

"Ah, Mrs. Orams! for the last twenty years I have depended solely upon you for all my little comforts."

"La, sir, surely 'tis not more than ten?"

"Twenty, Mrs. Orams. Twenty long years you have been the mistress of this house. What can you desire, more? Nothing has been withheld from you. Your salary is ample; but if you think it less than your services merit, I will make an addition of ten pounds per annum. I will do anything,—make any sacrifice, however painful to my feelings, rather than part with you."

Mrs. Orams leaned her head upon her hand, and affected an air of deep commiseration. "I see the idea of leaving me distresses you, Mary."

"True, sir," whined forth Mrs. Orams; "but I cannot lose such an excellent opportunity of bettering my condition."

"But who will cook for me?" said the doctor, in a tone of despair.

"Money will procure good cooks."

"And nurse me when I have the gout?"

"Money will buy attendance."

"It is but a joke," cried the old bachelor, brightening up. "The thing is impossible. You cannot have the heart to leave me."

"Bless me, Dr. Beaufort," said Mary, bustling from her seat; "I am tired of leading a lonely life. Mr. Archer has offered me a comfortable home, and as I see no prospect of a better, to-morrow, if you please, we will settle our accounts." She sated out of the room, and the old man sunk back in his easy chair, and fell into a profound reverie.

For twenty years Mrs. Orams had humoured the doctor, and treated him as a spoiled child, attended to all his whims, and pampered his appetite in the hope of inducing him to repay her disinterested services by making her his wife. But if Mrs. Orams was ambitious, the parson was proud; he saw through her little manoeuvres, and secretly laughed at them. The idea of making such a woman as Mary Orams his wife was too ridiculous; and not wholly dead to natural
affection, the indolent divine looked upon his widowed sister, her son, and pretty unpretending daughters, as his future heirs. But what weak mind can long struggle against the force of habit? Mrs. Orams, step by step, insinuated herself into her master’s favour, and made herself so subservient to his comforts, that he felt wretched without her. Year after year she had threatened to leave him, in the expectation of drawing him into making her an offer of his hand. Matrimony was the parson’s aversion, and year after year he increased her salary, to induce her to continue in his service. This only stimulated her avarice to enlarge its sphere of action. He was rich, and old, and infirm, and why might she not as well enjoy the whole of his property as a part; and she lost no opportunity of weakening the hold which the distressed Harfords had upon his heart. She hated them, for they were his natural heirs; were pretty and genteel, and young, and disdained to flatter her, in order to secure their uncle’s property. The return of Lieutenant Harford frightened her. He was, in spite of all her lies and mischief-making, a great favourite with his uncle. The frequency of his visits might in time diminish her power, and render her company less indispensable. Mary was resolved to make one last desperate effort on the heart of her obdurate master, and in case of a failure abandon his house and services for ever.

Two hours had elapsed since she quitted the room, but the doctor remained in the same attitude. His head thrown back, and his hands tightly folded over his portly stomach. At length, with a desperate effort, he put forth his hand, and rang the bell. The footman answered the summons.

“Any thing wanted, sir?”

“John, send up Mrs. Orams.”

A few minutes elapsed, the doctor thought them hours, the handle of the door slowly turned, and the comely person of Mrs. Orams projected itself into the room, her Countenance flushed to a fiery red by leaning over the kitchen fire.

“Dinner will be ready, sir, in half an hour. If I leave the kitchen just now that careless Irish hussy, Sally, will be sure to burn the meat.”

“Let it burn,” said the doctor, with an air of ludicrous solemnity. “I have no appetite just now.”

“La, sir, I hope your reverence is not ill!”

“Not ill, Mrs. Orams, but only a little querish. Sit down, I have something to say to you.” Mrs. Orams took a seat. The doctor drew close up to her, and, screwing his courage to the pinch, said, in a hurried voice, “You leave me tomorrow?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you wish to be married?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Have you any objection to marry me?”

“Oh, la, sir, not in the least,” replied Mrs. Orams, curtseying to the very ground.

“Then I will marry you myself, Mary; for, to tell the plain truth, I cannot live without you. Now go, and send up the dinner.”

Mrs. Orams curtseied still lower, and with eyes sparkling with triumph left the room, in obedience to her future lord’s commands, without uttering a single word. Avarice, revenge, and pride were alike gratified.

The sequel is curious. After Mary Orams had attained the long-coveted dignity of Mrs. Dr. Beaufort, she attended less to the doctor’s gustativeness, and more to her own; she ate more, and cooked less; the consequence was, that fat and indolence increased so rapidly, that before Don Pedro entered Lisbon the newly promoted Mrs. Dr. Beaufort expired one morning of obesity, in her easy chair, leaving the distressed doctor a widower in the first year of his nuptials. He has lately followed his spouse to the tomb, and, after all, the poor Harfords not only came in for all their uncle’s property, but for his wife’s savings, a destination certainly little anticipated by herself or any of the young branches of the family.

GIRAFFES.—M. Thibaud, an enterprising traveller, was engaged by the Zoological Society of London, while in Egypt, to proceed to Nubia, for the purpose of procuring giraffes, and obtained four young ones, which had to undergo quarantine, at a stable near the Lazaretto, at Malta. In the spring they were brought to this country, and habitations prepared for them in the gardens.

These are the giraffes now in the gardens of the Surrey Zoological Society.
THE MIS-AMED.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE, BY MRS. G. S. KINGSTON.

"He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak."—SHAKESPEARE.

A merry group of children were seated around the hospitable board of the kind and motherly Mrs. Wise, behaving as well as they possibly could, in order not to shock the good breeding of a tall, pale, melancholy-looking young gentleman who sat beside their sister Mary, a very pretty, blooming, blue-eyed maid of sixteen. The good, kind-hearted, jolly-looking Mr. Wise, who presided as usual upon such occasions, apologized frequently to his guest for treating him en famille, by declaring that his wife was such a very tender and indulgent mother, and such a fidget withal, that she never thought the little ones safe if not immediately under her own watchful eye, and that banishing them from the dining-room created a visible uneasiness and loss of appetite on the mother’s part, which was only interrupted by the sound of distant cries, which kept them constantly on the move, and made their repast a most uncomfortable meal. The good-humoured and still handsome Mrs. Wise here interrupted her caro sposo, by stating that she considered his harangue to be quite uncalled for, as she, for her part, disliked, and never wished to harbour, those who had an aversion to children, and that she was perfectly certain that their young friend, who had so often proved himself so very kind to her, was very far from joining in any unnatural prejudice or feelings against them. The melancholy youth bowed assent across the table, and a brief smile sat upon his lips as he politely gave utterance to some slight expressions of unqualified love for the rising generation. Albeit, at this very moment, a boy five years old, who had gone under the table, as a phantom in a play would descend to a subterranean cave, at the midnight hour, but now solely with the intent of picking up his fork which had quitted its owner at the very moment of pudding time, administered to the visitor such a sharp pinch upon the calf of the leg with his gripping little finger and thumb, that it required the mustering of all his philanthropy to prevent him from retorting upon the tormentor with a cruel kick; he proved himself, however, magnanimous on this occasion, and mindful of the offender’s tender years. In subdued tones, yet ever and anon biting his lips with suffering, he stooped down, and patting the little frolic-loving fiend upon the head, whom he, at least, wished at Jericho, he muttered out, “Ah, Charlie! is that you, my boy? Why I thought it was the old dog Favorite, who was sneaking under the table in quest of what he could get.”

But Master Charlie, who had by this time advanced near the centre of the table, and unable to play upon all the extended legs around him the trick he had been thus far successful in, suddenly exclaimed, in a little ventriloquist tone, “Oh, ma! it rains so under the table, you can’t think; why my head’s quite wet. Oh, lor, I’m holding my hands, and catching it now.”

“What’s the matter, my love?” said the amiable Mr. Wise, to his equal (for she could not be his better) half.

The lady’s chair was instantly displaced, and she looked ‘neath the table, where she certainly saw some invisible spirit in the act of anointing the head of her son Charles most profusely; and her plaintive-looking guest, feeling about this time certain little dew-drops refreshing his own sweet person, stood erect, and displayed upon his white pantaloons stains!—aye, roseate stains of weak wine and water.

The mystery was sifted to the bottom, and between a little brother and his lovely youthful sister were discovered two little rivulets, noiselessly meandering o’er their damask bed, meeting in harmonious concord to sink together at a certain open space of the mahogany, the one having its rise from the edge of Miss Adeline’s soup plate, and the other and larger stream flowing from a glass of wine, just tipped over by the profuse hand of her brother John.

Mary’s white dress and stockings like-
wise bore similar marks, but she was either so accustomed to little accidents of this nature, which will happen in the best regulated families, or else, like some young damsels of her age and understanding, possessed such a fund of apathy towards these little common-place incidents, that she offered no comment upon the subject; but, seating herself quietly, after having ordered a servant to do the best to diminish the ill effects of the accident, she began to lay siege to a full plate of gooseberry pie, to which her philosophical father, as if wholly unmindful of what was going forward, had helped her, that she might be in readiness, when the confusion was ended, to distribute the good things in her turn, after a similar fashion, through the juvenile part of the society.

Not so the pensive stranger, who was a reformer in principles, as in politics, to whom this incident had given food for serious reflection, for were he a father . . . here he gazed upon the beautiful girl beside him, but she, the "unsentimental," heeded him not, for a spoonful of luscious gooseberries, swimming in their own pure juice, was at the time in the act of travelling towards the ruby lips of the fair one. This melancholy man sighed deeply at the sight, and mamma begged him to change seats with one of the boys, that he might be out of the way of the children, who, she thought, were becoming troublesome to him.

Seated beside her, she entertained him by conversing upon the subjects nearest her heart, and relating divers characteristic anecdotes concerning the little people around them. Now, how happy are those more common-place individuals, having a hobby, a mania, or favourite topic of their own, which they are ever considering as most interesting to others, which, nevertheless, gives them the privilege of annoying many a patient listener, for hours. Could they, however, by means of a magic eye-glass, read the thoughts of those who are thus persecuted by them, how changed would be their sentiments! The lady's silent listener was now transformed into an unfeeling wretch, who had an invincible dislike to the perpetual presence of children, and who had dared to set her pretty playful ones down in "mento" as spoiled unruly brats; but Mrs. Wise possessed no such disenchanting charm, and a mother "con amore," she naturally imagined that her offspring formed the admiration and delight of all who knew them, but especially of those who had the enjoyment of their playful presence.

The repast fully terminated, when the ladies had retired, and the youthful tribe transferred their gambols to the lawn in front of the house, Mr. Wise, after having prayed his guest "not to spare the bottle," apostrophized him in the following terms:

"You must excuse me, my dear Hildabrand, if, after the long acquaintance which has subsisted between your family and mine, and the connexion which is now about, I trust, to perpetuate our friendship, I take the privilege of an old fellow who knew you as an infant to crave from you an explanation of the settled sadness which I am sorry to see resting with you at a time when I, as a father, would fain see you happy in the prospects of a still happier future. That you love my Mary, I scarce can doubt, and yet at times your melancholy appearance, and abstraction of manner, have filled me with sad misgivings lest feelings of honour may alone be prompting you to form a union which your heart disowns. Now, my dear fellow, although through life I have never loved but one, still am I fully aware that the human heart is prone to change; and, as I consider that the great end of life is the endeavour to secure human happiness, I candidly own to you that, pleased as I have been by the prospect of an alliance with you, and fond as I, am of our dear Mary, I would rather see her to her grave than married to a man who prized her not beyond all things earthy,—who, to spare her feelings one brief pang, imposed upon himself a never-ending misery. No, my boy, it is not now too late, and these things must be done with clean hearts; and, believe me, should you be towards her in aught altered, a candid confession of the fact on your part will gain you far more of my esteem than displeasure."

The father here paused, and his attentive listener, with an affrighted countenance, replied that he should ever consider the honour of being allied to him, and the gift of his daughter's hand, as the richest treasure which his good fortune had in store for him; that, indeed, without her his life would be a rugged
path, and that he had totally mistaken the nature of the sorrow which hung about him, which he was, perhaps, after all, to blame in harbouring; but, alas! some persons were peculiarly sensitive upon certain subjects, and he must own, although his abstraction was merely circumstantial, it had served to embitter his life, despite the reasonings of his better judgment, and would, he feared, ever continue to do so.

"I confess," responded his friendly host, "that I feel at a loss to understand that one endowed as you are by the united gifts of fate and fortune should own a care, but it may be in my power to"

"Oh! name not fate, sir," interposed the care-worn youth; "fate has prosecuted me from my birth, and I am doomed, even to the close of life, to be her victim."

"How, now, my good fellow? fill your glass, and explain to one deeply interested in your welfare the meaning of words which I own just now seem rather mysterious to me, for I should have taken you for fate's spoiled child."

"Ah, sir! I am her plaything, a mark for merriment, and I dare not offer a name to your daughter which"

"Whew! What's coming now, pray? Your name has been ever unstained, I'd dare to vouch, or I must be much mistaken, and?"

"Unstained, sir, it surely is, but not uncoffed at."

"Uncoffed at! What the devil can you mean? Pray be explicit, for you really startle me."

"But, sir, you cannot be yourself ignorant of the effect created by my name, or of the laughter which my presence excites wherever I go."

"You are driving me farther than ever from the mark, for, for my part, I consider your name to be a right good one, and worn honourably by some of the best fellows in the country; and as to your presence, with all due deference be it spoken, far from its exciting laughter in your humble servant, I do assure you that at times, were I in the most jocose humour possible, it would, when you put on that woful look of yours, make me sad at first glance of you; and my wife, to whom I have often spoken upon the subject, always tells me that it is because you are in love just now, and that when once married to our Mary you'll be quite a different looking being; and you know the ladies are always the best judges in such matters as these."

"Well, sir, since your generous feelings have blinded you to the effect which fate has caused me to produce in society, or even in the common intercourse of life, and that your friendship for me has caused you not to notice an incongruity which strikes every grade of persons, and has caused risibility against me, I must, I suppose, inform you that the cause of my perpetual gloom and annoyance arises from the extreme dissimilarity betwixt my name and stature; and you will own that fate has"

"Bah! My good fellow, is that all? why you're not the only tall man in the world whose name is Short, I'll be bound; and laugh he who may laugh the longest about such nonsense. Why I thought you had more sense than to be mindful of such a thing as that; but it proves to me that the wisest amongst us have our weak points after all. But now you remind me of it, I certainly do remember having heard some of your college friends call you long Short, but it was for a frolic I'm sure, and had they been aware of your sensitiveness upon the subject, I'm sure they would have desisted from doing so."

"Aye, long Short; the epithet is agonizing to me; I would sooner be taxed almost with a crime than exposed to the ridicule of such an appellation as that of long Short."

"Well, there I think you wrong, for the word long is not a blemish, unless it proved you to be related to * * *, of murderous fame; and as you happen to be six feet high, it can scarcely in any way be considered elevated satire."

"Well, there's the rub, sir; now you really are come to it; for why has fate made of me a sort of living pun, a "mauvaise plaisanterie," which must exist and amuse others as long as I exist? Why, why am I six feet high when my name is Short?"

"Tut tut, tut! the thing, though personal, is by no means peculiar to yourself, for I've known hundreds of others whose looks and qualifications have been fully as much at variance, and I can't say I ever knew any of them take the thing as a serious misfortune before. For instance, wasn't that little imp of a six- and-eightpenny scoundrel not higher than
The Mis named.

the table, who had nothing long about him but his true attorney bills, who managed to cheat me out of my three best fields, and charged me for drinking tea with my wife, named Long? Well, he was always called Little Long. And, then, the merriest fellow I ever knew in my life was a jolly, free-hearted captain in the navy, called Death, who was always punning himself upon his name, and seemed to enjoy every joke it provoked in others; now, I really do think, that if at the actual point of death that fellow would have managed to turn the tables, and make the saddest die with him of laughing.”

“Some people, sir, have not the slightest delicacy or dignity of feeling in their composition, and to them, that which is so painful to others becomes a mere sport, and aids them in their perpetual and senseless witticisms; but, for my part, I hate nothing in the world so much as I do the shaft of ridicule; it far exceeds, in its piercing tendency, that of malice; and really the thought of being stared and laughed at when I enter a room, out-topping as I do most people in it, announced by a puppy of a footman, who, alive, like all others, to the jest, takes care to dwell upon my name with a stress which he lays upon no other, causes me sedulously to avoid, and even flee from society; and this course has gained for me a reputation of misanthropy which I do not merit. My very christian name adds further to the dilemma. Was there ever any thing so ridiculous as ‘Hildabrand Short’?”

“Why, as to that, there was not amid the thousands slain a finer fellow than he who fell at Waterloo bearing that name; for your uncle, Colonel Short, was truly the bravest of the brave; and now that you remind me of him, I recollect that he was quite as tall and very similar in other respects to yourself when a young man, yet I never heard him complain of”

“He, sir, wore a sword, which dwelt not always in its scabbard; and he lived in days when men banded not their jests so freely at each other; besides, there are some persons with whom none ever take liberties; but I am not of those fortunate personages, and my being of a remarkable stature, with such a name, is certainly most irksome to me.”

“Well, boy, but after all there is no use in fretting, what can’t be cured, you know, must be endured; and as you cannot possibly change your name, or grow downwards, I’d just advise you to put the best face you can upon it, and when all jesters see that you have become invulnerable to that sort of thing, why all jokes upon the subject will be sure to die away of themselves: it’s not after all like a man who has any peculiar failing which is always contradicting his name. Now, for instance, the most drunken fellow I ever knew in all my life, was a sporting parson, of the name of Drinkwater, and he, to be sure, used to receive verses and conundrums, and all sorts of things upon the subject; but then, to be sure, he most richly deserved them, for he was a perfect disgrace to his cloth, and, at length, killed himself completely by hard living. I also recollect a man too, who was victim to the spleen all his life, and went melancholy mad at last, whose name was Merry. Now was ever anything worse applied than that, eh?”

“Why, sir, that very Mr. Merry was perhaps a man, like myself, of a grave turn of mind, having an utter contempt for puns and jokes of every kind; who, may be, was at last driven mad by the perpetual warfare existing betwixt his disposition, and the mirth his name gave rise to. And I assure you I most completely sympathize with him, for nothing so convenes to damp the spirits as exciting laughter when completely indisposed to it; and I—”

“Pish! Merry had always been a disappointed man; and it is said that he was likewise crossed in love, or jilted, or something of the sort. But to end the discussion, now that I am delighted to find that your melancholy proceeds from no worse cause, are you not far better off, in being a fine tall fellow as you are, than if you had been a little atom, destined all your life to be called Short by name and Short by nature, by all the fools in the parish?”

“Hildabrand Short!” shuddered at the thought, and after a few moments’ pause, interrupted only by his sighs, his host having failed to console him, changed the subject to one near to the hearts of both; for the kind father, having stated that he was fully authorized to say that his fair daughter had no objection whatever on her part to the name
of Short, preliminary affairs were most amicably treated between them, and, the nomination of the happy day was all that was left for the ladies to decide upon, when joined by the pair in the drawing-room. The blushing fair one, counselled by mamma, named an early period; and Hildebrand, laying aside his cares, spent the happiest evening he had ever passed, and looked on a prospect which boded all felicity.

At length came the celebration of the ceremony which was to unite the happy pair in bonds indissoluble, and it passed off as all such ceremonies, which bear a strong resemblance to each other, are wont to do; for if marriage be the wisest of human follies, at least doth it claim the privilege of being the dullest of all joyful things, for it would seem as though monotony presided over and anon upon all such scenes. The bride and groom took leave of affectionate parents and kind friends, and flew to the continent to spend, in dolce tête à tête, the golden hours of the honeymoon; and so perfectly delighted was our young misanthropist with his happy lot, that he seemed to have thrown every trouble to the winds; and, to make short of a long story, he seemed, in short, to have forgotten that his name had been considered by himself and his friends as singularly short, and his person long. It is true, to be sure, that the French, in their politesse, had never thought of translating that name in their intercourse with him, and therefore never during his six weeks' absence from Great Britain, not once, had the fatal sound of it conjured up even a smile upon the lips of those who pronounced it. But, alas! peace on earth, and honeymoons, are not eternal; and upon his return to England, a college friend officiously, upon his first meeting him, begged to present him with a number of the naughty Satirist, in a most conspicuous part of which the following short compliment upon his marriage appeared:—

Lines on the Marriage of Miss Wise to Mr. Short.

"The pretty Miss Wise, who to marriage inclin'd,
Not long with her tender feelings would sport;
So she sighed, and said, yes, for she made up
her mind,
That in those sort of things it was Wise to be Short."

No words can possibly describe the agonized feelings of the young husband at sight of these lines, which not even their utter insipidity could palliate. They recalled him to a sense of his past wretchedness, and in the workings of his despair he almost lamented having entailed upon another a name which had been a source of so much bitterness to himself. Albeit, we may confidently advance, that had he been able to discover the cruel author who had struck this death blow on his peace, he had, in his wrath against him, left him but a short number of days; but he had no such consolation, for the editor was no where to be found, and the verses were by no means actionable; so he cursed, in his bitterness of heart, the press in all its wide extent of liberty, and liberties given and taken; but it was to no purpose, the paper had been read by all, and all, he imagined, had indulged in a broad grin at his expense. The sootheings of his wife's sweet voice were totally thrown away upon him, and, relapsing into his former gloom, he persisted in considering himself fate's plaything, and a finger mark for scorn and derision. Indeed, his friends were beginning to be very seriously alarmed at the very visible effects which the all-absorbing thought had begun to make upon his health, and sought every means in their power to divert him from it, but they had certainly proved unsuccessful, had not stern fate at length relented; and we think that Hildebrand Short had proved a perfect victim to her persecutions, had it not been for the timely death of a distant maternal relation, who bequeathed to him a considerable property, on the condition that he would take with it the name of Bettesworth. Never were glad tidings so joyously received as these were by our hero and his friends. Was it not a consoling voice from the grave bidding him live and be happy? A new career was opening before him; he blessed in his heart the memory of the kind and delicately-minded testator o'er and o'er again, and upraised a fair and costly monument recording his many virtues. He was, indeed, prompted by gratitude in so doing,—for had she not restored him to a place among men? aye, and even bestowed the very dignity of man upon him? Now he might mingle fearlessly in the world without
Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, September 25, 1836.

Ou! ma chère amie, quel temps nous avons eu! Comme la triste saison d'hiver a été hâtive cette année! Figure-toi, that in the course of three days we were obliged to change our toilettes from thin muslin dresses, and clear pelerines, to velvets, satins, and mousselines de laine. After ten or twelve days of miserable, cold, wet weather we had a change for the better; mais adieu les mousselines claires, adieu les belles robes blanches, elles sont passées déjà comme les roses! Had the weather continued favourable the country fêtes would have been delightful. I had promised myself so much amusement at St. Cloud, at Choisy-le-roi, &c. We had formed large parties to go to both places. We were to have danced en plein air, and I know not all we were to have done besides. Mon mari aussi était d'un humour charmant; but would he have been so if the weather had held up? Ma parole, je ne le crois pas! I cannot give you much intelligence on the subject of winter fashions in this letter, for you know our couturières and milliners are seldom inspirées par la dèesse de la mode until the end of October. Mousselines de laine will decidedly be fashionable this season; the newest have white grounds (blanc mat); the patterns are not large, neither are they so very minute as those worn in the spring. Patterns with two or more shades of green, with blue and bois, blue, and cherry colour, bois and cherry colour, are decided favorites, and they are exceedingly pretty on white grounds; those with an infinity of mixed colours are no longer distinguishable. I must not omit to tell you that the newest listés for these dresses are made of velvet. On dit, qu'e le velours sera fureur cet hiver. I have seen some new dresses of mousseline de laine made en redingote, with a rather deep bias of velvet down each side of the front, and round the bottom. Satin and velvet dresses are coming in; ces toilettes sont toujours jolies. The newest make, for redingottes is à corsage drapé, in deep folds, four at a side generally, and coming from the shoulder to the centre of the waist in front; the two inside folds quite meet at the bottom, which gives much grace to the bust. The back has a little fulness at the lower part. Another and pretty make, which is beginning to be adopted, is that of the corsage en cœur. It is half high, and without any drapederies whatever. Flounces will, they say, be worn this winter, though not in walking or evening costume. I mentioned to you before that I had already seen several, but it will be some time before the flounce becomes de rigueur; decidedly, they are not very becoming to the figure. The sleeves are still comme on veut le porter. Some have not adopted the new fashions. Still the sleeves that are full and plain all the way down are not so enormous as they were. Many of our élégantes who wear these sleeves have them either quite plain at the shoulder, about a finger in depth before the fulness commences, or else plaited down about that depth; enfin, ma chère, the shape of the shoulder must be quite visible. Some sleeves are taken in (as I have before told you) at distances in two, three, or even five or six places along the arm. Others are cut exactly like the sleeve of a man’s coat, and sit quite as tight to the arm; three flounces are put on the upper part of the sleeve, which take off from its excessive and, I may add, unbecoming plainness. The skirts of the dresses are very long, indeed, they say that trains will be indispensable in our salons this winter. I must describe the
pretty dress I saw on the young Marquise de B—— the evening before last. A dress of organdi (book muslin), brodée au crochet (embroidered in tambour work, with red ingrain worsted); the pattern was simply large squares; at the bottom of the dress were two flounces put on with a red velvet ribbon, which formed a heading; they were edged with a narrower velvet ribbon of the same colour. The sleeves, flat on the shoulder, were divided into three bouffans or puffs, separated by a band of the velvet ribbon, and a bow formed of two coques on the outside of the arm; the sleeve, from the elbow down, was neither very wide nor was it tight; it was finished at the wrist by a poignet of velvet, which formed a bracelet. A band of broad velvet ribbon, with long ends, went round the waist. Her hair was dressed very plainly, the back hair in a braid, which she wore very low at back, the front in ringlets à l’Anglaise; a very narrow hand of red velvet was round the head, and a small bouquet of grenades (pomegranate blossoms) on each temple. Elle était très dégante, je t’assure; you know she has a very high complexion, which, of course, made her prefer red to any other colour.

Some of these organdi dresses embroidered in coloured worsteds are very beautiful. I got one home to-day. It has but one flounce, which is rather deep, and festonné at the edge with red, green, blue, lilac, &c., that is, a few mitres of each colour, and so on, instead of a heading to the flounce. I have a beautiful guirlande of apple blossoms done on the dress; elle sera charmante. I have nothing new to say relative to hats; they are still enormously large, très évasée in front, and long at the sides. As you may suppose, we no longer wear the pillies de riz. Satin hats are becoming the most seasonable, en attendant le velours; drawn capottes of satin are much in vogue. Feathers, it is said, will be fashionable, and velvet flowers very much adopted. You ask me who I patronize for hats; it is a Madame Nicolle, in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, within a door or two of the English and American Library. She has made all my last hats, caps, and turbans. Great numbers of the English fashionables deal with her. Can you guess what are the most elegant, the most distingué, enfin, the most fashionable caps for morn-

ing wear? I am sure you cannot. They are made à coulisses (with runnings), and are in form and every thing completely such caps as are worn by infants in England! Some have a horse-shoe piece at back, others a round put in at top; the border is a double quilling of tulle; they are tied under the chin with a narrow ribbon, and when we put a bow it is a pompon, or rosette of satin ribbon, usually such as is put in a baby’s cap. Nous avons vraiment l’air des bimbins avec ces bonnets. The reason we have adopted these is, that the moment we get a pretty cap we see its fellow on the head of some bourgeoisie of the Rue St. Denis, so, of course, it falls, after a wearing or two, to the lot of our femme de chambre. We are quite sure the bourgeoisie will not follow us in this mode. The ribbons round the neck, which are generally worn long in summer, are now becoming short; without including the piece that goes round the neck, we allow about a French quarter (or an idea more if the neck of the wearer be long) for the two ends; the ends of the ribbon are cut straight across, and turned up at back, so as to form a point; and to this point a small silk tassel is sewed; it is fastened round the neck with a brooch. Voilà du nouveau, ma belle. The colour of these ribbons must, of course, vary with the taste of the wearer; the ribbon is not to be very wide.

The newest aprons are of satin, some are embroidered, some broché. The quantity for an apron is three breadth, which are edged all round with a small liseré of velvet; as red upon brown or green, green upon purple or lilac, &c.; the three breadths, which are plaited into a very small space at the waist, are only retained together down the sides by three or five bows of satin ribbon, or by velvet rosettes. These aprons have not always pockets.

The black scarf mantelets are still worn, but are becoming common.

They say the cloaks for this winter are decidedly to be without sleeves. Some say they are to be quite plain, with a single large cape, half the depth of the cloak, and a large velvet collar; nous verrons.

Colours.—The prevailing colours for hats are a rich bright brown, pink, and green. For dresses; a very dark claret
colour, nearly approaching to brown, dark green, grenat, and écru.

En voilà, j'espère, des modes—parlons autre chose.

A new piece, entitled "Kean, ou Désordre et Gêne," from the clever pen of M. Alexandre Dumas, is nightly performed at the Théâtre des Variétés, to crowded audiences. The part of Kean is most ably sustained by Frederick Lemaitre, that of the Prince of Wales by Bressant. A new ballet, called "La Fille du Danube," is being produced at the Grand Opera. The Italian Theatre opens in the course of a few days with "I Puritani;" the next novelty is to be "Malek-Adel;" after that we are to have the revival of Cimarosa's fine opera of "Il Matrimonio Segreto."

A splendid picture, representing the "Inauguration of the Temple of Solomon," with new and very extraordinary effects of light, is now exhibiting at the Diorama. It is generally allowed to be the most wonderful thing of the kind that has yet been produced.

I have been to see the "Arc de Triomphe," at the Barrière de l'Etoile, at night, when it was illuminated with gas, and it is certainly the finest monument I ever beheld. Its erection has taken thirty years; the foundation stone having been laid on the 15th of August, 1806, the anniversary of Napoleon's birth. During the reign of the Bourbons, it may have been said to have been continued, but how? I seldom saw more than one man at work at it at a time! These four or five last years, however, it has advanced rapidly, and is at length completed, after having cost nearly ten millions of francs, 3,440,263 francs 36 centimes of which have been expended upon it since the Revolution of 1830. If you have not seen a description of the bas-reliefs and trophies with which it is so splendidly decorated, let me know, and you shall have it in my next.

Have you seen any thing of our "très aimable" cousin? I do not even know where he is!

Adieu, ma chère et charmante amie. J'espère que ton mari se porte bien ; dis-lui, ma bonne, mille amitiés de ma part, et crois à l'affection sincère de ton amie,

L. de F. ———.

**DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.**

(No. 19) — TOLETTE D' AUTOMNE.

—Dress of soie chinee (clouded silk); the corsage is made to fasten at back, with a little fulness at the lower part, the front is draped, not in the style of the Sévigné corsage, but with four deep plaits or folds coming from the shoulder to the centre of the waist in front, where they meet (see plate); these folds are made in the corsage, and not put on, and are lined with stiff muslin to prevent their sitting too flat. Sleeve tight to the arm all the way down, with a seam on the outside like that of a man's coat. (See plate.) In order to carry off the excessive plainness of the sleeve, three flounces are put on at top; they are rather deeper on the outside of the arm than on the inside, and are cut the cross way of the material; they are edged with a narrow liséré or piping; the sleeves are finished at the wrist with a piping, and have neither wristband nor cuff. The bottom of the dress is ornamented with two flounces cut on the cross way, and with a liséré at the edge. Hat of poux de soie, ornamented with satin ribbon and black lace. The front of the hat is very large, but does not sit very close to the face; it is évase at top, and forms a

* We beg to apprise our subscribers and the public that the work entitled "LE FOLLET COURRIER DES SALONS" is published weekly in Paris, and contains about twenty-one fashion embellishments in each quarter, or upwards of eighty in the year. By a new arrangement, the sale of this publication, so long in connexion with ourselves, will, in future, for the whole of England, Scotland, and Ireland, be exclusively confined to ourselves; but to enable the public to receive it readily in every town, the usual allowance will be made to booksellers and newsmen, and the copies can be obtained monthly along with the magazines. We may here take occasion to mention that the greater number of the embellishments in English fashion magazines are principally copied from this work; and, as with bells, so with the fashions, a thousand, sometimes ugly, sometimes pretty, changes are rung upon these our eighty copies of Le Follet Such persons, then, as desire to go to the fountain of fashion and possess the newest fashion will order

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round; the hat comes down low at the sides of the face, where it is rounded off. (See plate.) The crown is quite en capotte, the silk being in a single piece, and brought into form by folds; the bows, which are very full, and intermixed with black lace (see plate), are placed quite at the left side; they are finished with three long ends of ribbon. Underneath the front of the hat is a puffing of ribbon, finished at the temples by small bows, and a narrow fall of black lace goes immediately across the brow; a bow of ribbons with long ends is placed over the bavoret or curtain at back; the ribbon that ties the hat under the chin is different from that in the bows, it is called ruban dentelle, and has a lace pattern on it. Hair in smooth bands; cambric collar trimmed with work; white gloves; black shoes of drap de soie.

Antique chair of carved wood.

(No. 20.)—Dinner Dress.—Dress of black poux de soie. The corsage made low en cœur (see plate); it sits perfectly tight to the bust, and is without drapery. The skirt of the dress is ornamented with a tolerably deep flounce, cut out at the edges in dents de loup (mitres); it is put on with a heading of black velvet ribbon, and the dents are edged with the same. (See plate.) Scarf mantlet of black satin with a pattern of flowers, in embossed velvet, down the sides; the mantlet is trimmed all round with a deep black silk fringe. The hair is divided at the sides, which takes it entirely off the brow; the front hair brought in smooth bands to a level with the eyebrow, it is then braided and turned back behind the ear; the back hair is in three high coquets or bows, one formed of a braid; they are placed round the bosom of the dress. The cambric frill of the chemisette appears; black velvet ribbon round the neck with a gold heart and cross. Hat of white satin, the front large and étuée; it is trimmed with ponceau ribbons, and has a bouquet placed on the left side to match. White kid gloves.

Child's Dress.—Frock and trousers of white muslin, the corsage made tight to the bust, with a small point in front; short tight sleeves, cut on the cross way and finished with a narrow, small plaited frill; a double cambric frill, likewise small plaited; goes round the neck of the frock; the sleeves are ornamented with two small bows of ribbon. Hair turned back in front from the roots (see plate); the back hair is twisted up and intermixed with narrow pink ribbon, two braids are placed over the ears, a small bow of ribbon is in the centre of each braid.

Antique Prie-Dieu chair, covered with satin broché.
LE FOLLET

Courrier des Salons

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Créée exécutée par M. Hernandou. 13, Chausée, 19-Robe en pour de soie—Sahpe en satin avec
Brossés et Appliqués en Velours des M’s de M’s. Follet, rue Montmartre 182—Costume d’Enfant en Messé.
these charming incidents she prefers her quiet fire-side in London, or her lovely garden in the country, or occasional excursions; and she cannot even make up her mind to visit Paris, where she thinks she would encounter even a few of those disasters; but she keeps away lest she should gain in an evil hour an inclination to roam.

Not only the Parisians, but a good portion of the wealthy English world of fashion, has visited Baden—not, indeed, our high nobility, but a great number of those who like the pleasant approachable manners of the continental royalty and noblesse, and love to talk during the winter of what was said to them in the autumn by the sovereign prince of that place, and the reigning duke of that place, this little king, that great count, and their most intimate friend the countess. Here, at Baden-Baden, our national folly can be indulged in to its full extent; and this facility of titled intercourse attracts thousands of some renowned, others would-be, fashionable whilst for families there is an additional very agreeable indulgence in the frequent balls and soirees, for which, during the season, Baden-Baden has become so much renowned amongst travellers. Most of our real baronial aristocracy live from August to Easter at their ancient castles and halls in the country, and prove their true nobility by rejoicing the hearts of their tenants and cottagers by a thousand deeds of active benevolence. In England, you can always tell the antiquity of the scutcheon by the kindness of its bearer towards the poor. If our aristocracy of wealth knew how exactly to resemble our old nobility, whose routine they imitate and whose company they sigh for, they should copy their country lives, where the real English noble is finely distinguished from his fashionable counterfeit. The Duke of Northumberland squeezing through a fashionable rout in the London season is thought little more of than one of our cotton lords, but the Percy at Alnwick is a different person. Most of our gentry who possess territory unencumbered by mortgage and debt, now delight to retire to their country seats and pursue their field sports, which have commenced with a gloriously soaking season.

How common suicides are now a-days! such are the effects of a state of over excitement. Would you, then, condemn our friend for delighting to indulge in a state of blessed tranquility? The most remarkable which was brought to my attention is the following from an eye-witness. What a shocking sight to behold! it is not to be wondered at that several of the ladies in the same boat, the "Water Witch," of Greenwich, should have fainted. Sunday se'nnight, about five o'clock, a gentleman was seen tumbling headlong from the centre of Westminster bridge; ere he had touched the water he seemed to be as an inanimate log, and he pitched as an arrow headlong straight down into the water, disappearing for several minutes. His body was almost immediately, upon its re-appearance, recovered, and the victim of self-destruction carried away to the shore. But the resolution of the individual is most surprising, as related by others. Having gazed over the bridge he found he could not clear the projecting sides; he then attempted by running from a little distance to gain a clear leap; he tried and was again thwarted, but at length, with a good energetic run from the centre or opposite side of the carriage way, he fairly leaped over the bridge, and, clearing everything, was rendered insensible solely by the height and rapidity of his fall. At five o'clock, of a Sunday

* "A life of fashion is certainly not friendly to those enjoyments which spring from the contemplation of Nature; long and habitual attention to the smaller concerns of artificial society incapacitate the mind for a bolder flight—no yonder eagle, in his cage, forgets the strength that could waft him to the summit of the Alps."

Boettcher's Switzerland.
afternoon, what an exhibition in the presence of hundreds of persons! Blessed then are they who can be content with quiet pursuits and tranquil enjoyments!

But the sudden death of one of the most enchanting of singers, Madame Malibran, will greatly grieve you, and every lover of real harmony. I cannot furnish you with more accurate particulars than are found in the letter of a correspondent of a morning journal. You may be absent from the capital, and not have an opportunity of getting the newspaper, on which account I impose upon myself the painful task of copying it out for you. I hope it will awaken thought in the public mind,—first, that singers, like other people, are sometimes liable to real indisposition, and cannot always keep their engagements,—and next, that, however much applauded, their performances should but rarely be encored. Madame Malibran's life, if not actually sacrificed, was at least put in great jeopardy, by her fears lest her absence should be deemed to be the result of caprice, and not of indisposition.

"Madame Malibran de Beriot, the highly gifted vocalist, who has caused such sensation in the musical world by her extraordinary powers of voice, we regret to announce, breathed her last at the Mosley Arms Hotel, Manchester, on Friday se'night. Madame Malibran was engaged to sing at the Manchester, Norwich, Worcester, and Liverpool festivals successively, and commenced her professional tour at the Manchester festival in tolerably good health; but at the concert at the theatre in that town (which had previously been announced in The Times) she was suddenly taken ill, and was obliged to be removed to the Mosley Arms Hotel, and the consequence was that she was unable to perform her duties in the succeeding oratorios and concerts of the week. She was attended immediately by Drs. Bardstal, Hall, and Worthington, who remained in attendance upon her until Sunday, when her own physician, Dr. Bellomini, from the Quadrant, Regent-street, who had been sent for by M. de Beriot, arrived at the hotel. Her complaint was inflammation, arising from premature confinement. Up to the time of the arrival of Dr. Bellomini, Madame Malibran continued gradually declining. On Sunday morning last, for the first time since her indisposition, she was assisted from her bed to a chair for a few minutes, but appeared much exhausted with the exertion it called forth. On Thursday she appeared better, but in the course of the day a relapse which alarmed the physician induced him to call in Mr. Lewis, a surgeon. On the morning of the evening of her death she was much worse, and lay in a state of great exhaustion, apparently unconscious of every thing around her, and but little hopes were entertained of her recovery. On the arrival of the surgeon Dr. Bellomini asked him whether, in his judgment, Madame Malibran's state of pregnancy materially affected her in her disorder, and Mr. Lewis thought that it did not, as she was in an early, and not an advanced stage of pregnancy, as had been previously supposed. In the early part of the morning she took a little liquid (barley-water) from her husband, but she was incapable of speaking. By 9 o'clock at night not the slightest hopes were entertained of her recovery, and indeed her death was almost momentarily expected, and the melancholy event took place precisely at 20 minutes before 12 o'clock, up to which period she had continued to sink without regaining her faculties for a moment. M. de Beriot was so much affected at his loss that his friends deemed it advisable to withdraw him from the town. The event is felt particularly by the people of Manchester, as throwing a shade over the festivities and gaieties of the past week; and it is the more to be regretted, that many consider she has fallen a victim to her desire to please, by attending the concert when the state of her health in the evening became such as to render it dangerous. We understand that she feared her indisposition would be deemed to be only feigned, and went out to her last performance in spite of her own conviction that it might be prejudicial to her health." Madame Malibran was only 28 years of age, and just previously in the height of health and beauty.

You wish to know what our literary nobility are about. A celebrated Earl, who holds a high public station, has written, instead of a novel, a saucy letter to our good king, who did not like it, and spoke his mind on the subject with
seaman-like sincerity, before his whole court; and all parties were shocked that their brave and kind-hearted monarch had been insulted on a matter totally unconnected with political animosity, and therefore perfectly inexcusable. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley is either illustrating the plates or editing the Keepsake. We shall see how the Lady Emmeline performs her arduous task. Lady Mary Fox, in the summer, edited a pretty annual for the benefit of the infants' schools at Kensington. The literature of this volume is tender, pathetic, and moral; and both the motive and the execution do great honour to the king's beneficent daughter, who, with her excellent husband, patronize these best of schools. I have had the book, but forget where it can be got; however, I send you an account of it, and an extract given me by one of our most popular and moral female writers in England, resident at Kensington.

A journal kept by two sisters, alike unfortunate, but not alike in their resignation and self-control, showing the effects of the same events on two different minds, is a novel idea; the descriptions of trips to the less known parts of France and the Pyrenees, are admirably given; but we were particularly struck with an account of the "Kirmes," in Germany, which appear to resemble, in every respect, the festivities in Derbyshire and Yorkshire, which take place, as there, on the patron saint's day of the parish church, which is usually adorned with flowers on the occasion. The progress of knowledge and manufactories has in some places lessened the importance of these annual festivities; but if it were not more enticing to the wealthy to make one in the gaieties of Germany and France, it certainly might be partaken in all its circumstances of beauty, festivity, and, I trust, decorum, amid the romantic vales of our own beautiful Derbyshire, or the west riding of Yorkshire. With a portion of the describer's journal we must conclude our account of a volume honourable to the noble lady, who has made it the medium of promoting one of her many kind actions and amiable ways of assisting her fellow-creatures. In this respect Kensington is a highly favoured place, for when does the Duchess of Kent fail to do good of every description? But to our extract—only observing, that the article from New Holland is itself quite new, and of the most interesting nature.

"We had been needlessly cautioned by our friend to prepare ourselves for a poor village repast. I was so astonished at that which was actually set before us, that, though I am no great observer of viands, I must describe it to you: First, as in all German dinners, came soup, the best I had seen in the country; then the bouilli, also a matter of course; next entremets of various kinds; then a pie of most dainty composition, though I cannot tell you half it contained; a whole lamb, but so young that I did not at first know what animal it was, really a most delicate dish; roasted chickens, ducks, field-fares, and snipes; a cold turkey of snowy whiteness, embedded in the most transparent jelly, and seasoned with stuffing and sauce of great pignancy; such were the most remarkable, but by no means all, of the dishes which composed our humble country fare. These were followed by a great variety of sweets, fruit, and cheese. With the desert entered a gentleman, in the uniform of the Landwehr; our companion rose to receive him, and our neighbour on the left, the Rittmeister (captain of Lancers), whispered that this was the Bürgermeister, or chief magistrate of the commune. He was welcomed with a hearty and somewhat noisy greeting; he shook one by the hand, slapped another on the shoulder, condoled with our host on the bad weather, and finally seated himself at the upper end of the table, next to the little English girl, with whom he entered into a very lively conversation in German. In a short time he rose and gave us a toast, 'The company of the Kirmes,' which was drunk with great cordiality, touching glasses, after the German fashion. All the while during dinner we had been entertained with a band of music, which surprised me by its goodness. I was not then accustomed to the universal excellence of German instrumental music. I was talking to my neighbour, when suddenly I heard 'God save the King.' I cannot describe the many, many, feelings which rushed upon my heart—surprise, pleasure, and some pain; which, in short, you must be placed as I was, to feel, or to understand. How often had I heard this air with weariness! But here, far
from my country, in a company among whom no word of her language could meet my ear, its grand and solemn notes seemed to me the voice of England; they spoke to me of all I had left, and in an instant transported me into the midst of them. In the first moment of surprise I involuntarily half rose from my seat; but, controlling this and all other impulses as well as I could, I contented myself with expressing my gratitude for this mark of delicate politeness, which was hardly to be looked for in a village alehouse. I love to remember it as one of the many proofs I met with, that a kind heart and a habit of recollecting what will give pleasure or pain, will enable the simplest peasant to reach to refinements of courtesy which no mere imitators of conventional behaviour can ever attain to.”—Which refinement we should be extremely glad to see travel into England.

The “Tales of Fashion and Reality,” of which you saw a favourable review in August, in “The Lady’s Magazine and Museum,” are entering into a second edition; and a second series is being got ready, which may be expected to be still more popular than the first, as the talent of these gifted young ladies will be more matured. The second series is to be embellished by portraits of the fair and noble authors, who are, you know, the daughters of the Hon. and Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerk; the portraits are said to be beautifully executed by A. E. Chalon, and are engraving on steel by Bacon. These ladies are likewise engaged in writing the librettos for two operas. Bocchus and Lodge are composing the music of those pieces. I hear there is a pretty series of portraits of the infant nobility coming out with the annuals, in which will be seen the portraits of the children of the Dukes of Buccleugh and Beaufort; of the grandchildren of the late Duke of St. Albans, the Hon. Henrietta and Carolina Beauclerk, and their brothers. Children’s portraits are the most difficult department of the art; if well executed, I will send you the name of the work and some account of its contents.

As for general news of fashion at this dead time of the year, there is nothing stirring excepting the report of the marriage of the Marquis of G—— to Miss B——; the public ought to be much obliged to them even for the report, when they are so very dull, and much more so if they actually go through all the fatigue of a fashionable wedding.

And now, having written all this to please myself, I must refer to another subject to please you. I know how very curious you always are in regard to our adaptations of your fashions, and how long the English public are before they follow generally the modes you monthly send to “The Lady’s Magazine and Museum.” Ladies of the highest grade, every one is aware, are always dressed in the newest French fashions, and, as they have those of the “Le Follet” in the Lady’s Magazine some days before they are seen in Paris, they are very fairly even with your best and most elegant novelties. But you wish to know what is the general appearance of that part of the female world who appear in public at this autumn season, in Hyde Park, May Fair, and the fashionable squares. Very few of the leaders of fashion remain in town, and those who do are not very recherché in their appearance: indeed, the weather has been so unnaturally cold and wet for the last month, that I should only give you an account of the old cloaks, furs, and pelisses that were worn last winter, which every one is glad to adopt in place of the muslins and chiffons that ought to have been worn in August and September. Indeed nothing that can be called an elegant autumnal dress is seen, and by the seaside, and in the country, the costume of mid-winter is adopted; and every one is crying to return to town, as the country is winterly and the sea-side comfortless and perishing. Meantime there is a great change in bonnets, which is the only novelty the black weather has suffered us to adopt.

I own I did marvel at the unreasonableness of your freaks in expecting us to wear cherry-coloured and black velvet trimmings to our bonnets in the midst of the last burning July, and I own to you that I believed that such a tyranny of fashion would never be obeyed; but scarcely had “The Lady’s Magazine and Museum” been published a week, before I saw the Duchess of —— with cherry-coloured velvet ribbon on a Leghorn bonnet, braving the August suns in the drive of Hyde Park. Velvet ribbons
during that month became the fashion, and now are the rage; they harmonize well enough with this wintry and gloomy autumn, and, for a winter trimming to satin bonnets, will look very appropriate. I have seen at the first-rate chamber milliners, at the west end, some early winter satin bonnets, dahlia or deep green, trimmed with black ribbon velvet, and very pretty they are. The enormous French capote bonnets, drawn with whalebone and much thrown up, and meeting under the chin. I have seen worn occasionally, but a larger size than the last you sent are only worn by the imitators of the beau monde, who always exaggerate; these over-sized bonnets flap and nod, and are singularly uncomfortable to the wearer. Dark green and purple drawn bonnets have superseded the pretty white satin, pale-green, and blue drawn cottage bonnets, which would have been worn during the autumn, if September had been what that charming month was once in England: our two last Septembers have done much to banish autumnal fashions. There is generally a very delightful style of dress assumed by really elegant women at this season, but winter dress must be worn, under penalty of influenza in case of disobedience to the warnings of the thermometer. One word more on bonnets—Leghorn bonnets have entirely superseded the Tuscan plait, which you call Italian straw. I have seen some ancient Leghorn bonnets make their appearance on this occasion which have reposed in the silence of some bonnet box a greater number of years than any belle chooses to remember. Both old and young Leghorn bonnets are trimmed with black velvet, and surmounted by a bouquet of poppies, wheat-ears, and cornflowers—your bluettes; these bouquets are not made by the skilful fingers of French fleuristes; those usually worn have a common tawdry look. Sometimes I wonder whether our English flower makers ever looked at a real flower. I know you would not be flattered at any unkind and unnatural preference given to your manufacturers at the expense of our own, but in truth this is a department which requires much improvement among our people; and common observation on nature, and a less gaudy taste, are all required to rival your flowers in true elegance, for the mechanical depart-

2 L.—Vol. IX.—October.
Embroidery of all kinds is greatly pursued by our belles, and is much seen in dress; even gentlemen are proud of wearing a purple satin or black satin vest embroidered by some fair hands; it is a favourite present from sisters to very dutiful brothers; of course no other ladies but sisters embroider for gentlemen? the constancy of lovers in these days would scarcely outlast the completion of a purple satin waistcoat if exquisitely wrought from natural flowers.

Our gracious queen is queen par excellence of our fair brodeuses; she excels in the graceful and feminine art of embroidery, perhaps, more than any woman in her dominions, and while it receives such royal encouragement we may hope it will never be out of fashion. Thousands of her indigent female subjects have occasion to bless the elegant taste of the virtuous Adelaïde, whose partiality for embroidery has caused it to be so much used in female dress, and in drawing-room decorations. Tabourits worked in the delicate German work are eagerly sought for by every maîtresse de maison. Some of the patterns are beautiful beyond imagining; I really think our countrywomen surpass yours at present as much in this sort of work as they fail in flower-making. How much more beautiful and becoming is embroidery for waistcoats than any sort of brocade; there must, perforce, be a sameness in brocade; it must be either in columns or sprigs, and it looks clumsy and butler-like if of a rich large pattern; while a plain satin waistcoat can be ornamented at the collar and bosom, leaving a rich plain surface which is very elegant and becoming to the figure. I give this hint in case you should be engaged embroidering a vest for your mari. No doubt every gentleman’s temper would be couleur de rose while his lady was thus employed. I think if I were married I would always have one on hand, and if I saw any clouds gathering on the lordly brow, fly to my embroidery frame and work a flower as a peace offering.

I have wandered to a subject alarmingly serious; it is impossible to assume any playfulness with such a concatenation of ideas;” therefore, farewell, mignonette. Believe me ever thine,

Beatrice.

P. S.—Every day produces its novelty, but I am now going to mention to you one of delightful utility, and singular novelty. Where are the unfortunate who cannot sleep? let them claim succour from Mr. Gardner the Hypnotist. Without the use of opiates he engages to produce the most tranquil sleep in a few minutes. Roméo and Juliete may now perform à merveille. This sleep has, it is said, all the wonderfully restorative effects of natural sleep, whereas those who awake from a sleep produced by drugs, or other artificial means, have, it is true, been free from pain and consciousness of their situation, during the time of repose, but a kind of stupor still hangs over them, and even, though awake, they are as those who are half asleep. Without having had time, or, thank God, occasion to put the merits of this new system to the test, I have been assured that His Grace the Duke of Wellington, and also Sir Herbert Taylor, have written to the clever discoverer of this new system, in approval of it. I may have more to tell you about it hereafter.

I cannot, in my present letter, enter into descriptive particulars of the performances at our theatres. It is rather early in the season for them to be much attended, although the Theatre Royal Covent Garden has had tolerable houses; and the minor theatres have not been wanting in company. The opening of Drury Lane Theatre, owing to extensive improvements, has been deferred till Saturday next, October 1.

Steam Navigation.—Steam navigation is fast superseding the use of the regular coasting vessels on the eastern coast of England, and bids fair, ere long, to drive them out of the trade. Dundee, which until the introduction of steam communication had six first-rate smacks trading with London, has now but one; and Aberdeen, which formerly had in all eight smacks in the same trade, has now none. Many of the Leith smacks frequently leave London in ballast. The present competition in steam navigation and cheap travelling has spread even to the remote Hebrides. At present passengers are taken from Oban to Staffa and Iona, and back again, for 2s. 6d. The charge last year was 30s.

Nautical Magazine for September.
Glances at Life in City and Suburb. By Cornelius Webbe. Smith, Elder, & Co.

Cornelius Webbe reminds us in these essays occasionally of Elia; we should likewise say that we trace some resemblance to Boz, but that would be unfair, since we remember many of the papers now collected appearing in periodicals some time before Boz was ever heard of; therefore if a likeness now and then occurs, we know which of the two is the copyist. Cornelius Webbe is more of a philanthropist, and less of a coarse caricaturist than Boz; he laughs at folly, but never raises a grin at misery. He is a little too harsh, occasionally, on the name of Smith, and as the public have been rather nauseated by this subject in the Boz-sketches, perhaps it will be unjust enough not to investigate to which of the two authors the original Mr. Smiths pertain. We cannot help thinking that authors ought to possess most aristocratical pedigrees and lofty Norman names themselves, before they spin their webs around the harmless and popular appellations of Smith, Brown, Jones, Jackson, Higgins, or Dickens. Supposing all the Misters, Mistressses, and Masses Smiths, Browns, Jacksons, Johnsons, Robinsons, Clarkes, and Joneses in the world were to unite in resistance to the persecutions of Messrs. Webbe and Boz; what would become of them? For our parts, we admire the magnanimity of these numerous and peaceful tribes of respectable English people, who, united in one common cause, might demolish the peripatetic cob-web of any saucy author. But Cornelius Webbe does not rest his claims to notice alone on quizzing common names: he has a fund of real humour, not forsooth the less pleasing because it is good natured. His "Four Views of London" are not only very amusing, but truly valuable in a statistical point, as forcibly representing the moral state of the lower orders. His account of the wretchedness of the Spitalfields district deserves attention from higher quarters than mere readers for amusement. His London Sunday is well worth reading; but we think he draws too favourable a picture of the occupations of the London populace on that day, taken as a whole. From among his metropolitan scenes we select the following passages.

The paper is entitled London Walkers.

"In no city in the world will you find a greater population on foot than in the good city of London, and the tolerably good city of Westminster; and, therefore, in no other city or cities can you so well observe the characters and peculiarities of the walking population. The English—cabs, omnibuses, and hackney-coaches notwithstanding—are a walking people: no other nation of men—certainly no citizens—use their legs more—none delight more in walking for walking's sake. A Frenchman moves somehow about his boulevard or his fashionable quarter of Paris; but he never heard of five miles an hour, and never thinks of stepping out to the tune of thirty or forty miles in one day for mere exercise, and the sober, perhaps solitary, pleasure of looking about him at villages and green fields: an Englishman does this, and thinks nothing of it; nay, perhaps, in his daily pursuit of business, he covers twenty miles of ground, all the while keeping within the enormous circle of the city: to him, therefore, a walk of forty miles is but stretching his legs, and nothing to wonder at or shrink from. Propose to a Parisian a foot trip to Versailles and back, and he would think you mad—while there are fiacres, &c., at every gate in Paris waiting to waft you there: a Londoner—one of those despised creatures called Cockneys—will trudge it to Windsor, see its castle, penetrate its forest, mount its terrace, measure its long walk, and, if he can get permission, coast along the margin of the Virginia Water; and at night you will find him in some club-room in the city, sitting as cool as a cucumber over his pipe and grog—having footed it every inch of the way, and looking as if he could do so again!"

"Look at a regular dew-beating bumpkin making his first awkward attempts at walking the streets of London, and you will at once perceive that he knows not how to use his legs—indeed, what to do with them: they are not only in his own way, but in the way of everybody; sprawling here, and straddling there—now stumbling over nothing, and now breaking his shins against something which a townsman would make nothing of—now treading on the heels of Higgins, and now crushing the corn of Cummins as if he would grind it into a sort of flour. It is the toss up of a halfpenny whether he will be on his heels or his head every other step he takes—he is always on the trip-up—a child might sprawl him—every hob-nail in his clouted shoes seems inclined to play him a slippery trick; and he groans at heart to be once more upon Muckash Church Heath, for he feels that he shall never acquire the art of 'walking in these Lunnun streets.' The streets are what is called greasy: a London walker makes this condition of the unctuous mud of the town to accelerate his speed, and gidgees and slips and slides on all the faster. Not so the indifferent to newly-ploughed land: he is, as it were, bird-timed by it, and the more he struggles the worse he is. He is in the Strand, his face to Charing Cross—he cries, he groans to get there, and tries for it might and main; but all the while he is going by crab-like advances, as fast as possible to Cheapside. 'Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale!'—take my advice, turn—and if you would reach Charing Cross, place your broad shoulders to it, look as if you intended for Cheapside, and by the same sort of backward progression you are at present making you will be at the Golden Cross now in time for
the coach which is to lift you out of a place where you are not in your element to one where you are at home. Or look at him in a crowded street, staggered, besidered, and soberly drunk with the honey-skurry about him!—he can't get on, and the crowd won't let him stand still. If he is elbowed into the gutter, there is no rest for him there—the next cart-wheel that comes sends him reeling on to the flags again. If he stands by the wall, somebody disputes it with him, and he is once more pushed into the human stream. If he makes for a doorway, and pauses a moment, out rolls a porter with a load, who takes some pains to run the angle of it against his thick head, and knocks off his hat: he stoops to pick it up, and bump comes somebody in haste against the broadest part of his back,' and pelts him head foremost over an apple-stall. The frozen old woman at the corner of it with tears and cries gathers up her fallen fruit, with the unmasked assistance of some dozen apple-nutchingurchins, who alternately put one pipkin into her basket and one into their pockets, protesting all the while against the clumsiness of the countryman. Or perhaps he is sent reeling against the basket of a Jew selling 'sammich,' and upsets Jew, basket, ' St. Michael's,' and all; —whereupon the clodpole is given into the custody of a city constable for damages done, and seems to thank heaven that he is taken care of by some body, and carried anywhere out of Cheapside. A pair of London legs commit no such clumsy faux pas, but are well-behaved, well-regulated pieces of machinery, intent upon their own progress, and not interfering with or impeding the progress of other legs equally knowing and business-like. In London, therefore, you will see walking and walkers in perfection; and you will soon perceive also that there are several classes of walkers, all having distinctions which mark them out the one from the other; and among others, you will, if you have an eye for the perception of such niceties, remark specimens here and there, having the following characteristics.

A Waddler in a summer shower, in nankeens and no umbrella, who will insist upon keeping your arm, and your keeping his pace, is a tolerable horror enough; but to be fastened upon by a Waddler in a bitter night in January, when the frost seems as if it would freeze even the milk of human kindness in your breast, is a cold horror, more blood-stiffening than any one which the Rachcliffs of romance have yet imagined. Look on him, however, compassionately in a mob, aid him if you can, and don't laugh, if you can help it, at his unwieldy struggles to extricate himself. Bear with him on the stairs of the May exhibition: let him suffocate the way as he slowly trundles up his huge body, whilst a hevy of beauties, breathing to see and be seen, are looking with waiting eyes on the Hercules in the hall, wishful of the animating power of Prometheus, that they might make him forget himself from marble, and engage him to carry up a thirty tons block from the mountains to a titulus smile; for Mr. Jenkins gave him five shilling for a Christmas-box last year, and he may do so this. The Strutter then begs a thousand
pardons, and slipping sixpence into his horned hand, the dignity of the porter is satisfied by the price of a pot of ditto, and they part the best of friends.

"The Butters are a race of walkers that might very well pass for runnels, for they are in the habit of coming unexpectedly round corners full drive against you, prostrating you, picking you up with the tenderest carefulness and most profuse politeness, wiping your hat, brushing your coat; but before you have time to remonstrate with them, bounce off again like a cracker; and ere you are half steadied on your legs, a milkman at the other end of the street is demanding, with all the sonorous powers of a good pair of Welsh lungs, the retail price of two gallons of milk which the Butters has spit in a second sally.

"The Room-walkers are, however, the most intolerable of pedestrians. I was sitting in the French house in Leicester-square over a toothpick, after a French dinner of six courses, which left me as Englishmanly hungry as if I had dined with Duke Humphrey, when a smart fellow stalked in with measured strides, whom I knew immediately by certain indubitable signs to be a Room-walker. He came in humming an air, and having walked the room from end to end, and examined the company with the minuteness of an inspecting officer, he stopped a waiter in full flight, and inquired 'if Captain Jones had been there?" A negative being given, he twirled his cane a moment, and determining between himself and the waiter that he would wait till Captain Jones did come, to pass the time, perhaps, he commenced 'walking the deck.' Twelve times did he tramp up and twelve times descend, and though there was an Irishman present, no one got up to knock him down. The waiter handed him a paper: he thanked him, he had seen it; and on he went, doubling his former twelve by twelve, and the particular board he had selected did not resent it, though it squeaked and creaked as his heavy foot trod along it.

As we think Cornelius Webbe will soon favour the public with another volume of sketches, we must warn him of a pet word that occurs in almost every paper. He says the beadle "euddles his stick," "the man euddles his cloak," and he uses other varieties of this phrase far oftener than is agreeable. In some of the Hippie papers he descends to minutiae that are puerile and inane, a fault of which Boz is frequently guilty, and from which Elia, when in a far-fetched humour, is not exempt. It is the besetting sin of this species of literature; authors ought carefully to scan their productions, and obliterate all passages that are not bright and fresh, if they would reap the enduring fame of a perfect essayist on life and manners. It is this conviction that makes us more than usually minute in our strictures on authors who have such high claims to our approbation and esteem as Cornelius Webbe.


We like the present volume the best of all Montgomery Martin's popular colonial works. Its statistical information regarding the Cape and the Mauritius is highly valuable to the merchant and the settler, while for the general reader here is a vast mass of entertaining knowledge condensed into a small compass, and clothed in perspicuous and terse language. Mr. Martin possesses the enviable power of making himself clearly understood in the fewest possible number of words. As to his principles, he has wisely adopted all that is valuable in the utilitarian system, while he preserves a generous warmth of sentiment and a laudable feeling of humanity for his fellow-creatures, which is not conspicuous among the discipiles of Adam Smith and Harriet Martineau. All the good that is advocated by these famous writers is to be found in the pages of this volume, their evil he wisely leaves for their own use. Besides the political economy of the Cape, we find matter that is interesting to the botanist, the naturalist, and geologist; even the lovers of the supernatural may also be gratified in the oft-told tale of the Flying Dutchman, (that Fata Morgana of the high seas) which by no means loses its gusto in the hands of Mr. M. Martin. For ourselves we prefer those portions which give an account of the poor persecuted Boshjemans, (most probably the aborigines of the country,) the Caffres, &c., for we feel the link of sympathy to our kind, and never could dissever some of our brother men from the great family. Cordially do we agree with Gaika in his opinion of peace.

"Gaika, one of the Caffre chiefs, of the Amakoshe tribe, not long since visited one of our military outposts, sometime after there had been fighting between the colonists and the Caffres. 'How long,' said Gaika, to the officer in command of the post, 'how long are we to continue at war? shall we never eat our corn together in peace?' The officer replied, 'Are we not at peace? have we not been so for a long time?' 'Do you, white men, call this peace?' said the African, 'it is not so with us. After our wars are over we trade together; my people want beads, (the money of the country,) and knives, and hatchets; and your people want ivory and cattle. Let them exchange with each other at daylight, instead of shooting at them when they attempt by night to cross yonder river; let the waters of the Keiskamma flow in peace to the great ocean, without being discoloured by our blood, and then we shall know that war has really and indeed ceased.' Since that, unfortunately, the waters of the Keiskamma have been again empurpled with human gore."

Their terms for the Almighty are Ulanga, Supreme; Uika, Beautiful. "What
a delightful host of ideas the application of this attribute to the Creator of the universe suggests!" says Mr. M. Martin, and his well-written work has suggested much for deep reflection. We resume our extracts.

"No regular system of idolatry exists among the Bantu; but, there is much addicted to sorcery, spells, and charms, and some scattered traces may even be found of the remains of religious institutions. They believe in a supreme being, to whom they apply the term Uhlanga, (Supreme) or frequently the Hottentot name Utika (Beautiful). What a delightful host of ideas the application of this attribute to the Creator of the Universe suggests! The immortality of the soul is believed in, but, strange to say, unconnected with any idea of a future state of rewards and punishments. Formerly they buried the dead, but latterly only the chiefs and persons of consequence are interred; and such is their dread of touching, or even being near a corpse, that a sick person, when supposed to be past all hope, is carried out into a thicket, and either buried before life be extinct, or left to perish alone; those who are considered dead, sometimes recover, and return home. The chiefs are interred in the cattle fold, as the place of greatest honour. When a person dies, a fast is held for an entire day, by the whole hamlet; the husband or wife of the deceased is considered unclean, and must separate himself from society for two weeks, and fast for some days, their food being brought to them in the fields; and before they are readmitted into society, the old dress must be destroyed and new clothing put on. The period of probation for a widow is longer than that for a widower. Every part of the clothing of the deceased is considered unclean, and must be destroyed; the house wherein he lived, although he should have removed from it before death, must be shut up; no person ever again to enter it; and the children are forbidden to go near it; it is called the house of the dead, and is left to fall gradually to decay, no one daring to touch even the materials of which it is composed, till they have crumbled into dust. In order to throw as much light as possible on this singular people, I subjoin an interesting account of the Tambookies, by Brother Adolphe Bonatz, the good Moravian who dwelt among them at Shiloah.

"One of the leading features in the character of the Tambookies and Caaffres, and which appears, as it were, to be born with them, is an unbounded desire to possess whatever they see. To this is to be ascribed their shameless and most annoying practice of begging. They are quite astonished, that it is considered discreditable by us, since with them it is an art in which every one studies to perfect himself. The richest chiefsman is not ashamed to beg; indeed, one might almost say, that those who possess most, are the most greedy. The proudest and most wealthy assumes a character of lowliness and poverty, and employs a kind of winning address which might almost be called eloquence, in order to gain his object. It need, therefore, be no matter of surprise, that our Brethren, on their first arrival, were deceived by their smooth speeches, and induced to think them in earnest, when they expressed a desire after the word of God. Lying and deceit, in fact, seem with them to be the order of the day.

"Tobacco and snuff appear to be yet more essential to them than food; and I question whether a single person is to be found, of either sex, who neither smokes nor takes snuff.

"The custom of saluting each other is not general among the Tambookies. A captain alone receives this mark of respect. Thus, the captain of a kraal, on his entrance, would be saluted by the meq with 'A Mapasa,' or 'Hail to thee, Mapasa!' They also swear by the name of their captain. Profane oaths I have not heard among them; nevertheless they often taunt each other with their personal defects. One will address another who has a prominent forehead, 'Thou forehead; a second who has lost his teeth, 'Thou bare'st mouth,' &c. Sometimes they merely exclaim 'Eyes,' which is as much as to say, 'Look at those sly eyes.'

"Polygamy prevails among the Tambookies; the only question being whether a man has sufficient cattle to purchase many wives. As may be imagined, the inclination of the female is little consulted in these cases. In the contracts that are formed, from six to ten head of cattle may be stated as the average price for a wife. It often happens that a woman who has been ill-treated by her husband takes refuge with her parents. If he wishes to have her back again, he is expected to pay several oxen, as a compensation to her family.

"The colour of the Tambookies is brown, passing into black. Some might be called perfectly black, others simply brown. In the form of their bodies, as well as in their gait, they are much superior to the Hottentots. The Tambookie man is, in general, tall and slender, but, at the same time, strong and muscular; shortness of stature is rare among them, and it is considered a disgrace to be small or weakly, or a cripple. The women, though shorter than the men, cannot be termed low in stature. Altogether, they are a well-proportioned race; and as one of their besetting sins is personal vanity, they accustom themselves early to a graceful carriage, which is particularly observable when they walk. Neither is there anything unpleasant in the Tambookie features. On the contrary, they may rather be pronounced attractive; many countenances are marked by an expression so soft and amiable, that one is tempted to ask, if they can possibly be those of wild Tambookies. Their brilliant white teeth are considered by themselves as a great beauty. Their hair is short and curly, and of a jet black colour; the men are not accustomed to pull out the hairs of the beard, like other barbarous nations, but to let them grow; yet their beards never become long. Our long hair they behold with amazement; and this feature, together with that of our white complexion, induces them to call us 'things' and not 'men.' The eyes of the Tambookies are universally black.

"The clothing of the men consists merely of a kaross, formed of the skins of sheep or oxen; it has no sleeves, but is simply thrown
over the shoulders, and fastened in front; when they wish to engage in any labour, they usually throw it off. A small strap is frequently attached to the upper part of the kaross, from which is suspended a leather sheath, containing an iron needle about six inches long. The chief's are ordinarily distinguished by a kaross of his own. The women provide a girdle about the loins, composed either of brass or of strings of beads, and furnished with little pieces of copper or tin, or other ornaments. Under the knee they often wear the tuft of a cow's tail. The arms are adorned with rings of ivory and brass, and about the neck, the ears, and the hair, they wear all kinds of beads. Coverings for the head they have none, except occasionally a handkerchief in winter. They go for the most part bare-foot, but when engaged in a long journey, or in warfare, they make use of a kind of shoe or sandal. In war they adorn their head with a pair of crane's wings, or else with tails of animals of various kinds.

"The dress of the women is not devoid of taste. Their kaross is well shaped, and neatly sewed, but merely a cover cloth. Seated in the driving seat, he is continually talking to his oxen, calling first to one, and then to another; and I have remarked with astonishment, how well they seem to recognize their names, especially when the leaders of a long team are told to go right or left. The last-mentioned remark does not, however, apply to the Tamboonies, who are ignorant of the use of vehicles. They accustom the oxen to carry burdens upon their heads, an art which they have also taught their wives. The produce of the morning milking is poured into milk sacks, made of ox leather, and in which the process of churning is afterwards carried on. The sack being hung upon a pole, is beat from side to side, till the butter is made. These duties having been performed by the men, dinner time approaches. All the men belonging to the same kraal sit in common, sitting in circles on the ground. The meal being over, the boys are sent to look after the cattle. They are permitted at these times to exercise themselves in riding upon the oxen, and to drive the cattle rapidly before them. The object hereof is probably to accustom both to a hasty flight in the event of a hostile attack.

"The rest of the day is commonly spent by the men in idleness. They either sit gossiping in the cattle-kraals, or lie sleeping in the sun. If they engage in any thing, it is in the chase. For this, they arm themselves with assagays (light missile darts) and with kiris (sticks with or without knobs), which they cast at their game. They only make use of a shield when they go on the lion, or tiger-hunt, or into the field of battle. Great numbers of dogs accompany them, on whose courage and prowess they mainly rely. During these hunting expeditions, it often happens that they set fire to the grass upon the mountains, perhaps with the design of driving the game out of the crevices of the rocks. The fire thus kindled sometimes extends to the plains, and much provender is hereby needlessly consumed.

"On a journey the husband thanks it sufficient to carry his shield and assagays, while
his wife carries the infant upon her back, and a great burden upon her head, consisting of household articles rolled up in a large mat. On arriving at a new dwelling-place, the women must build the round huts, a work which they understand well. The cultivation of the garden is likewise their incumbency. This labour they perform on their knees, with wooden spades. A yet severer duty is the gathering of fire-wood on the neighbouring hills. The women also manufacture baskets of various kinds, which will hold both milk and water, and round earthenware pots, which they mould and bake with great cleverness. For the grinding of Karre-corn, they use a flat stone, crushing the corn against it by the help of another pointed stone, or iron pestle. It is astonishing to see in what a short time they are able to fill a large jar with flour, by means of such an imperfect apparatus. The floor they bake into little loaves, kindling a fire, after the fashion of almost all uncivilized nations, by rubbing together two pieces of wood. With the cattle they have nothing whatever to do."

An important feature in the work is the earnest manner in which the humane author calls the attention of the public to the Juvenile Emigrant Society, established by that honour to his species, the philanthropic Captain Brenton; the place of destination provided by this society for friendless helpless children is the Cape. Had we a patronage of government, the words juvenile delinquency would be unknown. Oh shame! that, with the expensive machinery of our government, the only effectual means of reforming the guilty, and employing and sheltering orphans and homeless vagabonds, should be left to the exertions of private benevolence! With all our hearts we recommend this society for the prevention of crime and misery to the charitable support of our fair readers, and are happy to lay before them the testimony of our author.

"This Institution is in fact a juvenile emigrant society, by whom children of both sexes are rescued from poverty and crime, educated, sent to the colonies, and there apprenticed to different trades and occupations. To the Cape of Good Hope there have been already sent 250 boys and 50 girls, and so well have the morals of these destitute and helpless children been attended to in England, that of the whole number sent to the Cape, not one has been convicted of any crime, and only one accused, and that one was acquitted. Had this system of juvenile emigration been acted on twenty years ago, there would now have been fewer convicts to transport, for the prisoners of 1835 are the destitute and neglected children of 1815, to say nothing of the plunder of society, and the expense of guards, police, or the prisoners themselves; the latter a heavy charge, as the poorest captive in Bridewell costs the country £54 a year; in the Millbank Penitentiary £30, and in Clerkenwell, (where wholesale ruin is much cheaper,) about £29 each per annum! The Convict Hulks for little boys at Chatham is the nursery for every sort of vice, and a young person once passed through that university is qualified to take his degrees in any society of crime throughout the world. Is it not monstrous that such a system should be continued when we have so many colonies open for the reception of the poor and unfortunate? The adoption of the Cape for such juvenile emigration is admirably, by reason of the fineness of the climate, and the great freedom of the inhabitants generally from crime, which is rapidly decreasing."

This work likewise contains an account, written in the same spirit as the History of the Cape, of the Mauritian and its dependent Isles, and a Sketch of Madagascar, penned in a style that makes us regret its brevity. We now dismiss this excellent work with perfect certainty that in the present cheap edition its sphere of utility will be greatly enlarged; in fact, no library, public or private, ought to be without it. It is embellished with maps of the Cape, and of the Mauritian Isles, besides having several wood-cuts of other places.


From the perusal of a few of Miss Landon's prose contributions to the annuals, we had formed the opinion, that her talents were peculiarly adapted to the delineation of the realities of home life; few persons could perceive this excellence, under the splendid tissue of poetry, that veils the excellent sense and shrewdness of her observations on life and character, in the poems and romances that have made the initials of L. E. L. so popular in our language. The present work is of a totally different cast from its predecessors, and fully convinces us, that Miss Landon is equal to our most popular domestic novel writers, in the discussion of the realities that must be encountered in our passage through life. Fifty years ago, it was the fashion in the course of instruction to fix a doceur for the performance of moral duty—thus following the Judaicaw law, instead of the Christian dispensation. "Be good and you will be prosperous," saith the gilded story books; and then, when the young human being enters life, and meets ingratitude, deceit, and inconsistency from his fellow-creatures, precisely where he least deserves it, he becomes either misanthropic, or pays them back in the same coin; or, if he obtains a more philosophic view of human nature, at all events he feels he has been deceived in his views of life at the outset. There is too much of this spirit even in the present day. Miss Landon's object, on the contrary, is to prepare the young mind for future trials; but though her subjects are mournful, her style is animated and attractive; she has the
command of the passions—no one can read some of the passages in this book without shedding tears.

“The Indian Island” will be the greatest favorite with the juveniles, and “Francis Beaumont” with those that have the direction of their tastes. The latter is a very perfect production, with sufficient fascination of style and story to attract any person. Our extract is from the exquisite tale of the “Twin Sisters”; although this story contains lessons for parents rather than children, it is very attractive to every class of readers.

“It was a hard task to teach those poor children that their mother was dead—death is so incomprehensible to a child. They would not believe that their mother would not return.

“Mamma can’t do without us,” said Ellen.

“I am sure she will come back for us.”

“She will never come back,” replied Eda.

“Then why did she not take us with her?” exclaimed Julia.

“You will go to her in time, if you are good children,” was the old nurse’s answer.

“Let us go at once,” cried they in a breath.

“It was in vain to make them understand the impossibility; and that night, for the first time in their lives, the twins cried themselves to sleep.

“I know where mamma is,” whispered Julia to her sister; “though they keep the house so dark that we may not find her. I heard them say that their mistress was in the south room.”

“Let us go there,” exclaimed Ellen, “when nurse goes down to dinner—we can walk so quietly.”

“The time soon came, and the twins stole out together. Ellen, who was the most timid of the two, hesitated a little as they opened the door of the darkened apartment, but Julia, whispering, ‘Mamma won’t be angry,’ encouraged her, and they entered the room together.

“Where is mamma?” asked Ellen, looking first eagerly at the bed, and then more anxiously towards the chairs.

“I heard them say that she was here,” exclaimed Julia, whose eyes were fast filling with tears; at that moment, the coffin riveted the attention of both. Each approached it, and at the same time recognised their mother.

“Why does she sleep in that strange box?” asked Ellen, in a frightened whisper. “We must take care not to wake her,” answered Julia, in a stouter tone.

“Both remained watching her, still and silent, for a considerable time.

“I wish she would awake,” at last said Julia, and stooping down kissed the cold white hand extended over the shroud. Ellen did the same thing, and both started at the icy chill. It would seem as if the sight and touch of death brought its own mysterious consciousness. The two children stood pale, and awe-struck, gazing on the well-known, yet unfamiliar, face that, cold and ghastly now, answered not to their looks again. They passed their little arms round each other, and clinging together, with a sense of companionship, neither spoke, nor moved for a considerable time; at last Ellen, still holding her sister’s hand, knelt down and whispered, ‘Let us say our prayers.’ And the two orphans repeated beside their mother’s coffin, the infantine petitions they had learnt beside that mother’s knee.

“They were thus employed when Eda entered the chamber. Her step disturbed them, and they ran towards her, and throwing themselves into her arms, began to weep bitterly. It was remarkable, that from that time the twins never inquired when ‘Mamma would come back,’ but they listened with an attention beyond their years, when the aged Indian woman spoke of her own earnest and simple hope, whose home was beyond the grave.”

This is an incident that has often occurred in reality, it was never described with more touching simplicity than in the words of Miss Landon.

Here is an important truth beautifully expressed.

“What a duty it is to cultivate a pleasant manner! how many a meeting does it make cheerful which would otherwise have been stupid and formal! We do not mean by this, the mere routine of polite observance; but we mean, that general cheerfulness, which, like the sunshine, lights up whatever it touches, that attention to others which discovers what subject is most likely to interest them, and that information which, ready for use, is easily laid under contribution by the habit of turning all resources to immediate employ. In short, a really pleasant manner grows out of benevolence, which can be as much shown in a small courtesy as in a great service. It can never be possessed by a selfish person, and Mrs. Dalton was thoroughly selfish. She had no idea, that it could be a greater pleasure to give up your own comfort, or your own wishes to those of another than even enjoying their fullest gratification yourself.”

Such maxims constitute the value of Miss Landon’s book as a work for young people; they are very frequently and strikingly introduced just when the reader is particularly interested in the development of the character of some individual on whose disposition the crisis of the tale depends.

That Miss Landon well knows how to captivate the imagination, and command the feelings, all her readers will allow; but her remarks on character, and the lights thrown on the causes of domestic wretchedness, and the miseries of private life, are peculiarly valuable; and properly introduced, as they are here, without the offensive air of lecturing or schooling, will sink deeply into the minds of young readers, whom she has previously charmed by the brilliancy of her natural genius. Miss Landon appears before the public in a department of literature new to her, a department we have always more attentively considered than any other, because we review for ladies, many of whom, having families, are vitally inte-
rested in educational literature. Besides the prose tales, we find some beautiful poetry, of a nature more properly adapted to the cast of the work.

"The Lady Marian," is the most beautiful and instructive, but it is too long for insertion; after our present extracts we must content ourselves with the following poem:—

Now tell me of my brother,
So far away at sea,
Amid the Indian islands,
Of which you read to me.

I wish that I were with him,
Then I should see on high,
The tall and stately cocoa,
That rises 'mid the sky.

But only round the summit,
The featherly leaves are seen,
Like the plumes of some great warrior,
It spreads its shining green.

And there the flowers are brighter,
Than any that I know;
And the birds have purple plumage,
And wings of crimson glow.

There grow cinnamon and spices,
And for a mile or more,
The cool sweet gales of evening,
Bring perfume from the shore.

Amid those sunny islets,
His good ship has to roam;
Amid so many wonders,
He must forget his home.

And yet his native valley,
How fair it is to-day;
I hear the brook below us,
Go singing on its way.

Amid its water lilies,
He launched his first small boat,
He taught me how to build them,
And how to make them float.

And there, too, are the yew-trees,
From whence he cut his bow;
Mournfully are they sweeping
The long green grass below.

It is the lonely church-yard,
And many tombs are there;
On one, no weeds are growing.
But many a flower is fair.

Though lovely are the countries
That lie beyond the wave,
He will not find among them
Our mother's early grave.

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M. Klauser, the well-known teacher of the German language, is worthy of every support for the zeal and perseverance with which he has so successfully promoted the easy attainment of that language, and he has met with it in a great increase of German students. His German manual for self-tuition made him first known, and established his credit for any future work that had the same aim. The present collection of German songs convinces us of the refined taste and literary judgment of the collector, and needs no further recommendation when we add that they consist of the most popular songs, odes, and ballads of Goethe, Schiller, Klopfstock, Herder, Bürger, Engel, Jacobi, Körner, Kotzebue, Voss, &c., which, with the explanatory notes and biography of the authors from whom the poems have been taken, makes it an interesting little volume, and very valuable to those who wish to become thoroughly conversant with the German language, and gain an acquaintance with its most classic songs.

We give the following as a specimen of the illustrative notes:—

"Der Blockberg (der Brocken) is the highest mountain of the Hartz, in the North of Germany; der lange herr Philister, i. e. Go-liath; wind machen, i. e. to boast, to brag; der Kukuk und sein Kuster; Samiel und his Clerk; (Kukuk is used in licentious language instead of der Teufel). It may be remarked, that in popular superstition, the Blockberg is, in the night of the first of May, the rendezvous of all the wizards and witches of Germany, who perform the journey thither through the air by riding on broomsticks, oven and pitchforks, &c. At these meetings Satan himself holds forth, blaming and praising his followers according to their deserts. — The belief in witches has still a hold upon many of the peasantry in the North of Germany, and the editor himself was all but thought an infidel in a village near Greifswald, where he attempted, in 1828, to explain from natural causes an event, which was attributed to the witchcraft of an old widowed woman in the neighbourhood. It is the more difficult to eradicate this superstition, as the people prove the existence of witches from the Jewish portion of the Bible.—The Blockberg has enjoyed the reputation of being the favourite meeting-place of the devil and his worshippers even from the times of Charlemagne, and the origin of this belief is said to be the following. After the submission of the Saxons by this powerful and in other respects enlightened monarch, he forced them by his cruelties to conform to the ceremonies of his church; and as the inhabitants of the Hartz-mountains used to meet on the first of May upon the summit of the Blockberg to worship one of their idols, he ordered all the roads and passages up the mountain to be guarded by armed men. The Saxons, however, eluded their vigilance by using by-paths and ravines, and when obliged to pass near one of their posts, they did so by disguising themselves in the most hideous forms and making a great noise; by this means, they frightened the superstitious soldiers, who spread the report that they had been driven from their posts by Satan himself."
The Cavaliers of Virginia; or, the Recluse of Jamestown. An Historical Romance, in 3 vols. Newman and Co.

The public ought never to forget that it has to thank Messrs. Newman and Co. for the original introduction of the works of Brockdon, Brown, of Cooper, and all the celebrated American authors, to this country. The Cavaliers of Virginia is likewise a reprint of an American romance that has obtained considerable celebrity in its native country, and we think the story will be read with some pleasure in England. In regard to composition, the style is good, perhaps a little too florid for the present English taste; but certainly far more correct in metaphor and wording than Cooper's, when he takes flights into grandiloquence of the descriptive kind. The story shows the state of America after the restoration of Charles II., when, like the mother country, she was convulsed by struggling parties. No one historian or novelist seems ever to have given any individual description of this interesting country at that period, though we know, from the annals of our own, that the most violent of either party fled thither; therefore it certainly draws the minds of the readers to an entirely new era. The hero's name is Nathaniel; start not, ladies, (of the Webbe and Bux family,) the man was a Puritan, and how could he help his name?—accent it Nathan-niel, if you please, according to the Hebrew enunciation, and it is not so very bad. Well, Nathaniel is really a very dignified and imposing person, and in the course of the story you quite forget his un-romantic appellative—a great merit in the author. However, after mentioning the name of Nathaniel, it is only common justice to interest our readers in his fate, or they will never venture on a work whose hero has been so remarkably unfortunate in the taste of his sponsors. When we know an old lady, a schoolmistress, in the country, a person of great influence, whose baptismal name was Deborah; she had a happy partiality for her own name, and an extreme passion for standing godmother to hapless female infants—is not a word that has ever been heard. We happen to know twenty Deborahs of her naming who have nearly reached woman's estate; and as she had not fifty thousand pounds to leave among them as a small compensation, their cases, in this age of Laura's and Claras, have been hitherto considered desperate. Still there is comfort for them; the name of Dobby is not more unfortunate than that of Nathaniel, and as young ladies with fair curls can shriek and faint at the death of a young gentleman thus named, who knows but some very romantic circumstances may happen to one or other of the Deborahs! Still we would warn the public to examine very closely into the worldly possessions of all godmothers and godfathers before they inflict such names as Jeremiah, Samuel, Nehemiah, Abigail, Dinah, or Deborah on their unresisting offspring or godchildren—but we have nearly forgotten the doings of Mr. N. Bacon in this exordium.

"Away with him! away with him!" again vociferated the president, at the same time menacing the official who stood holding the prisoner, doubtful how to act, and apparently willing to listen to the more merciful suggestion.

"By this time the whole court was in confusion and uproar; everyone was upon his feet, together with the president, each one endeavouring to be heard. A large majority of the members were for the longest time, and these now demanded of the governor to submit the question to the court; but the old knight having probably discovered that Ludwell and Beverly were his only supporters, clamorously persisted in ordering the prisoner to instant execution.

"Bacon himself, during this time, at first stood with his arms folded, and a bitter smile of contempt playing upon his features, until the tumult growing louder and more protracted, he too attempted to obtain a hearing. "It is perfectly indifferent to me," said he, "whether I am murdered to-morrow or at the next moment; let the hour come when it may, my blood be upon your skirts."

"His manly bearing served to reanimate those who contended for delay; and the strife continued to grow more noisy and turbulent, until, as if by magic, a side door of the apartment opened, and a new actor appeared upon the scene. The court was instantaneously hushed to silence, and Sir William Berkeley stood as if he beheld an apparition, while Bacon bounded forward, and clasped Virginia, who rushed into his outstretched, but fettered arms.

"When she first gently pushed open the door, not one of the court or of the attendants perceived her. She was clad in the loose folds of the sick chamber—her blond curls fell in unheeded ringlets over her brow, temples, and shoulders; her face was pale as monumental marble, and her frame weak and trembling, while a preternatural excitement of the moment shot from her eyes, as she gazed through the partly-opened door, to ascertain if her ears had not deceived her.

"Not a word was uttered louder than a deep impassioned whisper, until Virginia perceived the chains upon his hands, when seizing the iron by the middle, she stepped forward, and boldly elevating her head, addressed sir William—"Whence these chains, sir?—tell me quickly; tell me that they have not been put on by your orders, before I curse the hour that united my destiny in any manner with yours!"

"Not only were they imposed by my orders, but they were set on in preparation for a ceremony, which shall alike cure you of your vagaries, and release me from my hated presence for ever! Guard, lead her to her chamber, and the prisoner to execution!"

"Scarcely had the words died upon his lips, ere she sprang from the grasp of the officer,
and locked her hands around the neck of her lover, exclaiming—'Now you may shoot him through me; no ball enters his body but through mine. You may hack off my arms with your swords, but until then I will never leave him!'

"The governor and Beverly now came forward, and each of them seizing a hand, they tore her from his embrace, in the midst of a wild hysterical laugh, not howoever before Bacon had imprinted a kiss upon her pale forehead, and uttered a brief and agonizing farewell. He then seated himself upon a chair, and covering his face with his hands, gave himself up to emotions which had not before been awakened during his trial.

"As they were leading Virginia from the room, she suddenly recovered her composure, sprang from their grasp, and placing herself against the wall, between two of the officers of the court, who were still standing, clung to their arms while she thus addressed Frank Beverly:—'And this is the method you have taken to win your way to my favour!—this is the plan you have devised to rid yourself of a rival! And you, too, his deadly enemy, to sit in judgment, a mock justice by the cowardly device! I'll put you out, sir, for a craven-hearted dastard! Is this the way you were to meet and conquer him in battle? Where are your trophies for my bridal torch, taken from the standards of your foe? You take trophies from Bacon in battle! One glance of his manly eye would drive the blood chilled to your craven heart, and wither the muscles of your coward arms!'

"Again she was seized, and dragged from the court room by the governor and Beverly. In a few moments the president returned, and found the court proceeding in his absence deliberately to take the question on granting the prisoner until the succeeding day to prepare for death, and allowing him the attendance of a clergyman. Sir William was fearful, perhaps, that by resisting the will of the majority, he should defeat his purpose, and therefore acquiesced in what he could not prevent, with more amenity than might have been expected from his previous violence.

"The prisoner had not so suddenly regained his equanimity; he was indeed making strenuous exertions to that end; but now and then a piercing scream from the upper chambers of the mansion thrilled through his nerves, and more than once he suddenly sprang to his feet, and made an attempt to rush past his vigilant keepers, but was as quickly reminded of his helplessness by the jarring sound of his fetters, and the ready grasp of the officials. After several such attempts, he at length folded his arms, and gave himself up to bitter reflections, a wretched smile flashing athwart his countenance, indicating the violence of the internal struggle, and the cruel pangs that rent his bosom.

"The majority of the court having triumphed in the first matter, the question was again raised to this moment of his death; and Bacon's countenance was actually lit up by a smile, when he heard the decision of the court in favour of his own request, that he might die the death of a soldier. The guard were at the moment leading him from the court-room to his prison-house, and his step became more firm and elastic; and he could now look upon the wretched spectacle in the court, without the same degree of horror which he had before evinced.

"When he had marched several paces in his progress round the mansion, he halted suddenly, and wheeled round to survey the dormer windows peering through the roof, as was the fashion with the long low houses of the time. His eye rested from its piercing and steady gaze in sadness and disappointment, and he threw down his chained hands with a violent motion, as he resumed his march between the soldiers. They conducted him to the door of a cellar at the end of the house, which was secured with double defences; in the next moment he was rudely thrust into a damp cellar, without a ray of light, and the door was closed and securely bolted.

"Bacon heard the rusty bolt shoot into its socket, and then the hissing and locking of the outside door, with a sensation of utter hopelessness. He wandered through the dark precincts of his prison, stumbling now over an old barrel, and now over a meat-block, until he came to some dry bundles of fodder, which seemed to have been spread out in one corner to answer the purpose of a bed. Before throwing himself upon this rude couch he resolved to examine the interior of the cell; by passing his hands along the walls, he found that they were built of brick, well cemented by a long process of time; that the summit upon which the basement beams of the frame rested were entirely out of his reach; and that in the present confined state of his hands it would be impossible for him to make any impression on them, and he could distinctly hear the tramp of more than one sentinel, as they paced their monotonous rounds about that wing of the building. There was yet much of the day remaining, and he resolved to spend it in endeavouring to grind off the end of the rivets to the iron bands enclothing his wrists; by rubbing these against the bricks, he found that he could wear them away by a tedious and laborious process. Our hero was not one of those who surrendered themselves up to despondency at the first appearance of insurmountable difficulties; decision of character was his most striking quality; and he knew that his devoted army only waited for him to lend them to avenge his wrongs. He felt the difficulties which lay between him and Jamestown; but he did not despair, however desperate his circumstances. For many hours he persevered in grinding the rivets against the bricks; with wrenching and great danger of dislocating his wrists, he at length succeeded in wearing down the iron, that he could at any moment throw aside the manacles. Encouraged with this success, he moved the meat-block against the wall, and made all preparations for a breach, as soon as he should be satisfied that the darkness of night would cover his movements. To while away the time usefully he threw himself upon his rude bed, and was soon, from the effects of great previous mental excitement and bodily fatigue, wrapt in profound slumber."
frame convulsed with thoughts of his present hopeless condition—What matters it whether I am Nathaniel Bacon or not! What will it avail this time to-morrow, when these limbs, now so full of life and vigour in the renewal of hope, will be still in the cold embrace of death!"

"Death!" the old woman screamed, rising from her knees, seizing the lamp, and thrusting it in Bacon's face; 'death, did you say, my son? or did my old ears deceive me with the horrible word?"

"They did not; truer words were never spoken or heard: to-morrow, before the sun has measured an hour in the heavens, the voice which now addresses you will be silenced in the everlasting sleep of death."

"Horror struck his auditor dumb; her shrivelled lips moved with a tremulous motion as if she desired to speak; but she spoke not. An ashy paleness overspread her features, and she staggered backward, and would have fallen, had she not been caught in the arms of her long-lost foster-son. A tumult of thoughts crowded upon her enfeebled mind, as she recovered, gasping with the unusual excitement, and her aged frame heaved as if it would burst in the effort. At length a ray of hope seemed to dawn upon her mental vision; her eye sparkled with the thought, as she resumed the lamp which Bacon had taken from her hand and placed upon the ground—'Tis must not, shall not be, my son. There is your coarse food—Heaven forgive me for not offering you better! but little did my thoughts turn upon such a godsend. I have a thousand things to ask and tell; but, as you say, life—precious life—hangs upon every moment lost, so—"

"At this moment the sentinel advanced directly before them, and taking the old woman rudely by the arm, said—'Come, old Tabby, the prisoner can find the way to his mouth without the lights give him his bread and water and be off,' thrusting her up the steps as he spoke, slamming the door, and once more turning the grating bolt upon the unfortunate prisoner."

**EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE.**

[See also review of Miss Landon's book, at page 204.]

**Fisher's Juvenile Scrap Book for 1837.**

**Fisher.**

The proof-sheets of Fisher's Juvenile Scrap Book are the first indications that have reached us of the approach of the annuals. We are truly glad to see the fresh sound literature that is provided by Mr. Fisher for the Christmas regale of the juveniles; and he is right: children will not willingly read a stupid book. This annual has been brought out chiefly under the auspices of Bernard Barton and Agnes Strickland; and we think the life and fire of the lady's stories contrast very pleasantly with the pensive strains of Bernard's moral muse.

"The True Story" is a tale of commanding interest, bearing a forcible lesson to children on the dangers of positive disobedience; while "Plymouth Regatta" points
out the more insidious evil of that inceptent disobedience which does not violate the letter, but rather the spirit, of a parent's commands. These stories are excellent companions, and are properly introduced in the same volume. "The Pinch of Salt," and "Lady Emily's New Pastime," are light and lively; we select a story as a specimen of the literature, which though relating to children bears universal interest from its historical east.

GIULIA, AND BEATRICE,

(A Tale of the Fourteenth Century.)

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

"Giulia Colonna,"and Beatrice Ursini, were the daughters of two rich and powerful Roman nobles, of the fourteenth century. Their parents were deadly foes, for they were members of the two great rival families who had for more than a century agitated Rome with their contentions. Much blood had been shed in their quarrels, nor was the hereditary animosity of the houses of Colonna and Ursini confined to the males of these hostile families. Young as she was, Beatrice Ursini had learned to regard every individual who bore the name of Colonna with the deepest hatred, and most especially was Giulia Colonna the object of her enmity. They never met except at religious processions and public festivals, but on these occasions Beatrice always gave Giulia looks indicative of wrath and disdain. Giulia Colonna was of a different spirit; she had been educated by her last mother in the practice of the Christian duties of meekness and forbearance towards her enemies; and so far was she from returning scorn for scorn, that she lamented the impossibility of conciliating her adversary by gentle words and kind offices.

"At the time of which I speak, Giulia's grandfather, the renowned Stephen Colonna, had gained a ponderous influence in Rome over the faction of the Ursini, but his triumph was of brief duration: a third and more powerful party sprang up in Rome, under the celebrated tribune Rienzi, the leader of the plebeian order, or commons, of Rome. These had been long impatient of the tyranny of the nobles, and at length took advantage of the discontents among that proud class, to rise in arms against them, with the avowed intention of putting every one to death who resisted them.

"On that eventful day, when the tribune Rienzi had arrested the heads of all the patrician families in Rome, an old Roman female, who was attached to the family of Colonna, rushed into the palace of Giulia's father, and addressed the terrified damsel in these words:—

"The Colonna is smitten, base and pillar; your father, your grandfather, and your uncles are all captive, my child; and I have hastened hither, to warn you of the approach of the brutal mob, who will presently come to pillage and destroy everything that pertains to your house and name:"

"My father, grandfather, and my uncles, all captive! repeated Giulia, turning very pale: is it the malice of the Ursini that has wrought their fall?"

"The Ursini are involved in the same ruin," replied Paulina: "it is the work of the base Rienzi, the leader of the plebeians; and the triumph is that of the object over the mighty! The blood of Ursini, as well as that of Colonna, will be poured forth like water this day. There is not a man of either of these proud houses that can escape! but you, my dower, my precious one, continued she, enveloping the trembling form of the noble maiden in her sunbursted arms, you shall flee away with me to a place of rest and refuge from the storm. Come, strip off these costly jewels from your neck and arms, and exchange the perilous robes of nobility for the humble garb of a peasant girl, which I have brought to disguise you withal:"

"Giulia yielded unresisting obedience to the requisitions of Paulina, who, in the mean time, collected together some articles of value, which she made into two bundles, and, putting one into Giulia's hand, took charge of the other herself; then taking the noble damsel by the arm, she led her from the Colonna palace just before it was entered by the savage populace, who came from all quarters of the city to plunder and lay waste everything that belonged to the nobles of that family.

"Rome resounded with the clash of weapons, and the furious shouts of contending parties. There was blood and death in every street—rage, terror, and consternation in all faces. Noble and valiant gentlemen were attacked and slain, in spite of the resistance of their followers, on every side; yet the timid Giulia, with no better protector than an aged female plebeian, passed through every peril safe and unknown; and succeeded in gaining the barriers of the fatal city. The gates of Rome were zealously guarded by the soldiers of Rienzi, to prevent the escape of the noble and the wealthy; but who would think of detaining the humble Paulina and her grandchild, as she called Giulia Colonna?

"Far as the eye could see, the Campagna was filled with men, women, and children, who fled, some in groups and some as lonely individuals, towards the Abruzzi mountains, which have in all ages afforded a refuge to Italian fugitives, whether nobles or slaves, Christians or pagans. None paused to bestow even a passing look or word on Paulina and Giulia, who were soon left far behind the rest, for they were heavily loaded with the valuables they had carried from the Colonna Palazzo, and Giulia was unaccustomed to travel on foot in the meridian heat of day.

"'Courage, my child,' said Paulina, 'the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Our progress, though slow, is sure, and I know of a wood-cutter's cottage in yonder copse, at the foot of the mountains, where we shall obtain food and shelter for the night.'

"'But I am so weary, and parched with thirst,' said Giulia, 'my strength will never hold out till I gain yonder distant wood.'

"'Comfort thee, my child,' said Paulina, 'I have in my bosom a phial, with a drop of wine, which shall be a cordial to revive thy drooping strength.'

"'Hold!' cried Giulia, pointing to a damsel apparently about her own age, who was stretched..."
upon the earth in a deep swoon, 'here is one whose necessity appears to be greater than mine, she shall have the precious draught.'

"'Say not so, lady mine,' replied Paulina, after examining the features of the fainting girl, 'it is Beatrice Ursini, thy foe.'

"'She is my sister!' exclaimed the generous Giulia, 'A sister in adversity,' continued she, gently raising the languid head of Beatrice on her arm, and moistening her lips with the wine.

"After a few moments, the colour revisited the pale cheek of Beatrice, and she unclosed her eyes with a deep sigh,—but when she perceived by whom she was supported, she struggled to extricate herself from her arms, excusing,—'Oh, woe is me! that I should have fallen into the hands of my foes.'

"'Fear not, we are friends,' replied Giulia, in a soothing voice.

"'You are a daughter of Colonna, and therefore my enemy, for I am an Ursini,' said Beatrice.

"'What have the children of Colonna and Ursini to do with enmity in an hour like this?' cried the weeping Giulia, 'when the blood of their unhappy parents is even now, perchance, flowing in the mingled stream on the same scaffold, and we, their wretched children, are outcasts and wanderers, united in one common calamity.'

Beatrice was deeply touched at this tender address from the lips of one whom she had heretofore regarded with such causeless hatred. At the same moment a low sullen sound was borne upon the breeze from the distant city of Rome.

"'Hark!' cried Paulina, 'it is the great bell of the Vatican, tolling for the execution of the noble victims of Rienzi and the mob.'

"The colour faded from the cheeks of either maiden. It was the knell of both their fathers; the knell of every man of the hostile houses of Ursini and Colonna, that was in Rienzi's power, they then heard.

"The damsels exchanged looks of anguish and of sympathy with each other. Pride, hatred, and jealous wrath were alike forgotten in that moment; they fell upon each other's necks, and wept. They wept with long and passionately; and when the bell of the Vatican ceased to toll, and the last echoes of its sullen murmurs had died away in silence, Giulia Colonna and Beatrice Ursina were both orphans, and they mourned for their murdered parents like sisters together.

Paulina, whom gratitude had induced warmly to espouse the cause of the Colonna family, and who had in the first instance felt disposed to disapprove of the kindly feelings evinced by Giulia towards the daughter of her foes, was awed and melted at the reconciliation that had taken place between the noble damsels, under circumstances so deeply affecting, and she willingly acceded to Giulia's entreaty for her to extend her support, succour, and protection to the unfortunate Beatrice as well as herself. As for Beatrice, her proud spirit was so subdued by the unexpected calamity that had fallen upon her, and her bodily powers were so exhausted by the unwaited fatigue to which she had been exposed, that she clung to the arm of Paulina for support, as if she had been her own nurse-child. Slowly and sorrowfully the noble orphan maidens, with their humble guide and protector, pursued their weary way, till they reached the little town which Paulina had pointed out to them as the haven of rest for the night. There they obtained both food and shelter from the kind wood-cutter, who cheerfully resigned his own supper and bed to the tired fugitives. The next day they again set forth, to pursue their journey to a convent among the mountains, of which one of the ladies of the Colonna family was the abbess. On the way they were encountered by robbers, who took from the helpless trio every thing of value which they had carried from home, and it was only at the earnest entreaties of Paulina that their lives were spared. They reached the convent in woful plight—hungered, and with garments torn and travel-soiled—but they were granted a refuge among the compassionate nuns, and received every kind attention and comfort which they required in their forlorn circumstances.

"Seven years after this disastrous period, Rienzi was driven from the exalted station he had gained; and, after many vicissitudes of fortune, he was ignominiously slain by his victorious enemies. Such of the dispeared members of the houses of Colonna and Ursini as had escaped his destroying vengeance, then returned to Rome, and renewed their former feuds. Giulia and Beatrice had learned better things during the days of exile and sorrow. They had become true Christians, and, unmoved by the fierce contentions of their hostile kindred, they lived united in the tenderest bonds of friendship with each other.'

From Bernard Barton's portion of the "Juvenile Scrap Book," we offer the following stanzas:

A MOONLIGHT DITTY

The still moonlight! the soft moonlight!
How sweetly it falls down
Upon the city's thousand streets,
Or quiet country town!

The humblest village, by its beams
Looks lovelier than by day,
As o'er its still and lone churchyard
It sheds its softest ray.

And far from human dwelling-place,
In lane or wild wood scene,
On streamlet's banks, or common bare,
How gently falls its sheen!

The pale moonlight! the calm moonlight!
Earth, in her hour of rest,
Seems as she wodd its lustre mild
To bask upon her breast.

The trees spread out their leafy boughs
To catch the trembling ray;
The timid flowers, with folded leaves,
Their thanks with odours pay.

Even the dewy grass around
Enjoys the blessing given,
And sparkles on its myriad blades
With borrowed light from heaven.

The still moonlight! the hush'd moonlight!
Not voiceless is its bliss;
'Twere strange if music were not found
To greet an hour like this.
From many a copse the nightingale
Pours her sweet thrilling strain;
And echo loves to waft the notes
O'er hill, and grove, and plain.
And sweeter seems that liquid song
Heard by the murmuring rill,
In the deep quietude of night,
When all beside is still.
The pure and passionless moonlight!
Not only unto earth
Its gentle loveliness is lent
To give fresh beauty birth;
Upon the broad and billowy deep
Descends its glory bright;
Touching full many a swelling sail,
And wave, with silvery light;
The steersman owns its influence
With grateful, glistening eyes,
And hail, with homely benison,
The beacon of the skies!

The pensive, soothing, cool moonlight!
Far more than earth or sea.
May human hearts, as these do here,
In silence honour thee:
Well has the artist's magic skill
Pourtrayed the siren power,
In bosoms which most feel its spell,
Of thy subduing charm:
It should be one to lead our souls
To Him who lit thy rays;
And the best homage of our hearts
Is silent thanks and praise!

For such the literature; we shall soon see
The book with its winter dress on of gilding
And pretty colours, and garnished with,
No doubt, handsome prints.


This little book is, we fear, not the only one of ten which will pay the expenses of its publication. The author in his preface, professes hereby to have supplied a means of avoiding drudgery in the acquisition of the Latin language, and this he has endeavoured to effect by printing a hundred and twenty pages of exercises, adapted to the Eton Latin Grammar, in such a manner,

that the laziest boy need not once use his dictionary. The futility of this attempt may be ascertained by the fact, that a book of exercises on the same scale and plan if continued through the language would fill many quarto volumes. No, no, the pupil must thoroughly learn rules, and then adapt them; which is not drudgery but exercise. There are, we are sorry to say, no royal roads either to Latin terminations or French gender; pupils must work if they want to acquire. However we should like such a diligent master for our sons, and should have no distaste for the clever printers of certainly a very curiously compiled book—Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, by whom the author seems to the full to have had his peculiar plan admirably adopted in print.


Certainly, the loveliest Juliet that has been seen either on or off the stage for some years, is to be found in the third number of this charming publication. We would advise all candidates for the part of Juliet to get the print, and endeavour to look as like Parris' picture as possible, for the innocent youthful expression, indispensable to the character, is most poetically given by the painter. Cook has engraved it delightfully, light and clear, the Burton has done its duty, and, without seeming labour, has given a delicate and harmonious effect. We do not like the octagonal outline to the plate, and cannot think how Mr. Heath came to adopt it.

The Rosalind is not so good as the Juliet, there is an artificial close cast of countenance, unsuitable to the frank and generous Rosalind of Shakespeare. The attitude of Isabella is in accordance with her words,—"I will proclaim thee, Angelo!"
The air of triumph and defiance is well expressed, but the hands are too small and unfinished, and the cheeks a little too full. The rest of the engraving is good.

Barritt's Liquid Silver.—We last month had occasion to notice Messrs. Barritt's ingenious method of rendering gold liquid for the artist's use: we made some suggestions for its better application and preservation. We have received the following note from the proprietors on the subject, with a sample of the silver liquid; and although we have not had leisure to try its quality, yet, from the sample we had in writing, we do not question its applicability for ornamental work, such as that on our portrait. Again, however, we repeat, that much attention must be paid to having the material completely mixed, or the user will be disappointed.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

Sr. —Enclosed is a sample of Liquid Silver Ink for your examination. I felt obliged by your remarks in your last number. Neither the silver nor gold contain now sufficient power to destroy the cork; so many experiments have been tried, and the improvements adopted, that it is now a much superior article than it was even a month ago. First rate testimonials that it is approved for the purposes stated, I have in my possession.

Continuing, Sr., yours, &c.

J. L. Barritt, and Co.
Fleet-street, Sept. 27th, 1856.
Miscellany.

The Pioneers. By Hannah Gould, an American lady.

The waves, proud Ohio, in majesty roll Through banks with rich verdure and flowers fairy dressed, Like the deep tide of mind, like the broad flow of soul That heaves nobly on to the fair blooming West.

The music is set to the motion of years That bear down, like thee, to a fathomless flood; But ours to the march of the bold Pioneers Who purchased thy borders with peril and blood.

They fearless went forth where the red heathen (With tomahawk raised, as in ambush he lay, And poison-tipped arrow to send from his bow,) Concealed like a serpent infested the way.

They saw the tall flame, where the council fire glared, Along the deep gloom through the wilderness spread, And heard the loud whoop when the knife was prepared Its trophy to take from the white victim's head.

The apple tree, then, 'mid the trees of the wood. They reared among savages human and brute, And felled the dark forest around it that stood, To let in the sunbeams and ripen the fruit.

Their footsteps are traced by the lily and vine, Where they lopped the boughs, stands the full-headed sheaf, And here from the pillow, the oil, and the wine, "The weary find rest, and wounded relief,"

Where all was in nature's first wildness and night Till they boldly pierced through, an invincible band.

The sun of eternity pours down his light, And the beauty of holiness spreads o'er the land!

Roll on, proud Ohio! and, long as the voice That sounds from thy waters posterity hears, 'Twill come in bold numbers to hearts that rejoice,

In chorus responding, "The brave Pioneers!"

This poem was printed in a periodical called "The Western Magazine," published at Cincinnati,—the Cincinnati of Mrs. Trollope,—in 1835. It was written on the occasion of a Jubilee, held commemorative of the first settlement on the banks of the Ohio fifty years since. The Magazine was sent to us for review, and we selected this poem from among some very excellent articles as a proof that the citizens of Cincinnati have taste for other sounds than the squeaking of pigs.

Ancient Theatres.—Plays were always performed by the Greeks in the open day; and originally by the side of some gently rising hill, the spectators being on the activity, and the actors on the plain. The inconvenience of this was, however, soon perceived, and wooden structures were erected for the purpose; but these were, at best, temporary, and were sometimes dangerous, as was shown at a representation between the rivals Eurytus and Pratinus, when the whole theatre fell, burying hundreds in the ruins. This event caused the erection of more substantial edifices; and the first stone theatre in Athens was raised in the time of Theseus. This was the archetype of numerous others erected in Greece; but it appears that stone theatres had been erected in the colonies long previous, as at Egesa, Cythens, Syracuse, Agryum, Tauronion, Adria, and other places. The numerous number of theatres erected in Greece and Asia Minor, and the grandeur and extent of their remains, may well excite, first, the wonder, and then the admiration, of the moderns, and show in high relief the wealth, the luxury, and the intellectual character of the vivacious Greeks. Wherever the wandering footsteps of the traveller carry him, there does he find these remnants of Greekian civilization. At Mileta, there are the remains of a theatre, externally of marble, 437 feet long; another at Hierapolis contains all its marble seats unremoved. Again he sees their huge forms thrusting themselves from the sides of the hills at Ephesus, Eginia, Sardia, Telemessus, Albana, Cyzicus, Mylassa, and Megapolis; one at Epidaurus, built by Polyctetus; two at Laodicea; and numerous others in different parts of the country; but, according to Pausanias, none excelled that in the grove of Eschylus, at Ligurio, the remains of which still exist. The seats are of pink marble, and are 1 ft. 2½ in. high, with a breadth of 2 ft. 9 in., in which was a groove, where it is supposed wood was inserted, in order to prevent the feet of those who sat behind from touching the backs of those before.

The theatres of Greece were built on the side of a hill, by which means a considerable saving of labour and materials was effected, as the seats were excavated from the hill itself; and, if of rock, were merely polished, but if of earth, they were generally covered with stone slabs; though occasionally, in the earlier examples, the earth alone formed the seat. So general was this tragolyte mode of building theatres, that but three instances are known of their being built in a plain, two in Greece, and one in Asia Minor.—Architectural Mag. and Journal.
The Great Balloon.—Upwards of a hundred thousand million silk-threads are spun away to furnish material for this enormous balloon.

Distance of the Fixed Stars.—The rapidity with which light travels is known to every body, viz. at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second. But so distant are some of the stars, that a thousand years would be required to make us sensible of their existence! The rays by which we may to-night behold the Pleiads must have been sent upon their travels in the time of our Heptarchy, if not before it; and yet during the brief period of intervening time that has elapsed, what important events have befallen man—how many empires have risen and relapsed into decay—what revolutions—what wars—what devastations, massacres, and outpourings of human blood! And yet how comparatively stationary all things within and beneath the surface of the earth; no formation of new strata, no extinction of tribes of living creatures to become incrusted in their contents. If the dove, it has been said, that returned no more to Noah, had been commissioned to bear, with the utmost speed, the olive branch to the least remote of the spheres, she would therefore still be on her journey. Nay, after traveling for forty centuries through the heights of space, she would not, at this moment, have reach'd even the middle of her destined course!

Church Rev. and Scottish Eccles. Mag.

Linlithgow Palace.—Linlithgow is quite classic ground with antiquaries. Our friend Chambers talks very rapturously about it. "To any one," says he, "possessed of a taste for the history and antiquities of Scotland, or who may entertain romantic notions regarding both, I could recommend no higher treat than that which is to be gained by a leisurely inspection of Linlithgow. Its ruined palace, its entire old church, its grotesque well, and no less than all, its delightful old fashioned self, are objects upon which I could write volumes, and upon which very good volumes might be written. The houses of which the main street is composed are, in general, tall, dark, old-fashioned, and decayed; somewhat like the old fabrics which compose the Camongate of Edinburgh. As in the case of that celebrated purieu, many of the houses of Linlithgow formerly belonged to the nobility attending the court; and, as such, present a curious picture of the simplicity of former times, as well as a melancholy delineation of the tendency of all things to decay. Much, however, as we admire Linlithgow, the fact cannot be disguised, that of late years, not a few of these interesting old edifices, having been plucked from their situations, to make way for common-place handsome edifices of a modern cast—like good old teeth replaced in the human gums by round unnatural things of yellow bone—and that, amongst the most appalling instances of such Gothicism, is to be reckoned the renewal, some years ago, of the house from which the Regent Murray was shot." The prime object of attraction in Linlithgow is the palace.

"Of all the palaces so fair, Built for the royal dwelling, In Scotland, far beyond compare. Linlithgow is excelling; And in its park, in jovial June, How sweet the merry lutenist's tune, How blithe the blackbird's lay! The wild buck dotted from morning brake, The coot dives merry on the lake— The saddest heart might pleasure take To see a scene so gay."

The palace is a quadrangular edifice, covering upwards of an acre of ground. Externally it presents rather a heavy appearance from the froweness and narrowness of the windows opening to the outside—a precaution for defence; but the internal court is very fine. Its centre is occupied with the remains of a beautiful stone fountain built by James V., which your cicerone will probably assure you has been made on certain festive occasions to spout claret. The west side of the palace is the most ancient part of the building, and probably indicates the site of the tower or fort built here by Edward I. In this quarter of the palace the visitor will be shown the room in which the unfortunate Queen Mary was born. Immediately beneath this apartment is a miserable little vault, which is said to have afforded shelter to James III., who was in danger of assassination from some of his unruly barons. The king's dressing-room is a small but beautiful apartment, commanding a delightful view of the lake. This apartment has recently undergone some very tasteful and appropriate repairs by order of the barons of exchequer. A small apartment, called Queen Margaret's Bower, will likewise be specially pointed out to the visitor. The eastern side of the quadrangle is the most ornamented. It contains a noble apartment called the Parliament hall. The Royal chapel occupied the south side of the building. The kitchens were in the north-east corner. The north side is the most recent. It was built by James VI. This beautiful building was devastated by fire in 1746. On the night of the 31st of January that year, "about a thousand of the royal army, then marching westwards to meet the Chevalier, lay upon straw in these princely halls. Hawley's dragoons, who had but a fortnight before spent here the night of their disgrace at
Falkirk, reposed in the splendid dining-room, which occupied the second flat of this portion of the building. It has always hitherto been stated, out of tenderness to these dastardly rascals, that the fire was accidental. On the contrary, it was perfectly willful. In the morning when they were preparing to depart, the deputy-keeper of the palace, an old Jacobite lady of the name of Gordon, observed them deliberately throwing the ashes of the fires into the straw whereon they had lain; and she went to their commander, the redoubted Hawley, to desire that he would interfere to prevent the conflagration of the Palace. The general at first turned a deaf ear to her remonstrances, but finally, on her becoming importunate, avowed that he would not care though his fellows 'should burn' so execrable a monument of the accursed race of Stuarts. 'Well, then, general,' cried the old dame, with exquisite sarcasm, and at the same time trotting off, 'I ken what to do in a fire, as weel as any officer in your army—I'll just rin awa.' The infamous scoundrels left the Palace in a blaze that morning; and it has ever since continued, what it now is, a blackened ruin.

**Guide to Pictueous Scenery in Scotland.**

**Splendid Steamers.**—The launch of a noble steamer, of 700 tons burden and 240 horse power, lately took place at the yard of Messrs. Wigram and Co., at Blackwall; she was built for the General Steam Navigation Company. She was called ‘The Countess of Lonsdale,’ and the ceremony of naming her was performed by Lady Eleanor Lowther, who, with a numerous and fashionable party, attended the launch. Another magnificent vessel, called ‘The Clarences,’ of 800 tons burden, was launched in September by the same company; and a third the same size and built as ‘The Countess of Lonsdale,’ is in progress for the Company in Wigram’s yard. Everything relating to these steamers is in such a perfect style, and liberal scale of expense, as to infuse sentiments of perfect security in those who embark on board the vessels of the Steam Navigation Company.

**Curious Discovery.**—The crew of Dean, the celebrated diver, have continued their sub-aqueous expeditions to the Royal George during the summer, and brought up several cannon; and it seems they have lighted on an ancient wreck, a near neighbour of the Royal George; from this vessel they have heaved up two antique brass cannon, part of the royal artillery of Henry VIII., likewise an iron cannon, and part of another of great age, constructed of iron bars. The brass cannon are very handsome, decorated with the royal arms, and the rose and fleur de lis; one weighs 4377 lbs., and the other 2622 lbs.; the smaller is decorated with the rose only, having under it the words ‘Colvyrn bastard.’ The first word evidently signifies culverin, the ancient name for the largest ordnance, and the other appellation, it is probable, means to intimate that this smaller cannon was an inferior species of culverin. These guns were resting on the ancient wreck, which was so deeply imbedded in the sand that the divers could find no part to which they could attach a rope.

**Puddings and Pies.**—Puddings we consider to be in general more digestible than pies; and yet even this attempt at generalization suggests to our minds several exceptions to it. Butter, or lard, or suet, and sugar, or treacle, are to be looked upon as the great causes of objection to these much used, and most palatable children of cookery; milk and eggs, as the additions which are least likely to be injurious. The old fashioned hasty-pudding, made with the yolk of an egg, milk, and flour, is perhaps the most digestible form of pudding. The common butter-pudding, made with the same ingredients somewhat differently proportioned, we should be disposed to place second on the list of relative digestibility. We should class a plain crust, light but not rich, and well cooked, next to these, although at a considerable distance below them. We think that pastry made with lard, agrees much more commonly with dyspepsies than that made with butter, and this than that made with suet. We think a mixture of four parts of lard, two of butter, and one of suet, makes a lighter and more digestible paste than can be made from any of these separately; one in which a small quantity of fat goes the farthest. And if it be an object to obtain a paste that will be the most easily digested, there can be no doubt that it should be as little rich as is consistent with its being moderately light. A heavy, or sad paste, is an abomination to any stomach of less than Herculean powers, to any stomach the energies of which are in any degree impaired. Fresh fruit should always be considered to form a much more digestible pudding or pie, than that which is preserved in any way; and the less luscious the preserved fruit is, the more digestible will the pudding or pie usually be. We think these articles to be valuable and useful additions to our diet. But, it will be remembered, we do so only when they are used as necessaries,* not when they are eaten as luxuries; only when they absolutely form a part, and an important part, of the meal, and not when they are eaten as mere incentives to a false

* As they do in Suffolk and Norfolk.
appetite, after a sufficient quantity, and perhaps more than a sufficient quantity, of animal food has been eaten. Principally on this account, we would advise that the pudding or the pie be eaten before the meat, and not after it, as is more usually the case. When, as frequently happens with people of sedentary habits, and with all people in hot weather, there is almost a loathing of, or at least a distaste for, animal food, we think it will be found better to avoid it altogether, sometimes making the dinner exclusively on some simple pudding or pie. In case of children, it will very generally be found, that the less animal food they have, the better it is for them; and that a common pudding or pie is the best dinner they can have. Their systems are very excitable, while their digestive powers are usually strong; and it can, therefore, excite no surprise, that we should advise the diet of children to be almost wholly farinaceous. Enriched with highly active assimilating powers, their organs extracting from the food almost the whole of the nutritious matters it contains, and the expenditure of these being secured by the activity of their habits, and any excess being used up in furthering their growth, milk and farinaceous food ought to be their chief articles of subsistence.—*Magazine of Health.*

**Horse-Chestnuts.**—The present month, October, completes the ripening of the fruit of the stately horse-chestnut, whose beautiful fruit so lavishly produced is neither edible by man or the scavenger of his table, the pig. Ladies who see this fruit littering the pathways of their parks and grounds may like to read its history. We take the account from Dr. Castle's clever work, ourselves adding information that has escaped the doctor, who would not be supposed to be so familiar with ladies' work as ourselves. The fact is, that the wood of the horse-chestnut, generally considered as useless, has been lately extensively used for articles of cabinet work, where lightness and extreme whiteness are required. The screens and boxes which ladies are so fond of ornamenting with transfer prints are made of horse-chestnut wood; it is much lighter and whiter than sycamore, which formerly furnished all the articles of ornamental furniture of this kind. The horse-chestnut has little botanical affinity with the sweet or Spanish chestnut, which will not bear edible fruit in this country unless grafted.

"This well known tree migrated originally from the north of Asia, by Constantinople, about the middle of the sixteenth century: it is not known in what year, but Matthiolus is the first botanist who mentions it. In the time of Cionius, it was so rare that when he left Vienna, to which city much of the fruit was brought from Constantinople in 1588, he only saw one tree, which was not more than twelve years old. That it was very little known here in 1630—40 may be gathered from Parkinson, who states, that he cultivated it in his orchard as a fruit tree, esteeming the nuts superior to the ordinary sort. It is now very common in this country, especially in parks and avenues, and affords a magnificent spectacle during the month of May, when its flowers are in full perfection.

"The generic name is derived from *esca, food,* whence *aculus,* a term which the Romans gave to the tree now called *Quercus Esculus.* *Hipocastanum* is compounded of *eremo,* a forest, and *makros,* a chestnut because horses are said to eat the fruit greedily, and by it to have been cured of coughs and pulmonary disorders.

"The timber of the horse-chestnut is white and soft, but not durable; it is consequently very little used in building. The various parts of the fruit have been applied to several useful purposes: the nuts furnish a useful food for horses, deer, poultry, and have been recommended for fattening cattle; the milk of cows that feed on them is said to be very rich. Before giving them to sheep, it has been thought advisable to macerate them in caustic alkali, or lime water, in order to take off the bitterness, afterwards to wash them in water, and then boil them to a paste. If they were allowed to germinate, and then divested of their bitter and acrimonious qualities, they might probably afford a kind of bread; spirit might likewise be obtained from them by distillation. They yield a large quantity of starch, and when boiled and steeped in water, a saponaceous substance is produced, which may be substituted for common soap, and used in bleaching flax, hemp, and wool. A cosmetic powder may be also obtained from them, equal to that prepared from bitter almonds.

"Sprogel, an ingenious German, has prepared a kind of paste or size from the fruit, which is preferable to that made of wheaten-flour. The nuts are first cleared of the hard shell, as well as the inner skin; then cut into three or four parts, dried hard in an oven, and afterwards reduced to fine flour, rain water, with a little alum dissolved in it, is then poured upon them, and the whole is worked into a proper consistence. No moth or vermin will breed in the articles cemented with this substance. Leonhardi observes, that the prickly husks may be advantageously employed in tanning leather, and when burnt to coal, they are said to produce an excellent black water-colour. The brown, glossy integument of the fruit, bruised and boiled in water, with the addition of a little potash, makes a dark brown dye, which imparts to cloth previously dipped in a solution of green vitriol, a yellow brown, and to that prepared in alum water, a faint red-brown colour. The leaves and bark of the tree also communicate a brown dye.

"Medical Properties and Uses.—The bark of the horse-chestnut tree has been long known, and employed as an astringent. It was first recommended in the cure of intermittenets by Zannichelli, and its febrifuge qualities have since been asserted by many others. Flueland
Miscellany.

asserts, that the following powder may be fairly substituted for Peruvian bark.

"Fictitious Powder of Cinchona.—Take of bark of the horse-chestnut, and bark of the willow, of each half an ounce; root of gentian, root of sweet flag, and root of avenus, of each two drachmas. To be made into a fine powder."

"Notwithstanding the value set upon this bark by the authors just cited, it has now fallen greatly into disuse. In decoction, however, it is occasionally employed as a lotion to phagedenic ulcers; and if a small quantity of the powder be used as an extirhine, it produces a discharge from the nose, which, in some complaints of the head and eyes is found of considerable benefit."—Brit. Flora Medica.

The Faithful Lion.—When I was on board his Majesty's ship Ariadne, Captain Chapman had a huge pet lion named Prince, which he had reared from a cub: Prince was good friends with the sailors, and in particular with the marine drummer, whom he delighted to seize by the shoulder-knot and pull on his back.

Having captured a slave ship, the unfortunate beings were sent in our ship from the Seychelles to the Mauritius; the moment they came on board, Prince's manners were quite altered: he soon tore one of them down, and until they were disembarked, it was necessary to keep him in chains instead of allowing him to scamper about the decks like a huge playful cat.

Prince (the tame lion before mentioned) had a keeper to whom he was much attached; the keeper got drunk one day, and as the captain never forgave this crime, was ordered to be flung: the grating was rigged on the main deck opposite Prince's den, a large barrel up place, the pillars very strong and cased with iron. When the keeper began to strip, Prince rose gloomily from his couch and got as near to his friend as possible; on beholding his bare back he waddled hastily round the den, and when he saw the boatswain inflict the first lash, his eyes sparkled with fire, and his sides resounded with the strong and quick lashings of his tail; at last when the blood began to flow from the unfortunate man's back, and the clotted "cats" jerked their gory knots close to the lion's den, his fury became tremendous, he roared with a voice of thunder, shook the strong bars of his prison as if they had been osiers, and finding his efforts to break loose unavailing, he rolled and shrieked in a manner the most terrible that it is possible to conceive. The Captain fearing he might break loose, ordered the marines to load and present at Prince; this threat redoubled his rage, and at last the Captain (whether from fear or clemency I will not say) desired the keeper to be cast off and go into his friend; it is impossible to describe the joy evinced by

The Lion and the Giraffe.—Like the rest of the feline tribe, the lion lies in wait for his prey, crouching among grass and reeds near pools and fountains, or in narrow ravines; he will spring from nine to twelve yards at a bound, and can repeat these springs for a short time. Denied, however, the fleetness of the hound or wolf, the lion by a few quick and amazing bounds can seize the tall giraffe or camelopard; this circumstance has been thus beautifully described by the late Mr. Pringle:

The Lion and the Giraffe.

Wouldst thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled till
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far desir'd
Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim
Couchant lurks the lion grim;
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.

Headless, at the ambushed brink,
The tail giraffe stoops down to drink:
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy. The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
For the prey is strong, and strives for life.

Plunging oft with frantic bound,
To shake the tyrant to the ground,
He shrieks—he rushes through the waste,
With glaring eye and bristling baste:
In vain! the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly, tearing as he flies.

For life—the vicim's utmost speed
Is maddened in this hour of need;
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild howl the thundering plain.

"Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking;
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains;
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed—he reeks—his race is o'er:
He falls—and, with convulsive struggle,
Resigns his throat to the rav'ning foe!
And to the quivering life has fled,
The vultures, wheeling overhead,
Swoop down, to watch in gaudy array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

Instances have been known of the giraffe thus carrying a lion twenty miles before sinking under the attack of its destroyer.

Southern Africa, by R. M. Martin.
RECEIPT FOR WATER GRUEL.—Mix the meal first in a little cold water, let it stand for a little while, until what will not mix readily with the water falls to the bottom; and pour off the mixed meal and water from the settlings into a large quantity of boiling water. Stir it well, and let it boil for an hour at the very least. It is owing to the very imperfect way in which gruel is usually cooked, that it disagrees so often as it does; and we think we are speaking within compass when we say, that in nineteen cases out of twenty where gruel has hitherto been found to disagree with the stomach, it will do so no longer if this matter be attended to.—Mag. of Health.

THE EUFRATES EXPEDITION.

Annah, on the Euphrates, May 29, 1836.

The lamentable event which has befallen the Euphrates expedition, in the midst of its prosperity, renders it desirable that the truth should be as widely spread as possible, that, melancholy as the facts are, reports should not increase their sadness. The expedition, with the two vessels the Euphrates and Tigris, was descending the river most prosperously. Fuel had become, from Beles, most abundant, consisting of wood, a bituminous coal, and charcoal. The state of the river was so favourable, that the Tigris, being the smallest vessel, was in the habit of leading, and having a native pilot on board, there was no difficulty of finding the deep channel. The Arabs were friendly; they engaged to provide depôts of fuel, and entreated our protection.

On Saturday, 21st instant, we had brought up at midnight to a bank for fuel, and after the people had dined we cast off, meaning to steam to Annah, then distant about eighty miles. Scarcely, however, had we commenced our voyage, when a cloud of dust was seen to rise high into the air, on the right bank, threatening a squall of no ordinary violence. Preparations were immediately made to meet it, by furling the awnings, &c. Having passed over a reef of rocks, at this season far under the water, the signal was made from the Tigris, leading as usual, and having Col. Chesney on board, to choose a berth and make fast. Scarcely had we answered when the squall began. The Tigris was rounding to make fast, the Euphrates following. As we neared the left bank, I saw that the Tigris had failed to bring up; her head was falling outwards. The Euphrates was now obliged to back her paddles, to give room; an operation full of danger, lest she should be unable to gather way upon herself again against the current, and the violence of the gale. However, her power is great, and, again working the engines with all force, she came to the bank with some violence; but by the skilful management of Lieut. Cleve-

Return of officers and men belonging to the Euphrates expedition, who were lost on the river Euphrates, near Wordie, by the sinking of the Tigris steamer, during a violent hurricane on the 21st instant.

BIRTHS, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 3, at Waldershare-park, the seat of the Earl of Guilford, the Hon. Mrs. B. N. Garnier, of a son.

Sept. 2, Lady Catherine Boileau, of a daughter.

Sept. 7, in Edinburgh, the lady of Captain Basil Hall, R. N., of a son.

Sept. 11, at Claverton-park, the lady of P. Borthwick, Esq., M. P., of a son.

Sept. 13, at the vicarage, Necton, Lincolnshire, the lady of the Hon. and very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, of a son.

Sept. 13, at 69, Gover-street, the lady of G. G. Hill, Esq., of a daughter.

Sept. 14, in Weymouth-street, Portland-place, the lady of F. D. Goldsmid, Esq., of a daughter.

Sept. 14, at the vicarage, Battersea, the Hon. Mrs. Eden, of a daughter.

Sept. 19, at Herne-hill, Mrs. Charles Barry, of a daughter, still-born.

Sept. 15, at Scarborough, the lady of T. W. Beaumont, Esq., M. P., of a son.

Sept. 20, in the Strand, the lady of R. Twinning, jun., Esq., of a son.

Sept. 22, in Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Walton, Coldstream Guards, of a daughter.

Sept. 24, in Holles-street, Cavendish-square, Lady Douglas, of a daughter.

Sept. 24, in Burton-street, the lady of Wm. Hodges, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a daughter.
MARRIED.

Sept. 6, at Ore Church, William Masters Smith, Esq., of Camer, Kent, to Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Howard Elphinstone, Bart., of Ore-place, Sussex.

Sept. 10, Henry, eldest son of H. L. Smale, Esq., of Doctors' Commons, to Letitia, youngest daughter of William Codd, Esq., of Maldon, and niece of the late General Cod, Col. 60th Reg., and Governor of Honduras.

Sept. 13, at Hampstead Church, Samuel Bush Toller, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, son of E. Toller, Esq., of Hampstead-heath, to Elizabeth Mellor, daughter of M. Hetherington, Esq.


Sept. 15, at St. Pancras Church, N. P. Rees, Esq., late of Java, to Miss Kate Robson, of Chester-terrace, Regent's-park.

Sept. 15, at Lutterworth Church, Sidney Gurney, Esq., barrister-at-law, youngest son of the Hon. Mr. Baron Gurney, to Louisa Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Richard Watson, Esq., of Lutterworth, Leicester.

Sept. 15, at St. Marylebone Church, the Rev. George Grimstede, M.A., formerly of Redburn, Herts, to the Right Hon. Lady Sarah Stuart, daughter of the Dowager Countess of Castle-stuart, and sister of the present Earl of Castle-stuart.

Sept. 19, at Hilguy Church, the Rev. St. Vincent Beecher, curate of Hilguy, and chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Grantley, to Mary Ann, relict of W. F. Ommanney, Esq.

Sept. 22, the Rev. R. G. S. Browne, B.D., Vicar of Atwick, Yorkshire, and late fellow of Dulwich College, to Sophia, fourth daughter of Charles Drury, Esq., of Dulwich-common.


DEATHS.

Sept. 3, at Sion-place, Bath, Anne Eleanor Lloyd Rind, fourth daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Rind.

Sept. 4, at Hampstead, Louisa, wife of Samuel Hoare, Esq.

Sept. 4, at Denmark-terrace, Camberwell, Mary, wife of John Maclean, Esq.

Sept. 5, at St. Leonard's, Hastings, in the 70th year of his age, William Essex, Esq., of Upper Woburn-place, Tavistock-square.


In April last, at Bombay, of a decline, in the 23rd year of his age, deeply regretted, Lieut. John Skirrow, Engineer Corps, second son of Walker Skirrow, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn, one of His Majesty's counsellors.

Sept. 9, at Clifton, Mrs. Murray Macgregor, aged 66, widow of the late Col. R. Murray Macgregor.


Sept. 7, aged 17, of pulmonary consumption, Cordelia Deere, beloved daughter of W. Salomon, Esq., M.D., of Penlyne-court, Glamorganshire.

Sept. 13, at Lark Hill, near Liverpool, Arthur Heywood, Esq., banker, aged 84.


Sept. 16, at his father's, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, after a long illness, from water on the brain, the Rev. J. E. Pitcher, M.A.

Sept. 18, at the house of J. Wright, Esq., Dalston, Middlesex, W. S. Hobson, Esq., Middle Temple, barrister-at-law.

At the house of her mother, the Dowager Countess of Tankerville, Wotton-on-Thames, the Lady Anna Beresford.

Sept. 21, Elizabeth, second daughter of John Finch, Esq., of Woburn-place, Russell-square.

Sept. 23, at Ladbroke-terrace, Notting-hill, Janet, the wife of Archibald Menzies, Esq.

Sept. 21, at Highgate, Anne, the wife of William Elsdred, Esq., of the Middle Temple, in the 69th year of her age.

Sept. 22, at Blithhall, Warwick, Richard Geast Dugdale, second son of W. S. Dugdale, Esq., M.P.

Sept. 8, at Genoa, Augusta Ellen, infant daughter of the Rev. T. Harvey, M.A., His Majesty's resident chaplain in that city.
CLAIRA daughter to the DUC d'HAUTEFORT.
and wife to Maréchal Schomberg.

Born 1616. Died 1691.

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

Vol. IX. N. 25 of the series of ancient portraits.

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NOVEMBER, 1836.

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

MEMOIR OF CLARA D’HAUTEFORT.
(Illustrated by a whole-length Portrait, taken from the Original by Petiot, splendidly illuminated and coloured.)

Before Louis XIII. became enamoured of the celebrated Mademoiselle de La Fayette, he fell passionately in love with the beautiful Clara d’Hautefort, daughter to the Duc d’Hautefort, and maid of honour to his queen, Anne of Austria. But Clara was too high-spirited and virtuous a woman to encourage the dishonourable attachment of a married man. She was, besides, the faithful friend of the queen, to whom she told all that the king had said to her, when he had the opportunity of an interview. Clara used to jest at the manner in which Louis XIII. tried to entertain her, by the discussion of his only subjects of conversation, which were of dogs, hunting, and bird-catching. If the king quarrelled with her royal mistress, Clara always warmly took her part; and used to punish her royal lover by an obstinate silence, whenever he endeavoured to hold one of these colloquies with her.

This virtuous and noble girl married Charles, Marshal de Schomberg, a great commander, and the son of a mighty warrior, Henry Schomberg, Count de la Marche, who won the battle of Castilnaudari. These marshals of France were of a different branch from the Duke of Schomberg, with whom English historians are familiar, as a mercenary general in the service of William III., killed at the battle of the Boyne; but both families sprung from the same line.

When Anne of Austria became queen-regent of France, during the minority of her son, Louis XIV., she was ungrateful enough to banish her faithful friend Clara, because that lady remonstrated with her a little too earnestly, on the favour the queen showed the unpopular Cardinal Mazarine. Clara then became one of the leaders in the civil war of the Fronde, raised against the detested administration of Mazarine.

She lost her husband in the year 1656: she had children, for Madame de Sevigné* often mentions her son. We find her frequently named in that lady’s celebrated letters as an intimate friend; among other anecdotes, Madame de Sevigné says,

“‘The dauphin saw Madame de Schomberg the other day, and was told that his grandfather had been in love with her. He asked in a whisper, ‘how many

* See this portrait and memoir for April, 1836.
children had they? They told him the royal passion was not reciprocal."

The Duchess of Schonberg attained a good old age; she was greatly respected and beloved by her contemporaries. The leading points of her character were, an uncompromising love of virtue and honour, and unflinching honesty in speaking the truth; she was born in the year 1616, and died in the year 1691.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

The style of hair worn by Clara d'Hautefort is a modification of the fashion which Vandyke's portraits have rendered popular. The curls in this portrait are of the same kind; but in order to show more of the forehead, the front hair is turned back close to the face, and a very little hair left on the forehead; the rest is arranged in long rich ringlets by the sides of the head and face; a large knot or bow is placed low at the back of the head. We may suppose this mode was adopted, when a lady did not choose to sacrifice a profusion of long hair to the fashion of falling curls. The ladies at that time were so anxious to show the forehead, that they used to turn back or remove the hair on the brow; some of Vandyke's portraits are spoiled by this absurd practice. The robe of Madame d’Hautefort is of dark blue satin, with a fall of rich white point lace round the bust. The sleeves are made in the elegant fashion of that day: the upper part of pull of blue satin, confined by diamond brooches; then come falls of white point-lace between white satin to the elbow; above the elbow ruffle is a wreath of blue and gold ribbon bows; on the front of the corsage a breast bow of the same.

The corsage is pointed, and also richly trimmed with black lace. The skirt of the robe is very full, and made with a train; it is looped back with a diamond and gold brooch. The robe is trimmed with black lace, and has draperies of the same. The petticoat is of pale gold-coloured satin, nearly covered with rich black lace; it is likewise cut with a sweep to meet the train, and has a peculiarly magnificent effect. The shoes are the oddest things in the world: they are of gold and yellow brocade, with a quantity of blue bows hanging over the instep; they are, besides, perched on a pair of monstrous wooden heels, in the proportion of three or four inches high, which outdo the far-famed high heels of the time of our Queen Charlotte in the last century. Indeed, the shoe must be very large, to bear these enormous additions. The shoes of Clara d'Hautefort are evidently three inches larger than her feet. The fan she holds is a curiosity; very large, and made of blue and yellow feathers, placed alternately, and mounted on sticks, to open and shut like a common fan. She wears the throat-pearl necklace, universal in that century. Her colours are blue and yellow, those of the faction of the Fronde, in which she took a part against Cardinal Mazarine.

THE STRICKEN HEART.

TO C——.

"Ad mortem fidelis,"

Secure within thy halcyon breast,
This heart—this wayward heart of mine,
Sooth’d down to peace, will softly rest,
Nor fly to seek another shrine!

Sad was that heart, that stricken heart,
Till one with angel pity came;
Heal’d every bruise with suasive art,
Then fondly grav’d in it her name!

Thine was the hand that pour’d the balm,
And gently bound that bleeding heart;
Then watch’d till agony grew calm,
And grief withdrew her venom’d dart!

Then, oh! forbid to joyless roam,
Cherish that timid, anxious guest;
Take thou the wearied wanderer home,
And shield him in thy spotless breast!

EDWARD.
THE SECRET TRIBUNAL OF THE GALLEY-SLAVES.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The criminals returned from their hard day's work, the gates of the Bagno* were throw open, and the guards, armed with swords and heavy sticks, advanced to search those unfortunate beings, who now returning from the harbour and government workshops, were chained together in pairs; as they had been at their daily toil. The spare length of the chain was thrown over one shoulder, and the weighty iron drag-ball hung down from the back. With cap in hand, stooping head, and heavy tread, the degraded creatures slowly entered the gate, as they underwent examination, and were re-admitted into their dolorous habitation.

An old offender, who for a long time had been an object of suspicion to the keepers of the prison, whom his comrades nicknamed Guillotine, had, on the evening of our tale, the ill-fate of being detained by the inspectors longer than usual. The chain by which he was linked to his companion in misery was closely examined, its solidity tested by an iron hammer, and at last a discovery made that a part of it, in a manner hardly visible to the eye, was cut through.

"Aha! old one; where is the file?" demanded the inspecting turnkey. The old man shook his head in silence.

"Will you tell me where you have concealed the file?" asked the keeper to the fellow captive who shared the chain of old Guillotine; the wretched creature shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, and remained speechless.

"Ye rogues and thieves!" cried the inspector, angrily swinging around his stick, "I could have you lashed until you confessed, but lashes are no rarity to you, I will therefore tell you what my little finger has told me. The old vagabond, in a corner of the rope-yard, has with a watch-spring nearly cut through one link of his chain, and the watch-spring is concealed in the wooden sole of his shoe. Give me the shoe! here is the instrument—see you not that? I know every thing, you incorrigible knave!"

The long line of attending criminals behind the old man looked on with gloomy amazement; but over the then pale countenance of the discovered felon, rose slowly the dye of scarlet, as his plan was at once revealed and frustrated.

"Give the old one thirty lashes!" said the inspector; "once more make such an attempt, and you shall be shut up and fed on bread and water for a month." Without the least delay, the sentence was put into execution, in the presence of all the galley-slaves. One of them of gigantic stature, who could not repress his indignant feelings, gave utterance to his thoughts: "What infamy, to stand and witness such cruelty!" His companion, to whom he addressed himself, was but a youth, and he cried, "Ah! rather death—rather instantaneous death!" The guard who had heard these remarks instantly laid his stick unmercifully across their shoulders, and commanding silence, threatened their disobedience with the black hole. Thus compelled, by necessity, they were mute; after the punishment was over, the convicts were led into their dormitory, where, on a hard plank couch, they were wont to dream away or sigh out the tedious nights. Then followed a hellish scene, which to these unfortunates occurred every evening. From the pillars, by which the prison was supported, which stood in a range between their couches, a long chain was let down, destined to be fastened to their other heavy fetters, to link separate lots of two, four, or six galley-slaves to their benches. In regular tactile order, they moved slowly on, one after the other, pausing respectively at their torturing couches. At the word of command, the whole horde laid down, their chains rattling dismally; they crouched like wild beasts in their lairs.

A few lanterns of iron-wire, suspended to the top of the ceiling, threw a pale hue over the apartment, and once more the turnkeys, with their attendants, made their round of inspection, trying each fetter, and feeling amongst the ragged woollen coverlets, in case of anything dangerous being concealed. One of the guards approached the colossal convict, and with well-informed hand drew from beneath the mouldering straw a folded paper: having opened it, he said—"You
have here more money than you are allowed. For what purpose are the regulations fastened to the door, if they are not observed? You are not allowed to keep more than ten francs by you, and here are twenty-five—you deserve as many lashes, and if I this time excuse you, it is because you otherwise know how to behave yourself, and have been a soldier, like myself."

"The money belongs equally to me and my comrade," answered the hardy Richard. "Is it not true, Olivier; have you not trusted me with your little store?"

Olivier made a sign of assent; and the guard looking round and finding himself unobserved, said, "Your friendship, my good lad, is quite a proverb in this place; keep a wary eye on the detested informer, who, to serve his own ends, betrays you all. Baptiste is the spy in this ward, mark ye that!" He retired, and as they rested on their couch, Olivier whispered, "Who is this Baptiste?"

"He has been a notary," answered Richard, indignantly; "he is the same man who in the day-time goes about free; he wears a wig on his shaved head, and one slender ring round his leg, which is hardly to be perceived. He enjoys much liberty—writes in the office of the inspector—overlooks the rope-yard, discloses every thing that his villain’s eyes can spy out. Abhorred be our destiny, the dog who has wasted the substance of widows and orphans is kept here like a darling pet, whilst I, for selling part of my military equipment to procure for my mother a piece of bread——"

Choked with indignation, Richard abruptly paused, and Olivier, deeply affected, said—"Yes, you are a saint amongst these people—the martyr of a cannibal law, which classifies the slightly erring with the desperately depraved; it is your innocence that keeps your manly form erect in this abode of shame and disgrace; but I am the most unfortunate of you all—I committed but one crime, and for that my prospects are annihilated; and I shall never summon fortitude enough to bear patiently my well-deserved, but horrid destiny."

Olivier concealed his face with both his hands. The poor lad had only a few months before worn the red cassock of the Bagno. In a moment of self-abandonment he had forged a bill, and this crime had attached him, who belonged to a most respectable family, to the chain of the galley-slaves, and had condemned him to the horrid punishment of being branded, and sent to the dock-yard of Brest. Never could he for a moment forget his disgrace; he incessantly sighed for an end to his sufferings—nothing was capable of giving him consolation, not even the good luck by which he was chained to the compassionate and comparatively respectable Richard, who protected him against every kind of assault from this band of criminals, and carefully avoided even by word to wound the sensitive feelings of his companion in adversity. Now, as ever before, the unfortunate soldier tried to cheer his fellow-bondsman, he turned towards him, but as he moved his arm to remove Olivier’s hands from his face, he touched with his elbow the point of an opened knife, which, under the straw and the ragged coverings, had escaped the keen glance of the eagle-eyed guards.

"Thoughtless boy," whispered Richard to the frightened Olivier; "for what purpose is this knife here?"

"Hush! it is mine; I have procured it with great difficulty."

"But for what purpose, my friend?"

"I can no longer endure this infernal abode, I will kill myself, and am now praying to the Almighty for strength and courage."

"You will leave that alone, young man. Give me the knife!"

"For God’s sake, let me keep it!"

"Be quiet and obey, else may I for the first time in my life turn informer. Give it me, and to-morrow I will sink it in the harbour."

It will be remembered that they were, by the night chain, attached to several links of other miserable wretches, who disturbed by this colloquy, and some impatient movements of Richard’s hand, rattled the general chain, angrily, several crying aloud, "Hallo! what is the matter with you? be quiet, that we may sleep!"

The next moment the gruff voices of the guards sounded harshly through the damp prison—"Silence, no noise with the chains."

Richard hid the knife beneath the straw, and a death-like silence reigned through the spacious dormitory. Soon after the galley-slaves snored, as if in the deepest slumber, and the guards
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stealthily retired beyond the doors, as well, at the same time, to escape the dreadful stench that poisoned the place, as to take the opportunity of passing the night in playing with dice and in hard drinking.

The insidious slaves who had been awaiting their departure, now one after the other slowly and carefully reared their heads, and confidential whispers traversed the prison room. Some quietly ate their black bread, others chewed tobacco or drank the remnant of their sour beverage, a few only slept.

Low whisperings now passed from the bench on which the old Guillotine lay, and thence from mouth to mouth, as a secret parole, till the command at last reached Richard, that it was that night resolved to decide the destiny of the treacherous Baptist, whom all the inmates of that room denounced as the cause of the several punishments they had suffered. The accusations were numberless, and the chastisement their old president had that day received, augmented yet more the sum of the offences of the hated spy; and they agreed unanimously that he deserved death for his perfidy, since from the earliest times the galley-slaves had instituted among themselves a secret and dreadful tribunal, which had often executed awful acts of vengeance against such of their body as became obnoxious to them.

Olivier did not vote, but Richard's voice with the rest doomed the culprit to death. The president then informed his companions, by passing the whisper from mouth to mouth as before, that it would be necessary to put the punishment immediately into execution, as they were well informed that that night would be the last criminal was to sleep with the slaves of the Bagno, as the inspector intended to allow him a greater share of liberty than before, and that he then would have increased power to injure his fellow-prisoners, and they themselves less opportunity of inflicting their punishment. Lots were soon thrown into a large cap, and every one apprised what would decide the choice of executioner.

The door now opened, and Baptist, coming from the inspector's office, was led to his bench, and like the rest chained to a pillar; whilst the fetters were rattling, the gun-stocks of the soldiers thumped upon the ground, and the guards making their last round, the cap was handed from bench to bench with infinite dexterity, and the lots drawn. These were as simple as possible, consisting merely of small folded bits of blank paper, amongst which was one marked with red. Richard drew the fatal lot; he determined to conceal the fact from Olivier, but signified it to his neighbour in a whisper, and returned the cap. In a moment his name was communicated amongst the conspirators; and Baptist's own comrade, the sly Gigot, said, with a sinister grin to the notary, "I wish you a very good night, sir, and a very good breakfast in the morning." Baptist answered surlily, and turned himself in disgust from his unwelcome partner.

"I suppose it will be as you say, for I leave your horrid crew to-morrow, and enter altogether the inspector's service."

"I beg leave to recommend myself to your honour's favour."

"Be still then, and cease prating."

The guards had scarcely left the room for a moment, when Olivier softly asked his comrade, "which lot did you draw?"

"A white one, it was the last."

"By whom was received the dreadful one?"

"I know not."

"I trembled for fear lest you should draw it, and in that case what would you have done?"

"Acted in obedience to it."

"How?"

"It would not have been my choice, certainly, but on refusal my life would have been forfeited, and very likely yours too. You know not yet these tigers."

"I shudder for to-morrow."

"Calm yourself, poor boy, and sleep in peace, very likely the watchfulness of the guards will prevent it altogether."

"Heaven grant it."

The guards were returning; no one moved, and not a sound was to be heard. The night wore slowly on; at last many an eye red with affliction in that den of guilt, descried the pale beams of the morning. The bell, the drums, and the voices of the guards proclaimed the summons to toil. The thoughtless and hardened turnkeys unlocked the rings from the chains of the pillars; the slaves rose from their benches, rattling their chains, and collected together confusedly in the middle of the room. Baptist, whose couch was in the back ground, was
one of the fast who was unfastened. Freed from bondage, he pressed through the assembled crowd towards the door, and received, as he passed by Richard, a violent blow in the side.

"Fool!" cried he, turning hastily round to recognise the offender, but the word died on his lips; the deadly blow was reiterated, he staggered and fell amongst the mute, but raging, gang of his once fellow-slaves—their gripping hands finished the work of destruction, and in five seconds from the first attack, he fell speechless from their grasp.

"Alack!" cried these mocking fiends, "poor Mr. Baptiste is indisposed! Quick, quick, call a priest, the notary wants to make his will!"

The soldiers quickly pushed forward, and with the assistance of their sticks, cleared themselves a passage to the spot where the murdered man lay.

The eyes of Baptiste yet quivered in the last agonies of dissolution; but he was unable to utter a word, or make a sign, and expired before medical assistance could be procured.

The slaves crowded round the corpse without uttering a word, but with the looks of exulting demons, alternately surveying the fallen spy and Richard the executioner of their vengeance. He stood, with folded arms and gloomy brow, gazing on the victim of their public indignation; whilst Olivier, pale and trembling with agony, leant against a pillar by his side.

On the arrival of the commissary, the gang were placed in several rows. No one moved even his eyelids. Richard stood particularly firm and cool, and even Olivier composed himself.

"Who has committed this horrid act?" demanded the judge, separately of each convict, for no marks could be traced to any one, not the least stain of blood was visible on their clothes. Every one answered, "I have not done it;" and no one betrayed the perpetrator. Richard denied it as well as his comrades, when questioned in his turn.

"Take me hence—it is I who have done the deed," cried Olivier, with a firm voice: "I have murdered this man, and under yonder bench you will find the knife with which I committed the deed."

Motionless and aghast, the slaves gazed upon him, on whom alone rested not even the slightest suspicion. Richard was horror-struck, and turned pale as death.

"Olivier, my friend," said he, "what are you about?"

Olivier, with significant look, replied, "I am reckless of my existence; life is a burden to me, I will free myself from my weight of cares. Pity and remember me."

Richard, who in many a battle had faced death with intrepidity, now stood trembling for the self-devoted Olivier. He himself was silent, the rest of the wretched crew were no less mute; and the officers of justice, glad of having fixed on a victim, loosed Olivier from the chain that fastened him to Richard, and dragged him to the Cour de justice, where an officer of the court is ever ready to be convened at a few minutes' notice, to decide the fate of a transgressing galley-slave.

Richard, when he had recovered himself, raved and stormed like one who was mad, declaring he could vouch for the innocence of Olivier, and insisted on bearing witness to the truth of what he had asserted; but his fellow-prisoners only laughed at his Quixotism. The surgeon felt his pulse, sent him to the infirmary, and forced him to take physic instead of giving testimony.

In fact, Olivier had been tried, found guilty, condemned, and even executed before Richard had a respite from the delirious fever which agitation of mind had brought upon him; and it was as much as several guards could do to master the giant strength which seemed to possess him, before he could be bound with ropes, and thrown into a cell.

Some days after Olivier's blood had flowed, Richard's infuriated rage abated sufficiently to permit his entrance into the usual wards of the hospital. On his arrival there, the sick slaves, who had beheld Olivier's execution from the windows of the infirmary, crowded round Richard to tell him the particulars of the bloody scene they had witnessed. Exhausted by bodily sufferings, by the pangs of conscience, and agonised by the loss of his best friend, he stood with drooping head listening attentively; but his features were soon animated with renewed rage, when he was told that, as no executioner happened to be at hand, the false and cruel Gigot had offered himself to finish that abhorred business. With clenched fist, Richard struck himself on the brow and bosom, uttering loud
cries and shedding tears of despair. At last by a forcible effort he mastered his anguish, and said, in a calmer tone, "I know at least why my wretched life is farther prolonged. I am destined to punish the vile wretch who offered himself as an instrument to shed innocent blood, knowing it to be innocent. Olivier, it is well; for thee death has quieted the throbs of thy bursting heart. I live to avenge thee; and I swear by my own infamy, and by my hopes beyond this bad and bitter world, that thy executioner shall forfeit his existence, as the penalty of his sordid and inhuman butchery."

CHAPTER II.

In a narrow street which led to the harbour of Toulon, two men met by apparent accident, one of whom suddenly stopped the other, and in rough words demanded his name and country, whence he came, and where he intended to go? The man answered calmly—"My name is Matthew Vernou, here is my passport; I am a raw recruit."

The interrogator, with a practised eye, swiftly ran through the paper.

"The passport is correct," said he; "but my long practised eye has not deceived me. Many years ago we knew each other."

"In truth," the other replied, "I think so myself; was it not in the Bagno of Brest? eh! old friend Gigot."

Gigot blushed, shrugged his shoulders, and said—"Even the righteous fall seven times in one day. Those by-gone hours no more grieve us. Are we not now again honest people? you a soldier, and I inspector of the gens-d'armiere."

"I congratulate you. It is many a long year since we met; never since the day you let the axe fall upon the neck of poor innocent Olivier. Tell me, how could you have found heart to have done it?"

"Why, my dear Matthew, in the first place, the poor fellow wanted it done; it was a real favour to him, as he told me himself: and, if it had been otherwise, what will a man not do for the sake of liberty. They promised to free me from my chains; and I had no desire, when Baptiste lay fast bound in the arms of death, to receive a new companion. My hand trembled, and my heart throbbed, as I performed the abhorrent act; and hundreds of times since has Olivier's pale head appeared to me in my dreams. But liberty, my old friend, liberty is still the highest, the greatest treasure in existence; and the governor kept his word; he soon after sent me to Paris, where I received my full pardon; and shortly afterwards, on his recommendation, I obtained this place among the gens-d'armes of Toulon."

"You did well," said the other, "to get away from Brest, for I assure you your performance there on the scaffold would otherwise have cost you your life. The old Guillotine held a severe inquest upon the affair, in which you were unanimously condemned to death.""

"I know it, Matthew."

"They, at the same time, deputed one to execute the sentence, who was not likely to falter. Richard the soldier, unbidden, offered himself to revenge Olivier's death; and, take care of yourself, friend Gigot, for you know a sentence pronounced amongst galley-slaves is never allowed, either by distance of space or lapse of years, to be neglected or forgotten."

"All this is well known to me. Long ago I found means to ward off such a blow. From Paris I was furnished with a correct list of all the rogues, thieves, and felons, and I kept and compared with it a very precise register of all those who had been prisoners with me in Brest, and was soon happy enough to disable Richard from being ever dangerous to me!"

"Well done! how was it accomplished?"

"He had suffered his time of punishment, and with the yellow passport had returned to his native home, where he was to have remained under surveillance of the police. But, as was natural, instead of being able to procure bread for himself and his old mother, he there found only shame, neglect, and scorn; disgusted at such a life, he did what many others have done—he broke his bounds, and went to Paris to live unknown in the midst of the multitude; his evil stars brought him under my eyes; invisible to him, I followed him in all his movements. I could have informed against him for transgressing his bounds, and for a few mouths have had him imprisoned; but that would not have availed me effectively, he would again have been free,
and then doubly dangerous to me. But I shuffled the cards deeper. By well-laid plans and intrigues, I contrived to deprive him of every honest means of gaining his bread; I beset him with spies, and overwhelmed him by traducers; misery quickly brought him into the snare, and to save his old sickly mother from perishing with hunger, he joined in an attempt at robbery—his associates betrayed him, and, as agreed, delivered him into the hands of justice. The laws threatened the relapsed convict with the punishment of death. The more compassionate jurors recommended him to mercy, and the recorder sentenced my dreaded enemy for life to the galleys. At all events, I am now rid of him; as a criminal under commuted sentence of punishment, he will never be freed from his chains; besides, the whole breadth of France separates us—he is a convict at the Bagno of Brest, while I am inspector at the Bagno of Toulon. It would be a miracle which would ever again bring us together, so that I am quite at my ease about the matter—nay, more, contented—have a good wife, children who love me, and an income sufficient to reward me for my troubles, and to make me forget my past faults.

"Thank thy God for it! For the sake of thy family, I heartily wish the miracle may never happen, which should bring you together again; farewell, friend Gigot, live happily; I am going on board my ship for Africa—farewell!"

"Farewell! I must go to Castineau, where to-day the old Captain Thierry arrives with a new chain of galley-slaves, whom I have to inspect."

Both parted; Gigot went on board the government-sloop, and set off to meet the transport train. The marines, in double lines with loaded fire-arms, were drawn up on the beach, while from the side of Olloules slowly moved the fetter-laden gangs, consisting of three hundred convicts, and before them rolled the old captain's carriage. The inspector advanced and saluted him—asked him what news he had brought. Thierry answered him in his customary strain of jocularity—"This time I have not only brought common hungry thieves, but also a swarm of fellows, old offenders with new sentences, whom you know we call returns. Daring men and hearty boys they are; they would twice venture their own lives to cut an enemy's throat; moreover, a third of the number of my troop consists of green-caps from Brest, who, by virtue of a new government order, have been removed here; mind, you will have enough to do to take care of them; for such resolute dogs require the spirit of their great master, from below, to rule them. Destined to rattle chains to their life's end, they don't value their existence a sou. They will give you plenty to do: I have had enough of them. My bamboo was ever in active requirement; and I was nigh using my pistols, when I was fearful my stick would not have had sufficient effect." The blood rose hot and boiling to the forehead of the astounded Gigot, and he was hardly able to keep a limb still, when the chain-gang approached. In the first pair, with heavy irons linked together, he recognised Richard and the old grey-headed Guillotine! The unfortunates, with downcast eyes, moved slowly on; Gigot went trembling aside, but his duty soon again compelled him to advance, and give orders to the smiths to loose their neck-irons. Richard as yet guessed not the close vicinity of his enemy; like the rest, kneeling, he bent his head on the block, where the heavy hammers of the smiths drew out the bolts which fastened the neck-irons used when the gang were marching.

"Convicts, take care not to move your heads!" exclaimed Gigot, "while the smiths strike the bolts." Guillotine, by an overpowering impulse, instantly recognised the inspector's voice; he raised up his head to look at him, and struck by the heavy hammer, fell dying on the ground: keepers, soldiers, galley-slaves, all uttered a shriek of horror. With death-setting eyes, Guillotine gazed in Richard's face—pointed at Gigot significantly, and moaned as he expired, "Forget not—!

In Richard's looks there was visible violent rage, intermixed with secret joy. His miserable life, once more forfeited to infamy, received again some value to him. Gigot himself was not a witness of this scene; he had turned himself away from the horrid spectacle, and had left the superintendence of the chain-gang to the next officer in command.

Richard in silence clothed himself patiently in the red jacket—put the green

* Convicts for life
carp on his fresh shaven head, and without a murmur, suffered himself to be fastened to the heaviest chain. For weeks, as he lay on his stony couch, he meditated revenge. After the lapse of a few months, orders came from the capital to finish, in the shortest possible time, some pressing works for the fleet; and to fulfil these orders as quickly as possible, even the green-caps were unlocked from their benches, driven out from the prisons, and laden with the stones with which as ballast they were to supply the ships. Richard's comrade was a weak and sickly man, who hindered rather than advanced the work. The soldier, on the contrary, showed much activity and strength; he was, therefore, in the day-time freed from his companion, and a gens-d'arme was set to watch him, who followed all his steps. On the deck of the ship upon which he worked, every man was busy, and the guards, ever on the alert, were urging the poor galley-slaves on to labour, when Richard observed among those in authority his most deadly enemy, Gigot, who went down on the middle deck vociferating passionately to some galley-slaves to bring a burden which lay at a considerable distance. By a sudden movement, as if through accident, Richard knocked his gens-d'arme's hat from off his head in such a manner that it fell over-board into a boat. Richard's shoulders felt the weight of his stick, and after due vengeance taken, he went down into the boat to fetch up his hat. This was Richard's opportunity long looked for, and now at length arrived, he swiftly flung the iron drag-ball over his shoulders, and hastening to the open gang-way, sprang below, and drew away the supporter from the trap-door: down it closed with noise of thunder over his head, cutting off all communication with the gens-d'armes above. Arrived at the middle deck, he tore away the moveable ladder that led down into the hold, and stood amongst the cannons of the battery; in the dim twilight, opposite to Gigot, who had run to the spot to see what had occasioned the uproar. Dread and horror pervaded his features, when, in spite of the darkness, he recognised the terrific form of this enraged galley-slave. Like a wild beast ready for its prey, Richard sprang upon him.

"Help, help, help!" cried he aloud to some galley-slaves, who worked at the farthest end of the battery. Clattering their chains they slowly approached, but stood immovable as statues, when Richard said to them—"Comrades, move not from your places! if you do, death awaits you. I am acting in the name and on the behalf of our secret tribunal!"

Gigot, grasping his sword, shrieked with rage and terror, "Back, villain, or you are lost!"

"Thou art lost thyself!" replied Richard's deep terrific voice, as at the same time he deliberately aimed his iron drag-ball against the head of the enemy, whom he felled with one blow to the ground.

"Have pity, pity for my children's sake!" exclaimed the wounded man.

With a horrid yell of laughter, Richard answered—"Pity! ha, ha, ha! Through thee perished my mother, thou vile informer—through thee was I branded—by thee fell the head of the innocent Olivier! down, down with thee to thy native regions!" Once more he swung the ponderous chain, and let the heavy drag-ball fall on the devoted victim's head. From the trap-door which the soldiers had by this time forced open, fell a bright beam of light on the crushed scull of Gigot.

Two days after this, the heavy roll of the drums summoned the inmates of the Bagno to the court-yard of the Arsenal, where was erected the fatal instrument of execution—high, narrow, and blood-stained.

On every gate cannon was pointed, full-charged with grape-shot, and a forest of bayonets glittered round the square-built scaffold. Four thousand criminals rattling their fetters approached and encircled it. On a given signal they all fell on their knees; the green-caps nearest the scaffold, and the red caps at a further distance. Richard, the hero of this mournful day, now appeared, led by the executioner and keepers. His fetters had been taken off—his features were animated, his eyes beamed with satisfaction; before he bowed himself to the fatal planks, he spoke thus, after embracing the worthy priest who had prepared him for death—

"A slight misdemeanor brought on me a most shameful and disproportionate punishment. The nature of that punishment impelled me to crime. Since

* Those convicts for a term of years.
the death of Olivier, I have had few
moments of rest, and none of peace
or comfort. In a happy moment I met
the base Gigot, the source of some of
my misfortunes, the sole cause of my
present guilt, and in so doing I per-
formed an act of retributive justice. I
killed him! Death brings no remorse
to my soul; but this, to me, happy mo-
ment, frees me from all earthly sufferings,
for life-long infamy is harder to bear than
to summon fortitude to endure the sharp-
edged steel. This day, at least, my
judges do not send a man who is inno-
cent to the scaffold." A few minutes
more, and the unfortunate Richard had
fulfilled his calamitous destiny.

M——.

THE GARDEN GRAVE.

There is a lonely garden grave,
Beneath a willow tree,
Whose branches breathe as oft they wave,
A mournful melody.

Low trembling on the heart’s deep core,
The spirit’s requiem gush;
Telling of eyes that beam no more,
Of cheeks that feel no blush;

Of that sweet voice now mute and still,
Whose every whisper’d tone,
Spreads through the breast a holy thrill—
"Twas like itself alone!

She needs no marble slab to tell,
The stranger’s eye to weep;
Her sister snow-drops, loved so well,
Watch o’er her moveless sleep.

A fragrant fence of briers sweet,
Around her grave we made;
Whose blossoms o’er the slumberer meet,
Her garden couch to shade.

There is no coffin o’er her breast,
No shroud around her brow;
She wished within the earth to rest—
Alas—how ghastly now!

But let no sigh—nor pity’s tear,
Fall near this sacred place,
To gem her lone and lowly bier,
With sorrow’s faintest trace.

Although her grave is strewn with flowers,
Her dust beneath the sod;
Her spirit roams ’mid heavenly bowers,
Her soul is with its God!

UMBRA.
REMORSE; OR, THE TEAR OF THE OB드리ATE.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

"I perceive, Charles," said a dark-eyed girl to a young man, whose face she had long been anxiously observing as he sat watching the dying embers of a small fire with an intensity which evinced absorbing thought, "that you have ceased to hope for assistance either from your parents, or my brother; and all your distress—all your blighted prospects may be traced to your unhappy Frances!"

The young man seemed by an effort to recall his thoughts; he looked up, and meeting the soft, bright eyes of the inquirer, the expression of his face rapidly changed from desponding melancholy to that of the most devoted and passionate love; and taking her hand in both of his, he sang with a deep, melodious voice, and with a pathos which added to their beauty, the following heart-touching passage, from a well-known writer:—

"I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy love had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert like them, untrue;
But while I thee have near me,
With heart so warm, and eyes so bright,
No clouds can hover o'er me,
Thy smile turns all to light."

And beautiful was the smile, and bright the eyes, though dimmed with tears, of the young creature, who fondly returning his pressure, eagerly demanded, "what plan they should pursue—or if any thing new had occurred to him?" "Yes, dearest," answered the husband, "I have decided on something new; but let us not discuss it to-night; our candle is worn to the socket—our brief death's door—your pale, and I am myself fatigued. To-morrow, I trust, we shall be better able to converse." Throwing his arm round the slim form of his beloved partner, he partly carried her up the narrow staircase, which she seemed too fragile to ascend alone, and seated her on the side of a clean, but curtainless, bed. Frances was thanking her husband for his assistance, when raising her eyes to his face, she perceived that cold as the night was, and although light as was her weight, the slight exertion had covered his brow with moisture. "Oh! my Charles," cried the alarmed wife, "how thoughtless of me to lean so heavily, when you said you were tired!" The husband tried to dispel her fears, but Frances thought she discerned other drops than those of fatigue steal down the face of her beloved; and never did human breast send forth a more heartfelt sigh, than that with which the young wife laid her head upon her pillow!

The next morning, while preparing their frugal repast, Frances inquired the nature of the plan which Charles had hinted at the night before. The husband coloured, he hesitated, then said in a low tone, "do not question me, dear Frances, trust me, there is nothing dishonest; and the worst of it is, that it will take me from you of an evening, and I fear that you will feel solitary; but any employment is better than none. I shall continue to call at the news-office every morning, perhaps something more eligible may turn up, and I be able, as hitherto, to pass my evenings with my sweet Frances."

"But you have not told me how you met with this engagement, nor its duties?"

"I cannot describe what I am to commence with; I met it by chance."

Here Charles took up his hat and hurried out, evidently anxious to avoid further interrogatories. Poor Frances sat for some time in gloomy meditation; her head resting on her hand, while tears stole unheeded down her pale face, and through her emaciated fingers. That her Charles should be obliged to use his pen for their support at all was a trial, but that his engagement was more derogatory than clerkships generally are she could not doubt, from his getting only his evening hours employed; but as the subject seemed unpleasant, she determined not to mention again what was evidently a source of mortification to him. Drying her streaming eyes, she set about her household duties, for which her previous habits, and present delicate health, rendered her very unfit. Our heroine was the daughter of an eminent solicitor: both her parents died when she was but a child, leaving her eldest brother and herself, the survivors of a once numerous progeny. The difference in their age made them generally taken for father and daughter, and the brother felt all a father's love for his beautiful little sister; which she returned with the fondest affection, not unmixed
with filial fear. Mr. Blandford assiduously cultivated her mind, and attended to her education; and well he was repaid, for at sixteen she realised his most sanguine expectations—affectionate, well-informed, and beautiful; she also possessed what her brother highly prized—a fine voice, a correct ear, and naturally chaste taste. The solicitor (Mr. Blandford followed his father's profession) spent most of his evenings with his bachelor associates; but when at home, his greatest enjoyment was to hear his young sister sing those Irish and Scottish melodies, for which her plaintive voice and distinct enunciation were peculiarly adapted. Frances often went to musical parties, her singing rendering her an acquisition. At one of these she met Charles Lyttleton, the only son of a retired barrister of large fortune. The youth evinced no inclination for the study of the law; and his father told him, that on condition of unqualified obedience in respect to marriage, he should not be required to follow any profession. Charles at that time but nineteen years of age, gay, thoughtless, and fond of pleasure, readily gave the required promise, and attached so little importance to it, that it was not until he found life a "waste of wearisome hours" when absent from Frances Blandford, that the pledge he had given ever recurred to his mind. When, if ever, he thought on the subject, it alarmed him not, there could be no fear of his parents' disapproving his choice. Mr. Blandford was so highly respected, so rich too! Frances would doubtless be his heir: her own fortune he believed to be trifling; but what a fortune in herself! Mind, temper, beauty, voice, every thing. Reciprocity of feeling and sentiment bound the young people to each other; they agreed to plead their cause with the brother first, and try to prevail on him to disclose their attachment to Mr. Lyttleton. The bachelor looked aghast when asked to resign his youthful housekeeper; he would have refused, but their love was so evident, and certain reminiscences of a once ardent passion he himself had felt, having been thwarted by the unbending obstinacy of an arbitrary father—softened his heart; he acquiesced in their plan, nothing doubting the result. An almost immediate answer, however, arrived, in answer to a letter which had been sent to the parent, rejecting, in brief and peremptory terms, the proffered alliance, and desiring that Miss Blandford might not, in future, be thrown in Charles Lyttleton's way. The wrath of the solicitor on receiving this insulting letter exceeded all bounds; he tore it to fragments, and enclosed the pieces in a note, scarcely inexcusable for bitterness, except under very excited feelings. The negotiation ended with bitter denunciations against Frances, if she ever spoke again to the son of "that upstart Lyttleton;" and Charles was consigned to the torture of poverty in this world, and the punishment of disobedience in the next, if he thought more of the dependent sister of that "insolent Blandford." Charles appealed not to his mother, she spoke, thought, and had her being in her husband:—she was his echo, the shadow of his shade. The result of these violent proceedings may be foreseen by every one conversant with fallen nature. With the perversity of the human heart, opposition increased the love of the young people. Frances was but seventeen, Charles in his twenty-second year, when they fled to that land where a hammer seals the contract, rendering lovers, for the time being, happy, and setting fathers and brothers at defiance. Charles was then master of but three hundred pounds, the legacy of a distant relative. The youthful couple were exceedingly happy, and never repented, though they afterwards endured much misery, and drank of poverty to the dregs; still to Charles, Frances had the sweetest of smiles, the brightest of eyes; and to Frances, Charles was that Phoenix, a faultless man. They made every effort, every concession, to conciliate their offended relatives; but their endeavours were unavailing—the father and the brother remained inexorable! The young couple at length ceased their fruitless attempts at reconciliation. Charles strained every nerve to procure some sort of literary employment, and as their money "melted away," he tried, but in vain, to be engaged in sketching and print-colouring.

Frances at length gave birth to a girl,—beautiful was the bud, but soon blighted! its beauty delighted the parents, but this world delighted not the babe,—it fled home! and the heart of the young mother sickened at the sound of the dismal hammer which closed from her
view the face of her child. Long did Frances hover between life and death; with no friend to cheer and support her but the devoted husband, and the Almighty permitted him to be an all-sufficient help. At the period we introduced our young couple, Frances was slowly recovering from her long confinement; when able to sit up, she had the severe distress of finding their means exhausted, debts incurred, and her beloved husband’s health visibly declining.

Charles and Frances passed the greater part of the day-time together; at dusk Charles rose, embraced his wife, bidding her not to be impatient for his return, and putting on a wrapping coat, pulled his hat over his eyes, and departed. The young wife’s first lone evening was very solitary; at eleven Charles returned, and with a smiling face laid nine shillings before her, saying such was the fruit of his labour. “I am truly thankful,” replied the fond wife; “but how many lines you must have traced to procure that sum! Dearest Charles, write less, for less will suffice now!” Frances’ voice faltered in pronouncing the last little adverb,—she thought of their lost one. Charles seemed excited; he spoke fast, and talked much; asked his wife to sing song after song; with which she, ever anxious to please him, in whom all her earthly hopes centered, complied; until her failing voice and drooping air alarmed her husband, and sent him to bed, with his almost fainting wife, a repenting man.

Day after day saw Charles and Frances happy in each other; but every night the former returned more fatigued, and Frances felt a sad conviction of his declining health. At one time, when her spirits rose with his, she used to bid him sing a favourite “song of the olden times,” but she was struck with the effort it cost him, and soon ceased asking him, turning her utmost attention to preparing such food as was best calculated to recruit decaying strength. Frequently Charles returned wet through; and Frances remarked, though silently, that on rainy nights his remuneration was very trifling. She could not beg him to be more careful of his health, since he took every precaution to avoid cold; and a slight hoarseness, with which he was affected, cost him apparently more anxiety than any thing relating to self alone, ever had before. Frances imputed it to a dread of being laid up, and thereby rendering her situation more distressing: it was a beautiful trait in these young creatures, their perfect confidence in each other. In pursuance of her resolve, Frances had as yet forborne questioning her husband respecting his engagement; but one day she ventured to propose his doing his out-door business in the day-time, night air, in addition to damp, being so injurious to him. “Name it not, name it not—Frances!” exclaimed she hastily, even for your sake I could not submit to it!” Frances burst into tears; a notion glanced across her mind, that her Charles, he who all his life had a carriage at command, was employed as a porter! It accounted for his coming back so weak and exhausted! Charles, for the first time, wept. At length resuming his composure, he said, “Be comforted, my beloved, our sufferings, though severe, will not be long; and if my trials be hard, where else could I get those daily, or rather nightly, receipts, which our exigencies require? Do not give way to despondency. I require the solace of your sweet smiles, my Frances, to save me from such unmanly weakness as that which I have betrayed to-day, we cannot be miserable while spared to each other; and I feel a soothing presentiment that death itself will not separate hearts so united. Besides, happier days may be in store for us; do you know this is the twenty-third anniversary of my birth? I think it will be remembered in Montague-street, perhaps, advantageously; do smile upon me to-night, my Frances.” The young wife tried to smile, but the effort was too painful, she could only weep, and promise to conquer her feelings, and determine at least to appear cheerful. Charles’s mention of his parents reminded her of him who had been to her both father and brother; she knew how greatly her love for young Lyttleton had disappointed him, as his favourite wish was to unite her to a young clergyman, a former ward, to whom he was strongly attached. Worthy of every one’s regard was Eustace Talbot; greater praise cannot be bestowed than to say, he was in every respect fitted for his sacred calling. With all the requisites to retain affection, he had not beauty to obtain it; his face, originally handsome, was dreadfully disfigured by the small-
pox; yet, even with the disadvantage of a very sallow complexion in addition, few eyes turned from his mild, benevolent, and intellectual countenance in quest of a handsome one; and but for the intimate association between Talbot and Frances in childhood, and her early meeting with Charles, she had loved Eustace even as he wished to be loved. When encouraged by the solicitor he made an offer, was rejected, and told of her attachment to another: Talbot could not conceal all he suffered. But Frances never knew the extent; he begged her to consider him as a brother, and to his secret influence she was indebted for her brother’s ready compliance with her wishes. Shortly after Talbot was induced into an excellent living, and he quitted London, to conceal his grief and recover his health. All these particulars were known to Frances, and pleaded much in extenuation of her brother’s continued unkindness and neglect. But Frances knew not how greatly her husband’s parents had been disappointed, how their ambitious hopes had been frustrated, by his marrying her. Charles may be forgiven for keeping that secret of his unqualified promise of obedience in regard to marriage, which his father exacted from him, from the wife of his bosom: it was the only one, and had its foundation in love.

But to trace some of the earlier history of Charles Lyttleton: when he was only rising in his profession, a young gentleman consulted him respecting a claim he conceived he had to an ancient baronetc and ample possessions, candidly stating that he had no funds to carry on the suit, however great the chance of success. Mr. Lyttleton patiently examined every document, and informed the young aspirant, that so convinced was he of carrying the suit, that he would undertake it gratuitously. The offer was accepted, the suit successful, and the baronet’s gratitude boundless. As a more decided proof of his sense of Lyttleton’s liberality, he finally proposed to unite his first-born daughter to the barrister’s eldest son. The baronet might not, indeed, have made this proposal, had he been aware he would have had only one child: the proposal was too agreeable to Lyttleton not to be immediately accepted.

As the wishes of parents are often crossed if known to their children, the proposed alliance had been kept secret, and the young folks seldom allowed to meet. On their marriage, Charles was, by the necessary legal process, to assume his father-in-law’s name; and interest was successfully made for the continuation of the title. Mr. Blandford’s letter first roused Mr. Lyttleton from his fancied security; thence his petulant answer. The total annihilation of his hopes of aggrandisement, by his son’s unexpected marriage, drove him almost frantic—his heart was completely alienated; and to inflict on others some of the pangs under which he laboured, he returned Charles’s letter, soliciting forgiveness, unopened, but wrote a detailed account of the whole transaction, concluding with a flattering description of the charms, accomplishments, and rank of the bride he had, by his “precipitate folly,” lost. He failed: Charles possessed her, in comparison with whom all female charms faded; and memory dwelt with no regret on the fashionable, wealthy, and high-born wife to whom he might have been united: Frances was his. Charles returned on his natal night well through, and so hoarse, that his wife could scarcely hear his answer to her anxious inquiries. He fainted away soon after entering; and, while rubbing his burning palms with vinegar, poor Frances found the damps of weakness dropping from his attenuated fingers—the inward bend of the nails, and the transparency of the hand, which marked him consumptive. She insisted on having medical advice the next morning; and Charles, too ill to contend, only faintly objected. In order to meet this expense they gave up their sitting-room, which reduced the amount of their rent. In another week it would have been useless to him, for Charles was unable to leave his chamber. His doctor, a skilful and humane man, could not be prevailed on to take a fee, and desired nourishing things to be procured for his patient. He said little to Charles, but informed his wife that without extreme care there would not be a chance of saving him; and unless she were very careful, she would follow in his wake, the seeds of the disease being in her constitution also. Never did Frances smile more thankfully than on receiving this latter intimation. Spare was their living the first week of Lyttleton’s confinement; the
second worse; and on the third, starvation stared them in the face: every saleable article having been disposed of, Frances timidly proposed calling on Charles’s employers, stating his illness, and soliciting a temporary loan, to be repaid when he was able to resume his attendance. The husband sighed deeply while contemplating the sweet pleading face of his wife. Resting his feverish head on her shoulder, he told a tale that struck her to the heart. He had, he said, tried every thing, and had made every effort to appease his father, to obtain employment, yet failed in all. Returning one evening in very depressed spirits, his ear was struck by a duet, the first he had sung with Frances; he stayed to hear it out, and beheld with envy the money bestowed on the singers. The notion of pursuing the same method of gaining support for his declining wife, glanced across his mind; but his pride revolted, and not until their last shilling was changed could he make the effort.

To avoid the possibility of being recognised, he would not venture out till it was dark. His success was encouraging, but the wet nights were very unproductive; and the fear of cold closing this to him new mine of wealth, in some degree produced it. “Never,” he added, “should he forget the agony of mind produced by his first hoarseness. His father’s curse—their subsequent poverty—even the loss of their little one, seemed to him light in comparison! Starvation was now their only prospect! Oh! my Frances! how I wished you had rejected me, and taken the worthy and wealthy Talbot!” Frances started from her husband’s side. “Never, Charles, did you utter so unkind a word! Your Frances, you well know, would ten thousand times rather die with you than live without you. Say that the wish came not from your heart.”—“From my lips only, dearest,” replied the exhausted husband; and sweet was the assurance to the devoted wife! That night Frances slept little, and thought much. She at length decided that what her husband had done, she would do. She had much to contend with ere she finally determined: the timidity and delicacy of her sex—her dread of insult—the indelible disgrace she should bring upon her brother, and her husband’s parents, if discovered! Yet how light, how trivial, all appeared when she thought of him, not merely deprived of those nourishing things which could alone save him, but dying from want of the common necessaries of life. At breakfast she proposed her plan. Charles gazed at his wife, then shrieked aloud, rather than cried, “Never, Frances,—never! I charge you not to think of it!”

The wild frenzied expression of her husband’s eyes, the forcing of his voice from hoarseness, which gave it an un-earthly and unnatural tone, all combined to terrify poor Frances. She answered not, but pressed yet closer to her bosom her alternately burning and shivering partner. Though it was February, wet and dreary, not a spark cheered their hearth; but they had dinner and tea: after which they retired to their comfortless bed—a mattress and one blanket—the rest, with their feather bed, having been sold to pay their rent. The next day they arose not. They had nothing for breakfast, but a part of the previous day’s dinner. The following day they had nothing at all; and, to add to their misery, this fatal sickness, which had stolen over them both, assumed that terrific form of an inordinate craving for food; yet another day of starvation succeeded! At dusk, Frances combed back her glossy hair, shaded her face with a deep bonnet, and her person in an old plaid cloak; and, with glowing cheeks and bright eyes, (oh! how different from the laughing brightness of former days!) she said, with a calm determined voice and air, “I will go, Charles—oppose it not, or you will have two deaths to answer for!” The husband sighed, and the wife departed. Who may tell what either endured that evening. At ten o’clock, Frances returned; and smiling fondly on her husband, laid before him five shillings, and a light, nutritive repast. Three weeks slowly passed over, with no employment but that of appeasing the painful gnawings for food which the weakened stomach quickly rejected. We will not dwell on this portion of their mental—their bodily pangs. One evening, Frances returned breathless, heated, and without her cloak. It was long before she could answer her husband’s anxious inquiries. At length, she told him she was singing in Finsbury-square (she always went eastward, from fear of encountering some of their former acquaint-
ance), when she heard Eustace Talbot exclaim, "Heavens, Blandford! that is your sister's voice!" In a moment she was seized by the shoulder: to elude his grasp, and escape discovery, she untied the string of her creak, left it in his hand, and fled homewards. Well might Frances evade pursuit, naturally fleet of foot, her figure was reduced to a lightness which the wind might have set in motion. That night was passed as the miserable may—the happy cannot—conceive. The next morning the wife rose, prepared breakfast, and assisted her more than ever-beloved husband, who now depended on her, to the breakfast table. In all their distress, each was punctiliously neat and clean in person; no neglected beard in Charles—no stray lock in Frances betrayed indifference to appearance; their love was as delicate as intense. They were sitting together—their yet untouched meal before them, when a low tap was followed by the door opening, and the benevolent face of Eustace Talbot presented itself. It were needless to draw too exact a picture: all that a veritable disciple of Him who came to save could do, Eustace did. Frances always regarded him as a brother, and his kindliness of manner made Charles do the same. He passed the day with them, and retiring with their doctor (for both were patients now) learnt that, in addition to nourishing food, ease of mind, and country air, might do something; but Eustace understood the force of the little expletive, nor left the sufferers till they had agreed to go in an easy carriage to his rectory, a large building occupied by his curate, whose wife, he knew by experience, to be a tender and skilful nurse. During the time he was compelled by business to remain in town, he promised to use every effort to reconcile their friends. Two days after this, Charles and Frances set off for Talbot's rectory: kindly were the invalids received, and kindly tended both by the curate's wife and their old doctor, whom Eustace engaged to accompany them. All that medical skill could do was done; but what can arrest consumption? At the end of three weeks the doctor wrote to Eustace that he could not say what the south of France might do for his young friends; but England would shortly consign them to the grave—they were decidedly worse! Talbot determined nothing on his part should be wanting to save this couple, so loving, and so lovely! He knew they pined to be forgiven—they felt that they had greatly erred, and they meekly bent to the rod that chastised their disobedience. He had an interview with Lyttleton; his mediation was rudely refused, and the still incensed father was going to curse his son, when the minister of the place arrested the sinful words, by saying, "Curse not, lest thou be cursed, before long thou mayest thank me for saving thee this guilt." He succeeded so far with Blandford, that he gave up the five hundred pounds Frances was entitled to on coming of age. This was something, for she wanted a year and a half of that period. Eustace hastened his return, and their departure for the south of France. Charles felt with him the flat had gone forth, but Frances might benefit; and as Frances's feelings were nearly similar—neither opposed it; besides, they could now go without incurring pecuniary obligation. They discharged their debt to Eustace as far as the payment of money: he did not wish to take it from them, but was too delicate to give a refusal. Their old doctor refused any remuneration, but Charles left a letter of thanks, signed by both himself and Frances, containing a sum scarcely adequate to their wishes, but better adapted for former circumstances than present ones. "What is left will suffice for us, dearest," said Charles, with a melancholy smile; "as to my Frances I was indebted for the happiest hours of my youth, so shall I be her debtor to the end." Frances smiled on her husband: and if her smile was no longer bright, it was fond.

The day of their departure was long remembered at——, and never forgotten by their friendly doctor, who pressed them to his fatherly bosom. Eustace took one on each arm, saying, "I part you now only to unite you hereafter." And the words seemed ominous! Not a passenger—not a sailor on board the Flora steamer ever forgot the young and interesting pair, who were supported on board—their extreme beauty, bright eyes, hectic cheeks, and shadow-like forms—their laboured breath, and entire devotion to each other, attracted all eyes. On their entrance every sound of mirth ceased: the very seamen trod the deck lightly! deep sympathy and silent awe
filled each breast—it was evident death was on board. Seated by each other, after the first gaze around, Charles saw none but his idolized partner, while she attended to nought but the low hollow voice of her beloved. When they left the vessel few eyes remained tearless; and, though a dead silence pervaded all, many an aspiration rose to the throne of Grace for those whom only a miracle could save. The first week they seemed invigorated by the soft air and balmy breezes; but then they experienced a change for the worse. Further advice was again called in for them. The invalids were perfectly resigned to the brief turn of their existence. "My Charles," said Frances, "we shall soon regain our lost treasure. She was taken in mercy, and we ceased to lament her; but how soothing, how hallowing is the thought that our child is in glory!"

The new physician confirmed what the other said,—they were too late. Eustace, with the concurrence of his young friends, wrote to Lyttleton and Blandford: he used no arguments to induce their presence; he merely stated, that the united wishes of the young people were once again to see their early friends, obtain their forgiveness, and receive their blessing, adding, that no time was to be lost, as their medical attendants said they could not survive many days. On receipt of this letter every vindictive feeling left Blandford; he ran in all haste to Montague-street. Entering the breakfast parlour, one glance informed him that Lyttleton had also heard from Eustace. Seizing his hand, he exclaimed, "We have been greatly to blame; when shall we depart?" Lyttleton silently pressed the offered hand, as a violent gush of tears burst simultaneously from these hitherto obdurate men. It was strange to see the powerful workings of nature in the iron-hearted, and the vacant wondering look of the mother in witnessing it. They lost no time in making this useless, yet consolatory, reparation for the sin of their hard-heartedness, and a favouring breeze soon wafted them where their now tortured souls hoped to gain ease of conscience by present kindness, for long and cruel neglect. The instant of their arrival they hastened to the abode of the invalids, but they slackened their pace before the dwelling; every thing looked so bright, the house so white, the trees so green, the flowers so fresh; their tree of hope blossomed, it almost bore fruit; and hope springing up in each bosom, along with it simultaneously arose again traces even of former ill feeling—not that they would reproach, but merely hint at past delinquencies. They knocked; a faintness stole over the father's heart; he could not pronounce the name of him he was so anxious to see; he asked for Mr. Talbot. One look was sufficient—which, demanded both father and brother, each willing to sympathise with his friend. "Both," replied Eustace, with deep emotion. This answer put them beyond the pale of hope, and they now felt only the pang of remorse.

Charles and Frances departed life almost together, two days after Eustace had written. They died in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection. The precise moment of their dissolution was not known, neither which spirit lingered last. They were sitting on a sofa, conversing, at five in the afternoon; Frances complained of drowsiness, and leant her head on her husband's shoulder; she fell into a sweet sleep; and her husband, motioning to Eustace, bade himremark the calm beauty of her countenance. Soon after, observing Lyttleton's eyes close, Blandford withdrew. An hour elapsed, they still apparently slumbered; at tea-time they had the same appearance. About eight o'clock the physician arrived. "Observe," said Eustace, "how beautifully the moon shines on——" "The dead!" interrupted the physician—and it was even so.

The father and brother accompanied Eustace to the little Protestant burial-ground, in a shady corner of which reposéd the mortal remains of Charles and Frances Lyttleton. On a white marble slab their names and ages were recorded. "They erred," said Eustace; "and could they repeat that portion of the divine prayer, they would call upon you to forgive them even as ye hope to be forgiven."
THE LAMENT OF A PERSIAN QUEEN.

The Ægean! the Ægean! and its wave-encircled isles,
On whose immortal hills the morn awakes with all its smiles,—
Oh! how my lonely spirit pines its golden woods to see,
And its streams that wander thro’ their shades as musical and free.

I have slaves—the lovely ones of earth around my couch to stand,
But give me back the sylph-like forms that grace my native land;
I have music wrung by Passion’s hand from chords of lute and lyre,
Alas! it pleaseth not the heart bereft of home and sire.

The rose which blooms on Scio’s plains, when summer gives it birth,
Can never live in distant climes, or quit its native earth;
And I, who with a sceptred hand a conqueror’s throne divide,
Bewail and weep in solitude for ocean’s rolling tide.

Crown’d with a diadem of tow’rs, the cities of the sea
Are blended with the passing clouds, and peopled with the free;
No Alaric or Attila e’er swept the lucid wave
Which shatter’d Xerxes’ fleet, and whelm’d the Persians in its grave.

The Ægean! the Ægean! though the earthquake’s shock has roll’d
Asunder thy stupendous heights, and cleft thy hills of old;
Although the storms of many an age have peal’d along thy shore,
Thou hast dared the thunderbolt of heaven as Titans did of yore.

The vine and citron with their fruit emurple all thy dells,
And the torrents’ voice upon the ear like distant music swells;
That voice, which has entranced my sleep, shall never blend with mine,
Thou lovely land! whose palace-halls with sorrow I resign.

G. R. C.

THE TORRE MALADETTA.

BY M. C. NODIER.

CHAP. I.—THE SEARCH.

Travellers who have visited Trieste during carnival-time will own that in Europe they have never seen so picturesque a city. Situated on the very verge of civilised Christendom, the half-eastern population with which it abounds gives it an unrivalled air of romance. I was there an exile from Paris in the beginning of the year 1809, and I own that I regretted my absence from the splendid festivities with which the emperor was celebrating his recent victories over the powers of the continent, while I was seated under the illuminated cafés of Trieste, where I mingled with Greeks, Albanians, Turks, and Armenians, attired in their national costumes, so rich, so varied, and so singular.

Here the beautiful Jew girls were seen glancing their sparkling black eyes through long ringlets of jetty hair—those of Istria enveloped in their ample white veils; and female peasants of the main land of the Venetian territory, with their streaming ribbons and opera-like costume, which is, nevertheless, only their national holiday dress.

The beauty of the evening permitted this gay display, for, though very early in the spring, the air was similar in temperature to that of the middle of May in France. It is not easy to forget Trieste the last night of that year’s carnival—it was a perfect fairy-land.

The next morning was the fête of Santa Honoria. Before the first mass, I was engaged to be at the chapel of that saint in the church of Codroipo. The individual I had promised to meet, was, I believed, no more, yet I was not released from my engagement. I was a member of the union of the Carbonari; and their grand master, Mario Cinci, my friend, had, in the preceding month, lost his life in crossing from Venice to the main land, in company with a noble French lady* whom he had, privately, espoused. I had been

* See the story of Mario Cinci, and also the pictorial illustrations in “The Lady’s Magazine” for Sept. 1832.
attached to Mario by the strictest bonds of friendship. I had once loved Diane de Marsan, yet resigned her through necessity, when a knowledge of the secret union between her and my friend was confided to me. I had subsequently mourned for the disastrous termination of their love; and although the circumstance that the bodies of Diane and her attendant had never been found, had kept alive a sort of vague surmise that my beloved was still in existence, my reason told me this was a wild notion that had its origin in the love which, however hopeless, refused, even at this distance of time, to be wholly extinguished.

I had left my native country, disgusted at the perfidy of Napoleon, who employed those armies which had been raised to complete the freedom of France, in riveting, on her, fetters more grievous to be borne, than any that had been imposed by her ancient line of monarchs. I had visited Venice, and resided on the opposite shores of the Adriatic, and had entered into a combination with some brave spirits who were united to free Europe from the chain of the Corsican and his conscriptions. When I say that the brave Hofer was enrolled in our band, can the reader fail to acknowledge it was a noble cause? The evening before the fatal voyage of my friend Mario, he had presented me with the badge and secret sign of our party; this was simply a hazel wand broken between us, the other end of which he told me would be given me in the chapel of Santa Honoria in Codroipo, and some communications of importance be made me respecting the political movements of our union by the person who should present it to me. Since that time I had heard nothing of the Carabonari; and I own that I had attended my appointment at Codroipo more in the hope of hearing something decisive of the fate of my friends, than out of interest in the proceedings of a party which had lost the tie that bound me to it, by the death of Mario Cinci.

I entered the chapel of Santa Honoria next morning at sunrise. The sacristan was busy in making preparations for the fête, but the priest had not come, nor the congregation arrived. The loneliness of the temple, and the early hour, made a deep impression on me. I cast my eyes on the altar, and beheld there the master-piece of the Venetian painter, Por-
denone; it represented Santa Honoria, according to her legend, in her dungeon, condemned to die of hunger; she was there, pale, with her dark hair dishevelled, showing in her beautiful features admixture of human suffering and divine resignation. Her arms were extended, her eyes imploring, and her lips seemed to move. I was startled by the resemblance the painting bore to my still loved Diane; yet I recalled to my recollection that this altar-piece was the chef d’œuvre of Pordenone, and had been painted centuries before Mademoiselle de Marsan saw the light. Shuddering at the painful representation, so like reality, I left the church, and wandered without object into the baptistry: where I thought I heard sobs. Angry with myself for suffering fancy to hold dominion over me, I resolved to leave the church, when in descending the flight of steps which led into the street, I saw that my black spotted Puck, a faithful little dog that always followed my steps, had found out the person from whom the sobs proceeded, and with the almost human sympathy which these affectionate creatures possess, was trying to attract the attention of a pretty little girl who sat weeping on the steps of the church. The poor child had a little flat basket by her side, covered with a cloth as white as snow. The caresses of Puck made her look up, and seeing me, she said in a plaintive voice—

“Buy, signor, buy some of my lasagne; they are the best in Venice.”

I turned round, and seating myself two or three steps below, I said,

“What ails you, cara piccola? why do you cry, your basket is full, no accident has happened to it? But all she could say was—

“Buy, signor, buy my good lasagne; they are made of the best maccaroni in Venice.”

“I ask you again, child, what is it that grieves you, and if any thing can be done to console you?”

“Nothing, signor, but to buy my cakes; indeed, they are very good: as to my grief I have enough to cry for, to-day is the fête of my name-saint and padrona, Santa Honoria; and all the young girls in Codroipo, dressed in their best clothes, will accompany the shrine which contains her relics, in procession, each holding a ribbon

* Lasagne in Italian signifies cakes or pastry, made chiefly of maccaroni.
attacked to the shrine, the same colour as
the dress worn by the holder; oh! it is
such a pretty sight; and I always walked
with the shrine in other years in a lilac
gown covered with bunches of flowers.
Well! I have now got a cross step-mother
who will not let me have my best gown
till I have sold all my lazagne—all this
basket-full, and I shall be too late for the
procession: in other years I had a good
friend, who always bought them before
sunrise—and the poor child began to
weep again.
"Calm yourself, my child, perhaps you
may find another friend who will buy—
but who was this good signor?"
"Oh! he was Signor Mario Cinci, who
did all the good in this neighbourhood;
but he is dead, and who will now help
poor Nina? Buy, signor, buy my good
lazagne."
"They are bought," said I, taking out
a sequin and laying it on her basket. "I
am a friend of that Signor Mario. It is
not long since I saw him in Venice. Come,
tell me how they say he came by his death
on this side of the water?"
"Oh! signor, the night was very bad
when he brought home a beautiful bride
to the Torre Maladetta, his ancient castle
on the banks of Tagliamente; but he would
go back next day to fetch his old servant,
an Albanian, who was much attached to
him. The gondola upset in the mouth
of the river Tagliamente, and the noble
Mario, who could have saved his own life
by swimming, was drowned in the endea-
vour to save the old man."
"But his bride, the lady, what has be-
come of her?" I asked breathlessly.
"No one has seen her since, on this
side of the water," answered Nina; "people
say she has gone back to Venice."
I knew she had not—"This is strange,"
thought I; "the report in Venice is that
they were drowned together, and here the
story goes that she was safely landed."
While I was thus meditating, the child
Nina pulled me by the coat-tail, and plain-
tively repeated her cry.
"Buy, signor, buy my good lazagne."
* * * They are bought, are they not, child?*
said I, pettishly.
"Yes, signor, but I have not change
for a sequin."
"I don't want any change, if it is
enough."
"Yes, signor, and more than enough;
but you must take the cakes, for if I carry
them home, my mother-in-law will declare
I have stolen the sequin, or gained it by
some work of sin."
"I do not know what to do with your
merchandise," said I, half laughing; "I
don't want any lazagne.—What am I to
do with them?"
"There are the poor, signor, and
the hungry; did not our lady, Santa
Honoria, die from want of such a basket
of cakes?"

With this unanswerable argument, the
pertinacious Nina began to stuff into my
riding-coat pockets her bags of macaroni
cakes. I permitted her to have her own
way for the sake of quiet, and when I left
her I wholly forgot them, though I still
continued to muse on the intelligence she
had communicated to me as to the current
report in that country concerning the death
of Mario.

While I was yet meditating, some
one laid his hand on my shoulder. I
turned round, and recognised Stanislaus
Soldieski, a noble young Pole, engaged
in the cause, who was private secretary
to Andreas Hofer. He presented me
with the secret token of the Carbonari—
the bit of hazel that answered to the one
broken between Mario and myself. But
I needed not that sign to recognize one
of the bravest and most devoted of our
union. We spoke of our deceased friend,
but Soldieski seemed to know nothing of
Diane; and he confirmed the popular
report, that Mario had perished in the
endeavour to save the life of his faithful
Albanian; but I found, on inquiring of
Soldieski, that he had visited Codroipo
the morning after it was said that Mario
had perished with Diane in making the
passage from Venice; that he had there
attended a meeting of some importance
with Hofer, Soldieski, and a Dr. Fabrici-
cus; and that Mario had delivered my
countersign to Soldieski, and appointed
him to meet me at the church of Santa
Honoria on the fete-day, thence to con-
voy me to his old castle on the Taglia-
mente, where there was to be held a great
meeting of the party before the projected
insurrection of the Tyrol. Soldieski fur-
ther told me, that it was on the same ill-
fated morning, although rough and tem-
pestuous to the last degree, that Mario
insisted on returning to his castle. He
embarked with his Albanian servant in
an open gondola, and perished in the
voyage. This was but too certain, for
the bodies had been found and buried in
the castle chapel.

"And what are the next measures
to be taken by the party?" I asked.

"They mean to convene at the old
castle of the Cinci, and elect another
grand-master, in the place of the noble
Mario."

"When is this meeting to take place?"

"In three days from this time," re-
plied Solbieski.

"Cannot we, my friend," I said, "visit
this castle in the interim? I have a
strange fancy to explore over it."

"I am to be married in a fortnight," re-
plied Solbieski, "to a beautiful girl,
the Signora Honoria, daughter to Fa-
bricius; but since you seem to think
there is some mystery attached to the
fate of the hapless lady you mention, I
will obtain leave of absence, for a day or
two, from my fair one, to help you in the
investigation."

I accompanied Solbieski to the house
of his intended father-in-law, who re-
sided at St. Veit. He was not unknown
to me, and I was aware that Mario held
him in great esteem. He and his fair
daughter willingly consented that we
should be the avant couriers of the coun-
cil of the Carbonari, and Dr. Fabricius
bade us expect him on the third day.
I found that Fabricius was not wholly
ignorant of the stolen marriage and
abduction of Diane, but he knew not
what had become of the lady. He
thought it probable that Mario had con-
voyed her under an assumed name to
some convent on the main land. He
had evidently used much secrecy in
regard to her even with his friend Fab-
ricius, as carrying off a lady is a most
serious affair in Venice, and more likely
to occasion the troublesome interference of
justice than twenty assassinations, or as
many conspiracies.

I embarked with Solbieski, and our
voyage along the coast was pleasant till
we reached the mouth of the Tagliamente,
where the waves were running rough and
high, and a vast volume of water was
rushing into the sea. The boatmen told
me the river was swollen, owing to the
sunny days which had melted the snows
from the mountains, and increased the
usual force of the torrent. We had much
difficulty in rowing against this stream,
but after some hours' hard labour, we
weathered a point in the river, and saw
before us a lofty square rock of almost
mountainous elevation, surmounted by a
huge and rugged fortress. Amidst the
vast circle of massive but broken walls,
the donjon appeared in the centre, fear-
fully shattered, and inclining its ruined
summit like a giant who had received his
death-wound. It had been sorely smit-
ten both by thunder-storms and cannon-
balls; and now it seemed only prevented
from falling into the abyss below, by
some huge stones and fragments of rock
it leant on at its base. A more fearful
and desolate sight than this vast inclining
ruin never met the eye of man. As we
drew near enough to examine it minutely,
I was peculiarly struck by the balcony
that hung from the top of the tower over
the precipice. It had been built appar-
ently in peaceful times for the purposes
of pleasant prospect, but now one's head
grew dizzy at even imagining a human
being placed in such a fearful situation.

As I gazed on it in dismay thus suspend-
ed over the abyss, Solbieski broke silence,
by saying,

"You behold before you the strong
hold of the lordly line of Cinci, their
famous Torre Maladetta."

We landed soon afterwards, and dis-
missing our boatmen, began to pursue a
difficult path among the winding rocks
leading to the lofty elevation on which
the old tower was tottering.

The soil was composed of enormous
fragments of slate, which had for ages
blackened under the alternate action of
air and water. This melancholic sombre
hue was further varied by lichens, of the
colour of blood, which grew in large
patches. These hideous spots dotted the
ground on every side. I own that my
imaginativeness wholly overcame my en-
thusiasm as a naturalist, and I gazed
at this ominous-looking, though curious
vegetation, with all the aversion of the
ignorant peasants of Tagliamente, who
prefer risking the danger of the sudden
risings of the river, by pursing the path
on its banks, to traversing this long
defile leading to the mountain; which is,
however, not free from inundation, when
particular seasons increase the torrent.
Solbieski's servant, and the boy who car-
ried our baggage, did not seem to like our
journey; and Pack, instead of capering
before us as usual, slunk behind, whining
at every step.

This doleful track led us to the foot of
the mountainous rock, which we began to ascend by means of steps cut in it, and after some fatigue, we stood before the massive gate tower of the castle, which, though ruinous, was in more habitable repair than any other part.

Dr. Fabriicus had always been the agent who had transacted the pecuniary affairs of Mario Cinci; and since his death, he had placed at the castle a sort of steward, or factor, to look after the revenues arising from a few farms and the village of Tagliamente, the last remnant of the princely domains of the fallen family. This person had been put in possession since the death of the noble Mario, to render account of the property to whatever branch might claim it. At the time of our arrival, the agent had not been at the castle for more than three days. He was a timid little man, and had either heard or seen something in the castle which had nearly scared him out of his wits, and in his alarm he had fled to the village below the rock. Of this we were informed by Signora Barberina, the ancient superintendent of the castle, who bore the stern features and immoveable expression of pride which distinguishes the Tramsecverini,* that peculiar race who inhabit the bank of the Tiber opposite to the city of Rome, and declare themselves to be the genuine descendants of the ancient Romans, and that all the modern citizens are the spurious offspring of Goths, Lombards, and other barbarians.

"Fear! Signora Barberina," said Solbieski, in reply to the narrative of Bartoletti's flight, as detailed by the old severely-looking dame. — "And what is there for the Signor Bartoletti to be afraid of in the Torre Maladetta, without he dreads that the old pile should tumble on his head; but it has stood tottering thus for so many generations, that one is apt to think it will outlast the present?"

"It is not altogether that," replied the signora, after she had seated us in an old vaulted hall with a Mosaic pavement, whose vast dimensions gave us the notion of the crypt of a church. "There are many other things in this noble habitation fearful to strangers who have always abode in towns and crowded streets; sometimes there are sights and sounds even startling to me who was born here,

* Thus may those write who have not of late (perhaps) been there. — Es.
of these unfortunate and illustrious ladies
in my too long life. The first time was
after the castle had suffered rap and siege,
when Felippino, the grandfather of our
Mario, condemned to death, was be-
headed, opposite the arsenal, by those vile
Venetians. The next time was when
Andreas, the father of Mario, was stabbed
by an assassin on the Piazza di St. Marco;
but never were the moans of the poor
spectres so piteous and dolorous, and their
appearance so distinct, as since the un-
timely end of my dear master, the noble
Mario; and well they may be, for is he not
the last of their illustrious line? Fate has
now exhausted its utmost rage, and the
poor disquieted spirits can have nothing
new to weep for.

The superstition of the ancient woman
began to infect my mind and imagination,
not with fear, but with a thrilling sensation
far from displeasing. I asked her whether
her master was accompanied by any
one the last time she saw him, and if any
persons went and came to visit him at the
old tower.

"The last time I saw my dear master
alive," replied Barberina, "was on the
morning before his death. He was then
alone; and he departed in his gondola for
Codroipo to fetch his old Albanian serv-
vant, who had been his father's principal
gondolier,* and was the only one of his Ve-
netian household that he ever suffered to
enter these walls. This man was in his
master's confidence, and much beloved by
him. Well, Signor Mario had arrived from
Venice the preceding night, but I did
not see him then, for I had retired to rest,
as usual, very early; and he, kindly con-
siderate for my infirmities, always let him-
self in and out, without disturbing me,
by means of a key which opened a little

* The principal gondolier, called in Italian
"il fante di poppa," or the chief of the poop, was
almost always in the confidence of his master,
and employed on occasions that required judg-
ment and address. It is to this Venetian cus-
tom that Rogers so beautifully alludes in his
"Italy," when describing, among Lord Byron's
suite, his man Tita—

"As on we travelled, and along the ridge
Mid groves of cork, of cistus and wild fig,
His motley household came—not last nor least,
Battista, who upon the moonlight sea
Of Venice had so nibly, zealously
Served, and at parting, thrown his ear away
To follow through the world; who without stain
Had worn so long that honourable badge,
The gondoliers' in a patrician house
Arguing unlimited trust."
time, will remain here to receive that frightened fool, Bartolletti. I dare say the receipt of the letter of introduction will bring him up to the castle; and if neither of us are at hand to guard him from the supernaturals of the Torre Maladetta, he will decamp again without leaving any one to provide for our entertainment, but the ghosts and Barberina."

Solbieski agreed to this proposal, and I approached the awful mass of ruins, and soon reached a breach where the shattered wall, violently rent in twain, presented a yawning fissure, one side of which offered the appearance of rude steps, dangerous of ascent, formed by accident in its own thickness. My pursuits as a naturalist had often led me on more difficult expeditions, over rock and precipice, without causing me to experience vertigo; I did not, therefore, scruple to scramble from stone to stone, by which the steps of this ruinous ladder were formed, and at last I stood safely behind a crescented rampart, which on the top of this immense wall extended around the fabric, and enclosed a noble and lofty platform; the vast donjon itself arose abruptly from the precipitous rock, hanging over the valley of the Tagliamento. I walked round this tower on every side, excepting that which leant over the rock, where approach was impossible, and by close scrutiny convinced myself that there was no door or probable entrance, and I was greatly at a loss to conjecture how the battlements were rendered available for the purposes of defence, since all communication with them seemed to be most effectually prevented. As it leant so much from the perpendicular, and the opposite surface was much defaced by apertures, formed by the falling of stones, I was tempted to climb to the top, and was able to effect the ascent in a similar manner to that in which the Egyptian Pyramids are scaled, namely, by a vigorous use of hands and feet, until I ultimately stood on the inclining brow of that colossus, whose first view had so much startled me in the morning.

The prospect from this further elevation of the tower, which rose more than a hundred feet above the platform of the lofty rock that sustained it, made my head reel and my eyes grow dizzy. The fabric seemed to tremble under my feet, and lean in the most hideous manner over the precipitous valley of the Tagliamento, with at least as great an inclination as the celebrated leaning tower of Pisa.

I seated myself on a heap of stones, waiting till a few minutes' pause should have dispelled the vertigo that assailed my senses. In a little time I regained my accustomed composure, and soon remarked, that the iron heels of my boots rung on something over the roof that seemed metallic. I looked down, and perceived that my feet rested on a large plate of iron; and though it was encumbered with fragments of loose stone and mortar, I had no difficulty in discovering by the large rusty hinges, and its general size and appearance, that it was a trap-door. The thought immediately struck me that through this aperture I might explore the hidden recesses of the Torre Maladetta, and learn its hidden mysteries. Then again I doubted lest the inclination of the tower, so far thrown out of the perpendicular, had deranged the machinery by which this trap acted, and that it was probably secured within, if still in a state to be moved. These meditations ended as might be supposed, by setting me industriously to work, and in a short time I had removed all the stones and other incumbrances that lay on the iron plate. I have before hinted that I was a naturalist, and during my stay in the vicinity of Trieste, my hammer and chisel never left my belt. After much exertion I was enabled to introduce the latter between the crevices of the side opposite to the hinges, and ere long had the satisfaction to find that the trap had risen more than two inches, and was then enabled to ascertain that it was neither bolted nor barred within, and that it might with assistance be easily lifted up. Satisfied with this discovery, I resolved to consult Solbieski before I made further progress. I then commenced my re-descent slowly, and cautiously, often seating myself on the ample landing-places, which the decay of the pile had accidentally prepared for me, surveying the mighty prospect that lay mapped at my feet. Here I could follow with my eyes the long blue winding thread of the Tagliamento up to the far distance, where it hid itself among its parent Alps. I saw that it became white and foaming, spreading itself every instant as it approached the castle rock, and seeming to threaten general inundation over the whole of the level district. In the distance I
saw the brown tower of St. Veit, plebeian sister to the noble structure of St. Marco, which, farther in the distance, appeared with its attendant domes, and the lofty spires of all-beauteous Venice rising brightly from among the green grassy lagunes,* and innumerable islets of the Adriatic, all blazing and blooming with the first flowers of an Italian spring. Such was the magnificent picture spread before me, the farthest features of which, by the peculiar clearness of the atmosphere, were rendered perfectly distinct to vision, although reduced by height and distance to a fairy minuteness.

When I once more trod on firm land, and looked up at the fearful place I had visited, I could scarcely help wondering that I stood on the ground with neck and limbs whole; but, after all, the exploit was far from difficult. Like other undertakings, it seemed impossible, at a general view, yet was easy enough when patiently pursued, step by step. At the foot of the descent of the wall I found Solbieski gazing in no little consternation, and Puck sitting, looking also upwards, and howling pitifully. The little creature had accompanied me to the point of my first ascent, by means of the rifted wall, and by no means approving my proceedings, had returned to the castle, where, by his gestures and various tugs of the coat-tail, he had prevailed on my friend to come with him to the place where I had disappeared; and when I peeped over the parapet, I could scarcely help laughing at the perplexity of the twain. I communicated my discovery of the trap-door to Solbieski, who determined to accompany me the following day to the top of the tower. Meantime he informed me that M. Bartoletti had arrived from the village, and was waiting to see me, but in a perfect access of terror, which was the more ridiculous, as he endeavoured to conceal his superstitious horrors under an affectation of badinage, and the assumption of free-thinking bravado.

On our return to the great hall, Solbieski dispatched his servant to the village, to procure for us a crow-bar and pick-axe, a lantern, and some other necessaries, to aid us in our investigation. It was night before we sat down to our repast, to which M. Bartoletti undertook to do the honours; but the poor little man was so disquieted, and alarmed, as the shades of evening gathered around, that although he was protected by the company of Solbieski and myself, I thought his terror would be uncontrollable. My friend plied him with vino de Sebenico, and paid him so many compliments on his valour, that Bartoletti, finding we meant to make a barric of the present apartment, where three camp beds were prepared in three distant corners, began to gather a little courage at the thoughts of such good protection during the ghostly hours of darkness. His spirits began to rise; he occasionally glanced with some appearance of introspection at the three beds, which looked like three funeral couches in the shadowy distance of this immeasurable apartment. He did not hesitate to do justice to the Carbonari toasts expressive of love to liberty, gradually assuming his favourite one of bravado, as the wine mounted to his head. When we were finishing the last flask of wine, Solbieski filled our glasses, and bade us do honour to his toast. “I drink,” said he, “to the eternal repose of the illustrious house of Cinci, to the manes of all the mighty dead who have formerly inhabited these ancient walls. May heaven receive their spirits, and earth lie lightly on their bones.”

He had scarcely repeated this invocation, when the most extraordinary noises was heard, repeated in echoes beneath our feet, rolling all around us: the sound of heavy blows followed, as if prolonged through hollow vaults and passages. We looked at one another in breathless silence.

“It is nothing,” said Solbieski, “but the Tagliamente rising, which has made its way by some subterranean channel into the vaults at our feet.”

“That is scarcely probable,” he replied, “because you may plainly see, in the moonlight from the window, that the Tagliamente, though visibly rising and spreading, is as yet at too great a distance from the castle, for such a supposition to be true.”

As I spoke, the mysterious noise was redoubled, and after its sounds had died away, the most bitter plaints and cries were heard succeeding it, as if a woful lamenting had been made by souls in an agony of despair. We gazed upon each other pale as spectres, and Puck, who lay curled up at my feet, roused himself, and after listening, with eyes flashing
with fire, and pricking up his ears, answered the plaints with doleful moanings. The strange conduct of this sagacious creature, whose instinct seemed to approach an intuitive foreknowledge of ill and danger, did not fail to make a deep impression on us all. We could scarcely tell from which side these unaccountable sounds proceeded, as they seemed prolonged and redoubled by the hollow echoes of the vaults, and rolled all around and about; but the unerring sagacity of my black varlet was not to be deceived, and he presently settled at a particular corner of the room, where he began to whine and scratch most indefatigably. The noise made by the animal was answered from below by the most plaintive sounds. We could, of course, form no notion of the words they meant to express, yet words there seemed to be, audible, but unintelligible, and interrupted with cries and moans of anguish; then all seemed to die away in thick low sobs, and we heard no more.

While this was going on, M. Bartoletti had retreated to the room where our servant slept, vowing that nothing should make him consent to enter that hall again, and we were far from sorry to be left alone in our deliberations.

I raised the old tapestry, carefully examined the floor all round, and scrutinized the wall whence these appalling sounds proceeded; but I found neither door, nor panel, nor any contrivance that could screen a concealed entrance. The walls were incrusted with puzzolana strongly cemented; and when I knocked away some of this with my chisel and hammer, I found that it covered only the naked rock.

"The rock!" I cried, "only the native rock, out of which this corner of the room appears to be hewn. Oh! this mystery is horrible."

"Yet some one certainly suffers and complains, as if pent up near us," replied Solbieski. "Without possessing the bold disbelief on things supernatural which had been avowed by the redoubtable Bartoletti, I own I did not feel inclined to allow that these fearful sounds really proceeded from the lamentings of unquiet spirits, till I had made every effort to prove that they were not occasioned by suffering humanity, and I declared I could not sleep in quiet, until I had tried to obtain some entrance into those vaults or dungeons. There is certainly none in this tower; for while you were making discoveries this morning in the donjon circle, with the assistance of Barberina, I carefully surveyed this part of the structure. Again, I repeated, that I could not imagine any present way of approach to them, but by descending into the main building by the trap-door I discovered this morning; and I own that I cannot rest, till I have endeavoured to search out the causes of this disturbance. Let us not put off our undertaking till to-morrow; the moon is as bright as day, and I am impatient to accomplish the discovery."

I was quite in the humour to comply with this request; and taking the precaution to shut up Puck in the saloon, whose troublesome remonstrances might tease us, and impede our progress, and providing ourselves with a lantern, crow-bar, and pick, we sallied forth by the midnight light of the moonlight, to explore the secret interior of the donjon Torre Maladetta; having first sent Frederic to the village at the foot of the rock, to bring up the provisions he had bespoken in the morning.

I led the way, with a dark lantern at my breast-button, and a pick-axe on my shoulder; and Solbieski followed, bearing a strong iron-bar, pointed at the end, which was to answer the double purpose of aiding him on the ascent, and opening the trap-door. The moonlight poured down like a flood, strongly illuminating every object, therefore we needed not the aid of the lantern for the purpose of scaling the tower; but it was needful to survey the dark interior, if even we were so fortunate as to arrive there by means of the iron trap-door.

We surmounted the first ascent of the rifted wall without any great difficulty, but when we proceeded to encounter the more hazardous undertaking of the leaning tower, I found that making the experiment by daylight and by moonlight were two very different things. Although the moon was so clear and refulgent, that I could see the minutest features of the distant landscape, and could have read the smallest print by the light of her beams, yet the depth and blackness of the shadows she threw were so deceptive, that every object seemed changed in form and distance—the chasms and rifts appeared many times darker than they
really were—the heights more perilous, and the depths bottomless. Every obstruction was magnified to the eye by these clashing lights and shadows; and the jutting fragments of ruinous stone that hung above took fanciful forms of grotesque heads, menacing our progress with threatening grimaces, while the furious voice of the Tagliamonte below, rising every instant, and chafing among the rocks of our morning path, was chiding beneath, and ascended to our ears like cries of rage and fear. Altogether it was like the bewildermont of a strange dream, and sometimes I paused, to ask myself whether I was awake or asleep.

When I had nearly climbed a hundred feet, I paused to take breath, and rest awhile, by seating myself on a jutting angle. Solbieski was twenty feet below me, but much more exhausted and embarrassed than myself. Not having had my climbing experience, I cheered him with my voice, and leant down to give him a helping hand, and in a minute or two he was seated beside me. It was time, for the last stone on which he had set his foot gave way, and rolling down, brought a hundred more after it. They rushed to the ground with noise like thunder, making a sort of diabolical uproar, which caused the country to resound for miles.

"Our retreat is cut off," said Solbieski, "the path is destroyed."

"Then a new and easier one is formed," replied I, coolly. "Are you not aware, my friend, that it is the nature of these pyramidal structures to widen and spread at the base, and that if it had not been for a succession of similar accidents, we could not have ascended at all?"

"That is true," said Solbieski; "but how much higher have we to climb to gain the top of this horrible tower?"

"About twenty or thirty feet more," I replied; "but take hold of the leathern end of my belt, and we shall aid each other."

After a scramble of a few minutes longer, we stood in safety on the summit of the Torre Maladetta. Solbieski laughed joyfully at having overcome our difficulties—yes—laughed on that tower where I dare answer no one had ever smiled before, at least so I said to him.

"Pardon me," he said, "if I have annoyed you by my joy; but yonder lies the tower St. Veit, shadowing itself out on the horizon below us like a slight column of black basalt, there I know my Honoria is thinking of me; I forgot that Diane is no longer among the living, or if she is, lives not for you."

"Nay," I replied, "dwell not on my weakness, nor on my griefs, we must only remember that some one certainly lives and suffers in this tower."

We easily introduced the end of the crow-bar into the aperture of the trap-door that had been raised by my chisel. The rusty hinge soon groaned on its axis, and we heaved up the heavy door, which we placed upright against the impending parapet of the ruinous summit, and the stones which I had removed from the trap on my first expedition. I held the lantern down within the dark void, which seemed to me a narrow landing-place about seven or eight feet in depth.

I leaped down, and after holding the lantern on all sides, found what I expected, a narrow staircase, that wound round a central column, the whole of which following the bias of the tower went awkwardly away, yet was tolerably whole; I called to Solbieski to wait patiently above, while I explored it. Following its windings for about thirty steps, it led to a sort of hall, at the end of which was a flight of stairs wide enough for three men to walk abreast. At the bottom of these, I saw rays of light that certainly did not proceed from my lantern; it was the light of heaven, the blessed light of the moon, that entered suddenly and sweetly into the black darkness of this terrific edifice.

I ran back, and re-mounted the spiral stairs, calling joyfully!—"An outlet! the tower is open, my friend."

"An outlet!" exclaimed Solbieski. "Oh! is it possible that we can get out without returning by that fearful path?"

At the same instant he jumped down; but scarcely had he reached me, when the trap-door fell too, after him, with a shock that made the old donjon stagger over our heads.

"What have I done?" said he: "we are prisoners, and for ever, in the Torre Maladetta, for I have left the tools on the outside!"

Still we have the hopes of an outlet, one that escaped my observation in the morning; therefore let us not give way to these useless inquietudes, but press on to gain it. I ran to the bottom of this new-found staircase, but what was my astonishment, when I found my course impeded
by a wall twelve or fourteen feet high, that had been built up direct in the way to block up the passage. We sat down on the lower steps to consider what we should do; I held my lantern to the wall, and saw that it was new in comparison to the rest of the structure; and I concluded that Mario had raised this impediment, to cut off any communication with the inner part of the tower, since others might have entered it from the outside as we had done. The roof being very lofty in this part, the interposing wall was not carried up to the top, and the moonlight which I had seen on the stairs came over the top.

"If I could surmount this wall, we should find the outlet," I said; "and by the help of your shoulders, Stanislaus, I could get on the top."

"Let us rather," replied he, "return, and try to raise the trap-door, four vigorous arms from below might easily heave it up again. Let us first return, Maxime, and try to open a way for our retreat, for here we are enclosed between two obstacles; and what shall we do when our light fails us?"

These reasons were unanswerable, and I followed him back to the trap-door, but we were too low to make any successful effort to raise it. The door shook above us, but we wanted some strong instrument to raise it to one side to allow us to get out. My chisel broke off short in my hand, in making a fresh and desperate attempt, while the waning light of my lantern warned us that the precious time must not be wasted at this impracticable place. We returned, without speaking, to the other boundary of our prison. I was able to climb to the top of the wall, and saw that the light of the moon proceeded through an archway at the end of a long passage: I helped Solbieski to mount on the top of the wall, and we easily let ourselves down by our hands on the other side. We ran forward to the arch that let in the light, and turning round a angle, saw whence it came.

"Oh, heavens!" I cried, "lost—lost, for ever! this is not an outlet, it is that hideous leaning balcony, where the spirits of Lucretia and Beatrice Cinci are said to appear, the same that Barberina told us in the morning, nothing living could reach without wings. In truth, they ought to be provided with wings who seek either to mount or descend this tower."

I went on the outside of this balcony; its elevation was tremendous, and its position was still more so, hanging as it did over the highest point of rock which rose abruptly from the Tagliamonte; while the river, under the influence of a strong southeast wind and a full-moon, spread its floods wider every moment, cutting off the hope that M. Fabricius could approach the tower for many days.

I seated myself on a stone slab, and leaning my head on my hands and knees, began to meditate on our awkward situation, till the waning and flickering of the wick of my lantern warned me once more, that if researches were to be made, they must be effectually while the light of the lamp lasted; and though there appeared no opening for a further descent into the tower, I was certain there must be one.

After looking about for some minutes, I at last discovered a dark niche in the wall just large enough for a man to enter sideways; the desperation of our case made me resolve to enter it, though I did not do so without my heart beating violently, and my flesh shuddering, for the least percussion of the shattered old building would, I thought, jam me up, to die a lingering death in that accursed hole. We had already descended at least fifty steep steps, that seemed framed in the thickness of the wall, when the passage widened, and the descent became an inclined plane, but so sudden was it that I could scarcely keep my feet. By this we were led to a cylindrical opening, which contained a hideously dark staircase, winding round a pillar, like the one we first met with above, to appearance much dilapidated, and withal so strait, as scarcely to admit us to squeeze ourselves in, one by one. What danger or horror it led to we did not pause to consider. There was no time to hesitate. I could only descend it backwards, and I first touched the steep steps with foot before foot, marveling whither this abomination of darkness would lead us. My lantern winked and burned heavily, as well from want of oil, as from the heavy murky air pent up between these thick damp walls. Every moment I dreaded its total extinguishment. However, we got at last into a wider staircase, and into a vast hall regularly built, but as dark as the grave. My winking lamp would not suffer me to see the whole at once; by walking round it, I found that we had descended below the base of the tower, for the walls were cut
The Duchess of Ciceri.

out of the solid rock. In the midst of this apartment was a well; I approached it, and saw that it was of considerable depth; it had been hollowed with great labour through the rock, for the supply of the castle. There were a winch, pulley, and rope adhering to it in excellent preservation; and to my great astonishment the bucket hung at the top, not only wet, but half full of water.

"What further proof do we want," said I, pointing out this circumstance to Solbieski, "to assure us that this mysterious place is inhabited?"

"Ay! there is little doubt of that; the question is, what sort of inhabitants we shall have to encounter?"

At this moment my eyes were attracted by an old curtain of black cloth that hung suspended from hooks in the wall, about the height of a door-way. It actually covered a door-way. I sprang forward, and Solbieski followed me, into a chamber that had the appearance of having once been furnished for the dwelling of civilized humanity. This saloon was vast and dreary, as also boundless to our limited gaze: the sides seemed garnished with antique fauteuils, and couches of a large magnificent form and elaborately carved work; there was a Venetian glass over a huge chimney, that looked like a monument; but the glass being dull I did not distinguish it, till I was scared by the dim reflection of my own figure as I moved to and fro with the lantern; how strange any thing familiar seemed in this abode of woe!

I had scarcely smiled at the thought that I had become cowardly enough to be alarmed at my own shadow, when I heard an exclamation of horror behind me, and Solbieski staggered forward with a face blanched and ghastly.

"'There—there!'" he cried, pointing to a corner in deep shadow—"'it is there! Maxime, it is there!"

(To be concluded next month.)

SONNET.

Written in St. Margaret's Bay.

BY G. R. CARTER.

Ye cliffs that with your shaggy brows sublime
Frown o'er the waters as ye frowned of old;
Titanic forms! o'er which the storms of Time,
And chance, and change, unceasingly have rolled—
Still may the sea-gull greet ye from afar,
When skies are black with tempests, and the cloud
Gives birth to peals of thunder long and loud,
And ocean joins the elemental war.
Cliffs of my native isle! if summer's zone
With fairest flowers enwreaths your rugged forms,
Or wintry winds and desolating storms
Upon your summit fix their lofty throne,
I hail ye still with pride, for ye proclaim
To all the western world our Albion's naval fame.

THE DUCHESS OF CICERI.

FROM THE GERMAN JUST PUBLISHED.

The noble Count of Kerghanau had scarcely dismounted his foaming charger, when his trusty servant, La Brie, pale and disordered in his looks, ran out to meet his master.

"Is it true?" he said, with more of anxiety than prudence, "that the attorney-general has been here?"

The servant bowed towards the ground in profound reverence, and ringing his hands in the greatest anxiety, said,

"Yes, by our dear beloved Lady of Roannes, 'tis but too true. The royal procurator, the captain of the gens d'armérie, the commissary d'instruction—"

"Who is he?" interrupted the count.

"What business has the Instruction in my house? What have the harpies been searching after?"

"After your papers, my lord; for you correspondence."
"A useless search," exclaimed the count. "I keep no correspondence—I have no papers."

"So I told them. You have only thrice this year signed your name; and since the cat, four months ago, upset the ink-stand, we have not had a drop of ink in the house."

"Plague on the cat," uttered the count. "What a pity, for the fine cut ink-bottle: my grandfather filled it for the last time. But what did the d—- dogs want here?"

"The gentlemen forcibly opened every thing—spoke a great deal of conspiracies—called the Carlists—found nothing—and went away in high dudgeon."

"— and went away!" was echoed from the lips of the count; at the same time adding, "that's the main point. Yes, yes, La Brie, matters become every day worse and worse in France. The quietest and most peaceable nobleman is suspected, and disturbed in the privacy of his own dwelling. I was comfortably sitting at the viscount's, when immediately between the cheese and the desert, the cursed news arrived. A pity that the Jacobites are off; I would else, for sport's sake, have shot one or two of them. La Brie, go and fetch my double-barrelled gun. I will go some where, and shoot a duck or a raven."

"Oh! my lord, the gens d'armes have taken the gun with them—all powder and shot—even the old rusted carbine that your uncle brought from the battle of Marengo."

"The devil take the gens d'armes of the pear-headed and long-whiskered usurper. You will see they will summon us before the magistrates; but a true nobleman does not appear to their summons. I will away; and were I this moment provided with money, I would do so instantly. Is it not a shame? I am the most peaceable gentleman in the country? I love the royal family from the very bottom of my heart; but I have nothing to do with Holyrood. I have not armed the peasantry—I have not taken part, in any way, in revolutionary proceedings. I would take arms in defence of his majesty King Charles, and that solely because I hate the accursed progress of civilisation and education as they call it; but I am incapable of any conspiracy, and notwithstanding I have to suffer such degradation, I never write, and yet they search for my papers—I never give my opinion on their politics, and yet they suspect me—I wish to go shooting, and they rob me of my arms and munition. If I now only had money!"

"That want, my lord, might be provided for. The old Mathurin brought this morning eleven thousand francs in gold, the sum he owed you for the forest which he bought last year. I signed a receipt in your name, and the sum will be sufficient. Next quarter's day you will have a good deal more."

"You are right, honest La Brie; the sum will be sufficient, and we will start to-morrow, for I certainly cannot tolerate such conduct any longer. Let Jeremy mount horse, and ride down to the préfecture—they dare not refuse me a passport."

"But where, my lord, do you intend going?"

"Truth, and honour bright, I know not. I have never been out of our lovely Bretagne. Where, do you think, we might live most agreeably, and cheapest?"

La Brie shrugged his shoulders, and said, with air and utterance consequential, counting with his fingers. "Why, in the first place, there is England."

"I will not go there; 'tis too foggy, and, besides, I do not understand their brute jargon."

"Well, then, secondly, we have Spain."

"Not there, for the world—the sun burns so hot, and the people are so treacherous."

"Then, thirdly, we have Germany."

"Heaven protect me from those cool northern barbarians."

"Switzerland, then?"

"Fy, for mentioning it—a Republic! Know ye, La Brie, we will go to Italy. You have once been there, and that would make it so much the pleasanter."

"Yes, my lord, three years ago I was in Naples, and a splendid place it is; the sun always shines there so bright, and so lovely; there it was I first learnt the little Italian I know, and there it is spoken in the purest perfection."

"How much I like the beauteous harmony of Italian, though I scarcely understand a word of the jingo; and the perpetual sunshine gives me a kind of spiritual existence; but away with these musings. You said a capital? It is at least no republic, then?"

"God bless you, my lord. No! no!
Naples is the birth-place of the Duchess of Berry.

"I like that amazingly. Long life to the duchess. Yes, we will go to Naples. Let the carriage be cleared. Put the money into my travelling desk, and pack up all things necessary for the journey. I will leave my cousin, master, here, whilst I am absent. Jerome can be back before the evening with the passport, and this very night we will depart. I will take the greyhounds with me. Jacque—Constant. Where are the cursed animals?"

"Oh! my lord, the poor Jacque has run into a fox-trap, and Constant has run away."

"There it is; I said at the time my cousin baptized the two dogs, that the cursed names would bring the poor animals into destruction. But, never mind, brush my coats, pack my portmanteaus, order the horses, and at nine o'clock we will be off. Then shall we be in Naples?"

"Why, my lord, it will at least take a few weeks."

"The devil it will! I thought Naples lay close behind Lyons; or could we not go a nearer way over Metz, where my nephew, the captain, is in garrison?"

"Oh! my lord, that is much further; Metz lies on the frontiers of Hanover, only a few miles from Hambro. We shall be obliged to travel through the Dauphine."

"Good! then I shall have the honour to pay my respects to his royal highness the dauphin. Well, La Brie, as I have said, we depart this day, stay away for a year, and at the time of our return, France surely will be old France again; the clergyman has told me so, and I am convinced the clergyman speaks the truth, for he reads all the newspapers. But where are we going to live when we arrive at Naples?"

"When I was there, the family with which I travelled lived at the Hotel de Castiglione, in the via Toledo."

"Toledo! Why, I always thought that Toledo was in Spain. How many things are learnt by travelling. Then we would stop in the Hotel de Castiglione. You shall be my interpreter, so make haste, that we may as soon as possible be out of this tyrannical France."

CHAII.

It was festival time, or rather the eve of a fête. Through the whole of Naples tones of joy and mirth resounded, and multitudes of people, with song, music, and every demonstration of gaiety, were passing to and fro in the streets, together with a vast concourse of double and single-bodied vehicles, some driven furiously along, and others moving with the solemn gravity of dignified age, and imposing pomp. Amidst the vast crowds was now seen rolling a heavy travelling-carriage, covered over, inches deep, with dust. On the coach-box a servant was seated, dressed in rather remarkable livery, who was gazing right and left, as if he wished to bring back to his recollection some past agreeable remembrance of that great city. A tall, dark, middle-aged man, half concealed in travelling garments, in the interior of the carriage, was keeping up an incessant conversation with his servant. The postillion, regardless of what was said, whipped his horses, and drove into the via Toledo.

"D— it, La Brie, are we not yet at our destination? I begin to get quite uneasy. You will find that we have unexpectedly again got into the clutches of a fresh revolution. Heaven protect us from their balls and poisoned daggers."

"I hardly know where I am, my lord. The houses have quite altered themselves, and I do not yet see the Hotel de Castiglione. It might have been yonder red house there; but it is not, for a great saint stood in front of the house, and also a lamp, if I remember rightly."

"The rascally Jacobites may have taken away the saint; look then well around you; I cannot stand this jolting any longer."

La Brie uttered a loud exclamation of joy; he had indeed found the house for which he had been so long seeking, and had accordingly told the post-boy to drive up to it.

"There, did you say, — there, signor?" demanded the driver, drawing the corners of his mouth to a contemptible smile.

"Yes, yes, to that house," vociferated La Brie in his brogue, with such earnestness, that the driver, although he doubted what he had heard, nevertheless hurried to obey the given orders. The carriage rolled up towards the house, down the large deserted-looking gateway. Many were the cursing imprecations used by the postillion before a human being made his appearance, to assist the high-born traveller from his carriage: at length came
a ragged ostler, who, with want depicted in every line of his countenance, in vain attempted to conceal the devastations made by the hand of Time upon every portion of his pitiful clothing.

Then came, after a few minutes’ delay, the master of the house, a man rather tall in figure, with a true monkey physiognomy, and a pair of bandy legs, who boldly tried to conceal the astonishment in which he had been placed, by the unexpected arrival of so distinguished a guest. The Count of Kergnanau (for he it was), already deafened by the bustle in the street, was now doubly so by the noisy compliments and unceasing bows of the landlord and his assistant, whilst he almost unconsciously allowed himself to be led up the broad and dirty staircase, into a room that was open to receive him. This chamber, with a beautiful prospect over the splendid street, bore undeniable marks of former splendour, and many subsequent years of utter neglect; spider-webs hung like mourning banners in every corner; the paintings on the walls were half-blotted out, darkened, or torn; the gilt fringe on the curtains was changed into copper colour, where it had been subject to wet or damp. A large candelabrum, of crystal once beautifully cut, presented but a confused mass of shattered glass; and flies and spiders had entirely obliterated its originally brilliant appearance. In a recess stood a huge ill-shapen bed; and the tables, the sofas, and the chairs, were in the last stages of dissolution. Any other stranger would have hastened to have made a peaceable exit, never to return; but Kergnanau felt himself in possession of a quiet and comfortable home, for it brought strongly to his mind his own dear residence, where his forefathers, for more than four hundred years, held offices of distinction, and he himself had been domiciled until his thirty-sixth year, in jovial contentment, an avowed enemy to every species of wild sport, raking, and revolution. Delighted with the prospect before him, he gazed out first at one window, then at another, and, full of wonderment, regarded the immense concourse and uncustomed spectacle; then he would rub his hands, chuckle with his tongue, casting significant glances towards his faithful and confidential La Brie, who, accustomed to his humour, readily understood his master, while he was, all the while, in deep conversation with the ruggish-looking landlord; and not until after a great deal of seemingly important negotiation had passed between them, did La Brie approach his master.

“What has the knife told you, La Brie? His language is worse to me than Hebrew, the dialect of our dear home is harmony in comparison; I fear I shall never be able to speak it. But what did the landlord want?”

“La Brie, confused, paused to answer.

“Many things, my lord, have lately altered appearances here in the house; I know now, why the rascally postilion so scornfully smiled when he galloped off with his horses. In fact, this house seems no longer one of the first in Naples—for the landlord just now demanded of me an advance, in order, as he said, ‘with due respect’ to be able to serve your lordship’s table.”

“That’s bad, La Brie—what then can be done? A man of my distinction must now-a-days necessarily eat a good dinner, and cannot possibly perambulate from tavern to tavern; you may as well, therefore, give him a few gold pieces; but how has he been reduced to such a state of poverty?”

“He says the revolution has bereaved him of every thing.”

“There we have it again—the revolution causes all honest people to lose their property. What a misfortune that we should have come here; how long has the revolution been in Naples?”

“Ah! that’s an old story, my lord, many, many years ago.”

“Now, truth and honour, there is such humming, bustling noise in the streets, as if riot was only in its prime. The poor people!—how shall we get away? At Boulogne-sur-Mer, was it the same?”

“You mean Bologna, my lord?”

“For my part, as you like it; but have we run from the jaws of one rebellion into another, from Sylla into Cambyses?”

“But allow me, then, my lord, very humbly to assert, that every thing here is peace and order; Naples always appears as it does to-day, and if you had been in Paris, the bustle would not for a moment astonish you; the people of Naples live peaceably under the freely-elected and rightful monarch.”

“Ah! if that’s the case, I am fully satisfied, for where there is a king, there surely cannot be any revolution, but every place exhibits peace and comfort; and so, La Brie, let us happily eat, drink, and sleep,
whilst we are here—give the landlord the required advance, but tell him that he must cook à la Françoise, for the Italian dishes please me as little as ________—"

"As—What did your lordship intend to say?"

"As the Italian women," said the count, as he coloured up to the eyes. Then turning smilingly away, his servant departed to execute some commission, leaving his master musing at the open window.

CHAP. III.

The count was an athletic man, delighting in the chase, and blessed with eyes piercing as the eagle's. On the whole of his long journey he had paid infinitely less attention to cities and kingdoms than to the inhabitants in them, and still less had he considered their costume and manners than their looks; and little regarded the physiognomy of the male population, but had entirely devoted himself to bear away in his recollection the remembrance of the lovely little faces of the women. Although nought of a connoisseur in beauty, still the charms of the Italian ladies had exercised over him, as customary with strangers, a powerful influence; and he had dared to make comparisons between the beauties of Italy and those of Britany, who, although his own countrywomen, had in these days entirely lost all claims to superiority. He had not, it is true, as yet, seen Paris, that paradise for the fair sex, where all loveliness was reputed to congregate. During his previous journeymarks, he had been wont to travel at night, that his feelings might not be wounded by the sight of tri-coloured flags and banners; and it was on this account that he so much delighted in gazing on these, in his eyes, beautiful Italians. Amongst themselves, it is well known that in Naples female beauty is seldom to be seen; nevertheless, many a stranger's heart is endangered: so was the count's, when, for the first time, he observed the simplicity of the Neapolitan ladies, their ease, walk, manner, and behaviour; and he was particularly struck by the vivid and well-chosen colours of their dresses, whilst the light, dancing, passing figures were incessantly moving, as if in review, underneath his apartment; and he found sooner than he anticipated an object which awakened a lively interest. A lady of majestic exterior, simply but nobly dressed, passed by on the opposite side of the street, casting, around, her sparkling eyes, and then for a moment fixing them upon the Bretonish nobleman; from that steadfast and half-spying glance, his bosom beat with hopes of anticipated future pleasure. The lady lingered for a few moments, then departing quickly, disappeared in one of the opposite houses. An elderly servant, dressed in a gaudy livery, rather the worse for wear, with a prayer-book and velvet cushion under his arm, followed the lady, who apparently had returned from some place of worship. It was not long ere on the platform of the house she had entered, the stranger again appeared decked out in the same charming rose-coloured silk dress; she rested herself thoughtfully on the marble palisades, picked the leaves from a small myrtle branch, and ever and anon, half-cautiously, half-openly, turned her brilliant and inquiring eyes towards the window where the count stood, who, curious and full of love, and unlike a simple, young country squire, turned his broad gaze upon the tall and lovely figure, forgetting, in his ecstasies, every new object around him. It was at that delightful period La Brie entered the room rather abruptly.

"Hush, Jacque!" cried the count, in ecstatic illusion—"be silent, Constant! the dogs chase my best game away——"

La Brie attempted by an apology to prove that he was no dog; Kerghanau turned himself round towards him, and then hastily again looked out at the window. But the lovely stranger had disappeared, as if some charm had carried her away: the enraged count showered half a dozen oaths upon his poor servant, but changing such blasphemies, he soon made involuntary confessions, by which La Brie comprehended which way the wind blew; but always too humble to venture directly to question his master, he, like an obedient servant, parleyed not, but informed him that dinner was on the table.

CHAP. IV.

The count had, on the following morning, just finished breakfast, when La Brie, entering, announced a lady, who wished to see his lordship. Delightful anticipations took possession of his soul; and before the good-natured nobleman was able to give his command the door opened, and a deeply-veiled female, of noble mien, entered the room. Kerghanau
hastened to receive her, and when about three paces from him, the lady threw her veil over her bonnet, and the count felt himself struck as if by lightning, when in her features he recognised the very stranger who the day before had so powerfully spell-bound his heart. Elysium itself could not, in his mind, have called into existence feelings more delightful than those which at this moment agitated his enraptured soul.

The lady introduced herself by high-flown strains of compliment, modulated in the softest utterance of her native tongue. The count staggered his shoulders, and, in his look, fell despair was depicted at his not being able to understand Italian.—

“No matter, my lord,” answered the stranger in tolerably good French, “I understand the language of your country, and our means of conversation will be equally free, if you will dismiss every unnecessary witness.”—A keen side-glance, directed towards La Brie, sufficiently explained what the lovely unknown intended to hint at; and the servant, after having placed for her accommodation a once beautifully girt, but now worm-eaten, chair, politely withdrew. With movements in which grace was conspicuous, the visitor seated herself, and without further ceremony poured forth her thoughts in language at once the most amiable and confiding. “Seated,” said she, “vis-à-vis to a French nobleman, it is nevertheless difficult for one deeply oppressed, and in every respect unfortunate, to explain the bitter cares and serious troubles by which she is tormented. A Frenchman has a heart for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and knows how to regard them with sympathy and honour. You see before you a lady of considerable rank, who, through numberless misfortunes, has been brought to the very brink of despair. I am a Genoese, brought up in lovely Turin, and from the celebrated house of Spinola. My estates are distributed in Corsica, Sardinia, and Piedmont. The little beauty of which I could once boast gained for me in my youth numerous suitors. A Neapolitan duke sued for my hand, I gave it him, and then first sowed the seeds of endless misery on this side the grave. My husband, the Duke of Ciceri, is one of the most extravagant of men, who rules solely by his passions, and turns a deaf ear to good counsel. Gambling, to which he blindly adheres, has swallowed up both our united fortunes. He wasted and squandered the greater part of my patrimony, and, faithless guardian! even betrayed my dignity as a wife. Too late were my eyes open to a knowledge of his conduct; I had been shamefully deceived. The turbulent revolutions of latter years robbed me entirely of the rest of my property, and I was soon deserted even by him, who had sworn for ever to shield and protect me. I live now separated from him, a victim to my sorrows and past recollections, and often exposed to want, as the inhuman monster even withholds from me the estate he settled on me as a marriage portion—yes, my lord, I am sore pressed by penury and want. It is with extreme pain that I pronounce these words; but I do narrate my tale, conscious that the gentleman to whom I give this confidence will never misuse it, for his noble countenance alone has drawn the confession from me, and he will therefore not subject me to the torturing dread of suspicion. In your hand, then, most worthy stranger, I calmly leave my mournful case: do what you can to save an unhappy duchess—yes, even a duchess descended from one of the most ancient families in Christendom, brought down to this state of destitution, which, without some friendly hand, will e’en drive her to despair.”

At these words, she hastily drew her veil over her face, and sat in silence with her head bent as if lost in her sorrows; but half-concealed sighs betrayed to the deeply affected count how great were the afflictions of the lovely sufferer: following the impulse of his feelings, and penetrated at the cruel destiny under which a lady from the ranks of the first nobility suffered, he instantly hastened to his desk, and forced two rolls of sequins into her hand. Without giving a word in answer, she moved her head gracefully to her benefactor, in token of gratitude, and seemingly without knowledge of the present she had received; it fell as if by mere accident into the folds of a handkerchief which she held in her hand. The count, in deep confusion, and anxious for the issue, at length said, “Accept, my lady duchess, this trifle—tis all I at this moment am able to do; it is much too little for a lady of your rank and accomplishments, but you will, perhaps, permit me to wait upon you to consider
further what can be done, and how far it may be in my power to diminish your sorrows. The duchess slightly moved her head, and answered, with female bashfulness, "You cannot possibly see me, my noble friend; insurmountable obstacles forbid it, and I feel sorry at being compelled to refuse you this small token of my gratitude; still I am compelled to do so."

"With this refusal, believe me, my lady, you wound me deeply; shall I confess to you that, since yesterday, you are the only one on whom I have thought—the only one for whom I would wish to live. Your loveliness has made me forget every thing—family—home; you live but a short distance from this house, and still do you refuse me the honour of paying my respects to you?"

"You are in error, my lord; I live not in yonder house—and can only in passing remain there for a few minutes; I dare not tell you where I live; but my prayers for your welfare shall be raised aloft—and, as often as I can secretly steal myself away, from yonder platform I will look down upon your window, and with the tenderest feelings remember you." Saying this, she rose from her chair, and again partially drew back her veil; and ardent beams of love and gratitude shot from her eyes into the susceptible and wounded heart of Kerganana. The old bachelor was momentarily lost in the conflict of feelings; his head grew giddy, and he tried to hold himself firm by the hand of the beauteous duchess:—how soft and tender were those hands!—she warmly pressed Kerganana's in her own: his senses now entirely forsook him, and before he had regained his sensibility, the Duchess of Ciceri had disappeared.

**CHAP. V.**

By the place where the duchess had sat, now stood La Brie, with an important physiognomy, gladly smiling and bowing to his master, as if the latter had just received the cordon bleu. Joy and transport were depicted over all his features: "Such fortune and luck can only happen to ex-French noblemen! Truly, my lord, if your dear lady mother was alive, she would cry tears of joy and gratitude. Yes, I always said it, Italy is the land for wonders; the paradise of all gentle and agreeable adventures. Receive my congratulations, my lord, and Heaven send this strange love-making to the altar, where I doubt not, for a moment, matters will end happily, when I take all your many merits into consideration, and the knight-like virtue with which you so nobly stood the unexpected trial."

"Are you raving, La Brie?" demanded the count, with looks of surprise and anger: "or what is the meaning of all this? Verily, knave, I think you have been listening, and now are bold enough to play upon my condescending kindness."

"To play upon your kindness! How could I dare do such a thing? but as to having listened, faith, I may as well confess that I just put my ear a little to the key-hole, and much astonished I was—but now, since I am better informed, I am enraptured with joy—the handsomest lady in Naples receives you with open arms as soon as you demand it."

"That might be, La Brie," said the count, "self-pleased and smiling, and throwing a look at the opposite house; but how would it agree with the principles of true chivalry to misuse the confidence of the helpless and the unfortunate?"

"Nonsense! begging your lordship's pardon; a fine case of distress, when the distressed does not know what to do with her abundance—heavy misfortunes, indeed! pillowed on millions. You are, permit me to say so, my lord, rather a little deceived, but a deception that might not altogether displease you. The Duchess of Ciceri is not poor, but possesses, on the contrary, immense wealth; she is not in want of a home, but has palaces without number, each surpassing the other in splendour; and, at last, the duchess is not suffering under the fickle temper of a bad husband, but has been, on the contrary, for two years a widow, with unlimited power over her inclinations and wishes; and it will now entirely depend upon you how long she is to continue so."

Kerganana, whilst this conversation lasted, several times changed colour, blushed up to the eyes, and drew his face into shapes worthy of any quondam country squire. The more jovial the servant, the more simple and foolish became the looks of the master. The count felt his head, thrust his hands about his pockets, as if entranced in a dream, and knew not how he should
understand or construe the tale of his servant.

"Well, then," at length he said, "explain what I am not able to understand."

"You are astounded, my lord; the duchess is well known over the capital for the strangeness of her temper, and urged only by the purest motives, has remarked you, and been charmed by your noble exterior. The Italian ladies have peculiar ways of their own to gain their own ends: now, as she had found your exterior fair, she wished to know something of your character and disposition, and for this purpose she has invented this scheme. One who has so generously relieved the distressed with kindness and gentleness, and not tried to misuse the opportunities of a benefactor, has fully proved himself to be worthy of the intimate friendship of this distinguished lady. ‘At last, then, I have found out a long searched for object on whom to bestow my regard!’ the duchess exclaimed, as, departing, she passed by the landlord; and his joy for such an unexpected honour would not allow him to make a secret of it to me, although his patroness had most strictly commanded him, to use secrecy. ‘You will hear and see,’ said he, ‘what you never yet dreamt of.’—The count paced up and down the room, rubbed his hands, and then deeply deplored that he had not at once offered to the stranger the whole contents of his desk. After some very gentle knocks at the door, the landlord, with a profusion of bows and compliments, introduced the elderly servant whom the count had previously seen following the duchess; with incessant bows he approached the count, and delivered into his hands a very rich and elegant etui, with the request that he would accept of it, as a well-meant, though but trifling, remembrance of his mistress. With trembling haste Kerghanau opened the small case; a splendid ring of Genoa workmanship, richly starred with large jewels, glared his eyes; at the side of it lay a highly-perfumed pink-coloured paper, on which, in a beautiful hand, was written, ‘The memory of an hour, in which the humanity of the noblest gentleman solemnised its brightest triumph.’—The heart of the count throbbed for joy; and golden was the recompense he bestowed upon the love-carrying messenger; and, into the bargain, he delivered to him the sweetest and most eloquent message that had ever escaped his lips, beseeching him to lay them at the feet of his illustrious mistress, and allow him once more the happiness of beholding her. With deep reverence the servant now took his leave, and Kerghanau’s eyes lost themselves in the glitter of the jewels, and of the magic spell that beamed forth from the pink-coloured paper. La Brie and the landlord looked over the count’s shoulder into the etui, and could hardly contain themselves for delight, whilst gazing at the choice, and exquisite, and valuable present.

"That’s a kingly present!” enthusiastically exclaimed Bochino, the landlord, "Surely it cannot be worth a Louis less than 10,000 francs."

"Ten thousand francs!" repeated La Brie, with staring eyes, "do you hear, my lord? Did I not say so? but how seldom it is that virtue and humanity fetch such a high price!"

"Ten thousand francs!" now in his turn, repeated the count, "tis not possible, my good La Brie—not possible, honest landlord. It would be too much for the few gold pieces which I had given only to relieve want and distress."

"If you will allow me, most illustrious signor," said Bochino, "I will introduce you to a French nobleman who often visits this humble house, and is at present in the billiard-room. The gentleman is a great connoisseur in precious stones, and he would consider it a pleasure to render any countryman of his a service."

"A French nobleman!" cried Kerghanau, after La Brie had informed him what the landlord had said; "he is welcome. I now long after a French cavalier of old standard nobility, whom I could make my confidant; haste, my good landlord, and introduce me to him as soon as possible."

After a few minutes, the anxiously-expecting Frenchman stood before the count; he was a young man of middle stature, of weather-beaten aspect, and with strongly marked features, wearing short trimmed mustachios, and without whiskers. He was elegantly dressed, and had rings on every finger; and brilliants were fixed instead of buttons to fasten his waistcoat. In his manner he was free, open, and engaging, and his language
The Duchess of Ciceri.

"I am glad to hear that you, my noble friend, are so acquainted with the duchess: what do you think of her character?"

"She has the oddest and most romantic humour, combined with the noblest sentiments and motives. One would be able to write books à la Scudery, only to account for her many acts of benevolence. She goes incognito, like the Caliph Harun al Raschid. She is a female Diogenes; only with this small difference, that, instead of a lantern, she uses her finely-beaming, beautiful eyes."

"Yes!" sighed the Count; "her eyes are beautiful."

"Where can I begin, and where should I finish, were I in any measure to attempt to give you an idea of this strange lady? If there be any where, even in the most obscure corner of the city, a couple of poor lovers, the duchess loses no time in going there, gets them married, and makes them happy. If some poor, yet deserving, wretch languishes in prison, the duchess gives him relief and consolation. If there be a deserving and talented artist or mechanic in distress, she gains for him a livelihood, by giving him orders to execute. If some unfortunate being has been illegally deprived, she either assists him by her interference or with her money, and purchases for him that which he had the right legally to enjoy; or she will stand godmother for the poorest child. In her incognito, she discovers talents and nobility of heart: under the jacket of the lazzaroni, she is a mother to the orphan, a friend to the unhappy. Her large palace on the shore of the Gulf is daily thronged with clients of every description. She has often raised modesty and virtue out of the mire: detecting vice and crime, she penetrates through the mystery of every crafty and cunning device, to spread around bliss and comfort. Her treasures are enormous, her activity boundless, and her will is without control, since her widowhood, except in one point."

"And that point is?" demanded Kerghanau, whose curiosity had been raised to the highest pitch, after Hymbercourt had finished.

"Why, my dear friend, the concerns of the heart are with the ladies. The duchess is a very sagacious and well-principled lady. Still it is not impossi-
ble that she may again like exchanging the sweets of liberty to enter the more delightful field of love. But she has a brother, who anticipates inheriting all her wealth; on which account he, tyrannically, tries to destroy every tender feeling that might arise between the duchess and some one of her numerous friends. I could tell you much of this brother, but I am glad to say,—thanks to his debaucheries,—he need not now be much considered, as he stands on the brink of the grave. At his death the duchess will be entirely free, and this rare jewel will then shine in all her splendour. But what do I see? what glitters so in that etui? what a precious gem you are possessed of, my lord! Upon my honour, I never saw finer brilliants. Permit me to look upon them: I am a connoisseur, and was present at the valuing of all the crown jewels of France, at the demise of his late majesty, King Louis. Why this is splendid! such precious stones are rare in France; I suppose it belonged to the family treasure that your forefathers, at the time of the Crusades, brought from the Holy Land."

"Not at all, M. de Hymbercourt;" muttered the count; "it is a present—a memorial of friendship."

"Then, in truth, I envy you for your friend's sake. This is lordly,—it is royal."

"Without jesting,—in earnest—do you think so? Is the value of this ring really so considerable?"

"If you will allow me to purchase it of you, I will this moment pay you fifty thousand francs for it; and would, with the greatest confidence in my knowledge, add another ten thousand, if my drafts at this moment were not in some confusion. I am afraid we shall have new disturbances in France, for my bills of last month have been retarded two post-days, and I am always very anxious in money dealings."

"I, for my part, shall not put you to any anxiety about it," answered Kerg-hanuu, in a tone bordering on rudeness; "I would never sell this, to me dear, present; but let us leave this subject: allow me to put the ring back into the etui; and then tell me if you could introduce me at the Duchess of Ciceri's."

"Certainly, my dear friend; I shall this evening be at her house, when I will mention your name, and without a doubt bring you an invitation for to-morrow. If you would like to have a ride through town, I will with pleasure show you all the curiosities of Naples, and, amongst others, the palace of the poetical sylph whom they here, barbarously enough, designate the Duchess of Ciceri."

"I am grateful," cried the count, "for your invitation, and accept with pleasure your kind offer."

CHAPEL VI.

The following day, whilst La Brie was making his master's toilet, he recounted to him the delight and enjoyment he had experienced the previous day; for Hymbercourt, after he had showed him all the splendours of the capital, had brought him to the San Carlos, to lose himself in admiration of the ballet. The ears of the noble count resounded yet with the entrancing music of the full orchestra, and the dancers were even then present to his mind's eye.

"You cannot possibly believe," said he to La Brie, "how beautiful every thing was. Of course I did not understand a word of the opera, but a single step of the dancing escaped me. What a fine theatre! what noble society frequenting it! I do not think they can have such in Paris. La Brie, I was enraptured. One only thing was wanting to make me supremely happy. Only think: the box we happened to enter was the only one unoccupied, and was exactly above that of the Duchess of Ciceri. I should have died with disappointment at being deprived of the sight of that loveliest lady, had I not been able to catch some sounds of her lovely voice, although the people in the pit laughed, and made such a noise during the opera that I despaired of catching a sound, until the dancers arrived and made me forget every thing. After the ballet was over, I hurried Hymbercourt as much as possible to meet the duchess before she entered her carriage. We met just in right time; but, owing to the long dark veil worn here, I could not catch one glimpse of her features, and beheld only her pretty foot and her angelic form. But you know her figure; you know her pretty foot! Three ladies were in waiting for her, and a host of footmen around the gilded coach, drawn by six white horses; the whole cutting an appearance of which the Queen of France need not have been ashamed: there
were, besides, outriders, and men bearing flambeaux, and I know not what all. The happy Hymbercourt went from the San Carlos to pass his hours in the brilliant circle of her acquaintance, and the sunshine of her presence; whilst I, the whole blessed night, could not close my eyes, thinking of her, and of the misfortune which so long spell-bound me in Bretagne, where the pauper are so stupid and unpolished, and the women so ugly. La Brie, dress me to-day as handsomely and as smart as you possibly can. Look out the very finest linen, and the brown dress-coat that fits so well, and forget not the gold shoe-buckles which my cousin gave me, for I expect every minute to receive an invitation from my charming duchess. What o'clock is it now, my good La Brie? Hymbercourt stays like a rogue; may I be forgiven for having nearly cursed one of the best of noblemen."

Hardly had the count finished before Hymbercourt entered the room. With joy beaming in every feature, he welcomed his presence. The count pressed him to his bosom, and imprinted on his hairy cheek the customary kiss of salutation, whilst he, with a significant air, made a token for him to order the servant to withdraw. Then he began in a strain of solemn pathos: "You are a child of fortune, my dear count. You come but to behold, and to conquer. It is really too bad; I should wish to play hazard with you, for I should be sure to win your whole fortune. A man that is so fortunate with women, must, by all the laws of nature, be most unfortunate at cards. Yet notwithstanding that, you are the most unaffected person I ever met with. Why not before this have told me of the tender bonds which have already linked you in close friendship with the duchess? Only listen; after I left you yesterday, I hastened to the palace, on the borders of the Gulf, which I had previously shown to you; the whole fashionable world was assembled there. It seemed to me an age before I could press through the multitude to lay my humble salutations at the feet of the duchess. At last the favourable moment arrived. I made known to her the object of my seeking her presence, mentioned your name, and begged for the honour of introducing you. A deep colour rose on her cheek; joy, surprise, and a tender bashfulness were seen at once struggling in her countenance. In accents scarcely audible, she whispered to me in reply, 'I know him already. It would be my greatest happiness to see him introduced into my circle, if I were not fearful that emotions of tenderness towards him would throw me off my guard, and expose me to the censure, or even the slanders, of the world; otherwise, instead of wasting long tedious hours in the society of those for whom one cannot feel love, nay, scarcely even esteem, how delightful would it be to enjoy the company of the amiable and virtuous! In the neighbourhood of Caserta, I have a neat little villa, away entirely from the busy world; take your friend thither, and no unwished-for witness will intrude to interrupt the flow of the purest friendship. I shall expect you to-morrow with your friend, whose presence would be dangerous to me, if his sense of delicacy was not greater than the passion he has evinced towards me. Remember, then, she repeated—remember to-morrow, when the sun is sinking to repose."

"I could hardly wait for the morning to bring you this agreeable news. How do you feel now, my dear count? The delightful news has made you mute; I understand your sentiments, and feel that your good fortune is enough to astound you. This is the character of the Italian ladies. They are ardent, and decide quickly in making a choice. Love is with them like the air they breathe, a thing interwoven as it were with their existence, and a lasting union generally crowns this momentary impulse of their passions. Dress yourself in the first style of fashion, as much as possible to add to your personal attractions. The sun stands high in the east; a few bottles of cooling champagne will inspire us, and two of the best steeds in my stables will then bring us to the villa, where the envious object of your love impatiently awaits you."

The count hastened to fulfill all that his friend advised, and had desired him to do. La Brie, with both his hands laden with the choicest articles of his toilet, was in waiting for him. After a whole hour's dressing, Kerghanau, at last quite Adonis, his finger decorated with the ring he had received from the duchess, and all the rest of his dress scented with the most exquisite perfumes, whose exist-
enee had hitherto been wholly unknown to him. The honest La Brie beheld, with real pleasure and satisfaction, the rapid and successful progress his master was making in the paths of fashion and gallantry, and with ten thousand blessings accompanied the count as he left the house. The two friends now went to regale themselves at a French restaurateur's, according to previous arrangement. Before Kerghanaou had given it a thought, the sparkling beverage, in addition to his previous excitement, transported him to a degree, that the streets and palaces of Naples seemed hovering like the bright fallacious spectacle of a fata morgana before his eyes. Driving with the rapidity of lightning, they reached Caserta at sunset. The Bretagne nobleman had never before felt his heart so joyous. No sooner had the carriage stopped, than Hymbercourt, with strong arm, gave his assistance to his bewildered companion. With unstable step they proceeded through the park, which was planted with oranges and cypresses, at the bottom of which a beautifully-ornamented country-house was visible. Having entered the mansion, they proceeded along a highly-polished marble passage, and a suite of elegant apartments. Kerghanaou is next ushered into a boudoir, splendidly ornamented with the richest drapery, in the form of a Turkish tent; variegated lamps were suspended from the ceiling, whilst the golden tints of a declining sun yet glimmered through the partly-closed blinds. Seated on an ottoman, dressed in the most attractive negotiée, the queen of all his thoughts and future hopes seemed to be anticipating his resence. Like a French Chatelain, of the olden romances, he bent his knee before the imperial mistress of his heart. In spite of the awkward figure he cut in doing so, the softest hand met his in welcome, and he soon almost unconsciously found himself seated by the side of his beloved. Soft and tender music struck on his ear; the sparkling champagne delighted his palate; his soul is moved with enthusiasm, and in a moment of delicious thought he confesses his attachment and his devotion; and, the gossamer veil of doubt removed, he hears that he is loved in return. Who at such a meeting could count the passage of time!—the hours pass unheeded. But ere the first kiss passed to seal their tender union, Hymbercourt, with a face betokening consternation dire, abruptly enters the room.

"Your brother, my lady duchess."

The duchess gives a shriek of despair, Kerghanaou rises up from his seat; the disturber of their harmony stands before him with drawn sword, raging with passion, and thirsting for vengeance. The count, without the means of defending himself, offers his bosom to his antagonist, but Hymbercourt presses his rapier into his hand, and cries to him,

"Defend yourself, worthy of a French nobleman!"

Swift pass the glittering steels across each other, and in the second round Kerghanaou lays the brother of the duchess at his feet, moaning and weltering in his blood. A moment's astonishment, intermingled with deep anxiety, now fills the dwelling; but it soon gave way for the most affectionate consideration for the count's safety.

"You are lost—save, save yourself!" cried the duchess.

"Flee instantly from this place; save yourself, or the officers of justice will soon be here at your heels," thundered Hymbercourt in his ear.

"To Salerno," said the duchess, with the greatest emotion; "in my villa Terramota! I will shortly write a letter to my steward—the duke's carriage is at the garden; so haste, haste, and save yourself."

"A letter! to Salerno! fly!" stammered the confused count.

Hymbercourt dragged him forth, and forced him into the carriage, putting the duchess's letter into his hand, saying, whilst bidding him farewell—"Keep yourself still at Terramota until you hear from us again. Your servant shall be sent after you. Meanwhile, I will provide a vessel to carry you back to your native shore. Coachman, drive on towards the road of Salerno."

Kerghanaou threw himself down on the seat, and the carriage whirled with the utmost possible speed, whilst lost in griefs and sighs, he was exclaiming—

"Oh, my lovely dreams! Unfortunate Duchess of Ciceri! Most pitiable and miserable wretch of the family of Kerghanaou!" Then followed another sigh, and then, overcome by his perplexities, he threw himself into the refreshing arms of Morpheus. When he awoke, it
The Duchess of Ciceri

was dark night; he himself was lying under a vine-encircled elm, and glittering stars above seemed to inquire of the stranger—"Whence come ye?"

CHAP. VII.

The Duchess of Ciceri had for some days past been in bad spirits, and no one could divine the reason; for her brother, favoured by the will of the deceased duke, who with eagle eyes had watched all her steps, had just been gathered to his fathers. Her sable dress, in customary remembrance of him, caused her heart no affliction, and yet she was lonely and sad, cheerless to herself, and destitute of thought for the miseries of others. Pensively reclining on a sofa, she gazed listlessly upon the crowd moving along the chiaia, where her palace stood, when her favourite Guanzina, the most prudent and discreet of her tire-women, entered, and approaching her mistress softly across the Turkey carpet, said, with tender concern—

"Your Highness lately gives way to melancholy. I should never have thought that the death of the marquis, your brother, could have changed this house of mirth into such an abode of sorrow."

The duchess, moved by the earnestness of her manner, said, "You are a good and feeling creature. You knew me from my youth. You have often been the companion of my adventures, and know that I delight in showering blessings amongst those who have worth, even if it be in a manner that the world is often apt to denounce as foolish and capricious, for their criticism troubles me not. Young, gay, and lively, as I have hitherto been, I do not wish to act an overbearing part, such as might be assumed by a proud and vain religionist, or by a mere moralist; neither to follow the course of a talkative and self-approving friar. Some disguise was then necessary to enable me to perform freely those acts of benevolence, and to give me, moreover, greater enjoyment in the execution of my wishes. The reserved and cold pedantry of my brother restrained me not; the whole year round I kept a carnival, and the sums which I freely spent I merely considered as a toll levied on my fortune, and taken out of my pleasures; yet am I rewarded with ingratitude, and within these few days past I have received the clearest proofs that my name, Heaven knows by whom, has been misused as a shield for the vilest deceptions, and the grossest frauds. I now suspect every one that comes to crave my assistance, and shall not feel satisfied before I have unmasked the actors in this, to me, most unaccountable mystery."

The maid agreed with her highness, that ingratitude was too often the return of benevolence, and concluded—

"As your highness to-day is so very low-spirited, it seems to me hardly admissible to deliver to you this letter, which, coming from the Vicaria, would only contain solicitations from some unfortunate prisoner, who may expect your wanted interference and consolation."

The duchess carelessly took the letter from her attendant, and, unfolding it, perused in silence the following lines, written in French:

"If yet a spark of feeling remain in your breast, most adorable duchess; a spark of that feeling which on the sad evening of our adventure at Caserta animated your bosom; you will deliver me from the hellish situation in which I now linger; for I would rather be beheaded than remain amongst the rogues and vagabonds my daily companions. Betrayed by the postillon who took me from your villa, I fell into the hands of the gens-d'armes, who, in every respect, equal banditti and highwaymen, save in the absence of common humanity. They dragged me, from prison to prison, back to the capital, and insist that in the letter you gave me to your steward lies the most convincing proof of my guilt. They further say that that letter exhibits me as a conspirator against the state, and a dangerous villain to society, and many more things of that kind; but, suffice it, I am tired of my life, for the ill-usage a nobleman here has to suffer, is even beyond that which he could have to endure in France. If you will not save me, use your influence that I may undergo the least ignominious punishment, and be beheaded. Only save me, I pray you, from being hanged! The gens-d'armes have robbed me of every thing worth a Louis, and have taken from me the ring you gave me as the token of your love. In the deepest humiliation, I subscribe myself,

"Count de Kerghanau."

The duchess had hardly concluded this
note, when she sprung from her seat with
the most violent emotion, and rung the
bell, as if the house had been in flames.
Chambermaids and footmen flew in all
directions to receive her commands.
"Quick!" said she; "order my state
carriage! I am going to the Lord
Chancellor. My secretary shall instantly
depart for the Viceria. Give me my
writing-desk! I will myself write to the
 governor of the prison. Hand me my
shawl—my veil. How slowly you move—
quick! in an hour every thing must be
done, and I myself back again here!"

Like creatures driven by a whirlwind,
the servants in their haste jostled each
other. The duchess in a moment returned
again to her accustomed pleasantness
of manner. She penned her letter,
dressed herself with the rapidity of
lightning; messengers were sent off; the
secretary came and received his dis-
patches, and was driven, like the wind,
post haste, to the Viceria. The duchess
in the mean while, in all her pomp and
splendour, went to the land-keeper of
the great seal.

CHAP. VIII.

The secretary at the time appointed,
surrounded by a military escort, returned
to the palace of his mistress, and
politely handed out of the carriage a gent-
leman who accompanied him, whom he
led instantly into the stately hall; the
officers of police kept a becoming dis-
tance; porters and footmen gaping in
wonder betwixt the high Corinthian
pillars. "Is her highness at home?" de-
manded the youthful secretary; the
richly-laced porter humbly answered
"Yes." The parties immediately mounted
the porphyry staircase, and a footman
opened the spacious hall-door. The
duchess, full of gaiety and condescen-
sion, stood on the threshold of her apar-
tment to receive them. "You are wel-
come, my lord," said she; "I have much
to compensate you for, as you were the
victim of a conspiracy which so nearly
affects myself; a shameful deception has
entrapped you in a matter, the evils of
which I cannot sufficiently lament. I
hope that you will, mean time, consider
this house as your own, until I shall be
enabled wholly to unmask the perpetra-
tors of this plot."

"I find, with sorrow," he replied, "that
fate has been very hard towards me, and
cajoled me by a dream, the end of which
has been the source of the greatest bit-
terness and sorrow. Now, depending
entirely on your kindness, I leave my
destiny in your hands."

"You have lost everything, my lord,
but every thing shall be returned to you;
I pledge my word to it. Even the
ring, with its false jewels, which so en-
rapured you, and like a serpent veil
covered their intentions, shall remain
with you in memory of the late adven-
ture, which, as much as lies in my power,
it shall be my most sacred duty to make
amends for. We wish you to lay your
statement before the worthy magistrates
now here assembled; but allow me first
to impart to your heart the sweet con-
solation of receiving back again your
long absent servant." At a given signal
by the duchess, the shy and shamefaced
La Brie entered the chamber in the
midst of the procurators and the law
officers. Astonishment and surprise ex-
hibited themselves visibly in his coun-
tenance. The face of him whom the
duchess had just been addressing now
turned long and pale. "O, how foolish,
how foolish," muttered the prisoner,
at once losing all his firmness; whilst
La Brie, wringing his hands, with excite-
ment, exclaimed, "Ah! M. de Hymber-
court, where do you come from? Where
have you left my master? Shall my eyes
no more behold the best nobleman of
France?"

"Hymbercourt!" repeated those pre-
sent, with astonishment.

The Frenchman interrupted their sur-
prise: whilst, stamping his foot, and
staring furiously, La Brie continued,
"Oh dear! I thought, sir, you were al-
ready over mountain and dale. I hoped
once more to have had the joy of em-
bracing my master: but don't you know
any thing at all of him? for it was you
that carried him to that unfortunate
rendezvous."

The secretary here abruptly interrup-
ted him, "Fellow, what do you say?
Is this not thy master? Is this not the
Count Kerghanau?"

"No! Heaven forbid!" sighed La
Brie, now attacking the Mr. alias with bad
reproaches; "I think, my noble baron,
you play larks with us. Do you intend
to give yourself out for my master?
How do you like that? Was it not you
that persuaded my master to go away?
Did you not come in the middle of the
night, and tell me that the count had killed a duke in a duel, and expected me at Capua? Were you not present when the officers of police came and sequestered my master's property? Did you not accompany me to Capua, and when I could not find the count, suddenly disappear like a ghost? I should have starved there into the bargain, and been incarcerated like a vagabond, had not Justas, the French ambassador, passed through on his way to Naples, and fortunately seen his courier. I never loved the three-coloured cockade but that once, and it was my salvation. I knew the courier, and informed him of my distress: the courier told it to the cook, the cook to the footman, the footman to the valet de chambre, and the valet de chambre to the ambassador. What good luck that I had been in Paris, and had there become acquainted with the courier! The ambassador was not quite as simple as my master, and instantly smoked the knavery; and under his protection I was again brought hither, and presented to the lady duchess, who is not at all the duchess of my master. Then I had the wretch Bochino arrested. He has not yet confessed anything. But where is my master? Where is all the property belonging to him? What have you done with his money? The police has seen nothing of it, and the rascal who cheated us of it has disappeared; but I would not mind to lose it all, and as much more, could I but find the count, my master."

The simplicity with which the good-hearted La Brie poured forth his reproaches, bore such unquestionable marks of truth, as made a most favourable impression; and the wily Hymbercourt, not venturing to impugn his testimony, lay couched in sullen silence: but his evidence was unnecessary, for a full disclosure was at hand, in the person of the governor of the Vicaria, who, regardless of the presence of the duchess and the procurators, all at once, like an enraged falcon, fell on Hymbercourt, crying aloud, "Blessed be the holy Tan rankiers, who has restored this thief to me. Your highness's secretary took the wrong man. The whole of the villainous set were, at airing time, assembled in the prison-yard; but the real count was unwell and kept his bed. Hardly had the turnkeys called out, 'Where is the Frenchman, who has written to her highness the Duchess of Ciceri?' when this fit customer for the gallows presented himself. No one can possibly remember the long, strange names which Frenchmen bear, and a mistake may easily happen. An accident immediately discovered the cheat, and the other Frenchman is now waiting outside. In an instant Kergnanau stood before them, clad in dirty and tattered garments; alternately crying and laughing, he threw himself into the arms of La Brie, then gazing strangely around, as if to discover his lovely duchess——

"You here, Hymbercourt!" he added in good-natured astonishment; "how do all these doings hang so strangely together? Am I then not yet sober? Where is the duchess? The best of it is that I must at length get my liberty, since the honest governor has told me that I have not killed any one; but I shall surely go mad. The marquis is said to have died of a fever, though, to a dead certainty, I saw him fall a corpse at my feet. What can I think of all this M. Hymbercourt? When I this morning saw you led into prison, you declared that you knew not the cause of your imprisonment, and the governor here tells me that you stole a gold watch from some one in the church; Heaven protect my poor senses, when I return I must certainly enter into the holy order of La Trappe." In the meanwhile, the secretary, who had previously been called out, went to the duchess, informing her that Bochino had demanded mercy, and was willing to confess every thing. With a smile bespeaking extreme satisfaction the duchess received this most agreeable message, and the Baron de Hymbercourt returned to the Vicaria, whilst the suffering of the poor count was allayed by every comfort his pitiable situation demanded.

CHAP. IX.

On the shore of Naples, not far from the floodgates, where honesty is as seldom found as pearls are on the frozen coasts of Norway, a female could be seen in a small cottage, the door of which was strongly barred, busily occupied in packing several parcels and coiffes. The evening was far gone, and it was nearly dark: the busy matron was every now and then interrupted by some one knocking at the shutters, the faint
-rays of a lamp sending forth its streaks of light through the half-broken blinds.

"Magdalena! Magdalena! do you hear, come out."

"What is the matter now?"

"Mistress Rosina wishes to see you; there are three Englishmen staying at her house, and they have plenty of money."

"I cannot go to-day, I have not time."

"Halloa, Magdalena!"

"What is the matter?"

"The merchant in the Via Pompeii wants to see you."

"Tell him I cannot go to-day, that I am unwell, or say what ever else you like."

"Magdalena! Magdalena!"

"For God's sake what is the matter—what is the matter there?"

"A letter from the young Leonardo."

"I have no time to-day, you must bring it to-morrow evening."

"Magdalena, have you been locked in? Has your old foolish block of a husband again taken it into his head to be jealous? Heaven be with you, and alter his ugly temper."

"Halloa, halloa, Magdalena!"

"Who is there?"

"'Tis me, Malteo."

"Wait a minute, my dear boy, and I will presently open the door for you."

Magdalena opened the door: Malteo entered. He was a tall lazzaroni figure, fashionably dressed, but apparently unacustomed to that sort of clothing, and presented more of an awkward thief-like appearance than any thing else.—"Well, my dear boy, what news do you bring?"

"The Frenchman is imprisoned; he was apprehended at the moment he was most busily employed in taking a gold watch."

"How foolish! an evil eye was then surely upon him. I have often told him to leave off work on such trifles; we were able to keep ourselves so very respectable on foreigners and strangers without for a moment troubling our fellow-citizens."

"I hope though, Magdalena, that the Frenchman won't betray us."

"I am sure he will not; he knows too much of the world for that; he is a philosopher."

"If, however, the count's affair does not come to light, we may this time escape: otherwise, if discovered, we should be sure to be sent to the galleys, and you for five years to the house of correction; but you might let the Frenchman have his money; if not he will certainly blab."

"We will keep it for him, my boy—not a denar shall being wanted."

"You might give me a few dollars more of the spoil, for I think I acted the coachman particularly well when I made one victim descend into the field."

"By and by: you shall not be forgotten."

"But what is the meaning of all those coffers and portmanteaus?"

"My old one intends moving to Sorrento to avoid all disagreeable reports, and in the course of four or five days we intend departing, and you may previously to that come and fetch your money."

"Thank you, and so I will; a pity that we must separate, but you played too bold a game with the count—to much at once."

"A generous soul glories in noble and bold undertakings; but go now, I hear the old one, and he for very good reasons does not like to see you alone with me."

Malteo jumped out of the garden window whilst Magdalena's husband opened the street door. He was a man dressed in the garment worn by the lower classes; his features denoted much ill-humour; his walk was swift and stooping, and with anger, scarcely suppressed, said, "Now, you see to what your avarice has brought us. The adventure with the Frenchman makes fresh noise in the town. It would have been much better if you had kept to your old business. But no, that would not do, the old piece of pride came into your head and you wanted to display the great lady; made me dress in a livery and play the servant, and, to fill up the measure, the rogue Henry persuaded you to assume the name and title of the Duchess of Ciceri, and to bring a whole band of outcasts to play together the parts of servants and coachmen—a game our means never were sufficient to support; but we are now stuck in the mud; we are lost, lost for ever, if we cannot immediately find means to escape. The French count is here again, and so is his servant. The devil, as if by a miracle, has brought all parties together. The deception you have played upon him is known all over the town, and the old lad, Leontine, at Caserta, is..."
fear and anxiety lest it be discovered; but the worst of all is, that Bochino intends to confess every thing, and has very likely already confessed.

“What!” cried the enraged Magdalen, “did not the villain receive the best part of the plunder? What more could he wish than to have the count's wardrobe? Knave, rascal, villain! may he be *****, and may the same curse alight upon his parents and all his relations; and may he eternally burn and suffer ** ****. I am sure he had previously betrayed every thing; how else could the count have escaped the hands of all-grasping justice? Did I not in the letter I gave him, set him down as a man dangerous to our constitution and laws? Did I not depict him as a wild republican? And do our gens-d'armes want any other proofs? Our son, the good Nicholo, who first, as a duke, was murdered, and afterwards, as an officer, sequestered the property—the good boy, I am sure has not betrayed us; but Bochino, Henry, Leontino, Matteo, they shall suffer for it. Here is the count's travelling-desk with all its contents yet untouched. Here is all the rest of the property to which they have assisted us; but cursed be the carline that ever one of the rogues shall receive of us. Have you yet got a ship? A ship to convey us to Sicily, Rome, or Leghorn?”

“No, Magdalen, I could not procure one, may be Nicholo has been more fortunate than I have been.”

In the mean while, Nicholo knocked at the door, bringing joyful news to the cottage. A vessel destined for Civita Vecchia, would, in the course of a few days, leave the harbour. He had already engaged three places, and all the packages were to be taken on board the same evening.

“Praised be all the saints!” cried the worthy pair, gratefully folding their hands, and making the sign of the cross, the old man adding, “I am now more satisfied in my mind than I have been these many days—for prisons and dungeons displayed themselves in each of my dreams, and during my waking hours were continually in my thoughts.”

Heavy knocks, intermixed with the noise of fire-arms, now interrupted them, and in an instant the door was broken open.

“The police!” cried the guilty crew.

The men threw themselves out of the window; but fell into the hands of the soldiers, who in every direction surrounded the house. Magdalen at first modestly swooned away in arms of the police; but, quickly recovering, gave up without parley all her treasures; for, in recognising Kerghanau and La Brie amongst the parties, it was evident that the ex-duchess, as well as the ex-dancer, had finished their roles. As the trio were conducted to a place of security, a cannon shot, from the Castello Nuovo, announced that the harbour was closed, to prevent the successful issue of every predatory movement.

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A FREE TRANSLATION FROM GOETHE.

BY MRS. STEWARD, AUTHOR OF THE MASCARENHAS, &C.

I think of thee, love, when the bright sun's ray
From ocean gleams;
I think of thee, love, when, in fountains, play
The mild moon's beams.
I see thee, love, when on the mountain ridge
Night's shadow sinks;
In deepest gloom, when on the slender bridge
The wanderer shrinks.
I hear thee too, love, when with sullen rush
The surges rise;
In stilly grot I speak; mid twilight's hush
Thy voice replies.
Nor absence, distance, fate, nor time, can part
My love and I;
At morn, noon-tide, twilight, evening, art
Thou ever nigh.
Charles of Salm; but his friends were, not less than her own, averse to the marriage.

"Louise, however, was determined to endure every persecution, rather than resign the object of her first affections. In this resolution she was supported by her sister Marguerite, who, though one year younger than herself, had an energetic and decided character. Louise was all gentleness and feminine softness: though under the ordinary stature of women, her form exhibited the grace and symmetry of a fairy. Marguerite was tall and majestic, as well as graceful, and had the step and air of an empress. She, too, had an unprosperous love affair upon her hands for she was beloved by Joyeuse, whose haughty father had banished him to the court of Poland, to prevent any further intercourse between him and a daughter of the house of Lorraine Vaudemont.

"Yet Marguerite neither wept nor despaired; she relied implicitly on the constancy of Joyeuse, and she was only seventeen. It was when she observed the pale cheek and tearful eyes of poor Louise, that she first knew what it was to be unhappy; for Louise reposed all her griefs in her sister's bosom, and appeared to depend on her master-mind for support, and even for deliverance from her difficulties.

"On the memorable evening of which I speak, Louise entered her sister's apartment with a distracted air, and flinging herself upon a couch, exclaimed, 'It is all over; and nothing is now left for me, but to submit to the wretched destiny that awaits me, and to become the wife of the Count de Brienne.'

"'You shall do no such thing,' replied Marguerite.

"'Marguerite, resistance is of no avail; the sacrifice is inevitable.'

"'Say not so, my sister; you have only, as a last resource, to declare yourself under contract of marriage with another, and appeal to the church for protection.'

"'Ah! Marguerite, Marguerite, you know not what has occurred since I saw you last.'

"'Yes, I do; I am perfectly aware that a considerable slaughter has taken place in the poultry-yard, and that the fatted calf has been killed for a supper, in honour of a bridal which will never be celebrated, if you exhibit a proper degree of spirit, and produce your contract with Charles of Salm.'
"'Charles of Salim,' exclaimed Louise, violently agitated; 'ah! Marguerite, name him not; he is a worthless recreant, whom I now despise a thousand times more than I hate the Count de Brienne.' I am no longer under contract of marriage to him, my sister; for I have torn the paper, and released him from his boyish love-plight, as he insolently styled our solemn betrothment.'

'When was this, Louise, and how did it occur?'

'O, ask me not, my sister—it is enough that he on whom I relied for support in the crisis of my fate, has proved faithless, and now there is nothing left for me but to wed the Count de Brienne and die.'

'Hush, hush, my sweet Louise! you shall not thus abandon yourself to despair, nor is it a matter of necessity, that because the man you love has proved unworthy of you, you should mar your peace for life by wedding another who is abhorrent to you. No, no; be ruled by me, and inflict on the Count de Brienne a little of the pain which the recreant Salim has caused you.'

'While the sisters were thus discoursing, Louise received a summons to attend her father, whom she found with the duchess, her step-mother, engaged in earnest conversation with the Count de Brienne, and the family priest.'

'I did not send for you,' said the duke, turning an angry glance upon Marguerite, who had followed the pale and sinking Louise.

'I came to support my sister, my lord,' replied Marguerite.

'And to encourage her in her perversity, I suppose,' said the duke; 'but know, damsels. I will be trifled with no longer; the tapers are now lighted on the altar of the chapel, in readiness for the spousal rite, and within one hour, you, Louise of Lorraine, will be the wife of the Count de Brienne.'

'I will never enter the chapel for such a purpose,' said Louise, seating herself resolutely on the lowest step of the dais.

'Nay,' returned her father, taking her by the arm, and forcibly lifting her fairy form from the lowly seat she had taken; 'you will go, even if I am at the trouble of carrying you thither, in my arms, like a perverse baby, as you are.'

'But no power on earth can compel me to pronounce the fatal vow,' observed Louise.

'So said the royal Marguerite of France,' responded the duke, 'when it was deemed expedient to wed her to Henry of Navarre; yet it availed her nothing that she remained obstinately silent; for our late lord, King Charles, (whose soul may our lady assuage!) in the face of all Paris compelled her to signify an assent by placing his hand on the back of her neck, and forcing her stubborn head to bow; and cannot I do the same by thee?'

'Courage!' whispered Marguerite to her trembling sister, 'I predict a rescue!'

'What said you to Louise, audacious one? she demanded the duke, sternly.

'I was advising her to compose herself, my lord; for I hear horsemen approaching the castle.'

'Horsemen! who should come to Vaudemont at this hour?'

'Persons of importance I should judge, by that bold bugle blast,' responded Marguerite.

'The horn, indeed, was sounded so long and lustily, as to startle the lord of the castle from his immediate purpose.'

'Open, in the name of the King of France!' was the reply to the warder's challenge.

'When this demand was communicated to the Duc de Mercour, he proceeded forthwith to the gates to hold parley with the party by whom this unexpected requisition was made; and, opening a window about six inches square, he inquired in a loud tone, 'Who be ye, and what would ye of the lord of Vaudemont?'

'Open, in the name of the King of France!' was the response.

'The King of France is dead,' replied the duke.

'The King of France never dies!' thundered a chorus of stern voices from without.

'Charles the Ninth sleeps,' said the Duc de Mercour, correcting his somewhat unconstitutional assertion.

'Henry the Third is awake. Open, therefore, in his name!' rejoined another voice, which startled the cautious vassal of the vacant throne of France; but, these not being times in which it was safe to commit mistakes in the admission of guests, he replied:

'Henry the Third is in his far northern kingdom of Poland. We know not whether he hath so much as heard of the news of our late lord's decease; and even if the tidings reached him by a swift messenger, there hath been no time for him to gain the French frontier.'

'Henry the Third is at thy gates,' returned the other; 'they travel quick who ride to win a throne. Fling back thy portal, and let it be thy proud boast, among thy peers, that thou wert the first to render homage to thy sovereign in his own dominions.'

'At these words the portcullis was hastily raised, the jealously barred gates were thrown open, and the lord of the castle, with bare head, and on bended knee,
greeted the foremost of the advancing company; who, flinging back his dark travelling cloak, and raising his plumèd hat from his brow, revealed the strikingly handsome features of Henry of Anjou, king of Poland, and the successor to the throne of France.

"By St. Denis! my lord duke, but this is a cold welcome on the frontier of my own kingdom," exclaimed he.

"I crave your pardon, my gracious lord; but these are troublesome times for the vassal peers of France. The Huguenots are in motion, and we being engaged in important family matters when yourknights were pleased to summon us, our wits were not so clear as they might have been."

"So it should appear, lord duke," rejoined the sovereign.

"I hope, sire," pursued the mortified lord of Vaudemont, "you do me the justice to believe——"

"That you are not disposed to waste your hospitality on unknown vagrants," rejoined the king, laughing. "The days of chivalry are well nigh over. A plague on those Huguenots and their preachers! We may thank them for that change; so no more apologies, but let us taste your Vaudemont pigeons, if you have nought else in your larder to set before us, for we are as hungry as Saracens."

"My gracious lord," replied the duke, "we are but a younger branch of the house of Lorraine, and therefore our cheer is humble, as you suppose; but, thanks be to the saints! our larder will furnish forth something beyond pigeons for your royal reception."

"O, I crave your pardon!" replied the king. "I spoke merely to put you at your ease; you should have already supped, as it is past eight o'clock."

"Our evening meal was, for family reasons, ordered two hours later than usual," returned the duke, with great solemnity, "and, if I mistake not, is ready to be placed on the board."

"So, pray, order it to be served forthwith," rejoined the king.

"The dishes which had been prepared for the bridal supper were immediately put in requisition to furnish forth the royal cheer. King Henry and his company were agreeably surprised at the appearance of a banquet which so far exceeded all reasonable expectations, and paid many compliments to the duke and duchess on their excellent housekeeping.

"By the soul of St. Louis! ye nobles of the provinces live well," cried the monarch, after he had done ample justice to fish, flesh, fowl, and pastry. "I protest I have not eaten such a feast as this since I took my farewell of my good city of Paris. You must be a rich man, my lord duke, an' you cook such suppers every night at Vaudemont."

"Sire," replied the duke, "this is not our usual fare; for, truth to tell, this supper was provided in honour of the espousals of my eldest daughter, whose marriage your royal visit has, for the present, postponed."

"I owe the fair bride many apologies, by my fay," replied the king; "and all the amends I can offer to her, is to bestow her with mine own hand on the bridegroom, to-morrow morning, before we depart from Vaudemont."

"Your grace will render us an unspokeable honour," said the duke.

"I have also to crave pardon of the bridegroom for the disappointment of which I have unintentionally been the cause," observed the king. "I pray you make him known to me, my lord duke. By my handom! I continued the monarch, laughing, when the duke, with much formality, presented the Count de Brienne, "you are a bold man, count, to adventure on plighting a faith with a lady whose father is evidently your junior. May we not see the fair bride?"

"But the poor bride had availed herself of the confusion caused by the royal visit, to retreat with Marguerite to the sanctuary of her own apartment, having little desire to exhibit her tear-swollen eyes and pale cheeks to strangers.

"The sisters were presently joined by their fille de chambre, Sophie, who came dancing into the apartment with crimson cheeks and sparkling eyes, exclaiming.

"O Holy Virgin! what an arrival is here?"

"An arrival!" cried Marguerite, "is it my Jovieve?"

"Your young ladyship is a passing shrewd guesser," said Sophie; "but who, think ye, cometh with him?"

"Charles of Salm!" whispered Louise in a faltering voice.

"Nay; to what purpose should the recrante count come here, since your ladyship would never see or speak to him again? But it is a true-hearted,—ay, and a royal bachelor of whom I speak."

"The king!" cried Marguerite, at a venture.

"Ay, the king,—the king,—young ladies!" returned Sophie: "and I would advise you both to steal a look at him as he pesseth to his chamber; ye may never see so goodly a sight again, for he is accounted the handsomest prince in the world. The heretic queen of England weareth the willow for his sake, they say; and he was compelled to fly from Poland by night, because the Polish king said they could not part with so beautiful a sovereign."

"My good Sophie, what nonsense you
are talking!' interrupted Louise, impatiently.

"'As you please, my Lady Louise; however, if I was in your place, I would seek this amiable sovereign before he leaves the castle, and implore his royal interference to preserve you from this odious marriage.'

"'Excellent!' cried Marguerite; 'come dry your eyes, Louise, and to-morrow you shall make your appeal to the king in person.'

"'Hark!' cried Sophie, 'the folding doors are thrown open; he is now going to his chamber.'

Away ran the fair sisters to reconnoitre the march as he ascended the stairs.

"'Ah, how handsome he is!' cried Louise, peeping over the balustrade.

"There was a singular echo on the staircase of Vaudemont, which caused the flatterest exclamations to reach the royal ear; and, looking up, King Henry perceived, and saluted, with a profound reverence, the pretty simple trio, who were regarding him with such unequivocal tokens of admiration.

"Louise felt as if she could have sunk into the earth, as she hastily retreated from her station, covered with blushes.

"'Alas!' cried she, 'I shall never dare present myself before King Henry, now!'

"'Nonsense! he will be more disposed to give you a favourable hearing,' replied Marguerite.

"They were now interrupted by a visit from the Duchess de Mercœur, who came to apprise Louise of the honour designed her by the king, in condescending to bestow her in marriage on the Count de Brienne, with his own hand, and exhorted her to conduct herself in a becoming manner on the important occasion.

"A look and a sign from Marguerite induced Louise to receive this communication with patience. The duchess recommended her for returning to reason, presented her with a handsome addition to her bridal jewels, and withdrew.

"Marguerite, who, on the following morning, had risen with the lark, and had an interview with her beloved Joyeuse, before her sister was awake, now hastened to dispel Louise's slumbers, and assisted her bower maiden to set off her natural charms to the best advantage; not by dressing her in the costly bridal garb that had been prepared for her intended nuptials, but in a simple white robe, that flowed in soft, easy folds round her graceful form, and combing her beautiful fair hair in natural ringlets, that were simply confined by a fillet of pearls, to which her veil was attached. She then put into her hand a basket of fresh flowers, which she had gathered and arranged that morning, and bade her seek the king at the shrine of our Lady of Vaudemont, in the woods, whither, Joyeuse had informed her, Henry would proceed to pay his vows, alone, at six o'clock that morning.

"Louise, with a beating heart, sought the little sanctuary, but not daring to enter it, she seated herself at the bottom of the steps leading to the chapel; and when the king came forth, she arose, put back her veil, and, bending her knee, offered him her flowers, with downcast eyes.

"The king, greatly charmed with the touching simplicity of her appearance, selected a half-blown Provence rose, and a sprig of victory laurel, from her basket, and placed them in his bosom with one hand, while with the other he offered to raise her from her kneeling attitude.

"'No,' she replied; 'I am a suppliant to your majesty, and cannot rise till you have granted my petition.'

"'Declare it, then, fair maid,' replied the king, who immediately recognised the voice that had, on the preceding night, uttered the exclamation so peculiarly gratifying to his personal vanity.

"'All I ask,' said Louise, raising her soft blue eyes to her sovereign's face, 'is your gracious protection from a cruel doom, in which, they tell me, you are about to act the part of the executioner.'

"'Indeed!' replied the king, 'my enemies give me credit for being a great barbarian, then; but you are talking in riddles, my fair damsel; so be pleased to tell me who you are, and what you desire of me!'

"'Sire,' returned she, 'I am a poor motherless maiden, and my father hath been wrought upon by my cruel step-dame, to promise me in marriage to the most unlovable old peer in France; and the sacrifice would have been made last night, in spite of all my tears and remonstrances, had you not arrived, like my guardian angel, to prevent it.'

"'Ha, ha!' cried the king, laughing; 'are you the young lady whose bridal cheer I so unceremoniously devoured.'

"'Yes, sire; but you have done worse than that, if they say sooth, who tell me that you have promised to bestow me upon the Count de Brienne, this morning.'

"'They told you the truth,' said the king, gravely.

"'O heavens! but you will not commit so barbarous an act—ah! if you could but know how much I detest him.'

"'Poor man! he is greatly to be pitied.'

"'Pitied!' cried Louise, in surprise.

"'Yes, sweet Louise, pitied for being so much the object of your dislike.'

"'Ah! sire, you are pleased to sport at my calamity.'

"'By no means; but perhaps it is in my power to render Brienne more agree-
able to you: suppose, now, I were to make him a duke?"
"'If your majesty would make him a king, he would still be the object of my aversion.'
"'Poor Brienne! he is very unfortunate: but perhaps, lofty Louise, you have fixed your affections on another,' said the king, taking the prettiest supplicant by both her hands, and looking earnestly in her face.
"'No; I hate all men.'
"'O you hard-hearted little tyrant! — but I shall not interfere to procure you the satisfaction of leading a single life, believe me,' said the king, 'especially since you are so unkindly disposed towards me.'
"'Towards you, sire!' 'Ay; — you told me just now that you hated all men.'
"'Except my king,' rejoined Louise.
"'You are very kind, to make an exception in my favour.'
"'One must love the king,' observed Louise; 'it would be treason not to do so.'
"'I fear there are many traitors in France,' was the rejoinder.
"'I am not among them, sire, I protest to you,' said Louise, earnestly raising her eyes to his face.
"'The king thought her very charming, and resolved to carry on the dialogue with the lovely petitioner.
"'Come, give me some proofs of your loyalty,' said he.
"'In the first place, sire, I always pray for you.'
"'Good; but how long have you done that?'
"'Ever since the death of your royal brother, King Charles.'
"'Humph! a whole fortnight!' said the king. — 'But Louise,' he inquired, after a pause, 'what are your objections to the Count de Brienne?'
"'Sire, they are innumerable. He is old, ugly, formal, and very disagreeable; and if your majesty will not, in charity, find some way of delivering me from his pertinacity, I shall be compelled to vow myself a nun, which I would rather not do.'
"'Well,' said the king, 'there are three ways in which I can work your deliverance. In the first place, I can take up an old offence of his against my brother Francis, which, I think, with a little straining of evidence, will enable me to bring him to the block.'
"'Sire, I do not wish you to take his wretched life.'
"'Shall I interrupt the ceremony, then, by arresting your cruel father, and sending him to the block?'
"'Not for a thousand worlds.'
"'Then there is only one other alternative: I must find a more agreeable husband for you.'
"'Louise began to weep afresh. 'Have I not told you, sire, that I hate all men?'
"'Humph! I thought you made one exception,' observed the king, looking into her eyes.
"'Yes, one only.'
"'Positively you flatter me too highly.'
"'But, sire,' supplicated Louise, 'you will deliver me from the Count de Brienne?'
"'Have I not obligingly offered to cut off the tiresome old fellow's head for you.'
"'All I ask, my liege, is, that you would but condescend to forbid the marriage.'
"'Well, I promise, — will that content you? Have you any other request to prefer?'
"'Sire, you are very gracious, and embolden me to implore of you to favour the marriage between Joyceuse and my sister Marguerite.'
"'Are the parties agreed?'
"'Sire, they love each other to distraction.'
"'More fools they! What are the obstacles to their union?'
"'The cruel opposition of his father, sire.'
"'I will engage to procure his consent.'
"'How very amiable your majesty is!'
"'You are a charming girl,' said the king, smiling; 'but have you no love affair of your own, Louise, in which I could stand your friend?' continued he, regarding her with a penetrating look.
"'Alas, no!' replied Louise.
"'You have no wish to be married, then?'
"'None.'
"'Farewell then, for the present. Remember, you may rely on me.'
"Louise pressed the hand of her sovereign to her lips, curtseied, and withdrew.
"'The Duc de Mercour, fearing resistance on the part of the reluctant bride, came himself to conduct her into the royal presence.
"'Her serene demeanour surprised him, as he had expected to find her in agonies of despair. However, he made no remark on the alteration in her deportment; but concluding that the new and costly additions to her bridal jewels, which he had deemed it expedient for his duchess to present to her, on account of the share the sovereign was about to take in the ceremonial, had had the effect of reconciling Louise to her marriage with the Count de Brienne, he took her by the hand, and, followed by Marguerite, proceeded to the chapel.
"'May it please your majesty,' said the Duc de Mercour, leading the blushing girl to his sovereign's feet, 'this demall is
my eldest daughter, whom I have now the honor of presenting to you. Louise, perform your homage to your royal master.'
"Louise would have knelt and kissed the king's hand, but the monarch gracefully prevented her, saluting her on the cheek.
"'You are very fortunate, my lord duke,' observed he, 'in being the father of so charming a daughter.'
"'Sire, you make us only too proud,' said the duke; 'this is the maiden, my liege, whom you were graciously pleased to promise to bestow in marriage on the Count de Brienne.'
"'Indeed!' exclaimed the king, who had continued to gaze on the trembling Louise with manifest admiration. 'Did I really make so rash a promise?'
"'Upon the honour of a peer of France, you did, my liege,' said the Duc de Mercœur.
"'Nay, then it was before I had seen the maiden, or I never could have promised to give her to another,' returned the enamoured monarch.
"'To another!' cried her father, advancing a step forward. 'What mean you, sire?'
"'My meaning is so honest, that I care not to disguise it,' replied the king. 'Louise of Lorraine-Vaudemont, speak out and answer truly. Are you contracted in marriage to the Count de Brienne?'
"'My gracious sovereign, I am not under contract of marriage to him or any one,' replied Louise.
"'Do you wish to become his wife?'
"'No—no,—no!' returned she, with great earnestness.
"'How is this, my lord duke?' demanded the king, turning with a stern countenance to the Duc de Mercœur.
"'My liege, this is sheer perversity on the part of the damsel,' muttered the duke. 'Had it not been for your arrival last night, sire, she had now been his wedded wife.'
"'I know not how maidens are wedded in the provinces,' observed the king, 'but in my good city of Paris, and every where else, where the law of God is obeyed, a marriage cannot be contracted without the consent of both parties, and your daughter, it seems, has not given hers to wed the Count de Brienne.'
"'Nor ever will!' said Louise.
"'Then I forbid the marriage,' said the king.
"'My liege, is this a meet return for the hospitable entertainment you have received at Vaudemont, to deprive me of so honourable a son-in-law as the Count de Brienne?' said the Duc de Mercœur.
"'My lord duke, I trust to provide you with one whose alliance even you shall admit to be not less honourable.'
"'But, my liege——' interrupted the duke with some heat.
"'Nay,' rejoined Henry, 'wait till you hear his name, and then speak your pleasure; but first I crave conference with the young lady herself, for we would not press the suit unless assured from her own lips, that the new candidate for her love will be agreeable to her.' Then, taking Louise by the hand, he led her aside from the company, and, when they were at a convenient distance to speak without being overheard, he said, 'Louise of Lorraine, are you willing to become the bride of him who holds your hand in his?'
"'Oh, my dread lord!' cried she, trembling with strong emotion, 'how is that to be?'
"'I did not ask you that, Louise; I only require of you a plain answer to my question. Are you willing to become my wife?'
"'Your wedded wife, my lord?'
"'Ay, my queen.'
"'O, my lord, how can the simple Louise of Lorraine support that awful name and dignity?'
"'Enough, enough,' said the king. 'Now, my lord duke,' pursued he, leading Louise to her father, 'what say you to your sovereign for a son-in-law?'
"'Your majesty is pleased to jest with me.'
"'Nay, I am perfectly serious; and I, who might demand, request your consent to my marriage with your daughter.'
"'The blood of Charlemagne is in the maiden's veins, my liege, and, if she be your wife, she must also be your queen.'
"'She shall, my lord, and this day three weeks she shall be crowned, and anointed with me in the Cathedral of Rheims,' replied the king.
"'Then she is yours, my liege,' said the duke.
"'Priests, draw up a solemn contract of betrothment,' said the king; then turning to the Count de Brienne, who stood gnawing his embroidered glove with a malign countenance, the monarch gaily added, 'But for you, my good count, I scarcely know what I am to do to console you for your present disappointment.'
"'I will settle that matter by giving him my second daughter,' said the duke.
"'Not so fast, my lord duke,' cried the king; 'I have another alliance in view for the sister of our gracious queen. The Lady Marguerite of Lorraine must not be wedded to any man unmeet to be the brother-in-law of his sovereign. She is, moreover, contracted in marriage to my noble kinsman Joyeuse.'
"'Your grace appears to be in possession of many particulars relating to my family, of which I was in ignorance,' observed the Duc de Mercœur.
"Ay," replied the king, "and of some passages in the past life of him who was to have been your son in-law, which, haply, he would not thank me for disclosing. Nay, nay, my lord of Brienne, never change your colour thus; we are willing to forget all past misdemeanours, provided you can forgive us the loss of so fair a bride."

"My liege, you have shown me my folly in aspiring to call her my countess, to whom I now offer right humbly the homage due from a subject to his queen," replied the Count de Brienne; and, with as good a grace as he could command, he, in turn, affixed his sign-manual in witness to his sovereign's contract with the fair Louise of Lorraine.

"In three weeks from that day the contract was fulfilled by the marriage of Louise to her sovereign. The alliance caused some surprise at first; but a new king and a handsome king is generally a privileged person in France; and the beauty and feminine graces of the young queen made her an object of universal interest and unbounded popularity with the good people of Paris, a popularity which her virtues rendered permanent."

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PUSS AND THE POETESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CONTI.

(Extracted from Ackermann's Forget-me-Not, for the year 1837, reviewed at p. 343.)

"Laura had no time to afflict or perplex herself: her partner (probably to atone for a piece of involuntary or irresistible impertinence) began to talk to her in such a strain of flowery discourse! Never before had anything so enchanting gladdened the ear of Laura Beresford. Mr. Hertford told—and this with no obtrusive resolution to broach the picturesqueness of a moonlight night passed alone among the ruins of the Coliseum, by the side of a dying bandit:—of a month spent in one of those magnificent Spanish monasteries, where the religion of romance still lingers, though decaying, as yet having lost none of its old ceremonials. He had travelled with Shelley for four days and nights—no wonder that, to listen, his partner stood motionless and rapt, thereby giving the Stony Hampton gentry another cause of complaint against her for damaging the symmetry of the establishment; he had been abandoned by ruffianly Arab guides in one of the tombs in the valley of Beban-el-Malook . . . . but my readers will lose breath if they follow him further. What a glorious contrast and compensation was this colloquy for the monotony of Sir Anthony Ollivant's wooing! Poor Laura: she lost her heart within an hour. She passed the transparency with its lights again and again; but the associations which had made her eye linger upon it somewhat relentingly, but half an hour before had faded away for ever!

"From foreign scenes and characters, the subject naturally changed to poetry—from poetry to romance: and here Laura was at home. She, too, had been in Arcadia, and could talk of its 'whereabouts.' Every one who is well read in light literature remembers 'The Priests,' that tale so full of talent and terrible incident, which was heralded by preliminary paragraphs for months before it made its appearance, and the advertisements whereof were improved (so say the divines) by hints and commentaries, and applications, till booksellers' shops were broken open by readers eager to obtain a first glimpse of a story so magnificently landed, and the proprietors of circulating libraries were compelled, in self-defence, to call in the constabulary force, to ensure an impartial delivery of early copies—so fierce was curiosity—so riotous the world of gentle readers. Now, Laura was brimful of this 'dear awful book,' and as good, at least, as a key to its difficulties and insinuations. Fancy, then, the pleasure, the positive ecstasy, she felt upon discovering the secret of its parentage, on being told, in a voice as musical as Rubini's, that she hung upon the arm of the magician of its mysteries—of one whom she had, at an awful distance, regarded as little less fearful than the veiled Prophet himself! How the writer was led so far to forget himself never thoroughly transpired.

"'We understand one another,' murmured Mr. Percy Hertford, as they parted for the night, with a gentle pressure of hands, too emphatic, while it was gentler, not to imply something nearer and dearer than mere common acquaintanceship. The gentleman ran his hand negligently through his splendid hair, and repaired to his hotel—not to dream of his hundredth conquest. The lady reached home, as she expressed it herself, 'to confide the raptures of the past hours—O earth! how rarely found on thy orb of tears and disappointments!'—to her diary. It would be shameful maliciously to put forward the fact, that she could fall asleep after so much exciting and high-souled communion: her slumbers, then, must have been but a trance, and not the mere vulgar refreshment of weary nature!

A dream which shall last three weeks is a thing that can only befall the most readily enchanted of visionaries once in her
life. For three weeks was Laura totally contented—happy is too poor a word to use—she was absorbed, fascinated—lapped in Elysium. With the fourth week, some of the sunshine of her lot had grown dim—she accidentally discovered that Mr. Hertford was forty-two, instead of the age he owned to—thirty: in the innocence of her first sensation, she had fancied him only twenty-five. What was worse, with forty-two years he had as many ways of his own;—was particular in trifles, loved his own corner, and his own chair, and his own weather. The sun made him languid, the breeze irritable;—an English summer he pronounced to be the most irrational of hot weather;—and, did Laura venture to hint at a liking for frost and Christmas berries, he coolly gave her to understand that no one knew what winter was, save those who had meretriciously seduced it through in worship of the lovely gods. Then in music he was so exclusive a connoisseur! He had walked out of the room in the midst of ‘Auld Robin Gray,’ with a more than audible sigh for Malibran—no Englishwoman, he had once declared could sing: and, though this declaration was made to be more disconcerting to Laura Beresford’s small but musical voice, and though she really excused the remark on its first utterance, it clung to her memory, and in the course of the fourth week aforesaid, made a more conspicuous figure in her thoughts than she cared to own. It was provoking to have to lay aside her guitar whenever he came in:—surely it would be only lover-like and courteous in him sometimes to listen to her! Some men make love by expounding their own opinions, and talking of their own exploits—Mr. Percy Hertford was of the number; and it was rumoured that of late his listeners had grown less patient than they had once been,

"And then the gentleman’s antipathies!—as numerous were these as the sands of the sea—necessary, it seemed, to his comfort, as the air he breathed, or the clothes he put on. He shared in Lord Byron’s dislike to receiving ocular demonstration that the gentle sex were fed on aught more substantial than air, or May-dew, or sunshine: he loathed sounds, and sights, and scents, which other people hear, and perceive, and taste, as so many daily matters of course. Once, when the two were enjoying a sentimental tete à tete—Laura expatiating upon some favourite poem with more than usual earnestness—he suddenly interrupted her, almost rudely, turning pale the while, gasping for breath, and showing other symptoms of distress, which she could not but remark.

"‘Pray, Miss Beresford—you must really excuse me—but I shall not breathe again till that cursed animal be gone.’

The quadruped thus unceremoniously designated being a pet kitten of our heroine’s; Laura pouted, turned red, and tears made their way into her round eyes. Antagonists as cat and dog have been, since the days of the flood, she thought that they should be included in the same proverb.

“Mr. Hertford’s uncharitable speech led to a brisk argument; for Laura’s dread of him had so far worn off, that she could now venture to support her own fancies. Too young and too pretty to run the least risk of being suspected of the humours of spinsterhood, the maiden defended herself by precedent and quotation—talked in high-sounding phrase of Bacchus and his pards; did not every one know that cats were only little leopards? Did Mr. Percy Hertford mean to say that his disgust extended to all the mythological representations of the joyous god? Was it likely that Gray (and Mr. Hertford, exclusive as he was, owned to a great admiration of that choice poet) would have immortalized Selina, had the race whereunto she belonged deserved to be estimated as the Paraiah tribe among quadrupeds? Lastly—for Laura was rather discursive than logical—she came down from times ancient to times modern, and quoted Mademoiselle Jenny Vertpre’s inimitable personification of La Chatte Metamorphosée, in support of her predilection. To this last convincing argument there could be nothing replied: the gentleman smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and took his leave. The lady, triumphing in her successful argument, found herself in such an unusual mood of charity towards all mankind, that, in closing a letter to Mrs. Gray (about one-tenth of which it is presumed was understood by that excellent lady), she found herself strange to say, sending her compliments to Lady Oliphant, and ‘hoping that the cold winds had not tried her severely.’

‘A strange puzzle is the human heart! Laura’s pertinacity in the little debate just described, so far from disgusting her admirer, proved, it would seem, if any thing, a stimulus to his admiration. Such of the gentler sex as intend to win by unlimited acquiescence, must confine their hopes of approbation, or of being appropriated, to the inexperienced or the stupid. There was another of the eternal Stony Hamilton balls that evening, during which the grand and difficult Mr. Percy Hertford devoted himself exclusively to Mrs. Roxburgh’s fair guest; while she—a strange puzzle is the human heart! began to fancy herself in some slight danger of yawning, even when his discourse flowed the most poetically—began to regard the conscientiousness with which the Smiths, and Brown,
and Joneses, regarded all engagements admitted or inferred, with more surprise than approbation—began to admit that, though sentiment is a dear, delicious thing, 'Love itself can't live on flowers'—and to wish for her supper! But his cavalier was persevering in withdrawing her from the giddy throng, and his whispers were more fervent and more significant than they had been formerly; he spoke of the union of hearts and the mysteries of unworldly affection—sighed twice—took, with a reverential gesture, one flower from Laura's bouquet, and replied: 'If this be a simple, truly poetic billet! saying tremulously, as he pressed her tiny symmetrical fingers, 'Read this, and let me have your answer to-morrow.' She knew that that most agitating of all things—a proposal—was coming, and bade him good-night with less than her usual composure.

"Arrived at home, locked up in the solitude of her own chamber, it may be supposed that Laura lost not a moment in tearing the declaration of love (for such, indeed, it proved) from its envelope. She threw herself into a richly-carved easy chair, and prepared to read it. 'Down Minnette, down! cried she to her kitten, a privileged intruder into her room, who was rioting upon her toilette, among scraps of verse, and flacons of perfumery. The presence of her favourite was hardly very propitious to Mr. Hertford's suit—the style of his declaration was yet more fatal to his success. 'My dear Laura—' said he, 'I am obliged to him for his condescension,' soliloquised Laura—'down Minnette! I say, you are too bold.' 'Yes, indeed, he makes me an offer because he cannot help it: every line shows it. After many struggles with his passion—and then, this allusion to my dear boy—'the hour is gone; I will renounce me from all contracting influences.'—He is confident, at all events; as if I would give up my relations for his sake!—and what has this long-winded verse from Shelley to do with the matter? The delight and comfort of his future years—of his old age, he means—it is too presuming, too selfish—'I will read no more of it'—and she threw away the envelope in high disdain; and, tossing the offending letter upon the table, to be finished on some future opportunity, took up a book to tranquillise her ruffled spirit. But the wound inflicted was not very deep, nor could the hand which had inflicted it have been very dear; for, according to the usual placidity of her temperament, sleep, in the shape of a downy dream, overtook her, before she had, by way of sedative, turned over (for she did not pretend to read) ten pages of her darling 'Corinne'."

"The worst, the most awkward moment in life than the one in which a well- assured (call it not self-conceited) man awaits an answer to some love proposal, into the making of which he has been precipitated—such things will happen. Mr. Percy Hertford had phawed and wondered at himself half the night. A green girl without rank, without style, without fortune! What had he been about?—he who had wandered over Europe and Asia, without ever having committed such a folly! So ignorant, too, as she was—and then her talk made up of odds and ends of fustian!—so fond of his antipathy! Had he been driven, without much, or was it his fate? And these uncomfortable self-questionings succeeded visions of a most homely and unpicturesque future—of a fat red-faced wife, with a loud laugh and noisy spirits, and a tribe of clamorous children. His dreams continued in the same current as his waking thoughts: and so unfavourably wrought the combined influence of the two upon his personal appearance, that, when he rose on the following morning, in spite of all the aids of dress and decoration, his mirror revealed to him the unpalatable fact, that he looked cross and old, and fifty.

"Laura's disconcentration had proceeded so far, that she, too, had made a similar discovery, when she greeted him in the full daylight of Mrs. Roxburgh's sunny little breakfast parlour; and this in spite of an embarrassment of manner—which may be said to be awkward rather than to conscious—to belong to him. 'I have been a blunder rather than to one labouring under a delicate embarrassment.'"

"Mr. Hertford, it must be confessed, was chivalrous enough on the present occasion to satisfy the most exactly romantic of maidens. How he sighed, and pressed, and protested! He wondered at himself while he bent down, whispering his raptures into Laura's ear:—but 'twas his fate: and perhaps he inwardly resolved that this outlay of gay words should stand in the stead of more substantial and less showy deeds. She, meanwhile, listened mute as Niobe—teased, anxious, uneasy—once or twice, a little disposed to smile, but in the main obliged by the compliment of such a splendid act of wooing addressed to herself. He ceased, and she blushed, and began—"

"'I am sorry—'

"Dear Miss Beresford—dearest Laura—"

"A pause on the lady's part.

"'That sweet confusion, how it enhances your beauty! But, in one word—in only one word, I entreat of you—make me the most blessed of mortals: you read my letter, did you not?'

"'I am very sorry—' continued the lady, full of her own matter of excuse."
"The letter," persisted he, his mind equally possessed of the epistle he had put together with such care and subtlety, and a copy whereof had been deposited among his archives—! I trust you did me the favours of weighing well, and with a bias towards the favourable, the arguments I ventured to advance at its conclusion.'

"Laura's agitation visibly increased—'Indeed, I am very sorry—I do not know what to say.'

"You understand me, however—there can be no doubt of your understanding me, after the explicit manner in which I there stated my expectations. Say but yes, and I am the happiest of lovers.'

"'Indeed, indeed,' replied his auditor, feeling herself on the verge of a dilemma, and the better and more truthful part of her nature coming to her assistance—'I am afraid you will be very angry with me, Mr. Hertford, but I must tell you everything. I have not read the whole of it.'

"'You have not!' replied he, with a start, almost a stern one, and his natural temper, rather than his acquired breeding, speeded his speech, and unpremeditated—'I hope, madam, you have some satisfactory account to offer me for such—a singular and disrespectful proceeding.'

"Laura was a little frightened, a very little piqued—'I might question Mr. Hertford's right to call me to account,' said she, quickly, with an attempt at a gay rallying manner, 'where I to choose; but I am not very punctilious, and will own the exact truth, and throw the blame upon the right party. Poor Minette!—if you were very anxious for me to read the whole of the letter—the blame lies with her, and it is another to add to your list of causes for sympathy.'

"'Mr. Hertford made a wry face (O how old, how positively monkey-like, he looked at that moment!) as the name of his averson was mentioned—'You are making game of me, Miss Beresford,' said he, gravely, and with yet increased irritability of manner.

"'Upon honour bright I am serious—To say the truth, then, I left your letter half unfinished on my dressing-table—and—do not look so awful—positively fell asleep. Well, my dear, tiresome little Minette, who loves a secret as well as any of the Stony Hampton coterie, chose to mount up there for her usual game at romps—overthrew my dressing-box, which overthrew my candle, which set fire to the various treasures spread around; and, had not the faithful creature waked me by her screams, and by scratching my face—for, believe it or not, as you will, she is as sagacious as any quadruped under the sun—the blaze would probably have reached my gown, and you might have been called upon to write an elegy upon my untimely fate, instead of being put to the labour of writing your letter over again, or communicating its contents to me as we sit here. You look angry, Mr. Hertford; surely you do not place me in competition with a scrap of paper and a morsel of wax; the time spent over employing the same being, of course given into the bargain, when a fair lady is in the case.'

"Laura's raillery, which was half real, half assumed, proved too much for her admirer. 'Could this,' he indignantly asked of himself, 'be the meek, delicate, sentimental Miss Beresford?—this hoyden, with red cheeks and wide open eyes; she who confessed herself capable of falling asleep over a letter—and such a letter? There was no knowing what she might not say next!' His colour changed from a sallow to a yet paler, and unlovelier shade, and his frame trembled with ill-concealed vexation, as he rose, and missed that which he had crushed into fifty uncountable forms as Laura had made her playful defence, bade the young lady good morning, with a stiff bow and a few freezing words—'She should hear of him again!'

"'But it has been conjectured that his resolve was lost in empty air, for Laura never received duplicate or second edition of the epistle so ignominiously destroyed; and, on the evening of that very same day, Mr. Percy Hertford disappeared from Stony Hampton, called away, of course by sudden and peremptory business, and bearing thence with him, it must be confessed, but little of its sunshine.'

"'Minette! Minette!' cried Lady Oli phant (not the dowager) as she watched, with a mother's proud eye, the gambols of a round-limbed, crowing boy with a grandchild of her old favourite, who sat blinking by the fire-side, as demure as if she in her time had never indulged in the like indiscreet sportiveness, 'what an awkward business it was that you once delivered me from!'

"'Yes, indeed, my Laura,' replied Sir Anthony, who, like many other country gentlemen, was an indifferently bad hand at a pun in his own parish, 'if every one could so easily get rid of a foolish, insipid, coxcomb of a lover and her only folly—for your common sense came speedily back when once you dismissed Mr. Percy Hertford, or he took himself off—who would not rather court than deprecate such a CAT-ASTHROPE!'"
Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, October 26, 1837.

J’en veux vraiment à ta cousine, chère et bien aimée Beatrice, for having disappointed me: I had been so long expecting her, and had so many delightful little plans and projects in view to render her visit agreeable, that I am really au comble du désespoir, notwithstanding that you give me credit d’avance for bearing this disappointment with my usual strictness of temper.” I much fear that my caro sposo would not quite agree with you in paying me this compliment, car dans ce moment ci, je vois tout en noir ; je suis vraiment de mauvaise humeur voilà! Mon Mari says, that I must take lessons in philosophy, so as to learn how to bear disappointments. As you cannot, and your cousin will not, come, I think I shall go over next season and pay you a visit, veux-tu me recevoir, chère amie?

Poor Malibran! Her death caused a sensation here; but of course not so great a one as in England. We have also lost Santini, the talented buffo of the Italian theatre; his death was occasioned by a liver complaint, from which he had long been a sufferer.

Messieurs Peyronnet and Chanteluze have at length been removed from the fortress of Ham. They are permitted to reside on parole—the former at Montferrand, in the department of the Gironde; the latter in the department of the Loire; their healths, it is said, have been greatly impaired by their detention at Ham. I regret to tell you that Madame Adélaïde is seriously indisposed. The widow of Murat is at present residing in Paris, under the title of Comtesse de Lipano; she has obtained permission to remain here for a few weeks, for the purpose of consulting the physicians upon her state of health. Report speaks in the highest terms of the amiability of character and benevolence of this princess, or rather ex-queen. It is said that not only in features, but also in the general expression of her countenance, she bears a striking resemblance to her brother, the late Emperor Napoleon. In her youth she was not only remarkable for her extreme loveliness, but also for the graces of her person and manners, and also for an almost masculine understanding.

I must not omit to tell you a little anecdote of La belle Grisi. You have, no doubt, heard that she was married to a Frenchman in London. The “happy pair” came to pass the honeymoon at a magnificent château belonging to the husband, in the vicinity of Paris. After a short time, they discovered, one day, much to their mutual consternation, that, owing to some formality required by the French laws, their marriage was null and void! You are aware that no marriage, except what is called a civil contract, is legal in this country. That day and the next were passed in deliberations to see how the evil could be remedied: they might still appear before the civil magistrate, and the treaty might then be ratified. This plan was agreed upon. The third day, however, after re-considering the matter, they thought this ceremony might, perhaps, be dispensed with; the fourth day they were sure it could—in fine, another day’s experience convinced them that there was nothing so precious as liberty; and the following day saw Madame—— once more become Mademoiselle Grisi, and the bridegroom free to offer his hand, heart, and ample fortune, to the first damsels who should again strike his fancy: thus the story goes!

Another on dit is, that this winter the grands salons diplomatique et matrimonial par excellence, of Madame la Princesse L——, are to be deserted! The journals even inquire what this female Talleyrand, or Talleyrand in petticoats,” as she is called, has to do in Paris. They relate a funny story of this lady, that she cannot go to sleep at night without having her feet and her nose tickled with the feathers of a goose-quill! As soon as the femme de chambre stops, the princess awakens; and they say that, at times of particular restlessness, the waiting-woman borrows a pen from one of M. Viennet’s secretaries, en voilà des bêtises.

The statue of the great Condé has just been taken from its pedestal on the Pont de la Concorde; it is about to be removed to Versailles, where it will be
placed in the grande cour of the palace. Horace Vernet is in Paris at present, occupied in painting a splendid picture, commanded by the Emperor of Russia; the subject is Napoleon passing in review the Imperial Guard in the Place du Carrousel: as soon as the picture is finished, Vernet returns to St. Petersburgh. The Italian theatre is open, and crowded at every representation. You ask if our balls have commenced: pas encore ma chère; for our grande monde are not yet returned to Paris; though I think the cold weather we have at present must drive them in, bon gré mal gré. They say we shall have a most brilliant winter, and I think there is little doubt of it. Paris is crowded with strangers at present, and there are numerous arrivals daily. A winter in Paris is, I believe, more gay than in any other city in Europe. Veux-tu que nous parlons modes un peu?

Trains and demi-trains will, it seems, decidedly come in this winter; but the sleeves,—those odious sleeves,—are positively gaining ground; et pire encore, the most distingué are those made like the sleeve of a man's coat, fitting perfectly tight to the arm; and without any trimming whatever. The short sleeves are made in the same way; they descend as low as the elbow, where they are finished by a lace ruffle. Do you think they will be adopted in England? They were passable while the full trimmings were worn at top, but these have become so common that our elegantes have come to the determination of having their sleeves quite plain. The skirts of the dresses are beginning to be worn much less full than they have been for the last year or two, and flowers are decidedly coming in. Encore une horreur, ma belle,—some are of opinion that spincères (spencers) are coming in! What shall we look like, with a narrow skirt, a deep flounce, and a Spencer with tight sleeves? Vraiment je ne conçois pas de telles modes. There is nothing so unbecoming to the figure as a Spencer—et cependant si la mode le veut, il faut céder. There is nothing particularly new in the make of the corsages. Some are made to fit the bust quite tight, others en cœur, and others, again, with draperies put on, or à la Sévigné. Ball dresses will again be ornamented with flowers and bows of riband.

For morning négligés, a loose wrapping dress of groseille-coloured flannel, lined throughout with apple-green flannel: a listé piping, of the same colour all round; if tied down the front it must be with ribands to match.

Hats.—The hats, you will rejoice to hear, are gradually diminishing, but as yet, by very slow degrees; indeed, after the enormous hats that have been worn, small ones would look ridiculous. The pailles de riz are completely out. Satin, plain velvet, and velours épinglé are the favourite materials for hats at present. Leghorn bonnets are still much worn, and are trimmed with cherry colour or black velvet riband. The velvet ribands font fureur just now. Cherry colour velvet riband is the most fashionable trimming possible for a lace cap. Velvet riband ceintures: black, or the colour of the dress, or cherry colour with a white dress, are becoming very prevalent. We wear bracelets to match. Velvet riband cravattes, fastened in front with a large camé, are very fashionable. Bows of velvet riband beneath the fronts of the hats: one, two, or three narrow bands of the same round the hair and crossing the brow: two or three or more rows down the fronts of a gros de Naples, or poux de soie redingotte; enfin, wherever narrow black or cherry-colour velvet can be worn, it is worn; even on the tops of the long white kid gloves. C'est une véritable fureur.

The fashion for cloaks is not yet sufficiently established for me to say what will be adopted. The newest are those with long capes, in the form of mantelets. They are without sleeves. The mantelet or cape is trimmed with a deep fringe; and some have a few rows of the trimming par excellence velvet riband laid on. These cloaks are confined at the waist by a band.

The long black silk mantelets are still in high vogue. They are trimmed with black lace. Never did any thing become such a rage as these mantelets have been; a lady cannot be well dressed without one.

Dresses of watered gros de Naples, are not at all unfashionable; and the shot silks, called gorge de pigeon, are coming in. Gros-grain silks are also much worn; for evening dress, a cherry-coloured gros-grain is very rich and elegant. Mousselines de laine are ex-
ceedingly fashionable; white grounds, very much covered with rich patterns, sont les mieux portés. Black satin dresses, and covered black velvet, will also be much adopted this winter.

Hair.—No change has taken place in the style of coiffure; a braid far back, and bandeaux or ringlets à l'Anglaise for morning, and either braids or coques for evening.

Colours.—For Hats—Groseille, cherry-colour, dark and apple-greens, a kind of purple and pink. For dresses, grosseille, cherry-colour, fawn-colour, dark green, and a kind of dark lavander. In fact, with the exception of grosseille, cherry-colour, and fawn-colour (the three that are the rage), all other colours are worn much less.

J'attends de tes nouvelles bientôt. Adieu, mon amour, je t'embrasse. L. DE F——

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 21.) Toilette de Promenade.—Satin hat. The front of the hat is large and excessively evasée; it does not descend quite so low at the sides as those that have been lately worn, nor does it sit so close to the face. The crown is not remarkable for height, nor is it low. It is trimmed all round with a double border (see plate); the garniture consists of a full trimming of satin riband, a large bow of which is placed at the right side, where it retains two ostrich feathers (see plate); a second full bow is placed over the bavolet or curtain, but as much as possible towards the left side. Two small bouquets of roses ornament the inside of the front of the hat. Manteau-mantelet of satin, ornamented with velvet riband and Chenille fringes. This manteau, or cloak, is cut in the style of a blouse (without sleeves), with a piece put in at the neck, so as to have as little fullness as possible about the body. The skirt is excessively full, and put on in large plaits to a belt at the waist. The cape, as may be seen by the plate, consists of a long piece, like a plain mantelet or scarf; it is sloped out a little at top, so as to make it sit at the neck; the fronts are left loose, being brought together and fastened with small pattes and buttons (see plate), placed at distances. The ends of this mantelet-cape are rounded. Three rows of very narrow velvet go entirely round the cape, outside of which is a deep and rich Chenille fringe: the velvet riband and fringe are of the colour of the cloak. A small round collar of black velvet finishes the cloak at top. Dark lilac silk cravatte: pale yellow kid gloves: shoes of drap de soie.

The second figure gives the back of the cloak.

(No. 22.) Toilette de chez soi—Home morning dress.—First figure. Dress of light green (vert pomme) gros de Naples; the corsage made low, fitting tight to the bust, and fastened at the back; the sleeves long, cut on the cross way, and sitting as tight to the arm as the sleeve of a man's coat (see plate): the sleeves without any trimming whatever. The skirt of the dress is ornamented with a deep flounce, which is edged with a liséré (piping) the colour of itself. Mantelet a la Corday—made of silk, gorge de pigeon (shot silk.) The mantelet is low in the neck, pointed at the back like a ficheu or pelerine; it is crossed in front, and knotted at the back of the waist (see plate). The ends are very long and rounded. A very narrow lace goes round the top or neck part of the mantelet; but begins to widen gradually when it crosses in front. The lower side is trimmed with an immensely wide lace, put on very full. Flat collar of embroidered cambric. Cap of figured tulle; a round caul, sitting very high, and with a good deal of fullness at top; plain deep head-piece; a wide triple border of lace (the first goes all round, and forms a bavolet at back—see plate) is so put on, as to make it stand back off the face as much as possible. At the ears it comes close, and is rounded off again. A wide foulard riband goes round the upper and lower part of the head-piece, and a bow with long ends is placed over the border, at back.

Second Figure.—Dress made as the preceding one, of sprigged muslins. The sleeves short, tight to the arm, and finishing at the elbow with a deep lace ruffle. Fichu mantelet, à la Corday, of grey poux de soie. Cap the same as the one just described. Hair in very long ringlets, à l'Anglaise. Long white kid gloves, trimmed at top with a narrow black velvet riband, simply laid on (see plate). A gold cross is suspended from a narrow black velvet riband round the neck.
LE FOLLET

Courrier des Salons

Boulevard R. Martin, 61.

Chapeau en satin du M. de M. Rousseau Robigne, place de la Bourse. Manteau-mantellet en satin, broderie garnie de velours et de franges en chenille, de la M. Grignon, à Richelieu.

Forget me-Not, for 1837. Ackermann.

Once more we welcome our old friend the "Forget-me-Not," the parent and prototype of all the annual family, the survivor of many, and the most equally sustained in character of them all.

The engravings commence with a bright-looking intellectual face, from the pencil of Parris; the tone of the background has been kept down to great advantage, although the light rather distracts the eye; but the face and bust are beautifully engraved. The "Sorceress" is finely engraved; the design by Miss F. Corbeaux; we like it much. Perhaps the head is a little too small for the extent of the shoulders. This is one of the mischiefs a prevalent fashion does to the judgment of artists. Hill's design is very poetical; but some of the exquisite work bestowed on the portraits in the "Christian Keepsake" would have been as well given here; the face has a muddy hot look. Neither Lewis nor Rolls have been very successful in the Tajo de Ronda; when a first-rate engraver does not like his subject, he seldom takes much pains with it.

We never saw a more beautiful design and engraving than the Giant's Staircase, Doge's Palace, Venice. Carter has worked the plate, therefore it is not spotty, as the engravers often make Pratt's designs. In the plate called Faithful Carlo, either the lady is too near or the dog is too large. What has Landseer to do with ladies?

Annabel's Dream, designed by Miss Satchel, is one of the best groups in the volume; it is delicately engraved by Stocks. The train of the lady's dress hangs down too much, as if depending from a height; it should spread on the floor; a little force in the groundwork would have mended this error of perspective. Puss and the Poetess is likewise a pretty scene. The Sleeping Beauty is highly polished, and full of difficult work; the outline of the design is very good, but the eye is tormented with clashing lights, a method often prevalent in Wood's designs; the female figures are elegant, the spirits quite the contrary; and even as if they had left the regions of air before their time. The Bridal Toilet surprises by the perfect tone and keeping, in a scene where the slightest error of light or shade would have thrown every thing into a state of confusion. This is one of those minute engravings which will be in future treasured in the portfolios of connoisseurs. They are peculiar to the present day. The principal of engravers, Edward Finden, once justly observed, that when annuals are no longer published, this art, like that of engraving on hard gems, will be lost. This little picture is a real curiosity.

Our readers will perceive by our comment, there is scarcely one engraving in the "Forget-me-Not" which is not distinguished for some beauty, and that several, as the Parris, the Pratt, and the last named are among the very first of their class. The literature of the "Forget-me-Not" is of a livelier class than usual, several of our best imaginative authors are among its list of contributors. We find a great preponderance on the side of female talent: Miss Gore, Mrs. Lee, Miss Lawrence, among the prose writers; and Miss Landseer, Agnes Strickland, and Mary Howitt, among the poets. "The Rigour of the Law" is a strongly-written but agonizing tale, by Mrs. Gore; the worst of the matter is, that we know such scenes were of frequent occurrence in those days, to the terror of which no public historian has done justice—the whole feelings of writings of those times being swallowed up in political or religious fury. If we were to collect the individual testimony of the wrong and wickedness transacted in the great Rebellion, the lovers of liberty and revolution would perforce be obliged to renounce many of their pet heroes. "A Game at Coquetry" conveys a good lesson; but why is the punishment to fall so heavily on the tempted? To be sure the lady that could prefer the coxcomb, and ill-treat Markham, deserves no better fate. The story means to imply, that all women behave better to impertinent puppies than towards men of manly character, which, for the honour of our sex, is a slight mistake on the part of the author. Our favourite tale is "Puss and the Poetess": it is far too long for extract, therefore we must begin with a brief outline that Laura is staying out on a visit to a friend, to repent of refusing a very unexceptionable
offer. There she falls in love with a sublime travelled blue gentleman, who is, in truth, one of a class of characters peculiar to the present day.

*Flowers of Loneliness, for 1837.*

Ackermann.

Besides the *Forget-me-Not*, with its delicate, fairy-like engravings, Ackermann has sent forth to the world a brilliant quarto annual, continued from last year, and called “Flowers of Loneliness.” Here the engravings are on a bolder, broader scale, although we confess that English art scarcely yet finds itself at home in these large-sized engravings, so long has it been accustomed to view the miniature work of the annuals. We are happy to say that the two best designs in the collection are by female artists, Miss Corbeaux and Mrs. Scyffarth. The plate called “Moss” is by the latter lady, and it is the most beautiful design we have gazed upon this year. The subject is a lady, a very pretty one, young and yet maternal. On one arm she holds a baby, who is lovingly caressing her; the other arm is thrown over a tired child, who has laid a bird’s-nest on her lap, and fallen asleep—hence the rather forced title, “Moss.” The only fault is in the telling of this part of the story; the boy with the nest is not, too much of a baby even to aid or abet in robbing birds’-nests, and, therefore, the moral of Haynes Bayley’s poetical exhortation is thrown away upon him. Nevertheless, it is an exquisite group, sufficient to immortalise its designer; there is no forced sentiment, it is nature. It is engraved by Dean, in the very first style of art; we can scarcely tear ourselves from it to look at the others. Miss Corbeaux’s design is the next favourite, with the title “Myrtle;” the lady having a sprig of myrtle in her hand, and being engaged meditating, wherefore she has not heard from her lover, is somewhat pensive, unconscious that she friend behind her is holding a letter from him above her head. This is a charming and spirited group, the young lady, she of the myrtle branch, is delicacy and beauty itself; we are pleased with the subject, and still more pleased with Mr. Ackermann for his encouragement of female talent; and extremely pleased with the female artists, who have surpassed all the designs in this collection. The engraving of this last is by Thompson, who has done wonders.

The third in excellence is likewise by Mrs. Scyffarth; it is the Hollyhock, considered as the emblem of pride; the principal female figure is well drawn, and the whole of the engraving by Mote does him credit. The Marigold, designed as well by Mrs. Scyffarth, and engraved by Thomson, is a fine plate. There is much individual merit in the design called the Yellow Rose, by Miss Sharpe; the figure-head and bust of the principal lady, good; but the lights are injuriously distributed, and it does not make a satisfactory whole.

Miss Fanny! Miss Fanny Corbeaux, when you arrive at the estate of widowhood, let us advise you to be more prudent in the choice of weeds; or if you bend ever so gracefully over the urn of the dear departed, positively you never will have a second offer.

Eliza Sharpe has a very pretty group, but the engraver has ruined the effect by the coarseness of the hair. The rest of the designs are by Uwins and Wood; the group called Convolvulus seems as if meant as a contrast to Mrs. Scyffarth’s lovely picture of mother and children. Uwins’ design is vulgar, violent, and unnatural; it is in the vilest taste, and as badly engraved.

Without the slightest prejudice in their favour, for if we have a prejudice it is against female painters in this department of art, we declare, that the female artists in this volume have produced the best series of original designs we have seen this year, and we hope the ladies will encourage the works of their own sex.

The literature is by Haynes Bayley. Criticism were almost unfair in the forced task of illustration; most of the poems are languid, the following is the very best:—

“He loves me, dearest sister, and I am now content,
Behold the tulip flower, which he this morning sent:
So well I knew the token, I felt his love was mine,
Before in this sweet letter I read one loving line.

He daily came, and daily he saw my eyes betray
Delight when he came early—inpatience at delay;
But still of love he spoke not, and I have sometimes thought.
That I had deigned to love him, before my love was sought.”
I felt the degradation, I struggled to be proud,
I shunned him in the lonely path, I passed him in the crowd:
I strove when others named him, in careless tone to speak,
But pride but ill became me, for the tears were on my cheek.
Yet oh! he never saw them, how soon are lovers pained,
A man's heart trembled at the strength, a woman only feigned;
And here are traced his doubts and fears, he waits for a reply,
Fly, bid him come, what now he feels none knew so well as I.
Then haste and call him hither, my steady friend he'll prove,
And thou wilt learn to love him, with all a sister's love:
And oh! we will be happy! yet hold, I'm loth to miss,
While thinking of a future day, the present joy of this.

The binding of this quarto annual is scarlet cashmere, embossed in gold; the effect is magnificent.

_Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book._

This splendid quarto annual is well fitted to be a distinguished ornament for the drawing-room table; its size and appearance must attract every eye, and its selected gems, with their fine breadth of margin, strike the eye with far greater effect than any of its smaller-sized brethren: the portraits alone would stamp value on this collection. Fisher's firm is renowned for portraits of public characters. Cochrane has given to the lamented Wilberforce a life and reality which must be delightful to his friends and admirers. The portraits likewise of Peel, Wellington, and the Earl of Sandwich, of Solebay memory, are beautifully engraved. Lord Melbourne, with his full features, and "forehead villainous low," is well engraved. The head of Sir William Stanley is finely done; but we have historical doubts, from the costume, whether that portrait represents Henry VII.'s lord chamberlain: the dress is that of the era of Francis I., and not of Edward IV.; we think that portrait represents some cavalier of the house of Stanley, in the times of Edward VI., or Queen Mary. Belvoir Castle, Bothwell Bridge, and Scale Force, are very perfect and lovely plates. The Castle of Ulysses and Ruins of Carthage, are beautiful; in short, we have seldom seen, in modern times, so much merit assembled under one cover. The "Drawing-Room Scrap-Book" possesses a feature unknown to other annuals, viz. initial wood-cuts; several of these have more merit than the embellishments of many of the other annuals.

The literature is almost entirely from the pen of Miss Landon. ItChiefly consists of poetry, but the little of prose is so well written, and so appropriately introduced, that we rather regret Miss Landon did not diversify her subjects with a greater number of prose illustrations: no one touches reality with more individual closeness of style than L. E. L.

One of her most pleasing recent poems illustrates the portrait of the Earl of Sandwich.

"They called the islands by his name,
Those isles the far-away and fair,
A graceful fancy linked with fame,
A flattery such as poets' are,

Who link with lovely things their praise,
And ask the earth, and ask the sky,
To colour with themselves their lays,
And some associate grace supply;

But here it was a sailor's thought.
That named the islands from the Earl,
That dreams of England might be brought
To those soft shores and seas of pearl.

How very fair they must have seemed,
When first they darkened on the deep;
Like all the wandering seaman dreamed,
When land rose lovely on his sleep.

How many dreams they turned to truth,
When first they met the sailor's eyes,
Green with the sweet earth's southern youth,
And azure with her southern skies;

And yet our English thought beguiles
The mariner where'er he roams;
He looks upon the new-found isles,
And calls them by some name of home."

Our readers will feel with us the exquisite beauty of the three last verses. The Sandwich Islands were first discovered by Charles II.'s expedition to the South Seas; and named after the Earl of Sandwich, then a favourite naval hero.

We find the following most interesting anecdote appended to one of the subjects:

"When Sir Walter Scott arrived at Naples, the picturesque imagination of the south was all alive to do him honour. Con-
trary to established etiquette, the king called upon him;

‘Nice customs curtsey to greatness.’

A fête was given in his honour, and Pompeii was chosen for the site. All the guests took some character in the Waverley novels. The deserted city echoed with music; lamps flung their light over walls long unconscious of festivity. The city of the dead suited well the festal of the dying.

Sir Walter was present, but unconscious he sat, wan, exhausted, and motionless—the ‘centre of the glittering ring’ formed by his own genius. The triumph had its usual moral, it came too late.”

We will see how the poetical spirit of Letitia Landon touches this circumstance; we always admired her blank verse:

“Thy dying by the dead—for his great sake
They have laid bare the city of the lost.
His own creations fill the silent streets;
The Roman pavement rings with golden spurs.
The Highland plaid veils dark Italian eyes,
And the young king himself is Ivanhoe.
But there the old man sits, majestic, wan,
Himself a mighty vision of the past;
The glorious mind has bowed beneath its toil.
He does not hear his name on foreign lips,
That thank him for a thousand happy hours.
He does not see the glittering groups that press
In wonder and in homage to his side:
Death is beside his triumph.”

We do not often meet with an annual to compete with the “Drawing-Room Scrap-Book.” It is finished with great taste, both within and without. The binding is richly embossed geranium-coloured cloth, splendidly gilt in scroll-work at the back, and adorned on the covers with golden printed vignettes.

Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book, 1837.

By AGNES STRICKLAND and BERNARD BARTON. Fisher, Son, and Co.

We have already done justice to the literary merits of this juvenile annual, having reviewed it last month from early proof, with which we had been favoured. We can assure our readers that it does not appear to less advantage in its pretty dress of green and gold, and enlivened by a charming selection of plates, to the amount of seventeen. The child's portrait named “Emma,” is one of the most perfect engravings we ever saw; there is something in the earnest infantile look that casts on it a spell of fascination, and we return again and again to gaze on it.

“Plymouth Regatta” is a capital plate, and whoever reads the tale will allow it is well illustrated. This promises to be the most successful of the juvenile annuals, because the literature is free from the forced and faded style, abhorrent to childhood.

The Christian Keepsake, for 1837.

Fisher, Son, and Co.

The “Christian Keepsake” of last year far surpassed its aristocratic relative in embellishment and literature: for setting aside the religious tendency of the “Christian Keepsake” of 1836, it was a book replete with information and sound well-chosen literature, adorned withal by many pearls of price in the way of poetry. We have the two books now before us, and on comparing them, we find that the representations of scenery in design and engraving are this year very superior to the past. The “Missionaries’ Grave, Raisia,” and “Abo Guzzaret,” are the pride of this last-named class. Melville has furnished both designs—they do him honour; and Floyd and Benja- men engraved them in a manner to leave it difficult to find a fault. Franklin and Presbury have given us a pretty scene, in admirable costume, of Doddridge's mother telling him scriptural stories from the Dutch tiles of her fire-place; notwithstanding, Doddridge has himself ceased to become an object of much interest with us since the publication of his disagreeable egotistical letters; still the picture is a good picture.

The “Christian Keepsake” has an intrinsic value in its admirable series of portraits; that of Carey alone is worth the value of the book, as a striking re- memberance of that distinguished Chris- tian and courageous civiliser. There is a fault as a composition which we long to see remedied; the portrait of his attendant Pundit appears to us, through the whiteness of the tint, and the heaviness of the drapery, like a plaster bust standing on the table, so thoroughly is the eye deceived that we do not perceive it as the slightest defect in the composition of the picture till we investigate the story it should tell. Mr. Jenkins, the engraver, will notice that it is the blackness of the book-case in the background that helps to give this false effect.

We know well West's painting of Mrs-
Hemans; the present West is one of our very best portrait painters. We think in the reduction of the engraving, a little more fulness is given to the face than in the original; it is, however, a good likeness. Clarkson, Jay, Bishop Ryder, and the Caiffre Prince, complete the list of portraits: the best done of these is the Rev. Mr. Jay, by Holl, who is the most attentive to individual detail of any soft-touching engraver we ever saw. This exquisite work is a little injured by the effect of the heavy scrambling autograph engraved beneath; such scratchings should not have come within six inches of Holl's polished work.

The biographical notices are by far the best portion of the literature; and we would counsel Mr. Ellis to extend this department, and that of natural history and religious statistics, curtailing the poetry, and selecting it rather for its efficiency, than for the good intentions of its pious writers.

To us the most interesting embellishment is the wood-cut vignette depicting the bath wherein Bishop Heber was found dead. This cut illustrates a very excellent article by the Rev. Mr. Doran, descriptive of the last days of Heber's life.

The best poem we can find in its pages as an extract, is the following by Mrs. J. Conder, on the Ausonia Butterfly, found flying over the summit of Mont Blanc:

What charms unknown the splendid butterer drew,
To scale these ice throned pinnacles, whose height
Out soars the storm? Could not his radiant height
Be bared by all the odorous wreaths that strew
The flowery plains, and breathe Italian light,—
The bridal blooms that ever dress anew
The groves green constancy with favours bright,
Or Alpine genii wearing Heaven's own blue?
Not these, bright fugitive, thy wings could stay;
Nor check its course, the terror of thy way;
The torrent's frozen fall, the abyss of snow,
Or thundering avalanche. Its grosser clay
Thine airy form hath left far, far below,
And, like the imprisoned soul, flies upwards to the day.

This we declare to be a very perfect poem of its class, and wish we could see more like it in the volume. "Christ the Purifier," is a beautiful and appropriate article by James the Montgomery; both verse and prose are worthy of the estimable writer: the subject is too sacred to be quoted here, although we admire it as well for the information and genius, as the piety which is infused into the composition.

The binding of our copy of this annual is singularly chaste and elegant, it is of cream-colored leather, with no ornament, excepting some delicate tooling. Every one who is a connoisseur in binding, knows how much more costly this getting up is than a more flashy exterior.

Friendship's Offering, for 1837. Smith, Elder, and Co.

"Friendship's Offeringis" always attractive among its contemporaries for the worth of its literature; but it is the fashion rather to consider these annuals merely as works of art, wherefore we turn first to the embellishments.

Two female figures form the frontispiece. "Donna Elena," is too emaciated even for sentiment; Croly's tale scarcely illustrates this plate, though we say so much the better, for it is not then spoilt by forced construction. The "Lake of Oodipoor" is full of Goodal's most efficient touches. The next is an utter failure; but we will not hastily reproach C. Rolls. The design itself must have been very inferior. The kneeling figure in the "Maiden's Vow" is very efficient, the portrait shadowy and well toned down; it is a good plate, and does Wright and Wrankmore credit. "The Bridal Morn" is the reflection of a lady in a looking-glass, it is in this portion every beauty, but the drawing of the features, flowers, and bandage, &c. is bad. It is, however, a pretty fanciful thing. Next follows a plate from Barret, wrought up by Richardson with a splendour of effect that cannot be imagined without being seen, nor appreciated without being examined through a glass; it is a gem which in a few years will be worth the whole price of the book. "Jenny's First Love Letter" is far better than Wilkie chooses to design now—it is by Webster, the figures are carefully and highly engraved by Simmons, yet they tell better examined separately than grouped as a whole. "Rosolin" is a lady in the style of the day, a modern egotist in ancient costume, looking as pleased with herself as if she came out of the Book of Beauty—the shoulders are too wide for the head, a fault, into which reigning fashion has seduced more than one artist. The eye gets accustomed to a deformity often presented to it. "The Letter from Home" is a charming domestic group, beautifully toned and finely engraved: the sleeve will be considered dispropor-
tionate when the present fashion is forgotten: sleeves cannot be too large for the artist, if they flow freely, but no artist of taste should put a wadded sleeve into any picture where rigour of costume is not demanded. If Richter or Penley were designing new fashions, they must draw sleeves as worn, but why they should do so here we cannot think.

We now turn to the literature. Croly is very fond of disguising his name, but "Donna Elena" might as well have had his signature as his style; the first scene is full of life and character—in the rest he takes to the sea like a fish—beggars and viscounts change hands—and harlequin's transfigurations are surpassed—easily enough done on paper. All our favourites choose this year to write continental stories. Sarah Stickney has got to Germany; we would advise her to return home, for the home of her talents is not there.

Harrison, the excellent editor, gives us some serious poetry—does he remember the "Frolics in a Palace," a poem that somebody (then not an editor) once wrote in the "Forget-me-Not?" In that peculiar style of elegant playfulness he is unequalled by any author. Thomas Miller is the best poet in "Friendship's Offering;" his "Broken Bridge" is full of poetic thought and feeling. Miss Agnes Strickland has written a tale of the French Chronicles on the story of Louise de Lorraine, whose portrait and memoir are to be found in our number for November, 1834, while the queen's sister, who shares in the interest of the story, was the subject of our last frontispiece in October, 1836. As this sprightly and characteristic tale bears so closely on our own subjects, we have elsewhere* in our pages extracted the story as a specimen of the literature of "Friendship's Offering" for the year 1837.

* See p. 326.


The History of British Quadrupeds promises to be one of our most perfect specimens of the rapidly advancing art of wood-cutting; nothing can be better handled and more spirited than the representations of that mysterious water-cat, the Otter, or of the poor, persecuted Badger. The design of the Weasels surprising a Partridges' nest is itself characteristic and lively to a high degree. The vignettes give great animation to the work; the Otter-hunt in Glamorganshire winds up the history of the animal effectually; the Badger-baiting is excellent in design; and the Mole-catchng in cutting and toning. But admirable as the embellishments are, the highest value of the work rests in the labours of Mr. Bell, the enlightened naturalist, whose intelligent mind conveys information in a style most pleasing and instructive. He has the art of making his reader in love with any sub-
ject however obscure, on which he concentrates the focus of his talent. How much for instance has he interested us in regard to the Mole, to whose habits and character former naturalists were as blind as they declared the creature itself to be! Our favourite chapter relates to the Otter; and yet we expected to have been led by him “To lonely Otter’s haunted shore,” which is not mentioned. How much that line of natural history improves the mind, rising as it does amidst the unreal pageantry of Collins’ allegorical, though harmonious odes!


The strictures on the “Anglo-Polish Harp,” which we gave in sincerity last spring, have been received by Mr. Jacob Jones with a spirit of candour that is highly pleasing. He has forwarded to us a copy of the third edition of this work, at the same time acknowledging our advice in the suppression of a part certainly not written in the same spirit with the rest of his lyrics. The generous feelings of this gentleman in regard to the Polish nation, have in a manner identified his name with that most interesting people, and his poetical celebrity in a great measure rests on the poems he has written on their late struggle.

As critics, we do not scruple to affirm that the truest poetry written by Mr. Jones is illustrative of natural history; and the poems he has added to the present edition fully confirm that opinion. We give, in proof, his “September,” such as it usually is in England, and not, indeed, as it has been for the two last autumns. His “Sunrise on Snowdon” is a fine poem, though injured by his hurry in not stopping to work out the fulness of his own thoughts. Seduced by an easy rhyme, he has left the second verse in a crude and contradictory state; he meant to say,—

Fear fell upon me, like a sense akin, or allied
To dying—
and not—

“Fear fell upon me; like a sense alive
To dying—”

The whole of this verse is inferior to the first and last.

2 Y.—Vol. IX.—November.
Lo! the horizon streaking with dawn;
Watch its chill, slow, gradations into light;
West are the stars, the advent of the morn;
East has already put the stars to flight—
Clearer the distance—milder grow the skies—
Now, heralds of their king, his radiations rise.

“No Persian, on his hill-top worshiping,
Fresh from some dark captivity set free—
No unchain’d eagle, on exultant wing.
Plunging in day’s unfathomable sea—
No joy of awe that poet ever defin’d,
Proving one’s being bliss with hope surpass’d—
Can paint, or typify, the frame of mind,
Of perfect life a peer feet antepast.
As, through the orient’s light-enamell’d arch.
Wheel’d into view the beatific sun—
A spiritual presence on its glorious march,
A victor with the world from black night won!
His high noon coronation I behold;
Nor, till the shadows slope, my course down Snowdon hold.”

We should be happy if we could rouse the attention of this gentleman to the necessity of giving the last finish to poems which possess far more of the fire of genius than is usually seen in productions of the present day. We wish to see all his works perfect as the “September” sonnet.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library. No. XXI. Circumnavigation. Oliver and Boyd.

The present number of this best of the periodical Cabinet Libraries, although old in text is enriched with notes containing so much valuable information regarding the South Seas down to the present year, that we think all the credit belonging to an original work is its due. A good abstract is given of the principal voyages of navigators previous to the three famous expeditions of Captain Cook. These are well abstracted, all the interesting part being retained, and the logs and other technical matters, which occupy so large a portion of the original omitted; some additions are made, as the autograph observations regarding the transit of Venus from the family records are now first published. The biographical memoir of Captain Cook’s family, and likewise the notice of his venerable centenarian widow, deceased last year, is entirely new. The work is illustrated by a brilliant portrait of the great navigator, engraved with an admirable union of force and delicacy, by Horsburgh. The rest of the embellishments are good wood-cuts by Jackson, from the most striking subjects in the large edition of the Three Voyages. There is one thing necessary to note, lest we should give our aid to mislead our readers on historical fact:—in our review of Fisher’s Quarto Annual, we extracted a very pretty poem from the pen of Miss Landon, asserting that the Sandwich Islands were named from the heroic Earl of Sandwich, who fell in the great fight off Southwold, called the battle of Solebay, the present volume as usual declares that they were named in honour of the profligate Earl of Sandwich, Lord of the Admiralty in the reign of George the Third. Our memory sides with Miss Landon, we have heard that some Islands were named Sandwich Islands by the same circumnavigators who called one of a neighbouring group after the cousin of that Earl, the celebrated secretary to the Admiralty, Pepys. We leave our readers to judge, and search out the truth, on these hints.

Drama, &c.

The season commenced at this theatre on the 8th ult. During the recess the interior of the house has undergone entire repair, and it has in the most splendid manner imaginable been ornamented and decorated; we must therefore, in common justice to the proprietor, manager, and artists engaged in the work of renovation and decoration, confess that it presents a most splendid coup d’œil, with all the excellence being capable of the most minute criticism in every detailed part of its execution. In short, it conveys that kind of cheerfulness which is so essentially necessary for the audience of a great London theatre. The performance at this theatre has, besides the successful début of the renowned American tragedian, Mr. Forrest, been attended with two or three incidents worthy of notice: we shall not mention the “Siege of Ro-
chelle," save that its skilful composer, Mr. Balfe, for the first time appeared on an English stage, in the character of Michel. He evinced a great deal of talent, as might have been expected, from his long practice on the Italian stage, and most deservedly received the enthusiastic applause of a crowded audience. Bunn has, as far as the season yet goes, been most unfortunate with his novelties; and he hardly, with the experience he ought to possess, could have expected any other reception for such common and ridiculous penny trash as "Every Body's Widow" and the "Duchess of Ormond," which were accordingly, in strict justice to good taste, consigned to an early tomb: not so, however with the American tragedy of "Spartacus," though it most assuredly deserved to share the fate of its predecessors; for a viler, and more absurd mixture of bombastic language, with few or no incidents at all, has hardly ever been allowed, unmolested, to be performed on an English stage. We can, therefore, only ascribe its perseverance to the able and artist-like acting of Mr. Forrest, who entirely drew the attention of his audience upon his personal acting, making them forget its own faults, and altogether insensible of the existence of Bird's tragedy of "Spartacus;" so that instead of it being a play reflecting disgrace upon the national theatre, it may be well proud of the enthusiastic reception and universal acknowledgment of the American actor, the greatest of living tragedians upon their boards. Mr. Forrest has long been known by name to those connected with English theatricals; and his first proceedings proved that fame had pronounced his talents even with less éclat than the merit of the actor commanded. Forrest has much of that kind of genius that distinguished Keen; and in energy, he is not to be approached by any of our present actors, particularly in his master-like acting of Othello.

COVENT GARDEN.

Osbaldeston is pursuing the very plan to attract crowded houses, and repay him for his exertions; the engagement of Macready, Kemble, Vandenhoff, &c. are enough in themselves to raise the reputation of a theatre, and to promise well for the drama. The "Claustistine Marriage" introduced for the first time the inimitable Mrs. Glover and Webster as Mrs Heidelberg and Canton; Mr. Farren, appeared, too, as Lord Ogilby, the part in which he first established his metropolitan fame. We very much question whether the stage ever presented a more highly-finished specimen of acting than Mrs. Glover's Mrs. Heidelberg and his Lord Ogilby; they shine by contrast—the Cockney vulgarity of the former, standing out in broad relief against the finical foppery of the latter, highly amused us. Some of our play-going dramatic friends may remember, that a translation from the French, called "How to Get Off," was last season produced at the Olympic; it has since been adopted and altered, probably to appear more for suit for this theatre. But if it originally was a tissue of absurdities, too improbable even for farce—it's new shape, as played at this house once, and no more, was considerably worse, and condemned it most deservedly. The historical play of "King John" has been well acted, and drawn full houses. The tragedy of "Othello" has been acted to perfection; which is not to be wondered at, when we mention that our favourite, Mr. Macready, appeared as Othello, and, as far as our judgment goes, never so well before performed that character. It was sustained throughout with consummate ability, and his efforts were therefore almost in every scene rewarded with the most vehement applause. Miss Helen Faucit's Desdemona was touchingly natural. We are sorry to say we cannot speak in the same strains of Mr. Vandenhoff's Iago. There is a roughness, a rude bluntness in this gentleman's manner, which is especially unsuited for the false, insinuating, and flattering Iago. Mr. C. Kemble supported the character of Cassio (one of his very best parts) most felicitously. His tipsy scene was excellent, and his subsequent contrition bore the impress of reality. If the proprietor go on as he has begun, his endeavours will continue to attract well-filled and respectable houses.

SURREY.

The grand attraction of this house is the American performer, Mr. Rice, in a variety of extravaganzas called "Black Operas;" it is needless to say anything of his merits, as every street, court, and alley of the metropolis resounds with him and his Jim Crow. Mr. Rice is, in his way, the most accomplished artist on the
theatrical boards, and performs the Negro inimitably; he has the ability to imitate all the distortions of an ill-grown African; and his exertions to please have deservedly procured him the patronage he enjoys. The Bedowin Arabs are performing wonders, and greatly add to the attraction of the house; their exercises are really wonderful. With such adapted display for the Surrey, Mr. Rice's clever talent; and the orderly management of the spirited proprietor, this house cannot but succeed.

OLYMPIC.

This tasteful little theatre, under the management of our everdramatic—estimable Madame Vestris, presents to the spectator every thing that talents, art, beauty, taste, mirth, and gaiety, can offer; the varieties that have lately been produced would be too numerous to enumerate; the talents of a Liston, Matthews, or Madame herself, &c. are in full energy, and their merits have long stood the test of oft-repeated trial. We heartily wish that some other managers would imitate Madame, who displays infinite tact and judgment in every thing connected with the arrangements of the stage, or the appointments of the piece. It would be a saving to some houses were Madame Vestris salaried to be piece-criticiser, both to their pockets and their reputation, ere their productions were d—d at the bar of public opinion.

VICTORIA.

We feel great pleasure in stating that considerable accession has been made to the strength of the company of this theatre; it has long been imperatively called for. Mr. Levy has already decidedly improved his corps; yet a great deal is required to be done. The public will not be wanting in bestowing its patronage, and the manager will use a creditable sagacity if he give them a full opportunity of doing so before their patience has been put to a test.

ADELPHI.

The Adelphi is still on the ascendant, and Yates seems determined not to be behind-hand from want of novelties. Amongst other good pieces which have been produced during the month, we can particularly mention a drama, entitled "Sir Roger de Coverley," which was got up and acted in the most admirable manner; the management of this theatre is unusually good, and we sincerely hope that his usual great success will encourage the efforts of the enterprising manager.

HYDE PARK GARDENS.—A range of houses of the first rate, bearing this name, has just been commenced on the Bayswater-road, on the north side of that road. They will overlook Hyde Park; and between them and the public road there will be a garden common to all the houses, 150 ft. deep; and in front of each house an elevated terrace-garden, 50 ft. deep. These houses will unquestionably form the most desirable town residences for the more wealthy of the nobility of any that have been built during the present century. What will render them greatly superior to the houses in Belgrave-square, which are of equal magnitude, is the superior healthiness of the situation. When these houses are completed, all that will be wanting to render the entrance to London through Bayswater decidedly the most magnificent, will be the substitution of an iron railing for the high prison-like brick wall which, at present, forms the northern boundary to Kensington Gardens.—Architectural Magazine, October.

BON MONT OF TALLEYRAND.—The Prince invited one of the French Marshals to dinner with him, who came very late.—"We have waited for you, Monsieur," said the Minister on his arrival.—"Oh!" replied the Marshal, "I have been detained by a bite of a Pekin, who came in just as I was going out."—"What is a Pekin?" inquired Talleyrand.—"Oh," we call every body Pekin, who is not military," said the soldier, superciliously. —"The same as we call every body military who is not civil," was the cool reply of the Amphytrion.

MAURITIUS.—These slaves are employed in the opposite islands of the Mauritius. They believe, after death, they shall be restored to their country, and often provoke their own destruction in consequence:—"Respecting the sang-froid with which the slave meets death when inspired with the hope of returning to his country, an instance occurred when I was last at Mauritius. In the hope of being executed, a Malagash slave committed arson, and
was sentenced to be beheaded. I went with my brother officers to visit him in prison; we found him exulting in the near approach of the termination of his earthly career. He walked after his coffin, a mile, to the place of punishment; there a platform was erected with a slope to ascend,— upon the platform was placed a broad plank on an inclined plane, about the length of the intended sufferer;—and on either side stood an executioner in a mask, dressed in a blood-red clothing, with a huge axe in his hand. The Malagash stood on the verdant earth, cast his eyes around, nodded joyfully to his comrades among the assembled towns, and pointed to that part of the heavens where his country was situated, then, with an enthusiastic expression, knelt for a moment on the grassy sod, stretched out his hands in mental prayer to the bright noonday sun, hastily arose, ran with alacrity up the platform, and stretched his body on the inclined plank; one of the executioners quickly buckled two broad straps over the prostrate being, the other raised his arm, and within less than a quarter of a minute from the time that this brave man knelt on the beautiful earth in prayer to the glorious symbol of the Almighty, his bleeding and still animate head rolled from the scaffold, and his free spirit ascended where slavery has no control over our race. Who that possesses a Christian soul, but must rejoice that a system, productive of such results, has ceased for ever in the British Empire?"—Southern Africa, by M. Martin.

The march of improvement. Like the omnibuses, the new cabs open at the back. The seat are vis à vis. Having had a long ride, a gemmum, not wishing to trouble the driver to open the door, let himself out without paying his fare.

WINE AT DINNER. "The drinking of wine at dinner in the higher circles is a fashion that might be well dispensed with; indeed, it is a sort of initiation into tippling, not only among men, but also females; for if the party be large, it is difficult to avoid taking two or three glasses at the least. Upon the susceptible nerves of females, two or three glasses of wine have considerable influence. To this trifling quantity taken daily I have been able to trace the rise of those chronic inflammations of the viscera, which are so often confounded under the terms bilious, dyspeptic, nervous, and the like; and as most men in the upper ranks take considerably more wine than this every day, it is not surprising that they should be the frequent subjects of similar complaints, particularly if we take into account their stimulating diet, and late hours.

—Dr. Armstrong on Chronic Diseases.

MYRTLE IN THE OPEN AIR.—In the environs of London the broad and narrow-leaved myrtles stand out in dry, warm situations as bushes; sometimes the extremities of the shoots are killed down by frost, but more frequently by the direct influence of the sun after a frosty night, accompanied by snow and sleet. After such nights, the plants should be either watered over head with water to thaw the frost, or covered with a mat to prevent them suddenly thawing with the sun's rays. Both single and double varieties of the common myrtle cover large spaces of a wall in the Horticultural Society's garden; and there are many houses and gardens in London that can exhibit transplants from 10 to 20 feet high. In Cobham Hall, in Kent, there are several trees against the house 30 feet high. About Walling there are some fine plants against houses. In the Isle of Wight and Devonshire, the myrtle forms hedges and gardens; and, in shrubberies, yards as large as the arbutus near London. At the Willows, near Swansea, there were in 1828, two myrtles, the largest of which covered a space of 90 feet of ground in circumference. At Youghal, near Cork, there is a plant in the open garden, 20 feet high, that never has had any protection.—London's Arboretum and Floriurum.

POMPEII.

BY THOMAS MACAULAY (OBTAINED THE CHANCELLOR'S MEDAL AT CAMBRIDGE).

Then mirth and music through Pompeii rung,
Then verdant wreaths on all her portals hung,
Her sons, with solemn rite and jocund lay,
Hailed the glad splendours of that festival day.
With filets bound the hoary priests advance,
And rosy virgins braid the choral dance.
The rugged warrior here unbends awhile,
His iron front, and deigns a transient smile.
There, frantic with delight, the ruddy boy,
Scarce tread on earth, and bounds, and laughs with joy.
From ev'ry crowded altar perfumes rise,
In billowy clouds of fragrance to the skies.
The milk-white monarch of the herd they lead,
With gilded horns, at yonder shrine to bleed;
And while the victim crops the broder'ed plain,
And frisks and gambols towards the destin'd stone,

* We are satisfied of this, that under many attacks of chronic inflammation (say rather irritation) of the viscera, several glasses of good wine have a most beneficial tendency, and that a change of drink, avoiding malt liquor, may re-establish a weakened stomach.—H. B.
Miscellaneous.

Thy little deem, that like himself they stray,
To death, unconscious, o'er a flowery way.
Heedless like him the impending stroke await,
And sport and wanton on the brink of fate.

The hour is come! ev'n now the sulph'rous cloud
Involves the city in its fun'ral shroud,
And far along Campania's azure sky
Expands its dark and boundless canopy.
The sun, tho' thron'd on heaven's meridian height,
Burns red and rayless thro' that sickly night.
Each bosom felt at once the shudd'ring thrill,
At once the music stopp'd, the song was still.

None in that cloud's portentous shade might trace,
The fearful changes of another's face.
But thro' that horrid stillness each could hear
His neighbour's throbbing heart beat high with fear.
A moment's pause succeeds, then wildly rise
Grief's sobbing plaints, and terror's frantic cries.
The gates recoil, and tow'rs the narrow pass,
In wild confusion, rolls the living mass.
Death!—when thy shadowy sceptre waves away
From his sad couch the prisoner of decay,
Tho' friendship view the close with glisti'ning eye,
And love's fond lips imbibe the parting sigh;
By torture rack'd, by kindness sooth'd in vain,
The soul still clings to being and to pain.
But when the wilder terrors clothed thy brow,
Or keener tortures edged thy dart, then now?

When with thy regal horrors vainly strove
The laws of nature, and the power of love.
On mothers, babes in vain for mercy call,
Beneath the feet of brothers, brothers fall.
Behold the dying wretch in vain upraise
Tow'rs yonder well-known face the accu"cuing gaze.
See, trampled to the earth, the expiring maid
Clings round her lover's feet, and shrieks for aid.
Vain is the imploring glance, the frenzy'd cry,
All, all is fear, to succour is to die.
Saw ye how wild, how red, how broad a light
Burst on the darkness of that mid-day night?

As fierce Vesuvius scatter'd o'er the vale
His drifted flames, and sheets of burning hail,
Shook hell's wan lightning from his blaz'ing cone,
And gilded heaven with meteors not its own.

Charing-Cross Hospital.—A meeting was recently held at this institution, and an expose was made of most unfair and underhand conduct, on the part of some members of the medical profession, against Mr. Pettigrew and Dr. Sigmond. Dr. Marsden brought down upon himself the severest censure. To the exertions of the above named gentlemen, may, in a great measure, be attributed the establishment of the hospital; and with it ought to have followed the chief pecuniary patronage. The secret accusations were not openly substantiated; and, after a full, fair, and thorough investigation, it was moved by Dr. Hunter, in an eloquent speech, "that the best thanks of the public and the profession are due to Dr. Sigmond and to Mr. Pettigrew, for their attempt to correct the mismanagement of Charing-Cross hospital, which, under the present system, is utterly unworthy of public patronage and support."

AN OCEAN DIRGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VENICE."

Wild melancholy deep,
Thou art gushing still the same,
As when I saw thee darkly sweep,
Dash'd with the red sky's flame.
Thou art gushing still the same
O'er rocks and breakers high,
For nought that living swell may tame,—Foaming, like agony.

In thy far bosom lies
Wealth, that may ne'er be told;
The merchant's weighty argosies,
Stores, flashing stores of gold.

Within thy sparkling caves
Cities have lain their pride;
And thy dark masting tempest-waves,
O'er dome and palace glide.

Oh! vaunt is human power,
And grandeur, and renown;
Kings tremble in thy passion'd hour,—Thou great and fearful one!

Thy haughty tone has past
Beneath the midnight star;
With anguish mingled in its blast,
Anguish that none might hear.

The mother's wail hath rung
By hearth, and home, and dell;
Grief hath her wildest accent sung,
Deep! at thy booming knell.
And beauty on thy wave,
Hath bled her parting cry;—
Oh! how it mingled with the rave
Of the wind's revelry.

Here to her striving breast
The mother clasp'd her child,
And still, though waves around her press'd,
And the rash blast grew wild.

But thou dost not unfold
Aught of their agony;
No record on thy breast is scroll'd
Of tear, or prayer, or cry.

Save in the drifting beam;
Save in the wreck-strewn shore;
Save in the vulture's gladsome scream,
No more, dark sea, no more.

Wisbeach. 

Sagacious Horse.—A horse was lately taken with felonious intent from a field; the rider passing near the owner's residence, the animal became restive and threw him. At the moment the owner's son chanced to be passing, and having secured the faithful animal, delivered over the aggressor into the hands of justice.

Early written Letters from Scotland, state, that between the 20th and 21st September, there was a deep fall of snow from Badenoch to Knock-hill, indeed, along the course of the Spey as far as Boharm, that it was nearly ankle deep. At the time the frost was intense. The grain crop is still green, and is much injured.

London was visited on Friday last with cold cutting sharp frost, and by 4 A.M. on Saturday the ground was covered six inches deep with snow. By the continued fall, it is very probable that there will be more than ordinary depth.—Saturday, Oct. 29, 1839.

TO A FRIEND WHEN PARTING FOR INDIA.

WRITTEN TO THE MUSIC OF "REMEMBER ME WHEN FAR AWAY."

My Anna, when red India's sun
Shall claim thee for her fairest flower;
When all abstracted, still, and lone,
The moonlight draws thee to thy bower.
When stilly night her sable veil,
Casts o'er the earth and rolling sea;
Then dearest, by the moonlight pale,
Then Anna, then—remember me.

Yet not in fancy's gayest time,
When mirth may tune the heart to song;
When sunshine brightens o'er thy chine,
Enchants thy heart, and prompts thy tongue.
But when the winds like zephyrs sweep,
At midnight cross the lonely lea;
And o'er thy sorrows thou may'st weep,
Then in thy griefs—remember me.

LOUISA.

GRIEFS CHANGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VENICE."

How greatly chang'd that voice's tone, that charm'd in other years;
Your eyes that once so brightly shone, are dim with oft-shed tears;
Your fairy gliding step has lost its light elastic bound;
Your witching notes of song, no more in hall or lower resound.
Sadness is on your care-worn brow, and paleness on your cheek;
The smiles that round your lip once played, no more of pleasure speak;
What early sorrow o'er thy heart its blighting spell hath cast;
And wherefore say art thou so changed, since I beheld thee last?
Thou, blest with nature's happiest gifts, with woman's brightest flower;
With loveliness of form and face, and beauty's ruling power;
Thou that seem'd born for happiness, lov'd, envied by the young,—
What cares have o'er thy youthful brow their darkening shadow flung?
Nay, blush not, speak not, well I trace the sadness written there.
The hopes that thou hast vainly nurs'd—thy love and thy despair;
That thou hast at the altar bent, whose shrine is broken hearts,
And felt the wound, but not the balm, that love return'd imparts;
Alas! for woman, when she trusts to man's false brow and smile,
And hollow vows that in her ear he breathes but to beguile;
Like mariners that leave their port, lur'd by deceitful skies,
Her bosom's happiness is wreck'd, her life inhales in sighs.

Wisbeach.

SONNET BY CLARE.

Sybil of months, and worshipper of winds!
I love thee, rude and boisterous as thou art:
Snatches of joy my wandering ever finds;
'Mid thy uproarious madness;—when the start
Of sudden tempests stir the forest leaves
Into hoarse fury, till the shower set free,
Stills the huge swells, then ebb the mighty heaves,
That sway the forest like a summer sea.
I love thy wizard noise, and rave in turn
Half-vacant thoughts, and rhymes of careless form:
Then hide me from the shower a short sojourn
'Neath ivied oak; and mutter to the storm,
Wishing its melody belonged to me,
And I could chant a living song to thee.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

MARriages.

DEATHS.
CHARLOTTE PRINCESS OF CONDÉ
Mother to the Great Condé.

Born 1605. Died 1650.

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beautiful, historical, and fashion embellishments,—single copies, 1s. 3d.: half-yearly subscription, 7s.;
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DECEMBER, 1836.

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

MEMOIR OF CHARLOTTE MARQUERITE DE MONTMORENCI,
PRINCESS OF CONDE.

(Illustrated by a whole length Portrait, splendidly coloured from the original.)

There are few readers of history who do not feel lively emotion when the
names of Montmorenci or Conde occur,
for it is scarcely possible to meet with
finer specimens of combined mental and
personal qualities which form the beau-
ideal of prince, paladin, and warrior-
statesman, than are to be found combined
in these kindred families. The princess
who is the subject of the present me-
moir, became the heiress of the first
Christian baron of Europe; for such was
the proud and well-known appellation of
the founder of the elder line of Mont-
morenci, Richlieu, that despotic priest,
who held France and her feeble monarch
in his vulture clutches, cut off the heroic
brother of this lady in the prime of life
and glory. Covered with wounds, he
was captured by Marshal Schomberg, on
the fatal field of Castelnaudari; and his
career was soon after closed by the axe
of the executioner, at the early age of
thirty-three years. In him all the per-
sonal beauty and mental powers, of his
mighty line, were concentrated. He
died in a glorious cause, upholding not
only the privileges of his order, but the
representative and religious liberties of
France against the despotisms to which
Richlieu had given birth, which Maza-
Denis against the Calvinists. The old warrior lay breathing away his life on the victorious field, under the infliction of eight dreadful wounds, which were not sufficient, immediately, to destroy the remainder of that strength, which, at the advanced age of seventy-four years, was still left in him. A cordelier having exhorted him to prepare for dissolution, he asked fiercely, “Whether, after living nearly fourscore years in the field of honour, it was to be supposed he did not know how to conduct himself merely for a quarter of an hour when death seized upon him. A very heathenish departure, certainly, for the first Christian baron, who, to be sure, had no want of benevolence and veneration, if we may trust the phrenologists, and the lofty forehead seen in his noble portrait in the pages of Montfaucon.

He fell battling the Protestants; but they were raising a civil war, not of the civilest species, in France.

Such was the grandfather of Charlotte Marguerite. Her father, who for his noble qualities, was so often called “the Great” Duke de Montmorency, as to be very often confounded by common readers with his father or son, was one of the heroes and companions in arms of Henry the Great. Her glorious brother we have already named.

Her husband would have been called the Great Condé, if she had not brought him a son, who bore that title par excellence.

Her lover was Henry the Fourth of France.

Her daughter was the celebrated Duchess de Longueville.*

Her grand-daughter, Mary de Nemours, daughter to the Duchess de Longueville, wrote an historical work of great celebrity, the “Memoirs of the Frondé,” which is printed with the works of Cardinal de Retz.

The darkest page in the history of the Great Henry relates to this lady. It is certainly a breach of moral principle to offer excuse for the frailties of this prince, in any instance, except in that of his long and faithful love for the fair Gabrielle. His ardent liking for Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, however, admits of no palliation: he was a man in years—husband of a beautiful wife, whilst he deprived a young lady of an allianced lover, to whom she was tenderly attached, and gave her to his kinsman Condé, with the deliberate intention of afterwards gaining her as a companion for himself.

“Wicked wretch!” said his termagant mistress, the Marchioness of Verneuil, to the king, in one of her jealous vagaries at this new fancy, “you know you are in love with your own son’s wife, for you have told me that young Condé was really your son.”

It is to be hoped this scandalous insinuation had no better grounds than the assertion of a jealous and profligate woman. The matter, in any case, was quite bad enough: the commencement of the adventure is related by the lover himself in his own memoirs. This lover was young Bassompierre, the heir of one of Henry’s companions in arms at Ivry and Courtras, the handsomest and most spirited gallant at the courtly France.

François de Bassompierre had other advantages besides his father’s military fame; he was one of the high nobility of France, and a favourite of Henry’s, and considered a fitting match for the daughter of the Great Constable Montmorency: he wooed the young beauty, and won her, for she chose him out of a host of suitors. Her choice was approved by her father, and the king’s consent obtained, but Henry had not then seen Charlotte Marguerite: she went to court—was acknowledged to be the handsomest woman there; and captivating the fancy of the king, then in his fifty-seventh year, he declared himself madly and desperately in love, did not sleep for several nights, out of jealousy, and one morning, after a wakeful night, sent for the betrothed noble, when the following dialogue ensued:

“I have been thinking, Bassompierre, the best plan you can pursue will be to marry the Duchesse d’Aumale, and revive the duchy in her right.”

“How, sire? marry two wives at once?” answered the astonished favourite.

“The fact is, my friend,” rejoined Henry, “I am myself madly in love with your beautiful Montmorenci; if she loves you, I shall detest the sight of you; and you must give her up, or me. You are too dear to me to run that risk, and I shall make her marry my cousin Condé, who loves the chase better than ladies, and therefore will not interfere with her or
Memoir of Charlotte Marguerite de Montmorenci.

This union will be the solace of my old age, which is fast approaching."

Bassompierre did not hesitate between his love and the royal favour; he gave up the lovely woman who had distinguished him among all his peers, and the fair hand of Charlotte Marguerite was demanded in form by Henry for that high and mighty prince of the blood, next heir to the throne after the infant sons of Henry, and likewise ward, and kinsman, to the king. There was a presumptive prospect at no great distance of the throne of France for the fair Montmorenci; but what could be too brilliant for the daughter of this princely line? The first prince of the blood and Mademoiselle de Montmorenci were united, and whatever pain it might cost her to give up Bassompierre, the union with him was renounced. This was in the year 1609.

The plan of seduction laid by the king was very artful: he dreaded the beauty and many graces of Bassompierre; he therefore separated Charlotte Marguerite and her betrothed, and gave her to young Condé, who was below the middle height, and had no personal advantages, excepting a pair of large, dark lustrous eyes, and an expression of powerful intellect. He had not manifested any predilection for the company of woman, and Henry never imagined the possibility of this reserved boy offering any opposition to the will of his monarch. He was deceived: young Condé felt the first touch of passion at the sight of his intended bride, and all the fire of a great and determined character, all the energies of a hero, awoke at the call of love.

Such men as Henry the Great, and his handsome favourite Bassompierre, often make desperate mistakes in calculating on the love of women: both the libertine and the male coquette may make what they call conquests, but they seldom or ever gain a heart worth winning. Bassompierre, who gravely informs us in his memoirs that he burnt six thousand love letters from divers ladies an hour before he was taken to the Bastille, in the succeeding reign, was soon seen through, and despised by the lady whose heart he had trifled with; and the Great Henry, Sully positively declares, never possessed the true love of one woman in his life. Sully declares that even the fair Gabrielle deceived him, and pre-

ferred the Duke de Bellegarde. Men who pass their lives in injuring and betraying women, seldom possess, and never deserve, the inestimable treasure of a virtuous woman’s faithful love. Condé, the plain and shy boy, whose wife was destined to dishonour by the king, while the handsome Bassompierre boasted of having possession of her heart, soon showed them both that he was capable of inspiring a truer attachment than either of them could ever boast of. Displeased at the open courtship of his wife, he requested leave to retire from Paris to his own province; and receiving a peremptory refusal from the king, he set off the next day on horseback, with his wife on a pillion behind him, and in this homely guise travelled to the Netherlands, crossed the Spanish frontier, and took refuge in the dominions of Philip the Third, thus escaping the dishonour meditated.

The courtiers of Paris thought proper to say that the princess accompanied her lord into his self-inflicted exile unwillingly, but the very nature of their flight shows that she was the willing partner, if not the contriver, of the escape, since a single word or murmur from her would instantly have stopped their flight; moreover, the fact of the first prince of the blood throwing himself into the arms of so mortal an enemy to the king, as Spain had been, was little better than a species of high-treason.

Within the last few months, Von Rau-mer has published in his "Illustrations of History" a curious detail of this escape, which most fully authorises the view taken here of the character of this princess, and of her fidelity to her husband; she fled, his extracts declare, in concert with Henry of Condé, her husband, by night, on horseback to Brussels; and, on their arrival, they would have been reduced to utter beggary if the Marquis de Spinola had not lent them 4000 livres. Thus this virtuous pair preferred the chance of actual starvation to the dishonour that attended their stay in France, enjoying their appanages, and the rank of first princes of the blood. Henry made war on purpose to compel them to be delivered up to him; and it is worthy of observation that he pertinaciously insisted on the return of the princess and not on that of the Prince of Condé, whose absence among the enemies of France, as
first prince of the blood, might have been a colour of political expediency. Here are his own words of instruction to the Marquis de Coëvres—

"Condé treated his wife unworthily (whence we suppose arose her great aptness to run away with him); and Mademoiselle Angoulême, who has supplied the place of a mother to her, requires she should be set free from him. The king is so much the more bound to take her into his protection, as she was married to Condé by his Majesty’s absolute command; moreover Condé grounds the fear of danger to his life in the event of his return, which he maliciously pretends to entertain from these circumstances relating to his wife. He may leave her with her sister, the Princess of Orange."

Puysieux also says, February 6, 1610, "The prince is here, without friends, followers, or money, almost in beggary."

At the intended coronation of Mary de Medici, that ill-fated coronation which was stopped by Henry’s assassination, another scheme was tried by the madly passionate king: he proposed to his queen to write a letter to the princess, to ask her as a favour to be present at her coronation. Mary de Medici obstinately refused this, saying to the king, "she had always prayed for patience to put up with his love-intrigues with all possible forbearance, but never would consent to be a secret agent or to appear in that infamous light to the world." The king was so incensed at this, that he ordered the preparations for the coronation, so ardently desired by the queen, to be put off for a week, as a punishment for her refusal. Meantime, some days of the bitterest altercation took place between them; but at last a reconciliation was effected, for Henry had devised a new scheme, and this was the result of his interview with the Pope’s nuncio concerning Charlotte Marguerite:

"I demand she should be given up to her father, since she wishes to be separated from her husband; all men allow that she does, and she is justified in so doing. Well I know that ill-disposed people spread the report that I am in love with her, but the world will pay more regard to my age, than to malicious insinuations. Now, when I am on the point of entering Germany with an army, I have other thoughts than seeing the princess. God, to whom I alone owe a reckoning on this matter, knows my conscience; but if it were true, it would bring no disgrace upon a cavalier to seek the love of a fair lady."

This speech we see ends with an audacious avowal of his passion. His honest counsellor, Jeanmin, "doubted that Charlotte of Condé would prove a very Helen." "Then," said the king, "remember, learned president, Troy was destroyed because Helen was not restored, therefore let the princess be returned."

"The king," continues the nuncio, "is often unwell, sleeps little, and falls out with every one. The queen lives in great affliction."

In another conference with the nuncio Ubaldine, the king says thus—

"You are in error, my object is not to do any evil to the archduke, but to make my way direct to Juliers, and not to hurt a hen-roost by the way. If he refuse me passage, I know how to force it: I will restore the princess to her father, and bring the prince back in obedience to me. Her father gave her to Condé at my orders against her will; and I cannot, without disgrace, suffer the Archduke Albert to keep prisoner, against the will of her father, one of the first ladies in my kingdom."

The Archduke Albert, in no little alarm at the storm preparing by the fortunate and warlike Henry, implored Condé and his wife to return to France. He obstinately refused; and, without great scandal, as the case stood, he could not force him out of the asylum he had taken to save his dishonour.

The dagger of Ravaillac pierced the heart of the Great Henry while he was meditating this violence and wickedness; but the whole of the turpitude of his intentions was not unveiled to the world, till this year, by Raumer’s publication of the records of France. With every respect for the literary character of Raumer, we would wish our readers to observe, that it is not his peculiar opinion which we quote, but the words of the king and his ambassadors written at the moment, and therefore the best evidence, although they have reposed in the dust for centuries, till the indefatigable German has transcribed them. Sully gives us little light on this dark transaction.

With a heart bursting with grief for the untimely fate of his friend, his hero, and his king, cut off in the midst of this wrong doing, Sully hurries over the events just preceding the murder of Henry, and dwells slightly on a matter so little to the credit of his idol.

Charlotte Marguerite returned with her husband to France, after the assa-
nation of the Great Henry, by Ravaillac. Condé had from his birth been in a situation of most brilliant hope, which terminated in disappointment. During the earlier portion of his life he had been considered the heir-presumptive of France. The childless marriage of Henry the Fourth and Queen Marguerite* of Valois—the difficulties attending the divorce and the king’s intended marriage with the fair Gabrielle,+ then Duchess of Beaufort, all flattered the hopes of the friends of the boy-prince of the blood. The death of the Duchess of Beaufort totally changed these views; and the marriage of Henry with Marie de Medici, and the birth of a dauphin and two other princes, threw the line of Condé at a distance from the throne of France, in which it remained till its expiration in our own days. The young kinsman of Henry the Great was of too noble a nature to be corrupted by vivid hopes and final disappointment; he certainly preferred the chase to the court, but showed no marks of discontent till Henry attacked his honour; he then withdrew himself and his wife from the kingdom. After the king’s death he returned, and laid before the authorities of the kingdom his right, as first prince of the blood, to become regent of France, and govern for the young king; but, again were his magnificent prospects blighted: his demand for the regency was as unsuccessful as his father and grandfather had been in theirs, during the royal minorities of Francis the Second and Charles the Ninth: he did not, like them, raise a civil war, but passed through life with an unspotted moral reputation, and considerable military fame, which was only eclipsed by the renown of the great Condé, the hero of Rocroi, and eldest son of Charlotte Marguerite and himself. The Prince de Conti, their second son, was likewise a hero; and their daughter, the beautiful Duchesse de Longueville, inherited more than the mother’s beauty, and all the father’s courage and talents.

We have already mentioned that the domain of Chantilly became the inheritance of the descendants of Charlotte Marguerite, to the enrichment of the poor of the royal line of Condé.

Her death took place in 1650, very

* See her portrait and memoir, January, 1855.
† See this portrait and memoir, December, 1855.

nearly after that of her husband, at the time when her son, the great Condé, was in the first flush of the military renown won by his great victories.

We have already found that the conjugal fidelity of the Princess of Condé endured exile with her husband when they were first united; ten years after, it was put to a severer proof, for she shared his incarceration in the castle of Vincennes, where he was consigned by the jealousy of the tyrannical minister of Louis the Thirteenth, who was bent on establishing that civil and religious despotism against which it was well known the illustrious house of Condé was ever a formidable barrier. In this captivity of her parents, their daughter, the Princess Anne Genevieve, afterwards the celebrated Duchesse de Longueville, first saw the light, being born during the voluntary imprisonment of her mother at this castle of Vincennes, so often the prison of the Condé’s, and in our days the place of execution, and its fosse the grave, of the heir of that heroic line in the person of the young and gallant Duc d’Enghien.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

The whole of this costume is one of the most becoming with wheel fardingales, the standing ruff giving a gracefulness to the figure, which compensates a little for the stiffness of the whole fashion. But whatever lady wishes to see the wheel fardingale in all its glory, must consult the Great Seal of England, Anno Domini 1558, where they will see depicted a garment of the kind worn by Queen Elizabeth of an ample and awful rotundity, that exceeds, by many ells width, the hoop of the Princess of Condé: indeed, the skirt of the riding-dress worn by the virgin queen, on the reverse of the Great Seal, where she is portrayed on horseback, is much more ample than the present dress. But how ladies united equestrian exercises with the hoop petticoat, is a marvel that antiquarians have not explained. Fashion boasts, indeed, her miracles in every age.

The hair of the Princess de Condé is arranged with wiggish looking curls round the forehead, with the back hair put over a roll in the form of a ring, and a low bow behind, with some knots of scarlet ribbon. A double ruff of point lace stands up behind, nearly reaching the top of the head; it is square, but
opens in front with points. Three lace points serve as tucker in front of the bosom; the ruff is fastened on the chest with a breast-knot of scarlet ribbon. The whole of the dress is of black velvet, with a cut pattern round the skirt, the wheel of the farthingale, and between the slashes of the sleeves. The corsage is made tight to the figure, and plain, having round the waist a broad fluting, called the wheel of the farthingale; the sleeves are cut in many slashes from the shoulder to the wrist, showing puffs of white satin beneath. They are terminated by point lace cuffs. The skirt of the dress is of plain black velvet, bordered by a cut velvet pattern, likewise black; the skirt is long, and falls on the ground in a train. The ornaments are very splendid; diamond crosses are arranged round the corsage, and in a loop, reaching the pointed waist. Round the waist is a chain of diamonds, and a gold-framed mirror depends by this chain from the waist. The necklace and earrings are of very large pearls: first, there is a throat necklace of enormous pearls, and a lower one of the same strung in a pattern; and, like all large pearls strung in a pattern, it has a clumsy effect. She holds in her hand a large green Spanish fan.

We must add one other word in regard to ruffs.

Ruffs were worn both by men and women, and at length got so enormous a size, that a lady in full dress was obliged to feed herself with a spoon two feet long! A Venetian named Vinciolo, was sent for by Catherine de Medicis to instruct the ladies in the art of netting the lace of which these ruffs were made; and this employment became general among the ladies. Nevertheless, it was Venice and Genoa that furnished these expensive and inconvenient ornaments, till Henry the Fourth, displeased at seeing such heavy sums going out of France, prohibited the importation of Italian lace; the consequence was, that, as the fashion still continued, manufactories of lace were established at Picardy and Alençon that rivalled the Venetian lace. These netted ruffs, and especially caps of the same material, have very lately been worn by English ladies. The wise and politic foundation of lace manufactories in France by Henry the Great, gave rise to that profitable branch of French industry.

The fashion of the mirrors worn at the waist was prevalent for nearly three centuries, and raised the wrath of the church, which kept a wary eye on the abuses of female fashion. We quote the words of a monkish author on the subject:

The fashion of these mirrors raised a chorus of complaints among the moralists of the sixteenth century. In 1586, the following doleful lament is made by Jean de Caures:

"Alas!" he exclaims, "in what an age do we live; to see the depravity that induces the ladies to carry even to church these scandalous mirrors hanging about their waists. Let all histories, divine, human, and profane, be consulted, never will it be found that these objects of vanity were ever thus brought into public, but by the most unremitting of their sex. It is true, at present none but the ladies of the court venture to wear them; but it will not be long before every citizen's daughter, and every female servant, will have them. But the burden of this jermade is, that these vile mirrors find such ample employment for the ladies' eyes at church."

They used to hold them in the hollow of the hand, and (casting down their eyes with seeming modesty) were employed during the whole of a long sermon with admiring their own faces.

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AN ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

_Free Translation from the German._

Deep in earth's bosom my parents sleep,
Alone I am left to wail and to weep;
Tears fill my eyes, whilst trembling I stand,
Shut to the orphan is every hand——

Father and mother, in heaven so high,
They hear not their lonely one sob and sigh!
O! Father of Mercy, to thee, then, I cry,
Take me, oh! take me, where seraphs do fly.
JACK MYLLINGTON.

BY THOMAS EGERTON WILKS,

Author of "The Captain is not Amiss," and other popular Farces.

"And is it possible," my dear Fred, "that you never heard the 'Gretna-Green' adventure of our old college acquaintance, Jack Myllington? Well, your ignorance surprises me, and I feel bound to enlighten your darkness as speedily as it be practicable to do so. Take, then, the following as a brief sketch of poor Jack's temporary embarrassments:"

It was on a stormy evening, some years back, that a chaise containing two passengers broke down, without having previously given the slightest intimation of its intention to do so, just at the entrance of a dirty, straggling little village on the Scottish borders. This, you will say, is no uncommon circumstance; and I agree with you, for I have myself experienced it, and my life has been made up of common-places: but, nevertheless, the circumstance which I have mentioned, although not in itself uncommon, was, at that identical moment, uncommonly disagreeable, inasmuch as these travellers had given guineas, where others give groats (now, with reference to our Middlesex member, irreverently styled "Joes"); the horses had galloped like furies, where others "trot like my ladye's palfrey;" the turnpikes had been paid, without waiting for change. The village where the accident occurred was but a few miles from far-famed Gretna, and it was altogether strongly suspected by the intelligent post-boys that this was no commercial, but rather a matrimonial, speculation.

Now, the village in question possessed only one house of entertainment "for man and beast," but that, the Swan, boasted accommodations rather superior to the common run of inns in Scottish villages, because the distinguished company which sometimes stopped there, either on their way to or returning from Gretna, were accustomed to require better fare and lodging than the humbler, poorer (query happier?) wayfarers and inhabitants.

At the precise period when the "untoward event" of the carriage overturn occurred, a somewhat miscellaneous assemblage was convened in the kitchen of the Swan. Firstly—as the laws of polite-ness require that the fair sex take precedence—firstly, then, the landlady, no-wise differing from the usual "pattern" of jolly, good-humoured hostesses, who have flourished, or have been said to have flourished, from the days of good Dame Quickly, sat by the fire-side in her own arm-chair, proudly surveying the group about her, and occasionally joining in their gossip. Opposite to her, carelessly sipping his glass of genuine Hollands and water, sat the constable, a man of note in his calling, and distinguished from the others principally by a prying eye, and a consequential frown of magisterial dimensions. Around were dispersed several farmers taking what they called "a cheerful glass," and listening with evident complacency to the storm without. At the further end of the apartment stood Andrew, the head waiter, occasionally boots, and not unfrequently filling other situations, more or less influential, as the case might chance to be; while in a corner, remote from the rest, sat a little old man, whose dirty appearance, begrimed hands, and leather apron, announced him the son of Crispin. This personage, whose tacturnity had procured for him for years the cognomen of the "silent man," was celebrated for a hunch back of fearful size, a keen and sagacious eye, and, above all things, for a laugh, in which he often indulged, of peculiarly scornful enjoyment. With his glass of nut-brown ale, and his pipe of "genuine tobacco," he quietly sat, carefully noting all that passed, and ever and anon indulging in his sarcastic and half-suppressed chuckle of mirth.

Suddenly a loud shout without tended to interrupt their comfortable hilarity, and, without further notice, the door, which dispensing with the luxury of a passage opened at once to the road, unclosed, and a fatigued and somewhat frightened post-boy entered.

"Help! help! good folks! now, Mrs. Mickleham, here is a God-send for you; a post-chaise has broken down at your very door."

"Run, Andrew, run!" cried the landlady, hastily rising, and smoothing her
apron; then approaching the post-boy somewhat closely, “What sort of people do they seem to be, Jem?”

Jem, having, by divers motions much in vogue amid his class, manifested his approbation of the “people” in question, summed up his vocabulary of dumb signs with the words, “money like dirt!”

The landlady’s eyes beamed with benevolence as she hastily turned to Andrew, and ejaculated, “Run, run, you villain! there’s the gentleman all this time in the rain and mud!”

“Yes, marm,” added the post-boy with a grin, “and the leddy as well. It be a mortal bad job, that’s sartin; they deserves to get to the blacksmithe’s, bless their generous hearts.”

“So, so,” muttered the landlady, “an elopement, I suppose?”

“Yes, marm,” responded Jem.

This announcement excited some commotion, and no small curiosity among the company assembled. Peter Pigwigg, the hump-backed cobbler, laughed.

“Betty!” screamed the landlady, “light a fire in the best parlour, and ———” Her oratory was stopped by the appearance of the expected guests, a young man closely enveloped in a blue cloak lined with scarlet, and a young lady whose terrified features and muddy dress alike bore testimony to the fact of an overturn.

“Which is the landlady?” demanded the gentleman, whom your sagacity and the well-known colour of his well-known cloak have already informed you was no other than Jack Myllington himself.

Mrs. Mickleham curtseied to the very ground.

“A post-chaise, madam, if you please, to Gretna immediately.”

Mrs. Mickleham looked vexed, or appeared to be so, which answered the purpose equally well, as she replied—

“Utterly impossible, sir, I have neither chaise nor horses until the morning. You had much better remain here till then,”

“It is a case of necessity,” imperiously replied Jack, “if you have no means of conveyance we must walk.”

“Walk!” screamed Mrs. M.

“Walk!” exclaimed Andrew.

“Walk!” repeated Jack, while during every pause complete torrents of rain were heard descending without, with the pleasing addition of wind blowing a hurricane. Peter Pigwigg, the hump-backed cobbler, laughed.

“Walk!” reiterated the hostess; “why, sir, it is a moral impossibility, Gretna is full five miles off, only hearken to the rain, and besides, sir, see the lady is fainting.”

And she was right, for overpowered with fatigue and terror, the benighted fair one would have sunk to the ground, had not her companion promptly received his treasure in his circling arms.

Jack now saw the case was hopeless, or, to borrow his own classical illustration, that the “game was up,” so resigning the lady to the care of Mrs. Mickleham and a chambermaid, who forthwith conveyed her away, prepared to endure his fate and the best parlour with all the philosophy in his possession; and how much, or rather how little, that was, you know as well as I.

Forthwith esconced in the best parlour, Jack proceeded to vent his angry feelings on the new-made snake-engendering wet-wood fire, which he speedily and as decisively routed as Villa Flor did the Mignolites before Terceira; then seeing the enemy was totally beaten out of the field, or rather the grate, resorted next to the ancient, but much-approved good fashion of digesting a disappointment by pacing the room.

“This is delicious,” he soliloquized, adding an expletive which it would be unwise to add here—“delicious, indeed! our pursuers cannot now well fail to overtake us. Ellen will be taken back to marry somebody she detests; and I, after being dubbed a hypocrite, a villain, and Heaven knows what besides, shall be obliged to return, not merely without a wife, but even without the satisfaction of shooting somebody through the head, to compensate, in a trifling degree, for the disappointment.”

Andrew opened the door, and Peter Pigwigg, the hump-backed cobbler, laughed.

“Who is that laughing?” furiously demanded Mr. Myllington. The frightened waiter stumbled back several paces.

“Oh, it’s just nobody, it’s only our cobbler, sir, we never minds his laughing, he laughs instead of talking;” and then that worthy place-changer had the gratification of seeing Jack recommend his perambulatory tour round the “best parlour.”

“How is the lady?” next inquired the traveller.
"Better, sir, she will be down directly." Andrew made his exit and Jem his appearance.
"Is the chaise much injured?"
"Gone to shatters, please your honour."
"Provoking! Will it not possibly suffice to carry us to Gretna?"
"Lord, love your honour, no; it hasn’t a wheel to go upon."
"What the duce shall we do?"
"Why, if your honour will let me advise, and I’ve had some experience in these here matters——"
"Well, well, proceed."
"Why, sir, you must stay here till morning, now, and at five I’ll engage to have a chaise, and four nice tits ready to a minute."
"Oh, pray don’t hurry yourself, sir," answered Jack, with the most ludicrous exhibition of philosophy imaginable, “do not inconvenience yourself. I beg, we shall want neither horses nor chaise at that time, unless, indeed, it be to return to London.”
"Fraid o’ the old ‘un, sir?"
"What do you mean, sirrah?"
"Oh, I begs your honour’s pardon; only I was only just going to say, that if you thinks as how any body’s a’ter you, Jem Whipcord’s the chap to send them on a wrong scent.”
Jack brightened up. “My good fellow,” cried he, “if you can do that it will be the best job you ever had in your life.”
"Leave it to me, your honour."
"Where are you going now?"
"I be going to have some supper, sir; but I feeds with my eyes open, sir; and having delivered himself of a knowing wink, a chuckle, and a vile bow, Jem disappeared.
Ten minutes elapsed, and Jack was sipping coffee in the best parlour with a young lady sitting opposite to him, whose charms fully accounted for his earnest desire to proceed on his journey. In the kitchen, the constable and the cobbler still remained stationary; the landlady had resumed her position by the fire, and the chambermaid was wishing she could exchange places with the young lady in the parlour, in spite of the unfortunate occurrence which had retarded the travellers, when the sudden stopping of a carriage, and a loud knocking at the door of the inn, announced fresh arrivals.
"Run, Andrew, run!” exclaimed the landlady.

"My stars!" cried Jem, bolting a terrific-looking slice of meat down his capacious swallow, “if these should be the folks after the lady and gemman?"
The door was speedily unclosed, and a respectable-looking gentleman of fifty, or thereabouts, entered.
"I understand, madam," he said, addressing the landlady, “that a chaise broke down in this village a short time back, and that the passengers, a lady and a gentleman, came here, and have remained here ever since. Can I see them?”
"It’s him," muttered Jem, as he measured and surveyed the figure of the new arrival; it’s him, by——!
Fill up the sentence with Jack’s expletive, and you will have Jem’s.
A sudden silence prevailed. Mrs. Mickleham looked puzzled,—Peter Pigwiggin, the hump-backed cobbler laughed.
"Yes——no——yes, sir," at length stumbled the landlady, “that is—I’ll inquire: run, Andrew:’ and an intelligent glance dispatched that worthy emissary down the long dark passage which led to the best parlour.
The stranger offered to follow him, but Jem artfully touched his sleeve and attracted his attention.
"I axes pardon, sir," began Jem, smoothing his sandy hair as well as might be; “but a int you ater the werry people as was upset?”
"Yes, yes, my lad, I am."
"I thought so, sir; they’re safe enough here, sir;" and Jem brought his wink again into exercise; "I knows all about it;" and then in a knowing whisper,—
"you want a stoutish leddy, thirty-seven or eight, may be; walks a little lame, and wears a wig;"
"The description does not correspond with the appearance of my niece,” said the middle-aged gentleman, speaking to himself.
"I did’nt expect it would,” said Jem to himself.
"But the gentleman,—what sort of a person is he?"
"Oh, there’s no mistake about him," said Jem, confidently; “he’s a rig’er knowing card; a short squaw fellow, with a keenish eye and a sharpish way with him—looks like a chap as grows his own hosses and rides ’em.”
"It is not them,” said the gentleman, despondingly.
"Don't you expect to come from London to do us country lads," muttered Jem, merrily; then thinking to clench the affair, he added warily, "That ere wedding to-day at Gretna was quite a different thing. The gentleman in the blue cloak——"

"The blue cloak?" interrupted the pursuer.

"Lined with red," responded Jem.

"That's Jack!" said the middle-aged gentleman. "And the lady?"

"Why the lady was a pretty little creature, slim-like, dressed in white, with auburn hair, and——"

"That's she!"

"After the marriage they went off for Carlisle, I believe," carelessly added Jem. "I will not follow them," said the stranger; further pursuit is vain: thus perish all my hopes." He turned to depart. Peter Pigwiggin, the hump-backed cobbler, laughed.

"Why did you laugh?" suspiciously demanded the gentleman. Peter merely shook his head, and emitted a thicker puff of smoke; but the constable, with a hem and a consequential gait, rose from his seat.

"I cannot, sir," he said pompously,—

"I cannot, I say, sit by and see you thus deceived——"

"Hold your tongue, Mr. Bustle!" cried the landlady.

"I say, I cannot sit by and see you thus deceived," quietly continued the man of mightiness: "I say the young man they call Jem Whippcord has uttered a falsity, which, as Lawyer Qibble justly remarks, is a certain something not according to fact."

"Be quick, sir, if you please."

"As I was remarking," resumed the constable, and then he glanced at Mrs. Mickleham; but when he noted the black cloud which had gathered on her jolly countenance, and judged from that circumstance she had espoused the cause of the fugitives, he, who had private reasons for not choosing to offend her, suddenly lost all desire to be quick, or, in fact, to proceed at all; and after a short pause, which the impatience of the traveller had magnified into one of gigantic size, concluded with remarking, in a subdued tone, that he had good reason to suspect they had not gone to Carlisle at all.

With a muttered exclamation of impatience the stranger turned away, and then casting another suspicious glance at the cobbler, announced his determination of remaining all night at the Swan. The hostess, who would under other circumstances have received this intimation with alacrity, felt somewhat confused. It had ever been her pride that no frasac had taken place in her house before marriage, ever finding it best policy to assist the lovers: smoothing, however, her countenance, as previously she had her apron, she led the way to an apartment which differed in something more than the mere name from the "best" parlour. No sooner had the new guest been served with a late dinner, than our busy landlady hurried off to consult with, and advise, her more youthful customers.

In good truth, the situation of Jack and his lady were far from being enviable. Jack, in addition to all his other vexations, having now the annoyance of seeing his companion crying herself blind, with the dread of meeting her father's just resentment.

"What can we do?" she ejaculated, when Andrew, having received a very decided negative to the stranger's request for an interview, had retired. "I cannot, dare not, meet my father's eye, after this rash, this ill-advised action."

"We must not do so," said Jack, "else separation for life would be the inevitable result. Often had your father told me that he designed you to marry the son of some old friend, nay, that he had promised to that effect; and we well know how sacredly he regards a promise. If he sees us, I shall be banished from you for ever!" and Jack, I am told, finished this little speech with a mingled sigh and groan.

"Does my father still imagine, Myllington, that my cousin Laura, and not I, am the companion of your flight?" demanded the fair fugitive.

"Undoubtedly," replied Jack: "well knowing what would be the result of his discovering my affection for you, I studiously concealed it under the semblance of love for Laura, while she, dear girl, connived with infinite tact at the deception. Your cousin's abrupt departure from London gave us, as you are aware, the opportunity of eloping; and unless we have been most strangely betrayed, your father must certainly think that 'tis his niece, and not his daughter, he is pursuing."
“He will soon discover his mistake: would to Heaven I had never committed so silly an action!” exclaimed the weeping Ellen: it is, however, very doubtful whether the wish had not its origin more in disappointment than repentance. In another minute the door opened, and Mrs. Micklehem entered. After a profound curtsey, that partly dame expressed a hope that the coffee had proved refreshing, and then proceeded to mention the fact, that the gentleman in the red parlour was about to stay all night.

“This is unlucky,” muttered Jack.

“Pray, madam, is it impossible to reach Gretna to-night; the storm has sensibly decreased?”

Mrs. Micklehem considered; Mrs. Micklehem was a keen woman.

“It is not impossible, sir, now; yet still I should be unwilling to send out the poor beasts, unless indeed——” Mrs. M. paused. Jack filled up the sentence with these potent words——

“Remember, madam, money will be no object.”

The landlady’s scruples vanished like snow in the sun-beams. Money is a sun-beam, aye, and the most brilliant of all,—the golden sun-beam. The “poor beasts” were forthwith ordered out, and the love-sick pair forthwith resumed their cloaks.

Meantime, the last arrival was sipping his tea in solitude and sorrow, and the red parlour feeling little of the “exhilaration without intoxication,” which Cowper describes as being the result of tea-drinking.

“I strongly suspect,” he muttered, “that the objects of my search are within this house;” and then he pondered as to how to render these doubts into certainties.

He rang the bell.

“Pray, my good fellow,” he inquired of Andrew, “should you object to accept a guinea?”

Andrew grinned a portentous grin, partly of surprise, at the possibility of any person entertaining a doubt upon such a subject, partly of satisfaction at the hope thus held out. Andrew replied without hesitation,—

“Not in the least, sir.”

“Well, here it is; and now tell me, what sort of people were those who arrived here just before me?”

“Very nice-looking people, indeed, sir.”

“Is the lady lame? does she wear a wig?”

“Lord love you, no, sir; she’s young and pretty.”

“Is the gentleman short and squab—does he look like a horse-dealer?”

“Not a bit of it, sir; he looks like a Lunnon beau.”

“It’s them! Take away these teatthings, and send in the post-boy—him I saw just now in the kitchen.”

He was left once more alone. “If I be too late to prevent their marriage,” he murmured, “at least I can withhold her fortune, and thus entail poverty upon them as a punishment fitting their ingratitude.”

Jem entered, bowing to the ground.

“So, sir, these folks in the parlour are middle-aged, are they?”

“Oh, quite particular, so, sir; quite elderly.”

“Humph! grown considerably older since I asked last, I perceive.”

Jem looked askance, first at the gentleman and then at the door.

The gentleman noted both glances, and likewise a trifling bustle in the passage.

“When do they go hence?”

“To-morrow,” said Jem, with another look at the door.

The inquirer observed it:—“I think they are going now; and you, I see, are fully equipped.”

“I be going to take the horses home, sir.” The stranger stood doubtingly; and Peter Pigwigglin, the hump-backed cobbler, laughed.

“That laugh again!”

Jem sidled towards the door. The stranger suddenly rushed forward, pushed him aside, hurried out into the passage, and immediately ran against the fair Ellen and our old friend Jack Myllington, who were making their way to the chaise at the door.

The runaways, of course, looked very foolish. The young gentleman turned first red and then white; the old gentleman turned first white and then red; the young lady covered her face with her hands, so nobody knows what looked black enough, and Jem looked colour she turned; but the landlady blue.

“Ungrateful girl!” said the last comer, “is this a fit return for my parental care? Had you asked my consent to your mar-
riage, you should have had it, even though it had compromised my hopes; but deceit I abhor."

"Be assured, sir," said Jack, "deceit is equally repugnant to us—but our long affection for each other, our——"

"Hold, sir, you cannot extenuate your conduct."

"At least, say you forgive us."

"I do; and now farewell for ever, if you be, as I am told you are, already married. My gentle Ellen will repay me for her cousin Laura's want of candour."

"Hysterical sobs burst from the young lady."

"I cannot, I cannot bear this, father!" and she threw herself at his feet. "Father, it is your daughter, not your niece, who craves forgiveness."

"How! Has Ellen deceived me?"

"She has, but not irrevocably; I will for the future obey your wishes: we are not yet united, nor will we be so without your permission—only, only forgive me!"

"My own Ellen," said the old gentleman, affectionately clasping her in his arms, "you are forgiven. And now, sir, pray tell me why all this deception was deemed necessary?"

"Briefly thus, sir," said Jack, calmly. (It is astonishing how calm a man is when he knows his fate to be inevitable.)

"Your daughter Ellen is intended for another; Laura is disengaged. I knew you would not countenance my addresses to the former, so shielded them from your observation by pretending they were intended for the latter."

"You are a very silly young man," said the old gentleman, smiling, and extending his hand; "you should have considered me as a friend as well as a father, and then we might all have been spared this very rainy and disagreeable journey. It is to you I have always intended to give my Ellen!"

Peter Pigwigglin, the hump-backed cobbler, laughed.

THE WINTRY WREATH.

Range not for me the vernal bow'r's,
For I am wed to sorrow now;
They bloom alone for Love's gay hours,
For festal halls and Beauty's brow.

Twine not for me, gay spring-tide bow'r's;
Wreath not for me that dew-gemmed crown;
But bear it hence to pleasure's bower's,
'Tis beauty's own—tis beauty's own!

Pluck not for me the blushing rose,
Nor rob the lily of its head;
For grief, alas! no flow'ret blows,
And all my joys long since have fled!

Twine not for me gay summer bow'rs,
But leave me to my grief alone;
Reserve the wreath for brighter hours,
'Tis pleasure's own—tis pleasure's own!

Search not for me the corn-clad fields,
The' flow'rets bloom there, fresh and fair;
There's not a bud which nature yields,
That I would bind upon my hair.

Twine not for me the hedge-row bow'r,
But, if thou wreath'st an autumn crown;
Go, hang it near some self-form'd bow'r,
'Tis nature's own—tis nature's own!

But roam for me the wintry heath,
While the stormy fiend yet rides the blast;
And twine of dusky yew a wreath,
And I'll accept your crown at last.

But twine it while the night-winds blow,
And wreath it on some grave-yard stone;
Then place it on my pallid brow,
'Tis death's own crown—tis death's own crown!

D. P. C.
CHAPTER II.—THE FAMINE.

"What is it that you fancy you see,"
I demanded, "what am I to look at?"

"A corpse, a corpse," lies there—the corpse of a murdered woman!"

As Solbieski uttered these alarming words I sprang forward, and by the help of the flickering light that was expiring in the lantern, I beheld indeed the corpse of a woman, in a black robe, extended on a low couch, at the farther extremity of the room.

"Stanislaus, my friend," I said, when my horror at witnessing so appalling a sight had somewhat diminished to enable me to speak, "the cries which we heard, but a few hours ago, issuing from these dreadful vaults, could not have been uttered by this poor creature, for she has certainly been dead more than two days; besides, there were two ladies in black bewailing on the balcony; it appears to me that there is yet a victim to be saved."

"But where is she?"

There is still, I replied, another room; I saw a second door-way hung with cloth by the side of the chimney. Solbieski gave me one of the pistols he had brought in his belt, and, holding the other, we entered the third room.

Very different was this from the others. The rocky wall and vaulted dome had been covered with white and brilliant stucco; festooned silk damask was arranged round the room in the Venetian taste. Four large candelabras stood on the mantel-piece, in which were unlighted wax candles that looked fair and new; on a table stood other candelabras, some of which contained snuffs that had recently expired in the sockets, and some that had never been lighted: my joy was excessive when I saw this supply; a few moments more, and we should have been consigned to the most intense darkness. With how great satisfaction I held one of these candles to my expiring lantern lamp; and with how great pleasure I saw it ignite, after a little spitting and spluttering, occasioned by the dampness of this dreary and secluded spot. I lighted several of the candles lest one should fail to burn, and would have lighted the whole, if Solbieski had not monstrated with me for extravagance: accordingly he extinguished all but two, by the light of which we began to take a more deliberate survey of the abode we had entered. The walls, I have said, were draped with Venetian damask; five or six beautiful cabinet pictures were suspended between the festoons; each picture was placed between two girandoles of bronze and gold and a highly-wrought pattern, and there were also various instruments of music. In one arched recess was an elegant and elaborate female toilet, on which were perfumes, ribbon, and laces; on each side of it was a book-case stored with French and Italian works of imagination: in the alcove on the other side was fitted a bed of the most luxurious modern taste; it was not made, every thing was disarranged, but as the bedding was cold, it had not been very recently occupied: the chimney-piece was lofty, and finely sculptured in white and coloured marbles; a time-piece stood on it, but the hands were motionless. In that dismal abode the measuring of time had been forgotten; yet I noticed that great pains had been taken to render a dungeon agreeable, in whose secret recesses no ray of daylight could ever penetrate.

Whilst I was making these observations, Solbieski had thrown himself into a fauteuil by the side of the chimney; every thing he saw convinced him that escape was hopeless, and he shuddered at the notion of any further explorings, lest they should again bring him in contact with another corpse; I began to feel the weariness natural to the constant exertions of mind and body, in which I had been engaged since the morning, and was glad to repose myself by his side; from this state of quiescence I was roused by noticing that there were ashes on the hearth, and that a fire had been there, not very recently, it is true, but its appearance added to the other proofs that the place was certainly inhabited. Again I was roused from the weary torpor that had begun to steal over me, and taking a candle, I recommenced my search.

First, I found a large closet in which
provisions had certainly been kept—these were all exhausted; there was scarcely a dust of flour or a crumb of bread to show that such a thing had ever before been deposited in the barrels and safes with which this store-closet was furnished. Through this closet was a door which led by several steps up into a small low room, one side of which had a sloping roof that nearly touched the floor; this place was three parts full of billets of wood. I called to Sobieski to communicate my discovery; he came to the foot of the stairs, saying—

“A fire! let us kindle a fire on the hearth, immediately, Maxime; the cold of these dismal vaults, fatigue, and sleepiness, have made me heavy and stupid; let us kindle a cheerful blaze, and rest for some hours, and we shall awake with renewed spirits to consider schemes for escape.”

I handed him some of the billets of wood, which being dry and of the resinous pine, soon kindled a cheerful blaze. As I passed laden with a quantity of these logs, by accident, I struck against the sloping ceiling of the room, and it made a ringing sound that reverberated in a singular manner through the vaults.

I looked at Stanislaus, who answered immediately to my thoughts.

“Yes,” said he, “you are right, that is the same sound we heard in the evening, under the great hall where we dined.”

I climbed on the pile of wood which nearly reached the ceiling, and bestowed several blows on it with my hammer; the noise was more sonorous and hollow than ever.

“See, my friend,” said I, “this ceiling is composed of plates of iron, and here is a trap-door, similar to the one by which we descended from the top of the tower; it is here that the unhappy female who lies dead in the outer room has entered, for the way by which we penetrated could not possibly have been practicable to women. Had I searched farther under the tapestry, we should no doubt have found the concealed entrance to these secret apartments. It is at this point they are approachable, and if we cannot discover the secret spring, we can make ourselves heard from without, and shall very soon receive succour.”

“Aye! if my Father Fabricius could come to the castle, doubtless we should, but the floods prevent his arrival; we shall be heard, but who is to succour us? M. Bartollet will have fled at our disappearance, more terrified than ever; my servant will follow his example. We may be heard by Barberina, who will attribute the uproar to the unquiet souls of the Cinci family, who, she seriously believes, are doing penance in a sort of purgatory formed for their redemption out of the ruins of their old fortress.”

Nevertheless, we commenced a most vigorous attack on the iron door, and drummed and battered on it till the old walls shook and resounded over our heads. We received no answer, and tired with the exercise, returned to the fire. Here we piled up our logs, and taking the mattresses from the bed laid them on each side of the hearth, and disposed all things as comfortably as possible for our rest. Before we laid down we determined to make another attack on the immovable door. Armed with my hammer, and Sobieski with a huge billet of wood, we commenced a battery by which we almost deafened ourselves; sometimes we paused to ascertain if there were any answer, but nothing responded save the doleful reverberations of the ruins, which seemed only to reply to all our efforts with sullen echoes, as if menacing threats of death. Quite exhausted by these exertions, I was preparing to return to our place of repose, when I thought I heard a sigh and low sob near us; I paused, listened, and plainly heard, close by, a moan of agony. I lowered the light, and perceived behind a heap of wood, close by the wall, what appeared to me a second corpse. Shuddering, I stretched out my hand and touched the body—it was warm; I raised it in my arms, and saw that it was a woman dressed in black silk, and that she held a piece of wood still grasped in her hand. Stanislaus came to my aid, and we carried the unfortunate victim into the saloon, and laid her before the fire one of the mattresses which we had prepared for our own use. I then parted the black hair that fell profusely over her face; the eyes were closed, but the lips moved in convulsions that were far more fearful to look upon than death; yet notwithstanding the distortions of mortal suffering and bitter agony, those beloved features were still familiar to me—this woman, dying, or dead, was Diane!
The Torre Maladetta.

I called upon her by name in the anguish of my heart; I threw myself on my knees beside her, and I pressed her cold hands to my lips.

"I know all now," said Solbieski: "fearful of pursuit, Mario conveyed his bride to these concealed apartments, and going to obtain a supply of provisions, or to procure the assistance of his Albanian gondolier, perished on the voyage, in the manner known to us; and the unhappy lady and her servant enclosed here, and their existence being unknown to all the world, gradually consumed all the food left in this dreary hiding-place; then they made in vain signals of distress from the balcony, and were taken for spectres equally in vain have been the efforts they made by knocking on the iron plate. They have sunk under the effects of famine and despair, and we have come to die with them."

"Die!" I replied; "Diane is not dead,—she shall not die;—the warmth of the fire already begins to revive her."

"So much the worse for her, poor girl," said Solbieski, "she were better dead; for we can only prolong her agony by our cruel succour, for you have no food for her, and is she not dying from famine?"

"Oh, heavens!" I cried, rising from my knees, and traversing the room with hasty steps, in a fit of despair—"is there no help for Diane; after we have been led hither in a manner almost miraculous, is it only to see her perish before our eyes? Is there no help for Diane?"

At that instant a thought darted through my brain—it was my adventure in the morning with the little cake merchant.

"Ah!" I cried in ecstasy, "she shall not die,—what I say is true, she shall not die—thanks to thee, Nina—poor Nina, may Heaven reward thy provident forethought! My God pardon my distrust of thy mercy—Santa Honoria pray for us!"

"What art thou talking about, Maxime," said Solbieski, "My friend, thy head wanders, despair has troubled thy reason."

"Santa Honoria, pray for us," again he cried: "Diane shall not die;—see here," I said (taking the maccaroni cakes out of my pocket into which the little Nina in the morning had industriously stuffed them), "does not this supply seem as if provided by Heaven on purpose? Don't you remember the adventure I told you of with the little girl in the church of Codroipo. I had forgotten the cakes she forced me to take, or I should have disencumbered myself of them before I undertook this expedition, and now of what infinite use they will be in nourishing this poor sufferer!"

We made a sort of panada, with some water which we obtained from the well in the next room: I forced open the close shut teeth of our unhappy patient, and by slow degrees administered this slight nourishment. In an hour's time her pulse beat slowly, but regularly; and the torpid current of life began to flow in her veins, and revisit her pallid lips. At last she opened her eyes, and gazed around vacantly; for a moment they rested on me, but she recognised me not; then sighing, she closed them again.

I easily divined in search of whom that wandering glance was sent; and I dreaded lest on me should fall the sad task of explaining to her that the object of her thoughts would never meet those eyes again.

Since her resuscitation, Diane had seemed incapable of uttering a word. Her eyes, when opened, were fixed and gloomy: they appeared as if relieved from the shadows of the grave, without losing the expression of death; for those eyes did not reflect the slightest thought, nor the least internal emotion; once only she showed consciousness, when she took my hand, pressed it, and turned away her head from the food I was holding to her lips; then she closed her eyes, and fell into a deep slumber.

After supplying the fire, and lighting fresh candles, we yielded to the fatigue that oppressed us, and Solbieski and myself slept long and heavily.

How long we remained thus I can hardly tell—some hours certainly were consumed in this manner. I awoke first, just in time to save the last expiring spark from one of the candles, and the fire had been long extinguished. I lighted two more candles, and placed them on a little table near Diane, who was still in a profound sleep; then lighting my lantern, I proceeded to retrace my way to the balcony: I got there with less difficulty than I expected. The sun was declining in the west, the melting of the snow had continued; for the Tagliamento, and its tributary streams, had
burst their bounds, and the whole country between us and St. Veit was inundated, and gave to the eye the appearance of a vast lake, the waters of which reached the table-rock on which the Torre Maladetta stood, and broke in white waves at its foot. I knew there was no hope of the approach of M. Fabricius till the floods had subsided. I once more entered the strait passage in the walls with shuddering sensation of a person about to be crushed between them, and after traversing them with more speed than I thought possible, got back to my friend, whom I found awake, and not a little disturbed at my absence.

We once more examined the lower trap-door, and though we were convinced that there was some secret method which would remove it in an instant if it could be discovered, and release us, all the strength and ingenuity that we could exert had no effect whatever on it, and despite of all we could do, it remained obstinately immovable. We then turned our thoughts to the door on the top of the tower above, and as it resisted our endeavours to open it when we were more than seven feet below, it would in all probability yield if we had a ladder, which would enable us to bring our strength to act on it, nearer, by means of a lever.

We immediately proceeded to construct two short ladders, taking for materials the backs of the old-fashioned high chairs in the adjoining apartment. While we were thus employed, the sensation of hungry faintness began to grow on us, but each worked on without complaining; we should have been awkward enough at our new occupation, even had we been provided with proper tools, and it was indeed a long time before we could frame any thing capable of bearing our weight that was small enough to be carried through the sinuosities of the winding ascent, which, sometimes, would only just permit us to pass sideways. From time to time we had to prepare the light repast for Diane, and there was little enough to sustain her; and neither of us could prevail on ourselves to share with her more than a few morsels, which we ate previously to our expedition to the summit of the tower, fearing lest our exhausted strength should fail us by the way. Our hopes were strong, though before we commenced our undertaking we were suffering dreadfully from want of food, for it was at least three days since we had been enclosed in that dreary tower, as far as we could judge from the lasting of the candles, of which our store began to decrease alarmingly, so that I was forced to leave no other light by the insensible object of our care, than that of a good wood-fire which I built up carefully, trusting that it would last till one of us returned to the interior. As we had to burn a candle in the lantern, this was a needful economy. In regard to our future proceedings, we agreed that when the upper trap was opened, I should descend the tower on the outside, and summon the assistance of the villagers to force open the lower aperture for the relief of Solbieski and Diane. With these schemes in view, we got over the difficulties of our progress upwards, with more animation than could be expected from famished wretches. We had taken a poker and shovel from the hearth by way of levers; and though we found these things, and our ladders, sad impediments in our progress, still they were of great use in surmounting the wall that had been built to cut off the communication between the lower apartments and the aperture at the summit: without some such aid, this wall, in our weak state, would have presented an insurmountable barrier.

We were very frequently forced, by reason of faintness, to rest ourselves on the steps of the winding stairs: at last we got to the landing beneath the trap-door, there we fixed our ladders firmly, and standing at a convenient height, introduced our levers between the crevices of the door; presently the door began to screech on its hinges as before, and the light, the blessed light of heaven, rushed in dazzling lines through a space which we speedily opened, nearly large enough for one of us to pass.

"We are saved!" I shouted; "one moment more, and we are saved!"

At that instant an old parapet, which, following the inclination of the tower, leant over the trap-door, agitated by the motion our efforts had given to the crumbling ruins, came thundering down upon it with an uproar that completely stunned us, and made us believe for many minutes that the whole tower was falling about our ears.

"We are not saved," said Solbieski, "we are lost!"
The Torre Maladetta.

For a long time we sat listening to the fall of the ruins that were heaping themselves on the trap-door above our heads, expecting every moment to be crushed to atoms: the old pile vibrated like a poplar tree in a gale of wind, and we heard large fragments of stone precipitate themselves into the depths of the valley with the fearful uproar of as many avalanches. At last the Torre Maladetta gradually ceased to tremble, as a pendulum circumscribes its oscillations if no longer receiving impetus by fresh motion, and all the tumult gradually subsided into the stillness of loneliness.

The hope that had carried us through all the fatigues of the ascent was now extinct, and there we sat torpid and spiritless, till we were roused by the thought of our wasting candle, which had remained burning during the whole of the time. With many misgivings that the fall of some stones in the interior might have blocked up our narrow passage, we got as far as the balcony that leant over the Tagliamente: it was evening then, the moon had risen, but was thickly veiled by a drivelling black scud from the north; the wind was high and piercing, and blew icily upon us.

"It is very cold," I observed; "the melting of the snows on the Alps will be checked by this frosty wind, and the floods must subside in a few hours. Fabricius will then come; and think you, when he is told we have disappeared, that superstitious fears will prevent him from ransacking every nook of this old donjon in order to find us?"

"If we die to-day, what avails it that he will look for us to-morrow?" said Solbieski, as he fainted in my arms.

I made frantic efforts to recover him, for I feared by his pallid rigid features that he was gone for ever. At last he came to, and we proceeded a little further in our journey downwards, but every ten minutes the swooning syncope overtook him again; and thus it was with him, alternately recovering and fainting; I shuddered as I felt the same sort of collapse threaten me in my turn, entangled as we were in those stifling corridors, that seemed as if built for worms, adders, and creeping things to traverse instead of men, and those close spiral steps winding their interminable way down to the doleful cavern, which we could only expect to serve us for a tomb. Let any one think to himself, what a task it was for two fainting dying creatures to drag their bodies over the difficulties of a way almost impenetrable to persons in full power, health, and vigour. How many times, overcome with the faint sickness of hunger, did we not seat ourselves, repeating, "It is enough, we will die here without farther trouble."

And how often animated by some vague hope did we not rouse ourselves from this torpid despondency, and proceed onward to the place where we had left Diane. Just as we emerged from the stairs and corridors, and half walking, half crawling, got to the threshold of the outer room where the corpse lay, our light gave a sudden flash upwards and expired.

"Where are we now?" asked Solbieski, "have I become blind? can you see?"

"No," I said, "we are in darkness, because our light has failed; but the next doorway is not difficult to find, if I creep round the room. Wait for me there, Stanislaus, till I bring you a light."

I found the wall, and leaning against it, staggered along the sides of the room, sometimes resting on my knees to take breath, and contend against the swooning sensation that at intervals crept over me. In a few moments my extended hands encountered a piece of what I conceived to be furniture—a shiver of horror seized me at the remembrance of its form, and I fell on the corpse of Diane's servant.

"Ah! have you found the door?" cried Solbieski; "why is it that I do not see the light?"

"I have not found it yet," I replied, my teeth chattering with terror; "wait patiently, my friend, and give me time."

I crawled away on hands and knees from the horrible vicinity of the dead, directing my course to the doorway through that denseness of utter darkness, of which those who have only known the night of upper air can have no notion. I got to the doorway, but what was my disappointment to find the inner room without a ray of light. The fire was out, and no bright ember existed to guide me to the place where it was. Meantime, I heard the voice of Solbieski lamenting that I had abandoned him. I could not reply till I had found the fire-place, which I did by encountering the two mattrasses, which I knew lay on each side of the chimney, and putting my face close to the embers, I blew them with all my strength,
in hopes of bringing to life some latent spark—Oh, happiness! a feeble flame sprung up; then it increased, and in an instant I saw the spot where I had left a candle near Diane. I sprung and seized it, lighted it, and the room once more emerged from the desolation of black darkness.

I felt as if new life had been given me with the light. I entered the room, where I had left Solbieski lying on the rocky floor, with a firm step. I carried him some water of which we had plenty, and after he had drunk he crept to his couch, and laid himself down with more composure.

I then went to Diane, her eyes were open, but no longer fixed and rayless, they were wandering from side to side, bright as meteors; her complexion was flushed, and her pulse beat with the violence and irregularity of a high fever. The scanty supply of food I had left within her reach was untouched, and when I held it to her lips she rejected it; the fever had preserved her from the cravings of hunger, for some people say it nourishes.

I gave Solbieski a small part of this provision, and took a mouthful myself. I was forced to do this, for on me devolved the labour of bringing in wood, without which we should have been soon again in fearful darkness, to me more horrible than the famine that was destroying us. Only two wax candles remained of our store; there had been three, but one had mysteriously disappeared. I suspected some rat, and watched sedulously for the vermin in hopes of catching him, and making a delicious meal even of him—yet rats knew better than to come there, it was Solbieski who had stolen the candle, and eaten it in one of the dreadful paroxysms of hunger that had assailed him with more violence than either of us.

Before my strength utterly failed, I resolved to make one last effort to rouse the attention of the inhabitants of the castle. After a violent battering on the iron door in the wood closet, with as great noise as possible, in a distinct voice I called over our names, and described the manner in which we were to be delivered by breaking open the lower trap-door. I feared this noise would have a mortal effect on Diane, and re-entered the room where she was; I spoke to her to prepare her for my next effort, but she regarded me fixedly, without mani-

festing the slightest consciousness. She at last turned her head away, and closed her eyes in profound sleep.

I dared not delay my last attempt; I took Solbieski's pistols from his girdle, and discharged them against the door. A deafening reverberation succeeded each explosion, and after the echoes had died away, it appeared to me that a confused murmur of voices, and a sound of knocking and hammering succeeded; yet I knew not if it were real, as for several hours my brain had been deceived by all manner of illusive noises. I raised a large piece of pine-wood to knock on the trap by way of reply to these supposed sounds; it was too much for me, and I fainted with it in my hand. Meantime, Solbieski, who had been somewhat refreshed by his stolen meal on the wax candle, came to my aid; he handed me some water, and dragged me to my couch; he then gave me some candle, and begged me to use it as food, for the fire would supply us with light. I tried to eat, but the wax gave me such cruel pains in my chest, that the pangs of hunger were more tolerable than those of indigestion. I then, by Solbieski's advice, swallowed great quantities of water, whenever the paroxysms of hunger attacked me; and to this we owed the preservation of our lives, since it dissipated for a time the gastric juices, which when they have no food to act on, prey on the coats of the stomach and consume it, occasioning the agonising pains that accompany death by inanition.

Solbieski, whose strength had been the first to give way, now took a turn of activity by drawing water, fetching wood, and tending the fire. I slept heavily, how long I know not,—when I awoke, my friend was watching by my side.

"What day think you that it is?" I asked. He said, "By the number of times I have wound up my watch, it must I think, be the morning of the seventh."

I groaned and fainted with despair.

I did not recover any thing like clear perception for a very long time, yet I was awake, and my time was crowded with deceptive visions: they often assumed the gorgeous decorations of a grand spectacle, sometimes the apparitions of nightmare; the shadows on the walls lengthened and put themselves in motion; they were mixed with grotesque, gigantic forms that circled round me, howling and dancing.

When I closed my eyes, to prevent the
vexation of these illusions, my ears were assailed with well-known voices hallooeing above my head; and when I roused myself to reply, the sounds died away in peals of mocking laughter. From this state I sank into delirious swoonings, which ended in sleep, and then the scene was changed; I dreamed of fresh air, sunshine, flowers, and lovely ladies, who invited me to a delicious feast. Splendid tables were laden with costly food, but when I tried to eat, meats were converted in my mouth to bitter and insipid sand. Then the little Nina appeared, holding her flat basket-full of tempting cakes; and "Buy, signor," she said, in her plaintive voice, "buy my good lagazne, there are not better in Venice." Then I snatched up the food, but my teeth were too soft to bite the cake.

From these dreams I was aroused by a piercing cry.

"What is that?" I asked.

"I know not," replied Solbieski; "it is, perhaps, Diane de Marson, who is dying."

I crawled to her couch; she breathed, yet was so peaceful and inanimate, that it was not she, I was sure, that uttered it. I think it must have been myself, in my delirious sleep; but my perceptions and memory were then getting very indistinct.

I shall never forget the next time I was roused to consciousness, for I awoke to the horror of that hopeless darkness which we had so long dreaded, and at times been at such pains to avert. I tried to rise, I could not.

"Is all finished?" I asked myself; "is this death?"

With a violent effort I turned on one side, and encountered a cold hand, which was insinuating itself into my bosom. I gave a yell that waked all the echoes of the vault.

"It is only I," said Solbieski, "feeling for your dagger. Of what are you afraid?"

"What do you want it for, Stanislaus," I replied; "are there assassins hidden in these dungeons?"

"Assassins!" answered Solbieski; "I wish there were, for there are none so cruel but would break their last bit of bread with us. There are only corpses here."

"What, then, do you want the poniard for?" I asked.

"Life is obstinate, and my sufferings are acute," said my friend, "and I think it is no sin to rid myself of it in this dire extremity. My blood will nourish you, and perhaps you may survive till Fabricius comes, and then you can tell my fate to my poor Honorina."

I got my poniard, and threw it away from me as far as I could into the darkness; I knew he was too weak to go and search for it.

"My friend, my brother," I said, weeping, "let us not anticipate the will of God, who may yet be pleased to succour us. Solbieski, my dear friend, you are lying on the cold rock, I will make room for you on my couch; do not quit me; we had better be near each other in the last extremity."

"Honorina, my poor bride," he said, "she is now preparing her marriage dress, and expecting me anxiously; tell her, if you ever see the light again, that my last thought was upon her. My Honorina, who is so good and beautiful, and who will, perhaps, think that I have cruelly deserted her; thee, too, Maxime, whom I love, and am near to, but whose face, veiled by this darkness, I shall never see again. Oh! if I could once more see the light; but the balcony is too high—too high; I could never climb there—no, never."

The remembrance of that frightful balcony gave me a giddy vertigo, and I lost my powers of perception; all manner of vague noises then filled my ears, and I fell into renewed dreamy delirium. I re-visited the feasts I had left, the little Nina cried her wares, and S. Honorina held out her arms to me from the beautiful altar-piece of Pordenone.

Meantime stunning noises were ever ringing in my ears, our names were called one by one with startling distinctness: one while it was the Tagliamente that swept by, moaning and foaming; then the pick-axe, the sap, and the explosion of mines, that made the old tower shake; then it was little Nina, all in tears, seated on the threshold of the church of Codroipo, incessantly crying.

"Buy, signor, buy of poor Nina!"

My stupor became more and more profound. I lost all remembrance of time, place, and myself. I can only recollect demanding perpetually "where am I." Memory was a fathomless abyss, in which I had lost myself.

Then the faculty of thought left me,
hearing was the only sense remaining, and I had consciousness of an uproar of cries and lamentations, mixed with tumults of tempests, thunderings, and cataracts, amidst which my name was loudly uttered, and a reply implored; I tried to answer by cries and lamentations, but could not utter a sound.

Such were the hours I passed; and oh! such hours ought only to be measured by the dial of eternity.

My next revival was in a state which for some time I fancied a new deception, the blessed light of the morning struck on my eyes and wounded them with its dazzling brightness; I closed them, and tried to think that pains and languishments were gone; I looked again, and saw the light of day illuminating the vast apartment through a large square aperture.

"The Torre Maladetta is opened,—the trap is unclosed,—Diane, Solbieski, Anna, come with me, you shall not die."

"No one is dead, but Anna," replied Doctor Fabricius, who stood by my bedside.

"Fabricius, my friend, my father," said I, seizing his hand, have you found us at last;—but where are Solbieski and Diane?"

"They are alive and recovering; I was almost too late, but they survive—no one has perished but poor Anna the servant, who accompanied Mademoiselle de Marson in her flight from Venice."

"How," I asked, "did you discover us in this inaccessible hole?"

"It was known that you were there three days before we could get you out, and that made the matter more horrible to us: after the first alarm of your mysterious disappearance, M. Barteollet and Barberina firmly believed you had been devoured by the vampires and ghouls which they fancy haunt the old donjon. All were satisfied by this explanation, except Frederic, Solbieski's servant, and your little dog Puck: the latter could not be induced to leave the great hall; and the others searched the ruins by day, and watched in the room you last occupied by night. He heard knockings and noises in that corner, frequently renewed; and though Barberina assured him that those noises had been often heard before you ever came to the castle, yet Frederic could not help being struck with the behaviour of Puck, who constantly kept scratching and whining with his nose to the ground, at the place where his instinct told him his master was to be found. At last Frederic heard the discharge of pistols in the vaults, and was convinced that vampires and ghosts did not use firearms; besides, he recognised your voice speaking, although he could not tell what you said. First, he summoned some workmen from the village to try to force an opening with pick-axes and mining tools,—not a soul, however, would come to touch the dreaded Torre Maladetta. He got some tools and fell to work himself: the excavation he made was not in the right direction, being no longer guided by any sounds within; yet as the floods cut him off from all other assistance, he continued working till the abating of the river gave him the opportunity of coming to St. Veit to ask my advice. He met me upon the road. I was anxious to see you, although I had apprehended no worse misfortune for you than the dulness of being river-bound at the castle for a few days. When I heard Frederic's alarming intelligence, I went back to St. Veit, for the purpose of hiring proper workmen to pull down the old tower by piece-meal, if necessary, to bring you to light. All this occurred yesterday; the workmen arrived in a few hours, and set to work: a very few strokes of the pick-axe brought them to the iron trap that forms the roof of a small room. They did not wait to discover the trick of the groove in which it slides, but broke it up with sledge-hammers; and you and your companions in misery were directly found in a state of insensibility, from which it required my most sedulous medical care since last night to rouse you."

"And where did the trap open from, at last?"

"Not where you see it now, that is a way forced by digging down to it from the court. The trap slid on one side, and opened on an inclined plane and narrow subterranean way that led up into the hall near the wicket entrance, at the foot of which door there is a contrivance in the Mosaic pavement, which starts up on losing a brass spring bolt concealed in the door-case of the wicket. We supposed you had by accident discovered this secret, which was only known to the lords of the castle; and that the door had by mischance shut upon you, and prevented your return."
"That was not the way we entered," I replied; "had it been so, we should not have been kept prisoners long. But how came you to know that aperture?"

"Mario Cinci described it to me some months ago," he replied; "but as I had never explored it, I preferred downright force as the quickest way of extricating you, but the contrivance was laid open when the workmen broke through with their hammers. And now," he continued, "I have little time to allow you to regain your strength, the government of Venice has been on the alert to discover all persons connected with our secret union; if Stanislaus Sobieski is found here, he will be shot without mercy; and his only chance of escape is to retreat immediately to the last hold of freedom in the Tyrol, where the brave Andreas Hofer has within the last few days raised the standard of independence: therein I also go with my daughter, the betrothed bride of Sobieski."

"Diane, too, where will she find an asylum," I asked, "if, indeed, she survives her manifold sufferings?"

"Diane will live; she has recovered from the stupor in which Sobieski says she was plunged during your dreary imprisonment—she has spoken—she has named you with gratitude, and has expressed a wish that you should in a few days conduct her to the conven of the Annunziata at Venice, where she has a relative who is abbes; it is indeed the principal retreat for noble French emigrants who have lost their protectors. She has guessed the death of her husband, which has only been known to her from our silence; that of her father she knows not as yet, and is considering the possibility of a reconciliation with him. We dare not yet inform her of the extent of her bereavements."

In a few days I was able to embark with Diane for Venice in the galliot of Mario, which lay at Port Gruaro.

Oppressed by her own sorrows, Diane often pressed my hand in sign of amity and gratitude; but whenever she strove to speak, tears and sobs choked her utterance; and when those suffocating emotions had subsided, her eyes expressed the same blank despair that marked them when we were in the Torre Maladetta. There was no hope for me as a lover; I knew her heart was in the grave of her husband, and we sailed over the moon-lit lagunes of Venice, in the sad silence of two spirits embarked in the bark of eternity, who, having received different sentences, were in a few moments to be separated for ever. All the romance that my busy fancy had formed of the possibility that my faithful love might one day give me the place of Mario in her bosom was dissipated, by the icy concentration of despair that dwelt in the expression of her features. All the intoxication of delightful happiness that I had unconsciously suffered to play round my heart, at her vicinity to me, vanished, and the cold anguish of reality succeeded that deceitful glow.

We disembarked at the nearest quay, and several people crowded round our bark to carry our luggage.

"Ah!" cried a Nicoletti* who stood on the stairs, "here is the galliot of our brave Cinci Mario, summoned the Doge of Venice, he who was so generous a padrone to the poor mariners of Gruaro!"

"Hush, hush," said I, stopping his mouth with one hand and giving him a sequin with the other, "say no more of the brave Cinci, but take these packages, and lead the way to the Annunziata."

A few steps from the quay brought us to the conven. I consigned the half-fainting Diane to the care of the kind nuns, and took my way to the auberge in Venice, where I had formerly resided. Here I found letters from my mother, announcing that by the exertion of great interest, my father had obtained the repeal of my exile from France, and that both he and my mother were languishing to embrace once more their only child.

My spirits were thrown into a perfect tumult of joy at this unexpected intelligence; but I could take no resolve till I had once more made an attempt to see Diane. The next morning I took my way to the conven, the abbess immediately admitted me to her parlour.

She was, as I have said before, a French lady, and related to Diane; she had been the most beautiful among the young and beautiful females of the emigration; we had known each other in childhood, and her name——; but why should I repeat it here, that name of

* "Nicoletti," a name given to the inhabitants of Venice where the labouring people usually live.
worldly glory which she had relinquished, she was now only known by that she had adopted, and which was alone inscribed on her early tomb ——, "Poor Clare." In remembrance of our early friendship, this angelic creature took my hand kindly.

"I know," she said, "dear Maxime, how much our beloved sister is beholden to you. This morning, when I presented to her the mourning robe that marks her double grief as widow and orphan, the silence that had so long been pent up in her heart was broken. She told me all that had happened to her, and bade me bring her to you for a last adieu, since the world and all worldly hopes and fears would henceforth be a blank to her."

Soon after this conversation, Diane entered the room in the sable robes of her deep widowhood. Oh, how lovely she looked in the abstracted expression of that sorrow which was speaking her divorce from all things sublunary.

"Maxime," she said, "dear Maxime, adieu. To Heaven you must look for the recompense for all you have done for me, this poor exhausted broken heart will not repay you. Adieu, Maxime, for ever."

She then passed away behind that grate which sheltered her in an asylum of repose and everlasting peace, and I returned to the anxieties and tumults of common life.

I took the way to my hotel under a burning sun. My brow was burning like fire—my thoughts were confused and wandering—my knees failed me; I was seized with a brain fever, and for three months I lay without consciousness of any passing events, or even of my own existence: my constitution was struggling with the shock it had received by my deprivations in the Torre Maladetta, of which, though I had for a time recovered with wonderful speed, I now felt the reaction. There I lay for many weeks, far from all friends, except my little dog Puck, who watched on my pillow, and never left me night nor day.

On my restoration to intelligence, I found that my father had arrived at Venice, alarmed at my long silence, and non-appearance at Paris: this affectionate parent dreading lest my ardent temperament should have carried me into new danger, had set out from France in search of me, and found me unconscious on a bed of sickness.

As soon as I had welcomed this dear familiar face in a strange land, I implored him to remove me instantly from Venice, the scene of so much suffering and sorrow.

In a few days we went to the Café Florian, where we waited for the hour of our embarkation. We had ordered chocolate, and were seated, as usual, in the gallery. It was a time of great political excitement, and every passing hour brought the news of mighty events; and though every one in the café was forced to keep a strict guard on his words, yet there was a movement of anxiety, and a whispering of oral intelligence, that could not be gleaned from the papers, bridled as they were by the French censorship.

As for myself, for more than a hundred days I had been as unconscious of what was passing in the world around me, as I had been when shut down under the trap-door of the Torre Maladetta. But I remembered with some anxiety that Fabricius had told me that the hopes of freedom being extinct in Italy, the more daring of the Carbonari had retreated to the Tyrol in aid of Hofer.

While I yet meditated on this subject, a fresh gazette was brought in; it was the Courrier de Trieste, edited by the Abbé Coletti.

The eager newsmongers crowded round the possessor of the paper, who, to gratify all, read, in a pompous accent, this servile Italian mimicry of the theatrical and insolent style of the bulletins of the Moniteur. I listened.

"The victory gained on the 6th ult. at Wagram, by the arms of the emperor, has destroyed for ever the hopes of the enemies of France, and of the human race.

"Never was the magnanimity of his majesty, the emperor and king, manifested in a higher degree than on this occasion. His indulgence forgives misled people. The laws only strike at the factious.

"The castle that appertained to the conspirator Cinci, surnamed Manet, the Doge of Venice, has been razed to the ground; it was there he held his incendiary meetings. The dungeons were found full of murdered corpses.

"An infamous agent of this intriguer, named Fabricius, but in whom is recognised the illuminate Hooschman, the
accomplice of Arndt, of Palm, and Chasteler, has hitherto eluded justice. Government is in pursuit of him. "The cowardly hypocrite Andreas Hofer, has suffered his sentence at the gate of Cesena, in Mantua, covered with crimes; he has scarcely received his due punishment. "His secretary, Solbiesky, a Bohemian adventurer, who pretended to be a Pole, has been taken in arms among the Tyrolese insurgents. This bandit made the desperate resistance to be expected from his cunning and ferocity. "Solbiesky!" cried I, imprudently enough, "they must mean my friend Stanislaus Solbieski,—he, cunning and ferocious; the wretches, they know him not, even by name."

I gnawed my hands in rage and despair; "Oh!" I groaned within myself, "why did I not in the Torre Maladetta?"

"Stay, stay, signori," said the reader of the gazette, "there is a little postscriptum of the editor's."

This morning at half-past ten precisely, at the end of the Pont St. André, the traitor Solbiesky was shot in the presence of an immense multitude. It is said that the miserable wretch showed some courage in the last scene.

At that moment, the sailing of the packet was announced, and my father hurried me on board, fearful lest the evident tokens of my sympathy with these victims of a lawless and apostate tyrant, might bring on me a share in their doom, and I returned to France, to lose in the changing bustle of Paris, the remembrance of murdered friends and the pangs of slighted love.

NOTES.

Sixteen years after the death of Hofer, and the suppression of those elder societies of Carbonari, by the despotic power of Napoleon, we find that similar associations were formed in the same neighbourhood against the encroachments of the enemies of Napoleon on the liberty of the Italians. The name of Carbonari was the same, the plan and motives similar.

Many notices of these younger, and certainly not less gallant and spirited Carbonari, are scattered through Lord Byron's correspondence during his residence at Venice and Ravenna.

A few extracts will show that there was a considerable resemblance in the manner of organisation of these secret unions.

From Lord Byron's Diary.

"January 30th, 1821.—The Count P. G.—this evening (by commission from the Carbonari) transmitted to me the new words for the next six months . . . . . .
The new sacred word is . . . . . .
"Things seem fast coming to a crisis—
"ca ira."

"January 29th.—Met a company of the sect (a kind of liberal club) called the 'Americani' in the forest, all armed, and singing with all their might, in Romagna—'Sem tutti soldati per la liberta.' 'We are all soldiers for liberty.' They cheered me as I passed. I returned their salute, and rode on.

"February 16, 1821.—Last night the Conte P. G. sent a man with a bag full of bayonets, some muskets, and some hundreds of cartridges to my house, without apprising me, though I had seen him not half an hour before. About ten days ago, when there was to be a rising here, the Liberals and my brethren Carbonari asked me to purchase some arms for a certain few of our ragamuffins. I did so immediately, and ordered ammunition, &c., and they were armed accordingly. Well, the rising is prevented by the barbarians marching a week sooner than appointed; and an order is issued, and in force, by the Government, 'that all persons having arms concealed, shall be liable to, &c. &c. ;' and what do my friends, the patriots, do two days afterwards? Why, they throw back upon my hands, and into my house, these very arms (without a word of warning previously), with which I had furnished them at their own request, and at my own peril and expense. It was lucky that Lega was at home to receive them. If any other servants had (except Tita and Fletcher and Lega), they would have betrayed it immediately. In the mean time, if they are denounced or discovered, I shall be in a scrape.

"February 18.—To-day I have had no communication with my Carbonari cronies; but in the mean time my lower apartments are full of their bayonets, fusils, cartridges, and what-not.

"February 20.—The news of the day are, that the Neapolitans are full of energy. The public spirit here is certainly well kept up. The 'Americani' (a patriotic society here, an under branch of the Carbonari) give a dinner in the Forest in a few days, and have invited me, as one of the Carbonari."

* The Italian dialect used in the Romagna, of which Ravenna is the principal city.
DREARY WINTER.

BY THE HON. CAROLINA FREDERICA BEAUCLERK.

How dimly shines the sun thro’ winter’s day,
How weak the light, and faint the genial ray;
While rising vapours spread a pallid hue,
And veil in clouds what erst was purest blue.
We mark the tempest gathering o’er our head,
Or hear the torrent sweep its rocky bed,
While on impell’d resistless is the force;
Man cannot curb, nor art divert its course.
A wither’d landscape meets the wandering eye,
The streams reflect a lurid angry sky;
Nature, all bounteous, sinks into repose,
And bares her bosom to the drifting snows.
Mute are the tenants of the leafless grove;
The herds, their wonted valleys, cease to rove;
The husbandman with anxious care now tends
Their wants, and from the coming storm defends.
Hear we the blasts that round our dwellings sweep,
Then shudder we for those who stem the deep,
Where raging billows toss their fragile bark,
Their perils heighten’d by the midnight dark?
Yet seek we solace? Winter offers some,
When night shuts in upon our happy home:
Then welcome does our blazing hearth appear,
Where festive mirth now crowns the parting year.
Home, ever dear, more truly do we prize,
There, kind affection, beams in kindred eyes.
Our hearts expand more freely at the grief
That others feel, and readier grant relief.
The shivering suppliants our pity crave;
We hear their prayer,—their helpless offspring save.
Let us with cheerful minds the seasons hail,
Assured that He who guides them will not fail,
Back to our clime, the sunny hours to bring;
His dreary winter ushers in gay spring.

CONCEALED LOVE.

I never breathed her name aloud
Not even into Friendship’s ear,
For I was loth lest some light crowd
Might dare profane a sound so dear,
So in mine heart’s most secret cell
I sainted it, and bade it dwell.

I never bent my knee to her,
Or spoke with passion’d eloquence;
I knew my fates’ dark minister
Had made it hopeless as intense:
I worshipped from afar in pain—
And joyless, yet embraced my chain.

I never cherished in my thought
The baseless dream to call her mine;
For pomp and power her white hand sought,
And wealth confessed her most divine.
Oh! my proud spirit would have died,
Ere asked her for a poor man’s bride!

Hart S——.
MY POEM!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN CITY AND SUBURBS."

Aid me philanthropy, purest, noblest of emotions, animating the heart of man—aid me in the relation of these, my personal memoirs. Can I have the courage to conjure up again in fearful detail, the misery, the ridicule, I have endured? I will, though, in the pursuance of my task, I suffer enough to shake the fortitude of a martyr. Oh! ye scribbling youths, who are, or fancy ye are, favoured by the daughters of Mnemosyne, it is to you that I particularly address myself, 'tis for your whiteness that I now steel my nerves to the task of rending open my yet green wounds, for you, that I now set myself up as a melancholy warning, a beacon in the sea of life, to keep the unwary from wrecking their banks on the quicksands of literary fame.

My father was an opulent merchant in the vicinity of Cheapside, a plain, good, worthy soul, whose summit of earthly felicity was contained in the due balance of his accounts, the annual dinner with his company, and the possession of an unrivalled cellar of Burgundy. It certainly could not be from him that I inherited my unhappy propensity for blotting paper with trochees and iambics. Nor can it be laid to the charge of my mother, a sensible matter-of-fact woman, whose aversion to poetry amounted almost to that of Hotspur's. On my own head, therefore, must it rest, for my education was any thing but one calculated to fan a spark of literary fire into a flame. At the age of ten I was translated from the city to a boarding-school in the country, where, by the aid of Walkingame and Bonycastle, backed by a wholesome application of birch and cane, I was initiated into all the mysteries of multiplication, addition, and subtraction; had my knuckles rapped to a jelly, till I wrote with my poor father's called a good, business-like hand; and, by the time I had attained my eighteenth year, was considered as a prodigy of clerkship.

I was now installed in my father's counting-house, and for a year or two went swimmingly on, delighting him with my well-ruled lines and unspotted ledger. He even ventured to affirm that an alderman's gown would one day cover my shoulders. Short-sighted mortals that we are, in one little week all was changed, and the phantom of civic honours had faded for ever from the mental vision of my respected parent.

It was in the month of October in the year 133—(I shall never forget it), that a schoolfellow of mine paid us a visit. I had not seen him since we participated in the thumps and bumps which accompanied the knowledge of the first four rules of arithmetic; and I now beheld a fine dashing moustached fellow, in the height of fashion and dandyism, a year or two my senior, and filled to repletion with all that happy self-sufficiency usually engendered by a tour of the continent. It was natural, therefore, that I should look up to him with the awe that a novice in the affairs of this world generally feels for those who appear to be well versed in its mysteries. He talked of the gaieties of Paris, the bores of London, criticised the drama, eulogised Scribe, descanted on the merits and demerits of Scott, Southey, Moore, and Byron, laughed at me for not knowing the number of lines required to compose a sonnet, till I became lost in a maze of wonderment and admiration. Now came the fatal period of my life, the epoch from which I date all my misfortunes. I began to grow discontented with my high stool and dingy counting-house, looked down with contempt on my brother clerks, and felt a nausea at the sight of a day-book. Such were the effects of my schoolfellow's visit, short as it was, for at the end of three days he took his departure, having an engagement to slaughter pheasants in the country. I was now left to myself, but my distaste for single and double entry increased every hour; still I might have been reclaimed, had not my friend (the foul fiend take his memory!) unfortunately left behind him a pocket edition of "Lalla Rookh." I had heard him expatiate at various times on the beauties contained in this poem. I therefore read it with avidity, and retired to my pillow to dream of a wild chaotic confusion of peries, houries, veiled prophets, and fire-worshippers. When I arose in the morning, the poison was in my veins! I sighed as I seated myself before the desk, sickened at the darkness visible pervading the counting-house, and in one day lost all the reputation I had acquired for the spotless
purity and exactness of my accounts.
The boasted exactitude of my lines was no longer preserved; red ink and blue ink mingled together in irreparable disorder; and I found my pen, instead of transcribing cash transactions, insensibly writing some verses, in which I compared myself to the captive in Sterne’s “Sentimental Journey.” At length, to complete the sum total of my disasters, in one of the discontented wriggles on my seat, I brought down a leaden inkstand of Brobdingnagian dimensions, and flooded the room with its contents; in an instant, ledger, day-book, and waste-book were covered with the sable fluid. I rushed from the scene of ruin, threw myself on my bed, complained of headache, fever, any thing to gain the solitude of my chamber. My poor mother was frightened, gruel was prepared, remedies prescribed, and doctors and apothecaries so much talked of, that I soon found I should be physicied into a real illness. The symptoms of indisposition accordingly abated rapidly, but alas! my poetical malady increased with tenfold vigour. I nearly spoilt the papering of the room, by writing on it with my pencil the remainder of the simile commenced in the ledger: unfortunately, I succeeded beyond my utmost expectations, the words jingled together admirably, and “Lalla Rookh” lost half its merit in my estimation. “Vice,” says some great author, “asks no more of us but to begin;” the quotation would, I think, apply very justly to the tyro in poetry, at least it did in my case; for no sooner had I completed my effusion, than I remembered that Tasso himself wrote some of the finest portions of his “Jerusalem Delivered” on the walls of his prison. Here was another golden opportunity for the exercise of my budding genius; I did not let it pass, and recommenced comparisons and five-foot iambics, with redoubled ardour. But I will not recapitulate all my primitive efforts. Suffice it to say, that I plunged deeper and deeper into the Heliconian stream; sonnet following sonnet with such celerity, that long before a month was over my head, I was transformed from a sedate, white cravatted clerk, into a sighing, careless, open collared, black neckerchiefed, ballad-monger. It seemed as if the flood-gate of my ideas was suddenly opened; songs, odes, idyls, essays, were transmitted to paper with astonishing rapidity, nothing came amiss to my prolific brain—like the buckets of the Danaids, as fast as it filled it was emptied—until I even amazed myself, at the vastness and variety of my prowess. One of these displays of genius, however, cost me rather dear. A certain maiden aunt of mine who was in possession of what is termed a handsome property, and a countenance decidedly the reverse, had hinted very plainly the probability of her possessions descending to the subject of these memoirs. Now, though I really liked the old lady, her nose and chin presented so good a foundation for a caustic epigram, that for the life of me I could not refrain from penning one on the above-named features. By means of some good-natured friend the fame of this effusion reached the ears of the good spinster, and the consequence was (her death happened shortly afterwards), that she left the greater portion of her goods and chattels to some fifteenth cousin, whom she had never seen, and cut me off with a shilling! “N’importe,” said I; (I was then too well pleased with my new vocation to be grieved at any thing;) “the loss of a few paltry thousands shall not make me unhappy.” Besides, there was something very consolatory in the reflection, that if the aforesaid epigram caused any alteration in my aunt’s testament, it proved that the keenest satire was contained in its verses. Meanwhile, my rhyming reputation spread far and near, and albums and scrap-books poured in on all sides. There was not one of my fair friends that kept a pet canary-bird, who did not commission me to write some verses on its interesting peculiarities; not a poodle-dog died, but I composed his elegy. As for my arithmetical numbers, they were wholly abandoned for those of poesy, for I now only thought of the multiplication of my ideas, or the division of my couplets. My poor father at last lost his temper; he reasoned, argued, stormed, and even threatened disinheritance; it was useless: I replied by frowning a la Byron, and expatiating on the cruelty in attempting to trammel genius down to a desk—talked much of the base mechanical routine of the counting-house, &c. &c., till he was fairly beaten out of the field.

The reins were now thrown upon the neck of my Pegasus, and away he went at such a desperate pace, that I bid fair to
My Poem.

empty the shops of half the stationers within sound of Bow-bell. But I soon grew weary of the inglorious task of writing sonnets on rose-buds, and covering girt-edge with odes to the moon. I longed to display to the world the talents I possessed; and after spending three weeks in deciding whether a work of prose or poetry should be the vehicle with which I meant to astonish the public, I chose the latter, and commenced my labours with great vigour. With such industry did I pursue my occupation, that ere the sun had half run his annual course, I had the felicity of beholding about a ream of closely-written paper,—in other words, it was finished! Yes, reader, it was finished! The child of my brain was before me—the product of weary days and sleepless nights reposed on my desk; and no mother ever contemplated the calm slumber of her first-born with more intense pleasure—no miser ever gloated more over his treasure-chest, than did I over the blotted pages of my Poem! I read and re-read, altered and re-altered, till I ran some chance of following the example of Pygmalion; viz. falling in love with my heroine. It was interspersed with battles and love-scenes, plentifully sprinkled with moonlight, palm-trees, blue skies, and sunsets, and in five-and-twenty cantos. But all was not done—it wanted a title; this was the most puzzling point of all. "The title,—what should it be?"

I first thought of calling it by the name of my hero, but then I remembered that a title should be "full of sound and fury," signifying a great deal, twelve syllables at the least; now the cognomen of my hero; consisted but of two; the idea, therefore, was abandoned for another and another, with the same ill success. At length, after racking my brain for some days, I pitched upon a name, as I thought, the perfection of titles, almost unreadable, and as unpronounceable as a German baron's. It was on the morning that I dispatched to my publishers the last sheet, revised and corrected, that my father entered my room with a very serious lecture-giving countenance. I anticipated another homily on the folly of wasting my time in scribbling, and neglecting the affairs of commerce, and accordingly folded my arms and knitted my brow to prepare for the attack. But I was disappointed. After two or three preparatory hems, he commenced a long dissertation on the pleasures of the con-nubial state, and the impropriety of young men remaining single, hinting at the same time the advantages arising from a suitable connexion with an opulent family, and concluded by asking me my age. I now plainly perceived the drift of the old gentleman's visit; I saw that, as a last resource, he wished me to take a wife. I instantly figured to myself some rich ugly old spinster to whom I was to be sacrificed; and see-sawing very leisurely in my chair, told him that as yet an idea of a matrimonial engagement had never entered my mind. But he was not to be baffled; for seeing I mediated a retreat towards the door, he took me by the arm, intimating also that some ladies were in the dressing-room, to whom he particularly wished to introduce me. In vain did I plead sudden indisposition, pointed to my state of dishabille, and made twenty other excuses. He would take no denial, and I was forced to descend, grumbling, and shrugging my shoulders at every step. My father led the way, and having thrown open the door, we entered. O Cupid! what an agreeable surprise did I then experience. I had anticipated a Gorgon, and I beheld an angel! Anglică, a very lovely young woman in white satin. Contrary to all the rules of novels and romances, I plunged headlong into the abyss of love with the very person my father approved of; away went the thought of times and dactyls, feet and measures; had the name even of the heroine of my poem been asked me at that moment, I verily believe I should have forgotten it. I was roused from this reverie of admiration by my father begging leave to introduce me to the Honourable Mrs. R. and daughter. I now turned my eyes to the elder lady, and went through the ordeal with the best grace I could muster. Young people quickly get acquainted, so I soon established myself on the sofa beside the younger fair one, and in half an hour knew that her name was Ellen, that her father and mine had been acquainted twenty years ago, and that mamma and herself had but arrived from India a week. As for me, I sat and gazed, taking in large draughts of intoxicating love from the dark eyes of the beautiful East Indian till the hour of departure arrived. I looked at my watch
incredulously; the minutes had passed like seconds, and I even questioned the thundering authority of St. Paul's itself. They were no sooner gone than my father commenced a chuckling congratulation on the evident impression I had made, pointing out to me the necessity of pursuing my advantage by the most unremitting attentions. "Lovers," he said, "swarmed round heiresses like wasps about a honeycomb;" and he finished with slapping me on the back, and remarking, "that three thousand per annum was not an every-day prize." I adjusted my hair, gave a very complacent glance at the glass, promised due attention to his advice, and then suddenly broke up the conference to write a sonnet on the eyes of my fair enslaver. The next three weeks beheld me the devoted admirer of the fascinating Ellen: at the theatre, the dance, the promenade, I was her constant attendant; indeed, so much was my mind occupied by this new passion, that my poem had appeared on the literary tapis almost before I was aware of it.

During this time suitors (as my father justly conjectured) began to flutter round the object of my adoration; and among the rest who contended for the honour ofshawling and handing syllabubs, to my great astonishment I beheld my quondam schoolfellow—friend no longer; for no sooner did I see him enter the lists against me, than I began to hate him most vehemently. In fact, he was the most formidable of my rivals, (confound the fellow!) there was such an air of ease and fashionable negligence in all that he said or did, that among the ladies there was no chance with him. However, when I gazed on the huge blue-covered, circulating-library looking volume which I received from my publishers, doubts and fears vanished from my mind, for I determined in making the awful declaration of my attachment to Ellen, to avow myself as the author of—no, I would rather not mention the name. The idea of being rejected after such a derri
dier ressort as this was out of the question, and with this resolve I determined to wait patiently till the press had expressed their admiration of its merits, before I made the offer of my hand. Affairs were at this juncture, when the beauty of a fine spring evening tempted me to take a stroll towards the west end of the town. I was in high good humour with myself, my mind being filled with a strange anomaly of laurel crowns and bridal favours. I intended to reserve to myself the pleasure of hearing my success from the lips of my friends, and consequently forebore seeing the opinions of the literary tribunal,—alas! would that I had been ever ignorant of them; but it was not to be; for on turning the corner of one of the principal streets, I received a slap on the shoulder, and beheld my rival—he of the "Lalla Rookh" memory. He was standing on the steps of one of the fashionable coffee-houses which abound in that quarter of the town, and addressing me in a jocular tone, asked me to walk up stairs with him, telling me that I should hear something which would amuse me. Amuse me! Oh, heavens! but I must not digress. I was in that kind of humour to be amused with any thing, and complied with his request.

"If he has heard by any means that I am the author of the poem, he is the most generous of rivals," thought I. As we entered one of the rooms, a burst of laughter saluted my ears. A group of exquisites was seated round a table, seemingly engaged in listening to one of the party who was reading some article from a pamphlet (looking, as I thought, very like the Quarterly Review), which appeared to have excited their mirth. My companion interrupted him, saying, that "having seen me from the window, and being a particular friend of his, he had brought me up with him to hear a little of the roasting, and that I would feel peculiarly obliged if he would take the trouble to commence again." The gentleman looked at me, I bowed, and he began.

At the fifth sentence I bounded from my seat as if I had received a bullet in my heart. What did I hear? My poem, my immaculate poem, treated with the most unrelenting severity: every word that he uttered was agony, but he continued with the utmost sang froid, cutting and slashing my five-and-twenty cantos with brutal ferocity. There was not a tear at my mental sinews, not a wrench that was spared, until I writhe in my chair like Damiens on his burning seat. It was true, my name was not affixed to the work; but from his behaviour, I felt convinced that my schoolfellow was aware of the truth. There
the villain sat, coolly sipping his coffee, 
with a smile worthy of Satan on his lip; 
while I, his victim, was being extended 
on a rack to which the stretching bed 
of Procustes was one of rosebuds. At 
length my tormentor ceased, and I was 
called upon for my opinion of the cri-
tique. This was worse than all. Like 
Milton's king of terrors, I "grinned 
horribly, a ghastly smile," and attempted 
to say something about the "cant of 
criticism;" but it would not do; the 
words died away in an inarticulate mur-
mur, and the quotation was lost. The 
exquisite sense of torture at last began 
to subside, and a cold, numbing, petrify-
ing stupor succeeded. In fact, I was 
perfectly stunned by the blows of the 
critic's club. Not a hope was left—not a 
straw to cling to, so completely had I 
been mangled. But I was prevented 
from becoming a curiosity worthy of any 
museum in Europe, by my schoolfellow 
desiring me to pay attention to another 
roasting of the poor devil. His friend 
was about to commence. The stoicism 
of a Socrates would not have been able 
to stand this; I therefore gasped out 
something about urgent business, and 
was soon striding down the street, as if 
possessed with the spirit of a demon. 
I scarcely knew whither I was going; the 
voice of the reader was still ringing in 
my ears, my brain seemed on fire, while 
the lamp-posts appeared to be dancing 
walztes before my distempered gaze. 
What a vast change had the space of 
half an hour made in my disposition. I 
had entered the coffee-house with the 
disposition of a Howard; I came out of 
it with the feelings of a Caligula. Cer-
tain it is, I fervently wished the whole 
host of critics had but one neck, that I 
might have annihilated them at a single 
blow. A walk of some miles, however, 
joined to the fresh evening breeze, began 
to cool my fevered brow, and I called 
philosophy to my aid. True,—I re-
lected; I had been cut up, lashed, 
mangled most horribly; but what of 
that? it had been the fate of most men 
of genius; Kirk White, Byron, even Pope 
himself, had not escaped the scourge of 
the critic: why, therefore, should 
I repine? Then I thought of the "Dunci-
ad;" the age wanted a poem of that 
description. I would repay the snarling 
curs in their own coin, so I determined 
to write a criticism on criticism, to which 
the "Dunciad" should be the essence of 
insipidity. By the time I had argued 
myself into a state of comparative tran-
quillity, I found that I had wandered in-
stantively near the residence of Ellen. 
A sudden thought struck me,—if my 
schoolfellow should forestall me, and 
inform her of the whole affair? I was 
aware of the force of ridicule, and re-
solving to take time by the forelock, gave 
my shirt collar an encouraging pull, and 
up the steps I went. My summons at 
the knocker was soon answered by the 
footman. She was at home, and alone. 
I did not give him time to announce me, 
but, rushing past him, hurried up to the 
drawing-room. Its fair inmate appeared 
rather confused at my abrupt entrance, 
but this I interpreted as a good omen. 
She was seated at her work-table, on 
which was spread a profusion of silk, 
satin, paste-board, gold paper, and many 
other little nic-nacs used in the mysteries 
of card-rack and fire-screen making; and 
when, after the preliminary expressions 
of surprise on her part, and delight on 
mine, I saw the crimson deepening on 
her cheek, as I drew my chair close 
to hers, something whispered in my ear 
that my suit would be looked upon 
with a favourable eye. I proceeded to 
talk of taste and ingenuity, praised 
her ideas, and made similies about 
Arachne and Penelope, with many other 
allusions, as classic as they were ap-
propriate. But her confusion increased; 
she blushed deeper and deeper, and 
fidgeted with her pretty hand among 
the bijoux that were spread before her. 
The thermometer of my courage rose 
rapidly. My expressions became more 
tender. I murmured quotations from 
our love poets, poached on Waller and 
Sir John Suckling, until she became so 
agitated that she turned abruptly from 
me to conceal her emotion. "It is 
cruel," thought I, "to keep so lovely a 
being in suspense:" accordingly, throw-
ing a look of irresistible entreaty into 
my countenance, I sank gracefully on 
one knee, and poured forth a torrent 
of devotion and admiration. But, alas! 
being just then in a metaphor-loving 
mood, in seizing a sheet of Bristol-board 
to the whiteness of which I meant to 
compare the purity of my passion), I 
unluckily brought with it some loose 
leaves. A glance was enough. Like 
the reckless Giovanni in the grasp of
the statue commandant, the blood marbled in my veins. There, snipped into circles, octagons, pentagons, and every figure geometrical or ungeometrical, I beheld the pages of my poem!—think upon that, reader, my poem, a copy of which I had sent my inamorata a few days before—slashed into patterns for fire-screens. The cut-up of the review was nothing to this. Perhaps she had curled her hair with it. Hey, presto! away went philosophy—away went love. I saw nothing, thought of nothing, but the mangled paper I grasped in my hand. A river of ice seemed turned through my veins, freezing up the tide of declaration in its full current, while the soft smile of endearment gradually gave place to a frown worthy of the brows of a Nero. In what manner I made my exit, I cannot exactly remember; but I have some indistinct reminiscence of suddenly starting from my knee, upsetting the footman as he entered with the tea-urn, and deluging a reposing lap-dog with its contents. As for the stairs—my ascent had been pretty speedy, but in descending my heels seemed gifted with the talaria of Mercury—they were cleared almost at a single bound, and I was out of the house, and flying along at the rate of ten miles an hour, ere the first yelp of the parboiled animal reached my ears. But swiftness of motion could not assuage the anguish of my spirit; like the wounded stag, I bore the barbed shaft in my vitals, from which it was in vain to flee. At length I reached the threshold of my own house, and approached it with the stern determination of Miss Baily (the unfortunate I mean), viz. that of making a gibbet of my bed-post, and ending my troubles, by suspending myself from it in my garrets. Fate, however, willed it otherwise; for an unlucky, or rather a lucky, tumble up the stairs, prostrated me on my face, and saved my neck at the expense of a scarified shin. As I recovered from the stunning effects of the fall, I commenced a new train of thought on the subject, and the impiety of the intent was soon manifest to me. "Besides," I reasoned, "a being who had proved herself so utterly destitute of taste and discernment, was she worthy of the sacrifice I was about to make?" Then hanging was so unromantic. Pistols I had none. At any rate, I would defer it till the morning. With this resolution I undressed, and threw myself on my bed, but it was long before sleep visited my throbbing eyelids; and when the god of slumber did shed his influence over me, he was accompanied by all the fearful fantasies that hover round his prime minister. The form of my beautiful, but tasteless, mistress was again before me; again I beheld her fatal scissors (now increased to a magnitude worthy of the Parcae), shearing into shreds my unfortunate composition; suddenly the countenance altered to that of my faithless friend, who waved before me the review which first began my misery. Anon, the vision changed. Methought the room was being filled with an inky torrent, that every instant threatened dissolution. Vain were all the struggles I made to escape from the horrid fate which appeared to await me: there—pressing on my breast—lay the whole of my works, prosaic and poetical, that I had compounded since I had been first seized with the literary mania—all, all, were there; from the sonnet on Sterne's captive to the fatal epigram on my aunt's nose and chin:—while the accursed poem formed the summit of the paper-column, which seemed to rear itself to the very ceiling. There I lay, like another Titan, groaning and heaving under my intolerable load, but unable to stir hand or foot: while flitting and hovering about me, in every direction, I beheld a multitude of little fiendish beings, of strange and singular form; their bodies appeared to be composed of grey and yellow paper-covered books, bearing the titles of the various critical works and magazines—from which sprung heads, arms, and legs, of the most grotesque form: either and thither the small creatures flew. At one time—"Blackwood's" was tweaking my nose; at another, the "New Monthly" driving a pin into my great toe,—now grinning in my face,—now yelling in my ears;—the monsters fluttered round me, flapping their detestable pinions about my head. Still—still, I was motionless, though possessing a horrid consciousness of my situation:—I saw the sable waters rise higher and higher; I felt the dark waves dashing against my lips, while shouts of fiendish laughter seemed knelling in my ears; beyond that moment, all was blank! By day-break I was in a raging fever, and delirium so virulent in
its attack, that for some time my life was
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despaired of. Doses, blisters, and a good
constitution, however, put the enemy to
flight, and in a fortnight's time I was
pronounced convalescent. On the morn-
ing that I was permitted to leave my
chamber, a triangular-shaped note, with a
small square packet, was put into my
hand; the one contained a few lines of
congratulation on my recovery from
Ellen; the other, a brace of snow-white
polished cards, linked together with a
satir fetter—moreover, these cards were
very unequal in size, and—and—I may
as well out with it at once,—she had been
married a week to my schoolfellow!

THITHER.

BY LUDWIG WUEKERT.

There is a chamber small, silent, and deep,
Where many are sleeping, where all shall sleep;
Where breathless all rests, all sleep without dreams;
Yes, sleep without breath, nor wake with day's gleams.

No dawning of morn illumines that place;
No sunbeam falls near the sleeper's pale face;
No malice of man creates there a smart;
No joy does there smile, nor bleeds, there, a heart.

But above, on the sod there's strife and pain,
The aching of limb, the burning of brain;
The anguish of mind, the wish to be blest;
The sighing for "Thither's" eternal rest.

M.

It is difficult to transfuse into our language the subtle turn of the German original.
The stanzas are entitled "Thither;" a word which, in English, is a mere adverb of
place, scarcely demanding a thought, divorced from its verb. To give our readers
some acquaintance with the actual spirit of the German poet, we add the literal
translation of the last verse, the only one that is altered in the least. It is as
follows:—

"But above on the sod there sounds and breathes,
A word which high-fated souls of all creeds,
With prayer and incense send high aloft,—
The far echoed word is 'Thither.' How soft!"

THE APOSTLE OF THE ST. SIMONIANS.

BY C. SPINDLER.

(We must cause our readers to imagine
they behold a garden belonging to Col-
nel Morr's house, in Paris, whilst the
steward is opening the garden-gate; and
the colonel, accompanied by Muley,
his black servant, both habited in travel-
ing dresses, are about to enter.)

Bertrand. A thousand welcomes, my
dear colonel, to the capital; you have then at last had resolution enough once
more to come and see your ancient and
devoted friends.

Colonel. Truth I have; I really ap-
ppear to myself like one who, having been
banished many tedious years, is longing
again to behold the blessed sight of home. I long much to sing the cele-
brated cavatina of Tancredi, but the
dust of the African deserts has quite
destroyed my voice. Heaven be praised,
that some favourable circumstance im-
pressed the minister of war in my behalf,
and called me back to Paris.

Bertrand. High time; for your pre-
sence is now as necessary here as a
field-marshall's, on the day of battle, in
the midst of his camp. How great the
changes and alterations since your de-
parture; your absence has changed this
small spot, in one short year, into a new
world, and that no very good one either.

Col. I anticipated as much; the brief
tidings I had by way of correspondence,
excited my suspicions, and I shall not be
long ere I unravel the mystery. But now, how is it with the family? Why is this house deserted as the wilderness I have quitte? Why am I not received as I ought to be?

*Bertand.* I can, sir, easily explain that matter; in the first place, your return was not expected to be so soon; and next, this is just the time when your family is most busily engaged.

*Col.* Engaged! In what occupation?

*Bertand.* Mademoiselle Locade is on a visit to the ladies of the heart of Jesu-nunnery. Your lady-consort is going to Tailbout-street to hear a sermon; and M. Charlemagne has gone to St. Pelagie, to comfort an afflicted friend.

*Col.* This is real gallimaufry. The ladies of the heart of Jesu-nunnery? The street Tailbout? St. Pelagie? Unriddle this for me, my faithful friend.

*Bertand.* To answer truly; since your absence, your good lady has turned a St. Simonian—your daughter intends to take the veil—and your son has turned republican.

*Col.* Thunder and lightning destroy this new kind of Babel! I find insubordination here far greater than I imagined. I shall have hard matter to ex-terminate the evil. Oh! most unfortunate expedition to Algiers; for this have I suffered the pangs of hunger, whilst the corsairs of the capital have shaken my patriarchal sway to its very foundation. Are these the returns for all the kindness I have lavished on them? In the days of the restoration we kept our principles unsullied, whereas now we are pampered by independence in this boasted kingdom of liberty.

*Bertand.* Console yourself, worthy sir. Such things happen to a good many others, and times grow daily worse. You know that I for a long period have enjoyed the confidence of the family; permit me, therefore, to make one remark. You have partly been the cause of this change in the state of your affairs. You always gave your wife too much liberty to act according to her own inclination and pleasure, and particularly so where it was to satisfy her curiosity; they who are for ever seeking to obtain, only covet the more, the more their wills are yielded to. My lady thinks herself born for the execution of great things; and this frenzy of entering a nunnery, has seized your daughter solely on account of your refusal to permit the attentions of M. Alphonse.

*Col.* Umph! I could not give my daughter to a beggar—to a fellow without a sous to console himself. But wome-
The Apostle of the St. Simonians.

yourself compelled to make a small levy on your funds, to cause every thing to run as smoothly as formerly. To the best of my knowledge, Miss Locade has already given away a considerable part of her property to the wounded Swiss guard, and another to the ladies in the Convent of the Heart of Jesus, who, in the revolution of July, had all their property destroyed.

Col. Fine squandering, useful application of money! My money, indeed,—my grandmother’s inheritance in the clutches of red-coats and court hirelings! The savings of a soldier in the pockets of a horde of nuns? Better and better.

Bertrand. But my lady will always wish to live after the old style, indulging in luxury and fashion, which was once so freely permitted by you.

Col. My wife, indeed, may rule and command after her own dear pleasure over all the interest belonging to herself; I allow her the power most readily.

Bertrand. But the interest is gone as well as the capital, for as a highly devoted St. Simonist, she has, I verily believe, presented the whole of her fortune to their community.

Col. I am overwhelmed with astonishment; I am enraged to a degree that I could even wish the ex-king back again on his throne, for he and his Jesuits would long ago have trampled the vile set under their feet, and my family affairs would then have been reinstated in peace and good order. But stay awhile, you mutineers, and I will hold a court-martial, which shall make you tremble like aspens leaves; but say whence originated all this load of deception; how did such disorganisation steal into a well-disciplined family? Satan himself, with a host of devils, the seducers of my family, have here indeed driven a successful game; and who are the leeches thus defiling my honour, and feeding on my money?

Bertrand. You will soon have cause to know them; but it would be advisable for you to go cunningly to work with them, the enemy is in good position, and a surprise would promise a surer conquest than an open attack.

Col. Well then be it so, we will open the campaign from a sure place of ambush—we have for a long time, as faithful allies, stood together, and braved many a storm and all weathers. Do you yet remember, my good Bertrand, the adventure at Nevers? where I, in the most able manner, unmasked the faithlessness of my then beloved, in a manner that would have gained renown even for the great emperor himself; and now that I am twenty-five years older, I dare flatter myself I have acquired rather more tact in the management of a similar business; therefore arrange matters quickly, put my carriage out of sight, and conceal me in one corner, that, like a spider, I may be ready to seize upon my prey.

Bertrand. The present moment is most favourable; Fanchetti is absent, making purchases for my lady; Paston has been summoned as a witness before the tribunal, to state what he accidentally heard the other evening, about some conspiracy against the king’s life; and whilst I execute your commands, stay you in the garden, and if any one should show himself, I shall be on the alert to give you the signal.

The Colonel (looking around, and observing Muley standing and leaning against a tree), “Rascal, what are you doing here? you have hardly made a step towards civilisation, although you seem to be quite an adept in the art of listening.”

Muley. Oh! I love thee very much, my good massa, and am therefore very sorry to find thee so dissatisfied with thy homely comforts; it grieves me very much, and I shall never forget that you saved me in Media from the sharp points of the enemies’ bayonets. Oh! I should like to see thee happy as a sultan.

Col. I’d rather now-a-days be excused from the fulfilment of such a wish; but you brown-dyed knave, do you then know the meaning of home comforts and happiness? does the like happen then sometimes amongst your hordes of Bedouins?

Muley. Oh! master, I hardly know any thing more than you yourself do about the desert; in early youth I was stolen from my father’s tent, and sold to the old Sibai as a slave, and there I remained, ’till the day when you took me prisoner in battle, and made me free; but as to the evils which are sometimes occasioned in the world, by sons, wifes, and daughters, I have seen enough of them in Sibai’s house.

Col. So! you would soon make me anxious to know the family sufferings of the old Arab.

Muley. As many wifes as by the Prophet are allowed to the faithful, so many
had Sibai; four did the honour of his house, who must have been handsome and lovely, since he guarded all their movements with extreme jealousy. But all his wisdom was but the shadow of a preventative against the misfortunes which afterwards befel him. One was ill-tempered and of a quarrelsome disposition, who fought with, and unmercifully beat all her companions, and even the poor slaves under her; Sibai had her imprisoned, tried on her the effect of mild starvation, and chastised her, but all to no purpose; at last, in a fit of passion, he was compelled to shoot her, and it became necessary, for we could then only expect peace and domestic comfort.

Col. Necessary, indeed! and how fared it with the second?

Muley. Sibai was even more unfortunate with another: she slept the whole day, and awoke only to take her meals, after which she again laid down on her couch, and it was impossible to endure this state of sloth and inactivity; therefore after long and almost superhuman patience, poor Sibai was compelled to have this, his fair and beautiful wife, mildly smothered beneath the soft cushion to which she was so obstinately wed, and thus was an end put to that evil.

Col. I begin to feel deep respect for the patriarch, but what became of the third?

Muley. A simple foolish slave, a native of Italy, had a love intrigue with her, and thought he had acted with such discretion as to make discovery impossible; but Sibai gained a knowledge of their proceedings, and surprised the pair just at a moment when they both in passionate embraces made mutual exchanges of their eternal love. The lover lost his head, and the lady was put into a handsomely girt leather sack and thrown into the sea.

Col. I admire the prompt measures which he takes to reinstate order, and am now curious to learn the destiny of the fourth wife.

Muley. She stole, like a raven, every thing she could lay hands on: nothing was safe within her reach. After repeated and useless warnings, my master lost all patience and chastised her.

Col. Doubtless mild chastisement? hands and head off—put into a handsome sack, and delivered to the mercy of the waves.

Muley. No, no; the thief was the mother of Sibai’s children; he therefore pitied her, and sent her to the interior of Africa. The purchaser must have been little pleased with his bargain, for she was old,—and so fat that she could hardly move, and was consequently fit only to drive away the flies.

Col. Bravo! Sibai is a bright model for husbands who suffer under the waywardness of their wives.—Did the children take an example from the mild chastisement upon their mother?

Muley. I am sorry to say not; his two sons were wild and ferocious, like tigers, and the poor father was compelled to have the elder strangled for forming a conspiracy against him; and the second, who was given to excessive drinking of ardent spirits, he sold as a slave to an Egyptian merchant. As to his daughters, what they arranged between them I know not; but so much is certain, that the poor Sibai had them starved to death in a cellar, and his fatherly heart was nigh broken, when he had to give orders for their interment. After all his wives and children were gone, he had no expectation ofagain enjoying life’s comforts; but even then fortune did not long smile upon him, for a Frenchman pierced him, at my side, with a ball, and he fell dead from his horse.

Col. A pity for the good father of a family. How enviable are the sons of nature! Whilst I, a civilised citizen of France, am puzzling my brain how to restore peace and good conduct in my own family, Sibai, in half an hour’s time, would have reached the same purpose by some very effectual means. Go now, Muley, and conceal yourself somewhere where nobody can observe you. I feel the necessity to reflect a little about your African philosophy of life.

Bertrand (running up hastily). Attention, colonel! And you with your black phiz, get thee out of the way. Madame Cafard is only a few hundred paces from the house; shall I admit her?

Col. Who is that lady?

Bertrand. The principal Carlist friend of your daughter’s, her convertor and alms-taker. Shall I refuse her admittance, or do you wish to speak with her? which can easily be done if you give yourself out for a Carlist, for Madame Cafard does not know you.

Col. Be it so. I will represent my
brother, who lives in La Vendée, and is not held there in the very best renown.

Bertrand. Well done. Do you hear? already the faithful sister sounds the bell at the gate. You, Muley, go and conceal yourself somewhere. In a moment the visitor will be with you, and I will take care that you shall not be surprised.

Col. I must summon up all my faculties together, for the changed style of the restoration is quite strange to me; but I hope to be able to face the sly hypocrite, as I stand upon my own rights.

Madame Cofard. The porter told me that I should meet here a worthy stranger; and although I am sorry not to find the young lady your niece at home, to return the acquaintance I now have the pleasure of making with her noble uncle, who, in spite of the dangerous times, has stood fast to his principles, as his high-born forefathers always used to do.

Col. Madame, I am glad to see you. Your name is not strange to me, and both our principles are so nearly akin, that —

Mad. C. That only a sign is necessary to make us understand each other; and as the cruel legislators and tyrants of dear France strictly forbid us to hold open communication, we yet have the power within our own breasts to indulge in warm sympathetic feelings.

Col. I esteem myself happy in finding that Locade has met with such a worthy friend.

Mad. C. It was God's will, my baron; and the poor lady stood in great need of friendly aid against the misery of such a house as this is; and it was well for her to save herself in some haven of peace and safety. I am always very considerate of the holy ties of relationship, yet your brother is a real tiger; but, to our good luck, he is practising it in the Lybian deserts, and unable to disturb the viruous principles of your poor amiable daughter. Her mother and her brother seemed to have agreed how they might break the poor creature's heart, and they tried every thing for that purpose. A new sect, which has much similarity with the heretic principles of the Turks, and another equaling the horror-striking times of the last revolution, hold the ascendant in this house.

Col. That is dreadful, my lady. The cross trampled down, the white cockade of Henry the Fourth dragged through the mire — how fortunate that Locade was steadfast in her faith. I had hardly thought as much of the girl.

Col. It is said that she has been very liberal, though not very religious.

Mad. C. I am sorry to acknowledge the truth of this; but by constant and earnest entreaty I have worked wonders. Have we not, my noble baron, experienced the same? you in your palace in La Vendée, and I in the Fauxbourg St German. What benefit did we ever reap from the dear exiles in Prague, when in pomp and power they held supreme sway on the throne of France? Nothing; and for all that, the royal family had hardly parted from us, before our hearts burnt with the most tender emotions, and our slumbering faculties awakened into mighty enthusiasm. We exerted our utmost to reinstate our beloved little pilgrim Henry the Fifth, with the rest of the royal family. The women, indeed, are able only to entreat alms, and pray for the good cause; whilst men of courage are using vigorous exertion by noble and disinterested deeds of valour — you, my dear baron, have organised a brave troop in favour of the royal exiles. Your house is provided with ammunition, well stored with money, and every thing else necessary in such a description of warfare. Your letters announce to your niece the gladdest tidings of your successful expeditions; and I doubt not but that it has been a cause of the greatest importance which has persuaded you to make this visit to the capital.

Col. (aside.) A nice roll this woman is making me play; but I must keep the game alive. (Aloud.) Ventre saint gris. Madame, God save Henry the Fifth! this is my faith: we have long enough honoured the memory of Henry the Fourth, the little Fifth must now have his turn. I am here incognito, for I hate the usurper's police. In La Vendée loyalty is already foundered, and here I find it a good way to be so. These people know not their own minds, and even, in their ways, they run foul of each other as if half-witted. I have, however, the pleasure of finding that our leaders have done every thing in their power to spread our principles, and that they have been cordially adopted by our former opponents; therefore our war-
cry is, “The throne, the altar, Henry the Fifth, and religion!” for without these there is no happiness for France.

Mad. C. My dear sir, religion must needs lend its sacred impression to give it the final stamp. Do you know the archbishop, the holy martyr of these bloody times? I will make you known to him, and at the same time introduce you into a society, where the most resolute courage possesses every member, and all possible, as well as speedy means are united, to make a decided stroke in favour of “Henry, Liberty, and Religion.”

Col. Bravo! capital! most manly heroine! allow me to embrace you! a conspiracy is quite in my line! infernal works, riots, intrigues, and mischief, ever refresh my blood!—we must pinch the people by hunger and misery, and then rule them to play our cards; want and despair must prevail everywhere, and it must be our constant study to effect this desideratum.

Mad. C. These soft flowing words refresh my soul: thus speaks only a true knight, and these knightly principles must be as a landmark, before we can again overthrow tyranny and reinstate equality in Europe. The world is now thoroughly bad, my dear baron, and a monastery is best adapted for prudent and deeply afflicted females. You have done well in yielding to the plans of your niece, and nothing is more advisable for her, than to retreat to the peaceful abode of the virtuous ladies of “The Heart of Jesus.” I hope, at the same time, that you will lend your assistance in the execution of this her praiseworthy project.

Col. With pleasure, my dear lady; but for the present, I pray you to keep the knowledge of my presence here as secret as possible. The prefect of the police would otherwise, against my inclination, take it into his head to put me into as solitary confinement as Leocade has chosen for herself.

Mad. C. As to secrecy, your niece can answer for me; come, however, and see me as soon as possible,—here is my card. We have new-coined medals of our little Duke of Bordeaux; songs in honour of the king and his family; a neat fabric of white cockades, manufactured by myself during idle hours; proclamations, pamphlets, caricatures on the conqueror of Valmy and Temmepes: in fact, things that you could have hardly got sight of in your barony palace.

Col. Depend upon me I shall not fail; but as soon as I can with safety, I will take the liberty to pay my respects to you.

Bertrand. (Hastily.) M. Charlemagne will be here instantly.

Col. Then, my lady, excuse me, I must hasten to conceal myself.

Mad. C. I, also, flee from the dreaded libertine; he should be justly named a second Robespierre; his exterior bespeaks a liking for deeds of blood and murder, and I tremble through fear whenever I see him; have the kindness carefully to deliver these papers to your niece, and permit me to call again to-morrow.

Col. With pleasure, madam; every one now to his post, and we will soon see each other again.—(Madame Cafard and Bertrand retire.)—Away with thee, thou crocodile; I will converse alone with my son, he ever possessed an honest temper, and can at least command silence. I must be more prudent with my daughter; the effect of deceptions played upon women are seldom removed, even by the clearest truths.—(The colonel seats himself in a bower, and looks over sundry papers.)

(Charlemagne enters in a black dress coat, tri-coloured striped trousers, red velvet waistcoat, and a dark red hat on his head, and Bertrand following him.)

Charlemagne. Is that female Zealot in the house again? Sacre, I must one day make an example of this white-robed* hypocrite; next time she presents herself, shut the door in her face, and never upon any account let her enter.

Bertrand. I am the guardian of the house, M. Charlemagne, and will necessarily do justice to all parties.

Charl. There, we have the juste milieu again! Ah! Bertrand, happy they who are not doomed to live in such troublous times.

Bertrand. May be, M. Charlemagne; but I have already witnessed so many masquerades in this world, that I now seem reckless whatever may happen.

Charl. Oh! that is the acme of the system of non-intervention, as it lives and breathes. Where the shoe does not pinch, we do not feel the torment. The people, indeed, may starve, if they them-

* The colours of the ex-family of France.
selves have only a mouthful left. Fine philosophy! You well deserved to have been one of the troops of Charles the Tenth.

Bertrand. Why do you thus insult me, M. Charlemagne? Have I not acted with the utmost consideration towards you? Have I ever acted falsely by you?

Charl. Nonsense, old boy. You are our ancient friend, who, in the days of July, boldly brought forth your rusty gun, and gave a shot and a shout for the just cause. That, my friend, was a lovely dream. We had arrived at wealth and honours in the vagaries of our midnight imaginings, but, alas! we have awoke to find ourselves beggars. Is it not so, Bertrand? The only liberty we enjoy, is to suffer starvation: for the present government leaves merit without either honour or support; but, from these hardships, the cause of true liberty will triumph. What is the news?

Bertrand. I have not yet been out of doors to hear any thing. — (Aside) Would that I knew if I ought to tell him that——

Col. (Makes a noise, and coughs.)

Charl. Who is there?—who has concealed himself? Some agent of the rascally police? Hardly have the blossoms of spring shot their first leaves, when behind every little bush some emissary lies in ambush. (He goes to the place where the colonel is concealed. Full of surprise and astonishment, he covers his face when he recognises the colonel.) What? my father!

Col. (Coolly and composedly.) Good day, Charlemagne.

Bertrand. (Aside.) There is no necessity for me to be present at this conference; I will, therefore, be me quickly to my quarters.—(Exit.)

Charl. My dear father, you find me seized with astonishment at your unexpected return.

Col. Very well; a truce, however, of such matters. How do you find yourself? Have you left the school? — wherefore?

Charl. From principle, my father.

Col. Well, then, who and what are you now?

Charl. A poor man, who possesses nothing in this world besides the consciousness of acting like a free and honest man.

Col. It seems as if your situation were most enviable.

Charl. We stand higher and far superior to those who oppress us; but the giant power of the people will shortly awake: the French will in one single body, — to a man, — once more arise, and the cry of liberty will echo to the skies, and be the signal for glorious deeds, and of victory.

Col. Most eloquent, Charlemagne. But I have a good mind to have a little discussion with you. France, you say, does not please you with her present constitution. You smile contemptuously. Speak openly to me. You know you have neither to do with an emigrant nor with a deputy; moreover, I was too late in life a soldier, wholly to be a Bonapartist. I feel some confidence in your open-heartedness, therefore, speak clearly and briefly upon what principle you can defend your present conduct.

Charl. With pleasure. Our catechism is short and simple. The absolute government, two centuries ago, had judgment pronounced; the shallow constitution of our days, therefore, falls without a blow to the ground, by the verdict of public opinion. The only true restorative for social comfort is, after all, in a republican government. A citizen crown is the greatest honour; a citizen government the greatest happiness. France ought to be governed as America is. Oh, my father, how that young part of the world makes us blush.

Col. If these are your principal arguments, we may as well stop here, particularly so as you are entering upon the merits of American polity, and I have reason to anticipate a volcanic eruption. You praise America merely because it is a young country; Europe might as well be praised for its republican principles, in comparison with the despotically governed nations of the east. How will it be, in the course of another hundred years? Look in the United States, when money shall have called into being ranks of eminent persons in the shape of nobility. Then will the liberty of North America be a tradition in that country, like that of ours in the person of Lafayette.

Charl. It is possible; but on the other side of the Atlantic they are, for the moment at least, better provided for than we are here.

Col. I acknowledge it; and if you should like to die with weariness, go there. You and your fraternity pass
your lives constantly opposed to each other; and in the United States you will at present find none of that description of persons. Liberty, which is your highest aim—which unceasingly enlivens and occupies your thoughts, falls there to the ground, because they possess regard, and enjoy it as an every-day thing, exactly as a man only knows to value health when he has once been sick. Such a situation, agreeable to the peaceable American, would be intolerable to the restless European, from its sameness.

Charl. You try with scorn to combat my honest principles; and I confess myself vulnerable.

Col. Would that it stood as well with your much praised honesty! But that is just the point which brings me to despair. You either intentionally deceive your disciples, or else you deceive yourself: you, my son, are an instance of this latter assertion. You swear on your honesty, and, for all that, your only inducement seems clearly to me to be your wounded pride. If your hopes had met with success, who knows to what party you would now have belonged.

Charl. You certainly very much hurt me, and in me you traduce all the friends of the people.

Bertrand. (Entering hastily.) Quick, my dear colonel—conceal yourself—your wife's carriage approaches, and M. Bavard, one of the head preachers of the St. Simonians, accompanies her.

Col. The great enemy approaches then; I hope my wife will allow her confessor to enter her closet, and I will take guard on the secret stairs; meanwhile, I expect that the Republican Charlemagne knows how to keep secrecy.

Charl. Half a word will suffice me, and you know I am the man to guard a secret.

Bertrand. The carriage is just rolling through the gateway,—I will hasten to them, and, if possible, retard their entry for a few moments.—(The Colonel, Charlemagne, and Bertrand, depart in different directions.)

(Scene—the private chamber of the mistress of the house: Corinna and Bavard enter.)

Corinna. (In a sky-blue silk dress, with a gold chain round the neck.) You have to-day surpassed even yourself: my father! if ever the creed of our great and holy master shone forth in full conviction and truth, it was so to-day, through your in-

strumentality. The thanks of the whole community and the approbation of our great father must be your recompense.

Bavard. (A tall, thin man of middle age, with pale and languid features, hair carefully parted, and hanging down his shoulders in locks, a shirt collar turned down, with sky-blue coat, à la St. Simon.) Sweet soul! so much faith and attachment is seldom found in this wicked world; but have you also succeeded wholly to bid the world farewell, and entirely after the wishes and commands of our grand master, to consecrate yourself to our unequalled order, enjoying the free rights of a wife.

Corinna. My belief increases in strength daily, and if I am deficient, it must be wholly ascribed to my mental faculties, for we females have not that power of judgment by which the stronger sex is distinguished.

Bavard. So much modesty destroys consciousness which ought to ennoble us. The pure beam that proceeds from the noblest spirit in the world, lovely and divine woman, never lacks the higher degrees of powerful intelligence; but man has hitherto, to his own shame be it said, not rightly recognised the situation and value of woman—he has condemned to minority, and even slavery, the fairest half of creation. And this is the cause of the fickleness of your dispositions, and the uncertainty and doubtfulness betrayed in all your actions. You cannot yet understand that our great master, whose revelations have already grown into truth, aims with all his might to restore to woman those rights with which she was by nature endowed, and to gain for you a place in the new temple of glory—out of which you have as yet been excluded, so that from among your present masters you may have husbands. The reign of war has ceased; man is no longer the rough soldier, strength and wealth no longer enable him to gain iniquitous ends; and our master's apostle, with the palm-branch in his hand, will soon encircle in a united band every nation on the habitable globe, to be in bonds of peace and brotherly love. St. Simon has spoken it, and we, the weak instruments of his wisdom, are left to execute his pleasure; and woman must not stand apart in this great march of happiness.

Corinna. I listen with astonishment and delight to the melodious notes that fall from your lips, most honoured father;
The Apostle of the St. Simonians.

Oppressed by a weight of care, trouble, and affliction, which can have no link of connexion with the pure and moral prescriptions of St. Simon, our master.

Bavard. I understand thee; thou thyself, dear soul, languishest under the general burden of thy sex; sold to a man who cannot understand the value of the treasure he possesses, and wholly ignorant of thy worth. But a little while, and thou shalt cease to resemble a servant, whom a tyrannical master has by force made his own—a rough soldier, a Goth, or Vandal, who acknowledges not the living God, but serves idols, denominated rightly avarice, pride, ambition, and tyranny. Deny it not, how melancholy sooner the truth. My daughter, thou hast honoured me with thy confidence; and since I bring thee a crown of liberty, mayest thou, without a blush, confess to me the whole of thy life's joys and sorrows: tell me what thou art, what thou wisiest, what thou desirest. Most beloved daughter, dost thou still remember the eloquently flowing and touching speech which, eight days since, was delivered by our grandfather, Enfantie? Therein were expounded the cause and foundation of all the degradations and sufferings of woman in the married state, at the same time that the means were pointed out by which such ills could be prevented, and an end, indeed, put to her sufferings.

Corinna. I know not if it is love to my husband, or only the influence of custom, that sometimes gives me a twitch of conscience, and makes my heart throb with uneasiness and doubt, whether I have done right in adhering to your new doctrines, without first gaining his approval. When, then, I reflect on the situation of our family, each member pursuing a different plan, I mourn with heartfelt sorrow, and pray that the Almighty will mercifully receive them into his new congregation.

Bavard. My daughter, in vain you hope for such a joyful issue: your husband and son follow the destructive path of the world; your daughter serves idols instead of the living God. How worthy a task for us to convert those erring souls to the doctrines of our master; but the Lord alone of heaven and earth can do that which to mortals is an impossibility. But there are still other means for the wife whereby to substanc-
tiate her claims; and I will use this opportunity of disclosing to you the maxim and articles of faith laid down by our master touching this subject. Mankind is divided into two categories: the first comprises those individuals who are possessed of deep sentimental feelings; the other consists of those who are lively, but fickle in their affections. The first stand firm and unchangeable through time and space, embracing one another in love; the latter are light and changeable, and need the variety of change. Again, those of deep feeling and sentimentality, delight in irrevocable matrimony, a union never to be dissolved; those of a lively disposition, on the contrary, feel and enjoy only a short, passing, and fluttering passion, and care not for aught but a temporary union. The priests of our religion are invested with power to fulfil the wishes and meet the wants of their disciples; for nature alone is the all-commanding, and eternal law of the universe. If two deeply and passionately affectioned souls are linked together by the knot of matrimony, they are united for ever, and the bond that binds them is for ever indissoluble. But they are, as it were, at a stand still—they make no progression; and the laws of St. Simon command that in every thing there should be advancement and progression. If, then, it happen that a man of deep feeling becomes the husband of a lively woman—one fickle in her affections—such an union can neither be binding nor lasting; one of the married couple with stationary love would be wearisome to the other; and the other, through a display of over ardent, or fickle attachment, would be disgusting to his partner; thus necessity and comfort would, on the part of both, demand a separation. If both are of a free and lively disposition, the ruling law of both is changeableness—the love of variety is inherent in their natures. They must separate to avoid sinning against Providence, against moral philosophy, and the laws of our great father, St. Simon.

Corinna. (Slightly smiling.) I am too weak a woman yet, clearly to understand the unbounded tenets of your doctrines; they seem to me as a vast chaos, the mysteries of which I have not yet been able to penetrate; but after all, I feel that, in this labyrinth, something is wanting to soften down the loud appeals of conscience, and where can I find this?

Baward. The reconciling principle, according to the faith of St. Simon, is the priest, who, in his own breast, unites the
DEEP as well as the lively sentiments of man: his office is to protect the rights of this earthly life, as well as the immortal liberty of the spirit; to him the separated wife flees for succour, and the disunited husband seeks for consolation at the feet of the priestess.—From this approximation, with the consecrated heads of our sect, originated that progression, which the rules of St. Simon have laid as a duty upon the hearts of his disciples. I know not, my dearest daughter, if thou yet wholly understandest me—but I should consider it as a happy homage to my dignity as a priest, if thou couldst find resolution enough to honour me with that kind of intimacy, which our great father has proclaimed to be fitting, under similar circumstances. Thou art a widow, according to our rules and principles, because thy husband is descending, and thou art destined to rise in progression; thou art a widow in reality, because he is far off beyond the seas,—thou must separate from him,—fly then into these arms, till a new object, worthy of affection, be found for thee,—a union with one anointed, will make thy noble soul shine with a greater brilliancy than that of the purest gems; and in such a path, thou wilt soon ascend to the holy office of a priestess, and then become the brightest and most conspicuous star of our religion! (He puts forth his arms to embrace Corinna.)

Corinna. (Pushes him off with noble indignation.) A moment’s patience, most worthy father Bavard; verily ‘a star goes up for me, and it shines more brilliant in the deep darkness which has encompassed me. I can now behold, in utter horror and dismay, the fatal precipice at my feet. You preach liberty, and try to ensnare us with dissolute mischief. Disgusting fools! You might have succeeded in persuading me, for a moment, to forget my duty, and sense of obedience to my husband, even to have made you a donation of the most considerable portion of my property; but never shall you succeed in seducing me from the path of virtue, and fidelity. The deed which would have made me a beggar, most luckily for me, is yet in my possession; and here before your eyes, most contemptible seducer, I tear the document into pieces, and break the chain that fettered my over-heated fantasy, in which you and your great father tried to the utmost of your craftiness, by the flimsy eloquence of your incomprehensible haranguing, to fetter my mental and bodily existence.

Bavard. (With great impudence.) I am astonished: either you did not rightly understand me, or else I am not able to comprehend this passionate display.

Col. (Enters abruptly from a side door.) May be, you might easier understand me,—priest, impostor!

Corinna. Heavens! my husband! what a meeting, my dearest friend. (Falls into his arms.)

Bavard. (Aside.) Cursed circumstance! St. Simon, help thy apostle!

Col. It is your good fortune, Corinna, that you have so courageously withstood this dangerous trial. Let us now see if this man of the Lord possesses the same share of courage. Bertrand, hand me my pistols.

Bavard. This is an assassination, a secret ambush, an encroachment, and a crime against a free citizen. A serpent, thou hast deceived me; thou daughter of Eve, cast off thy charms; release me, thou Delilah, or I will lay an information of the whole plot before the royal procurator.

Bertrand. (Enters with the pistols.) Here are the pistols. Your son and Mr. Alphonse are following me.

Col. All the better; we shall then have seconds; and the priest of the holy Marquis of St. Simon cannot then have to complain that every thing has not been performed in due order. Corinna is ignorant of my having thus surprised you, sir; but you shall answer the outrage you have had the audacity to impose upon my house.

Bavard. (Full of anxiety.) I am most shamefully calumniated. My words are misconstrued. A priest only waves the arms of eloquence and persuasion. The fortitude of a martyr is the first of valor.

Col. You are a coward, sir, and have only courage when you find yourself able to cheat and to deceive; but I will make you tremble, for the rough soldier, “the horrible Goth and Vandal.” Here, take this pistol; fire, or this moment is your last.

Charl. (Now enters, accompanied by Captain Alphonse.) Do not destroy any powder upon him, my father. The government has just now had the temple of
these modern Tartuffes closed, and all
their trickeries and schemes will now come
to light.

Bavard. Woe is me! Babel has con-
erquered.

Corinna. Dear Morris, dismiss him
with contempt.

Col. Save yourself, by taking to your
legs, for, in another quarter, you assuredly
will not escape chastisement.

Bavard. (Running away.) We shall
speak again,—and you will then be sorry
for this act.

Col. (Crying aloud after him.) With
pleasure, but it must be before a court of
justice, you rascally and insinuating vagabond.

Alphonse. My most sincere congratu-
lations to you, my fatherly friend, for
your safe return; and may the news that
I have the pleasure to forward, drive away
the clouds that darken your brow, and
change them into sunshine. The king
has made you a general.

Col. The king did well in so doing,
but no more than I long ago deserved.

Corinna. (Aside.) General! he is now
doubly dear to my heart.

Charl. Receive my gratulations, dearest
father.

Col. How? the man of liberty wishes
me joy to it? deep crimson covers your
face, and your eyes sparkle with seeming
joy.

Alphonse. (Smiling.) Even he is re-
cconciled with government; the minister
has given him a commission in the first
regiment of engineers.

Col. And with the commission, he in
one stroke bereaved the republican Hydra
of all its heads. Bravo, M. Charlemagne! The
violent Radicals have always turned
most peaceable servants of the state, and
peace is now the aiming point of the new
world system.—Is it not so, my lovely St.
Simonian?

Corinna. O forgive the errors of
your deluded wife. The scales have
fallen from my eyes, and I stand before
you full of shame and repentance.

Col. You are forgiven, and the past is
forgotten, Mrs. General. You will be
faithful to me, "because I am now ad-
vancing in the path of progression in-
stead of sinking." But what is the mat-
ter with you, dearest Alphonse? Why
do you wear your arm in a sling?

Alphonse. A rover in the Vendée
wounded me; but I still succeeded to
take him and his band prisoners, and
delivered them into the hands of the
patriots. The minister of war advanced
me to the rank of captain; my wounds
will soon heal, and I shall esteem myself
the happiest of mortals, if you would give
me the hand of Leocade, since I am now
able to make provision for the future.

Col. On that subject I will leave my
daughter to decide. I hear her voice.

Leocade. (Runs in the room.) What
is this? Every thing in the house is in
confusion. They say that my father has
arrived. Welcome, a thousand times
welcome, my dearest father. (She runs
into the general's arms, who affectionately
embraces her.)

Col. I thought to be obliged to visit
you at the nunnery; have you then given
up your intentions, or merely put them off
for a while.

Leocade. I deserve this scorn from
you, my dear father, and tears of repent-
ance flow from my eyes, the more so as
I have just quitted a scene which has vio-
ently shook my whole frame. Through
some suspicion which had fallen on the
nunnery, as to the concealment of some
female Carlist, the authorities searched
the cloister, and, amongst other suspi-
cious objects, to their utter horror found,
in a lonely and half-secreted chamber, a
young girl, who for weeks had been in-
carcerated there, and, from hunger and
despair, was on the point of exhaustion.
She had been persuaded to leave her
parent's house, and to settle her property
on the nunnery; but upon more minute
consideration she felt remorse for her
rashness, and was by the pious sisterhood
about to be compelled to separate from
the world, and take the veil. My soul
still trembles at the recollection of such
unheard-of tyranny. But this was not
all. I flew thence to Madame Cafaard,
and found her in charge of the gens-
d'armerie. There was loud speaking of
a newly-discovered conspiracy. . . .
I am full of anxiety and fear, and driven
almost out of my senses. . . . Pro-
tect me, my dear father—save your
daughter from the suspicions of the
secret agency. . . . I have not done
any thing wrong; the game that was
played with my too enthusiastic feelings,
led me not far enough to entrap me into
any act of criminality.
"Tones by Love and Faith struck from a human heart,
Shall not those notes find echoes in my lyre,
Faithful, though faint!"—"Despondency and Aspiration," by F. H.
'Be mute who will, who can;
Yet I will praise thee with impassion'd voice!'—Wordsworth.
'Tis past! the mountain melody is mute;
In stillness sleeps the "Forest Sanctuary,"—
Soft woman's voice is hush'd! Eternity
Is thine, proud queen of song! The magic lute,
Affection's note, its darling attribute,
That sigh'd its music, o'er life's troubled sea,
Now stringless hangs upon the cypress tree,
Of all its breathing glory destitute!
All—all is past! save echo's thrilling tone,
Trembling from some fond heart; before thy shrine
Low kneeling—gentle priestess!—who alone
Could Nature's darkest, wildest scenes refine,
With that calm light religion casts, though gone
From earth's low seat, now in thy fall to shine!

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF FELICIA HEMANS.*

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1 How beautiful her "Welsh Melodies."
2 "The Forest Sanctuary," a Poem.
3 "Records of Woman."
4 "Songs of the Affections."
5 "Scenes and Hymns of Life;" National Lyrics.
6 "The Sceptic;" "Historic Scenes."
THE STUDENT.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

[Although rather touching upon party, yet a clever literary production, by a popular writer, cannot fail to be read with satisfaction. Mrs. Hofland speaks entirely for herself, we have no personal knowledge of family circumstances.]

How great a gift is genius! more especially to the age in which it lives, and moves, and communicates its being; for although designed for all times and seasons, a plant that must flourish eternally, still it must necessarily have some of its most estimable and endearing adaptations peculiarly fitted for the "form and pressure" of that state of society in which its first blossoms expand, and its first fruits are gathered. There must be a more immediate sympathy between the reader and the living author, than it is possible to feel with him who has gone down to the dust, the link is broken which bound us to his chariot-wheel in glorious captivity; and, however we may admire and venerate the "mighty dead" to whose imperishable talents we are eternally indebted, there is less of life and hope in our gratitude than we feel for him who may charm us again as he has charmed us before—may open his heart to us with the confidence of friendship, and pour on ours the balm of consolation.

From his first appearance in the literary world, every one perceived that in Mr. Lytton Bulwer a mind of no ordinary powers had risen amongst us; and he came at a time when the light of a new star was the more welcome; for Byron (so long in the ascendant) set before his time, and Scott was rapidly declining—shining, indeed, to the last, yet dimmed by the tears of those who adored his genius and wept over his misfortunes. The tears we had to spare were given to "Pelham," whilst expectation stood on tiptoe for the "Disowned;" with "Devereux" all were pleased; but "Paul Clifford" awakened the clamour of enemies not less than the applauses of friends: it entered that political arena, in which it may be glorious and useful for man to contend, but in which courage cannot be always graceful, nor power successful. At this time we learned to look at the M.P., rather than the poet and novelist; and whilst some predicted whatever was great, and good from the young Reformer, others muttered of the Gracchi and their fate.

But the "Last Days of Pompeii" arrived (that magnificent classic poem, before which "Ivanhoe," with all its powerful description, curious detail, quaint humour, and happy originality, must quail—"Anastasius," with all its novelty, brilliance, and pathos, "hide a diminished," though not dishonoured, "head," with which "Salathiel" alone could bear comparison), and henceforth the author stood "alone in his glory;" which was not exalted, though well sustained, by "Rienzi." Beyond the continuance of this impression, it would be perhaps vain to look, since it is frequently found more difficult to preserve an exalted position than to attain it. Much will always be required from the possessor of an intellectual wealth already displayed so abundantly; and although, from the fruitfulness evinced in some favoured soils, we are led to expect that every crop they yield will be alike abundant and well-flavoured, it would be well to remember, that the mind is subject to many of those evils which press upon the body, and the "wear and tear" of the man of genius, far exceeds that in all ordinary occupation. He has, as Madame de Stael justly observes, "his own peculiar trials, in addition to the ordinary trials of life;" and who can judge of their poignancy, save those who partake his spirit: where shall they be found?

Notwithstanding the allowed superiority of those works, neither of them will eventually erect so lasting a monument, so immortal a gratitude, to the author, as the less striking, but deeply interesting work entitled the "Student." This may perhaps arise from the circumstance asserted by the writer, "that the man is greater than the author;" for here we expressly see him in the inmost recesses of his feelings, and without deteriorating from our reverence of his splendid talents, we rejoice in recognising those portions of our common nature, in joy and sorrow, hope and vexation, which justify us in offering to him the "right hand of fellowship." We take the liberty of loving him, in addition to admiring him; and his hours of excited sensibility in domestic life; of languor, yet patience, and even cheerfulness, on the sick man's couch; of veneration for the dead, affec-
tion for the living, philanthropy, compassion, the rapture of early love, the agony of early sorrow, form the tendrils which bind our inmost hearts to his in the most holy friendship. At such moments, the man is indeed greater than his works; yet, since it is by the works that we became thus acquainted with him, it would ill become us to decry that which has been the medium of our happiness, and it is our duty not only to cherish the sentiments he has awakened, but the regard he has inspired, and never forget our benefactor.

Those "short and simple annals of the poor," to be found in the "Student," are related not merely with tenderness of heart, and amiability of disposition (natural, it is to be hoped, to most of our landed gentry then towards their dependants), but in a spirit of kindness towards human nature itself, by proving its capability for the purest feelings, the most delicate perceptions, in the humblest stations. A pleasant thing it is to see early manhood reverting to the days of playful boyhood, whilst the memory of them is still green, and the heart is still fresh enough to recall its sensations, and welcome the ghosts of mirthful hours and sweet emotions: they will return mayhap in far distant days, for the aged recollect more of childhood than manhood; but the bloom on their phantom forms will be withered; the simper of imbecility may betoken pleasure, but it does not communicate it.

It is difficult to suppose, and it would be painful to believe, that age, in its more painful characteristics, could affect a man of genius; and God forbid any one should ever exclaim,

"Oh! what a noble mind was here o'erthrown,"

whilst contemplating the writer here before us. No! rather let him who is so exquisitely sensitive to the changes of early life, the steps from boyhood to youth, from youth to manhood, be also sensible to those which mark the first autumnal colouring of life, and thence descend by a gradation imperceptible to the generality, towards a "frosty but kindly winter." That day is now far off in the course of time; would that it could be placed still farther; although many of our readers may not share in the emotions his pen might then awaken, the instructions it might then convey.

Instruction must be valuable in every stage of human existence. The days of our weakness require support, not less than the days of our strength, guidance, or restraint; and instructive or consolatory every page must be, which leads us into our own hearts, and shows all the peculiarities of our past perceptions. Fervent hope, ardent aspiration, generous love, and those blights which have withered our joys, crushed our expectations, and even agonised our hearts, will not pass in review before us in vain, when time has softened the sense of sorrow, or resignation inspired the power to bear it. When age is not torpid, it is yet subdued and gentle; and whilst feeling deeply, yet bends submissively, and endures firmly. Either long exercised reason has taught the philosophy necessary to sustain the mind, or the lessons of a more divine teacher have inspired the dignity arising from faith—the hope that gives foretaste of immortality.

The peculiar charm of the various essays which constitute the work before us, consists, perhaps, principally in the unaffected and almost timid development of opinions and sentiment connected with religious feelings, and beginning to influence a mind hitherto swayed on such points by that conscious power which is apt to bow down to its own idols only, or to wait alone with those who, having stepped upon a pedestal, look down on all below them, and in their aptitude to despise, cease to discriminate.

In the hours of youth, and the buoyancy of pleasure and passion, man suffices to himself, he is his own God, and the world, in which he revels, suffices to his wishes. In his eagerness for untramelled liberty of action, or his desire to explore new regions of thought, he not only spurns "all that the nurse and all the priest have taught," but those innate "yearnings after immortality" which belong to the very temperament of genius, and which are "scotched not killed," silenced but not o'erthrown, in minds of superior intelligence, during the "heyday of life." Sorrow and disappointment—misfortune and sickness—times in which the "love of many waxeth cold," or the love of that one "which made the world a perfect chrysolite" is taken from him, proves at least the sweetness, therefore the value, of that belief, which

"Can build a bridge across the gulf of death, And land us safely on the farther shore."
The Student.

When the worn and weariest heart has once embraced this belief, truly has the author of "Tremaine" declared, that it will go beyond it, and seek in revelation that sense of safety, that security of consolations, so necessary for its repose. The deeply meditative, and the highly imaginative man, cannot jump to conclusions; and that fear of the "world's dread laugh," which,

"Scarce the firm philosopher can meet," may delay declarations which amount to confession of error, or demand renunciation of habit; but the stricken bosom will yet seek for balm where it can be found. The heart, disgusted with the people it sought in pure patriotism to benefit—grieved by the domestic ties on which it leaned in all the tenderness of fond attachment and unlimited confidence, deserted, perhaps, for a time, by that popular applause which once showed glory not half so well merited as now, must, and will, look for support more stable, and rewards more permanent. He, who has thus written—

"Death is the great treasure-house of love—there lies buried the real wealth of passion and of youth," will seek from death the restoration of love and joy—a love more holy, and a joy more sacred, than earth could bestow, and far more certain, as well as more blessed in its boon.

But long—yea, very long before "faith is changed into sight," it is earnestly to be hoped that this admirable writer will continue to delight, investigate, and improve, mankind; and that another generation will bask in his genius, and enjoy, both in politics and literature, those rays calculated to enlighten and amend them.

When the time comes (as come it must), when the lovely spring-time of blossoms, and the more glorious fruit-time of autumn, is no more, may his remembrance be unalloyed by the least painful reminiscences of the past, and his hopes for the future, the brightest—the tenderest: yet, even with all his conscious genius, the humblest, the Christian can experience.

For his present state, what shall we wish?—not only Shakspeare's picture which desires "hosts of friends," and the power of sitting at "good men's feasts," for such things we consider inevitable to one author; but we ask for a lovely grand-daughter, so fondly attached to him whose fame she honours, whose person she loves, and to whose words she does so "seriously incline," that months and years pass by, without drawing her from his couch to listen to the "pleaded reasons" of her lover; albeit, he is one approved by grandpapa. She makes his breakfast, reads the journals, orders his dinner, watches him as he takes a nap after it; and when he is awaking, sits down on the sofa, and passing her fair fingers through his still curling, though milk-white locks, says internally, "how very handsome grandpapa has been—aye! much handsomer than even my own dear Frederic."

But this is a tripling proof of that profound veneration and affection with which she regards him, though natural at her age, and with her awakened sensibility. When he requests it, she reads to him the Book of Life; she listens to his comments upon it as the guide for her own future conduct, and those to whom she will become important. She does not, therefore, share the privilege of giving him pleasure by a lighter medium when his wishes require it—the sweet girl has sufficient knowledge of chess to be worth beating.

Farewell! amiable, admirable, enviable pair. I see you through a long vista; and many years before you reach it, the eye shall be closed, the hand withered, which presumes to sketch you. Ere it arrives, how much of turmoil and sorrow must be sustained, how much of fame secured, and however acquired; how often will the heart, sickened, grown weary, even of its own glory, and sigh for that peace which "the world can neither give nor take away"—a peace, bestowed rather by the exercise of the heart's affections than the mind's endowments, by a return to childlike love, and reliance for all that concerns the aged on earth; and hopes, full of immortality, as regards the heaven to which he is journeying.

Set Dinners.—Society here is confined to cold formal dinner parties, which are little calculated to promote sociality. I do not at all thank a man for giving me a dinner; I can always get that for myself: but if he invites me to meet pleasant people, and adds one happy hour to the little stock of enjoyment that man can find in life, he lays me under an absolute obligation.—Desultory Man.
NAPOLEON AND THE GARDENER.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

During the rapid visit Napoleon made to Belgium in 1810, he went one morning, on foot, according to custom, very plainly attired, and attended but by a single officer, to visit the botanical gardens of Lacken; there he noticed a young man who was busied among the flowers. Attracted by the frank and intellectual expression of the features of the young botanist, the emperor entered into conversation with him, and found that the youth was passionately imbued with love of his profession.

All the rugged and ugly names which the learned have, with the oddest taste, bestowed upon the most graceful productions of nature, had been attained by the ardent naturalist; and such impracticable sounds as Cuaranbou, Scérozilhon, Trétororhiza, Malpigiaües, Hydrocharidées, rang from his tongue as glibly, as if he had been talking of currants and cherries. It seemed as if this youth of one-and-twenty was a complete incarnation of vegetable knowledge.

"Are you happy here?" asked the emperor, in a tone of interest.

"Yes, monsieur," replied the young botanist, who was far from suspecting the quality of the questioner. "I live in the bosom of all I love,—yet," added he with a sigh, "I am but a journeyman gardener."

Napoleon, who never disapproved of ambitious aspiration in any professional person, had, besides, remarked in this young florist a depth of knowledge and love of his art that surprised him, next rejoined with one of his fascinating smiles, "Come, tell me what it is you think would make you happy."

"Ah," said the young botanist, "don't ask after a castle in air, that is little better than madness."

"Nevertheless, let us hear it."

"Oh! but no one excepting a fairy could realise it."

"I am not quite a fairy," replied Napoleon, seriously, "but the emperor is somewhat interested in me, and if your desires are at all rational, perhaps they could be accomplished without supernatural interference."

"You are very kind, monsieur, and, indeed, the emperor is the only fairy that can aid me; my foolish fancy is this:—When I travelled through France to obtain professional instruction, I visited the botanical garden at Malmaison with its eleven different bridges and kiosks. The emperor has bestowed this smiling domain on Josephine, and I could not help forming a passionate desire to be head-gardener there. That is all, monsieur."

"I will think about it," said the emperor, almost betraying himself, adding, as he left the garden—"Don't despair of fairies."

The next day the emperor left Brussels. For six months after this conversation, the most perplexing notions passed through the head of the youthful adorer of flowers. Whenever he thought on the subject, his heart palpitated between hope, regret, and undefined suppositions. At last, one day, when hope had nearly expired, a packet came directed to him, bearing the seal of the Empress Josephine—it was an appointment to the very post he had sighed for. He hastened thither, and found there, that the emperor, (the man who never forgot any thing,) and his unknown, were one and the same person.

This young man was occupying the place of first botanical gardener, at Malmaison, at the death of the Empress Josephine. It is then scarcely astonishing that Napoleon should be almost the object of his worship.

PRISON OF THE PRINCE DE POLIGNAC.

Beside the damp marsh rising sickly and cold,
Stand the bleak and stern walls of the dark prison, hold!
There, fallen and friendless, forlorn and opprest,
Are they—once the flattered, obeyed, and caress;
From the blessings that God gives the poorest exiled—
His wife is a widow, an orphan his child:
For years, then, the prisoner has wearily pined,
Apart from his country, apart from his kind,
Amid millions of freemen, the last lonely slave,
He knoweth the gloom, not the peace of the grave!

THE DEAD.

"I was entering," says a traveller, "the town of ——, not far distant from Postum, in the kingdom of Naples, where the appearance of the ancient city, and the character of the people, betokened a generation whom the darkness of distant ages seemed still to overshadow, when a corpse, with all the attendant pomp of the Roman Catholic church, was about to enter a sacred edifice. At and round the door were congregated a great number of fine-looking, open-countenanced men, and in the rear of the funeral there was a concourse of boys. The deceased, visibly displayed on the form upon which he was borne, attracted the wondering gaze of the former, whilst the latter burst, occasionally, into indecorous merriment.

"Seeing the painful and attentive earnestness with which I gazed upon the procession, 'What think you of these prayers for the dead, and this ceremony?' the men exclaimed in a body. It was rather a difficult question to be answered, honestly, at such a time, and in such a place. However, I replied conscientiously, 'If the dead can hear you, or could see what you are about, I think he would consider you were playing the fool with him.' It was perfectly astonishing to see the enthusiastic manner in which these words were hailed by the humble auditory. Each communicated, instanter, with his neighbour, and fully diving into the reproach which was thus intended to be unravelled, they further questioned me, saying, 'What think they in your country of this, they have no such belief?' and the whole body would have entered fully into a dissertation on the subject, had not I departed; it being evidently of no benefit to them, merely to show them that the religious tenets of the church in which they were born were, perhaps, erroneous, unless I had had time and opportunity to instruct them thoroughly; but their enthusiastic 'bravo' surprised me greatly, and showed that either the dictates of a searching and superior mind were working upon them, or that by some almost, in such a place, unaccountable means, they had had their faith assailed, and were for leaving the principles of 'the fathers of their church,' and of viewing Christianity to mean, an obedience to its master's doctrines, 'that no man can redeem another man's soul, no, not his brother's.'

"Whilst conning over my note-book, I casually glanced at a morning paper of the 25th November, 1836, and met with an account, of which the following is the substance:—

"'The Archbishop of Paris has (very properly for the sake of the public safety) addressed a pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese, cautioning them against yielding to solicitations to perform masses for the late king, Charles the Tenth. One paragraph of that persuasive letter is extremely curious for my purpose. 'That voice,' says the archbishop, 'will be still more persuasive when you add with St. Augustin, 'that, if the pomp of funerals, the crowds which accompany a corpse to the grave, the costly magnificence of obsequies and splendid monuments, are of any solace to the living, they afford no relief to the dead; but that the prayers of the holy church, the offering of the sacrifice of the mass, alms and works of charity, relieve the souls of the departed, who have preceded us with the sign of the faith;' and again, 'these are the efficacious means (even without show or solemnity) on which stress must be laid, which must be employed and multiplied with pious perseverance to obtain the eternal repose of those we have loved, not merely in flesh but in spirit.—I cannot enter these two statements opposite each other without awakening the most lively reflections, of more than passing interest for the immortal souls of those poor benighted countrymen, and fishermen.—From the Note-Book and Diary of a Philanthropic Observer and Traveller.'

BARBERRY.—The barberry is a hardy shrub, growing in nearly all temperate climates. It is found in woods and hedges in many parts of England and Scotland, and near Fermoy in Ireland. It flowers in June. The name is said by Théis to have been borrowed by the Romans from the Arabic word Berberys. It is called provincially, Pipperidge-bush.

ANIMAL FOOD IN FRANCE.—Be it remarked that in all parts of France, frogs are still in high repute. The snail escargot, is a favourite food of the people of Lorraine; and in the south of France, I have been asked whether I liked auguille de hare (eels of the edge), or auguille de rivière, meaning whether I preferred eels or snakes.—Dinasty Men.
Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, November 25, 1836.

En fait de modes, je crains bien ma chère amie, de ne pas pouvoir te donner beaucoup de nouveautés cette fois-ci.—In fact, since my last letter, the weather has been so excessively wet, that we have not been able to venture out, except shut up in close carriages. Ainsi, pas de tentation se rendre belle! I have visited many magasins, to be able to give you some details upon the form of the cloaks, mais la mode, n’est pas encore arrêtée. Some are made, as I have already said, quite plain, with a velvet collar, and a large cape; in depth, half the length of the cloak. Others are made rather like a blouse, with a deep piece put in at the neck; they are confined at the waist by a belt, and have a long cape, in shape like a mantelet, which is as long as the cloak in front, and the depth of a deep cape at back: this cape is frequently trimmed with a deep silk fringe, or with some rows of black velvet ribbon laid on. Some are trimmed with fur; other cloaks are the same as these last, with the exception, that instead of the mantelet cape, they have a capuchon—hood sufficiently large to draw over the head at pleasure—this mode they say will be prevalent. The capuchon is certainly an advantage to a cloak that is to be worn at night, but I think it infinitely less graceful in walking costume than the mantelet cape; for children’s cloaks it is decidedly pretty, and will, I have no doubt, become fashionable. The materials for cloaks are nearly the same as usual: satins de laine in rich patterns, plain black or coloured satin, Cachemire, velvet, gros de Naples, and merinos; they are lined with silk or satin, and of course well wadded.

Velvet and satin dresses are becoming more prevalent every day, as the season advances. Some are made as dresses, some en redingotte. Those of satin are trimmed with velvet, and vice versa, those of velvet with satin. If the trimming be satin, it is put on in puffs, or something resembling leaves; and if it be velvet, it consists of some plain rows of narrow velvet ribbon: this trimming is very neat and genteel.

For high dresses or redingottes, the corsages are made, some quite plain and fitting tight to the bust, with or without draperies put on; the latter is more general for high dresses, the former for low; others are made in folds or plaits (three or five in number), coming from the shoulder to the centre of the waist in front, en éventail, as it is called. For long sleeves there is no absolute fashion, they are infinitely smaller than they have been for years; they are plain, or as nearly so as possible, upon the shoulder; in fact, the shape of the shoulder, and a little way down the arm, must be distinctly seen; then the sleeve becomes full, in one, two, or three puffs, between that and the elbow, the remainder plain and tight to the arm, or else puffs all the way down: if the sleeve, at the lower arm, be left wide, it must be by no means very wide. Very few sleeves are finished now by a poignet or wristband; however, if there be one, it should be of velvet. For low dresses, the fashionable make is à la Seigné; this make is more generally adopted than any other, being far more advantageous to the figure. The short sleeves, for dinner and evening costume, must be perfectly tight and plain, without a single gather or plait in the putting in, so as to sit as tight as possible. Some, who will not absolutely adopt this mode, have one or two puffs of gauze or cape put in lengthways; or two or three small bows of ribbon, which takes from the excessive plainness of the sleeve; but, as I tell you, the plainest are the most distingué. The lower part of the sleeve may be ornamented with a rich and elegant ruffle of blonde, a good deal deeper at back than at front. The waists are very long, the skirts long, but not by any means so wide as they have been. Flounces are a good deal worn, though they are not very general as yet: fringes, or fringed trimmings, made of silk or chenille, are quite as elegant as flounces, for morning, walking, or carriage costume; but rich blonde flounces are almost indispensable for full dress, except for young ladies, who require not these auxiliaries to set off their charms, and who are so justly persuaded that—

"Beauty when unadorn'd, is adorn'd most."

Mais ma chère, pour toi et moi, mamans depuis,—Je n’ose dire combien des
année! we must seek flounces, and full-bald, and I know not what besides, to—
Mais, chère amie, je crois que je te fais un mauvais compliment, et à moi-même aussi,—for we are neither old nor ugly yet, mais cela viendra peut-être!

**Hats.**—The hats are diminishing in size, but by almost imperceptible degrees; the fronts are still enormous, they are *tres ecartes*, and descend as low as possible at the sides; in fact, they nearly meet under the chin; the crowns are if any thing smaller than they have been, they go very much back, instead of being nearly straight up, as they were worn some time ago. Both feathers and flowers are a good deal worn; and the ribbons of satin, and very rich. Velvet hats are the grand vogue; satin and poux de soie are also fashionable. The drawn bonnets, which have still preserved their *fureur*, since last summer, are now made of satin. Linings of a different colour from the outside of the bonnets are not at all worn.

**Mantelets.**—Velvet and satin mantelets, wadded and trimmed all round with fur, are much adopted by our elegantes.

**Spencers.**—Spencers are decidedly coming in, but not a Spencer of one colour, and a skirt of another, that would appear too *outre* as yet. A velvet Spencer, with a skirt of satin, or even poux de soie, looks certainly very elegant; but they must match perfectly in colour, or they look bad together. The Spencer may be made to fasten either at back or front, and it may be ornamented with satin, if it be of velvet; or ornamented with velvet, if it be of satin. Those made to fasten at back, with leaves of satin put at distances down the front, are amongst the prettiest I have seen. Those that are quite plain, and made to fit perfectly, are also very elegant. If the skirt be made of poux de soie, or gros de Naples, the Spencer may be of satin; the only care to be taken is, that the colours match. I should suppose that, next summer, silk or satin spencers will be worn with white muslin skirts.

The passion for velvet ribbon is not at all on the decline; redingottes, dresses, and mantelets, are trimmed, as I have already told you, with rows of it; it is worn round the head in place of the *Peronière*; a *veinée*, or other ornament in front, and worn round the neck; a small gold cross and heart depend from it; velvet ribbon is also worn for bracelets, as well as for ceintures.

Turban are becoming excessively fashionable this season again: those à la Juive, à l’Odalisque, and à la Créole, are the most adopted. Some of them are made of Cachmere, the ends fringed, and falling in the neck at one side; others of gauzes, broché in gold or silver, and intermixed with diamonds. At present, a great number are made of white gauze or tulle; these have the advantage of answering better during the court touring, than those of Cachmere or gold and silver tissue, which, of course, could not be worn. I have seen some turbans made up on the head, which have a very beautiful effect. They are simply of currant colour, ponceau, or any other rich shade of red, or of brown gauze, and are twisted round the forehead and lower part of the head, knotted at one side, and the fringed ends falling upon the neck; the back hair is of course visible, and dressed in bows or braids. This style of turban will be very much adopted this year. If you think your femme de chambre does not possess sufficient taste to make up this turban on your head, you may get it made at your milliner’s. I saw one, a great beauty, made by my marchande de modes: Mme. Nicolle, rue neuve St. Augustin, No. 59—it was for the Duchesse de la B—; you know how *coquette* she is, and how very elegant in her style of dress. I have ordered one like it for myself, of blue gauze.

**Fans.**—The antique fans are still de rigueur, en grande toilette; the fan is now worn suspended from a gold chain, the other end of which is fastened to the right-hand bracelet; en voilà j’espère du nouveau!

**Slippers.**—The newest slippers (you know we breakfast, and sit all the morning in our slippers here,—hence the pantoufles become an objet de luxe,) are made of crimson, or *grenouille* velvet,—but you would not guess their form, ma chère, they are *la Pouline!* with long-pointed toes turned up!—c’est charmant! Let us hope that this fashion will come in for shoes—by-and-bye I expect to see them so long, that we shall be obliged to have them chained up, as they had in former times.

**Trains.**—Half trains, at least, are decidedly coming in. The purse is worn
suspended by a gold chain from the ceinture. Reticles are worn the same way; in fact, the reticule may be called the purse, for it is so small, it only holds the money, and a very small fine cambric handkerchief, which would go into a good sized purse: this mode was adopted by the Châtelaines of old.

Colours.—The prevailing colours for hats are grasseille, pink, dark blue; the colour of the ribbon of the order of the Garter, a rich brown and dark green; for dresses, a dark blue, over two shades of brown, and over two of green; for cap ribbons, &c., grasseille, or red currant, is the colour qui fait furor.

Workmen are still employed uncovering the Monument of the Luxor; they say that as fast as it is uncovered, the scorpions run out! fortunately it is winter, or these agreeable visitors might take up their abode with us; they most of them die, I believe, in consequence of the cold. Wonderful improvements are making in Paris; they are raising the middle of the streets, and taking away those odious drains that ran down the centre of every street. They are also beginning to light Paris with gas; it is said that, in the course of the year 1837, the Boulevards, from the Bastile to the Madeleine, will be lit with gas; if so, it will be one of the finest promenades in the world at night. All the statues on the Pont de la Concorde have been taken down, and are to be placed in the Grande Cour of the Palace of Versailles; other, and it is said more appropriate, statues are to be placed on the bridge.

A new piece, called "Esmeralda," from Victor Hugo’s celebrated novel "Notre Dame de Paris," has been brought out at the Grand Opera; it has been splendidly got up.

Me voilà au bout de mon papier, so I must say adieu. Mon mari t embrasse bien tendrement ainsi que moi.

Toute à toi chérie,

L. de F.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 23.) Toilette de Promenade.—Satín hat. The front of this hat is excessively large and evaste. It descends very low at the sides of the face, and nearly meets under the chin. (See plate.)

A large bow of satin ribbon is placed quite at the right side, and retains a small bouquet. The underneath part of the front of the hat is ornamented with bows of grasseille (red currant) velvet: a bow is placed over each temple, and a band of the same crosses the upper part of the brow, from one bow to the other. A blonde border, which sits very close to the face, commences on each side at the bows, and quite meets under the chin. (See plate.)

Dress of satin and velvet. The skirt of the dress is of satin, ornamented at bottom with a fringe made of chenille. (See plate.) The corsage, or spencer, as it really is, is composed of velvet, exactly of the same colour as the dress. The spencer is made perfectly plain, to fit the bust, and fastens at back. The sleeves are tolerably full from the shoulder to the elbow, and quite tight the remainder of the way down; the tops are ornamented with two rows of chenille trimming to match that on the skirt (see plate): the front of the spencer is likewise ornamented, but with a trimming of satin, cut in the form of two elongated leaves, and retained in the centre by the smallest bow possible of the same, and two little silk tassels. There are five of these ornaments down the front of the spencer; they diminish gradually in size towards the waist. The ceinture consists of a wide velvet ribbon, fastened in front by a buckle. The ends of the ceinture, which are rather long, are rounded, to match the trimming in the spencer: frill of white lace, and bow of satin ribbon at the neck. White kid gloves, white silk stockings, and black shoes of drap de soi. Hair in smooth bands.

(No. 24.) Toilette de Spectacle.—Dinner or evening dress.—Dress of pink satin. The corsage is made low, and quite plain to the bust, with small draperies put on, à la Sevigné, and a small revers, or kind of low pelerine, which forms little more than a garniture round the neck of the corsage (see plate); it is open on the shoulders. The sleeves are short, and fit as exactly as possible to the shape of the shoulder and arm. Two long puffs of gauze are let into the centre of each sleeve, and the sleeves are finished by ruffles à la Louis the Fifteenth, of white blonde. These ruffles are so deep at back, that they reach far below the elbow; at front they do not quite reach to the bend of the arm. The skirt of the dress is ornamented with an excessively rich and deep flounce of white blonde, headed by puffs of satin ribbon,
placed very close to each other (see plate). The coif is fastened in front with a small bow, and two long ends. Scarf of blonde; the ends only, embroidered, and finished with a silk fringe.

Demi-antique Coiffure.—The back hair is taken up to the crown of the head, where it is divided into two parts: one part is formed into a rather high coque or bow (see plate), and the other into what was formerly called a chignon; for a description of which we refer our readers to the plate itself. The bow of hair, and the chignon are separated from each other by a thick braid. The front hair, in the modern style, is in smooth bands, but not reaching lower than on a level with the eye, where the hair is rounded and turned up again. Three long ringlets hang on the neck at each side (see plate): a very long wreath of roses crosses the entire upper part of the head; descends at each temple as low as the hair; goes round the braid, which divides the bow and chignon, and finishes by a high branch, consisting of a large full-blown rose, and which is placed exactly in front of the coque of hair: long gold earrings, gold chain, long white kid gloves, and black satin shoes.

Garniture de cheminée, consisting of an antique pendule (cloak), à la Louis the Fourteenth, of Sévres China. Jars of the same.

SIGHTS OF NOVELS.

Home, or the Iron Rule. By Sarah Stickney. 3 vols.


It is a question with us whether our favourite moralist will increase either her popularity or beneficial influence by this transference of herself to a regular “three volume” novel publishing house. We think her old admirers will lose sight of her, and that the new readers she gains will scarcely appreciate the home truths of her story, or the lessons it conveys.

In “Home, or the Iron Rule,” there is, as in all writings by friend Sarah, a profound knowledge of every-day human life; her works are an admirable preparation for the world, and they sternly and strongly inculcate the imperative necessity of building a nest of peace within the breast, not to be broken by adverse circumstances, nor by the perversities of our fellow-creatures. In her former pictures of private life, she has shown the evils of a lax and desultory religious education; in the present, she displays, with the utmost intensity of reality, the effects of the iron rule in a family of young people, growing up under the bitter government of a rigid, puritanical, badly-tempered man, who prohibits every intellectual as well as bodily pleasure, makes week-days days of penance, and sabbaths something worse than purgatorial. Such is Stephen Gray, the hero of the “Iron Rule.” Many prototypes he has in the world; and much, very much, might they learn by this work, only the worst of it is, they will never by any chance meet with their own representative, from the supply of mental food provided in a circulating library.

The effects of the iron rule on the dispositions of the young creatures brought up under its sway are finely defined. The rigid home cruelties act diversely on the various temperaments of the six children, and serve to elucidate the riddle, why parents, who bear what is called an eminent name for piety, are often plagued with badly-acting children. Stephen Gray is what many religious professors are,—a worldly man, eager in the pursuit of wealth, a utilitarian and puritan combined, and presenting the worst features of both characters; whose course of conduct is very common in the world, among the classes of men to which Stephen pertained. He has withered the heart of a meek woman, who, fortunately for herself, dies, and leaves six young children to receive their impressions of life from the dispositions of their father. Mary Gray, who has to fulfil the maternal duties of the lost mother, is a beautiful character; the tenderness which she is forced to exert to rear and cherish the younger and sickly ones, brings out all the feminine loveliness of a true woman. Mary is a charming creation—nature itself. James, the elder son, is a tricky hypocrite, and a sensual devourer of stolen pleasures. George is a brutal, low-lived debaucher. There is great skill in drawing the character of Harriet; she is reckless, scoff-
ing, and coquettish. Ellen, who has been
spoil by the over-indulgence of Mary’s
care, to shield her helpless and mother-
less infancy from her father’s indiscrimi-
nate severity, is cold, selfish, and unfeel-
ing: while Allan, whose enthusiastic
temperament has led him to concentrate
all amusement within himself, becomes a
poet, and is tormented and persecuted by
his father as a useless and discreditable
piece of lumber. The manner in which
his father discovers his first sonnet in his
counting-house is admirably done.

Those who would be likely to derive
the most benefit from this production,
will never see it; it may, however, be
useful to parents in general, by show-
ing the impolicy of wearing out fear and
shame, and visiting slight faults, or, per-
haps, no faults at all, with dispropor-
tionate anger.

We consider, in the execution of the
work, that Sarah is greatly improved in
the technical part of construction, and
the power of carrying on a regular story,
though she certainly does not show that
minute closeness of thought and aptness
of graphic description which distin-
guished her “Sketches of Private Life.”
She is aware evidently that she has more
ground to go over, and her style is, con-
sequently, often diluted and extended
beyond its natural strength.

Gilbert Gurney. By Theodore Hook.

Were we to search the whole literary
world for a striking contrast in spirit and
in subject to the first-named work, we
could not have found one more complete
than accidental perusal has presented.

Gilbert Gurney is the supposed auto-
biography of a young scape-grace, who
would be first cousin to a fool, if he were
not something worse. The knacks he
gets by being pushed about in the worst
part of the world, and among the worst
portion of human nature, make him at
last a little knowing as to the fact that
there are people in society some degrees
more actively vicious than himself, in
proportion to their superiority of ability.
Gilbert is one of the dramatis personae
of very stale jokes, all of which the au-
uthor most amusingly claims as his own
property, in a sort of preface. To whom-
ever they belonged originally, they are,
it must be owned, somewhat musty: the
story of the gentleman sleeping at an inn
in a double-bedded room, with a corpse
laid out in the other bed, we think is a
tale of still more venerable antiquity than
Mr. Hook himself; but whether it is one
of the old stories claimed by him as his
own property, we know not, as he has not
pointed out his particular goods among
a pretty considerable collection of anti-
quated articles. Whatever may be his
moral deficiencies, this author can, when
he chooses, be a truly comic writer, on
which account we think his service of old
hashes is a piece of indolence in which he
ought not to be indulged.

Whoever wishes to be thoroughly dis-
gusted, not only with the vicious part of
human nature, but to be well imbued
with distrust of faithful affection and
matrimonial truth, must read and believe
the pictures of life presented by Gilbert
Gurney. There is an episode of this
kind, of the medical man who is returning
from India in full confidence of his
wife’s good conduct. The experience of
every day will prove that there are women
as vile as his wife; but that the man’s
honest and respectable feelings are to be
held up to ridicule, is an immoral per-
version of comic powers. Let him hold
up the guilty woman and her paramours
to as much ridicule as he will; but to cast
a slur where no wrong exists, is the abuse
of satire.

Indeed, to women this writer must be
peculiarly abhorrent and injurious; he
does not confine himself to satirical at-
tacks on their faults and vices, which
might do them good, however roughly
administered, but launches his venomed
arrows at their best and holiest influ-
ences. Women must detest, while they
read, the loathsome delineation of Gil-
bert Gurney’s feelings and conduct after
he is the accepted lover of Ellen, brought,
it is true, to a declaration, after he had
gained the affections of the girl for his
amusement, with the intention of de-
camping without an avowal. It is true,
the present useless and dependent state
in which women are reared, makes them
strangely at the mercy of any unprinci-
pled wooer who seeks them, or pretends
to seek them, in the way of marriage; but
this is not the moral, or the meaning
of the tale, for its tendency is to throw
the nausea of disgust on the happiest
and brightest hours of mortality—those
of reciprocal affection, before the cares of
the world and the trials of ill-behaved
domestication, too common in matrimony,
have blighted the rose-wreath of mutual love. No doubt the author paints the men and women of his world—the circle he has been used to; for he has the sort of cleverness which the practice of painting from life always gives. We pity him that his world produces no subjects endowed with more redeeming qualities, for sorry specimens of humanity they are.

Towards the conclusion of the last volume the work assumes a better spirit. The yearning of Gilbert’s heart after Ellen is well told, when he supposes himself separated from her for ever, and after he had cherished all sorts of degrading and disgusting feelings against her, without any misconduct on her part. This is a true picture of a person who obeys the unconscious impulse of the humour of the moment, instead of acting as he knows is right and just; and a great compliment it is, truly, to any woman, for a wanderer to return, whose will was to break loose if he could, regardless of the anguish she might suffer! But this is true enough in nature; and if such intended delinquencies were often punished, men would consider with more apprehension the consequences of giving unmerited offence.

But the present manner of bringing up girls for the purpose of catching husbands, makes men view the whole sex in the detestable light in which they are shown by Theodore Hook. If a girl has no fortune, she is brought up to catch a maintainer, who, of course, doubts the sincerity of her affections; if she has a fortune, perilous, indeed, are the doubts that must beset her, whether she indeed exchanges it for a true heart. But if the young female, reared in the strictest temperance, has no need of personal or pompous luxuries, and is early taught to look on life as a journey that will be briefly over, and whether travelled with a companion or without, will equally lead to a happy termination—if duties are cheerfully performed, celibacy loses all its alarms. An active and useful person, whose wants are few, and whose peace is from within, may, if she is convinced of the worth and sincerity of the man she loves, undertake the cares of a mistress of an establishment; but she will never stand in such need of one, as to run the risk of insult and contumely from the person that offers it.

Until women are brought up to consider marriage, and to make the married life a different state to what it is, men will look on them—yes, even accepted lovers—in the degraded light which Gilbert Gurney does on the unoffending Ellen, who suffers from the wrong conduct of her class, and not from any alleged fault of her own.

The tide of popular taste is setting so strongly against compositions that appeal merely to the imagination, without possessing the merit of information or decided moral influence, that duty as well as inclination limit our reviews to those fictions that either present new talent to the literary world, or possess intrinsic merit. Meanwhile, we like generally to give our readers some notion of the best of the fictions that fill the shelves of circulating libraries, from the pens of the artistes that work for the two or three great novel houses which supply the demand of the public for these sort of wares.

The public will, perhaps, marvel at the depreciation of talent in novel and romance, which seems fast following defunct poetry. They have been so thoroughly bored by bad novels, that they are as unwilling to open a drab-green papered cluster of three volumes, as they were three years ago to encounter a slim, large printed duodecimo, to which they had subscribed five shillings, as the poems of a particular friend’s friend. Absence of criticism is the main-spring of both evils; for in works where effective criticism is exercised, we find genuine poetry and lively fictions: but these are confined to periodical literature alone; for the professional author sells his manuscripts on the strength of his name, and has therefore no stimulant to surpass himself; and the rest publish without previously promised support, and at their own expense. Candid criticism upon the writings of the latter often discerns and cherishes the germs of genius; else genius, without pruning and sifting, usually wanders into tangled brakes and perplexing mazes, leaving the reader in a wilderness, from which, if it be possible for him to escape, the fatigue of doing so deprives him of all pleasure. These are the authors whose works shine so much in extracts: and they are but rarely heard of, excepting in these chosen offerings, unless the writer possess sound sense enough to re-
tain his good and correct his bad points; if so, he comes forward in due time, amongst the paid professional band, where he produces volume after volume, with careless rapidity, imitating himself, instead of closely and individually studying nature, until the public get as tired of him as of his predecessors; yet, booksellers still purchase and publish the works of these employes, and the public forsake in a mass, by mutual consent, the department of literature, with which they are nauseated:—and this is the reason we review very few novels, done by the usual hands of customary novelists. We can speak of the following as some of the better sort.

Tales of the Woods and Fields.

This author attracted our attention two years since, by an intimate knowledge of the movements of the female heart, which we were perfectly sure could pertain to none but a female writer.—Mrs. ——, we add not her name, though we happen to know it,—need not be the least disturbed by the fact, that the outline of her first story bears a resemblance to the tales by the fashionable authors she mentions in her preface: there is, however, a distinct barrier between them. The power of commanding the feelings and irresistible pathos, is a quality this lady's pen possesses; and that is what the fashionable authors, to whom she alludes, do not do. The story is as follows:—A kind lady becomes acquainted with a beautiful girl, the daughter of an indigent vicar, of good family,—by the way, the author has not the slightest idea of the rank that the daughters of the clergy really bear, in a country place, however secluded it may be,—and plunges in various other Londonified mistakes, touching life in the real country. This lady falls into the mistake of supposing, that a fashionable introduction would make her young friend happier, and she is introduced to a county race ball, being a great step in fashionable society,—there she captivates a man of rank, a Lord William, a selfish exquisite, with warm passions and a cold heart, and much better provided with the goods of this world, than noble younger brothers generally are. This worthy, after half breaking Louisa's heart, marries her, for fear her father's curate should obtain her, and proceeds, by the most approved methods, to break her heart. The real interest of the story, which hitherto, saving a pretty sentence or two, is very vague and flimsy; assumes a deep tone, when Louisa becomes a mother, and centres all her deep affections on a very original and well-depicted little girl. The manner of this child's death, by the croup, and the dying scene of the mother, display the author's peculiar talent in a very forcible light; those who love weeping, better than laughing, will be here fully indulged.

There are some faults of haste, some egregious Cockneyisms to be found in this tale,—laugh we must at the suburban taste, that makes apologies for the vulgarity of white and purple crocuses, and the blue periwinkle, and names them as old-fashioned flowers. Mrs. Davis has certainly made some new-fashioned geraniums, and Mr. Knight, some very good new peas and strawberries; but the rest of the vegetable creation are coeval with their floral fellows, whether grown in a country vicar's garden, or the parterre of a suburban villa. Among the mistakes of haste, we find, that while Louisa is in suspense with regard to the intentions of Lord William, she always walks about weeping with her sister's baby in her arms,—but one afternoon, when the baby is expressly mentioned as setting out with her, she meets Lord William, and flings both her arms round his neck, and a very satisfactory éclaircissement takes place:—meantime, what becomes of poor baby? whether the enamoured pair picked it up, and restored it to its rightful owners, or left it on the grass, where we hope it had as soft a fall, as could be expected, no one can tell.

The next tale is founded on a well-known French story, which our clever correspondent, L. de V.—, sent us from Paris, about three years ago, very ably treated:—our readers will remember, it was founded on a foreigner of rank, staking his daughter at the gambling table, and losing her. The edition of the story, as treated in the "Tales of the Woods and Fields," is called "Love and Duty," the title of a very powerful tale, in Mrs. Opie's best work, "Simple Tales."—This story, with a poem of little worth, occupies part of the second, and nearly all the third volume. The first part is dull and wire-drawn, and we own to skipping page after page: our readers know the story, therefore we pass over the tribu-
lations of the true lover and the lost girl, till we arrive at something that shows the author's strength—this is the arrival of M. Guilbert, the winner of Virginie, which occurs about the middle of the third volume. From this moment to the end, the tale proceeds with no little beauty and power,—we were dreadfully afraid the lady meant to kill Virginie; we did not think she could find it in her heart to give a happy termination, but to our great satisfaction, the tale ends well, and all the parties are left to survive, and live happily it is to be hoped—for the events are cast in the reign of Louis Philippe; and though the conclusion talks of years since passing away, their cycles have not been many.

Altogether the author is a favourite of ours,—she has captivated our attention, at the conclusion of both her tales; but her works would be better, if a little more attention were paid to consistency of incident. It is well known how the ridiculous blunders of the scene-shifter and the mechanist destroy the illusions of the drama; but the novel writer has the scene-shifting and machines of his story made of his own imagination, and therefore ought not to use ragged or defective materials.

We think the present work is higher in moral worth, and lower in finish, than its predecessor, "The Two Old Men's Tales."

The Desultory Man.

Mr. James, in these desultory volumes, gives specimens of his very best, and his very worst, styles of writing. Here we find polished essays, and, we must say, trashy maudlin tales; and of all verbose and spiritless things, a modern French story, written by an English person, man or woman, is the most tiresome. Let us only recollect how ridiculous English persons appear, depicted by Frenchmen, in fictitious narrative, when our neighbours choose to amuse and instruct their countrymen, by scenes in England, and from that example, for ever eschew the assumption of a foreign set of heroes and heroines. We grumble the more at Mr. James's Julies, and Clares, and Mariettes, because, while books are filled with them, we lose the pleasantest French tour that ever mortal took; full of character, lovely gossip, and agreeable story. We can put up with an historical story—though we know it is not over true—when we come to a castle or province where it is pat to the purpose; but when we arrive at two or three score pages of annuish sentimentality, we long to say, with Judy to Dan O'Rourke, "Get you out of that," and betake yourself into reality; cast your laughing eyes on odd people, and give us three volumes, full of such passages as this narrative, descriptive of French sports and other French drolleries :

"Turning round an angle in the road, I saw a figure before me, whose occupation puzzled me not a little. He was one of that class of beings, now nearly extinct, who still cling with pertinacity to powder and pig-tails. The castor that covered his head was intended for a modern hat, but it had still a strange hankering for that front of the old-fashioned shavel, with the rear rim strongly turned up, as if to avoid the collar of his coat. It seemed that his head had been so long accustomed to wear cocked hats, that whatever he put on assumed something of that form. To finish the whole, on each side under the brim, lay two long rows of powdered curls, which flew off in an airy pig-tail behind.

"The sort of man ought to be recorded, for in the course of years it will become unknown, like the mammoth; and strange remnants of wigs and pig-tails will be found to puzzle the naturalist and antiquary.

"But it was his occupation that I did not understand. He was creeping along by the side of a ditch, with his knees bowed, and eagerness in his air; and ever and anon, he clapped to his shoulder a long machine, which seemed of the mongrel breed, between a duck gun and a crossbow, having the long barrel and stock of the one, and the arc and cord of the other. Continually as he placed it to his shoulder, I heard something plump into the ditch, on which he shook his head with evident mortification, and proceeded a little farther. I followed at the same stealthy pace, and he seemed rather flattered than decomposed, by the attention I gave to his movements. At length he took a long and steady aim, drew the trigger, the bow twanged, and rushing forward, with a shout of exultation, he seized an immense frog he had just shot, and held it up in triumph by the leg.

"'Qu'elle est belle! Qu'elle est belle!" cried he, turning to me as I came up. 'It was a long shot, too,' he added.

"I paid him a compliment on the achievement, and asked if he had had much sport.

"He said, 'No; that the weather was so
hot, that the frogs kept principally to the
to, and they had been so much hunted,
that they were very wild.

"How!" cried I, "you do not shoot
them sitting?" He told me that he did,
and asked me how I thought they ought
to be shot.

"I told him that to shoot them sitting
was mere poaching, that he ought to take
them in the leap.

"He said, 'that a young man like me
might do these things, but for an old man
like him, it was not so easy; but, however,
that he would try.'

"I assured him that he ought to do so;
and having examined his arbalest, I left
him to shoot frogs flying, if he could."

"THE LANDAIS.

"The wildness of a desert now began to
reign around us. Vast tracts of sand and
uncultivated moor, with large pine forests,
were the only objects visible, except when
a cart, exactly like a hog-trough, covered
with a gipsy's tent, was driven past us by
two thin oxen, while the master, stretched
at his full-length, with his head out at the
front, goaded them on with a long stick,
the whole giving a very Hottentotish ap-
pearance to the scene. It also sometimes
happened, that we distinguished, moving
across the distant sky, an elevated being,
whom, from his long thin shanks and
shapeless body, you might have taken for
a large ostrich, or a gigantic crane, but
would never have fancied it to be a human
creature, until near inspection let you into
all the machinery of stilts and sheepskins.
Just after passing one of the forests, I was
surprised to hear the first notes of "Cor-
relli's Hymn to the Virgin," whistled shrill
and clear in the distance; but it soon
varied into a wilder air, and the musician
approached us with immemorial strides, lift-
ing his stilts high, over every obstacle,
without ever ceasing to knit a pair of stock-
ing, that he held half-finished in his hands.
We wondered at his coming so near, for
the Landais generally avoid all strangers;
but on entering into conversation with him,
we found that he had served in the army,
spoke tolerable French, and was more civi-
lised altogether than the rest of his coun-
trymen. However, after an absence of
seven years, old habits had resumed their
empire; he came back to his deserts, once
more mounted his stilts, and went whist-
ling about, knitting and tending sheep,
as contentedly, as if he had never seen
fairer countries, or mixed in more busy
scenes."

We feel grieved that the temptation of
book-making should have induced the
author to have filled up the place of such
capital sketching as this, with tales like
"Azimantium," "The French Artisan,"

and "The Beauty of Arles;"—although
the lively tourist and the clever essayist
peeps out, ever and anon, between these
make-weights; still the expected recur-
rence of the filling-up stuff, inspires a
distrust in the reader, which mars the
great pleasure. "The Desultory Tour,"
which Mr. James gives in "The Pyren-
nees," or with "The Bas Bretons," is a
very different person from Mr. James
writing pretty for the annuals. In criti-
cal justice, we must declare, that his
tale called "The Fate of Bijou and
the Miser's Step-son,—the Sorrier," is
capital; but that is, then, a statistical ac-
count, belonging to the torn part of the
book. "The Young Lady's Fate" veri-
fies Mr. James's good opinion of it,
being a very clever morceau,—a sample
brick of a whole stonework, written by one
of his female friends, and now in course
of publication. We hope the next book
we open by Mr. James will be a desul-
tory tour, no matter in what country;
every thing seen or heard by him he
transmutes into gold. Fiction, although
he has been a successful romance writer, is
not the true home of his talents. Poetry
is interspersed in the volumes, not of the
right sort though, lacking melody, not
poetical,—though this is the best verse
we could find:

"Come swear then, but what can I swear in
return?
To remember thee ever, wherever I rove;
Though my heart may be dead, and my breast
but its urn.
I offer thee friendship,—'tis better than love."

The Forsaken; a Tale. In 2 vols.
Whittaker.

We have not been equally interested
or absorbed by the perusal of any novel
since the last of Miss Edgeworth's was in
hand. Her fire of genius, and power of
captivating the attention, is now recalled
to us at every page. The commencing
scene, where the kind old counsellor,
O'Grady, is persuaded by a scamp of an
acquaintance to puff for him a worthless
estate at an auction, is inimitably done.
As our readers from the title would never
dream of finding within its pages the real
life-scenes in this work, we make the
quotation:

"He was one day sauntering slowly
along the beautiful quays of our lovely
though deserted capital (Dublin), when he
met a gentleman with whom he was well
acquainted, and for whom he had conducted
several suits during his professional career. 
Glad to encounter an old friend, the counsellor (as he was still called by most of his associates, from habit) took the arm of Captain O’Sullivan, and kindly inquired into the state of his affairs and worldly concerns, as years had elapsed since they had met, or since he had been heard of.

"The counsellor replied to the numerous interrogations of Mr. O’Grady with seeming gaiety and good humor; and when their walk brought them into the yard of the Four Courts, he asked Mr. O’Grady to accompany him into the Rolls Court, for a few moments. On doing so, Mr. O’Grady (who still loved to frequent his former haunts) was going to address an old acquaintance on some indifferent subject, when Captain O’Sullivan asked him not to delay, but lend his assistance as a friend to a cause of his, which was that moment pending. With much pleasure Mr. O’Grady at once consented, and found that he was only required to puff a property of Sullivan’s, which was to be sold at the suit of a creditor, and which the counsellor proposed to O’Grady was of considerable value; and would in all probability be knocked down to his opponent, at a considerable loss to him; he added, his feelings were too acute at the time to allow him to appear in the business; he therefore implored his kind-hearted adviser to raise the price as high as he possibly could; and at all events, to rescue it out of the hands of his adversary, as he had funds within his power to redeem it, though he wished that to be secret.

"Thinking little of what he was about, Mr. O’Grady acquiesced, and out-bid a person whom he was led to suppose was the enemy of O’Sullivan. He bid, and bid, determined to aid his treacherous friend as much as he could, and at what he imagined to be a trifling act of friendship; and had the gratification of hearing himself named as the possessor and purchaser of the estate, at the sum of Ten Thousand Pounds.

"When the business was concluded, Mr. O’Grady hastened to Captain O’Sullivan, and shaking hands with him most warmly, wished him joy of his victory over Mr. Delang, his greedy and rapacious creditor.

"‘Yes, indeed, my friend,’ replied the wily captain, ‘we have indeed done well, and you have behaved most handsomely and liberally to me; I never thought you would have gone so far as you did.’

"‘Why, my dear Sullivan, certainly I could not repress a smile, at the gravity with which many of my old cronies regarded me, as they heard me rise from hundred to hundred, until I fairly beat that sneaking looking fellow who was out-bidding me from the field.’

"Surely, counsellor, it was a most fortunate circumstance for me that I met you to-day, so kind a friend, and so wealthy a man; my inheritance would have passed away from me for nothing to a stranger; believe me, that there is not another being in existence that I would rather see my successor, or to whom I would so readily and gladly yield up my property.

"Indeed, Sullivan, I am most happy to have been enabled to serve you in any way; and most particularly glad that you will have it in your power to redeem your lands. Allow me to say, likewise, as a sincere friend and well-wisher, that I would advise you to arrange your affairs as quickly as possible, and quit Dublin at least for some time, where, forgive me for adding, you have lived so extravagantly and ridiculously. Stay on the Continent for a few years, and endeavour, by economy and travelling, to increase your purse, and to enlarge your mind.

"I assure you I have been thinking of doing so, and shall decidedly follow your advice, as soon as it shall be made convenient, by your paying me the purchase-money (or part of it) as soon as you can; and as soon as I get out of the hands of attorneys, who have one and all nearly ruined me.

"Oh, you know, O’Sullivan, as you have out-bid your creditor, and are become the purchaser of what you so rashly squandered, it rests with you to raise the money as best you can, for, to be candid with you, I am under a serious, solemn promise to Mrs. O’Grady, never to become security for any one, and really I cannot lend you any money, if you intend to ask me for it.

"Oh, you quite mistake me, my friend, I shall never ask you to lend me a farthing; only I fully expect, you may be sure, that you will shortly pay me what you owe me, as I shall get out of this abominable town immediately; but I trust, you will give me credit for making the business as easy to you as I can, for old acquaintance sake.

"Easy to me, Sullivan, what on earth do you mean, man?

"Nothing at all, my dear sir, but that you can take your own time for paying me, except a few thousands, say three or four, which I shall thank you for immediately, as I shall be off to the Curragh on Thursday, to see my famous horse Mercury start, and I have many serious bets depending on him, poor fellow.

"Three or four thousands immediately! why, are you mad, Captain O’Sullivan?’ said the counsellor, beginning to dislike the tone and manner of the man, and at the same time recollecting some bad stories which he had some time before heard of him.
"Not at all, madam; I think you can scarcely think me so, for asking such a wealthy fellow as you are for a speedy payment; and I think and trust that the lands and estates of Kneuchtnanoo may be productive and more fortunate in your skilful hands, than in those of my father and myself, as they have completely beggared our family since we unfortunately got possession of them."

"The old lawyer stopped, let go the arm of his late friend, looked at him steadfastly for some moments, and putting his arms a-kimbo, (with him a favourite attitude) exclaimed—Sir, if you have dared to trick me, an old tried friend, such as I have, and still manage yourself to be to you, and attempted to take me in, I shall make you rue it, and that bitterly too; I am too old to be caught by chaff, young man, and your bravado will not answer, so I shall wish you a very good morning, sir."

"Good morning, counsellor, all good luck attended your adventure most affably; affectionately to Mrs. O'Grady, who is quite the woman fitted to become a Lady Bountiful to the poor wretched families you will have under you at Kneuchtnanoo; by the way, change the name, it is a bad one, and unlucky. If any thing has power, as I said before, to induce me to the unpleasant feelings which I experience at seeing my property in strange hands, believe me to be sincere when I say once more from my innmost heart and soul, it is the consolation of its becoming yours. Farewell, counsellor; my friend Cameron, and my legal advisers, Jervis and Mc%leckland, shall call upon you to-morrow, to make the necessary arrangements and regulations concerning the transfer of leases, titles, deeds, &c. Good-by, again."

"So saying, with the greatest seeming indifference, he walked off, leaving the old gentleman to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."

"To make a long story short, (as we say in Ireland,) Mr. O'Grady discovered that, with all his learning and experience, he had been completely humbugged, and had fallen into the toils of a noted swindler; in fact, he had become the possessor of a property not worth one quarter of the sum which he was compelled to pay for it. A wretched and most miserable estate, situated amongst wild hills and bleak mountains, inhabited by a poor, starving, and depraved tenantry, who, ruined by the sterility of the boggy, unwholesome soil, endeavoured to gain as much as they could by unlawful means and habits."

"Having paid with heartfelt vexation of spirit for his useless purchase, Mr. O'Grady set off for Kneuchtnanoo to see it, and though its appearance would have driven any other person out of his senses, he, with the utmost composure, and his usual happy temperament, determined and resolved to banish all unavailing regrets, and only look at the bright side of the business, and 'make the best of a bad bargain.'"

"He arrived with much difficulty at Kneuchtnanoo, and at once began to consider how he had best act in order to improve it. He was totally unmindful of the cheerless and unpromising aspect of every thing around him, and, without doubt of his ultimate success, commenced building, planting, and decorating. His own architect, his own engineer, he planned and put into execution the most extraordinary designs that ever entered into the head of man, and it never for one moment occurred to him that these plans and designs were not actually what they should have been."

"The nearest town to Kneuchtnanoo was nine miles off, and the roads which led to it were execrable, but a bad look out for a person who had always considered a jaunt of three or four miles as quite sufficient exercise for one of the most active; gentleman's seat was six miles away, and in a direction from them that was rendered inaccessible by the mountains, over which a carriage could not be impelled. Once, indeed, Mrs. O'Grady had ventured paying a visit in a low-backed common car, into which unsophisticated equipage she had ventured, at the imminent risk of breaking or dislocating every bone in her body; but she soon found the motion so dreadful, as to be obliged to alight and walk home again."

"His dress, unaltered to suit his country residence and avocations, rendered him an object of amazement to his tenants, labourers, and the few stray sportsmen that might be led in the pursuit of game into his neighbourhood. A pair of unmentionables of corduroy, long dressing wrapper, white hat. Marseilles waistcoat, yarn stockings, ruffled shirt, and wooden shoes, with the accompaniment of a superb diamond ring of the first water, completed this incongruous costume of the counsellor, who might be seen from sunrise to sunset superintending the labours of hordes of work-people, who were ever and always planting, draining, &c. Though every thing that was done at Kneuchtnanoo appeared to fail, still its master persisted; and though his trees perished in the ungenial soil over and over, still over and over did he plant thousands, nay, millions, which were destined to meet the same fate as did their predeccessors. The gardens, notwithstanding the care and vigilance of a most skilful and experienced gardener and nurseryman, were unfruitful, and even unproductive of the most common vegetables and roots; and, fond as was Mrs. O'Grady of flowers and shrubs, she found it next to an impossibility to cultivate any thing in the flower-beds; and during the spring
The winter months she was obliged to give up walking out altogether, as she narrowly escaped being drowned one day while venturing to the green-house,—an immense concealed bog-hole, within twenty yards of the back door, having received the fortunate lady into its most capacious mouth, where she was obliged to remain until her husband (happening by chance to ramble in that direction) discovered her up to her neck in mud and water, half dead with fright and cold, her bonnet barely discernible above the reeds and rushes which choked up the place. It may reasonably be supposed that after this unpleasant adventure Mrs. O'Grady seldom ventured out alone or unattended; and, as her helpmate was often too much and too busily engaged to wait on her, she was obliged to content herself with work and in-door amusements for the greater part of the nine months in each year which she spent at Kneuchnaoon.

"After a few years, Mr. O'Grady seemed to have forgotten the manner in which he became possessed of his country seat; and never was there a property, the most cultivated or flourishing, more prized than was the wild, inhospitable district of which he was master. He appeared fascinated; and as he grew older, more charmed and delighted with it, and in the castle buildings of his imagination, foresaw it the wonder of the world."

The serious parts of the story throw a charm over the reader, and this spell holds him closely to the volumes until the end. The scene of Mrs. Beaulecker's death is beautifully described, and awakes a powerful sympathy for the heroine, Alice Beaulecker. (Let not our fair correspondents be alarmed at her borrowing their ducal name, for she really is a very sweet creature.)

Alice, who is the Forsaken, but not the love Forsaken, has her marriage with her beloved prevented, for very good reasons, by the schemes of Lady Arlingham and Lady Cornwall, whose way of working on her, by the kindness which they really felt for her, could only be drawn by a close observer of the springs of human actions. The letters of these allies in evil, and the contrast of character in the pair, do the author great credit. The plot is nearly similar to the story current in the fashionable world regarding the parentage of a certain noble bachelor of lofty station which, non e vero, is at least ben trovato.

The "Forsaken" is a useful work for those who require to be drawn out of themselves for a few hours, as it seizes the attention with magic effect, and forces the reader to be forgetful of self while occupied in its pages, nicely comprised within two volumes.

How ungrateful the public generally are for so inestimable a benefit! How often has a mind been diverted from the first crush of treachery, or of taunting malice (oftener harder to bear than a more tangible evil), by the soothing influence of a well-written tale.

We give not to literature, and its sometimes soothing, often abstracting influence over us, that meed of thankfulness which we should bestow for the slightest indulgence which pampered our variety, or gratified our palate; and yet the charms of one attractive volume would save, perhaps, our frames from the required presence of the physician. It is the mind, and the diseases of the mind, its vacancy or misdirection of thought, which generates, if not absolute sickness, at least those nervous maladies which are the most obstinate to be combatted against, and agreeable company at our meals, as the pleasant companionship of a wholesome book, are now thoroughly understood to be beneficial to health. Say not, then, how much a work has cost you, but what pleasure it has afforded you, and how, probably, you have dispelled incipient germs of sickness or ailing.

Every wrong which human perversity can inflict, may be borne patiently, if the first four and twenty hours pass over without the sufferers working themselves into a state of exaggerated distress by due reflection on the injury; at such moments it is well to place oneself under the spell of some commanding genius to induce self-forgetfulness, and give an opportunity for balmy Time to exert his never-failing power. If every one would confess, and truly acknowledge how often he had been indelict to writers of genius for this soothing absorption, we should find that a good novel is truly a very good thing, and if of a nature to inculcate self-government and resignation to the ills of life, we scruple not to affirm a great moral agent; yet, like all medicines, it should not be used too profusely, and should chiefly be resorted to in time of need. But our limits warn us to bring our comments to a close, and we break them off to find a fault—one very common in fiction, it is true—and that is, to note the
profuse manner in which sums of immense magnitude are mentioned. One lady has three hundred thousand pounds for her fortune; another noble has fifty thousand per annum as rent-roll; all this takes from probability, and spoils *vrai semblance*, as much as in a recent tale we published, a bankrupt baronet was made to give five hundred pounds as a gratuity to his steward, which we took the liberty, for the sake of probability, to alter to fifty pounds, the more so as it was to be stolen from a young lady’s fortune, and the lady herself afterwards united to the thoughtless gambler. In the present tale there is a moral wrong in mentioning a gift of fifty pounds as a mean paltry sum; such expressions from the pen of an influential writer, are apt to produce exaggerated pretensions, and ingratitude in the minds of young readers, who, in imitation, will apply the terms to sums of far less magnitude, which are, perhaps, spared by friends at the price of much self-sacrifice. This fault in novel writers has had more influence over modern ways of thinking and acting, than is supposed in this age of exaggerated pretence and self-importance.

It seems an ungracious task to cast blame where we have derived sincere pleasure; we will, therefore, bid a more kindly farewell to our author, by declaring that this little defect is the only one we have found in this very pleasing and acceptable work.

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*Loudon’s Arboretum and Frutisetum Britannicum*. Nos. 28 and 29. Longman and Co.

The description of the shrubs that may be cultivated in our island, is now the leading feature of this work; and the last two numbers are chiefly devoted to the interesting order of Ericaceae, in which are included Rhododendrons and Skalmias, and many other connecting links in this natural order; the delineations in the margin are delicate and distinct, so that the character of the minutest heath is well preserved. Among the trees, we consider that the Yew and the Huntingdon Willow are extremely well drawn. This work possesses such high claims on public favour, that we doubt not but it will meet with the reward its merits deserve.

*Magazine of Health*. July, August, September, October, and November. Tilt.

The precepts on diet and regimen in this periodical, would form, if properly followed by individuals in general, a great obstacle to the increase of the medical profession; and certainly, if public writers did not give so much warning, we might get to bed an hour or two sooner, for the sake of longevity. *“He that taketh heed, prolongeth his life,”* is the motto of the magazine; but, alas! people will rather swallow burning drugs by handfuls, to counteract the effects of their ignorant gluttony, than merely eat and drink to live. From time to time, we have transferred to our miscellany such observations from this highly useful work, which struck us to combine great utility and general interest. In the October number, we find in a review, some admirable observations on the necessity of letting children creep on all-fours, before they assume the erect position; and likewise, on the impropriety of bathing and washing the poor little creatures, in entirely cold water. But after all, the best criterion is, whether the bath agree with the infant’s liking, coupled with the glow of health which ought to follow a light but rapid chafing of the body, with a moderately supply of rough towels, first quickly wiping off the moisture, and next using towels perfectly dry. No man, however, can do better than use this method, whatever the season may be, throughout the year.

Mothers, erring in this respect, inflict much pain on themselves, by hearing the squalls of the afflicted infants. Our author declares that the chill ought to be taken from the water in winter, without infants are very robust; for our parts, we think the plunging bath, in utter cold water, less injurious, than the slow operation of washing an infant from head to foot in cold water. In the latter case, there is no re-action, but a succeeding glow; dabbling them with cold water, is dreadfully cold:—poor babies,—no wonder they squall. We hope our representations may save some infant victims, this cold weather, from the well-meant, but injurious infliction. If they are deliberately washed, tepid water should be used; but if they are strong enough for cold water, they should plunge, and be dried in a moment.

The twenty-first volume of this history concludes the series of the Continuation of Hume and Smollett. The historian has brought down his work to the close of the year 1834, a point a great deal too near the present times, to give fair trial for historical detail. Mr. Hughes has assumed a task that truly belongs to the annalist; yet we do not scruple to affirm that the journal of events which is usually appended to an almanack, gives us far more valuable intelligence than any person can give who attempts to throw recent facts into historical form.

When history of near events is attempted, it resembles the postscripts of newspapers, which are ever employed in the impossible task of pronouncing effects from causes, before the fulness of time has proved their reality or falsehood. The writer of our national history, who confines himself solely to the political detail of the senate, is like a man who tried to delineate an object held so close to his eyes as to obstruct the focus of vision.

As a parliamentary digest this part of the work is well executed. But is a parliamentary digest the only history of a great people? Have the inhabitants of Great Britain done nothing but stand and look on, while a senate of very doubtful talents have been making and unmaking regulations? Has not London almost assumed a new form in these four years? Have there not been improvements, inventions, discoveries, colonies and companies formed; pictures painted, statues and buildings erected, in the course of these four years, and where are they even mentioned? An annalist would have recorded facts; a modern historian gives us speeches—we have enow of them in newspapers. If the earlier historians had been as contemptuously neglectful of individual fact, and of the statistics of their country, as those who have written since the time of William the Third, of what use to the student of human nature would history be? Sir Thomas More knew better when he wrote the history of Henry the Seventh; Lord Herbert when he wrote that of Henry the Eighth; Camden when he wrote the reign of Elizabeth; and even Burnet, our last individualizing historian, puts his readers so completely into the doings of his contemporaries, that we live and breathe in the atmosphere of his age. He draws false inferences from the facts he records, we know he does; and yet the truth may be gathered from his pages by an acute observer, far better than from a generalizing historian, for he is an industrious collector of facts; and when the student of history has made himself master of Burnet's own prejudices, egotisms, and selfish interests, and made allowance when these feelings declare themselves in his history, he cannot rise from its pages without being thoroughly imbued with the spirit of "Burnet's Own Times."

Our object is to show the erroneous path in which history has been wandering since the last century.

Mr. Hughes has at times made vigorous outbreaks from these vicious trammels; but his merits as an historian are chiefly confined to his digest of the transactions of India, America, and the Peninsula war; and what is the cause of his success in these particulars? because he consulted the writing of the cleverest eyewitnesses of the facts he details. And has England no such records? Down to a certain period she has plenty in the autographical letters of statesmen, or the sons of statesmen, and in autobiographies of contemporaries: it is the business of the historian to test these, by comparison, with state papers and annals, and give us vivid pictures of human creatures, their motives, and the results of their actions. History ought never to be divorced from biography; when an historian cannot publish mental and personal resemblances of his contemporaries, he should then content himself with a rational catalogue of facts in chronological order, deeming nothing that can benefit human nature, either the contemporary race or that which is to come, of too little account to be recorded.

In one assertion the author has made a strange historical blunder, he has said of William the Fourth, "His Majesty, the first naval king that ever sat on the British throne." Did Mr. Hughes ever hear who won the battle of Solebay, and whose naval regulations are still in force? If he never has, we refer him to Dr. Clarke's "Life of James the Second." If the historian had added the first naval king in the memory of man, the assertion would have assumed a different bearing, and been worthy an historian.
The faults of Mr. Hughes are those of his class,—his merits are his own. No one in any age excels Mr. Hughes in a close yet terse narrative of facts, when he chooses to indulge his readers with them. We instance that part of the present volume, which gives us the digest of the Burmese war, that of the battle of Navarino, and the causes which led to it, and likewise the view of the affairs of Portugal: these all occur in the reign of George the Fourth, with which the work ought to have concluded. We subjoin as extract, a curious account of the Burmese Amazons:

"In addition to a numerous list of chobwahs and petty princes, these levies were accompanied by three young and beautiful women of high rank, believed by their superstitious countrymen to be endowed with the gift of prophecy, and to possess the miraculous power of turning aside a musket-ball. These Amazons, dressed in a warlike apparel, rode about among the troops, inspiring them with an ardent desire to meet a foe, known to them as yet only by the deceitful account of their Burmese masters.

"On the 30th of November, arrangements were made to attack the enemy next morning; Commodore Sir James Brisbane, with the flotilla, being directed to cannonade their posts on both sides of the river at daylight; while a body of native infantry should make a feigned attack on the centre, as the columns were marching out for the real attack on the enemy's left at Simbik: for this purpose, the principal force was formed into two columns: one, under Brigadier-general Cotton, marched by the direct road; while the other, led by the Commander-in-chief, crossed the Nawine river, moving along its right bank, to come round on the Burmese rear, and to cut off all retreat. The columns had scarcely commenced their march, when a furious and well-directed cannonade on the river completely deceived the enemy, drew off his piquets, and left his position open to an assault. The advance of General Cotton's column was opposed by a succession of stockades thrown across an open space in the centre of the jungle, having the Nawine river in the rear, a thick wood on either flank, and assailable only in front, where the assailants were opposed to cross-fires from the zigzag formation of the works: the troops, however, moved on with their usual intrepidity; while the Shans, encouraged by the presence of their veteran commander, who, though unable to walk, was carried from place to place in a gilded litter, cheered also by the exhortations and gallant bearing of their Amazons, offered a brave resistance; but no sooner was a lodgment made in their crowded works, than, unable to stop the progress of the assailants, or to stand against the murderous volleys, they fell into utter confusion and dismay. Horses and men ran wildly from side to side, trying to avoid the fatal fire; parties were employed to break an outlet from their own enclosure; while the grey-headed chobwahs set a splendid example of valour to their followers, singly maintaining the contest, sword in hand; refusing quarter, and attacking all who approached them even with the most humane intentions. Maha Nemiow himself fell bravely fighting; and his body, together with his sword, his Wonghee's chain, and other insignia, were found among the slain: one of the fair Amazons also received a bullet in the breast; and being recognised, was carried to a cottage in the rear, where she expired. In the mean time, Sir A. Campbell's column, pushing rapidly on, met the flying foe in the rear, and opened a deadly fire from their horse artillery: another of the Shan ladies was here observed retreatting on horseback with defeated troops; but before she could gain the opposite bank of the Nawine river, a Shrapnel shell exploded over her head; and, falling from her horse, she was carried off by her attendants."


This work embraces now a foreign and domestic view of architectural improvements, and is greatly increasing in interest for the general reader. We commend the suggestion in Article 8, by W. P. Griffith, Esq.:

"Architecture for Ladies.—As a study for the ladies, nothing can be more interesting than that of architecture: it could not, in any respect, injure their health, as with them it would not be a matter of gain. By a little perseverance on their part, attended with a degree of nicety and care, which very few ladies are without, architectural drawings could soon be accomplished; and this art, when once acquired, would be an endless source of amusement to them: one friend would recommend it to another; and, in the course of a very short time, instead of architecture being considered as a study for the few, it would be one for the many; and, if the fine arts did not thrive under such auspices, they certainly never would under any other."

The Shakespeare Gallery. Conducted by Mr. C. Heath. Tilt.

The "Desdemona" is a pretty creature,
brightly and tenderly engraved; but her
cosmery eyes are too open and sprightly to
give us the just idea of the

“Gentle lady married to the Moor.”

“Jessica” is exquisitely engraved and de-
sign; there is all the demureness in her
face and attitude, necessary to deceive old
Shylock when she receives his keys,
which she holds in her hand; and we
suppose her now listening to his exordium,
with composure in her looks and plotting
in her heart. We give the painter great
credit for the manner in which he has
imagined this character. The costume and
attitude are exquisitely natural, and
Robinson has turned it out of his hands
in beautiful style.

The pleasing look of poor “Lavinia”
is very touching. It is a lovely thing,
well worked, and well relieved by the
background.

This is a very praiseworthy number,
the best we have seen of the series.

EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE.

1. Humility. By Mrs. Hofland. Dean
and Munday.

2. Analysis of the Bible, with reference to
the Social Duty of Man. By Mont-
gomery Martin. Whittaker.

First.—It is scarcely in the power of
any reviewer to increase Mrs. Hofland’s
well-merited fame, as an educational
moralist. She has the inestimable art
of engaging the affections of the young
on the side of virtue and benevolence.
Her lessons are all practical; we see
them and hear them in her characters;
wherefore they come home to the heart
with ten-fold force, and show the supe-
riority of the exemplar mode of instruc-
tion over dry preaching essays on ethical
subjects. She is also the best writer we
have for the guidance of young ladies at
that arduous age when the trammels
of tuition are passed through, and the youth-
ful female enters into that world whose
colours appear so alluringly bright at a
distance, that the soaring spirits are apt
to overstep the bounds of Christian meek-
ness. Presumption and sarcasm are, in-
deed, among the sins that most easily
beset young people at their first entrance
into society; and, until the world has
taught them a few of its bitterest lessons,
they are too apt to consider them-
selves the most important personages
in it.

For the cure of this fault we recom-
end Mrs. Hofland’s tale of “Humility.”
Like its sage and gentle author, its pages
are replete with that wisdom which
maketh pure the hearts of those that
commune therewith.

Second.—We are well pleased when we
find minds of practical utility arranging
themselves on the side of revealed reli-
gion, and looking to Scripture as the
great source of moral truth. Simple
and natural as the plan is, we do not re-
collect ever seeing a “Whole Duty of
Man,” drawn entirely from the pages of
the Bible, without commentary or inter-
polation, and self-evident as to its appli-
cation. Every one knows duties were
thoroughly defined in the word of God,
but we never saw the arrangement made
in the compact and luminous form given
by Mr. Montgomery Martin in this
modest little unpretending book. It is
of more value than a whole library full
of polemic divinity; and we would advise
parents and teachers to put it into the
hands of children, requiring them, as a
Sunday exercise, to commit to memory a
portion of its contents; always bearing in
mind that a few lines at a time got by
heart, as well in spirit as in letter, are
far preferable to several pages crammed
into the mind as a mere task. It is a
vital error in instructors to make Scrip-
ture, or creeds, or catechisms, sources of
mental misery to children, for naturally
they hate in after life whatever they are
tormented with in childhood. Of all
words those of Scripture are the easiest
to be committed to memory. A child
will learn several proverbs with ease and
delight, yea, and understand them well,
when he will fret and fume over any well-
meaning explanation added by com-
mentators. When Mr. M. Martin ar-
ranges such qualities as Charity, Godli-
ness, Industry, Mercy, and Purity, in
alphabetical order, and illustrates them
by the words of revelation, they explain
themselves; and from the same source
he draws warnings against Anger, Pride,
Disobedience, and other evils. The
preface to the work is also a fine specimen
of Christian eloquence.

In a word, the more we look at this
book, the better we are pleased with
it, and the more warmly we recom-
mand it.
Sir Thomas Lawrence's Cabinet of Gems with Memorials. By P. G. Patmore, 1837. For Ryall, by Ackermann.

To the taste and spirit of Mr. Ryall, the eminent engraver of the Conservative portraits, the public owe this collection of hitherto unpublished gems, from the pencil of Sir T. Lawrence. Mr. Ryall purchased the twelve drawings at a great expense, and, consigning them to the hands of Lewis, whose chalk engravings are in deserved estimation, watched over the progress of working and tinting with the care of an editor completely master of his subject, and the result has been, that fac-similes are produced, scarcely distinguishable from the original drawings.

With but two exceptions (the portraits of Lady Hamilton and Lady Lonsdale), the portraits represent different members of the family of the great painter, his father, mother, and infant nephews and nieces. From the view of the noble countenance of the mother of the great master, we can tell at a glance whence he derived his beauty and his genius. The portrait was drawn by her affectionate son, only two hours before her death, but the immortal part seems strong, in high, and energetic expression. The father of Sir T. Lawrence is in strong contrast; there is some animal comeliness, but you see the landlord of "The Black Bear."

The two portraits of girls, of eleven and fourteen, are his nieces, the daughters of Mrs. Meredith.

But the best plates in the volume are the infant children of his sister, Mrs. Bloxam; there is nothing in art so difficult, and seldom is it attained, by any painter, as a fresh and natural delineation of childhood. Sir Thomas Lawrence is universally allowed to have been the best ever known, and certainly the children in this volume are his chef d'oeuvres.

There is an expression of premature intelligence, sometimes too apparent in the portraits of children, by this great master; but these earlier productions are purely genuine unsophisticated specimens of babyhood, that look as if they might be enticed out of their book into a game of romps; they have the arch, yet shy look, with which such gentry beg play, and seem as if they could practice all the charming wiles of infantine coquetry.

The 4th, 5th, 6th, and 9th plates are our favourites,—the reflective beauty of the eyes of Thomas Lawrence Bloxam, the eldest nephew of the great painter, then a child of six years old, is truly delightful; the fifth subject is a bouncing fatty, of about four; this is little Rowland. The lovely groups of the 8th and 9th plates are the most perfect productions in the volume; nothing can be more bewitchingly natural, excepting the dear babies themselves.

The memorials accompanying the portraits are from the pen of Mr. Patmore, well known as a critic and novel writer; he presents the public with many valuable particulars relating to the early career of Sir Thomas. He seems to have been unaware of the circumstances which gave rise to the verses he quotes, which were as follows:—Lady Milner was the celebrated beauty he describes, as having followed in the streets of Bath, when a boy. Sixteen years afterwards he was sent for by her husband, for the purpose of painting her portrait. The baronet was unexpectedly obliged to quit his home, leaving his beautiful partner and the handsome painter together in the house; but the beauty, in alarm at the gay character of the artist, left him to amuse himself as he might; and, till her husband's return, shut herself up in her boudoir: meantime Sir Thomas, to wile away his solitude, wrote the verses Mr. Patmore quotes, and, in a half playful, half sarcastic strain, insinuates at the conclusion, that the lapse of sixteen years might have abated the dangerous splendour of her beauty. This account was sent to our Magazine, and published in one of the early numbers of our improved series; it was furnished by a friend of Sir Thomas Lawrence's, who had the anecdote from his own lips, and it proves that the lovely portrait of Lady Lonsdale was not the inspirer of the verses. We printed an extended copy of those lines, the month after the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence was given by the same friend.

The form of this beautiful work is that of the quarto annual, fashionable at the present time. The collection will no doubt have a very extensive sale, as an annual, but it is calculated for a purpose of far greater utility than any annual. It is the best preparatory book for self-instruction in water-colour drawing we ever saw: indeed, if we had been asked to recommend a book for the purpose of
instruction in tinted heads, what could we
have said? The one from Bartolozzi
is excellent in its way, but it is for
chalks and black and white, for colouring;
it would give too heavy a foundation for
water colours. The present publication
is inestimable for unveiling the mysteries
of the first foundation of tint, united
with chiaro-scuro; there is so much
effect with a very little colour, that the
beginner is guarded at once from the
grand error, of laying on a load of heavy
colour in wrong places, which makes
him work hopelessly and vainly, endeav-
ouring, by laborious teazing, to give the
light and clear effect of the finished
work. If the student copy these heads,
he will see the reason of every tint; and
the power of a few judicious washes,
when put in the right places, and by
practice will learn a lightness of hand,
and the manner in which harmonious
finish might be given to the whole.

Every one who has encountered the
difficulties of attempting coloured heads,
unassisted by a first-rate master, will see
the high value of studies, which teach
them to lay a proper foundation of tint
and shade.

This volume is bound in a neat and
firm cloth, gilt and lettered with taste.
The title-page is ornamented, we think
by Corbould. There is a portrait of
Sir Thomas from a bust, and, singularly
enough, we never recollect seeing an en-
graving of this great man from any other
original. We prefer any other species
of resemblance, if procurable.

_Ariel._ Smith, Elder, and Co.

This is an engraving by F. Bacon,
from the original portrait, painted by E.
T. Parris. The subject is a young lady,
who has recently made her _début_ at one
of the theatres. As a very superior
specimen of bold and effective line en-
graving, from a good painting, it will
doubtless meet welcome encouragement,
at the hands of the lovers of the fine
arts.

Finden's Ports and Harbours. Part 3.

_Tilt._

Of the character of this noble, national
work, our readers are now fully aware,
and we have but to communicate the
quality of the contents of Part 3.

The Castle of Holy Island is a mag-
nificent plate, the sky and aerial distance
with the rainbow reflected in the sea, and
melting into the horizon, tell of the hand
of E. Finden. The grey pack-horse, is
however, out of drawing, and the dog
not defined to the eye with sufficient dis-
tinctness, besides too large in proportion
to the man. Dunstanborough Castle is
a fine bold plate, with waves dashing wild
and free, and a sky full of the stormy
picturesqueness, which is only seen on
the north-east coast. Well do we know
the tune of the gale singing in this
picture. Blyth, from W. Finden, is a
capital scene, which reminds us of coast
pieces from the old Dutch masters, it is
perfect in tone and perspective, the aerial
distance in the truest keeping, the gra-
dation of size of objects in fine drawing,
with the exception of the little figure
leaning on the log, he is too small and
indistinct. Berwick is finely engraved,
we heard the drawing of the bridge
faulted by one who has seen it, saying
that the centre arch is too near the oppo-
site shore; we think this must depend a
great deal how the point of view is af-
fected, by the projection of the headland,
between which the ships are moored. The
clearness of tone given by Mr. W. Finden
produces a charming effect on the eye.

The vignette, we own, does not please
us: as a whole the moonlight is mag-
nificent it is true, the castle wildly grand
in light and shadow; but to enjoy this
beauty we must cover the foreground,
which in artistic language, is out of
drawing and perspective, and, in familiar
parlance, all in a muddle. Mr. Balmer's
ideas have been poetical and grand: his
men with beacons and torches, should
have been closer to us, and have come
out of the moonlight. The black shape-
less mass of wreck in the foreground
does the mischief in some measure. Bal-
mer must bestow more attention on the
effect of his foregrounds and the posi-
tions of his figures, it is the only depar-
tment of his art in which he is liable to
criticism. We value his genius too
much not to wish to see it more per-
fected.

Sir John Soane's new work privately
circulated, descriptive of his Gallery
and Museum, in Lincoln's Inns-fields.

Our readers may recollect, that we were
among the first to recommend to their
earnest attention, and eventual examina-
tion, the splendid Museum presented to the
country by Sir John Soane. A most interesting book of description has been written by this great benefactor, as a description of the place, which in every respect is worthy of the endowment it illustrates. It may be justly deemed to be a subject of deep regret that only one hundred and fifty copies are printed. They are enriched by nearly fifty plates, showing the rooms, galleries, corridors, and views in the Museum most striking, or picturesque. The details, apply only to the most striking fragments of architecture, works of sculpture, beautiful chefs d'oeuvres in painting, and that unparalleled sarcophagus, which it is the pride of Europe to have drawn from the ruins of Egyptian magnificence. The worthy and learned professor has, nevertheless, permitted the labours of a lady to add the lighter graces of description to his own more appropriate information, whereby the pleasure of reading the work is very materially increased, and we have therefore pleasure in claiming the author as one of our own constant contributors.

The copies of this elegant and expensive work, we understand, have been presented to our own royal family, and that of France; to private friends among the nobility, and to the literati; the universities of Great Britain, and the various learned academies instituted for art and science on the Continent, and in the United States; from nearly all of which the professor of architecture has received as great honours as they can bestow.

Some verses in the work in question have been much praised by persons whose judgment is said to be unquestionable: these, if leave be given for publishing them, will be given only by ourselves.

DRUBY LANE.

"Romeo and Juliet" has been one of the attractions at this theatre during the past month. Juliet was sustained by a young lady, her first appearance on the stage, whose name has been whispered to us as Harrison. We were sorry to see Ward in the character of Romeo, for it would be impossible to imagine any thing more at variance with what we have a right to expect; but we will not injure a man of Ward's professional standing, by over criticism. Mr. Hill, the American comedian, has made his appearance in a farce called "The Yankee Pedlar." Our Transatlantic actors are good judges, in appropriating to themselves suitable characters expressly measured by their own capabilities. Nineteenth of an English audience have assuredly not the power to judge for themselves by comparison, as Yankee pedlar trash is commonly original, and unequalled for vulgarity. The "Yankee Pedlar" is in itself as dreadful an infraction as ever its author, Mr. Barnard, put forth to the public; but to increase its demerits, the jokes are old-fashioned, and of a most contemptible order.

Forrest's King Lear was not performed in a way we had expected from that able tragedian; and we hardly for a moment hesitate saying, that if not entirely, it closely bordered on a failure; even Cooper's Edgar rose superior to Forrest's Lear, and Ward's Edmund surpassed both. In "Damon and Pythias" we cannot award him much higher praise; for though he sustained some part of the character in an artist-like manner, the whole was anything but successful. Mr. Forrest's physical powers are unquestionably great, but they want a directing influence. Because a man has a strong voice, he should not always exert it; neither because he can make certain transitions, ought he to do so without regard to rhyme or reason. In his Damon, this fault was painfully manifest.

The music in the "Siege of Corinth" was for the greater part sadly mediocre; but Bunn has evidently disregarded the ear, and trusted mainly to the attractions of the eye for a magnificent spectacle, relieved by scenic and mechanical effects; and he has produced a most gorgeous and ably-managed piece. The principal characters were supported by Balfe, Wilson, Templeton, and Miss Shirreff, to each of whom much praise is due.

Mr. Booth made his appearance in "Richard the Third," but did not fully justify our favourable anticipations. He has not improved since his emigration, and turning cultivator of cow cabbages; which occupation, truly, is far from harmonious to the exercise of the legitimate drama. We should much like to see Warde as Richard. Mr. Booth's Richard was indifferent; and his Iago to Mr. Forrest's Othello insufferable. Sheridan Knowles's new play, entitled "The Wrecker's Daughter," has been read with much applause, and promises great success.
COVEN GARDEN.

Those who have spoken so much of the downfall of the legitimate drama, and that Shakespeare's splendid productions would be played to empty houses, have had the opportunity of being convinced, to the contrary, at Covent Garden theatre. Shakespeare's tragedies were certainly not endurable at Drury Lane; but here, long before the rise of the curtain, in the dress circle, even, standing room was not to be had. When "Julius Caesar" was performed, every nook and corner was filled. Macready acted Brutus; Vandenhoff, Cassius; Charles Kemble, Antony; George Bennet, the Caesar; and H. Wallack, Casca. Such a cast could not fail to be attractive. Macready, in his acting, certainly stands alone—excellent. Vandenhoff displayed his powers of execution to great advantage, justly conceiving the character Shakespeare intended him to represent. Kemble in his character of Myr. Antony made the house, as well as the conspirators, submissive to his eloquence. H. Wallack represented the blunt and honest Casca, with much power and energy. George Bennet made as much of Caesar as any actor could have done; and many speeches acquired importance solely from the force and propriety with which they were delivered. The scene of the assembled senators, where Caesar is assassinated, produced a good effect; and the whole was really effective.

"A New Way to Pay Old Debts" was also performed with tolerable success. Vandenhoff played Sir Giles to admiration, if not even to perfection. Farren's Marcellus is too well known to need comment or praise. "Aladdin" has been revived with great splendour, and seemingly without regard to expense. The grand spectacle of "Thalabar the Destroyer" may be said to have been eminently successful; it has been rumoured in The Times, that the same piece, written by Fitzball, had been performed at the Coburg theatre in 1822. We know not if this is the fact, but whether or no matters not materially, as it is evident that it was never before performed with such magnificence; for, in point of grandeur, few things, gorgeous as the productions now-a-days are, can be equalled to it. The literary merits of this production are not, of course, of primary con-

consideration, neither is its detail of story intended for the truly critical. The house, we think, is doing immense business, which it fairly deserves. It is, however, a pity the management does not exclude a low vulgar set of fellows who, somehow or other, get into the upper boxes at half price, who are inadmissible, we suppose, amongst the quiet and respectable frequenter of either pit or gallery.

ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. Braham is doing everything in his power to amuse his visitors, and with his united powers of voice, and good taste, draws full houses. Strickland and Miss Allison, in the new farce called "Delicate Attentions," may be said to have worked well in his favour. Aubert's opera of "Fra Diavolo" is performed at this theatre to perfection, and attracts brilliant audiences every evening. Miss Rainforth's performance of Zerlina has tended decidedly to enhance her reputation. "The Village Coquette," which had been unavoidably postponed, is promised for Monday next.

OLYMPIC.

Madame Vestris is really indefatigable, for she brings out novelty after novelty with that spirit which ought to animate every manager. "The Barrack Room," which has been a source of attraction owes its title not to its literary merits, but to the exertions of Vestris herself; though a great deal of praise is also due to our friend James Nining. The new piece called "Emigration," ought, as soon as possible, to emigrate, for it is neither witty nor humorous; and, as ought to be the case, unsuccessful. Liston has appeared in "My Eleventh Day," as Mr. Long Singleton; a character which, by the force of sterling humour alone, he makes extremely amusing.

ADELPHI.

The business of this theatre is, as usual, carried on with a great deal of spirit. Jim Crow, alias Mr. Rice, is the reigning favourite, whose songs now are whistled by every dirty boy in the metropolis, which has, doubtless, gained for him his great notoriety; and it is even now rumoured, that the "dingy hero" is to appear at the Opera next season. A Miss Boaden, who originally strove for fame as a contributor to some of the annuals, has
lately laboured under the delusion that she could adapt dramatic pieces. The unqualified condemnation of her “Rosina” may possibly, at this time, convince her of her error: Mr. and Mrs. Yates, nevertheless, exerted themselves most strenuously; and for their excellent acting we almost regretted so disastrous an issue. “Victorine,” and the laughable piece called “The Unfinished Gentleman,” have been played here during the past month. A new farce is announced.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SURREY.

Sinclair, Leffler, and Miss M. A. Atkinson, have successfully appeared in a series of operas. Davidge seems to de-light in unceasing variety. “Guy Man-nering,” “Rob Roy,” and the “Slave,” have been successively performed. The favourite Bedouin Arabs are about to take their farewell, but Davidge’s active ingenuity will doubtless soon supply other attractive novelties.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE.—A liberal subscription has been entered into by the literati of St. Petersburg in aid of the renovation of the tomb of Shakespear, in Stratford upon Avon church. The Princess Barsalinsky is at the head of the list.

SNOW-STORM IN SCOTLAND.—Near Dumfries, two or three travellers, on the tempestuous night of Sunday the 13th of November, left Durnisdeen mill on their way to Lead-hills, and perished in the snow.

THE ART OF SLEEPING.—We are not wont to speak in our pages, in a decisive tone, of new systems which we know, only, by name; whilst at the same time we like to encourage men of original genius. Mr. Gardner, whose system it is of creating sleep, lately entreated permission to visit us. Judge then of our surprise: instead of a man who would send a companion asleep, we confess we were much pleased at finding him to be a man of intelligence, who could enter upon an agreeable, and superior order of conversation. Mr. Gardner is it seems a native of Belfast; where, until broken down by bodily infirmities, he successfully carried on, and still is partner in, a firm manufacturing watches and chronometers; and he is also the same individual who sometime ago, in obedience to the wishes of the College of Physicians, humoured the fancies of that class, so as by an alarm, to mark every fifteen seconds, half minutes not being sufficient to meet the niceties of the physician’s art of pulse feeling. By these watches, a note of time can be taken in the ordinary and appropriately subdued light of a sick chamber, without the customary annoyance of light, or flood lights close upon an invalid’s eyes. A watch of this construction we have seen, and are much pleased with the ingenuity and talent of the artist. However, to the other and new method recently known and practised by Mr. Gardner. Every one knows, who knows anything of politics, that the voluntary system is gaining ground, and this is Mr. Gardner’s system. Any one who by reason of sickness, or disquietude, or from a voluntary principle, wishes to go to sleep, he can cause to fall asleep without the aid of medicine or any machinery; and so instruct the patient that he can put himself to sleep in a few minutes’ time whenever he pleases. If true, and we have reason to think, from testimonials, that we are not deceived, the world will stand indebted to Mr. Gardner for a discovery almost as incredible, as valuable in the restoration of health, towards which a wholesome, and as if natural sleep is oftentimes the first, and most important step to overcome disease.

THE EMU.—“This bird is of the giant-class, and remarkable as much for its extreme witlessness, especially in the matter of its food, as for its bulk. In its confined state, at least, it will swallow every thing within reach, without regard to any other circumstance than its capacity of entering the stomach: a fact which seems sufficient to account for antiquity ascribing such wonderful powers of digestion to the ostrich—a bird of the same family. Nails, halipence, and other articles equally contrary, one would think to the guiding instinct of the creature as to its life, have been found within it, when the causes of its mortal and mysterious illness have been sought after.” And here we stop our extract, to ask whether, in a state of confinement, the emu’s are always supplied with a quantity of sharp hard substances, proportionable to the size of the animal, for masticating the food in the gizzard, which all birds, small or great, must swallow or die of indigestion. It is certain on shipboard, it would not be supplied with fragments of stone for that purpose, and the hapless creature’s instinct led it to devour every thing hard it could find for that purpose. This remark may at the same time throw a light on the following extraordinary narrative, and give a hint for the consideration of the feelings of emu’s in captivity as
both our Zoological Gardens. We resume:

"This circumstance was related by a keeper of an extensive menagerie, a man most observant of the peculiarities of every animal committed to his care. An emu was once brought into his custody, which unaccountably sickened, and died a few weeks afterwards. Upon opening the body, to his astonishment, he found the cause of her malady and death to be a glass inkstand, which was enveloped in the creature's stomach, and which she had previously swallowed. His wonder was now transferred from the cause of her death, to the manner in which she had possessed herself of so deadly a morsel; and to solve this mystery, he inquired of all connected with the menagerie, but none could at all elucidate the matter. But time, that great revealer of secrets, not long after brought the very captain by whom the emu had been conveyed to the British shores to the keeper's door." And the conversation turning upon the occasion of their former interview and acquaintance, he was told the circumstances of its death, and subsequent examination; and as the several particulars were related, an unlooked-for surprise and anxiety, accompanied by deep blushes settled upon his countenance. At the close of the brief narrative, he paused a moment, and then said: "You will not wonder that your story has so far interested me, when I tell you that it will but too truly explain an event which occurred on my homeward voyage, and which now pains me exceedingly. Can you show me the inkstand?"

"Oh, yes," replied the keeper, "as he took it from among similar curiosities on his mantel-shelf, and put it into his hand; here it is." "This is the very thing," rejoined the captain; "this inkstand was on the quarter-deck close by my side when I last used it, and the hapless emu was in an iron coop not far off. I had occasion to go into my cabin ere I had finished my letter, and on my return the inkstand had disappeared. Positive that I had left it on the deck, I made every inquiry, and ordered the strictest search after it; but in vain, none had touched it, none had seen it, nor was it any where to be found. Far from imagining the true cause of my loss, the amount of which I was compelled to estimate, not by cost, but by the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of then replacing it. I became excessively angry, and at once accused and condemned the poor fellow, whom I had left in its neighbourhood, to be flogged for the suspected crime, notwithstanding his solemn protestations of innocence. He bore the grievous infliction with patience, for, though a black, he is, I believe, a Christian. And now, sir, I cannot rest till I have found him out, and made him full reparation." So saying, the captain took up his hat, and hastily departed. — *Christian Keepsake for 1837.*

[Let every lawyer, let every judge, let every jury ponder deeply before acting upon circumstantial, or secondary evidence. The performance of the "Maids and Mags" made a wonderful appeal to the public mind, and the liking of mice for paper, has created many suspicious disappearances of bank notes and property of value. Corresponding nails in a corner for a person to certain predatory marks, have been the deaths, in fact, of hundreds of poor creatures, when in very many cases, honest truth would confess that ninety shoes out of a hundred, nailed by the same hand, would exhibit nails in number equal, in locality alike. And although we do not remember any contrary testimony respecting the similarity of pieces of china, yet to settle our argument, the fact would be that every piece (viz. every shoe) of the same manufacture was so nearly alike, that no man could mark the difference in a perfect vessel, so that no one piece could be identified — and yet genera, speaking to the proof of those marks resembling each other, is proof positive against the accused. — Ed.]

**HEARING.** — Through the medium of the ear and eye, we are conscious of harmony and beauty, sources of some of the most refined and pure enjoyments of which we are susceptible. To sing well it is essential that he should have acute erudition: in proof of this remark we have only to look to the feathered tribe, amongst which the nightingale is a striking example. The general structure of the ear resembles a cavern, its form being best adapted for the reception and transmission of sound. It was probably from a knowledge of this fact in acoustics, that Dionysius, the Syracusan tyrant, caused a cavern to be hollowed out in a rock, in the shape of the human ear, wherein to confine his state prisoners; and by means of tubes communicating to his palace, he was thus enabled to hear their conversations, and hence obtain evidence by which either to condemn or acquit them. It is even related by classic writers, that the slightest movement, or the faintest sigh of the wretched inmates of this dungeon reached the chamber of their inhuman oppressor. The impressions received by the organ of hearing are conveyed through the medium of air, which acquires a tremendous motion or vibration from the action of the body communicating sound; and as these motions or vibrations succeed each other, sound is directed to, and impressed on, the thin membrane stretched obliquely across the auditory passage, where it produces a similar motion, and excites the sense of hearing, with a mysterious yet most efficient precision, and with
certainity of result invariably corresponding to the consecutive causes of sound.*—
Curtis Physiology and Pathology of the Ear.
FROM THE DIANA OF GEORGE OF MONTEMAJOR.
[Toreno, after a year's absence, returns to his mistress on the banks of the Eyla, and finds her married; in this state, he throws himself on the shore, and addresses the following lines to a lock of her hair.]
Ah, me! thou relic of that faithless fair,
Sad changes have I suffer'd since that day,
When in this valley, from her loose long hair
I bore thee, relic of my love, away.
Well did I then believe Diana's truth,
For soon true love each jealous care represses!
And fondly thought that never other youth
Should wanton with the maiden's unbound tresses.
Here, on the cold, clear Eyla's breezy side,
My hand among the ringlets wont to rove;
She proffer'd now the lock, and now denied,
With all the baby playfulness of Love.
Here the false maid, with many an artful tear,
Made me each rising thought of doubt discover;
And vow'd and wept, till hope had ceased to fear,
Ah, me! beguiling, like a child, her lover.
Witness, thou ringlet, how that falsest fair, Has sigh'd and wept on Eyla's sheltered shore,
And vow'd eternal truth, and made me swear
My heart no jealousy should harbour more.
Ah, tell me! could I but believe those eyes,
Those lovely eyes, with tears my cheek bedewing?
When the mute eloquence of tears and sighs,
I felt, and trusted, and embraced my ruin.
So false, and yet so fair! so fair a mien,
Veiling so false a mind, who ever knew?
So true, and yet so wretched! who has seen
A man like me so wretched and so true?
Fly from me on the wind for thou hast seen
How kind she was—how loved by her you knew me;
Fly, fly, vain witness, what I once have been,
Nor dare, all wretched as I am, to view me.
One evening on the river's pleasant strand,
The maid, too well belov'd, sat by me,
And with her fingers traced upon the sand,
"Death for Diana, not Inconstancy."
* The late Mrs. Billington was remarkable for acute hearing: it is said that she could hear not only the insects in the hedges, but also the smallest flies in a room. The quickness of her hearing was sometimes a painful sensation.
And Love beheld us from his secret stand,
And marked his triumph, laughing to behold me,
To see me trust a writing traced on sand—
To see me credit what a woman told me.
** Syrup of Barberries.**—Take of expressed and filtered juice of barberries, one pint; white sugar, one pound and a half; boil them together and strain. An excellent gargle for sore throats may be made with this syrup. The inner bark infused in white wine is said to be purgative, and Ray experienced its good effects in jaundice. In the country the bark boiled in water cures ague and jaundice.

**Medical Properties and Uses.**—The bark and fruit of this plant are used in medicine; the former is extolled in diarrhoeas and dysenteries; the latter, on account of their grateful acid juice, furnish a very pleasant and serviceable beverage in fevers, bilious disorders, and scurvy. The fruit is variously prepared; it may be made into comfits, syrup, jelly, or jam. These different preparations may be employed in forming drinks, which in all kinds of inflammatory diseases, scalding of urine, and especially typhus fevers, are taken with the greatest advantage. Prosper Alpinus attributes his recovery from the plague to following the advice of the Egyptian physicians, who gave him no other beverage than the syrup of barberries with the addition of a small quantity of fennel seed. Simon Pauli followed with success the same advice in a malignant fever and diarrhoea, with which he was attacked in Paris, which induced him to recommend very strongly in his works the different preparations of this plant.

**Qualities and general Uses.**—The juice of the fruit is astringent and very acid; it stains blue paper of a deep red colour: its acid is the oxalic. The roots boiled in a ley yield a yellow colour, which is used to dye wool, cotton, and flax, and is also employed by cabinet-makers and curriers; the inner bark of the stem, with the assistance of alum, affords a yellow dye. The leaves are grateful acid; they are said to be eaten by kine, goats, and sheep, but refused by horses and swine. The flowers emit an unpleasant smell when near, but at a moderate distance their odour is very agreeable. The ripe fruit forms a well known preserve. The unripe berries may be pickled in the same manner as capers. The barberry is an object of dislike to the farmer, on account of its reputed baneful effect upon corn. Dr. Withering says, "this shrub should never be permitted to grow in corn lands, for the ears of wheat that grow near it never fill, and its influence in this respect has been known to
extend as far as three or four hundred yards across a field." Nevertheless, this assertion has met with many strenuous opponents. Sir J. Banks supposes, that the 
acridium berberidis, an insect which generally infests the shrub, generates the 
dust, which, carried away by winds, and lighting on wheat and other growing corn, 
gives rise to the puccinia, a minute fungus, which closes up the pores of the leaves and appears like rust or mildew.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Births.

On the 8th ult., at Guildford-street, Russell-square, the Lady of Robert Walter Carden, Esq., of a daughter.
9th, at Hampstead, the Lady of Edmund C. Bunten, Esq., of a daughter.
9th, at Brighton, Lady Augusta Seymour, of a son.
7th, in South-street, Lady Langdale, of a daughter.
7th, at Lee, Kent, the Lady of I. T. Mitchell, Esq., of a son.
20th, Mrs. Stairreff, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, of a son.
10th, at Le Bocage, near Bordeaux, the Lady of Frank Cutler, Esq., Brit. V. Cons. of a daughter.
19th, in Burton-crescent, the Lady of Henry Upward, Esq., of a daughter.
12th, at Highbury-park, the Lady of Robert Fisher, Esq., of a daughter.
9th, at Kensington, the Lady of Lewis F. Thomas, Esq., of a son and heir.
10th, the Lady of H. Leggatt, Esq., of a son.
12th, at Balham, the Lady of George Horadaule, Esq., of a daughter.
17th, the Lady of T. A. Allnutt, Esq., of Salton Courtne, Berkshire, of a daughter.
16th, the Hon. Lady Currev, of a son.
15th, the Lady of N. L. Seppings, Esq., of a daughter.

Marriages.

10th, at Wisbeach, W. England, Esq., M.D., to Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of the late Dr. Fraser.
10th, at St. John's, Holloway, Thomas Flockton, Esq., Chelsea, to Sarah, daughter of the late Joseph Wolse, Esq., Ewell, Surrey.
8th, Clifford Crawford, Esq., of the E. I. House, to Margaret, eldest daughter of John Boye, Esq.
8th, at St. Anne's, Blackfriars, by the Rev. John Harding, A.M., W. G. Hayes, Esq., of Southall, Middlesex, to Eliza, third daughter of the late James Lawson, of Norwood, Surrey.
21st, at St. John's, Hampstead Reginal City, Esq., to Fanny, third daughter of N. T. Longman, Esq., of Mount-grove, Hampstead.
12th, John Adams, Esq., of New Broad-street, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late Robert Frost, Esq., of Poplar.
10th, at Buckingham, G. H. Haslop, Esq., to Sarah, only child of the late W. P. Charlais, Esq.
11th, George Bridge, Esq., 3d Foot, to Helen, eldest daughter of Henry Darby, Esq., of Alby park, Yorkshire.
17th, by the Rev. Edward Hoare, David Powell, Esq., to Caroline youngest daughter of the late T. M. Pryor, Esq., of Hampstead heath.

Deaths.

On the 9th, at Tolwell lodge, Twickenham, George Clav, Esq., father to W. Clay, Esq., M.P., at Devonport.
20th, Captain George Harris, R.N., C.B., of Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire, in the 50th year of his age.
7th, at Greenwich, Captain R. Robertson, 73rd Regiment, aged 67.
8th, at Bath, James Davis, Esq., aged 66.
18th, John Beech, Esq., in his 81st year.
3d, Robert Johnson, Esq., of Stock, Guildford, in his 97th year.
7th, John Banister, Esq., in his 77th year.
5th, Henry Gerrard Gortman, Esq., of 45. Duke-street, St. James's, Sec. to his Majesty's Hon. Chancery in London.
17th, at East Moulsey, Sir George Harroge, Bart., in his 70th year.
At Richmond, Surrey, aged 64, Thomas Cadell, Esq., the well-known publisher.
18th, Miss Vaughan, of Manchester-square.
18th, Frances Moss, the Lady of John Lack, Esq., of his Maj. Cust, in her 60th year.
21st, the Rev. S. Border, D.D., in his 65th year.
11th, at Munich, of fever, in her 31st year, Thomas John, only son of Richard Hemming, Esq., of Hillingdon.
17th, at Pembury, Kent, John Willes, Esq., aged 62.
20th, Fanny, fourth daughter of W. H. Ash- pital, Esq., of Clapton-square, aged 17.
19th, Sarah Tyroth, aged 92, daughter of the late Major Brown of the 73th Foot.
11th, Richard Bayley, Esq., aged 74.
16th, at Fulham, Major-General W. Maclean, of the Madras Establishment.
13th, at Ryde, aged 23, Ellen, the youngest daughter of the late Thomas Fox, Esq.
18th, Charlotte Anne, aged 73, wife of Richard Moore, Esq., of Hampton Court Palace.
26th, at Sidmouth, D'Arcy, youngest son of the late Charles Carr Morton, Esq., in the 21st year of his age.
12th, at Croydon, William James, Esq., in the 93rd year of his age.
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TO

THE NINTH 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 become thoroughly dry, otherwise it may set off, that is, cause the opposite pages to imprint each other.
Any of the former numbers, either of the Improved Series Enlarged, or of the Improved Series, which may be
wanting to complete sets, can be had at the office, as well as whole sets.
The binder will place the monthly pages of contents, in succession, at the end of the Volume.
The pink work, Le Follet, is to precede it, and the whole to form a connected series.
Such of the ancient portraits as have been published uncoloured, can be had at the office, coloured in the
same beautiful manner as those recently published.

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(Tissue paper to be placed next to each.)

JULY.
Frontispiece, to face title-page.
Whole length portrait of Catherine de Medicis, wife to Henry II. of France, splendidly coloured and illuminated, from the original painting in the collection of the King of France. She was queen-regent during two minorities, and was the instigator of the infamous massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew’s day. To face Memoir, page 1
Fashion Plates for July:—
1st. Promenade Dress, 69. 2nd. Reverse of the same, to show the whole of the dress, 70. 3rd. Morning Visiting Dress, 70. 4th. Reverse of the same, to show the whole of the dress, 70.

AUGUST.
Whole length portrait of Marie Antoinette, the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of France, born 1755, guillotined in 1793. This is reduced from the best original in France, and splendidly coloured, being the only coloured whole length portrait of this celebrated lady ever published. To face description of portrait, 83. See likewise Memoir, 291, vol. viii.
Fashion Plates for August:—
1st figure. Home Dress in the country, 2nd. Another figure in different costume, 120. 3rd. Morning Dress, first bust reverse; second ditto. 4th. Walking Dress, third bust reverse; fourth ditto. Various sleeves and accessories. By error of the press, in the Memoir the date of birth is 1775, instead of 1755.

SEPTEMBER.
Princess Hermengarde Plantagenet, aunt to our Henry II., and daughter of the Witch Countess of Anjou. Splendidly coloured from an original portrait illuminated in the Abbey of Redon, in Normandy. She is drawn in her bridal dress, which she assumed on the day when she took the vow in that monastery.
To face Memoir, 145
Fashion Plates for September:—

OCTOBER.
Marguerite de Lorraine, Duchess de Joyeuse, in her wedding dress. A whole length portrait, painted by order of her brother-in-law, Henry III. of France. She was celebrated for her virtue in a very corrupt court, and for her attachment to her sister Louise of Lorraine, Queen of France (for whose portrait see November, 1884). To face Memoir, 209
Fashion Plates for October:—

NOVEMBER.
Exquisite whole length portrait of the beautiful
Index.

Clara d’Hautefort, Duchess of Schomberg, from one of the master-pieces of Mignard. She was celebrated for her wit, liveliness, and virtue, and was the intimate friend of Madame de Sevigné. To face Memoir, 281.

Fashion Plates for November:—

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DECEMBER.

Splendidly coloured whole length portrait of Charlotte Marguerite, Princess de Condé, the heiress of Chantilly, passionately loved by Henry the Great; famed for her virtue and conjugal devotion, shared her husband’s prison, and was mother to the great Condé and the celebrated Duchess of Longueville. To face Memoir, 333.

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