Per. 2705 d. \frac{405}{10}
ELIZABETH Queen of ENGLAND

From a painting by Zucchiery.

Born 1558
Died 1603

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

No. 27 of the series of ancient portraits. 1837.

THE
LADY’S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM,
A Family Journal
OF ORIGINAL TALES AND STORIES, IN PROSE AND VERSE, INCLUDING
IMPARTIAL REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

[During the present year (1837) we promise our readers the portraits of Four English Queens, which we
trust will be as well executed as the present portrait of Queen Elizabeth. New subscribers may be glad to
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the list on the wrapper of this work, have been already published), that, with some exceptions, sets, or single
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JANUARY, 1837.

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

MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.
(Illustrated by a magnificent whole length Portrait of her in regal costumes,
splendidly coloured from an original by Zuchero.)

We are half alarmed at our boldness,
when we consider whose memoir we are
launching into the narrow channel of a
monthly periodical—none other than that
of England’s Elizabeth, whose regal
greatness, and feminine whims and weak-
nesses have given rise to such a vast
number of personal anecdotes, that we
are perfectly embarrassed by the rich-
ness of our resources, although it is not
our intention to detail one hackneyed,
or commonly known circumstance that is
not imperatively necessary for the sake
of making the personal history more per-
spicuous, or more interesting.

We commence with the life of Eliza-
beth, from the moment when the axe
deprived her of a mother whose name
she was never known to mention—who
slept in her nameless grave through the
long reign of her daughter, as she has
since done, without even a stone to mark
the spot of her interment. Anna Boleyn*
was torn away without being permitted
to take a farewell of the young Elizabeth,
her only infant, then but two years and
some months old. Her thoughts dwelt
upon her child from the time she was

* See this portrait and memoir, Sept. 1833.

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arrested, until the hour she laid her head
upon the fatal block, which was her pillow
for eternity. On the scaffold this fond
parent evidently desisted from asserting
her own innocence, lest her murderer
might wreak his spite upon her infant.

Elizabeth was born at Greenwich pa-
lace, a few months after the avowed mar-
rriage of her mother and father. Although
disappointed that the babe was not a
prince, the doting fondness of Henry
VIII. for her mother, made him celebrate
the birth with excessive parade; and in
order more bitterly to mark the difference
between this child and her disinherited sis-
ter Mary, the infant Elizabeth was called
“Princess of Wales,” and baptized with
all the pomp of an heir to the throne of
England. Henry gave her this name of
Elizabeth after his mother, the beautiful
heiress of York, though on Elizabeth’s
coins she seems to have borne more
resemblance to her aunt, the lovely
Mary Tudor, Queen of France.

No sooner was Anna Boleyn mur-
dered, than her daughter’s prospects
changed. The servile parliament de-
clared her to be illegitimate, and in-
capable of succeeding to the English
throno. Little cared the infant Elizabeth for this illegal tyranny; she was at that happy age of playful babyhood which is careless of worldly distinctions.

The first historical notice we have of Elizabeth is an autograph letter of remonstrance from her governess to the king on the propriety of the Lady Elizabeth having a separate table from that at which some functionaries of the Greenwich palace dined, as the infant saw various viands that were improper for her tender stomach, and putting out her little hands, crave them, and being denied, gave way to violent sallies of baby rage. The little Elizabeth seems to have been very fortunate in being consigned to the care of this lady. The next time she appears before the public, was at the very Catholic christening of her Protestant baby brother, Edward, who was baptized while his wretched mother was on her death-bed at Hampton Court. There was a grand procession on the occasion of the birth of a male heir to the English throne; and Edward Seymour, afterwards the Protector Somerset, carried the Lady Elizabeth in his arms, who assisted at the ceremony by presenting the white cymom, in which the rights of the Romish church required the babe baptized to be lapped. The birth of young Edward cast a still deeper shade on the prospects of the two disinherited princesses. Mary soothed the troubles which she was of an age to feel most keenly, by lavishing all her love on her little sister, in whose education she took a lively interest; and in one of her letters brought forward by the inestimable services of Mr. Ellis, Mary mentions her sister with great affection as a “towards little darling.”

At about seven years old, Elizabeth was put under the tuition of the celebrated Roger Ascham. Her progress in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, has given her a place among infantine prodigies. We have seen her book of Italian exercises, very fairly written on vellum, in a Italian hand, that is, in the character we use at present when we write in a set hand, the old English character in writing having way some time before it was discontinued in printing. Elizabeth was famous for fine Italian writing, so called, because the types of Italian books were then all printed in a character like our present writing. But Sir Frederick Madden kindly showed us a MS., and pointed out various false concords and wrong terminations of the verbs, which were apparent enough, thus lessening the claims of Elizabeth as an infantile prodigy of learning.

In the remainder of her father's reign we find no fact recorded relating to Elizabeth, excepting that she translated some Latin treatises, and presented them to the learned Catherine Parr, a stepmother, who appears to have taken a kindly interest in her education. She appears, until the death of her father, to have been reared in the observance of the Catholic ritual. Although the political religion of Henry's court was Protestant, and Catherine Parr and Ascham were Protestants also, the Catholic observances still went on in the king's chapel.

The will of Henry VIII., it is well known, tacitly revoked the unnatural acts of parliament which barred the succession of the Princesses Mary, and Elizabeth, on account of illegitimacy. They were left small portions, considering their high rank; but that rank, and all the hopes pertaining to it, was assured to them. Elizabeth was placed under the personal protection of her mother-in-law, Queen Catherine Parr, who soon after married Thomas Seymour, high-admiral of England, who, by virtue of this marriage, became Elizabeth's natural guardian, and then it was that the trials of her life began to open upon her.

The first great cause for disquietude on the part of the young Elizabeth, appears to have been the inquiry into her conduct with Lord Thomas Seymour, who was brought to the block by his unnatural brother, the protector, Duke of Somerset, for endeavours to obtain the hand and affections of the sister of the king; a step in ambition which would have placed the handsome lord-admiral above his elder brother, and his termagant wife. There was not a shadow of legal excuse for putting Lord Thomas to death, though, truly, he was not good for much, yet he was as well-principled as any of his climbing family. He was the court beauty, the universal favourite of the ladies,—possessed great grace of manners and person, a fine voice, the showy courage of the tilt-yard; but was vain, haughty, licentious, and spoiled by the admiration of woman. He prevailed on the sober-minded Catherine Parr
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(queen-dowager of Henry VIII.) to accept him for her fourth husband: some say he broke her heart—some say he poisoned her, in order to make way for his marriage with Elizabeth, but she really died the day after the birth of her first child, which happened when she was nearly fifty years old. The cause of hatred between Lord Thomas, and Somerset was, because the queen his wife had taken precedence of the imperious Anne Stanhope, second wife to the protector.

For some time after the union of the queen-dowager with the lord admiral, the young Elizabeth was under her care; and among the articles exhibited against Lord Thomas, he is charged with having begun to court the young princess, while his wife was living. He went into her bed-room (it was urged) before she was up, and when she heard him coming, "she ran out of bed to his majesty, and hid herself behind the curtains;" and at Hanworth in the garden "he wrastled (romped) with her, and cut her gown in a hundred pieces, being black clothes." When the council of regency removed the princess from his dwelling, "it was thought that the Lady Elizabeth did bear some affection to the admiral, for she wore blush scarlet if she were spoken of." When Queen Catherine died, Seymour eagerly made court to Elizabeth, and, as far as her affections were concerned, met with complete success. At this juncture his brother interfered to the utmost of his power; whilst Warwick and Suffolk, and all the jarring and unprincipled elements of the regency, combined together to destroy the "vaulting ambition" of Seymour. There was no great virtue on the side of either the oppressors or the oppressed, and yet it does anger the reader to see the murderous measures that were resorted to in this affair. There was nothing that could be brought against Seymour in the way of legal impeachment; he haughtily demanded a fair, and open trial, but that did not suit his fratricidal brother, and he was arbitrarily condemned to death, in the same manner as his intrigues had brought a better man than himself, the poet, Lord Surrey, to the block, in the preceding reign. Urged by Somerset, the young king signed this lawless doom, of his younger uncle, with the same facetious apathy, with which, a few months later, he signed the death-warrant of Somerset himself, and Lord Thomas died, furiously protesting against the legality of his sentence. His death made a deep wound in the young heart of Elizabeth; she passionately mourned him, and it is said that he was the only man she really ever loved.

After this awkward adventure, Elizabeth was in some disgrace with her brother Edward, whose youthful piety was not a little scandalized at these flirtations of his sweet sister (Temperance) as he used to call her; however, she was soon restored to favour, and the young king sent her his picture with an epistle, which if we had room to quote it might serve for a first-rate example of stiffness and pedantry, were it not eclipsed by her answer, which is a still completer specimen of servility, and affectation. The pious young king was meditating at that time the possibility of cutting off his elder sister's head,* and therefore found it convenient to forgive the little errors of the other. It was a great misfortune for Mary that the young heir of Tudor did not add her destruction to that of his two uncles. Mary, then, guiltless, and good, would most contentedly have died a martyr to Catholicism; and her memory would have been spared the reproaches which arose from the cruelties of her reign. Thus all parties would have been satisfied, and the lives of hundreds of innocent Protestants saved from the flames.

Elizabeth and her sister appear to have been on complacent terms during the youthful Edward's reign; but they did not reside together. Raumer has dug from the mine of the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris, some account of the boy-king's court ceremonial.

We have the advantage of the following curious description of the singular routine of the court of Edward VI. in regard to his sisters, from an eye-witness, Petruccio Ubaldini.

"Many other ceremonies take place when one of the king's sister's eats with him, for she must neither sit under a canopy, nor on a chair, but on a mere bench which is provided with a cushion, and so far distant from the head of the table, and the king, that the royal canopy does not overhang her. The ceremonies observed before sitting down to table are truly laughable. I have seen, for instance, the Prince Elizabeth drop on one knee

* See Ellis's Historical Letters.
five times before her brother, before she took her place.” His ancestors, the right royal Plantagenets, required not, be it remembered, such servile observances.

During Edward’s long illness the wily Dudley, then by usurpation Duke of Northumberland, purposely kept the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth from their brother’s bedside, having prevailed upon the young king to disinherit both, in favour of his own daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey. At the period of his dissolution, the king thought not of taking a last farewell of his sisters; but Dudley, of his own pleasure, artfully sent for the princesses, to attend at the death-bed of their brother, for the purpose of getting them into his power. It was owing to the sagacity of Elizabeth, then scarcely nineteen years of age, that this snare was avoided; for when Lady Jane was proclaimed queen, she took a contrary direction, and joined her sister Mary at Framlingham, with a troop of horse, which had assembled to protect her.

This amity continued till after the coronation of Mary. At that grand ceremony, the young princess, and the divorced queen of Henry VIII., Anne of Cleves, who took rank, by agreement, as the king’s sister, rode together in a whirlicote. Elizabeth had her yellow hair streaming over her shoulders, and her head encircled with a chaplet of gems. She carried the crown of England on a rich cushion on her lap, and was full of wild spirits, laughing much and often. The French ambassador rode by the side of the whirlicote, and held much gay discourse with the princess. Once, pointing to the crown, he asked her if she would like to wear it.

“Nay,” replied Elizabeth, laughing coquettishly, “it be too heavy.”

“Think you,” the ambassador replied, “it would be lighter if it were your own?”

This gorgeous pageant was soon changed into quite a different scene. A few weeks after, Sir Thomas Wyatt’s plot occurred, in a vain endeavour to prevent the execution of Lady Jane Grey, but it only hastened that fatal event, and the state prisons were filled by those who could either do the queen injury, or be made instrumental thereto. Among others, Elizabeth was secured, though probably without the intention of doing her personal harm. Sir Richard Southwell was dispatched to her house at Ashridge, in Hertfordshire, with a guard of two hundred and fifty horse, to convey her a prisoner to London. At that time, Elizabeth was confined to her chamber by severe illness, yet, notwithstanding that, and the late arrival of the queen’s messenger, viz. ten at night, the guard forced its way into her bed-room. She expressed surprise that they should, unbidden, have intruded themselves at such an hour, saying, “Is the haste such that you could not have waited till the morning?” But their answer was, that they came to do their duty by the queen, whose pleasure it was that she should repair with them to London; adding the command, “that they must take her with them, quick or dead.” Nor could either her own remonstrances, or those of her household, prevail on the guard to take any consideration of her sickness. She was strictly guarded that night, and at nine the next morning forced into a litter, and carried forward to London; yet was her sickness so sore, that they got no farther than Redborne. They did not choose to stop for refreshment at any house by the way, for fear of a rescue, although Elizabeth insisted upon dressing her hair; so Sir Richard Southwell made her “tire her hair under a hedge,” to her great indignation. What with illness and anger, she was so much indisposed that she could not be got nearer to London than Highgate, where many messages arrived, hourly, from the council. On the sixth day she was carried from Highgate to the court. Many gentlemen met her on her way to London, and multitudes of people thronged round her litter, bewailing, and lamenting her sad state.

When Elizabeth was brought to Whitehall, she was charged before Gardner and the privy-council with being engaged in Wyatt’s conspiracy, and ordered to the Tower, that the matter might be further examined into.

The thought of being sent to the Tower struck Elizabeth with dismay, and she made many protestations of her innocence, but nothing availed her. The lords departed, assuring her there was no remedy, “for that it was her Majesty’s determination that she should go to the Tower.” An hour afterwards, the lord treasurer, the Bishop of Winchester, the lord steward, and the Earl of Sussex, again entered with a guard, and removed all her servants, substituting a gentleman usher, and three gentlewomen of the
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queen's household in their place. A hundred northern soldiers in white coats likewise watched and warded about the garden all the night.

On the following morning, the Earl of Sussex, and another lord whose name is withheld, informed the princess that the tide served to go to the Tower. In great distress, she begged delay, and permission to see, or write to the queen; the other lord forbade it, but Sussex knelt down, and told her highness she should have liberty to write to the queen, her sister, pledging his honour to deliver the letter, and bring an answer to it; so for that day her removal was delayed. On the morrow, being Palm Sunday, all people were commanded to go to church, bearing their palms, and as she could be conveyed with greater privacy, Sussex, and the other lord, went to tell her she must then go to the Tower.

Elizabeth, in despair, followed them down Whitehall garden to the barge, where they all embarked; but in passing London Bridge, owing to shooting the bridge at an improper time, the whole party had like to have perished.

When the barge made for the dismal water-gate, named Traitor's Gate, Elizabeth declared she would not have the degradation of landing there; whereupon the other lord told her sternly, that she had no choice in the matter. It rained hard, and he offered her his cloak, but putting it back with her hand, with a good dash, she refused it; and as she set her foot upon the stair, she said with her wonted spirit, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever mounted these stairs; and before thee, oh God! I speak it, having no friend but thee." On her ascending into the fortress, she found the guards, and warders drawn out to receive her; and being informed it was according to custom, she desired that, if it were for her honour, they might all be dismissed—whereat, the men with one accord prayed God to preserve her; for which, the next day, they all lost their places. Passing on a little further, she sat down on a great stone, and there rested herself. The lieutenant pressed her to rise, were it only to be out of the rain; but she answered, "better sit here than in a worse place;" and turning to her gentleman usher, who was weeping, she rebuked him, saying, he ought to comfort her, rather than dismay her. She then arose, and entered her prison, wherein she was closely locked. The prison is said, by tradition, to have been the bell tower; a dismal prison, of uncommon strength and thickness, situated under the alarum-bell tower, which showed the determination of her keepers to call assistance with the utmost promptitude, in case of an attempt at rescue. It is said that Elizabeth, as she entered, asked, with some quickness, "Whether the scaffold of the Lady Jane was taken down yet?" Except in these few words, we do not trace the slightest sympathy for Lady Jane Grey in any of her sayings.

Relating to this harsh measure, it appears that Wyatt, or some of his accomplices, having been questioned on the rack, had dropped some words which seemed to implicate Elizabeth. The princess was repeatedly confronted with Sir John Crofts, and would perhaps have shared the same fate of those gentlemen, had not Sussex interfered, saying with an oath, "She is the king our master's daughter; therefore, my lords, let us do no more than our commission may bear us out in." This advice prevailed, and so the lords departed.

Elizabeth's imprisonment in the Tower was of the meanest and most severe description: mass was constantly said in her apartment. She was shut up for a whole month, without the liberty of passing the threshold of the bell tower. And so rigidly was she watched, that a little child only four years of age, who used to bring her flowers when she walked in the queen's garden, by permission of the council, was suspected of carrying messages between her and her cousin, the Earl of Devonshire: whereupon the child's father, an inferior officer in the Tower, was charged to prevent him from running to and fro in the prisoner's chambers. They strictly examined the child, and with promises of figs and apples, tried to extract some ground for accusation. After questioning the little fellow, when he had been with Elizabeth and the Earl of Devonshire, they asked what the earl had sent by him to her grace; and notwithstanding the simplicity of the child's reply, "that he would go and ask him what he would give to carry to her," the lord chamberlain said, "This same is a crafty boy. What think you, my Lord Chandos?" "Aye, my lord," cried the child; "but pray give me the figs you pro-
mised me." "No, marry," said the suspicious lord; "but you shall be whipped if you go any more to Lady Elizabeth and my Lord Devonshire." Sir John Gage was then constable of the Tower, and Sir John Bridges, then lately created Lord Chandos, was lieutenant.

On the 11th of February, Sir Thomas Wyatt begged to see the Earl of Devonshire, and being brought to his chamber where he was confined, fell on his knees, in the presence of the lieutenant of the Tower, and begged the earl to forgive him if he had said any thing against him and the Lady Elizabeth, and solemnly protested that neither knew any thing of this rising. On the scaffold he affirmed the same. After this clearance, Elizabeth and Devonshire continued in the Tower till the 24th of March, when they were both removed, Elizabeth to Woodstock, and Devonshire to Fotheringay. At Woodstock, Elizabeth was strictly confined and hardly kept, so that in the following month of May she envied a milk-maid whom she heard merrily singing.

By the mediation of King Philip this storm blew over, and she was again admitted to court. Tradition says, that Devonshire had been offered the hand of the queen, his cousin, and he refused her for love of the young Elizabeth. He is shown as an elegant and beautiful person in his portrait by Sir A. More. It is said that he truly loved Elizabeth, who was then nearly as friendless as himself. He was the descendant of Edward IV.'s younger daughter, Catherine. All his kindred had been butchered by the political hatred of Henry VIII. He died in Italy.

From Dupuy, a contemporary, we give the portraiture of Elizabeth as she appeared at the age of twenty-three:

"She is a young woman not less remarkable for the graces of mind than those of the body, although her face is rather pleasing, than beautiful. In figure she is tall and well shaped, her flesh well to look on, though tending to the olive in complexion—which remark does not coincide with any other description extant—fine eyes, and above all a beautiful hand, which she seeks to display. Her spirit and intellect are admirable; she manifests both in times of great peril. She surpasses Queen Mary in knowledge of language; for besides knowing Greek and Latin to a moderate extent, she understands Italian better than her sister, and takes so much pleasure in the latter language, that she will converse in no other tongue with the natives of Italy. She is proud, and considers herself (though aware what sort of mother bore her,) as no less worthy than the queen. Henry VIII. had set apart for her an annual income of ten thousand ducats. She would consume much more and incur great debts, if she did not purposely, to avoid increasing the suspicions of the queen, limit her household and attendance; for there is not a lord or gentleman in the realm, that has not sought to place himself, a brother, or a son, in her service. So great is the affection and good-will which is shown her, by which expenses are incurred, although she opposes her poverty to the enlargement of her establishment; which crafty excuse, however, merely increases her party of hangers-on, it being considered in the highest degree unbecoming, that a king's daughter should be so hardly dealt with, and so badly maintained."

Here Elizabeth, though nourishing her hopes, with fear, and trembling, is evidently a rising sun, as her sister Mary's health was daily declining.

"She is to all appearance at liberty in her country residence, twelve miles from London, called Hatfield. "Elizabeth continues to win the favour of Philip and the Spaniards, so that the King of Spain made opposition when Mary would gain through Parliament have declared her illegitimate; but though Elizabeth is named in every conspiracy, the queen fears the anger of the king, or the revolt of the people, she suppresses her anger and hate, and forces herself when she meets her sister to treat her with respect and civility."

Here the consideration of the indomitable bearing of facts makes us contradict suppositions in this and every other historical account.

Mary was a bad-tempered, sickly woman: not altogether, perhaps, without good reason, at war with human nature from infancy to the grave; but it is our firm belief, that if she loved one human being it was this suspected Elizabeth. She was one who doted upon infants; and we have already seen that she tenderly loved Elizabeth at three years old: then, indeed, both the sisters were, alike, disinherited, and, alike, neglected. We find in these silent memorials, which, for ages, reposed in the dust of our national archives till Mr. Ellis gave them to the light, that Mary had acted the part more of a mother, than of a sister, to the motherless child, and had evidently amused her sad youth
by the gambols of this infant. There was a yearning, then, at Mary's heart, whenever she was urged to the destruction of Elizabeth; and this, and not Philip's favour, in times of her greatest peril, evidently stepped in to save Elizabeth. From a close study of their lives and dispositions, we would a thousand times rather attribute any act of mercy to Mary, than to Philip; for can it ever be forgotten that the most dreadful events of Mary's reign were enacted in England under the control of Philip, and that directly he left the country, those infernal persecutions were greatly relaxed, and indeed almost altogether ceased.

Our next era in the life of England's Elizabeth was a high and happy one. She was at Hatfield, when she heard of the death of her sister. Elizabeth seems most fully to have shared in the bursts of popular exultation at this event. Not a moment's consideration was given to any defect of title, and she, literally speaking, ascended the English throne by acclamation. She was crowned, according to Catholic ceremonies, by Romish prelates: she swore to maintain the Romish ritual, which would have been agreeable to her own feelings, had she merely consulted her own inclinations. But when she found the majority of her people were Protestants, thoroughly converted by her sister's insane persecutions, Elizabeth showed her great wisdom, by establishing a reformed Catholic church. When Elizabeth entered the Tower to lodge therein, the day and night previous to her coronation, according to the old established custom of her ancestors, she threw herself on her knees, and returned thanks, aloud, for the different auspices under which she had then entered that gloomy fortress. This was perhaps all outward show, but the thing was certainly cleverly done. Her own chamber would have been the fitter place, had her prayers been sincere.

We have no space for the oft-repeated pageantry of Elizabeth's coronation, but will briefly mention the fact unrecorded by most historians, that she came into possession of an unencumbered revenue, such as it was; the economy of her sister's habits and way of life having left the crown out of debt. The personal poverty of the British sovereigns, after the alienation of the Norman provinces, is a fact little dwelt on by surface historians, although it formed the mainspring to most of the revolutions and tumults from the reign of John to that of Richard III.

During the first ten years of her reign, her passion for Leicester formed the amusement of her thoughts. We are writing a memoir, not a history, and, therefore, refer all our readers for such facts as do not bear on her personal character, to the political histories of her times, save and except introducing a few choice and unknown particulars. We must, however, briefly sketch Leicester's situation, how else can we write a memoir of Elizabeth? To do this we must first tear off the splendid veil of romance with which the author of "Kenilworth" has invested fact. This is the more necessary for the benefit of our female readers, because Kenilworth has actually committed the same inroads upon history which "Paradise Lost" has in theology. Believe us who may, and some will not, but Amy Robsart was actually married to Leicester in the presence of the whole court of Edward VI, the young king giving away the bride with his own hand. When Elizabeth became queen, and Leicester discovered her partiality for him, he pretended that his wife was sickly, mad, and peevishly jealous; he shut her up in Cumnor Hall, and there it was that her very existence was forgotten by the queen and court, till Leicester's hopes of sharing the English throne grew so high, that he sent to Anthony Foster and company, and the unhappy object of his disgust and persecution was destroyed in the manner Scott describes. Leicester, in truth, was as often in love, and as passionately fond of marrying wives and killing them, as his old master, Henry VIII; but as he had no parliament to assist him, he only killed two. He essayed upon the third, but she won the victory; for having had three husbands, she was more than a match for him. Now for the real heroine of Kenilworth the lovely, and unfortunate Margaret Douglas, Baroness Sheffield. When Leicester was in the very zenith of his power, and perhaps had nothing to do but to ascend the throne, he fell passionately in love with this lady—privately married her, and had by her one noble, ill-treated son, whose fate is a fine romance of history. Tradition says, that an exquisite old ballad and melody was composed by this deserted lady, and sung to her little
Robert, afterwards the hero of Italy, and prime minister of Florence. This ballad begins,

"Ballow my babe, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep,
Babe, sin thy cruel father's gone," &c.

The pathos of the finale is beautiful and true—

"Since cruel, be
Cares neither for my babe nor me."

It was Margaret Douglas who broke into the gardens at Kenilworth—it was Margaret who appealed to the queen's justice, and claimed her faithless husband; she was the fainting beauty whom Leicester carried in his arms from the presence of Elizabeth; and it was Margaret whom, with a heart yet struggling with passion, he condemned to be poisoned by Varney: in which attempt he was at first frustrated, but finally successful. Our readers will now see how artfully the great master has woven the misfortunes of these two unfortunate ladies into one personage of romance. But there are some exquisite touches in the history of the beautiful Margaret and her babe, which would, perhaps, have told as well in his powerful style, and possessed within the ever potent charm of truth.

After the murder of the hapless Margaret, Leicester, finding that the explosion at Kenilworth had ruined his hopes of royal matrimony, again indulged himself with a private love match. The lady was Letitia, widow to Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex. This lady knew what she was about, and ruling her lord with all the skill of a widow, caused her marriage to be acknowledged, and her son, the famous Essex, treated much better than Leicester's own offspring, the disinherited Robert Dudley. Finally, when Leicester grew tired of her, and prepared a poison cup for her at Cumnor Hall, she dexterously poured it into his own wine goblet; he drank it, and died that night, leaving her mistress of the field, in the matrimonial warfare of Leicester, and his three countesses. To such of our readers as may imagine we are romancing, we refer to a small but scarce volume in the British Museum, called "Fragmenta Regalia," written by Sir Robert Naunton, one of Elizabeth's statesmen. The most curious of the details are in the notes, though Naunton alludes to the circumstances. We grieve we have not room to detail them in the rich but quaint language of the original. These, therefore, are the causes of the fluctuations of Elizabeth's mind in regard to this man.

The following scene made use of in "Kenilworth," we take from Naunton's "Fragmenta Regalia:"

"Bowyer, a gentleman of the Black Rod, being charged by Elizabeth's express command to looke precisely to all admissions into the privy-chamber, one daye stayed a very gay captaine, a follower of my lord of Leicester, from entrance. for that he was not there well knowne, nor a sworne servaunt to the queene; at which repulse the gentleman, bearing high on my lord's favour, told him that he might, per chance, procure him a discharge. Leicester coming to the contestation, said, publicly, which was none of his wont, 'that Bowyer was a knave, and should not continue long in his office; and soe turning about to goe to the queene, Bowyer, who was a bold gentleman, and well beloved, stopt before him, and falling at her majesty's feet, relates the story, and humbly craves his grace's pleasure whether my Lord Leicester was king, or she were queen, whereunto she replied, with her wonted oath—

"'God's death, my lord, I have wished you well, but my favour is not so locked up to you that others may not participate as well, for I have many servants unto whom I have and will at my pleasure confer my favour, and likewise re-assume the same; and if you think to rule here, I will set a course to see you forthcoming.' I will have here but one mistress and no master; and look that no ill happen to my faithful Black Rodde, lest he be severely required atte your hands.'

"Which soo quelled my Lord of Leicester, that his heigne humilitie was for a long time one of his best virtues."

The exquisite sarcasm of Sir Robert Naunton's concluding sentence will not be lost on our readers.

Elizabeth's life was attempted more than once. In the case of the Scotch mad woman, Margaret Lambrun, the queen behaved with great magnanimity. Dr. Story was put to a dreadful death on account of a conspiracy against her life; and he insinuated on his trial that he was her gallant in private.

We now enrich our pages with Von Raumer's late discoveries.

In the year 1565, the French ambas-
sador, M. de Foix, wrote to Catherine de Medicis, that the daily expectation was that the queen would marry Leicester. On some petulant quarrel, which Leicester got up to make her declare her intentions, he protested that he was weary of the court, and would betake himself to France, whereupon the following curious dialogue took place in the presence of de Foix. Elizabeth called the earl in to her presence, and asked him “did he wish to go to France? was it in earnest, or did he only wish to embarrass her?”

He answered, “that he humbly craved permission for that effect—it was one of the things he most desired.”

The queen replied, “it would do the King of France no great honour to send him a groom as ambassador”—(Leicester being master of the horse). She then, continues de Foix, added to me laughing, “I cannot live without seeing him every day. He is like my lap-dog, so soon as he is seen anywhere, they say I am at hand; and wherever I am seen, it may be said he is there also.”

“Knowing as I do,” adds de Foix, “how little constant she is in her views and resolutions, I can come to no certainty in these matters.”

Three weeks later, December, 1565, de Foix writes, “Leicester has pressed the queen hard upon to decide by Christmas upon her marriage. She, on the other hand, has entreated him to await till Candlemas. I know from a good hand, and have also learnt from trustworthy persons, that she has promised him marriage, before witnesses. Nevertheless, if she chooses to break such a promise, who is to summon her to justice, or bear witness against her?”

Candlemas passed over without a decision; and just at that time, her vanity made a division in her favour, by an offer from the Archduke Charles of Austria, who having nothing but his fame as a great commander, and the alliance with the Imperial house, to offer, his maintenance must have come from the queen, and he was besides passionately attached to a lady, by whom he had a family.

The following August, in the year 1566, La Fort, another French ambassador, wrote to his court thus—

“The earl has admitted to me, laughing and sighing at the same time, that he knows not what to hope or fear, that he

* See this portrait and memoir, July, 1836.

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is more uncertain than ever, as the queen has so many great princes for suitors.” Speaking more openly, afterwards, he says, “I believe in truth the queen will never marry, I have known her from her eighth year better than any man upon earth. From that date she has ever declared that she would remain unmarried: should she by any chance alter her determination, and decide in favour of an Englishman, I am all but convinced she would choose no other than myself; at least the queen has often done me the honour to say as much to me aloud, and I am as much in her favour as ever.”

From this time the hopes of Leicester gradually declined from their zenith, and he was established for life as royal favourite.

Elizabeth was a phrenologist by intuition; hence her choice of ministers. Speaking of Bacon’s noble, and expressive forehead, she used this remarkable saying—“My Lord Bacon’s soul lodgeth well.” This was from Loyd’s “Worthis,” written and printed long before phrenology was defined. She always made Burleigh sit in her presence, saying, “My lord, we make use of you not for your bad legs, but for your good head.”—Ibid.

Once going to visit Lord Burleigh, who was sick of the gout at Burleigh-house in the Strand, and being much heightened in head attire then in fashion, the lord’s servant who conducted her through the door said, “May your highness be pleased to stoop.” The queen returned, “For your master’s sake I will stoop, but not for the King of Spain.”

Of Leicester in the “State Wor-thies” this remark is made—

“He was the first to whom the queen gave that honour to be master of her horse: he was a very goodly person and singularly well featured, and all his youth well formed, and of a sweet aspect, but high fore-headed, which was taken to be no discommendation to the queen; but towards his latter end he grew high coloured and red faced.”

Loyd concludes with this extraordinary remark,

“His treasure was vast, his gains unaccountable, all passages to preferment being in his hand, at home and abroad. He was never reconciled to her Majesty under 5000L, nor to a subject under 500L, and was ever and anon out with both.”

In the book called Leicester’s “Commonwealth,” he is taunted with the ex-
pression “that the queen would surely never give her hand to so mean a peer as Robin Dudley is—noble only in two descents, and both of them stained with the block.”

The observer of human character can scarcely forbear a smile, when he sees his mistress put out her hand at his death, and seize his ill-gotten treasure, under pretence that he was indebted to her. There is a strong resemblance in this man’s destiny to Potemkin, except that Potemkin was the more honest, and deserving man.

There are some characteristic particulars of Elizabeth, which are rarely seen, extracted from the queen’s visit to Cambridge. Written by Dr. N. Robinson.

“On Friday, August 4th, 1564, Sir William Cecil, secretary of state and chancellor of the university, having a sore leg, came with his lady in a coach, and heard an oration, the university presented him with two pair of gloves, a March pane,* two sugar loaves,† and so departed for their lodgings. All things being ordered, the queen came from Mr. Worthington’s house at Hasting-field, where she lay all night; all the lords and ladies alighted, her majesty only remained on horseback.

“She was dressed in a gown of black velvet pinched (cut velvet), and had a caul upon her head set with pearls and precious stones, and a hat that was spangled with gold, and a bush of feathers. When her majesty came to the west door of the chapel, Sir William Cecil knelled down and welcomed her, and the beadles knelled, kissed their staves, and delivered them to Mr. Secretary, who, likewise kissing the same, delivered them into the queen’s hands, who could not well hold them all, and her grace gently and merrily re-delivered them, willing him and all the other magistrates of the university to minister justice uprightly, or she would take them into her own hands, and see to it;” adding, “that though the chancellor halted, his leg being sore, yet she trusted that justice did not halt.”

All this time Elizabeth was on horseback, and before she alighted, came Master W. Masters, of King’s College, orator, making his three reverences, knelling down on the first step of the west door (which was with the walls outward covered with verses), and made his oration, in length almost half an hour, in

* A sort of sweet cake.
† Loaves of sugar which were presented to the judges

effect, as follows. First, he praised many and singular virtues set and planted in her majesty, which her highness not acknowledging, bit her lips and fingers, and sometimes broke into passion, and interrupted with these words, “Non est veritas.” But the orator praising virginity, she exclaimed, “God’s blessing on thine heart, there continue!”

When he had finished, the queen much commended him, and much marvelled that his memory did so well serve him to repeat such divers and sundry matters, saying, that she would answer him again in Latin, but for fear she should speak false Latin, and then they would laugh at her. But in fine, in token of her contentment she called him to her, offered him her hand to kiss, and asked his name.

Many curious matters well worthy of note we are obliged to omit, as our purpose is to compress into as small a compass as possible, all the illustrations we can collect that bear upon the personal character and habits of Elizabeth herself, and the present picture graphically shows her manner of receiving and returning the complimentary orations that formed a peculiar feature of her reign. We now come to the report of the answer she gave the university.

“At the end thereof the lords, especially the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Robert (Leicester), kneeling down, humbly desired her majesty to say somewhat in Latin. Her highness at the first refused (mark, she had a set Latin oration ready prepared and drummed by heart for the occasion), and said, ‘that if she might speak her mind in English she would not stick at the matter.’ But understanding by Mr. Secretary that nothing might be said openly to the university in English, she required him rather to speak, because he was chancellor, and the chancellor is the queen’s mouth. Whereunto he answered, ‘that he was chancellor of the university, and not hers.’ Then the Bishop of Ely, kneeling, said ‘that three words of her mouth were enough.’ So being pressed on every side, she complied, and made a very sensible speech, in which among other things she raised the expectations of the university with respect to some royal foundation, which, however, she never thought fit to gratify.

“At this speech of the queen’s the auditors, being all marvellously astonished, brake forth in open voice, ‘Vivat regina!’ But the queen’s majesty responded to this shout, ‘Taceat regina! and moreover wished
all they that had heard her drank of the flood Lethe. And so her majesty departed cheerfully to her lodging. A s for the speech, regarding which this coquettish drama was played off, we have not room for it, further than to notice that it is a very studied performance, commencing with *Etsi femininis pudor, clarissima academia*—though female modesty, enlightened university; and ending with, *It is now time that your ears, too long detained by this barbarous sort of oration, should be released.*

At the time of this progress Elizabeth was in the thirty-first year of her age, and the sixth of her reign.

We must not pass by the time of middle life in the queen, without showing the apartments where she usually lived, and where she transacted the business of her reign. A quaint old writer actually leads us in to them, and shows us all her furniture.

The royal library at Whitehall, is the spot which is described by Hentzer, a German traveller, where Elizabeth passed much of her time; that, and all its ornaments and treasures, have been long since destroyed by fire. *All her books are bound in velvet, of divers colours, chiefly red, with clasps of gold and silver; some have pearls and precious stones set in the binding. It is well stored in Greek, Latin, and French books. There are two little silver cabinets, of exquisite work, in which the queen keeps her paper, and which she uses for writing boxes. In her chamber is her bed, ingeniously composed of woods of different colours, with quilts of silk, velvet, gold, silver, and embroidery; likewise, a little chest ornamented all over with pearls, in which the queen keeps her bracelets, earrings, and other things of extraordinary value. A small hermitage, half hid in a rock, finely carved in wood. Different instruments of music, on which two may perform at the same time. A piece of clock-work—an Ethiop riding on a rhinoceros, with four attendants, who all make their obeisance to the queen, when it strikes the hour.*

There were some things treasured in this chamber not quite so valuable, though their preservation is a curious trait of her character; they were a variety of emblems cut on paper, in the shape of shields with mottos, used by the nobility at tilts and tournaments; and there hung up by her majesty, as memorials of the same. *The painted glass of the windows, represented Christ’s Passion; and the portraits that hung round her chamber were all family ones; though representing persons adverse to each other, even unto death. Here gazed on her, the likenesses of Henry VI., his destroyer. Her great grandfather, Edward IV., and Richard III.; of Henry VII., and Elizabeth of York, by Holbien, her grandmother and grandfather; the portrait of her father, but no picture of Anna Boleyn, her unfortunate mother. There was the picture of Fair Rosamond; of Lucrece; a Grecian bride in her nuptial habit; of Edward VI. seemingly quite deformed, till looking through a hole in its cover, it was seen in its true proportions; the portrait of the Emperor Charles V. and of his son Philip II. when he came into England to marry Mary, his sister. There was near it, her own portrait when she was sixteen; the genealogy of the kings of England, and a picture of the siege of Malta.*

All these pictorial treasures were destroyed by fire, with the palace of Whitehall, in the reign of William III.

Her style royal in letter-writing, when she was in a thorough passion, does not appear of the most refined order. Of this, there remains a notable autograph, written on the following occasion. Sir Christopher Hatton had a mind for a slice of the Bishop of Ely's noble garden, which consisted of twenty acres of richly planted ground, on Holborn-hill, and Ely-place; this, Sir Christopher wanted to be added to Hatton-house, his residence in London. Dr. Cox did not like his See to be despoiled, and resisted this encroachment, though backed by the queen's private orders. This refusal produced the following unique epistle from her maiden majesty:

*"Proud Prelate,—You know what you were before I made you what you are now. If you do not immediately comply with my request, I will unrock you, by God."*

"ELIZABETH."

This letter had the desired effect of inducing the Bishop of Ely to resign a large proportion of the estate of the see—the gate-house of his palace on Holborn-hill, and several acres of land, now Hatton-garden, reserving to himself and his successors free access, through the gate-house, of walking in the garden, and leave to gather twenty bushels of roses, yearly, therein. Twenty bushels of roses gathered on Holborn-hill! what a change of time, place, and produce, since
1567. How perplexed would the denizens of Ely-place and Hatton-garden be, if the present Bishop of Ely were to demand his twenty bushels of roses, and admission to gather them in Hatton-garden? Elizabeth was not very courteous to bishops, especially to married ones. She treated the wives of the Protestant clergy with such hauteur and disdain, that made her court suppose she deemed them no better than they should be. From this and other papistical observances, many believed that her zeal for Protestantism, was only a political zeal for her own title to the crown and legitimacy. Her insolent speech to Mrs. Parker, wife to the Archbishop of Canterbury, after a magnificent entertainment at Lambeth-house, showed the esteem in which she held the wives of the clergy.

"Madam I will not call you—mistress I may not call you, but whatever you be, I thank you!"

Here was a speech to make to the wife of the primate before the court of England, and the retainers of the metropolitan palace. It was Bishop Cox, of Ely, who remonstrated with Elizabeth for retaining the crucifix, and light in her chapel; for which she never forgave him. Soon after, her fool, set on by one of her courtiers, put out the wax-lights; but though she made them to be abolished in general, she ever retained them at her own domestic altar, wherever she might abide.

The conduct of Elizabeth to her relatives, on her mother’s side, was remarkable for its caution, while all those related, on the side of Plantagenet, were very evilly treated, whether legitimate or otherwise—witness poor Lady Catherine Grey. Her brother, Sir John Perrot, was a most impracticable person, very like her father in figure, and in the upper part of the face. His spirit was too great to be ruled, and his interest, too little, to sway.

He was too like a son of Henry VIII. to be a quiet subject to Elizabeth, whom, perhaps, he considered less legitimate than himself. Hatton’s crafty smoothness undermined his open roughness: the one dancing at court, with more success, than the other fought with in Ireland. When he was arraigned for his turbulence, he was asked what he had to say against sentence being passed,

"God’s death! will the queen suffer her brother to be offered up as a sacrifice to his frisking adversaries!" was the reply.

When Elizabeth heard this truly Tudor-like remonstrance, she paused from signing his death-warrant, saying—

"They were all knaves that condemned him."

His offence was making coarse speeches at the council-board regarding his sister. His furious antipathy to Sir Christopher Hatton, and his sneers at his dancing, will remind the reader of Gray’s celebrated lines,

"My lord high-keeper led the brawl, *
The seals and maces danced before him."

Queen Elizabeth gave her half-brother, Sir John Perrot, the command of a fleet, to intercept a meditated invasion of Ireland by Philip II. And Sir John prepared for the voyage, taking with him for his personal band fifty gentlemen of good family, dressed in orange-coloured cloaks. As this party lay to in his barge off Greenwich palace, where the queen kept her court, Sir John sent one of these orange-mantled gents on shore with a diamond as a token to his mistress, Blanch Parry, willing him to tell her "that a diamond coming unlooked for did always bring good luck with it." Which the queen over hearing, sent Sir John a faire jewell hanged by a white cypresse (a white loverribbon), signifying withal "that as long as he wore that for her sake she did believe, with Godde’s helpe, he should have noe harm."

Which message and jewel Sir John received right joyfully, and returned answer to the queen—

"That he would wearate for that his sovereign’s sake, and he doubted not, with Godde’s favour, to restore her shippes in saftie, and either to bringe backe the Spaniards, prisoners, if they came in his way, or to sinke them in the deepe sea."

"So, as Sir John passed in his barge, the queen looking out of a window at Greenwich palace shaked hir fan at him, and put out hir hand towards him. Whereupon he making a low obeysance, put the scarf and jewel round his necke.”

Sir John encountered no enemy but a dreadful storm, that had like to have sunk his fleet.

Lord Hunsdon, the son of her aunt, and the friend of her oppressed youth, was the nearest of kin to Elizabeth on * A romping dance, which the queen used to dance with Sir E. Hatton.”
her mother's side. He was as rough of speech as her brother. On the decease of Sussex, he and his son had the office of lord chamberlain. He had always in guard his cousin's person, and faithfully performed his important office, particularly at the camp at Tilbury, at the time of the Spanish armada. He had the bad habit of swearing, coarse speaking, profane jesting, and swaggering in a loud voice,—sad failings in the court of a maiden queen. The politicians of Elizabeth's court looked up to Cecil, the courtiers to Leicester, and the soldiers to the queen's huff-bluff cousin, Lord Hunsdon. His hands were better than his head, and his heart than both. A story of this cousin of the queen's is well worth attention. His retinue of servants would have drawn their swords on a gentleman that had given Lord Hunsdon a box on the ear, which cuff my lord had duly returned; whereupon Hunsdon rebuked the forwardness of his retainers with these most original words:—"Rogues, cannot my neighbour and myself exchange a box on the ear, but you must interpose."

Here we give an original letter from Queen Elizabeth to my Lord Hunsdon, after he had defeated Leonard Dacre, in his attempt to rescue the Queen of Scots, and had seized the strong castles of Naworth, and Graystock, and got together three thousand men. Hunsdon marched from Berwick, re-took the castles, and dispersed the army, defeated Leonard, a crookback desperado of amazing valour and intellect, the very incarnation of Richard III. For this the queen sent him a letter of thanks, written by her secretary, and true woman, adding her own mind in the postscript under her own hand, to this effect:—

"I doubt much, my Harry, whether that the victory given me more joyed me, or that you were by God appointed the instrument of my glory. I assure you, for my country, the first might suffice, but for my heart's contention, the second most pleaseth me. It liketh me not a little, that with a good testimony of your faith there is seen a stout courage of mind that more trusted to the goodness of your quarrel than reckoned the weakness of your numbers."

This is an excellent specimen of Elizabeth's superior letter-writing.

The strong resemblance that Harry bore to his aunt, Anna Boleyn, is marvellous; the same oval face, high conical forehead, and delicacy of features, so that no one could think, when looking at his picture, that he could be rough and rude spoken.

Osborne, in his "Traditional Memoirs," says, that the Princess Elizabeth, in imitation of her father, Henry VIII., did admit none about her for pensioners, chambermen, squires of the body, carvers, or cup-bearers, but persons of stature, strength, and birth, refusing to one her consent, which was needful before admission to the meanest occupation in her household, because he had lost a tooth.

We learn from Bohun, that Elizabeth used to admit Tarleton, the celebrated comedian, and other wits, to stand by the sideboard, and talk to her while at supper, and divert her with stories afloat in the city, jests, or accidents that happened in the day, but they were charged to keep within the bounds of modesty, and decorum.

These wits were evidently the queen's evening newspapers.

At some of Elizabeth's pageants, among other curiosities, were coaches drawn by asses, sown up tightly in white satin, which appeared as if it were the animal's natural skin.

The execrable punishment of cutting off the hand of Stubbes for writing a pamphlet against the marriage of Elizabeth with the Duke of Alençon, is well known. This prince was not handsome; and yet he seems to have made more impression on the fancy of the queen, then at the mature age of forty-nine, than any of her other suitors. Her depths of guile were so profound, no one can tell if this semblance of attachment was real or fictitious, but it had the symptoms of love. Although the duke was twenty-five years younger than herself, she had actually taken up her pen to sign her marriage articles with him; but was saved from so distasteful a step to the English, by the remonstrances of Burleigh, and the tears of her maids of honour, who, as we are informed by Camden, spent the night weeping and wailing round her bed. In the Ashmolean collection are some verses in her handwriting, signed "Eliza Regina," upon Mount Zeur's departure:—

* Elizabeth's method of spelling Monsieur.
I.
"I grieve, yet dare not show my discontent; I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate; I dote, but dare not what I ever meant; I seem stark mute, yet inwardly doe prate; I am, and am not—freeze, and yet I burn; Since from myself, my other self I turned.

II.
"My care is like my shadow in the sun,—Follows me flying—flies when I pursue it; Stands and lives by me—does what I have done:

This too familiar care doth make me rue it. No means I find to rid him from my breast, Till by the end of things it be suppressed.

III.
"Some gentler passion steal into my mind (For I am soft, and made of melting snow); Or be more cruel, love, or be more kind; Or let me float or sink, be high or low; Or let me live with some more sweet content; Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant."

Much of this poem is borrowed, or rather translated, from Petrarch; but it is certainly the best specimen, preserved from her pen.

When Elizabeth first came to the throne, and was naturally expected to marry, Mr. Secretary Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, made his court to her by casting her nativity; but never was poor astrologer more out in his calculations.

The good and vigorous government of Queen Mary of Scotland, while she remained a widow, and ruled Scotland by means of her prime minister, Rizzio, occasioned agonies of jealousy in the mind of Elizabeth, who feared that her rival, by her rejection of numerous royal suitors, was playing her game of personal independence; and had her unfortunate heiress pursued this plan, and governed by means of her secretary, who was as clever and as ugly, but perhaps more refined, than Burleigh, the two island queens might have run a parallel career of glory. From this time Elizabeth established the most audacious system of intrigue and espionage in Mary’s kingdom. She coquetted as much regarding her consent to Mary’s marriage, as she did respecting her own; and at last, when, partly through her means, Mary married an ill-educated fool, who had some prospective claims on the English crown through his grandmother, the Princess Margaret Tudor, queen of James I., Elizabeth was enraged at the thought that her heiress’s marriage with Darnley would concentrate her claim to the English succession.

We step as little as possible into public events, as our narrative is for the purpose of showing Elizabeth as nearly as it be possible, looking, and speaking, and writing as she actually did; and this digression introduces a personal scene, and her own words, on the subject of her disquiet.

De Foix, as soon as he heard the Queen of Scots had resolved on the marriage with her cousin Darnley, went to Elizabeth with the intention of defending Mary; he found the queen at chess, and said, profiting by the opportunity of introducing the subject, “This game is an image of the words and deeds of men. If, for example, we lose a pawn, it seems but a small matter; nevertheless, the loss often draws after it that of the whole game.” The queen replied, “I understand you, Darnley is but a pawn, but may well checkmate me, if he is promoted.”

After these words she left off playing, complained much of the disloyalty of Darnley and his father, and made evident her intentions of dealing, if it were possible, hostily by them.

Her ill-temper at the birth of James I., her somewhat unmaidenly lamentation, “that Mary was the mother of a faire young son, while she was but a barren stock,” is well known: and that scene is inimitable in the comedy of history, where the discreet Melville having flattered her to the top of the bent, after the announcement of the birth of James, saw her come down attired in a new red wig, and with short petticoats dance before him indefatigably the whole evening; and then the wily Scott had to carry the direct question, which was the handsomer, Mary or herself? Oh woman! woman!

Then followed quickly poor Mary’s imprisonment and misfortunes, and her rash retreat into the country to which she was heiress, which was destined to provide her with a life-long prison, and a bloody grave.

Horace Walpole, when he heard that two ladies were at enmity, asked whether they had called each other ugly? “No,” said his friend. “Then,” said Horace, “I can reconcile them.” Unfortunately for the imprudent Mary she had overstepped this terrible rubicon: in a letter printed

* See this portrait and memoir, May, 1634.
by Miss Aikin, she had called Elizabeth not only ugly, but old; had accused her of beating and biting her maids, and sorely pinching, and, moreover, cutting one lady across the hand when in a peau de diable; and a great part of this agreeable intelligence was in a French autograph letter, addressed to Elizabeth's self by her high-spirited, but thoughtless, captive. This was the effect of Lady Shrewsbury's jealousy, and mischief-making, while Mary was detained in an honourable imprisonment at Chatsworth.

Norfolk certainly personally loved the Queen of Scots all his life; and this was perceptible by his speeches in council, in treaties with her. Elizabeth knew he wrote love letters to the unfortunate Mary, and bade him take care what pillow he laid his head on—meaning the block; and when his importunities became very urgent, Elizabeth said,

"The Queen of Scots will never want an advocate, while Norfolk lives."

Soon after this, she cut him off.

We have not space here for two awful documents,—being the letters Elizabeth wrote to Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, during the last month of Mary's dreary captivity at Fotheringay. At first, "the dial spoke not, but it made shrewd signs, and, pointed, full upon the stroke of murder." The stern, but honest puritans would not understand pointing, they would starve their wretched captive with cold—would torment and insult, but would not kill without a trial. At last, Elizabeth plainly spoke out, and said poison, to save the inconvenience of a trial. Then they sent a decided negative in terms of ignominious justice that deserves universal publicity.

Partially, has Miss Aikin glossed over these momentous documents, but they are to be seen; and those who wish to see them as they truly stand, may find them in "Hearne's Glossary."

When this scheme failed, forgeries and a clumsy plot were got up against the helpless queen. We do not detail the death of Mary, but now enter on the untrodden field thrown open by Raumer.

After the disgusting mummery of Mary's trial, and her murder, those to whom the letters are known which passed between the castellans of Fotheringay, and the queen, must sicken at the grimaces of regret made by Elizabeth at the accidental decapitation of her dear sister. In this trait of character a likeness may be traced, in disposition, to her great uncle, Richard III.

Very horrible it is to reflect on the manifestations of savage joy made by the municipality of London, when the sentence against the hapless prisoner was made known. These are the words of Chateauneuf, then ambassador—

"On the following day, we received intelligence that the sentence pronounced upon Mary had been made public in London; on the instant the lord mayor proclaimed it, they began to ring the bells of the city; which example was followed throughout the kingdom, and this ringing (sonnerie) has lasted twenty-four hours; they also lighted many bonfires for joy, at the determination the queen had come to against the Queen of Scots."

"The sentence of death," says the ambassador, "was read to Queen Mary by my Lord Buckhurst." We have heard that all her reply was, "that she did not believe the queen her sister would have dealt so inhumanly by her." At the time of the proclamation, they removed the canopy from the chamber of the Queen of Scots; and hung the walls and beds of her prison with black.

After the tragedy was acted at Fotheringay, as soon as the news of the execution reached London, all the bells were again rung for twenty-four hours, and bonfires and illuminations were in all the streets, and thoroughfares.*

Chateauneuf thus writes to Henry III.

"Sire! Queen Elizabeth has, on the 11th of this month, caused the obsequies of Queen Mary to be celebrated at Peterborough; and her body to be buried in the cathedral church, on the right of the choir, opposite to Queen Catherine."

* The struggle then was between Catholic and Protestant ascendancy: and for the sake of humanity, we trust that to this cause only was to be attributed the joy which is here spoken of. Borne down by the tide of circumstances, the personal jealousy of Queen Elizabeth first awakened, and then gave birth to incessant feuds, and the two kingdoms became a scene of discord, plotting, and conspiracy, from one extremity to the other. Deeply as every feeling mind must take to heart the occurrence, the fire that was at first kindled so wickedly, could in the end, upon our sober and attentive judgment, have been extinguished by none other means; and for such a deed the queen, Elizabeth, may have to make an awful reckoning. The weaker was sacrificed to the stronger; but the deed done, a strange and extraordinary tranquillity existed throughout these realms.
of Arragon. Her secretaries, Nau and Curl, are set at liberty, having first signed in full council a declaration, that their evidence was true given, without violence, compulsion, or reward.”

It was not possible to get up the forged letters that formed the accusations against Mary, without the evidence of those vipers.

May 13th, 1587. Chateauneuf to Henry III.—“It was not my intention to have said anything more on the subject of the Queen of Scots, but Queen Elizabeth seized me by the hand, led me to a corner of the room, and said, ‘Since I saw you last, the greatest vexation, and the greatest misfortune has befallen me; namely, the death of my cousin. She swore by God, and with many oaths, that she was innocent thereof.’ True, the order was signed by me, but only to appease my subjects. My councillors, among others, four now in presence, have played me this trick; and had they not acted from conviction that what they did was for the best, I would have made them all four lose their heads. Do not believe that I am wicked enough to wish to throw the blame on a small secretary (Davidson), if the fact were not so; but this death will for many reasons oppress my heart while I live.”

Yes, she liked the murder, but not the obloquy attending it. She got fierce at the remonstrances of Henry III., who, poor man, could hardly keep his own rebels at sword’s point, and, therefore, was a very helpless champion for his sister-in-law. Here is an extract from one of her letters in the archives of the King of France:

“Sir, my good brother, M. de Bélliveau, has addressed language to my ears that I know not well how to interpret; for to tell me that if I did not save the life of that woman I should feel the consequence, seems to me the threat of an enemy.”

And this business, disgraceful enough to the name of England, ended with the English ambassador at Paris challenging Henry duc de Guise to fight him on foot, or on horseback, for speaking in an audacious, and misbecoming, manner at the house of the Dux de Mayenne, of the honour and virtue of Queen Elizabeth.

(To be concluded next month.)

__________________________

TO

I will not hate thee, tho’ the past
Was one wild, wayward dream,
For changeful smiles, were fondly nur’d,
In hope’s delusive gleam.

Tho’ ev’ry tone, and ev’ry glance,
Be cold, and distant now,
I cannot hate thee, when I mark
Thy pale and alter’d brow.

I will not love thee, tho’ twere sweet,
To dream of happier hours;
To dwell on ev’ry smile of thine,
More bright than summer flowers.

To make thee still the worshipp’d one,
Through mem’ry’s scenes to rove,
My soul might once have all been thine,
But now it shall not love.

E. VERNON.
MISS A. W. DUMBLE;

[Or, the Clever Young Woman who cannot do anything.

BY W. LAW GANE.

We have most of us heard of clever young women, who are capable of doing every thing. A "clever young woman who cannot do any thing," is a rarer bird, and is probably worthy of all the fame which our memoir can bestow. In the course of our short ramble in the walks of life, we have met with some two or three such; in the same period we have seen dozens of lions, and, at least, a score of comets, many rattlesnakes, and huge elephants; but this specimen is, in truth, a giraffe, and we constitute ourselves the Arabs who shall conduct her across the desert, to exhibit her to a wondering public.

Among those of this rare species who have fallen beneath our observation, we select Miss Arabella Wilhelmina Dumble, a young lady possessing the properties of her class in an eminent degree, but whose pardon we have respectfully to implore, for thus dragging her forth to exhibit, in public, the "gentle traits" which adorn her private life, forming a delicious contrast to the restless career of those sweet creatures, to whom nothing is unknown, who are, alike, au fait at making a dumpling, or a novel.

As usual with eminent people, Miss Arabella was remarkable for early prowess, her peculiar genius appearing, almost, with life. She was particularly "clever," as an infant; a prodigy, when she began to run about; and, as a young miss entering into her "teens," incomparable. But, as this is not intended for an essay on the "seven ages," we do not feel compelled to trace her career step by step; it will suffice if we leap up two, or three at a time: in this propelling age, a steam pace must be maintained in essays of all kinds, and woe to the wight who lags behind.

Fill the copper, raise the steam—Off we go! Those who'd sail upon our beam*—Must not be slow.

* To the non-amphibious reader, this, probably, requires a little explanation. We could not find it in our hearts to suppress so choice a poetry, merely because it happened to be unintelligible. Sailing upon the beam, means, maintaining an equal pace, or one ship sailing directly opposite another. Thus, it is said "the wind a beam," when the wind blows directly across the vessel.

dance, nor speak French, and yet she was deemed by her adoring parents and her agreeable school-mistress a prodigy of intellect; and Arabella was clever,—sufficiently clever to prevent aught being driven into her pericranium against her own inclination. How she learnt to read (we say nothing about spelling) we never could find out; but it is certain she could, having once heard her read a milliner’s advertisement (skipping the long and difficult words). We must, however, take leave of school, it being quite time to bring the young lady out. Inviting, as the subject is, we shall not stop to moralize on this important event; and yet, what deep and serious reflections do the words bringing out suggest: we must reserve these for a distinct paper, and, at once, place Arabella in that agreeable situation which enabled her to sit at table when there were visitors, sometimes to speak without being spoken to, and, to remain up, after the ordinary time had come for children to lie down. This may be called taking a position: Arabella’s was to be envied. Her situation had never been one of much constraint, but she was now a woman, and, the attractions of her father’s purse being added to her own, an object of attention to all the wife-wanting bachelors of the city. Her’s was a butterfly career; she flew from flower to flower, and was too clever to trouble herself about carrying away the honey from any.

Mr. and Mrs. Dumble were amazingly hospitable, and their Sunday dinner-table was sure to be surrounded by half a dozen city tradesmen and London cousins. The family, strange to say for such an one, though regular attendants at church on Sunday mornings, did not mind such tunes as “In my Cottage near a Wood,” “Fly away, pretty Moth,” &c. &c., being played on the piano in the afternoon: it generally happening that some one of the guests made a first appearance on these occasions, Miss Arabella was sure to have the compliment paid her of being requested to go through the usual musical monotony. Mrs. Dumble had a piano. “What!” that lady would say, “don’t you know that Arabella never plays? She is much too clever to trouble herself about such a vulgar accomplishment. I declare, when we had to go and tell the sweep to call here t’other day, we saw his daughter at an arp, with a sack of soot in the room. What lady would imitate such vulgar beings?”

“Does the young lady sing, marm?” would timidly inquire some fresh transplantation from a counter station.

“Sing, sir! my Arabella sing? Do you, think, sir, she wants to get a living by bawling ballads through the streets?”

“No, marm; oh dear no: but some young ladies do sing.”

“Perhaps, sir; but none of our family never do. Arabella is a model for all who know her.”

Not at all daunted, the fresh inquirer again ventured to remark, “What very pretty sketches! pray does Miss Arabella draw?”

“Sir, she leaves it for donkeys or cart horses,” was the indignant rejoinder.

“I am sure she draws hearts,” said the counter wit.

“No, sir; she often draws clubs,” added Mr. Dumble.

“I hope she doesn’t use ’em,” whispered the impertinent querist, and the conversation dropped.

We have forgotten to mention having paid a visit to Mr. Dumble’s on a certain Sunday; we have also neglected to report the “table talk,” some of which is worth remembering, as illustrating, in other points, the character of our heroine. During the tedious half-hour preceding the announcement of dinner (a sad period for trying the conversational powers of hungry mortals, for hunger, if it freshens the faculties, certainly adds no sweetness to the temper), an observation would occasionally flash forth, as the flitting spark is seen in the darkness of night, where the mail rolls along the road.

“Does Arabella understand the kitchen department?” inquired a city dame.

“My Arabella a cook wench!” exclaimed the indignant Mrs. Dumble; “I really am much surprised at the question.”

“I told you, ma’,” adds the simpering Miss Kettle, from Pot-alley, “that it degrades a young lady to be intimate with saucepans.”

“I think you are too well acquainted with sauce, notwithstanding,—rejoined the parent Kettle, chuckling at her repartee.

“Pray, Mr. Dumble,” inquired a man-milliner from Fleet-street, “is that
there sweet little cap worn by your daugh-
ter of her own manufacture?"

"Don’t know, sir; must ask Mrs.
Dumble. Is’t, dear?"

"Dumble, your stupidity surprises
me. Surely, considering what you have
in the three per cents, to say nothing of
the gas shares, and that ‘ere house what
stands in Bell-alley, you can afford to
buy your daughter caps to her head."

Mr. Dumble sneaked off to the other
end of the room, perfectly aware that he
should have a beetle too much of his
wife’s eloquence if he tarried near her.

"How very just are all Mrs. Dumble’s
observations," exclaimed the gentleman
from Fleet-street, in raptures, perfectly
well aware which way the wind blew.

"Perhaps Miss Arabella Wilhelmina
would condescend to permit me to take
a pattern of her pretty head-dress before
I return to town?"

"I dare say she will, sir," again spoke
the good Mrs. Dumble, "for she is not
by no means disobligeating; but you must
please to wait until the housemaid is at
liberty, for Arabella don’t never dress, or
undress herself."

Dinner now made its appearance, and
Mr. Dumble, perceiving the storm had
blown over, meekly took his station at
the bottom of the table: while his lady
sailed with an air of supremacy to her
place at the top.

The first course is generally a very
dull affair, even among the beaux esprits
of Brixton-hill. In the commencement
of such a mêlée, little can be heard ex-
ccept the clatter of the gastronomic tools,
summons to renewed attacks on cods
head, or, what they call at Brixton-hill,
the bully, and the other uninteresting
noises caused by rubbing the keen edge
from off sharp appetites. As these are
truths which require no further demon-
stration, we are profane enough to hurl
the turbot into the scullery, kick the
goose out of our path, and without stop-
ing, even, to salute Sir-loin, pass on to
our favourite dishes, the rich pudding
and the juicy pie, for, at their appearance,
with re-lights her torch, or, at all events,
conversation regains a portion of her
lost sway.

"What a delicious pudding! how ex-
quisitely are the ingredients blended!"
exclaimed a gentleman from the city,
the chief clerk to the pastry-cook alder-
man; and, deeming that he was about to
be very polite, added, "I think I can
trace the hand of the charming Miss
Dumble, in this skilful compound."

Among Arabella’s other good quali-
ties, was, her totally abstaining from
answering questions when her mamma
was present, who, often declared, that
her piece of perfection never imperi-
ently thrust herself forward: Mrs. Dumble,
we must, however, add, was rather
fond of hearing herself talk, and she did
not allow the affair of the pudding to
pass unnoticed. She answered Mr. Jel-
lyco rather rudely—"I do not think,
sir, that you pay my Arabella any compli-
ment by asking after her pudding-making;
she possesses accomplishments in plenty,
but that is not among them;" adding, in
a lower voice, "we must really cut the ac-
quaintance of these ‘ere people, they are
so excessively cityish and vulgar."

This was a terrible blow for Mr. Jel-
lyco, who (to tell our readers this as a
great secret) was a suitor for the hand
and purse of the fair Arabella Wilhel-
mina, and, up to this moment, had been
smiled upon by mamma. He ought to
have known better, being a constant
Sunday-visitor at the Dumble’s. He in-
tuitively perceived what he had done,
and would not have given a burnt biscuit
for his prospects; Arabella wisely treated
the matter with perfect indifferenc;
being too clever to exhibit emotion. Mr. J.
ever raised his eyes again during the
repaft; Mrs. Dumble sat sullenly silent;
Arabella occupied herself solely in eating
and drinking, for this she could do without
mamma’s assistance; conversation flagged;
the guests felt dull and heavy, perfectly
aware that something portentous had oc-
curred; but the removal of the cloth
lightened their hearts as well as the table,
for they looked forward to a brighter
hour, undisturbed by trifles and
puddings.

Dessert came: rich wines sparkled on
the board, for Mr. Dumble was generous
in the distribution of his reserved stock:
fruit, which Pomona might have prided
herself on rearing, abounded: flowers, in
nase vests, adorned the table—for Mrs.
Dumble, with all her peculiarities, pos-
sessed much taste. Who would have
thought that the demon of discord could
lurk amidst a dessert like this! Mr. Jel-
lyco again looked up; Mrs. Dumble’s
wrinkles curled less crisply, smiles began
to re-appear; Arabella, strange to say,
looked interested; and happiness promised to preside over the festive board. Alas! a fruit caused mankind’s fall; the snake too often lurks beneath the flower.

“Mrs. Dumble, your very good health;” said Mr. Jellyco.

Mrs. Dumble nodded graciously.

“Miss Arabella Wilhelmina, may I have the honour of drinking,” gallantly added the man-milliner from Fleet-street.

Miss Arabella contrived to lisps out, “Certainly, sir, if you like.”

“Glasses round” had been charged, and discharged without any accident; every second person was now engaged in helping his, or her neighbour to fruit. “Are these delicious grapes of your own growing, Mr. Dumble?” said the man of caps and laces.

Mr. Dumble ventured to answer, and in the affirmative.

“Did the fair hand of the gentle Arabella train the graceful tendrils on which they grew?”

Mrs. Dumble was choking with rage. The clerk, mistaking the cause of the lady’s silence, again ventured to offer a remark. “Surely,” cried he, “none other than my Arabella could have reared these charming flowers, blushing, and beautiful as herself.”

“Mrs. Dumble now found words:— “Mr. Jellyco, your insults can no longer be tolerated. Do you take my clever girl for a gardener’s boy, or a hedger and ditcher? and let me hope,” added she, with a rudeness shocking for a lady residing on Brixton-hill, “that you won’t never come no more to this here willa.”

Mr. Jellyco, for once, ventured on a rejoinder. “I beg ten thousand pardons, madam; I would not have given cause of offence for the value of Cornhill; but the alderman’s daughter studies horticulture and cultivates botany.”

“Horridly vulgar! and nothing can never be more stupid than them things. Clever people have cleverer occupations. And pray, is not the alderman in business?” To this last remark Mrs. Dumble appended a very significant sneer.

This aroused the latent pride of Mr. Jellyco. “He is, marm; and surely no disgrace attends such a business, which is at least more delicate than the spirit line.”

“This is very unbecoming language, Mr. Jellyco; you certainly forget who you are talking to. Dumble, you hav’n’t got no more spirit than an empty cask in you, or you would not permit me to be thus insulted.”

“Pray, Mr. Jellyco, don’t go to offer no imperence to my wife,” was the response of the host to this appeal.

All was dismay; consternation sat on every brow; Mr. Dumble wished himself any where but where he was; the man-milliner appeared to be annihilated; Miss Kettle gave out symptoms of an hysterical; Arabella was too clever to show any concern about the affair; Mr. Jellyco sneaked off, fearing to abide the pelting of the storm he had raised, and hailing the first omnibus, returned to town in a state of mind not to be described. Such was his condition, that, in walking home from Gracechurch-street, where he was put down, he turned up Leadenhall-street instead of going along Cornhill, nor perceived his mistake until his nose came in contact with one of the pillars of the India-house.

It being the bounden duty of every writer, either of tragedy or comedy, to produce his dramatis personae, dead or alive, at the closing scene, we fulfil the duty, be it sad or he it pleasing, only regretting that we have not more to relate of the worthy corps dramatique. Mr., Mrs., and Miss Kettle returned safe and sound to Pot-alley; and the unnamed, the mere walking gentlemen, and dining ladies, dispersed to their several locations, never more to visit Brixton-hill; our friend from Fleet-street, in the sad confusion which ensued, forgot the pattern of Miss Arabella’s cap, which had taken near three quarters of an hour to make; a fever attacked Mrs., and an ague Mr. Dumble; Arabella’s cleverness again stood her in good stead, for she alone came unsatched from the fray. It is almost needless to say, that Mrs. Dumble quite cut those friends, including even your humble servant, who were unfortunate enough to be ear-witnesses of the man of trifles “imperent” allusion to Mr. Dumble’s former vocation in the spirit line. Recovered from its effects, the Dumbles cut even Brixton-hill, and rolled down to Brighton, where they still reside, and where our amiable and accomplished heroine, much too clever to be entrapped by Hymen, is known as

MISS A. W. DUMBLE,
THE CLEVER YOUNG WOMAN
WHO CANNOT DO ANYTHING.
THE WIND.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE LATE TEMPESTS. BY RICHARD JOHNS, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF "ASCENSION," A POEM.

Blow where thou listeth, viewless wind!
Born of the realms of space;
Thy course, mysterious, undefined,
Thy mission who can trace?
Of attributes of Deity,
Thou art the type and sign;
His awful voice is heard in thee,
His omnipresence thine.
Thou echoest from either pole;
And mantling round the world,
At once the mighty billows roll;
The silvery lake is curl'd
In mimic waves—at thy high power,
At once the clouds of tempest lower.
Thou speakest, and the gallant bark
Is shattered on the main;
When ocean yawns her caverns dark,
And human aid is vain:
The gurgling death-yell rises high,
Where sink the strong, and brave;
Yet, far away, thy zephyrs sigh
Along the rippling wave;
And, with the clouds of summer sport,
Wafting a ship to her wished-for port.

Blow where thou listeth, viewless wind!
Now on Sirocco borne;
Now whispering with accent kind,
Fanning the ripening corn.
The mighty whirlwind is thy play,
The city of a yesterday
Is scattered by thy hand!
A ruin not of Time is there—
The fruits of earth are flung in air,
And famine walks the land:
Yet health is in thy genial breeze,
When thou hast backward rolled,
The threatening clouds of dark disease,
And even death controlled.
The voice that rides the winged blast,
The wail, as of a world o'erthrown,—
The breath of Eve which fragrant pass'd,
Waking the air-harp's magic tone,—
Are thine! And oh! till spirit flings
Life's burthen off, and seeks the skies,
Mounting to judgment on thy wings,
None—none shall pierce thy mysteries!
Still wondrous, trackless, undefined,
Blow where thou listeth, viewless wind!
MICAËLLA; OR, THE DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY’S FOOL.

An Historical Tale.

CHAP. I.

"Duke. What fool is this?

Jago. A worthy fool!"—As You Like It, Act 2, Scene 7.

Never did the death of a sovereign create so universal a sensation throughout Europe, as that of Charles-le-Téméraire, the renowned Duke of Burgundy, who fell fighting beneath the walls of Nancy, on the 5th of January, 1477. Never, perhaps, were hopes and fears more strongly blended: for never did a sovereign so deeply engage in a more ample field for spoliation. Like vultures, ever ready to pounce upon the dead lion, every petty prince, as well as every potentate in Europe, laid claim to the disputed prey; and that prey was the hand of the late duke’s noble daughter, with her immense dowry and vast dominions.

Mary, Duchess of Burgundy, Countess of Flanders, Brabant, Hainault, &c. &c., the only child of the deceased hero, was the magnet that drew the eyes of all Europe to the Burgundian court. One word from her lips could double the power, and force of the most potent monarch, or raise to the first rank the meanest prince in Christendom. An alliance with this princess became, therefore, the primary object, the end and aim, of all ambition, and of every intrigue. Each put forth his claim; one enumerated the kingdoms and provinces under his command; another counted the number of his followers; whilst a third tendered the vast treasures that fortune in one of her vagaries had, perhaps, undeservedly bestowed upon him. But all alike forgot the most important point, namely, to render himself pleasing to the object of his ambition, for in those days of chivalry and romance, a princess who had only numbered twenty summers, and who considered herself, moreover, free to accept, or reject, whomsoever she would, was to be wooed, and won by other allurements than those of men at arms, or an accumulation of wealth, and territory, which she neither needed, nor coveted.

It was in vain that the youthful heiress reiterated her oft-repeated determination that she would never bestow a hand without a heart; for the nobility and people of Flanders had thought proper to arrogate to themselves the guardianship of their young sovereign; they formed “états,” or states, and constituted to themselves the power of judging for her amidst the proposed alliances. Sometimes their meetings were held in the town or municipal hall of Ghent; at other times, and more frequently in the open market-place. So that all ranks should have free admission, and be thereby enabled to judge of the integrity and justice of those self-deputed guardians.

On one of these occasions, when the échevins* of the first and second rank, arrayed in their long ermine robes, supported on either side by their thirteen colleagues, and followed by the burghers, merchants, and citizens of Ghent, all invested with their various badges of distinction, had taken their seats, the first échevin arose, and, after a lengthened harangue, in which he stated the purpose of their meeting, commanded the trumpets to sound, and the candidates for the hand of the duchess to appear, and set forth their claims.

At the first signal of the trumpet, an aged and venerable man appeared. His dress was a robe of the richest crimson velvet, with long or open Venetian sleeves that hung down to the ground, with his shoulders stuffed according to the fashion of the day; chains and jewels, the most gorgeous, glittered on his breast; on his head he wore a bonnet, or cap, of velvet, not less than half a yard in height; and his poulaines, or pointed shoes, attested by their immeasurable length, the nobility of his rank, and origin. His pages, twelve in number, followed in two files, supporting his train; two amongst them bearing, the one his ducal coronet, placed on a velvet embroidered cushion, the other his penon.

"I am the Duke of Cleves, Count de la Marek," said he, as he presented himself before the magistrates; "and, for my son, I demand the hand of Mary of Burgundy. If it be to high birth you award the boon, I sollicit, nay, I defy, the proud-

* Échevin, a kind of magistrate or sheriff.
est monarch in Christendom to dispute my claims."

"Your claims are indubitable!" cried the guardians.

The people laughed, and hissed.

After the Duke of Cleves, the name of the Earl of Rivers, Lord of Scales, and brother to the Queen of England, was announced.

"Oh, oh!" cried the people, "a simple earl aspires to our duchess — by our great Saint Baron, we will not bestow her on an earl — give us better, give us better!"

The ambassador from the Duke of Clarence,* brother to the King of England, met with no better success, his appanage was deemed too poor.

After several others had brought forward their pretensions, and had been rejected under one plea, or other, the trumpets sounded again, and an individual whose appearance, and manner, at once denoted him as belonging to a caste far inferior to that of any of his predecessors, presented himself. His dress consisted of a robe of the finest cloth of gold, and his long train of followers bore upon their halberds the armorial bearings of their master, surmounted by the coronet of a count.

"Pâques-Dieu! my masters," said he, forcing his way most unconceivably through the crowd which impeded his passage — "Pâques-Dieu! I like to see these white-faced Flemings pretend to take precedence of me."

"State your name, titles, and quality," interrupted Messire Raveschoot, the first echevin of Ghent.

"My original mission here," said the new-comer, without seeming to notice the order, "had not a marriage for its object. My master has other affairs in hand, I trust. Still I am so far certain of his approbation, as to take upon myself to become a candidate, in his name, for the hand of the heiress of Burgundy."

A murmur ran through the crowd — "Who are you, who dare to speak thus boldly?" cried a voice.

"Some duke whose territories lie in the moon," replied another.

"Your name?" demanded Messire Raveschoot.

"Olivier, Count de Meulan."

"There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, as the speaker fully testified; for in pronouncing these words, no doubt with the intent of impressing his hearers with a high sense of his dignity, he assumed an attitude which though meant for one of haughty defiance, was so inexpressibly grotesque and ridiculous, that a shout of laughter burst from the assembled multitude. Each bystander turned to question his neighbour as to who the individual was who thus styled himself Olivier, Count de Meulan, or who was the master who had sent such an ambassador to obtain for him the hand of the most noble, and the richest heiress in Europe.

"In whose name do you make the demand?" inquired Messire Raveschoot, as soon as the tumult had sufficiently subsided to admit of his voice being heard.

"In the name of the Dauphin of France," replied the count, turning a fierce look on the still laughing assembly.

"Then you are — — ?"

"The ambassador of his most Christian Majesty, Louis XI., of whose name, if I mistake not, you have heard before now."

The dreaded name of Louis XI, thus unexpectedly thrown in the teeth of the laughers, for a moment silenced and disconcerted them. Some even lifted their caps, though less be it said in token of respect than fear; the calm was, however, but of short duration, for a tall handsome youth stepping forward and slapping him familiarly upon the shoulder, cried, "What, my friends, you do not recognise Olivier le Dain, ou le Diable! barber in ordinary to the King of France, and his ambassador and matrimonial negotiator in the present instance: 'tis true that in place of a razor he has suspended a dagger from his girdle, and of his barber's bowl has made him a shield. Beware of yourselves, messires, beware, for by the choice of his envoy, I question whether King Louis does not wish for a stroke at your chins!"

Rage sparkled from the sunken eyes of the barber, and his teeth were firmly clenched as he grasped the hilt of his dagger. A moment's reflection, however, sufficed to calm him, for he saw at once the folly of engaging with a strong and youthful antagonist in an affray which must have turned to his own disadvantage.

"Pâques-Dieu! Messire Christian," said he; "have you, too, pretensions to the hand of Mary of Burgundy?"
"Wherefore not?" replied the youth.

"Supposing I had the good fortune to win the heart of the charming duchess, this most incomparable of heiresses,—this lily of the garden of beauty?"

"Softly, my master," rejoined the barber. "If I mistake not, messires of Ghent are not at all of your opinion on this point."

"What matters it if they refuse the hand to him who has already obtained the heart?"

"The hand and heart are already disposed of," cried a group of citizens.

"To whom, then?" inquired the young man.

"I judge by your accent, young man, that you are a foreigner," said an old townsman, leaning towards Christian, "or you would not speak thus lightly of our duchess, whom the states of Flanders have long decreed to Monseigneur Adolf de Gueldres, who is even now at the palace, where he is pressing his love-suit with the Demoiselle Marie, his future wife."

"True," said Christian; "I am a German, and as yet a stranger to the usages of your country; but let me tell you, Monseigneur Adolf de Gueldres will never become the husband of Mademoiselle Marie, for another, and one in every way his equal, has vowed to supplant him in her good graces."

"And that other will not be you, at least, Messire Christian," interrupted Olivier le Dain, whose quick ear, ever on the alert to catch the slightest sound, had not lost a syllable of the conversation, although it had been carried on in a low voice. "Besides, we all know that you have other game in hand. Look there, and say if the bright eyes that are passing at this moment at the other extremity of the market-place, do not occupy the first place in your meditations—do not possess the supreme control over your heart and actions?"

The extended hand of the Count de Meulant was at this moment pointing towards a group, which, though it offered the most bizarre coup d'œil, still was not altogether devoid of attraction.

At the other extremity of the Place des Vendredis, was to be seen passing at that moment a low gilt chariot, drawn by two greyhounds, white as snow, and richly caparisoned, in which, supported by downy cushions covered with silver damask, sat a lovely young female, who ever and anon amused herself by agitating in the air, a fool's toy or bauble decorated with silver bells. The dogs, held in with silken reins, were carrying with wonderful speed their beautiful conductress towards the palace of the Duchess of Burgundy. No sooner did the crowd hear the tinkling of the bells, than the tribunes of the echevins were deserted. All rushed simultaneously towards the other end of the market-place, crying, "Micaëlla! Micaëlla!"

Micaëlla, the mistress of the two greyhounds, was none other than the "fool," or female jester, of Mary, of Burgundy, and who, with all the insignia of her joyful dignity, was then on her way to the palace of her royal mistress. One hand she waved gracefully, in token of salutation to the people, whilst with the other she shook her noisy bauble, the tip of which she pressed to her lips the moment she perceived Christian, who, colouring, held down his head at this public mark of preference. Meanwhile, Olivier, a keen observer of the scene, tapping him upon the shoulder, whispered:

"Master, if you will not have her, I will take her off your hands."

On arriving at the ducal palace, Micaëlla found that her youthful mistress had retired to her inner apartments, where she sat sad and pensive, her elbow leaning on her prie-dieu, and an illuminated missal lay open before her. Her attendants attributed her melancholy to grief for the recent death of her father; but he who, possessing some knowledge of the human heart, would have surprised her in that pensive attitude, with her blue eyes raised to heaven, would have known that the prayer which then issued from her lips and heart was for the living, and not for the dead.

Her meditations were interrupted by the tapestry being raised, and amidst the merry tinkling of the silver bells, a young girl, light as a fawn, bounded into the apartment, and approaching the duchess, knelt gracefully to kiss the border of her garment.

"Micaëlla!" cried the duchess, colouring, with surprise, and perhaps slightly displeased at her solitude being thus broken in upon.

"Yes, it is I, my royal mistress," replied the girl—"I, your fool, whose office..."
it is to make you cheerful, and to entertain your soul with joy: should I not ill earn the wages your bounty bestows so freely on me, were I to leave you thus tête-à-tête with melancholy?

"But where hast thou been, girl, that thou art so gaily attired?" said the duchess, surveying her young favourite, who raising herself on tip-toe, made a pirouette which would have rivalled Taglioni's. Notwithstanding the singular appearance of her short robe, or tunic of crimson taffetas, and its trappings, and ornaments cut in imitation of crab-claws and beards, and covered with beads, and spangles. Notwithstanding her high, and grotesque "fool's-cap," decorated with bells, whose silvery sound produced a singular harmony every time she moved, Micaëlla possessed a sufficient share of natural grace, and beauty to lend even a charm to this extraordinary accoutrement.

"My gentle mistress," said Micaëlla, seating herself on a low footstool placed in front of the richly-carved easy chair, surmounted by the lions of Burgundy, wherein reclined the duchess, "My gentle mistress, why will you still preserve this sad and thoughtful countenance, that makes me pass to your whole court for being as witless as messires les echevins, your worshipful guardians? Would you, lady, that my office of fool should be degraded, by evil tongues, to a level with your silly-pated, empty-headed leeches, who comprehend nought of your complaint? Must I cover my fool’s bauble with a crape, and exchange my merry bells and pretty dogs for a weeper's veil? If you would not disgrace me, good duchess, let smiles once more dimple those cheeks; veil not the lustre of those eyes beneath the sombre clouds of melancholy. Smile, my mistress, smile, yours is the age of joy; or I must weep, and say, woe me! my bright days are gone, and my gaiety has flown to those lost regions where only are to be found the consciences of magistrates, the fortunes of poets, and the wit and genius of state counsellors." The duchess heaved a deep sigh while she regarded her young protégée with an air of kindliness.

"It is not thy fault, dear child," she said, "if I am sad, thou knowest not the cares attached to rank and fortune. They would not wed thee against thy will. Thou art not forced to conceal thy thoughts within thy own bosom, to feign indifference where thou lovest, or tenderness where thou feelest it not. If thou hast the happiness to distinguish one amidst the multitude who offers homage to thee—if thou findest him handsome, amiable, brave, all that thy heart can wish, whether he be duke, or prince, or subject—whether his possessions, and his alliances respond or not to the exigencies of etiquette, what matters it? none have right to question thy preference. The heart belongs to thee, as the plains of heaven to the bird that flies; as the water of the spring to the thirsty soul, thou canst bestow it on whom thou wilt. I am a slave, and thou art free; oh I would that I were the lowliest maiden in these my dominions! My actions, my heart, my very thoughts belong not to me, but to him, for whom I am destined by these tyrants, who, while they command me, bend their knee, and style themselves the humblest of my subjects."

"You love a man, then," said Micaëlla, fixing for a moment her dark penetrating eyes on those of her mistress, as if she had read her inmost thoughts.

"I said not so!" exclaimed the duchess, rising, anger for a moment sparkling in her mild blue eyes—"I said not so; and Micaëlla, if you would preserve my friendship, name it not again. If, perchance, you have such a suspicion, nay, if your suspicion amounted to certainty, name it not, but let it lie for ever buried in the inmost recesses of your own soul; there are secrets that even the eye of friendship must not penetrate."

As she finished these words, the duchess, pale and trembling, re-seated herself. Micaëlla gazed at her for a moment in silence, more convinced than ever that her suspicions were well-founded; she appeared, however, not to notice the evident embarrassment of the duchess.

"You are wise and prudent, lady, not to love," she replied; "love and grief are so closely allied. You often marvel that I am no longer the gay and thoughtless being I once was—that I no longer find the bright repartees, the merry tales with which I used to chase a passing sorrow from your brow. Alas! it is love, cruel love, that has rendered me thus miserable. I made no mystery with you of my hopes of future happiness; I presented to you my beloved: out of friendship for me you designed to greet him kindly; then all was joy and happiness.
with your Micaëllä, but now disquietude fills my heart. I have cruel forebodings.
—I dread the future. Although my love be for a simple individual—a youth without fortune, without a name, his heart, I fear me, is a proud one, and will not accept what I can offer—my heart, and the riches your bounty has so largely bestowed upon me. Must I say it? I suspect Christian loves elsewhere—that he aspires to a higher hand than mine. I am jealous and unhappy. O my sweet mistress, your poor fool will die in despair if her affection be disdained.”

Micaëllä covered her face with both her hands, to hide the tears which were fast flowing down her cheeks. The countenance of the duchess at the same time seemed to have recovered all its wonted serenity. She took the trembling hands of her little favourite in her own, and pressing them affectionately to her heart, she essayed with the kindest words to console her; but in such cases the consolation offered by woman to one of her own sex, rarely proves efficacious.

“Weep not, my child,” she said, “weep not; thou shalt have gold, aye, in abundance, that will soon procure thee another husband less proud than Christian. After all, girl, though he be without fortune or titles, he is of gentle birth, and in conscience could not wed thee. Weep not, and I will find thee as brave a husband as Christian.”

“But I love Christian, and never, never can I forget him, or love another,” cried Micaëllä, vehemently. “Ah! madam,” she added, as soon as her sois permitted her, “I cannot forget him, and in good truth depended upon your gracious protection to restore him to me.”

“Nay, damsel, but thou art beside thyself!” cried Mary, angrily, rising from her chair. “What wouldst thou that I should do in this matter?”

“One of the ladies of your court hath, by her hated coquetry, bereaved me of Christian’s love.”

“Hast thou the proofs of what thou sayest?” inquired the duchess.

“Alack! and would to all the saints that I had not.”

“What wouldst thou say?—Answer!” cried the duchess, losing all temper.

“The proof,” said Micaëllä, “was not of mine own’ seeking; chance gave it: this morning, again, at day-break, in the gardens of the palace, I surprised him with ——”

“Micaëllä!” cried the Duchess of Burgundy, pacing the chamber in the most violent agitation, her countenance expressive of the deepest anger, “Micaëllä! who hath rendered thee bold enough to spy into the affairs of my palace? How now! Notwithstanding all my kindness, thou hast dared to——”

“Ah! madam, madam!” cried the poor girl, throwing herself at the feet of the duchess, “have I had the misfortune to offend you?”

“To offend me!” said Mary, re-seating herself, and affecting a degree of composure which a keen observer could perceive she did not feel. How couldst thou have offended me? haply thou thinkest this affair regards myself.”

“Oh! madam!” was all that Micaëllä could utter.

“But come, maiden, dry thine eyes, it behoves thee to tell all thou knowest—what didst thou see in the garden?”

“Nothing, madam; I only heard Christian’s voice in reply to that of a female—both were concealed by the woodbine hedge.”

“What did the female say?” asked the duchess.

“That she loved him—loved him beyond life itself.”

“And then——?”

“She spoke of obstacles to be overcome—of an escape in disguise—of a secret marriage: here dreading to be myself detected, I was forced to flee, and heard no more.”

The duchess was silent for some moments, and deeply absorbed by her own thoughts: at length affecting an air of indifference, “Thouwert mistaken, no doubt, Micaëllä,” she said, “it could not have been Christian’s voice thou hearest, how could he have got into the palace gardens? Be it as it may, however, I charge thee, on pain of my deepest wrath, not to breathe one word of this absurd tale; for though absurd it be, and all the coining of thy fancy, yet, were it bruited about, it would, perchance, compromise the honour of one belonging to me.”

At this moment, the Chancellor Hugonot and the Lord of Imbercourt, two of the late duke’s ministers, and the only two who had remained faithful to his daughter, entered, to announce to the
duchess that a deputation from the States awaited her presence in an adjoining chamber. Finding herself obliged to appear before them, she dismissed Micaëlla, and accompanied the ministers. This visit of the members of the States of Flanders, had for its object to request, if not command, their young sovereign to accept the hand of Adolf, Duke de Gueldres, the prince whom they in their wisdom had selected as the most fitting husband for her.

The interview ended, like many preceding ones, by the duchess requesting time to reflect on the proposal.

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CHAP. II.

"And he loved a lady of high degree,
Faith’s fortress,—beauty’s flower;
A countess for her maid had she,
And a kingdom for her dower."

Author of Lillian.

Notwithstanding these severe orders of the duchess, Micaëlla had not observed so strict a silence on the affair of the garden, as that some hints should not have reached the ears of the magistrates of Ghent. A few nights after the foregoing conversation had taken place, several men, enveloped from head to foot in large mantles which completely disguised them, entered the gardens, and after having taken the precaution to place guards at every issue, retired to an arbour situated on a little eminence, whence they could survey the entire without exposing themselves to view.

"Pâques-Dieu! but the cold to-night is piercing," said a voice.

"Let us hope that we shall not have to endure it for five hours, as we had last night," said another.

"I tell you," rejoined a third, "that we cannot fail to take him to-night."

"Ay! and we shall make an example of him, or my name is not Adolf de Gueldres," said the duke, clashing his unsheathed rapier against the steel armour in which he was cased from head to foot.

"Pâques-Dieu! don’t kill him, until we discover if he hath accomplices," said the barber of Louis XI. "We understand these things better at Plessis-les-Tours, than you seem to do in Flanders."

"Your curiosity seems on the alert, Messire Olivier," answered the duke; "but Ventre-Saint-Gris! it is my honour that is concerned; for without in the least undervaluing the pretensions of these my worthy associates, it is certain that I, and I alone, am the interested party, for the States of Ghent have decreed to me the hand of their duchess; and who, I would ask, would dare dispute that hand with Adolf de Gueldres, whose lineage—"

"Peace, vain man, and boast not thyself of thy proud lineage," said a voice which had hitherto been silent. "If thou art the Duke of Gueldres, I am the Duke of Bavaria, and my colleague here is the venerable and holy George, Bishop of Baden. We have both been sent by the Emperor of Germany to obtain the hand of the heiress for the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, son of our gracious sovereign, whom God protect, and are not less jealous than thyself of the honour of the Lady Mary of Burgundy. There’s a suitor, my lord duke, as unexceptionable as thyself, if I mistake not."

Few discussions are more inexhaustible than those between two hunters on the merits of their respective horses or dogs, or between two nobles on the antiquity of their descent: thus, the altercation would inevitably have lasted until daylight, had not Messire Raveschoot, first magistrate of Ghent, who served as conductor to the noble troop, put an end to it by suddenly crying,—

"There’s our man!"

In fact, from a small gate half concealed by the woodbine hedge before named, which was accidentally left unguarded, a man was seen to issue, but from the obscurity of the night it was more than possible to say, who, or what he was; they, however, judged by the quickness of his motions, that the intruder was both young and vigorous, and that he carried a naked sword.

The Duke de Gueldres drew his rapier from its scabbard, and casting his mantle from him, started off upon the traces of the enemy, the others following in the rear. But the duke being armed cap-a-pie, with corslet, brasses, neckpiece, greaves, or leg-guards, helmet, and even gauntlets, was soon distanced by the intruder. The Duke of Bavaria and the echevin, having a still weightier armour to impede their progress than even the number of their years, were left still further in the rear.
“He cannot escape us,” cried the Duke de Gueldres, with stentorian lungs, as he saw the youth bound with the elasticity of a deer into a thicket, where he was instantly lost to sight. “He shall not escape us; and by the fiend I’ll make him rue this hour, and teach the base-born caitiff how he essays to foil Adolf de Gueldres. Hollo! guards! help! encircle the thicket. Bring torches, arquebusses!”

In an instant the garden was in a blaze. The duke and his followers entered the thicket, but their course was so obstructed—one by his coat of mail, and the others by the thorny bushes and brambles, which from the darkness they were unable to avoid—that they were forced to retrace their steps, tho’ unsuccessful, with their hands and faces scratched and torn by the thorns. At that moment, the duke perceived a man emerging from the other extremity of the thicket, and fleeing as if hotly pursued. He uttered a ferocious cry, and set once more off in pursuit of the foe.

The young man who had wonderfully distanced his pursuers, now took the direction of the palace, and arrived at one of the private entrances. How great was their surprise to see him pause, look at them, then take a key from the breast pocket of his doublet, and instantly disappear in the interior of the palace.

Nothing seemed more natural—still nothing was so unexpected.

The advice of Olivier le Dain, who appeared the most conversant with these matters, was, that the search should be continued in the interior of the palace, where, no doubt, it would be crowned with success; but this required time, and the fugitive was meanwhile gaining ground. Finding himself at length free from his pursuers, the intruder paused to take breath, and see what plan he had better pursue for his total escape. He crossed the corridors, and after a few minutes reached a door at the further extremity of a long gallery. After some slight hesitation, he knocked, and was soon answered by a female voice demanding “who is there?” He had no sooner given a name than he was admitted: he found himself in an apartment furnished in the most costly elegance of style, whilst the serving-woman who admitted him ran to apprise her mistress of the arrival of their guest. The pursued had now time to collect his scattered senses, and lifting the silken curtain, watched his enemies, who were in close deliberation in the palace-yard beneath. At that moment a female entered.

“Christian! mine own, my beloved!” cried a well-known voice at the same instant that a young female threw herself into his arms. “Christian! I bid thee welcome, e’en at this unwonted hour; say how did’st thou obtain entrance, and wert thou bold enough to brave for me so hazardous an enterprise. Oh! what happiness—what happiness to see thee!”

“Micaëlla!” replied Christian, pressing her hands to his lips, “you see before you a fugitive, one who is come to ask you for a shelter. Do not interrogate me as to my means of entrance, nor to the motive that has drawn upon me the persecution of mine enemies. The secret is not mine alone, but I am pursued, and my life will pay the forfeit if you do not save me.”

“Save thee! Ay, at the expense of a thousand lives, did I possess them,” cried Micaëlla, pressing him still closer to her heart. “How I thank thee for this mark of thy confidence. I, who doubted thy tenderness—thy constancy; accused thee even of perfidy—of indifference—of—I know not what! How ill-founded my jealous suspicions have been, and how this noble confidence increases my affection, to have selected me as a sharer in thy perils—to have chosen me to deliver thee from danger—from death, perchance. Oh! my beloved, how can I ever thank thee sufficiently for all thy love?”

Christian received these acknowledgments with downcast eyes, and a sort of embarrassment, as if conscious he was undeserving of the warm affection of the devoted girl. Micaëlla forced him to be seated. She filled a golden tankard with the choicest wine, and held it to his lips. She disencumbered him of his sword and mantle, and with her own hands wiped off the large drops trickling from his brow.

After an embarrassing silence of some moments, Christian rose hastily from his seat, and looking round the chamber as if for a place of concealment, “They come!” he cried, “I hear them even now approach the corridor; if I am found, my life ——”

At these words, Micaëlla, whose first
care had been to secure the bolts of the doors, rushed into the arms of her lover, as if to screen him at the peril of her own life. At the same time, the clanging of armour and the noise of heavy footsteps were heard advancing through the gallery, accompanied by the sound of voices, amongst which that of the Duke de Gueldres, and the gruff voice of the barber, were more distinctly heard. Christian seized his sword; but this time it was Micaëlla's turn to command, and be obeyed; for now that the hour of terror was arrived, she seemed to have regained all her wonted presence of mind. Some one knocked violently at the door. At the third or fourth repetition of the knocking, she demanded,—

"Who be ye who knock so boldly, and at this unwonted hour; and what's your business?"

"Open, without further parley, or we shall burst the door," was the answer she received.

Micaëlla regarded her lover for a moment in silence; the deepest emotion painted on her countenance: in another moment she seemed resolved what plan to pursue; she seized Christian's hand, and dragged him forcibly into the inner chamber; there pointing to a bed she had quitted only a short time before, she entreated him to conceal himself therein.

"Never, my poor child!" cried Christian,—never for me shall thy honour be called in question; thou wast be driven ignominiously from this palace, and, after all, what would it avail me? Remain thou here, and I will face my enemies, and declare it was by force alone I penetrated to thy chamber."

He was about to proceed to the door, when Micaëlla seized him by the arm with an almost supernatural strength, and in a manner which admitted not of contradiction.

"Christian, it must be so; and I swear if you do not comply with my wishes, that I will instantly throw myself from the casement."

"But, Micaëlla, what will they say at finding a man in your apartment?"

"Say?" returned Micaëlla, indignation flashing from her dark eye.

"And who, I would know, durst accuse Micaëlla of aught unseemly in a maiden?"

So saying, she pushed him towards her bed, drew the curtains close round, and seizing the only lamp that burned in the chamber, proceeded to receive her unwelcome visitors.

On the entrance of the echevin, accompanied by the Duke de Gueldres and the barber, they found Micaëlla in the first room.

"We come," said the echevin, "to seize a young man, who, it appears, has taken refuge in your apartment." Micaëlla, affected to laugh at the singular declaration of the magistrat.

"A young man in my apartment, messire!" said she. "The suspicion is flattering to her, who is its object!"

"Maiden!" replied the echevin, "we entertain no suspicion injurious to you, or to your honour; we know that your conduct has always been blameless, would to Heaven that all in this palace had followed so good an example. But I repeat to you, a young man has introduced himself into these chambers, for the purpose of concealment, and of evading his pursuers. He it is, we seek: justice claims him; do not therefore try to screen him, for find him we must."

"You are mistaken, messire," said Micaëlla quietly; "you are no doubt mistaken, I am mistress of this apartment, and none could have entered unknown to me."

"We are not mistaken," cried the duke and Olivier in a breath; commencing their search.

"I tell ye, ye are," cried Micaëlla, losing patience, "and it is a foul calumny. What! ye be cavaliers, and come thus and impeach the honour of a spotless maiden? Out upon ye—out upon ye!"

"Let us seek him first, and excuse ourselves afterwards," said the Duke de Gueldres, stalking towards the sleeping apartment.

"Well thought of," said Olivier le Dain; "that is the way we do these things at Plessis-les-Tours."

Finding that words were of no avail, Micaëlla had recourse to violence to oppose their entrance.

"Since ye refuse to credit me," she said, "I protest against this usurpation of the rights of the Duchess of Burgundy, your sovereign and mine. The jurisdiction of the States extends not to the interior of this palace, and ye shall trample me under foot, e'er ye enter yeon chamber. 'Tis true, I am but a de-
pendant on the bounty of my mistress. But, think ye, will the Lady Mary see her vassals trampled upon? their rights invaded? and that without let or hindrance? The people of Ghent shall awaken at my cries; they will not have their cavaliers lack courtesy—how a magistrate elected by themselves esteems their ancient Flemish rights and liberties—how watchful he is of the honour of their women!

"Beshrew me," said the barber, "an thou be as witty a fool, as thou art proud withal, thy mistress can't repine that thou earnist not thy pitance well."

Micaëlla stood, her arms extended in the doorway, seemingly determined to dispute the entrance to the chamber that contained all she held dearest upon earth. The Duke de Gueldres stepped forward.

"Resistance avails thee nought, damsel," he said, and seizing her roughly to put her out of his way, a struggle ensued, in which he wounded the delicate hands of the poor girl with his iron gauntlets; she sent forth a piteous cry, and fainting, fell to the ground: without vouchsafing so much as to lift her, he stepped over the prostrate form of Micaëlla, and entered the disputed territory. Meanwhile the barber, actuated by his own views upon the poor victim, remained, and placing Micaëlla in a chair, she shortly recovered.

It is well known that this tiger in human shape, cared but for two things, in the course of his execrable career; namely, women and blood. From the first moment he had beheld Micaëlla traversing the streets of Ghent in her gilt chariot, drawn by her two white greyhounds, he had promised himself to become the possessor of so much grace and beauty; but aware of her attachment to another, and too cowardly to attack his rival openly, he had long resolved to get rid of Christian before he made open professions to the innocent Micaëlla. The ambush of this night was of his planning. He knew that Micaëlla alone would have given refuge to the youth, and the occasion appeared too favourable for him not to profit by it. So convinced was he that Christian would be found in the inner chamber, that he was perfectly astounded when the duke, and echevin declared on their return that their search had been fruitless. He turned an inquiring eye upon Micaëlla.

"Pâques-Dieu!" he cried, "he must be the evil one in person to have escaped us. Perchance I may be more fortunate, messires, tarry a moment," and he proceeded towards the chamber.

Micaëlla could scarcely contain her terror.

"You betray yourself," whispered the wretch, "Christian is here." His delay in the chamber was but momentary. He returned, and declared that he too had been deceived, and that the youth must have escaped by some other passage. Then desiring to be left alone with Micaëlla, he re-seated himself, while his companions retired to an outside room.

"You were wise," said he in a low voice, "to have hid him in your bed; but another time let him not draw his poniard when he sees the curtain open. Pâques-Dieu! it would have cost me my life had I not retired instantly!"

"My gracious lord!" cried Micaëlla, throwing herself at his feet, and pressing his hands to her lips; "you will not betray him, will you? oh, no! you will save Christian!"

"All must allow," said the barber, with an insane laugh, that I possess a marvelously good manner of checking the perversity of woman-kind, and bringing them to their senses. "Suppose now I save Christian, how will you reward me?"

"Oh!" she cried, "by my deepest gratitude—my friendship."

"Humph! gratitude, forsooth! friendship from a woman!" cried Olivier. Gratitude—friendship—mere unmeaning words.

"What will you then—will you have gold?" inquired Micaëlla, eagerly.

"Your love—your heart," replied the barber.

"They are not mine to bestow," answered Micaëlla.

"We all know," returned Olivier, "that women's vows are like the promises of kings. I ask nothing for the present—your secret is safe, only promise to be mine when you shall have learnt to curse the name of Christian, when the time comes that you will invoke maldictions, instead of blessings, on his head—when your affection for him will be turned to hatred, your smile to loathing!"

"Wait 'till them," said Micaëlla, "and I am yours—I consent to all."

"It is enough!" said Olivier, rising; "the compact is concluded, and ill-betide the one who breaks his clause."

"Ay, ill-betide him," rejoined Micaëlla;
never dreaming that the malediction could fall upon her own head.

The barber kept his word. As he was leaving the apartment, he placed in Micaëlla’s hands a medallion, or locket, set in diamonds, and containing a lock of fair hair.

"Return this to your lover," said he, "and tell him he dropped it at the door by which he entered. It contains a lock of hair given him by a woman of this palace—she is his mistress, and for her it was ventured here to-night."

He closed the door after him; and Micaëlla remained transfixed to the spot, the picture of despair, her eyes fixed upon the fatal locket—the unequivocal proof of her lover’s perfidy, and of the double treachery of which she now saw herself the victim. The sound of footsteps aroused her from her painful reverie, she turned and beheld Christian.

Oh! how his thanks and protestations, now that she knew their fallacy, oppressed her swelling heart. She cast upon him one look of the deepest anguish and despair, and silently placed the locket in his hands. At the sight of it Christian sighed heavily, and covered his face with both his hands.

After this mute avowal of his perfidy, their interview could not be supposed to last much longer. It was clear day-light, the gates of the palace were open, and it was easy for Christian to make his escape unperceived. At the moment of separation, Micaëlla asked for one word—the name of her rival. Christian obstinately refused her request.

"Later, Micaëlla," said he, "you will know it; you will then see that my conduct towards you, blameable as it now appears, may perchance be excusable. The moment is not far distant, believe me; therefore condemn me not—curse me not, without a hearing: wait for that day when I shall ask you to pardon all the past, for you will have merited my unfeigned esteem, my deepest gratitude."

So saying he kissed her cheek, and seizing his sword and mantle, quitted the apartment.

"Alack! alack!" cried the unhappy girl, as the door closed after her lover, "all that now remains for me is to die."

CHAP. III.

"Rich, Clifford ask mercy, and obtain no grace."
Third Part of King Henry VI., Act 2, Sc. 6.

Meantime the political mission entrusted by Louis XI. to his barber, Olivier le Dain, had begun to assume a more favourable appearance. The plans of the French king tended to increase the discord that existed between the States of Flanders, and the friends and favourites of the youthful duchess, to the end that he might seize upon the possessions of the late Duke of Burgundy. He had already taken possession of Abbeville, Ham, Bohain, Saint Quentin, and Peronne; Arras, Hesdin, and Boulogne, had also declared for him. The Prince of Orange, Jean de Châlons, and George de la Trémoille, Seigneur de Joinville, and Baron de Craon, had received orders to besiege Burgundy, while Louis himself held the English king, Edward IV., in neutrality, by promising him the hand of the Dauphin of France for his daughter Elizabeth; which promise he had no intention whatever of fulfilling.

Two of the most steady adherents to the Duchess of Burgundy, William Hugonet, chancellor of Flanders, and the Lord of Imbercourt, had just been arrested and thrown into prison, on their return from a secret mission to the court of France, whither they had been sent by the duchess. The pretext given by the States for this arbitrary proceeding, was a pretended attempt on their part to usurp the royal authority. A criminal process was immediately instituted against them, and they were condemned to the block. The trial only lasted six days; and notwithstanding their appeal, and the utmost endeavours of the duchess to defend her favourites, they were only accorded three hours to arrange their worldly matters, and prepare for the dread, and awful change that was before them.

A vast scaffold was erected in the market-place. The people assembled in multitudes, as though they expected to witness a spectacle of rejoicing, rather than one of mourning. The echevins, and authorities of Ghent presided at the horrible ceremony from the balconies of the town, or municipal hall. At the moment of the arrival of the chancellor of Flanders, and his fellow-prisoner, at the foot of the scaffold, a confused murmur
ran through the crowd, and all eyes were directed towards the palace, whence was seen issuing a young female, clad in long mourning habits, her eyes red and swollen with weeping, her hair dishevelled. She was unaccompanied, save by a multitude of curious followers, who eagerly pressed upon her passage, anxious to see the result of this unexpected apparition, rather than to afford her that manly succour which her unprotected state called for. It was the Duchess of Burgundy, come to demand justice for her friends.

The sudden appearance of their sovereign in this state of humility, for a moment seemed to awe the bystanders. There was a group of artisans who cried to the executioners to suspend the fulfilment of the sentence; the judges even, with all their effrontery, changed colour, as they saw a party forming for Mary. A scuffle ensued; an attempt at a rescue was made, swords were drawn, and pikes crossed; and the affray threatened to become serious. But the strongest party was still that of the States. The executioners were once more called upon to fulfil their duty; and the fearful tragedy was consummated, in the very presence of the duchess, who, disconsolate and unhappy, retired to her oratory, to weep at leisure over that future, which the sinister events of the last few minutes presaged to her.

Before the sitting of the States broke upon that eventful day, they had exiled from their city her two remaining friends, Margaret of York, Duchess-dowager of Burgundy, the widow of the late duke, and Adolf de Cleves, Lord of Ravenstein, second son of the duke of that name, and a near relation of Mary's. Thus this heiress, whose hand was at that moment the object of contention for the most powerful monarchs of Europe, saw herself reduced, with a mere semblance of power, within the pale of her own rightful dominions.

CHAP. IV.

"Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge,
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love."

Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 3.

The Duchess of Burgundy, as we have said, after witnessing the terrible catastrophe just recorded, retired to the sanctuary of her private oratory. Whilst still absorbed by her sad reflections, the arras was raised, and a man entered. His garments were stained with blood, and his hand still retained the hilt of a sword whose blade had been shivered to atoms; his countenance expressed the deepest rage and indignation. Mary rose from her knees, and running to him,—

"Christian!" she uttered; the word expired upon her lips: terror seemed to have wholly subdued her, she was incapable of either advancing or retrospecting.

"Mary," answered the young man,
"I have revenged you!"
"Nay! what have you done?"
"Diminished the number of your foes," replied Christian, throwing the broken remains of his sword upon the ground. "At the head of a small party of those who seemed devoted to your cause, we overthrew the scaffold, and punished some of the accomplices of those tyrants who oppressed you."

"Heavens!" cried the duchess, with bitterness, "you are lost—lost, trying to save me!—lost, like my faithful servitors, whose warm blood still sprinkles the pavement of this city!"

"What imports death to me, noble duchess," replied Christian, "if you deign to regret me?"

"Oh! Christian, you know, you well know, that your loss would be an eternal source of grief to the unhappy Mary! but no, you shall not die—for, oh! who would be left to love me then?"

The duchess pronounced these words in such profound accents of despair, that the young man's eyes filled involuntarily with tears, and his menacing and almost savage appearance on entering, gave way to an air of the most melancholy tenderness.

"Christian," the duchess continued, "you must remain here: our implacable enemies will not surely dare to break the last links of duty. They will, they must respect the palace of their late glorious sovereign—they must recollect that I am the daughter of Charles-le-Téméraire. Besides, they know not of our love: they cannot, therefore, suspect the place of your retreat. When this fearful tempest shall have blown over, I will furnish you with means to quit this inhospitable
city, and to regain the territories of your sovereign, the Emperor of Germany."

"Useless! useless!" said Christian, shaking his head: "they have but too well divined our secret. Before an hour they will be here, and the scaffold of your murdered followers will be once more erected for me."

"Say not so," cried Mary, vehemently.

Sooner than I would submit to such an outrage, I will summon to arms the people of my good city of Ghent."

"Did not the people of Ghent clap their hands and shout, when they saw the heads of your favourites fall?"

"Alas! 'tis true," replied the duchess, sadly. "Yet, Christian, why do you thus torture me—why destroy my last hope? why make me foresee, as certain, a calamity I would avert? Let us place our hope, our confidence in the goodness of God, who can and will protect us! Christian, this very night I will contrive your escape. This separation afflicts me, as much as it does you, but it is necessary—I promise, nay, swear to you, not to accept any of those they offer me as a husband. My love for you will give me courage to resist even violence. In another year, I can claim my rights, and you shall apply in my name to Frederick the Third for his aid and protection. These, Christian, are the projects I have formed for our mutual happiness—say, do you not approve of them?"

The most unbounded joy sparkled in the countenance of Christian; a word from this royal enchantress seemed to have dispelled all the perils with which he was surrounded. He seemed to think but of the hopes given him in these promises.

"Then," said Christian, "happen what will, I may hope that no other will ever possess the heart you have bestowed upon me—upon me—a poor knight, without a name, without fortune, without estates; and who can only offer in return the most unbounded affection, and a devotion and fidelity beyond all proof."

"Again I swear to you," said Mary, placing her hand in that of her lover: "One thing," she added, "is, however, necessary, it is, that the Emperor of Germany should confer a title upon you, that would efface, in the eyes of the vulgar, the distance that fortune has placed between us."

"But would the emperor do so?" asked Christian; "has not he, too, views upon you? Did not your father promise your hand to the Archduke Maximilian, his son; and you yourself, Mary, did you not write a letter, and send a ring to the young archduke?"

"Alas!" sighed Mary, despondingly: "all that is true: but, Christian, I knew you not, then—I did but obey my father's will. But say—how know you this? I thought Frederick the Third and the archduke were, alone, in possession of this secret."

Christian smiled, and taking from his bosom a ring, presented it to the duchess.

"Heavens!" cried Mary, "how did it come into your possession? It is indeed the same my father forced me to send to the archduke."

"Listen, Mary," replied Christian: Maximilian and myself were friends from infancy, he had no thought, no wish, unknown to me; and I was devoted to him like a brother. The prince honoured me with his confidence, so far as to commission me to come secretly to your court, and judge by my own eyes whether report had not exaggerated the accounts of the beauty of her who was destined to become his bride. He intrusted me with this ring as a mark of his high favour, and as a token that could not be mistaken by you, should fortune so far favour us, as to afford me an opportunity of seeing you alone. But who is master of his own heart? I no sooner saw you than I became an ingrate; and only thought of securing to myself the treasure I can now relinquish but with life. In order to obtain admittance to your palace, I feigned a passion for one of your dependants, for Micaella, who unfortunately returns it with all the ardour and devotion of which woman is capable. The poor maiden is now acquainted with my perfidy, although she knows not her rival. I owed you this avowal, it is for you to say if you will pardon me—for you to judge if you will risk the vengeance of the powerful Emperor of Germany and his son, to keep your faith with an unfortunate fugitive, without protection and without an asylum."

The duchess remained silent for some moments, her eyes fixed upon the ground, as if absorbed by some painful reflections. Christian awaited her answer with visible anxiety. Mary at length broke silence—"Should I not," she said, "be unworthy of your love, were I to abandon you,
because you are unhappy? Were I to desert you, where can you find protection? If I drive you from my palace, where can you find a refuge? No, Christian, judge more kindly of me. Should I not share the penalty of the faults with which you reproach yourself? Was it not for me they were committed? It behoves me, then, as a duty to keep my faith to you sacred, and unbroken. Yes, Christian! I take Heaven for my witness, that let it cost me my crown, I will never wed another."

The duchess had scarcely concluded these words, when a noise was heard at the other end of the oratory. Christian drew his poniard, and rushing to the spot, lifted the tapestry, where, to his infinite astonishment, he discovered behind the arras the almost lifeless form of the unhappy Micaëlëa. The poor girl had been an unobserved listener to at least the latter part of the conversation of the lovers. He lifted her in his arms, and carried her into the oratory. On animation being restored, she burst into tears, and threw herself at the feet of her mistress. Mary, judging of the poignancy of the poor girl’s feelings, by the anguish she had herself suffered, raised her kindly, and prayed her, in her turn, to pardon the mystery which she had used towards her. She promised to recompense her one day, and to atone by the most durable, the most sisterly friendship, for the misery she had involuntarily caused her. Micaëlëa smiled at the words and promises of her mistress; but her smile was that of despair, and seemed to say, of what avail are the promises of the living to those about to die?

Christian shuddered, he seemed fully to comprehend the horrible intimation of her smile: he took her hand, and pressing it ardently to his lips, seemed to ask a tacit pardon for the sufferings he had caused, and the catastrophe he foresaw as inevitable.

Suddenly, Micaëlëa appeared to recollect herself, and striking her forehead with both hands, she exclaimed, "Flee! flee! while it is yet time, Christian! it is death that menaces! I came not to listen to the words, that struck so cold upon my heart, but to tell you that they come. Flee! flee! they are close upon my footsteps! See, through this casement—see, the courts of the palace are filled with armed men. Hear you not the trampling of horses?—the clanging of armour?—the echevins seek you—unhappy Christian! escape is hopeless!"

She uttered these words in the hurried accents of horror and despair.

She had scarcely finished, when the doors were burst open; and the first echevin, accompanied by the Duke de Gueldres, and followed by the States of Flanders, advanced to seize Christian. The duchess uttered a piercing shriek, that caused Messire Raveschoot to start back; but the soldiers of the Duke de Gueldres crossed their pikes upon the young man’s breast, and commanded him to deliver up his poniard. Micaëlëa, alone seemed to have retained her sang froid in the midst of this horrible scene: indeed, it was remarkable how this young creature’s courage and strength of mind rose proportionally to the danger that menaced her beloved Christian. She went forward boldly, and declared to the echevins and their followers, that Christian was falsely accused of having views upon the Duchess of Burgundy—that he was her lover; and that if she were reprehensible in having introduced him into the apartments of the palace, it was for her mistress to pronounce against her any penalty she thought proper to inflict. The profound accent of truth that accompanied these words, had the effect at once of appeasing the fury of the multitude, as if by enchantment. The authorities paused, and looked at each other, not knowing what to believe, or what plan to pursue. The duchess herself had by this time regained sufficient courage to appeal loudly against the outrage committed against her liberty and person, in her own palace; and Christian had been saved, had not the malicious barber entered at the instant, to claim on the part of the Austrian ambassadors the capture of a state culprit, who had escaped from the Austrian territory; who, it was now fully ascertained, was concealed at Ghent under a feigned name. The echevins, but too happy to secure their prey, instantly granted the demand.

Christian, after casting one melancholy look at the duchess, announced that he was ready to give himself up to the envoys of his sovereign, and to undergo any sentence they might think proper to pronounce against him; at the same time, he insisted pertinaciously that the ambassadors should appear in person.

Olivier le Dain, who had only quitted
them at the gates of the palace, now sent a messenger to request their presence; and after a brief space of time, the Duke of Bavaria and the Bishop of Baden entered the oratory.

"Remember your plighted faith," whispered Christian into the ear of Mary. "I'll die sooner than betray it!" she answered.

"And I," said Micaëlla, "I'll be the first to join thee in heaven, my beloved Christian!"

The duke and bishop arrived at this moment. Christian walked towards them with a firm step and uplifted head.

They started at the aspect as though a phantom had burst its tomb.

"My lords, I am your prisoner!" said he.

The Duke of Bavaria lifted his bonnet, muttering some words unintelligible to the bystanders.

"Our prisoner!" repeated the Bishop of Baden.

"Your prisoner!" reiterated Christian. "Call your guards, and conduct me to your palace!"

This singular arrestation, where the prisoner seemed to command his judges, filled the echevins and their followers with astonishment. The crowd retired by degrees; and the Duke de Gueldres observed to his ally, Olivier le Dain, who appeared no less stupefied than himself—

"My friend, we have made a more important capture than we were aware of."

"Pâques-Dieu!" replied the barber, shrugging his shoulders, as they quitted the palace.

CHAP. V.

"Mariana. What! is the sentence past? is he condemned?"—Lord Byron.

Two days hadelapsed since Christian's arrest, and none could tell what the ambassadors of the Emperor of Germany had done with their prisoner. Some said they knew for certain he had been tortured in the subterraneous vaults of the palace, and that before his death he had made strange and important disclosures relative to a conspiracy against the life of Frederick. Others said that he was confined, and closely guarded, but that royal honours were paid him until the emperor's pleasure should be known, as to what death the illustrious culprit should die. Others went so far as to say that it was Satan himself, who had come on earth in propria personae to tempt queens and duchesses, as he had done Madame Eve, in time of yore.

The Duchess of Burgundy, faithful to her promise, remained two whole days shut up in her chamber, lamenting the fate of her lover. But tears cannot flow for ever, and bright eyes tire of weeping as well as of aught else. On the third day of her seclusion, the young duchess consented to receive the visit of the Duke of Bavaria and his worthy colleague. It must be supposed that the venerable prelate and his coadjutor had exerted their powers to the utmost in order to dispel the remaining gloom that hung over the fair duchess, for from that moment it was remarked that her spirits returned, and, in short, that her gaiety knew no bounds. That she was to be seen in all quarters of her good city of Ghent, mounted on her snow white palfrey, and attired in a new suit of the most becoming half-mourning. That she received the members of the states and echevins with much more than her wonted courtesy, and permitted them to publish, at the sound of the trumpet, that she would, at the expiration of two days, select a husband from amongst the numerous candidates for her hand, presented by her guardians, the worshipful echevins of Ghent.

CHAP. VI.

"That love that can cease, was never true."—Jeremy Taylor.

"She loved

With that intense affection, that deep faith,
Which knows no change, and sets but o'er the tomb!"

Whilst each commented on his own fashion in the unexpected turn these political intrigues had taken, Micaëlla presented a very different picture. She had retired to her own apartments, where her solitude was alone interrupted by two or three spies she had sent in different quarters, to obtain tidings of the fate of Christian. But their vague reports, which she paid with all the gold she possessed, served not to calm her overwhelming sorrow. Still the poor girl clung to hope. It was the last link that chained her to earth, the last filament that bound her to existence,—and a breath might snap it asunder!

"Late one evening after the capture of Christian, whilst seated at her casement, her two faithful greyhounds crouched at her feet, her solitary meditations were broken
Micaëlla; or, the Duchess of Burgundy’s Fool.

in upon by the entrance of a stranger; and she beheld advancing towards her in the twilight, the tall figure of a man wrapped in the folds of a large mantle. The darkness prevented her at first from recognising the features of the intruder, but she trembled at his approach as at that of an enemy; her dogs, too, sent forth a low growl. The figure still advanced, and went quite close to her.

“T am come, Micaël,” said a hoarse voice, which she instantly recognised as that of Olivier le Dain, “to seek her who promised to be mine, when she should have learnt to curse the name of her perfidious lover, and that her tenderness for him should be turned to hatred. Has not Christian’s treachery been sufficiently public for me to hope that this change has been effected in you?”

“Olivier le Dain!” cried Micaël in terrified accents, and retracting into the embrasure of the window, to avoid the nearer approach of the wretch who still followed, but who, in his eagerness to lay hold of his prey, touched one of the greyhounds with his foot: the animal sent forth a savage growl, and both started on their feet, convincing the barber at once that their mistress was not wholly without protection: he involuntarily drew back.

“I rejoice to perceive,” said the ambassador of Louis XI., “that your memory has not failed you—so come—no more—”

“Wretch!” interrupted Micaël, “Christian is dead, or you would not dare to insult me thus!”

“Then you can’t be astonished, fair one, that I come to claim my share of his inheritance,” answered the barber.

“He is dead!—Is he not?” cried Micaël, “that you thus insult his memory!”

“I admit,” continued Olivier, without heeding her question, “I admit that I am not so well favoured a youth as Christian; but tell me, is an adventurer—aye! and a culprit to boot—to be compared to me—the, the Count de Meulant, who loves thee to distraction, and is, moreover, ready to place the coronet of a countess on thy fair brow.”

“He is dead!—Is he not?” again exclaimed Micaël, heedless of all this tirade.

“Dead or alive!” answered the barber, “on the honour of a true knight, I did not pull the cord.”

“He is dead—he is dead!” cried Micaël, clasping her hands in the wild agony of despair.

“Èh! damsel,” returned the tormentor, “if the truth must e’en out, I tell thee, I found too many good qualities in the youth, that I think him fitter company for angels than for men. Heaven is the place for him, not earth.”

“And thy place, wretch! is marked out with the angels of darkness!”

“Not till I shall have passed some time first with an angel of light,” returned the barber, seizing her hands, and attempting to carry them to his lips. Micaël uttered a cry, the dogs started again, and the barber once more relinquished his hold.

“Tell me,” said Olivier—“tell me how long must I give thee to weep and lament the fate of thy faithless lover—tell me, and by the powers of darkness thou shalt have it; but, mark me, that time once passed, thou shalt be mine. I will carry thee away by force: for learn, stubborn one, that I am powerful at the court of Louis. Thou shalt have nought to wish for: velvet and silken robes, gold and silver, laces and brocades, horses, dogs, falcons, palaces, all shall be thine. Thy will shall be my law. But think not to resist me, for though I fail in making myself beloved, I know at least how to make myself dreaded and hated.”

Micaël replied not to these menaces of the terrible barber.

“After all,” he continued, “women do not weep for ever; thou canst not always adore the memory of this Christian, who, in leaving this world, which was so unworthy of him, never thought of sending thee so much as a token or a single word of remembrance. Pâques-Dieu! pluck up courage, girl, and follow the example of thy royal mistress, who hath learnt wisely that tears make red eyes and pale cheeks; and who hath, moreover, promised to choose herself a husband to-morrow, out of the number of those selected for her by the States.”

“Impossible!” cried Micaël, distrusting the words, “impossible! To-morrow, did you say?”

“Ay, to-morrow!” replied the barber; “thou mayst, if thou wilt, see them leave the town-hall together, and proceed thence to the church.”

“I will see them,” said Micaël.
"You promise?" rejoined the barber.
"I do."
"May I hope that you will follow the good example of your sovereign?"
"You may."
"Then I may depend upon finding you at the church?"
"Yes, at the porch."
Notwithstanding the knowledge he had acquired of the human, especially of the female heart, the barber of Louis XI. did not know to what to attribute this sudden change in Micaella; he was content, however, to profit by it. As soon as he had retired, Micaella paced her chamber with hasty steps, in all the bitterness of woe. Her eyes were bright and sparkling, and her cheeks burned with a feverish glow. Her heart was oppressed and swollen to bursting, as though life itself would escape with every sigh. At length, she paused before her prié-dieu, and kneeling, kissed the crucifix. She then fervently entreated pardon from heaven, for the crime she was about to commit. She arose more calm, and was apparently engrossed by other reflections. The name of Christian, coupled with that of the duchess, frequently escaped her lips. Whilst she deeply lamented the fate of her lover, she still accused him of his own death. The approaching nuptials of the Duchess of Burgundy seemed to call forth her utmost indignation; nor could she comprehend the breach of those protestations she had overheard on the day when she saw her lover for the last time.
"Mary! Mary!" she cried, "he who loved you so well—he who sacrificed me so cruelly to his love for you—oh! to have broken your faith to him thus, for he died in believing in the holiness of your vows!"
She then continued, with feverish impatience—"Yes, to-morrow, noble duchess—to-morrow, your favourite, your poor fool, your buffoon, will make you smile, for the last time. Day-light! day-light! when wilt thou appear?"

(To be concluded next month.)

THE BURIAL IN THE DESERT.

We laid him in the shadow
Which the stately palm-tree threw,
While the evening heavens were weeping
Their tears of balmy dew.
The stars above were gleaming
From their azure realms of light;
He had no other taper,
To grace his burial-rite.
For the ocean roll'd between him
And the home he had resigned,
He thought not, when he left it,
A desert grave to find.
Instead of voices swelling
Their choral hymns on high,
We breath'd a pray'r, in silence,
As the dark Nile wander'd by.
On the grave wherein he slumbers
We placed the dewy sod,
And left the dreamless soldier
To his father, and his God.
The winds shall whisper o'er him
At summer evening's close,
And clouds that weep at sunset
Shall hallow his repose.
The vital chain is broken,
And the grief-worn heart is calm;
Unbroken is his slumber
Beneath the desert-palm!

G. R. C.
L'HOMME À BONNES FORTUNES.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

"So, Alfred, your young friend joins you to-day, does he? Well, well, my boy, he will be heartily welcome for your sake; and if he be, as you say, the gay and gallant favourite of the ladies, egad! he'll be worth the seeing."

"Yes, my dear father, Auguste will be here to-day, without fail; at least, so his last letter says; and you will find him all I have told you—gay, gallant, witty, handsome, bold, and generous. In fact, he is a perfect Frenchman, what a native of la belle France ought to be."

"I think, at least, Alfred, your friend should know the value of his herald, for you trumpet his praises loudly."

"Not more, my dear sir, than he will deserve; you will admire him as a fine young man—you will laugh at his anecdotes, and wonder at his extraordinary success in his affaires d'amour."

"What, then, is he in love, is he?"

"Oh! as to that, he ever is, with some object or the other; there is not a woman, far or near, of any pretension to beauty, he does not know, or receive some token of regard from."

"Diablo! I must take care then of my dear Nina! What, sir, would you bring such a man in proximity with your sister?—lovely, innocent, and darling creature as she is."

"For that, sir, fear not: Auguste, however eager in the pursuit of les bonnes fortunes, still is a man of honour; and, as my friend, of course my sister is sacred. Do you not also know, my dear sir, the most decided rake is ever the most easily subdued by unsophisticated virtue?"

"Ah! ah! that may be all very well; but, nevertheless, I shall keep an eye on the young gentleman, I promise you. But I forgot, in talking of him, to ask how goes your suit with the young widow, Madame Dorigny."

"There, sir, I am, alas! as ever, still the same. She receives me with kindness, talks with me, reasons with me, but will not allow me to plead my passion, and still does not absolutely reject me. I scarcely know what to think; sometimes, I hope, then I fear; but I am almost ever inclined to believe she nourishes a passion for another."

"Tut, tut! boy; it is but a lover's fancy. Refuse you, Alfred? refuse you, my son? oo, no! at all events, I'll see her myself. I'll woo her for you, win her for you, and, egad! perhaps marry her for you, after all!"

"Nay, nay, my dear sir, now you go a little too far. Do as you will, as to the first part of your intentions, but pray leave the performance of the latter to me. But, hark! a carriage arrives; I'll engage it is Auguste—I'll go to meet him!" And thus the father and son parted.

Auguste Delmar, the expected guest of Alfred, and the hero of our sketch, was a young man of good family and fortune, possessed of a handsome and graceful person, with all the savoir vivre of a man of fashion. He entered with the spirit of youth, and, moreover, French youth, into all the follies of the time. Ever in the pursuit of pleasure, he fancied himself in love with each pretty woman he met, n'importe, married or single.

In one of the fashionable circles of Paris he had met Alfred de Mirécourt, and formed an intimacy with him. They shortly became almost inseparable; and now, upon the earnest entreaty of his friend, had come to visit him at his father's residence in Champagne.

On his introduction to the elder de Mirécourt, the latter felt considerable surprise and disappointment, as instead of the gay, blooming Adonis he expected, the person presented to him as Auguste Delmar, was a young man, certainly, of very fashionable appearance, but pale in countenance, and with large dark eyes, half closed, as if with pain, an air of extreme languor pervading his whole person. The old gentleman could not help whispering to his son, "Oh! if this be your enchanter, no fear of Nina; he looks fitter rather for the care of Esculapius;" but he received him kindly; and endeavoured, by every possible means in his power, to amuse his guest.

While they were yet conversing, a servant entered with a note directed to Mon-sieur Alfred Auguste de Mirécourt, and presented it to the father of Alfred, who, after having mounted his spectacles, and read the address over three or four times, without being able to understand it,
passed it to his son, at the same time requesting to know how long he had borne the second cognomen.

"Ha!" cried Auguste, "tis a letter for me—I expected it; and took the liberty of making use of my friend's name for the superscription." Then taking it from Alfred, who presented it to him coolly, without opening it, he placed it in his waistcoat pocket.

The old gentleman, who was not a little curious, fidgetted about for some time. This was a mystery he would fain solve; it was, no doubt, some billet-doux, and yet Auguste seemed quite careless about it. It quite puzzled him. Still, at least, he would make one effort towards arriving at its contents.

"I beg, sir," cried he, addressing himself to Auguste, "you will use no ceremony; pray let not our presence interrupt your reading the letter."

"Oh! by no means, my dear sir; it is nothing—quite a bagatelle—nothing of moment, I assure you."

"Ha! ha! I see some little intrigue; a billet-doux now?"

"You will excuse my father," cried Alfred, "he is merely joking, nothing more; he has heard of some of your adventures, and would laugh at them with you."

"Yes, yes; Alfred has told me how much you are a pourriuvin d'amour," rejoined Monsieur de Mirécourt, glancing with an ironical smile at the slender and delicate figure of Auguste. "Perhaps now, to wile away the hour before dinner, you will tell us some story of which you have been the hero."

"Oh, sir, I can assure you, you will find my friend equally discreet as fortunate in his affaires du cœur, besides, you must remember he has but just completed his journey, is fatigued, and — —"

"Yes, yes, you can make very good excuses: I dare say now, you only want to escape, to con over the epistle between you in private. We old men are ever de trop amongst you youngsters."

"You wrong us, sir, I assure you," cried Auguste; "as a proof of which you shall see this letter: it is but from a friend of mine, informing me of her journey to Paris, I dare say; but you can read it, and judge for yourself." Saying which he tore off the envelope, and presented the enclosure to Monsieur de Mirécourt.

This was quite a triumph to the old man. A love letter and a mystery were to him sources of positive luxury. He therefore opened the letter with all the scientific knowledge of an epicure in such matters, slowly and gradually releasing each fold, inhaling the perfume emitted by its sheet, and actually gazing on the fine character of the writing, stopping at the concluding word of every sentence, as if to enjoy each particle of its contents separately, and collectively. The note ran thus —

"Auguste,"

"I have at length prevailed on my husband to quit for a time the tedious ennui of a country town for the gaieties of Paris, for which place we shall start to-morrow. Of course I shall expect to see you shortly after my arrival. You know how welcome you will be to your"

"Henriette."

Monsieur de Mirécourt returned the missive, screwing up his lips, and casting his eyes in a most ludicrous manner, merely ejaculating — "prevailed on her husband to quit the dull ennui of a country town, for the gaieties of Paris. Whew — whew!"

"You see, my dear sir," cried Auguste, "it is but a trifle: by-the-bye, there is a small anecdote I can tell you about this lady without compromising myself, and I have no doubt it will amuse you."

"Let's have it, my dear sir, let's have it! Here, take a seat—take a seat, we'll have it in comfort. Come, proceed, proceed I!" and the old man rubbed his hands in all the delight of anticipated amusement.

"Well, then, you must know, that meeting the fair writer of this note at a friend's house, and finding my attentions received with some favour, I managed so far to ingratiate myself into the favour of her spouse, as to induce him to give me a general invitation to his house. You may imagine I did not allow so charming a prospect to pass unnoticed, and as soon as etiquette would permit, I paid them a visit, but during the whole time I remained there, it was hardly possible to get one moment's private interview with my fair hostess. Did we walk, monsieur was always with us. Did we play, her husband did not quit our table: the man was a complete nuisance, in fact—a second shadow to me. An opportunity at last
offered itself, and I hit upon a happy thought."

"Ha! my dear sir, what was it?"

"Simply this. We had one morning been strolling in the grounds—monsieur, madame, and myself; when the husband, who for some time seemed to be extremely anxious, at length proposed returning home, stating as an excuse that we were too distant to hear the dinner bell. I hesitated, and said I thought he was mistaken. He persisted. At last a thought struck me; I saw how obstinate he was, and offered him a wager of five hundred francs upon the issue: he accepted it, and engaged, if I would remain where I then was, he would return and ring a peal. He did so, leaving madame with me. This was the golden opportunity I had so long sought: and although we shortly after plainly heard the bell, I willingly allowed I had lost my bet; and still, within myself, thought I was the winner, as I had thereby gained the opportunity of declaring my passion!"

"Ha, ha, ha! excellent! excellent! most admirable! and so you tricked the knowing one, eh?—ah! you are a sad dog, I fear. But what's the matter now? what brings Nina here in such haste?"

"Oh, papa," cried the lively girl, as she ran into the room, "who do you think has just arrived? Old friends and great favourites!"

"Why, really, I can't tell; perhaps Monsieur le Maire and the curé."

"Oh, no; but as you will keep me here for ever, if you have to guess the names of the parties, I'll tell you at once—Monsieur le Général de Beaumont and his wife."

"De Beaumont! why this is news, indeed. I little expected to see them. Now, Monsieur Auguste, you'll have some good companions. Excuse my leaving you, I'll hasten to introduce them. You will be delighted, I promise you."

He soon returned with his friends, and presented them in form. But the general on seeing Delmar, immediately accosted him as an old acquaintance, and with the most friendly warmth expressed how glad he was to see him; while Madame de Beaumont received him with an air of the most distant coldness!

If Monsieur de Mirécourt felt glad at the previous acquaintance of his young guest and the general, he was not a little surprised at the awkward reception he met with from the lady, and set down in his mind there was one at least proof against his fascinations.

Dinner had passed, Madame de Beaumont had retired with Nina to the grounds. The gentlemen were left alone, and the conversation flew round rapidly and gaily.

"Ah! now I think of it, Monsieur Auguste," said the general, "do you know you are somewhat in my debt?"

"Truly, my dear sir," replied Delmar, "I was ignorant of it, but shall feel most happy to acquit myself towards you. Pray let me know in what manner I can do so."

"Oh! 'tis something more than a trifle, I can tell you; though your acknowledg-

ment of it will amply repay me. You must know, then, the Baron Delmar, of whom you are the acknowledged heir, is dead!"

"Indeed! I had not heard of it; pray, how long since? I saw him but a few weeks ago, and then he was in good health."

"And so, my good friend, he was, up
to the hour he left this life. And you will perhaps allow me to be a good authority for the intimation, when I tell you it was to my hand he owed his sudden de-

parture to another world."

"Heavens! general, what mean you?"

"Merely, that he paid some attentions to my wife I did not entirely approve of, and in consequence of his refusal to de-
sist from them, I called him out: we met, he fired and missed, I—"

"Wounded him," you would say."

"Not at all—not at all, I can assure you!"

"Ah! then, I see you have been merely trying my patience, general; this is not generous"

"No, sir, I have done no such thing; what you have heard is perfectly true. I did not, as you suppose, merely wound him: I acted then as I would again, towards any man who dared think of trespassing upon my honour—I met him coolly, and killed him!"

"Gracious powers! then he is, indeed, dead?" cried Auguste.

"He is, sir, and you are the possessor of his property and title."

Auguste was silent. Alfred congratulated his friend on his good fortune; while old de Mirécourt, shocked at the deliberate manner in which the general had declared his share in the duel, seemed thunderstruck: thinking if Auguste had to
L'Homme à Bonnes Fortunes.

meet with a husband like de Beaumont in one of his intrigues, what would have been his end, and not a little anxious at his son's intimacy with such a man.

A partial gloom appeared to have settled on the little party, which Monsieur de Mirécourt tried to dissipate, by observing to Auguste, that now he was possessed of all he could wish for, he supposed he would marry, and henceforth become a sober Benedict. While Auguste, on the contrary, denied the possibility of such an act.

"Ah! ah! fine talking, young man—fine talking! I'll engage to the contrary. All the young ones say so, de Mirécourt, eh? But they are generally nearest the point when they most disclaim it."

"Your remark will not apply to my case, general; and as you seem so very positive, I will lay you a wager that, should we live so long, five years hence will still find me a bachelor."

"Nay—nay, truce, Monsieur Delmar, truce there; you know you are not very fortunate in bets, you remember, Monsieur Auguste."

"Ah! yes, I forgot—true, true! I cry your mercy."

"What, then, you have won of him, general, eh?"

"Oh yes, a trilling sum, 500 francs. What do you think, Monsieur Alfred, he would insist that—"

Auguste now began to be most uneasy, and endeavoured to prevent the general from proceeding; but Monsieur de Mirécourt noticing his anxiety to have it concealed, was yet more desirous to hear it, and persisted in begging Monsieur de Beaumont not to mind Delmar, but to tell his story.

"Oh!" he said, "it is not worth relating. Monsieur Delmar, walking with myself and Madame de Beaumont in the grounds round our château, insisted we could hear the dinner bell at a certain distance, which I disputed, and soon convinced him of my being in the right."

Alfred and his father both looked upon Auguste with full meaning: the lady then was discovered, and the cool reception given by Madame de Beaumont to Delmar was now evidently only a mere cloak for other and far different feelings.

The general soon after this rose to depart; as he crossed the room, his foot pushed against what he conceived to be a letter, and on raising it to place it on the table, was much surprised to find the address in the handwriting of his wife; and passing it to the elder de Mirécourt, asked if he owned it. The old gentleman instantly recognised it for the envelope of the note enclosed to Auguste, and trembling for the consequences, remembering the late story of Monsieur de Beaumont, with an air of hesitation denied it being his, saying, it was addressed to his son. Alfred, who had been witness to the whole proceeding, taking the hint, acknowledged it to be the handwriting of Madame de Beaumont, who had thus announced the visit they had just honoured them with; and the lady shortly after entering, to take leave of her friends, the general accused her of it.

If de Mirécourt had been surprised at the adventure altogether, his confusion at the coolness and presence of mind with which madame seconded Alfred's explanation, was tenfold increased.

At length the general and his wife took their departure; but Monsieur de Beaumont could not understand that his wife should write, without informing him, to a young man like Alfred de Mirécourt, His jealous feelings were aroused, and he resolved to keep a watchful eye upon the object of his suspicions.

Some months had passed away; the general and his wife had not left Paris, and Monsieur de Mirécourt, to forward the alliance he wished to contract between his son and Madame Dorigny, had likewise repaired to the capital, with his family; but not only did this reason urge him to the removal—Nina, his daughter, had lately lost much of her health and spirits, and the physicians who had been called in had advised change of scene, and amusement, as the best remedies to be adopted in her case.

Auguste was also in Paris, roving from one beauty to another, and ever the welcome visitor at Monsieur de Beaumont's, and the family of de Mirécourt. He and Alfred were still upon the strictest terms of intimacy, although a rivalry existed between them for the hand of Madame Dorigny.

It was Auguste, who, in the first instance, had introduced Alfred to his lady. The latter on seeing her was much struck with her beauty, and increasing acquaintance only sufficed to render her the object of his fondest wishes. Knowing that his friend was equally in pursuit of
her favour, he, for some time, forbore to express his passion, and endeavoured to overcome it. But Auguste had discovered it; and by one of those extraordinary fits of generosity, so common with enthusiasts of every class, insisted it should not in any way interfere with their friendship; but that they should equally persevere, and endeavour to attain their end, and that, no matter in whose favor Madame Dorigny might decide, the loser should yield to the fortune of his colleague, without a murmur.

Matters had stood in this way some months, and Madame Dorigny, a woman of good sense and knowledge of the world, had, as yet, declined to pronounce in favour of either. Her heart truly spoke in favour of Delmar, but she was not ignorant of the reputation he had as a man of gallantry; and although she fully credited his asseverations of her being the only woman he had even really loved, or till then had felt he could make his wife, she feared to trust herself and her happiness in the hands of such a man, till she had well studied his character; while the genuine tenderness and delicate attentions offered by Alfred had interested her much in his favour, and she hesitated to rebuff too prematurely the homage she felt grateful for.

But the repeated entreaties of both her suitors to decide finally in the favour of one of them, and the anxiety of Monsieur de Mirécourt that his son should be the object of her choice, induced her, at length, to think seriously of the affair. For this purpose she signified that her selection was made, but should not be avowed until the moment of proceeding to the altar; and invited Monsieur de Mirécourt and his daughter, with Alfred and Auguste, to assemble on a certain morning at a maison de plaisance she possessed in the environs of Paris, when she would declare her election, and the marriage should be concluded at the same time.

The expected morning arrived, and the parties invited were at the rendezvous. Madame Dorigny met her friends in the most cheerful mood; nor could her behaviour to either of the young friends impart a suspicion as to which would be the happy one. The déjeuner passed in the height of good humour; after which the fair hostess, begging permission to retire for a short time, informed them that, immediately on her return, an end should be put to their suspense.

The party now broke up, some to range the grounds, some to the library, in fine, as each might feel disposed. During these arrangements, Madame de Beaumont had signified to Auguste her wish for a private interview, naming at the same time the apartment where she would meet him.

Auguste immediately proceeded thither, and was shortly after joined by the wife of the general. Madame de Beaumont had not been made acquainted with the flirtation between Delmar and Madame Dorigny, who that morning had met him with all the fury of a disappointed woman.

In this tête-à-tête, little expected by him, she tried reproaches, invectives, and passion, which, however, she found produced no effect, and she then essayed tears, and woman’s milder persuasions. These were equally unavailing; and at length she threatened to expose the whole of his correspondence with herself, should he persist in his design of becoming the husband of Madame Dorigny.

"I know," said she, "the consequences of such a step—imputations on myself; danger, and perhaps death, to you! But rather would I suffer the well-merited scorn of my husband, and brave the issue, than see you another’s. You won my heart, and would now leave me. Beware! for, as I live, I will not be wronged without revenge!"

Auguste, insensible as he was to aught but his own inclinations, quailed before her desperate violence, and felt that, under the influence of excitement, she would not hesitate to put her threats into execution, nay, perhaps confess more than had occurred. He therefore endeavoured to soothe her as best he could; though to promise to give up his chance to the hand of Madame Dorigny he found was impossible, for Auguste, in spite of his egotism, really loved her.

Whilst yet they were in the height of their contest, the pair were alarmed by the voice of the general, who was calling for Alfred, and still more confused when they heard him try the door of the apartment where they were, which Madame de Beaumont had fastened after her on her entrance.

Anxious only, now, to save themselves, Madame de Beaumont, at the entreaties
of Auguste, passed into a closet leading from the room, while he opened the door to the general.

Monsieur de Beaumont, who, upon finding the door locked, had demanded instant admission upon the threat of forcing it, entered in a state of excitement not to be described,—a pistol in either hand; but seeing Delmar alone in the apartment, appeared overwhelmed with surprise; and the latter imagining his intrigue with Madame de Beaumont to be discovered, was endeavouring to collect himself to meet the event, which he doubted not, from appearances, would be summary.

The general commenced in a hurried tone—

"Did I not hear voices hear?"

"You might, sir."

"Those of Monsieur Alfred de Mirécourt and Madame de Beaumont?"

"You mistake, sir; Alfred I have not seen since the breakfast hour; mine was the only male voice you could have heard."

"I was informed by a servant they had seen him enter this room with my wife."

"The man, sir, must be mistaken; I repeat, that since the breakfast hour I have not seen Monsieur de Mirécourt, or his son; and if he and Madame de Beaumont were together, they have not passed here, for since that time I have not left this spot."

"But you were not alone?"

"No, sir."

"A female was with you?"

"It is a question I do not choose to answer."

"Was it Madame Dorigny, or Madame de Beaumont? Reply!"

"Really, my dear sir, you astonish me. I am unconscious of any authority you possess to question me in this manner. Allow me to advise you to calm yourself, you will raise the inmates. And why need I have been engaged with a female? There are others here, Monsieur de Mirécourt, the notary, and several gentlemen, with whom I might wish to have some private conversation."

"You trifle, sir; but, happily, here is something will confute you;" and going towards the door of the closet by which Madame de Beaumont had escaped, he picked up a glove, which in her hurry she had let fall. "Look, sir; perhaps you may wish to persuade me this may belong to you, or some other gentleman here; but really I cannot credit it, excited as I may be. Let me pass, sir. I feel confident Monsieur Alfred de Mirécourt and Madame de Beaumont are here, in this room, and are now concealed in that closet."

"General, I beseech you be calm; you are mistaken, your suspicions are unfounded."

"Silence, sir! I need not your interference. Stand back, I say! I will search that room. Stand back, I say!"

But Auguste stirred not, and insisted on defending the door. The altercation at length proceeded to such a height, that it attracted the notice of some of the household; and Monsieur de Mirécourt, Alfred, and others, now joined them.

On the appearance of Alfred, the general was covered with confusion. The foolish jealousy he had imbibed against that young man since the first accident of the envelope, had daily gained ground; and on missing Madame de Beaumont, and inquiring for her, the information of the servant who said he had seen her and Monsieur Alfred enter that room, and the subsequent circumstance of finding the door locked, had driven him to an excess of desperation; nor was his uncomfortable situation much diminished when, finding his folly known to all, Madame Dorigny made her appearance from the closet, and claimed the glove as hers, pointing at the same time to the fellow which she exhibited on her arm.

It is needless to add, that the supposed closet was an entrance to Madame Dorigny's boudoir, to which she had retired in company with Nina de Mirécourt at the particular request of the latter, where she had been a concealed witness of the whole scene between Auguste and Madame de Beaumont, and the subsequent one between the same gentleman and the general; and in order to save the unfortunate wife, she had exchanged gloves with her, and appeared before the general and assembled party, as we have seen; whilst Nina and Madame de Beaumont, by another egress, escaped, and entered the room as if arrived from the gardens.

"The general apologised to all, with every submission, and begged that the affair might be forgotten, promising his wife for the future she should have no
reason to complain of his suspicions, and
entreating that the affair, which had
brought them together, might be con-
cluded.

Madame Dorigny consented.

"Friends," said she, "although this
little interlude has for a moment dis-
composed us, I trust it will only serve to
render each more happy. To you, ge-
neral, as a proof how groundless were
your suspicions:—to you, Monsieur de
Mirecourt, as a relief from the anxiety
you must have suffered, relative to the
supposed imputation on your son:—to
you, Monsieur Alfred, as the re-acquisi-
tion of the unmixed esteem of Monsieur
de Beaumont; while it affords me a most
useful lesson in my present situation,
and the power of rewarding the sincerity
and attachment of Monsieur Delmar as
he so highly merits. Nay, no thanks,
Auguste, do not interrupt me, I well
know all you would say; be assured I will
do every thing for your happiness; I have
weighed every thing, and think I can
answer for the result: only remember,
I insist, nay, I command you, at your
peril, let me act according to my own
fancy, and gainsay me in nought. You
hear me, Auguste: will you obey me?"

Delmar, aware from Madame Dorigny's
manner that she knew all, replied, "Ma-
dame, act as you will, I will do all you
wish—all you may dictate."

"On your honour, as a gentleman?"

"On my honour, as a gentleman! I
promise it."

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are wit-
nesses of the powers delegated to me.
Thus then I proceed.—The late inter-
view, which you, Monsieur de Beaumont, so
rashly interrupted, was one of the deep-
est interest to myself, as it has afforded
me the means of judging, in the most am-
ples manner, of the high and noble sen-
iments of Monsieur Delmar, and the worth
of Monsieur Alfred de Mirecourt; it
only remains for me, previously to com-
pleting my own happiness, to form
that of another, and instead of one
wedding we shall have two. Monsieur
de Mirecourt, whilst you and all have
supposed that Monsieur Delmar sought
me for his wife, allow me to inform you I
was his friend only, and that he was
actually the betrothed husband and well-
beloved of our dear Nina here, and I now
call upon you to consent to their union,
and confirm the happiness of your daughter,
nor deem yourselves slighted in not being
informed of this before. Nobody but
myself, excepting the parties concerned,
was in the secret.—(this was said with
a speaking glance at Auguste)—and this
éclaircissement was a little plot of my own.
There, my dear sir, I see you consent.
Auguste, take her, deserve her, and re-
member sometimes what you owe to me
for keeping your secret. Now, my dear
sir, as I have robbed you of one daughter,
I will give you another in my own un-
worthy self. Alfred, I am yours!"

Few words remain to be added; Nina
had requested Madame Dorigny to grant
her an interview, to disclose to her, that
during the period Auguste had passed at
her father's house in Champagne, he had
professed love to her, and gained her
affections under promise of marriage;
that on hearing of the probability of an
union between Madame Dorigny and
Delmar, she had been driven to despa-
ration, and had appealed to the feelings
of that lady as a friend. This, joined with
the accompanying esclandre between
Auguste and Madame de Beaumont, had
prompted the mode of action she had
adopted. Auguste, who from the first
had perceived he was detected in his
double dealing, submitted with as good
grace as possible; and thus terminated an
affair happily, which, but for the presence
of mind of a generously-minded woman,
might have ended most tragically.

NIGHTINGALES.—M. MERVEAUX has
communicated to the French Academy of
Sciences a curious circumstance respecting
some nightingales in his garden. They had
built their nest in the lower part of a hedge,
when some water in the neighbourhood rose
with such impetuosity as to inundate the
garden. M. Merveaux watched the night-
ingales with some anxiety, and one day,
when the water had reached to within six
paces of the nest, he only perceived two
eggs. He at first thought that the nest
had been abandoned, but coming again
to it very soon after, he saw only one, and
this time waited to see what would be the
result. He was much astonished to be-
hold the last egg disappear with the birds,
who flying cautiously, but rapidly, carried
it to a new nest, at the highest part of the
hedge, where he saw all four eggs deposited
in safety, and where they were afterwards
hatched. He could not ascertain how the
parent birds carried these eggs.—From the
French.
LINES ON CLIEFDEN SPRING,
WRITTEN WHEN IN LONDON.
Sweet shades of Cliefden, oft I think on thee,
When in the morn the caged blackbird sings,
Wasting on murky streets its minstrelsy,
While to unheeding crowds its music rings.
How oft have I recalled the pleasing roar
Of waters rushing down thy chalky rock,
When the fierce whirlwind thundered by the shore,
The houses trembling with the fearful shock,
As half asleep and half awake I dream
That lone I'm wandering near thy favourite stream.

How oft have I mistook the hum of men
For Zephyrs rustling through thy verdant trees;
And as my thoughts in sweet succession ran,
I woke, methought, to breathe the cooling breeze.
Ah! no,—sleep's soft delusion then had fled;
Thy woodland charms to other scenes gave place,
And time had quickly flown! I left my bed
Again to mingle with the noisome race,
And leave the rural for the murkier home,
'Mong streets and squares, instead of fields, to roam.

LOVE—MARRIAGE—CELIBACY.

FRAGMENT.
Call you them fools?
Surely not fools, but above wisdom wise,
Are they who, beauty-smitten, leave the schools
Of learning for the bowers of Paradise;
For where love is (thus happy lovers say)
Is Paradise; brightens each scene; the skies,
The soft blue skies, smile gladlier; earth looks gay,
As when the sun, rejoicing in his birth,
First beamed on Eden, bliss—a heaven on earth!

Thus lovers say; and ladies' fervent hearts,
Thriv'd with belief, at the delightful measure
Of such sweet truth, throb choruses; winged starts
Imagination forth in search of pleasure,
And brings home thoughts of purest happiness
Destined for them in future hours—a treasure

For frequent meditation; thronging press
Strong feelings forth; and Love, without control,
Anticipates his empire o'er the soul.

Ah! happy they who realize love dreams!
(If such dreams may be realized below)
And yet 'tis dangerous bliss; the light that beams
Anon may vanish, and give them more to woe,
The more they taste of joy——

There are who roam,
Lone pilgrims in this cold, cold world, with no
Lover or friend around them; from their home
Fallen, as it seems (their home some wandering star)
To earth—for they are not what others are.

Spectators in the crowds of men they mingle,
Thoughts, feelings how unlike! in heart and mind
Differing—— E. DARBY, JUN.
HAROUN AL REDSHID: AN EASTERN TALE.

BY W. LAW GANE.

Haroun al Redshid was a true believer, dwelling almost at the extremity of the Turkish empire, among the Balkan mountains. Of the faithful, there were none more faithful than he; the precepts of the holy Koran, which he made his continual study, were deeply engraven on his heart; he prayed seven times a day, and eschewed the forbidden wine: Mahomet never owned a truer follower, nor the infidel a more cordial hater, than Haroun al Redshid. Haroun was a soldier, and a braver followed not the standard of the prophet; he dared all for his faith; danger he feared not, for terror was a stranger to his breast. Amidst the tumult of the battle, the glorious paradise, prepared for the hero, shone brightly before his eyes, and in imagination he moistened his parched lips with the rich sherbet, the gift of dark-eyed hours. Haroun had read in the book of his faith, that nought was more acceptable to the prophet than a pilgrimage to Mecca, that a prayer offered at his tomb was the key of heaven, opening the way to eternal happiness. The glad vision of promised joys had long floated in his mind, and he panted for the enterprise, even as the caged bird pants for the glorious rose which blooms within its view, but beyond its reach; or, as the maiden who has outwashed the star of evening, anxiously gazes for her lover’s shadow upon the hill. Fate, which mortal vainly seeks to control, had long opposed his intention; but at last it smiled propitiously, and Haroun prepared for his journey. He bade farewell to his aged sire, and tears moistened the old man’s snowy beard, as he sent a prayer to the prophet, for the safety of his boy; the eye of the gentle Kishla beamed on him as the sun through the spring shower. Kishla had Haroun’s first, best, and only love. She breathed not a word, and as Haroun left her embrace she knelt and blessed him, fondly, fervently calling on the immortal powers to restore him safely to her breast.

Haroun commenced his journey; his heart, as the rose when the shower kisses its leaves, smiling amidst its tearful sadness. He wandered over the wide provinces of Turkey, heaven his guide, and the alms of the pious his only support. The pilgrim’s scrip and staff ever welcome their bearer to the true believer’s board. He soon reached the confines of the empire, and entered Arabia, honoured by every Mussulman as the cradle of his faith, and venerated as the country of the prophet. Haroun’s breast glowed with deeper piety; he felt strengthened for the difficulties and dangers of his weary way, as he trod the sacred soil. He continued to pursue his journey with the utmost speed, animated by the glorious reward promised those who duly honour the prophet’s shrine; he did not even wait to join the caravan which was journeying across the desert, but proceeded alone on the perilous waste, confident in hope, bold in enthusiasm. His first day’s journey brought him to the well of Kizala, where a few lonely palms, and a garden of smiling verdure form a bright spot, in the midst of wide-spreading sterility. Haroun rejoiced at the prospect, but sighed as he reflected how few such there are to cheer man’s course in the desert of life. The bright sun was about sinking beneath the horizon; the pilgrim turned towards the east, and having performed his evening devotions, ate bread, and drank of the pure waters of the bubbling spring, then spreading his capote beneath a sheltering palm-tree, the weary traveller lay down to rest, and sleep, and swift-speeding dreams soon wafted him to the holy city, and anon transported him back to his native hills, and to the arms of his devoted Kishla.

As the birds welcomed the coming of the new-born day, Haroun awoke, and prepared to recommence his wanderings. His future course was without a track—the wide sandy ocean lay spread out before him, its surface unbroken by tree or bush, with the lone ostrich for its only tenant. Nor fear nor doubt for a moment agitated his mind; buoyant and brave, he rushed into the land of stillness, where nature’s voice is unheard, where her gentle footsteps never have trodden; but peace of heart was music to Haroun; and he sighed only for the prospect which lay beyond the waste. He went steadily forward until the sun was again about to disappear: weariness began to steal over him, and his eye turned anxiously from side to side, endeavouring to spy out, by
the appearance of verdure, some spring beside which he could repose during the night; none, however, gladdened his sight: but he thanked the prophet that the unsheltered sand offered him a couch, when none other could be found. He was about casting himself down on the earth, not in despair, for he had all to hope, but fatigue had overmastered him, when turning to the left, he espied a light in the distance. He doubted not but that it proceeded from the tents of some wandering Arab tribe, and knowing, despite their predatory life, that they treat the defenceless stranger and the pilgrim with hospitality, he directed his footsteps towards their camp. Before he had gone far, a scene burst on his view which filled him with astonishment and wonder. He beheld before him a stately palace, sublime in show and simple magnificence. Doric beauty spread over the pile its sweet, yet awful grandeur; ornament there appeared to be none; vastness, and simplicity exhibited in its structure their peculiar attributes; and the air of lonely majesty which breathed around it, inspired a reverential awe. No fountains cast their diamond drops on high in its vicinity; no roses perfumed the air which circulated in its halls, and the nightingale poured not forth its song of love and grief in its gardens. It resembled the desert in which it stood, as the lonely rock stands in the midst of ocean’s boundless womb.

Haroun, as weaker minds would have done, did not deem the mighty pile the work of evil genii who practise such deceptions to delude the unwary; he devoutly breathed to Alla and the prophet for the promise of rest which it offered, and unhesitatingly entered upon its precincts. The vast and lonely structure was not, as it at first appeared, deserted; there was life, and animation within its walls. Nor was the pilgrim’s approach unobserved: a female, ill-featured, and of uncourteous manners, bade him hasten to enter the door, which she rudely opened for him. The interior of the building was simpler than the exterior, it appeared even harsh, and ill-conditioned; every thing wore a sombre and melancholy air. Haroun observed with surprise that the only inmates, of this palace of the wilderness, were females; their ages varied, but beauty, or even comeliness, was not to be seen among them: their thin and long forms, and hard and rigid features, rendered them forbidding in the extreme; Nature, liberal as she is, planted no flowers in the desert; she did not choose to isolate beauty from the world; weeds appeared to flourish best in such a soil.

Haroun was invited by the mistresses of the domain to partake of their evening meal. The pilgrim joined them, but the repast was coarse and scanty, no generous meats graced their table, no soothing drinks cheered the heart, bitter roots and ill-flavoured water were the only viands. This, Haroun little heeded; but he could not avoid remarking its singularity. Nor did the dispositions of his entertainers appear better than their fare: they were crabbed and morose, and the few words which were spoken among themselves consisted of ill-natured questions and provoking replies. To Haroun they accorded a sour welcome, but still they would not permit him to leave their walls, which he, disgusted with his reception, had wished to do. He joyfully repaired to the couch which they had prepared for him, and as the first stream of light poured along the horizon, he recommenced his journey, glad to have escaped from this gloomy mansion and its inhospitable tenants, he was not, however, permitted to take his departure until a promise had been exacted from him that he would pay another visit on his return from the holy city. He pursued the remainder of his journey with increased rapidity, and Mecca’s revered walls soon rose before him. Never pilgrim more devout repaired from afar to the holy tomb; could heaven be gained by devotion, and charity, it were surely Haroun’s; the live-long night was given to prayer, and but little during the day was Haroun absent from the prophet’s shrine. His piety was celebrated among the most pious; and his example was long held up for the pilgrim’s imitation.

Haroun tarried in the place most dear to his faith beyond the prescribed time, but at last he tore himself away, though with many a tear, and many a sigh, and commenced his journey homewards. On the tenth day of his departure from Mecca, he reached the neighbourhood of the palace, in the wilderness. As he approached it, a surprising change was apparent; delicious perfumes loaded the air; the trees of the surrounding groves, previously bare and uncouth, now bore the choicest blossoms, and their forms had become graceful and picturesque;
the sounds of gentle music stole along,  
every bough supporting a warbling song-  
ster; harmony, and melody filled all space;  
and the charmed senses felt the delight-  
ful burthen, and a weight of ecstasy al-  
most too powerful for their gentle strength.  
Scarce less changed was the palace it-  
self. Its stern beauties gleaned with softer  
tint; its lonely grandeur was enwreathed  
with nature’s gentler charms; the foun-  
tain played, and the bright rose blushed  
beneath its stately walls. Haroun could  
but assign the change to enchantment,  
for a paradise now lay around him. As  
he approached the entrance to the palace,  
no surly porteress with unwilling hand  
opened the portal; two beings, light and  
graceful as the gazelle, beautiful as the  
fairest of flowers, bounded out, and with  
joyous welcome led the pilgrim in. A  
mighty change had taken place within,  
as well as without; splendour, uniformity  
and beauty, now reigned, where all had  
previously exhibited nakedness, discord-  
ance, and uncouthness. The eye ached  
with the glare of the magnificence: the  
courts of kings could not have rivalled  
its jewels, and gold. Haroun’s conduc-  
tors maintained an inviolate silence: they  
left him to perform his ablutions, and  
then returned to conduct him to the ban-  
quet. Astonishment sat heavy on his  
understanding, and he could not refrain  
from believing himself the victim of some  
delusive dream. As he entered the  
banquet-hall, new wonders appeared: he  
did not gaze on the glorious repast pre-  
pared,—he did not mark the gold and the  
silver, the diamonds and the rubies, glis-  
tening with wondrous splendour around  
the hall, he could only regard the bright  
beings, whom he deemed too fair for  
mortality, awaiting his coming. How  
different were they from his former com-  
panions! this wondrous place and all  
within and around it appeared to have  
their seasons, and spring now reigned,  
where winter so lately had dwelt trium-  
phant. Each form bore the impress of  
immortality; beauty sweetened from  
every eye; loveliness celestial had here  
planted her choicest flowers. “Whence,  
oh! whence,” exclaimed Haroun, “this  
change immense! Where are the former  
tenants of this glorious pile? Has the  
prophet condescended to revisit earth,  
and do I behold his footsteps around  
me?”  
“Favoured of the prophet,” returned  
the fairest of the angelic choir, “the  
shadow of change has not fallen upon us,  
we are the same frail beings whom you  
saw on your journey to the Holy City,  
nor has auguried around you altered: it  
is on you, Haroun, not on us, that change  
has worked: until now, your sight was  
bedimmed by sin, you viewed all objects  
through its hideous medium, and nature’s  
fairest works appeared harsh and reform-  
ed. Thanks to Allah and the prophet,  
your sacrifices have been accepted; the  
weight is removed from your soul, and  
the film has fallen from your eyes; holi-  
ness now lends you her light, and we  
and all around us assume its heavenly  
shine—a sinless paradise is spread out  
before you. You went, deformed with  
guile; you returned, pure as the ocean  
breeze. Great is the prophet and wise  
are all his ways: henceforth thou art  
one of his chosen fold. Come, Haroun,  
feast with us, and on the morrow you  
shall return to your home and your  
Kishla; you will take with you that  
which is better than mines of gold, and  
which the treasures of the earth cannot  
buy—a pure conscience and a sinless  
heart.”

SONNET.

Oh, woman’s love! is the divinest dream,  
The spring, from whose creative influence flows  
All that is beautiful in life; the stream,  
Upon whose bosom floats man’s barque of hope,  
Of joy, delight, and ecstasy; where glows  
The mystic power nature gave to cope  
With man’s mad musings, bringing soft repose  
To his wild heart; calming the fiercest rage;  
Bred in the world, where fraud and force engage  
In fearful contest; where deceit and guile  
Lurk in the open hand, and friendly smile;  
Where all is false and foul, save Heaven’s dove—  
Creation’s latest work! retain’d above  
To blend with seraphs’—learn, seraphic love!  

B.
JOSEPHINE AND THE LITTLE SHOES.

A TWELFTH-NIGHT TALE.

During the afternoon of the 6th of January, 1776 (the Fête des Rois in France, and Twelfth-day in England), an interesting little scene was enacted upon the after-part of a French vessel, called "Le Heron." Most of the officers, whose duties did not require their presence elsewhere, availing themselves of a brief gleam of sunshine, were engaged in chatting, smoking, and pacing up and down the quarter-deck—glad to exchange for it the pent atmosphere of their cabins, during the welcome break of bright weather, which enlivened their short, yet tedious, winter-day; when a young midshipman, ascending the companion-stairs, leading from the captain's cabin, made his appearance, exclaiming:—"Hats off, gentlemen! here's the queen!"....

Marie-Antoinette* (the queen), herself, had not quitted Versailles; and, by a second-sight, one might have descried her majesty, at that same moment, in a corner of the château, sheltered from etiquette—her very enemy occupied with the rehearsal of a private play, and in the act of being prompted by the Count de Provence, her brother-in-law. The queen had undertaken to personify the principal character in the Devin du Village, and was singing:—

"J'ai perdu mon serviteur
J'ai perdu tout mon bonheur...."

Who then was the usurpatrice, assuming at two-hundred leagues from Versailles the sceptre, which the legitimate queen had temporarily relinquished for the crook of the shepherdess?

Let us hasten to affirm, that, in the present instance, neither imposture, nor lezé-majesté was committed. The royalty to which the crew of "Le Heron" did obeisance, was merely the innocent and ephemeral sway, conferred by the destiny of the Twelfth-cake bean. By favour of the blind goddess, it chanced to fall to the lot of a pretty little Creole girl, from Martinique, a relation of the captain's, who, under the guardianship of an old aunt, was going, like Virginia of Bernardin de Saint Pierre, to follow, in the far-distant metropolis, the vague yet fondly-cherished hopes of fortune, and heritage.

* See this portrait and memoir, Aug. 1836.

Of a verity, pity it seemed that the young potentate held merely mock empire for the nonce, for she acquitted herself of her high and novel functions with a dignity and grace, that even Catherine the Second,* or Maria Theresa, might have envied.

"Kneel, kneel. Sir Page," said she to the young midshipman who had announced her, "see you not that I have dropped my glove?—Come hither,—let my privy councillors attend me; and smile not, gentlemen, as the case for our discussion is a grave one. I love my subjects, be it understood, and am anxious that my subjects should love me also; it remains, therefore, to be decided whether, in order to draw its due homage to our feet, a blue rosette would not be more becoming than a white one upon our shoe. How now!—can I believe that my chief physician will allow himself to waft, under the very nose of his sovereign, puffs of tobacco in lieu of incense. Let one of my ambassadors mount before the figure-head this instant, and take an observation of the moon, to ascertain whether the senses of the worthy doctor may not have journeyed thither, as it chanced to those of the celebrated Roland;" together with a thousand other innocent sallies, accompanied by an infinity of coquettish enfantillages, at which all the honest tars laughed so long, and heartily, that their huge pipes went out, remaining idle in their hands.

But there was one amongst their number, who, more than all the rest, appeared to rejoice in the triumph of the lovely child; an old Breton sailor, named Pierre Hello, having fewer wrinkles than wounds; a id who had, but that very day, received a medal of honour, the tardy recompense of his long services! And upon this consideration it was, that the captain had just previously admitted him to partake of the little feast served upon his own table, over which the two Creole ladies, his relatives, presided. Josephine-Marie-Rose, for such were the names the young West Indian bore, had long listened with wondering attention to the recital of Pierre Hello's daring deeds. She had complimented and caressed him.

* See this portrait and memoir, Jan. 1836.
in all the vivid ingenuousness of youth, and the heart of the rude old man, still alive to such cruel emotions, had throbbed as grateful a response to these caresses, prompted by infantine sincerity, as upon receiving his medal of honour. He, alone, it was who persisted in attending upon, and what was more necessary still, taking care of her, during her gambols about the vessel; for Josephine's aunt, an excellent old dame, as if nailed to her chair by the gout, passed the live-long day, absorbed in the perusal of Saint Augustine's labours, interrupted only at intervals by precautionary exclamations of—— "Here, Minette! Hither, Josephine!" as she either saw her cat scampers into the hold after a mouse, or her ward playfully chasing a dancing sun-ray over the deck.

Brought up, like the majority of colonists' daughters in those days, in the most unrestricted freedom, Josephine altogether disregarded, or feigned deafness to, such admonition. Sometimes she clambered up the rigging, and swung herself upon the ropes; and then it was, that Pierre Hello kept attentive watch below—ready, had she fallen, to catch her in his huge hands, as he would have caught a bird on the wing, dropping down by fatigue, or have plunged overboard to her rescue, had the wind perchance have blown her into the sea. At times she amused the listless hours of the crew by her songs and dances; and on such occasions, the watchful Hello seemed, at all once, to have found intelligence sufficient to understand verse, and taste to appreciate the poetry of motion, exemplified in the graceful yet unstudied gesture which accompanied the uniring agility of her little feet. The day succeeding that on which she had been invested with her brief regality, the amiable child appeared sorrowful and pensive, and the old sea-wolf placed himself before her, as silent and uneasy as a dog when he beholds his master shed tears. She could not refrain from repaying his compassionate and inquiring look, otherwise than by taking him into her confidence. An old runaway negro, a reputed sorceress and professed dealer in Obeah-art, to whom Josephine had often furtively carried provision, whilst hidden in the woods, had made her, it appeared, during one of these visits, a strange prediction, upon which she was repeatedly pondering, and the words of which she had retained in all their primitive jargon:—

"Good, pretty missis, me hab see in de cloud a big condor mount berry high, berry high, wid rose in him beak...... You, dat Rose.....you berry unhappy,......after dat you be queen; den soon big storm come, and den you die."

"I was queen yesterday," added she, "and I am now only waiting for the storm to come and carry me away......"

"Fear not, mademoiselle," replied Hello, "for if any ill-luck befalls 'Le Heron,' you've only to seize the end of my belt—here,—so; and, by the help of Heaven and my patron saint, (a great saint remember, mademoiselle, who walked upon the sea without sinking, which, on the word of a sailor, is a wonderful miracle), you shall float ashore as easily as a galley towed into port by a three-master."

Josephine, somewhat reassured, repaid the devotedness of the brave old man, by singing him a romance, which no one on board had ever before heard her warble. It had been composed when her departure from the island was first decided upon, and comprised her adieux, and regret upon the occasion, which a young Creole girl, her neighbour and intimate, had turned into verse and adapted to music:—

"Petit nègre, au champ qui fleuronne
Va moissonner pour ma couronne;
La négresse fuyant aux bois,
Marronne,
M'a prédit la grandeur des rois
Vingt fois.
Petit nègre, va, qui t'arrête?
Serait-ce déjà la tempête
Qui doit effleurer si souvent
Ma tête
Et jeter mon bonheur mouvant
Au vent.
Las ! J'en pleure déjà la perte
Adieu donc, pour la mer deserte,
La rivière des Trois-îlets
Si verte,
Où, dans ma barque aux blonds filets,
J'allais.
Adieu : les vents m'ont entraînée,
Ma patrie et ma sœur aînée !
La fleur veut mourir où la fleur
Est née
Et j'étais si bien sur ton cœur,
Ma sœur !"

There is an age, however, at which grief passes with footsteps so light and fugitive, as to leave no perceptible
Josephine and the Little Shoes.

trace upon the clear brow it but fits across; when, indeed, the melancholy of the evening evaporates like morning dew: such age was Josephine's. The next day she danced again as joyously as ever; the days, the weeks, ran away without that sparkling vivacity, wearing away; but it was not altogether the same with her little shoes. The concluding bound of a farandole, had carried away their last remaining shreds. Unfortunately, the wardrobe possessed by these ladies was but slight; they were going to Paris, and had deemed it but prudent, ere they replenished it, to wait for the prevailing fashion, whatever that might be, in its own peculiar empire. Poor Josephine was now, therefore, compelled to seat herself like a prisoner by her aunt's side, hiding her denuded feet beneath her frock, and twirling her body, head, and arms, in a feverish desire for locomotion, of which the incessant indulgence of her favourite pastime had deprived her, but not daring to risk a step, like the Daphne of the Tuileries, whose bust still lives, whilst her feet have already taken root. There went our little queen, like the captive of an enchanted tower, waiting until some errant knight might in his chivalrous valour effect her deliverance.

The knight at length appeared in the person of Pierre Hello.

"Let such pretty feet go bare!" exclaimed he with a growl of indignation;
"some people can't have two liards worth of heart."

But though a celebrated poet asserts that "indignation procreates verse," he does not, however, add that it can make shoes. Pierre Hello reflected, rapped his forehead, scratched his head, and, by a cogitative movement of his capacious mouth, transferred from one cheek to another that cherished morsel of tobacco, sailors are wont to chaw... his quid!—to speak plainly. Beg pardon, ladies, its a horrible word; yet there exists but one to explain the thing, and it is one of far too great importance for a conscientious narrator, when touching upon maritime matters, not to make due mention of. The quid is to the sailor's mind, what the hand is to the clock; when the mind works, the quid turns. And thus had he posed himself with that proposition so arduous to every mathematical tyro, viz.—"To make some-

thing out of nothing."—a problem which, akin to those of longitude-seeking, and squaring the circle, still eludes, and probably will long elude, all human solution.

"Some leather! my pipe and medal for a bit of leather!" ejaculated he, with all the despairing energy of Richard the Third, offering to barter his kingdom for a horse. All the fishing-tackle in the ship would, most assuredly, have been towing overboard, had he happened to have been acquainted with that part of the History of Don Quixote, and had dared to have flattered himself with possessing the same skilful hand as that of Sancho Panza, who, casting his hooks to the trouts, found he had got a bite from a pair of old shoes. He hunted, he rummaged, he turned over lumber in every corner of the vessel; his hands were thrust into every aperture, and hole through which a mouse could creep; at last, he uttered a joyful cry, similar to that of the miser Harpagon, on finding his strong box; or Jean Jacques Rousseau, when he crouched in rapture over his long sought flower la pervenche. Neither flower nor hoard was it Pierre Hello had just discovered, but something to him far more precious. It was the boot of a soldier, who had been killed during a boarding attack, and which had rolled, Heaven knows how! into a corner of the hold. There it had remained, mourning the loss of its twin brother, drowned in the sea, or entombed in the belly of some shark, and thinking, doubtless, like La Fontaine's rat, that sublunary affairs no longer had ought to do with it; but Pierre Hello had decided otherwise; for availing himself of his knife, in lieu of awl and trenchant tool, he punctured and cut away so well, that in less than an hour he had made—neither shoes nor brodequins, nor half-boots, nor pumps, nor sandals, nor buskins, papouches or mocassins; but really in the "gentle-craft" of shoe-making, a production truly original, romantic and fantastic,—"a deed without a name;"—but still, that nameless thing might, in time of such sore need, interpose itself as a defensive armour between the epidermis of a human foot and the floor. The brave Hello ran straight to Josephine's cabin, when, after having, to the infinite pain, yet ungovernable laughter, of the artless child, encased and bound
in with thongs of yarn her bare feet into this grotesque chaussure, he jumped again upon his feet, folded his arms with an air of triumph upon his breast, explaining—"There!"—and, in less than an hour afterwards, the bayadere was dancing again; dancing with a weight attached to each tiny foot, amid the increased applause of her parterre, elicited upon this occasion, by a double claim upon the admiring spectator; for in this pas-soul was there all the combined merit of the choreographic art, accompanied by the addition of suitable tours de force,—it was fairly Mademoiselle Taglioni, and Madame Saqui, figuring, by anticipation, upon the self-same pair of legs.

At length, after a tedious voyage, the look-out at the mast-head, shouted—"Land!"—And truly that was a most touching parting scene, which took place between the old seaman and his little protegé:—"I shall ever remember you, and will keep the shoes you made for me as a souvenir, a relic," said Josephine, in her endeavour to console Pierre Hello, who passed the back of his horsey hand across his glistening eyes.

"Oh!" replied he, shaking his head, "you are going to Paris, where new friends will make you lose all remembrance of poor Hello, who will not the less occupy himself with thinking of you."

"Never!" rejoined she, as her aunt led her away.

He followed her long with his eyes: she frequently turned round, and the only words repeated by her, his ear succeeded in catching, as she waved her handkerchief, were—"Never, Hello, never!"

Pierre Hello never had an opportunity of ascertaining whether the young West Indian kept her word, as he scarcely put his foot ashore afterwards, and was killed during the American war. As for Josephine...

But here, across my narrative, sweeps the great river of the French revolution, whose strange and startling current one is wholly at a loss how to characterize:—Pactolus with its golden sand; Simeois tinged with blood; Eurotas with its crimson laurels—its roar and depth makes one's brain turn dizzy. Permit me to take your fair hands, ladies; shut your eyes, and let us leap over it.......

Well done!—here we find ourselves in the middle of the empire, and are at Malmaison, the retreat of the noble-hearted, yet unfortunate, Josephine, widow, by a legal separation, of Napoleon, still living; but still an empress, and ever adored by the French, who had espoused her,—and of those also, in heart, who had not subscribed the divorce.

In her private apartments, her elbow resting upon the sounding-board of the piano-forte, from which she had just turned, she was listening, with an amiable smile playing over her countenance, to a deputation of young ladies, attached to her person, who were tremblingly soliciting her permission to play some proverbs at the château.

"Willingly, my children," replied the good Josephine, "I should myself like to select your dresses. Thanks to the emperor's generosity, my wardrobe can abundantly furnish you with whatever may be required. Here, look what merchand has brought me but an instant ago."

And with her foot she carelessly turned over a splendid robe of the richest fur, lying upon the carpet. This dress was so magnificent, that Mademoiselle S. R***, the youngest ambassadress of the deputation, could not refrain from exclaiming, as she clasped her small white hands together, by an impulse of admiration—

"Heavens! how happy your majesty must be."

"Happy!" murmured Josephine,—

"happy!.......

For a moment she seemed absorbed in reverie, and her wandering fingers stroked over the keys of the piano, striking forth a few notes of the romance, the words of which we are already acquainted with:

"La fleur veut mourir ou la fleur
Est née.
Et j'étais si bien sur ton cœur,
Ma sœur!...."

Then tearing herself from the recollections that oppressed her, she arose from her seat—

"Who loves me, follows me, made-moiseselles; come, see and choose your costumes." And preceding the young and volatile bevy of beauties, she led the way to her wardrobe. There, and then, indeed, did her young friends open wide their wondering eyes, like the son of the woodcutter on his first entrance into the cavern of Ali Baba; for there were gauges so light and web-like, that had it not been for the weight of the gems which studded their borders, they might
Josephine and the Little Shoes.

have been wafted away like thistle-down; then, too, were Spanish mantillas, Italian mezzaros, odalisque wrappers of the finest Cachemire, all redolent still with the harem perfumes, and Aboukir powder; and lastly, robes de Madonnas, so exquisitely superb, that the Virgin of Loreto herself wore them on the day of Assumption, alone.

"Take, my children, whatsoever you fancy," said the good-natured empress, "and amuse yourselves to your hearts' content. All these fine things upon which you gaze so eagerly, I place at your disposal, all... with but one sole exception; for one relic there is too precious, too sacred far to me, to allow of its being handled."

Thereupon perceiving curiosity vividly sparkling under each lovely eyelid, "Nevertheless, I may show you this treasure," added she.

I leave you to guess, ladies, what wild freaks the imagination (that household fool of the brain, and who, at the age of fifteen, is commonly lord paramount of it) played among those youthful heads.

What, then, was this marvel, so mysteriously prohibited, for which the touch of such gentle fingers could be deemed profane, when, at the same time, they were permitted to pull about, at pleasure, so many costly wonders?...

A robe that assumed the complexion of the weather, the sun, and the moon, like the one in M. de Balsac's novel?—that rare bird's egg which, according to the Arabian tale, is itself a diamond, having the property of rendering the possessor invisible?—A fan made with transparent featherings from the radiant wing of some sprite that haunted Alhambra?—A fairy's veil, or perhaps, more precious still, some unique production, commanded by the emperor from one of his renowned familiar spirits, the little red, or the little green man.

What then was it?

Taking pity, at length, upon the impatient curiosity which, from innocent malice, she had found pleasure in exciting, Josephine sought an instant in an obscure compartment of her wardrobe, and drew forth from it......

This time, ladies, neither a present from Napoleon, nor the work of a genius, but even the handycraft, and gift of the Breton sailor, Pierre Hello,—the shoes of Josephine-Marie-Rose.

For, doubtless, you have already divined, that Josephine and the little bare-footed dancing girl from Martinique were identically the same in person, as in heart. When the sword of Buonaparte began to cut up Europe like a twelfth-cake, Josephine-Marie-Rose Tauscher de la Pagerie, fortunate once more on such an occasion, drew the lot of the bean, and reigned. She, indeed, reigned a space; but then one day, all on a sudden, there arose a great storm in Europe; the very snows of Russia themselves descended to form white winding sheets for their brave soldiers; the four winds hurled avalanches of enemies upon them; and in France, at that period, amid the lightning-flashes of the sabre and thunder of cannon, tremblings of the earth were felt as strong, and terrific as those of the Antilles. When, at last, our sky became serene again, the prediction of the negress was accomplished to the letter...... the thunder-stricken condor had let fall the rose, and the Creole of Iris Heto, twice a queen, had perished amid the tempest.

J. S. M.

THE EMIGRANT'S BRIDE.

A CANADIAN SONG. BY MRS. DUNBAR MOODIE.

Oh! can you leave your native land,
An exile's bride to be,
Your mother's home and cheerful hearth,
To tempt the main with me?
Across the wide Atlantic,
To trace our foaming track;
And know the wave that heaves us on,
Will never bear us back?
Stanzas on the New Year.

And can you in Canadian woods
With me the harvest bind,
Nor feel one lingering fond regret
For all you leave behind?
Can lily hands, unused to toil,
The woodsman's wants supply;
Nor shrink beneath the chilly blast,
When wintry storms are nigh?
Amidst the shade of forests dark,
Thy loved isle will appear
An Eden, whose delicious bloom
Will make the wild more drear;
And you in solitude may weep,
For scenes beloved in vain;
And pine away your soul to view,
Once more your native plain.
Then pause, dear girl, ere those sweet lips
Your wanderer's fate decide;
My spirit spurns the selfish wish,
Thou shalt not be my bride!—
But oh, that smile, those tearful eyes,
My firmer purpose move;
Our hearts are one, and we will dare
All perils, thus to love!

STANZAS ON THE NEW YEAR.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

Another link in time's stupendous chain
Is now completed; and a new born year,
With all its varied and conflicting train,
Of busy care, and pleasure, hope, and fear,
We with tumultuous feelings hail again,
It dawns upon us but to disappear:
Swiftly receding from us like the last,
To join the awful sum of ages past.
A year commences; but, oh! of those
Who, full of life, and health, and gladness, kept
Gay virgils to salute it as it rose,
With heartless mirth (thoughtless of all who wept
In cureless anguish), shall behold its close.
How many ere that period shall have slept
That sleep, o'er which, in unregarded tide,
Revolving years and centuries shall glide.
And, oh! how many rest of all that made
Existence pleasing, shall, with reckless eyes,
See lovely spring in all her charms arrayed,
From winter's cold and leafless bosom rise.
Flowers in their bright succession bloom and fade,
And smiling summer with her glorious skies;
Yea, all the fruitful and enchanting round,
Of seasons with delight and plenty crowned,
Shall pass unheeded onward, nor impart
A ray of joy, or happiness to cheer,
A broken spirit, or a withered heart:
Or bid hope's gentle influence dry the tear
Which flows in agony, when death's stern dart
Has left life's prospects desolate and drear,—
A lonely desert and a barren gloom,
Whose only post of refuge is the tomb.
Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.
(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, December 22, 1836.

Nous voilà, ma chère amie, au commencement d’une nouvelle année! Je te souhaite bonne et heureuse, de tout mon cœur. Mille fois merci, de ta dernière lettre, elle m’a fait un véritable plaisir. You ask me, are we very gay just now: pas trop, ma bonne, our gaïeties, you know, scarcely begin till the Carnival, cependant nous nous amusons un peu, de peur de mourir d’ennui. The great English balloon went up some days since: it was curious to see in one part of Paris people mounting into the air, whilst in another they were plying about the streets in boats! You have, no doubt, heard of the inundations, the waters of the Seine have indeed risen to an alarming height; in some places they are on a level with the parapets of the bridges. Along the quays, at the Place de Grève, and in the streets adjoining the Hotel de Ville, boats are continually plying. On the opposite side of Paris, the plain of Grenelle, the lower part of Meudon, and part of the village of Boulogne, are entirely under water. The plain of Puteaux is also covered. On the side of the porte de Long-champs, the waters bathe the walls of the bois de Boulogne; and near Surrène, they have actually risen to a level with the first floor windows! In the departments, the devastation is dreadful. Notwithstanding this, the weather is exceedingly mild for the season; mais nous autres belles—we are like butterflies, and only enjoy bright sunshine, wherein we can bask and display our brilliant toilettes to the admiring multitude; at present, the Tuileries and fashionable promenades are deserted. En revanche, the Opera and our petits réunions are crowded. Well, the marriage of the fair Grisi has been brought before the courts, and has been pronounced indissoluble. So, as the pretty songstress and Monsieur Gérard de Meray have taken each other “for better for worse,” they must e’en now make the best of their bargain; though, it is said, they mutually find it a bad one. Mais, qu’ils se consolent,—les mariages sont écrits dans le ciel. We expect a new, and report says a wonderful, dancer at the Academie Royale, in the course of this season—a Mademoiselle Eberlé; she is an Italian, and quitted the stage to marry a rich Neapolitan banker: but, my dear, as you have often heard me say, “riches make themselves wings and fly away”—so it has turned out in this instance; and the dame du grande monde, has once more become the Sylphide of the theatres San Carlo and la Scala. If this was one of those most odious of all “commercial treaties,”—a marriage for “money,” it has turned out for the husband more fortunately than things of the kind generally do; for now that the riches have “flown away,” his wife is capable of “flying to,” or for, (I should say,) the support of her husband: not many, perhaps, could or would do as much, so let us award her all the merit she so richly deserves. I approve not of marriages for money: when the Almighty said, “It is not good for man to be alone”—he looked to the comfort, and happiness of his creatures. How few, at the present day, marry for this? Money—money is the idol before whose shrine mankind worships. I know not, if it be carried to the same excess, in England, as it is here. In France, the young men launch into every species of extravagance, run into debt, game, &c., and obtain credit upon the fortune they anticipate getting with their wives. Then, if a belle Anglaise falls in their way, (for the English fortunes are known to be greater than the French, hence the preference accorded to English ladies,) tant mieux for them,—tant pire for her! for she is married for her money, and for nothing else. Nay, though she possess beauty, talent, virtue, and every other quality that can adorn a woman, and hath not money, she is no more before them, than the “chaff before the wind.” Most flattering this, to us ladies! It is the fashion, now-a-days, for the young men in France, at least, to set a price upon themselves; and, as you may suppose, that none undervalue their own merits, this self-affixed price is quite adequate to the object. You know M. Felix de ——, he sets 600£ a year upon himself, and is looking for an English widow with that fortune: now I think he would be dear at as many groats a year. I found this word in Shakspeare, and as a new one, that I had never heard
before, it pleased me mightily, so I have adopted it, in my English French jargon. M. George P——, looks for from 13,000l. to 20,000l.; he would be cheap at that, considering that he has lately adopted half a wig; or else made use of Rowland's Macassar to some purpose; and then I must not forget your friend, Mr. B——, who, though an Englishman, is the ardentest "fortune-hunter" alive. I could write you a volume, and make you laugh by the hour, upon his matrimonial speculations; he has nearly three hundred and sixty-five, in the course of the year; for if one fail in the morning, he bears it with true philosophy and heroism, and another is on the tapis before night. You ask: "But is his heart in no way concerned?" Non, ma chère; for the "lords of the creation" adopted stays, some years since, they tightened themselves to such a degree, that their hearts were literally compressed to nothing; and since that Dame Nature, finding they got through the world as well without, has been niggardly of her gifts, and has merely implanted in their natures, the love of money in lieu of heart, and all those vulgar attributes, and qualifications that, notwithstanding, render man really amiable, or worth bestowing a thought upon. But to return to our friend,—pray assist him in his dilemma, and I am persuaded his gratitude will be everlasting, though by the way, I must not so freely promise for another, for I scarcely know him well enough to judge if "gratitude" forms a part of his composition; however, for the honour of our friend, let us suppose it does. He has fixed but a paltry sum upon himself—the youth is renowned for modesty! from 200l. to 400l. a year; as much more, of course, as could be had. He has a possession, 'tis true, and one by which, with attention, and a little patience, he would most probably realise a sufficient fortune, in the course of a few years; but present aggrandisement is his aim and object, and for it he would, aye! and will, or I am no prophetess, sacrifice true domestic happiness, and all else that renders life desirable. Maintenant adieu to these worthies y'clept "fortune-hunters." The ourang-outang at the Jardin des Plantes is again ill, and not to be seen by the public, it is feared it will not survive the winter. I regret to say that some of the statues of the Pont Louis XVI. were damaged by their removal to Versailles. Those of Duguey, Trouin, and Bayard, were more or less mutilated, and that of Duguesclin broken by falling from its pedestal (query: if the hero were alive, would not such an accident be looked upon as ominous?), and both the legs are nearly reduced to powder; the damage is estimated at 100,000frs. You have, no doubt, heard of the audacious attempt to rob the Bank of France, and that the robber has killed himself. The body has been recognised, he was from one of the departments. A quantity of pepper was found in his pockets; he had it, no doubt, for the purpose of throwing it in the eyes of the clerks, had he not been taken so suddenly. A few days since, an unfortunate individual, named Moreau, celebrated in the art of "fortune-telling" by the cards, put a period to his existence, by stabbing himself in several places with a knife and pair of scissors.

Great preparations are making dans les objets d'Etrennes. the Magasins look quite tempting. We have had some bazaars of ladies' works for the benefit of the poor; one for the Poles, another on behalf of the Christian Missions to the Heathen.

I must not forget to tell you that we have the most charming dwarf in the world, in Paris at present, M. Matthias Gullia. He is an Italian, born near Trieste, twenty-two years of age, his parents are peasants. When he was five years old, he had attained the height of two feet ten inches, he has never grown since, and is remarkable for the elegance of his figure. His countenance is full of expression and animation, his hair fair, his hands and feet beautiful. He reads and writes well, speaks three languages, rides, plays billiards, is fond of shooting, and an excellent shot. He hunted twice with the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was astonished at his agility, and sure aim. He has travelled through Italy and Germany. His pleasing manners and address, and agreeable conversation, render him a general favourite. He does not exhibit himself for money, but he receives any visitors who honour him with their company, and is not of course offended at being offered presents; his object in travelling being known, it
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Coiffure par M. F. Hamelin, passage du Temple 23.
Robe en velours épingle ornée de perles des ateliers de Mme Romain-Delance, rue St. Anne 77.

Dobbs & Co. Publishers, Memlock Court Carey Street, Lincoln’s Inn, London.
is to gain a fortune for his intended wife. Matthias Gullia is at least no "fortune-hunter;" no, this man in miniature possesses sentiments which would do honour to those of a "larger growth."

His intended, Rosa Paolovani, is, according to his account, a beautiful Venetian, she is sixteen years of age, and just one inch taller than himself. He is desperately in love with her, and he says she is equally attached to him. I cannot vouch for the truth of this assertion, for the men (without excepting even the race of dwarfs) have all so much vanity, that if a woman honours them with the slightest notice, they immediately set her down as being quite in love with them; however, let it be as it may, they are engaged to be married, and his object in travelling is certainly a praiseworthy one. When rich enough, they propose purchasing a house at Vienna, and setting up an inn; no bad speculation I should think, for every body will be anxious to aid so industrious and loving a little couple. Matthias Gullia at present passes a good deal of his time in studying, and practising the violin: he is passionately fond of music. He was at the Tuileries the other day, and had the honour of being received by the Queen, Madame Adelaide, and the Princesses.

I was at a grand ball at the President's on the 14th, the Turkish Ambassador, Nouri-Effeni, was there; he begins to understand and speak a little French, but he really speaks English exceedingly well considering. His Excellency and I conversed a little in that language; tu sais combien j'aime à parler Anglais; je crois que je fais des progrès.

Toilettes.—Mourning for Charles X., though a good deal worn in Paris, is by no means exclusively adopted for evening dresses. It consists of a robe of taffetas de soie à fleurs satinées; this material is a rich and soft silk broché, with satin flowers, black crêpe turban, black shoes, stockings and gloves, jet ornaments.

The most elegant dresses for grande toilette that I have seen lately are of velvet, the colour Hugonot brown, and ornamented with pearls. These dresses are generally made à l'antique. Corsage à pointe, plain, tight sleeves with ruffles reaching to the elbow; the skirt open in front, and looped back at distances with pearl ornaments; the skirt so much longer at back than at front, that it approaches nearly to a demi-train: the underneath dress of white satin.

Torsades of pearls are much worn at present en grande toilette. All the velvet dresses are made in this style. Dresses of blonde, crêpe, tulle, satin, and gauze, are worn for ball, or evening costume; they are ornamented with flowers or bows of ribbon, and frequently with both. The corsages are plain, with draperies put on à la Stéphane. The sleeves short and perfectly plain, without a plait, or gather at top; these are the most distingué: some few have a puffing at the lower part of the sleeve or bows of ribbon, to carry off their excessive plainness; the skirts are all longer at back, than at front.

For morning dresses, the corsages are either quite plain, or with plaits coming from the shoulder to the centre of the waist in front. The most fashionable sleeves are again those without plaits, or fulness, tight all the way down; however, I do not say they look the best, those in one or two moderate puffs at top, and plain the remainder of the way down, are more becoming. The pelerines are very small, not reaching to the waist at back, unless those that are pointed, and only coming to the putting in of the sleeve on the shoulder. The waists are rather longer at front, than at back, and the ribbon ceintures are quite narrow. Nothing new in hats, they are still very large and évasée. Those of velvet, satin, and plush, are the most elegant. Feathers are a good deal worn. Next month we shall have much more to say on the subject of fashions.

Colours, for hats, Hugonot brown, garter blue, dark green and pink. For dresses. Hugonot brown, dark blue, green and violets.

Maintenant je te dirai adieu, ma très chère, je te embrasse de tout mon cœur.

L. de F.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

Ball Dress.—Dress of velours espinglé, ornamented with pearls. The corsage, perfectly plain, and fitting tight to the bust; the waist longer at front, than at back, without, at the same time, being exactly à pointe. (See plate.) The sleeves are short, the top half being plain and tight to the arm, the lower half consisting of a single puff. The skirt of the dress is orna-
mented at bottom with three rows of pearls, placed close together, and retained at distances by bows of satin ribbon. (See plate.) Round the bosom of the dress is a blonde tucker, rather deep at back, and on the shoulders, and quite narrow in front, where it is finished with a bow of ribbon. Torsade of pearls round the waist; a row of pearls is round the sleeve, just above the puffing, and another above the blonde, round the bosom. The sleeves are likewise ornamented with a small bow of ribbon, placed towards the front, or inner part of the arm, immediately above the puff. Hair dressed in fancy braids and coques; the front hair is quite plain, in smooth bands; the back in three coques or bows, retained by a thick braid, intermixed with pearls (see plate); out of this thick braid, appear a number of smaller pointed ones, which gives it somewhat of the appearance of a coronet (see plate): a small braid, after forming a kind of knot on each temple, where it is retained by three gold-headed pins on each side, crosses the brow, intermixed with a row of pearls. A bird of Paradise (or two long ostrich feathers) is placed in front of the coronet of hair.

Long white kid gloves, which reach but a short way above the wrist, the tops are trimmed with a ruche of tulle; pearl necklace, gold cross, antique fan, black satin shoes.

Sitting figure gives the back of the dress.

Toilette de Promenade.—Walking

Costume. — Manteau mantelet of satin de laine richly broché in flowers. The corsage of the cloak is made in the style of a blouse, with a piece put in at top; it is taken into a belt at the waist. All the fulness of the cloak not, of course, being put into the corsage. Large open Venetian sleeves, cape en mantelet. This cape is cut precisely like the mantelets which have been so long in fashion (see plate), except that it is rather smaller, not reaching to the waist at back, and a good deal cut away towards the centre of the waist in front, which renders it much more becoming to the figure; the pans, or ends are very long, and tied together with bows of ribbon down the front. The collar of the cloak (see plate), and the trimming of the sleeves and mantelet, is of fur, to match the muff. The cloak is wadded throughout, and lined with plaid silk, that of velours epingle. The front of the hat is excessively large and erasée, and is cut so as to descend at back in lieu of a bavilet, or curtain. (See plate.) The crown is neither remarkably high, nor is it low. A bow of rich wide satin ribbon is placed as if to retain a bunch of feathers on the right side; a second bow is placed low down at the left side; a branch with two or three roses, and buds, and foliage, is placed underneath the front of the hat, at the left side. Hair in long ringlets à l’Anglaise, lace frill, black shoes, white kid gloves.

The sitting figure gives the back of the hat and manteau.

Literature, &c.

EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE.


Poetry in these days is not a profession, for, unlike its sisters of Music and Painting, it affords no subsistence which will permit those whose natural gifts lead them to excellence therein, to devote their whole thoughts, and study to the perfecting of their genius, and giving their fellow-creatures pleasure, by the exercise of their art.

The publication of poetry, as a remunerating speculation, has long been given up by booksellers, except in occasional instances, such as the present, for juvenile readers. Happy children! poetry deafened by steam-engines, choked with cotton dust, and ground to death by rolling mills and railroads, has taken refuge with you, and with good reason, for ideality and justice, both strongly apparent in the organisation of children, often lessen in proportion, as you increase in years. Children are exquisite judges of poetry; they will often voluntarily select, and commit to memory, or, to use their own expressive idiom, get by heart passages of poetry which happen to accord with their unsophisticated tastes. We have observed that the natural feelings of a child who has been trained to draw it
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Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Chapeau en velours épinglé des Mlle de M. Dassier, Richelieu. Rames et fleurs de Chayet, frères. Montante garni de fourrures des Mlle de Bourricle et Meillard, Boul. St Denis.

Cabaret chaussé pieds d'eau bouillante des St. et Mlle de Chavaleur. 65. Montmartre.

chief pleasures from intellectual sources, lead it to choose poetry which unites simplicity, melody of metre, and spirited conception. Such is, undeniably, the character of the present work; and we have not a doubt that it will bring much favour with the new year from those young critics by instinct; yet we can truly add, that there is a vivid originality of thought in many of the subjects, which must charm readers of every age. As an instance, we give the poem of "The Music Shell," which embracing as it does several most striking facts, embodied in a spirited and melodious metre, is touched with such ease and familiar sweetness, as makes us surprised that no one has ever seen the subject in this light before. In this poem Miss Agnes Strickland presents the circumstances to the mind of the reader, that the first invention of musical notes is a mystery that history has never developed, and that, nevertheless, they are found impressed on the music shells, by the hand of the Creator, before a human being had ever written a note, or drawn a line; nay, the shells are to be found in a fossil state with these marks clearly visible. Many shell collectors have looked with suspicion on these curiously distinct musical notes and lines, as if they were produced by the artifice of the shell dealers; but after the facts mentioned in the note accompanying this poem are duly examined into, the question may be considered to be set at rest, and an unthought of evidence between science and natural history brought to view.

"THE MUSIC SHELL.

"The opinions of learned men oft waver, About the invention of crotchet and quaver; And many a brain has been puzzled in vain, To decide whether Orpheus or Tubal-Cain Are entitled to claim

The honour and fame

Of giving to music the visible signs
Implied in those mystical dots, and lines, Which in every nation and age are found, As the silent language of tuneful sound.

"But no antiquarian has yet been able To elicit the truth from the mists of fable, Or the period to trace when with bar, and with space, Science checked the wild rushings of melody's pace,

And bound her in fetters,
And taught her her letters,
Which combined in a thousand sweet concords, impart
Those raptures which thrill from the ear to the heart,
And give memory, and life to the exquisite strain,
Which else might be never repeated again.

"But the forms of these magical letters existed,
Before the bright sisters of Halcyon twisted
The chords of the lyre, and with fingers of fire,
Struck the notes, which could heroes and minstrels inspire;
And ere viols werestrung,
Or minstrels had sung,
When the fifth day's creation was finished on earth,
And the waters brought forth of their kinds to the birth,
They were found in the depths of Ocean's cells,
Inscribed on the scrolls of the music shells.

"And there you may see them still imprinted
By Nature's own exquisite pencil tinted,
With the five-fold line, distinct and fine,
And the spaces between where the characters shine

In roseate spots,
On ebony dots,
All as perfectly traced as if lady fair,
With her delicate hand had copied them there,
As they lie in their coral caves below,
Where the amber weeps and the sea-weeds grow."

In the poem of "The Moth in the Lilies of Jerusalem," "Green Yarrow," and several other poems in this collection, we are pleased with the union of melodious versification, and picturesque fact most poetically touched by the author.

The little volume consists of three sections, "Floral Sketches," which illustrate various flowers and flowering seasons, or some fact recorded that is connected with them. The second section is composed of fables chiefly drawn from Italian poets little known in England. Our favourite section is the miscellaneous poems, among which we note, besides the "Music Shell," "The Early Blest," a poem of great sweetness and power. Each section is headed by a tastefully cut design in wood, and concluded with a vignette of some flower, and insect. There are twelve cuts in all, and the whole forms a most attractive juvenile present.

Tales about the Sun, Moon, and Stars.
By Peter Parley.

This author possesses the invaluable art of divesting science of its rugged
husk of technical language, and making it easy, and attainable to children. All scientific mysteries are defined so perspicuously, and the beautiful wood-cuts illustrate the descriptions so aptly, that it can scarcely fail of arousing in the youthful mind a taste for contemplating the glories

"Of the spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue ethereal sky."

The attention of the youthful reader is constantly directed to the Great First Cause, whose power sustains, and directs the "stars in their courses."

We think a companion volume is much wanted on Meteorology, and other "moving accidents of fire and flood," and would advise Peter and his publisher to "revolve" this hint in their minds.


We consider that the works of R. Montgomery Martin are a national benefit, both to his country and her colonies; for they unite the invaluable qualities of moral and religious influence with great judgment and useful knowledge. Unfortunately for human nature, it has been the fashion of late years to divide these admirable properties between two parties; one of which has given itself the appellation of Conservative, the other of Utilitarian. One of these regards with displeasure all advancing improvement, and the other all religious and spiritual truth; and each are as rational as if they were to forbid those who possessed the sense of hearing to make use of that of seeing. Some superior minds have taken a middle path, without caring to flatter the prejudices of either party; and Montgomery Martin is one of these—he is a utilitarian, who dares to avow religious motives of a spiritual nature, instead of the moral expediency of the utilitarian-materialist, who advocates morality merely because his reasoning powers tell him it is healthful and convenient, and keeps the human tenement, of which man is tenant-at-will, in the best possible repair, and the good things of this life from waste and dissipation. Whether principles emanating from pure selfism will lead to happy results, we hope will not be put to proof; and while we find such writers as M. Martin popular, there is no danger of our offering worship to a mere goddess of reason. So much for the spiritual part: now for the practical plan of this fourth volume on the British Colonies. Each island of importance is described with spirit and brevity; its natural features marked with a felicity of language, for which our author is justly famed. Statistical tables are subjoined of great use to settlers, for whose benefit this most practical book seems to be written.

The friends of humanity will be pleased to find that the emancipation of the slaves, dreaded so long by the planters, is likely to prove beneficial, instead of ruinous to the islands. The political and natural history of the West Indies is touched with Mr. M. Martin's usual sagacity. His account of the cocoa or chocolate tree, and his advice for the repeal of the duties on the nourishing food produced by it, well deserve the attention of our rulers. As a specimen of the information contained in this volume, and the spirit in which it is written, we give the account of the wonderful phenomenon of the Pitch Lake in Trinidad:

"PICTH LAKE.—The most remarkable mineral phenomenon is the Asphaltum, or Pitch Lake, situated on the leeward side of the island, on a small peninsula, jutting into the sea about two miles (opposite the Parian Mountains on the Continent), and elevated eighty feet above the level of the ocean. The headland on which it is situated, when seen from the sea, resembles a dark scoriaceous mass; but, when more closely examined, it is found to consist of bituminous scoriae, vitrified sand, and earth, all cemented together. In some places beds of cinders are found; and a strong sulphurous smell pervades the ground to the distance of eight or ten miles from the lake, and is felt on approaching the shore.

"The lake is bounded on the N. W. by the sea, on the S. by a rocky eminence, and on the E. by the usual argillaceous soil of the country; it is nearly circular, and better than half a league in length, and the same in breadth, occupying the highest part of the point of land which shelves into the sea, from which it is separated by a margin of wood. The variety and extraordinary mobility of this phenomenon is very remarkable, groups of beautiful shrubs and flowers, tufts of wild pine-apples and alders, swarms of magnificent butterflies and brilliant humming birds enliven a scene, which would be an earthly representation of Tartarus without them. With regard to mobility, where a small islet has been seen on an evening, a gulf is found on the following morning, and, on another part of the lake, a pitch islet has sprung up to be in its
turn adorned with the most luxuriant vegetation, and then again engulfed! Near Cape La Brea, to the S. W. (the place where this lake is) Captain Mallet observed a gulf or vortex, which, in stormy weather, rushes out, raising the water five or six feet, and covering the surface for a considerable space with the bituminous substance. A similar gulf is said to be on the east coast, at the bay of Mayaro.

"The usual consistence and appearance of the asphaltna (except in hot weather, when it is actually liquid an inch deep) is that of pitch coal, but of a greyish colour, melting like sealing-wax, ductile by a gentle heat, and, when mixed with grease, oil, or common pitch, acquiring fluidity, and well adapted for preserving the bottoms of ships against the destructive effects of the worm termed the teredo navalis. Sometimes the asphaltum is found jet black and hard, breaking into a dull conoidal fracture, but, in general, it may be readily cut, when its interior appears oily and vesicular.

"Deep crevices of funnels, inclining to a conic form, and sometimes six feet deep, are found in various parts of the asphaltum, pitch, filled with excellent limpid running water, and often containing a great quantity of mullet and small fish. Alligators even are said to have been seen in these extraordinary chasms. The bottoms of some of these canals are so liquid, that marked poles thrust in disappear, and have been found a few days after on the seashore!

"Pieces, of what was once wood, are found completely changed into bitumen; and the trunk of a large tree, on being sawn, was entirely impregnated with petroleum. Where the petroleum mixes with the earth, it forms very flat, asphaltna, and often the finest fruits in the colony come from districts bordering on this singular lake; the pineapples, in particular, being less fibrous, more aromatic, and of a deeper golden colour than are to be had anywhere else.

"A very intelligent and enterprising traveller (to whom the author is indebted for many valuable observations), Captain Sir J. E. Alexander, furnishes the following graphic account of his observations on this extraordinary phenomenon.

"The western shore of the island, for about twenty miles, is quite flat, and richly wooded; and though only one or two houses are perceptible from the sea, the interior is well cultivated, and several small rivers, which empty themselves into the Gulf of Paria, afford great facility for the transport of sugar to ships that anchor off their embouchures. As Naparima is approached, and the singular mountain (at the foot of which San Fernando de Aroco is situated), is plainly distinguished, the shore assumes a more smiling aspect. Here, one sees a noble forest; there, a sheet of bright green points out a cane-field. Cocoa-nuts and palm-trees are sprinkled over the landscape; and now and then a well-built house close to the water's-edge appears, with a verdant lawn extending from it to the sea, and the ground sometimes broken into sinuositys, and then slightly undulating.

The beauty of this part of Trinidad is very great, though from some undrained swamps poisonous malaria exhalas. At Point La Brea are seen masses of pitch, which look like black rocks among the foliage. At the small hamlet of La Braye, a considerable extent of coast is covered with pitch, which runs a long way out to sea, and forms a bank under water. The pitch lake is situated on the side of a hill, eighty feet above the level of the sea, from which it is distant three quarters of a mile. A gradual ascent leads to it, which is covered with pitch in a hard state, and trees and vegetation flourish upon it. The road leading to the lake runs through a wood, and, on emerging from it, the spectator stands on the borders of what at the first glance appears to be a lake, containing many wooded islets, but which on a second examination, proves to be a sheet of asphaltum, intersected throughout by crevices three or four feet deep, and full of water. The pitch at the sides of the lake is perfectly hard and cold, but as one walks towards the middle with the shoes off, in order to wade through the water, the heat gradually increases, the pitch becomes softer and softer, until at last it is seen boiling up in a liquid state, and the soles of the feet become so heated that it is necessary to dance up and down in the most ridiculous manner. The air is then strongly impregnated with bitumen and sulfur, and the impression of the feet is left upon the face of the pitch. During the rainy season it is possible to walk over the whole lake nearly, but in the hot season a great part is not to be approached. Although several attempts have been made to ascertain the depth of the pitch, no bottom has ever been found. The lake is about a mile and half in circumference; and not the least extraordinary circumstance is that it should contain eight or ten small islands, on which trees are growing close to the boiling pitch. In standing still on the lake near the centre, the surface gradually sinks, forming a sort of bowl as if it were; and when the shoulders become level with the lake, it is high time to get out. Some time ago a ship of war landed casks to fill with the pitch, for the purpose of transporting it to England; the casks were rolled on the lake, and the hands commenced filling, but a piratical craft appearing in the offing, the frigate, with all hands, went in chase; on returning to the
The Parsonage; a Tale. Eliza and Widmer; a Tale. Cooke and Ollivier.

The translator of these popular domestic tales of continental life, has done great justice to the charm of language for which they are particularly celebrated in the original. If they were not written in German—yet they are deeply imbued with that delicate perception of the minute beauties of nature—that poetical personification of the most familiar objects of life which forms the dreamy beauty of German composition. In Göthe, in Wieland, in Augustus la Fontaine, this style diffuses an inexpressible charm. As a specimen of this species of writing, we give the following extracts:—

"There are moments in our lives when, from a combination of circumstances, our happiness seems to be secured. The calm of passion, and absence of care, disposes us to enjoyment; and if to contentment of mind is added easy circumstances, embellished by agreeable sensations, the hours flow on delightfully, and existence is decked with its most smiling colours. This was precisely the case with the three beings before me; nothing in their physiognomy betrayed the slightest care, the least trouble, the most feeble remorse; on the contrary, the brailing of their necks announced that lawful pride which proceeds from contentment and ease, and at this moment, when yielding to the influence of a warm sun, they were fallen asleep, they seemed to breathe the sweet perfume of innocence and peace. For some minutes I had been turning a stone in my hand; at length, overcame by the desire of mischief (for man is prone to evil thoughts), I threw it in the pond just by . . . . . .

Immediately the three heads started from beneath their wings—it was three ducks—I had forgotten to mention it . . . They were taking their siesta, whilst I was seated on the ground, lost in thought, and almost as happy as my peaceful companions. In the fields the hour of noon is that of silence, repose, and reverie. Whilst the sun bathes its vertical rays on the plain, man and beasts alike suspend their labour—the wind is hushed, the grass is laid, and the insects alone, animated by the heat, hum in the air forming a distant music, which appears even to augment the silence. What was I thinking of?—of all sorts of things, great, small, indifferent, and interesting, I listened to the chirping of the grasshopper, or extended on my back, I examined the firmament, and the varied forms of the clouds. Then stooping to the ground, at the foot of the hollow willow, I attentively regarded the humid moss intersected with innumerable, almost imperceptible flowers. I discovered in this little world, mountains, valleys and shady paths frequented by some golden insect or intelligent ant. My mind attached to all these objects the idea of mystery and power, which raised me insensibly from earth to heaven; I strongly felt the presence of my Creator, and my heart was filled with gratitude and love.

"I received a visit. It was a sparrow that came carelessly hopping on a branch of the willow. I have a great partiality for these birds, and I always protect them; it"
is a generous trait in the character of the inhabitants of the country, where every one detests them, and conspires against their lives, for they commit the daily crime of eating the corn. The one in question was an old acquaintance, I had several others with whom I conspired against the selfishness of man; the corn was ripe, and they had placed in the middle of the field a prop surmounted by an old hat, which served as a head to some floating rags, so that the sparrows, although they saw the large golden ears, would not for all the corn in the world have dared to touch a single grain while it was thus so effectually guarded. It so happened that to arrive at the pond I had to cross the corn-field, and I never failed to pull a dozen of the finest ears, not only without remorse, but with a secret joy. I afterwards sprinkled them around me, and saw with a pleasure I cannot describe, my feathered friends dart from the neighbouring branches on their favourite food, advancing nearer and nearer till at last they almost ventured to pull the grain from my hand; on my return I cast on the phantom a look of pride and defiance. One of the sparrows, after hopping from branch to branch, and hesitating awhile, flew down on the corn I had scattered by the side of the ducks; they, considering themselves masters of the soil, were offended at the impertinent intrusion of the bird, they stretched out their necks, and screaming in an angry tone advanced towards him, but the sprightly inhabitant of the hedge had already flown with his prize to his nest.

The concluding tale, “Eliza and Widmer,” is our favourite. The moral and religious feeling have a tender and touching effect on the mind, and although sad, it is very pleasing. We extract the following observations from its pages:—

“The distress of the brute creation causes a most painful sensation in those who witness it. It is so pure, so sincere, so remote, from sordid calculation; it is communicated by such natural and expressive signs; it admits not, like ours, of the balm of consolation; we contemplate their misery, without the power of relieving them.”

Geneva is the native country of these tales, where they have obtained deserved popularity.

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Tints of Talent from many Pencils.
Edited by G.M. Bussey. Thomas.
This is one of the little volunteer volumes occasionally put forth by a United Service Club of junior Annalists, ambitious of promotion into the regular forces of Annuals and Magazines.
We find that several of the prose tales and sketches possess considerable merit. “The Packman’s Tale,” by Miss M. L. Beevor, deserves our warmest commendations; and though we confess a want of appetite to the perusal of oriental tales written by Europeans, her “Immortal’s” entirely overcomes that distaste. “The Heroine of Finland,” by W. L. Gane, is well written; but Mr. Gane can do much better—he fancies himself most at home in the violent, the pathetic and sentimental—we tell him he is mistaken: the name of Emily was a certain pledge that the writer who undertook the long tale of “Gertrude,” knew nothing of the spirit of the times, the modes of acting, speaking, and thinking at the era of the Reformation—why not write a domestic story of modern times, where the manners and customs are familiar to every observer, and life and feeling need alone be studied? “Blanche Ellersley,” by the editor, is belonging to common life in incident, yet highly finished in language, it comes home to the heart with a force unknown to compositions of greater pretence. “Old George White” is a capital sketch, in the comic-terrific style; and the “Confessional,” in the purely romantic: much as we dislike Italian stories by English hands, we are obliged to own, is well done. What ever Mr. G. Moir Bussey’s merits as an editor may be, his talents as an author are indisputable. In the poetical department we cannot find so much to commend: in these little independent annuals, if there be any real poetry in the country it would show itself; but poetry is debased by following the track of vicious models, and by finding editors who will print such verbiage. The preponderance of lines in this volume are pretty looking, inane, and sickly sweet, according to the most approved models of annual poetry for the last six years. We make two or three exceptions: “Don Quixote,” by Francis, is a fine, highly-spirited poem. “We were happy” is pretty, and has some sense, and connection in it; certainly no sentimental poetry ought to be below its standard. Clare is one of the Tritons, who has got into this shod, but he behaves much like the minnows themselves: he is not in his element of the wild woods and open fields; the Ettrick Shepherd did himself much harm by these personifications, and mystifications, he and Clare.
were as well fitted for such work, as to
dance a Mazurka together. Now, Ho-
race Smith is in his element of playful
glee, such as established his reputation.
Every one who has emigrated from Cock-
neyville on the Thames, to Cockneyville
on the Sea, and who has not? is fami-
lilar with the Mantell Museum and the
Mantell lectures, and will be charmed by
this Brighton lyric:—

LINES WRITTEN IN MRS. MANTELL’S ALBUM,
By the Author of “Brambletye House.”

My dear Mrs. Mantell! ’tis monstrously
hard,
When my head’s full of monsters, to think
that the hard
To your album can make contribution;
Your museum has banished the muse, and
a train
Of giants and gorgons, bewilders my brain.
With a plantasagnoric confusion.
If kindness and talents my wit could awake,
Yourself as my muse I would instantly take,
And your spouse as my magnus Apollo:
When on me, as it did on Elias was of yore,
The mantle perchance would descend, and
a store
Of unparagon’d verses would follow.
But now, like the globe in old times, I am
toss’d
In volcanoes and floods, till I’m utterly lost
In antediluvian eras;
While before me arise in Apocalypse dim,
Realities, far more terrific and grim
Than the wildest of fancied chimeras!
See! see! each re-animate reptile and beast,
Bursts its case, and flesh-covered its bones
are increased,
To their former dimensions, gigantic:
Hark! hark! how they hiss, how they bel-
low and roar,
And lo! now they burst through the muse-
door,
All ravenging, rampant, and frantic!
The Elk, as it leaps half a league at a
bound,
Has toss’d Farmer Verul’s black bull in
the pound,
And prepares to repeat the transaction;
No doubt the sagacious animal’s soul
Seized the earliest time for committing a
bull,
In proof of its Irish extraction!
Against the Iguanodon’s fifty feet tail,
Not a house can make head—with that ter-
rible flail,

* The fossil Irish Elk.
†† The Iguanodon is an enormous fossil reptile, 70 feet long, whose bones occur in the strata of Sussex, and of which there are gigantic speci-
mens in Mr. Mantell’s collection.

The streets it alternately thrashes:
Megaloceras, and Mastodon, batter the
town,
While the huge Hippopotamus breaks the
bridge down
As into the river it dashes!
The Mammoth; and vast Megatherium,
crush,
Carts, cattle, and coaches, wherever they
rush,
And overthrow every waggon nigh;
Huge crocodiles snapping off heads, legs,
and arms,
Fill the kennels with blood, and the town
with alarms,
And Lewes is all in an agony!
Your name, Mrs. Mantell, won’t serve as a
clock,
For passing this off as a fossilist’s joke,
So let it not go any further;
Call off your menagerie, quickly replace
Each beast in its former appropriate case,
Or I’ll have you indicted for murder,
When you frighten me out of my wits, can
you dream
I have any wit left that will serve for a
theme
Of poetical vigour and path?
Not I! I’m so scar’d, I cannot write a line,
And my tremulous hand scarce allows me
to sign.

My name of—Horatio Smith.
Mr. Francis has a comic sketch very
full of fun. We learn from it “that he
is not irascible, but that he did empty a
pitcher of water over them.” A whole
volume of comic sketches is laborious
reading, but one or two skilfully intro-
duced into a collection wonderfully
lightens and enlivens a miscellaneous
collection.

Comic Almanack for 1837. Tilt.
Hood’s lively spirit appears to greater
advantage in a Comic Almanack, than in
a Comic Annual; for the cycle of a year
presents many sterling places for varied
fun, of which merry man skilfully avails himself. His First of September,
Horticultural Fêtes, Balloon Ascents,
Holiday Epistle, Derby-day, and many
other sparkling bits, bright and brief,
plainly show the superiority of this plan
in regard to the means of producing
contrast and variety.
Many of the papers are written in the
spirit of the Pugsley family: indeed,
lay-making is rather too close an imita-
tion of that never-to-be-forgotten pas-
‡ Fossil animals, of whose remains the Museum
contains many specimens.
toral. The poetry is, on an average, inferior to the prose; and the cleverest bit, the Balloon Ascent, is spoiled by the inhuman allusion to Mrs. Graham in the last line. When will wits be good natured? if they knew their business they would be so—for people can't laugh pleasant, if their conscientiousness twinge them. Mind that, Mr. Comic Almanack-maker, whoever you be?

The cuts are by Cruikshank, and his spirit of drollery is inexhaustible.


These stanzas were written shortly after the mysterious disappearance of one of his Majesty's sloops of war in the Mediterranean, supposed to have been lost in a squall of this character, which, sudden and violent in its coming, too often proves fatal. The only warning the mariner has of the approach of a White Squall is the appearance of a small white cloud described in the last stanza of this song. And a magnificent song it is, imagined in one of those happy moments which visit the true poet alone. It is our firm belief that the first germ of original melody in musical composition is to be discovered in the arrangement of the poet's words, which a composer of genius finds out, and brings out. Truly has this mysterious link between the poet and the musician been felt by Barker, who has united these noble stanzas with music worthy of them:

"The beauty of the changes in the lines, "That cry is Help! where no help can come;" and "For the White Squall rides on the surging wave;" will be felt by every one who has either an ear or a heart.

We strongly recommend to this excellent composer's attention a selection from the poem of the "Winds" by the same author, which appears this month among our original compositions. We think it would inspire an original melody of equal merit and popularity.

**Mc Dowall's Musical Game and Key.**
Smith, Elder, and Co.

It is astonishing how hard children will work, if they are told they are at play:

indeed, that feeling is not confined to children; for, do but watch two old ladies playing at cribbage, they are really doing an addition sum of enormous dimensions, with which they would be dreadfully fatigued, if it were set down in proper cyphers and columns; but let them do it by much more difficult means, with cards and pegs, and they are in a state of positive bliss. The inventor of the Musical Game, has taken an advantage of this unaccountable propensity in human nature, and has provided an ingenious set of cards, which ask questions, that are answered by means of studying a key, and when the player is able to answer the questions, he, at the same time, wins the game; and learns the musical notes and scale, and, in fact, every thing relating to music, which depends on memory. It is a capital plan for holiday time, when the child, who is often too severely laden with study, is suddenly thrown into an unhealthy state of idleness; but we would advise parents to confine these working games to holiday time.

**Pensive Musings on the Pleasures of Melancholy; a Didactic Poem.** By Trinitarius, Author of "Chaos and Creation." Frazer.

Besides its own individual merits, this volume possesses a claim to attention from being connected with an important subject, which ought to make it an object of peculiar interest to all those who are desirous of ameliorating the moral condition of the poor population belonging to this great metropolis. The profits of this poem are devoted to the assistance of the City of London School of Instruction and Industry for the Indigent Poor, of which the author, in conjunction with T. Saunders, Esq., Dr. Dakins, and other distinguished friends of humanity, is a zealous supporter.

But to call attention to the poem, merely on account of its connexion with this school, would be an injury, and an insult to our author's "talents," for, in fact, the poem possesses genius, which will, we doubt not, show forth a bright light in favour of the charity, and by its means the humane undertaking will be brought more effectually into public notice.

The tenor of "Pensive Musings" reminds us of that good old school of English
poetry, of which the “Pleasures of Hope” was a highly popular instance; it is written in the harmonious ten syllabic verse that was the favourite metre of Pope and Goldsmith. This metre is rare in the present day, because it requires more study, both as to sound and sense, than the majority of modern writers choose to bestow on their rapidly written, and hastily published compositions. The “Pensive Musing” are in six cantos. The whole of the work has a decidedly religious tendency, and well deserves a place in the same family library with the volumes of Cowper, and Young. In our judgment the third Musing is the most interesting, for it tells with elegant pathos the overtrue tale which gave a pensive cast to the author’s mind. This was the loss of a lovely wife, won after an attachment from boyhood, and taken from an adoring husband, and tender infant, before two years had passed away; every heart that can appreciate domestic happiness will sympathize in the following lines:

“At last the happy—ah! too happy day!—
(In which the wise engages to obey)
Arrived, and thou, at heaven’s sacred shrine;
Became, dear girl, irrevocably mine;
Not while I live shall I those words forget;
In marriage vow so ominously set;
Prophetic sentence—“till death us do part!”

Which seem’d to strike a dagger to my heart;
A sad presentiment my bosom thrill’d,
’Twould not be long before it was fulfill’d!
But eighteen months of happiness had flied,
When thou reclinedst on a mother’s bed;
And I indulged a futile hope of joy,
At exclamations of “A boy!”—“a boy!”
Yet, what is life!—Ah, me! yet, what is life!
I gain’d a son, but lost a tender wife.
Scarcely three short days of grief and deep suspense
Had pass’d, ere Death, summoning thee from hence,
Bore thy pure spirit to its proper sphere,
And left me widow’d to lament thee here,
To clasp thine offspring on my tortured breast,
Where thou so oft had found a peaceful rest;
Not, while my soul remains, that cruel night
Can be forgotten, though Time speed his flight;
Thy lifeless form, e’er in my heart shall lie,
The living monument to thy mem’ry:
Ah! my love! nor let me thus deplore,
We’ll meet again, I trust, to part no more!

From her, whose ev’ry wish was mine, I turn
To one who now claims deeply my concern.
Dear, happy babe! as yet thou dost not know
Thy cherub smile oft gives thy father woe:
Not but he loves to see the infant grace
Of joyful innocence adorn thy face;
But that he cannot but reflect the while,
How much thy mother would have loved that smile!
Yet, smile, my boy!—I would not check thy mirth—
Thy time will come for sorrow too, on earth:
Rejoice, dear child! as yet thy guiltless breast
Is not by mem’ry of the past, opprest;
No care for future—nor a need to care—
No fear of danger from the worldly snare:
All fair, all open, as thy pretty face,—
The world to thee is yet a lovely place!
Ecstatic gift! by Providence design’d
To free the captive, and illumine the blind;
Immortal power! by whose extensive sway
Good springs from bad, and night is turn’d to day;
Sweet Meditation! come, assist my song,
To none but thee its pensive strains belong.
You half-strung harp, which meets my musing eye,
Reminds of happiness, in days gone by;
Often have I seen her arms around it flung,
Her fingers dance its many chords among;
But now, like me, its sweeter half no more,
The baser half alone remains in score:
For she who touch’d it, with so light a hand,
Now strikes new chords in a celestial land;
O’er strings eternal sweeps with pious grace,
Whilst joy angelic fills her radiant face.
Yet should I reach the same melodious shore,
Our mutual harp will be complete once more;
Fresh strung with never-failing notes
We’ll vie again in harmony and love!”


“It is the ear which connects man with the moral world.” This quotation, which we found within the pages of the work before us, at least for the number of editions it has attained, for every one labouring under a deprivation, which
condemns him to moral solitude, is desirous of obtaining the most intelligible description of the causes of his affliction. Once more we add our testimony to the fact, that the present is the clearest and best treatise we have ever seen on the subject. Mr. Curtis finds new matter of importance, wherewith to enrich every new impression of this work, either the result of the author's own practice, or notations of the advance of auricular science on the continent. The curious information on subjects of natural history, connected with acoustics, renders the present an interesting work, even to those not afflicted in the important sense of hearing.

2nd.—The little companion to the larger work, reviewed above, is an abstract from it, comprising important directions for the preservation of hearing; it is benevolently published for the use of those who cannot afford to purchase the octavo work, and deserves to have, as doubtless it will, a very extensive circulation.

The Song of other Days. Ballad, by Richard Johns, Esq., arranged by C. H. Purday. D. T. Purday. We are half angry with Mr. Johns for suffering two words of this song to establish a shade of resemblance with a ditty called "The Light of other Days," which has, thanks to its air, obtained some popularity, without the pretty looking words possessing one grain of connexion or sense. C. H. Purday has skilfully adapted passages from three admired airs to the "Song of other Days," and modestly said arranged, not composed: a practice not followed by some of his contemporaries, who steal whole brooms ready made, and advertise them as their own especial productions. The public will, henceforth, be able to trust to the honour of this musician. The poet has forwarded to us the words as they were originally written, and we quote them to show that the "Song of other Days" possesses sense and poetry as well as pleasing sound:

"How dear the song of other days—the song of other days,
Still on the breeze would the exile keep,
That voice of home though he lists to weep;
And thus how dear the song we raise,
When mem'r'y's vesper weeps thy praise,
The song we sang in other days—the song of other days."


This beautiful annual came to our bar of judgment so late in December that we have scarcely time to do it full justice, and if perchance, some bright production of pictorial art, or sweet poesy, escape us in our hurried survey, the publisher must blame not our taste, but our haste—and remember that author, printer, or publisher, has imposed on us this hurry. It must, indeed, have been a matter of extraordinary importance for us at such a period of the month, to throw aside our proofs, and put on our critical considering cap; but we would not advise such an experiment to be tried with any publication of ordinary merit, else the printer's devil may be in arms against the guilty crew.

Instead of beginning with the beginning, and proceeding orderly, we fly at once to the glorious picture of the Entry of the Black Prince into London, by Stephanoff, engraved by Fox; the figures of King John of France, and the sable warrior himself, are extremely noble, and the appropriated background of Westminster Abbey and Westminster Hall, adds to the strength and interest of the design. Stephanoff has forgotten all his fopperies, and many of his mannerisms, and has given us a national picture that will immortalize him; the eye takes in the whole with the utmost satisfaction, owing to the fine truth of tone preserved by Fox. The picture is admirably illustrated by Sir Harris Nicolas, with rare and valuable information: such a contributor to any annual turns the usual tinsel of these productions into sterling worth.

Our admiration is next directed to the Morning Bath, a sea-side scene by Collins, beautifully reduced and engraved by Outram: this first-rate painter should always seek his engravings done under the inspection of Mr. Watts—we never saw any other that did justice to his delineations of English Sea-coast Life.

Jerusalem, by Martin, is very finely en-
graved, with attention to aerial effect by Starling.

Cleopatra at Actium is a noble design; and there is in this small space an actual likeness to the medals of the Egyptian enchantress, the shadowy distances bring into grand effect her lovely figure,—she is too heroic in expression, for her cowardly, or treacherous flight, but no doubt she did the worst of actions gracefully; and with due regard to picturesque effect, the subject is finely handled by Smith.

The Fantoccini Boy, by Edmonstone and Engleheart; The Sabrina, by Howard; the clear and energetic touches of the Peasant of Procida, by Leopold, Robert and Hollis; La Pensierosa, by Newton and Gibbs, have all most urgent claims for close discussion; but we can only admit their claims, and register them. Mr. Watts’ mythological pets by Stothard and Westall do not happen to be pets of ours; but as we acknowledge a strong and impatient dislike to the heathen rabble of divinities, we will not venture on blaming matters agreeable to the tastes of many persons, and will only observe that among these subjects we find much of capital art in engraving.

The literature we have only hastily glanced at, but enough to admire the King’s Fete and St. John’s Eastern Tale; the Chapter on Archery is a capital paper, full of information and research; we wish such essays were oftener seen in annuals. Mr. Hervey has amply wooed the pensive muse Erato, in this volume; and so has a fair lady, who seems to be the prima donna of the “Souvenir.” Melancholy perhaps predominates a little too much in these poesies, beautiful as they are: productions expressive of this feeling, require to be varied with some bright beams of spirit and joy; we own to loving every Muse, rather than the love-born Erato,—elegant and musical as are the strains, they sadden and enervate the soul. Mr. Hervey’s lines on the Fantoccini Boy, are excellent, for they bring real pictures and striking facts before the mind of the reader. Mary Howitt’s Flowers are touched with her wonted spirit of picturesque truth.

This annual has four-and-twenty original engravings, all worked with exquisite skill: the printing of the plates is attended to by Mr. Watts, with a judgment that relaxes not in what is supposed an inferior branch of the editorial department, but he knows full well its great importance: we can always tell an annual edited by this gentleman, by the attention bestowed on this particular alone.

Drama, &c.

PANTOMIMES BEFORE THE PLAY.

John Bull has for the last fifty years been hooting, and shouting, and misbehaving himself at Christmas time, to signify his impatience, and displeasure, at a drama, the piece being played before the pantomime, in high holiday time; and yet such strong fetters do the routines of old customs impose, that not one of our theatres has the common sense to try the experiment of playing the pantomime first, and the opera, or play, afterwards, for the amusement of those who choose to sit, peaceably, to listen. People’s heads ache from the riot, their tempers are exasperated with the uproariousness of the gods; children fall asleep, and awake again, cross and weary—they are kept up too late, and cannot enjoy the pantomime when it comes. Now let Covent Garden, which has so successfully tried one experiment, in reducing prices to a just medium, next year play pantomime first, and let the manager imagine the troops of lively, contented children, and pleased mammas, and papas, which will fill his theatre in the Christmas week,—in the comfortable assurance, that the little ones will not be kept up too late, as they may quit the house when the show is over. Public taste has long called for this measure, and the manner in which “Rob Roy,” an old favourite, was treated, preceding as it did that unattractive “George Barnwell,” is a proof of the expediency of the course we propose.

NEW PANTOMIMES.

The Theatre Royal Drury Lane has turned antiquarian, at least in name and semblance; and after a repose of five hundred years, has revived on the English stage its first comedy, transmogrified into a pantomime, and somewhat shorn of the wit and humour that delighted the audiences in the reign of Edward III. In the original “Gammer Gurton,” there are some good old melodies which have
come down to us adapted to various modern airs: the song of "Dame Durden had five Serving Maids to carry the Milking Pail," is still sung at harvest-homes in the north and east of England; there is nothing offensive in the song, and it is very dramatic. The song of "Good Ale enough," we think, in its original state, would have been highly popular; it is to be found in "Evans' Ancient Ballads; and this is the chorus which we think would have delighted John Bull as much under the sway of William Guelph, as it did under Edward Plantagenet:—

"Head and back go bare, go bare;
Foot and hands go cold,
Give mee but gude ale now,
Whether it be newe or olde!"

Although this most venerable comedy has given the pantomime rather a coarse foundation, yet having an original that possessed great dramatic strength, instead of the inane nonsense usually inflicted on an audience on Christmas occasions, the piece promises to be very successful, far more so than any pantomime in memory: the fairy scenes are in admirable keeping with the old English characters and plot; but when we are brought into modern Cockneyshire with Jim Crow, balloons, omnibuses, and divers vagabonds of the present day, why, farewell to Gammer Gurton, and all her compatriots of the middle ages: those who like these things, will find the usual skits and squibs on the passing events of the day done very well; but why they need be engrafted into antiquarian and fairy lore, it would require a conjuror to tell. Among the prime foolersties, the shoemaker's shop with the pair of dancing shoes pointing their toes, and, unattended, performing the steps of a ballet, is, perhaps, the best imagined, and the best executed of the tricky machinery. The bird's-eye view as supposed to be seen from the balloon, are beautiful, and the notion clever. There was a more tormenting exhibition of rope-dancing by Mr. Blackmore, who performed so dreadfully well as to make us shut our eyes, and think of taking of our departure before our duty was done. A new Columbine made her début, and did her duty very well.

**COVENT GARDEN.**

Though we had merely intended to notice the pantomimes of the last month, still we cannot forbear, in accordance with our notions of gratitude, to throw a glance back upon the meritorious career of Mr. Charles Kemble, who, last Friday week, in his own benefit, took his final leave from the stage. That the public entertains a high opinion of Charles Kemble's talent and conduct, has been most amply proved by the crowded situation of Covent Garden on that occasion, which, if it had been six times as large, would have been equally crammed. A more brilliant audience never graced a theatre; and the enthusiasm with which the gentleman thus deservedly honoured was applauded, was rendered more impressive by the ill-suppressed regret that mantled every brow. His most favourite characters were, Falstaff, Lord Townly, and Mercutio. In these characters he has not had a rival for the last twenty years, and we fear that we shall never see upon his like again, for that school of acting seems with him to be extinct. His Cassio and Marc Antony are the most highly-finished portraits of the stage; his Hamlet is a beautiful piece of reading, but it wants fire in the more impassioned scenes; his Edgar and Macbeth, with the exception of a few beautiful passages, are very indifferent. He has earned his fame in a walk which he has rendered exclusively his own; and we most cordially wish him all the enjoyment which the affection of his family, the sincere regard of his friends, the esteem of his professional brethren, and the kind wishes of that public he has served so long and so faithfully, can afford him in his retirement. After the play, he addressed the audience, for the last time, in a neat and appropriate speech, of which the following is an outline:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—My professional career is this night ended; and had I consulted my own inclination, my choice of the last character in which I would appear before you should have led to one of a graver cast, and more in harmony with my private feelings on an occasion like this. To go through any favourite task, with the consciousness that it is done for the last time, would cast a shadow over the most buoyant spirits; but how dense the cloud is which now darkens upon me, it is not in the power of language to express. To renounce the practice of an art of which I have been from my childhood passionately fond—to feel that in a few short moments I must for ever bid adieu to it, and to the kindliest, the most indulgent of audiences, whose generous applause was always my best stimulant to excel—indeed, indeed, Ladies and Gentlemen, the reflection is deeply, poignantly affecting. I entreat you to believe that from my earliest youth to this the latest moment of my professional life, I have never ceased to remember your favour and encouragement, and that to that
encouragement alone I am indebted—I most sincerely avow—for whatever merit I have acquired. I wish that merit had been greater still, that I might better have shown myself worthy of such liberal friends. For many years of generous patronage, on your part, I have been your faithful servant, and I trust you will not now consider me presumptuous, if I venture to hope that my unremitting endeavours to please you, in by-gone times, may entitle my memory to a place in your thoughts and esteem when I am no longer present to your eyes. Ladies and Gentlemen, believe me your goodness is engraven deeply on my heart, and shall never be obliterated while I have life. May all health and happiness attend you, and with this prayer I most respectfully and mournfully bid you Adieu."

Towards the close of the address, Mr. Kemble was so much affected, that he was scarcely audible. At the death of the late lamented Mr. Colman, he succeeded him in the lucrative office of "Reader of Plays."

The Theatre Royal Covent Garden has brought out the appalling and life-like tragedy of "George Barnwell," as a pantomime! In the name of good taste, does the manager suppose that because the stern moral and home truths of George Barnwell were distasteful to the minds and consciences of our holiday-making population, that they wanted, for amusement sake, to grin at events that chill every bosom, and come close, with homely force, to every heart? After this, who shall blame the bad taste of the French stage, with its "Lucerce Borgia," and its "Tour de Nesle?" The crimes of the daughter of the Pope, and of the licentious Queen of Louis the Huitin, are at least invested with the swooping pall of tragedy; people went to be thrilled, and chilled with awful excitement, when they witnessed them, not to grin at the funniness of a murdered uncle-benefactor, and a plundered master. Let the Quarterly look at home, before it sweepingly condemns the French stage, and French fiction, and discuss this outrage! There can be room neither for splendour, fairyism, nor fun, in this wretchedly imagined pantomime; the audience were discontented with the performers, but what could those persons do? How can they make people laugh at the reminiscences of "George Barnwell?" For of all tragedies, those of home and common life last longest on the memory, and imagination. The conclusion of every pantomime gets into the same track, and when the buffa satire on the times began, matters mended; the best of the business was, the conversion of the Turnham Green Omnibus into Green's Omnibus Balloon, which was most capital done, and elicited deserved applause.

OLYMPIC.

"Riquet of the Tuft," a picturesque fairy tale, which our Richard the First did not disdain to versify in the provincial dialect of his brother Troubadours, forms the ground-work of the very pretty pantomime at Madame Vestris's Theatre. The scenery is beautiful, and the music, with Madame's admirable taste, which none can dispute, is from our old national airs, sung with great spirit by Madame Vestris and Mrs. Honey. Well does Madame know the airs and melodies which suit her own rich tenor voice: those who possess this high gift, will sing English, and English melody, and leave falsettos to sing Italian.

The St. James' Theatre produced a pretty drama, called "Bletchington House, or the Warning Voice;" its sad end, though historical, occasioned its failure,—it was brought out at an injudicious season, when John Bull is uproarious for fun. The pantomime of this charming theatre accords with its usual tastefulness—it is the Oberon of Weiland, with a proper seasoning of comic tricks, and squibs: the hearer have the greatest delight in the melodies of this divine opera—"The Parish Revolution" among the drolleries, is a masterly hit.

The Adelphi has a pantomime, with a mightily tedious and involved title, illustrative of "Jim Crow and a Mustard Pot." What it is about, our informant was puzzled to define; but it was suitable to Strand tastes, and the tastes of this house, neither of them the most refined in the world.

The Surrey has a nursery stave for the motto of its pantomime—Cock-a-doodle-doo,
My dame has lost her shoe.

This told far better than "George Barnwell." There were some clever hits at the new poor-laws, and some good scenery.
Miscellaneous.

RECEIPT FOR INHALING THE STEAM OF HOPS.
(Original Communication.)

This simple method of inhaling the steam of hops has been found to be of great benefit in cases of pulmonary consumption, as well as for consumptive cough. Take about a heaped tablespoonful of the best new hops, put them in a small tin coffee pot, and fill up to the hole of the spout; the water must not cover the hole, or the body of steam will not ascend through the spout. The mouth of the patient should then be applied to the spout, and the vapour inhaled for half an hour. The steam may be kept active, by a lamp under the coffee pot, or by means of a hot heater of a box iron; but care must be taken not to scald the throat.

The aroma of the hops has a healing effect, as well as having the power of producing profound sleep; and being applied to the lungs and chest, in the way of steam, it passes through the afflicted organs, and lulls to sleep, without disordered the stomach and soothing the chest, by vomiting, which is the final result of all peregories and preparations of opium when swallowed. As all applications of steam are attended with liability to catch cold, the inhaling is best performed in bed, and even then care must be taken to prevent cold by plentiful clothing. This has been considered quite as an old woman’s receipt, but of late so many severe cataracts have been cured by the hop vapour, that the most liberal of the faculty have recommended, and even adopted it, and all bear witness to the harmlessness of the process. It is the rest to the lungs and chest afforded by the lulling qualities of the hops that effects the cure. It should be persevered in for at least three days twice every day.

EXTRACT FROM A LADY’S LETTER.

“You will be grieved when you hear the extreme sufferings to which the brave Polish exiles in London are reduced; there are more than a hundred in our metropolis in want of daily bread; and my heart bleeds by the information of a brave Polish general, having shot himself in Bath, from want of the means of existence: he has left a widow—a widow, indeed!—Unfortunately, the question of humanity, raised in behalf of the Polish refugees in our country, is made a party matter, and many of our journals war against these persecuted patriots, who never even heard the grounds of their differences discussed. In London, Col. Leicester Stanhope exerts himself in a most noble manner for these sufferers; and a plan was put in practice by some ladies, of his family connection, which I wish was general. This is by gathering a sixpenny subscription from all willing to afford such a mite; no more to be accepted from any one, without the name of a friend is used as a favour. These little subscriptions have been very successful, particularly when undertaken with all the zeal of female charity. We all know the political potency of penny subscriptions, and why should we not use similar means when such an inviting cause for benevolence and humanity imperatively calls upon us.”

Schoolmasters in Egypt are mostly persons of very little learning: few of them are acquainted with any writings except the Cooor-a’n, and certain prayers which, as well as the contents of the sacred volume, they are hired to recite on particular occasions. I was at my visit there, told of a man who could neither read nor write succeeding to the office of a schoolmaster, and who a few days after he had taken upon himself this office, a poor woman brought a letter for him to read to her from her son, who had gone on a pilgrimage. The fiek’see pretended to read it, but said nothing; and the woman, inferring from his silence that the letter contained bad news, said to him, “Shall I shriek?” He answered, “Yes.” “Shall I tear my clothes?” she asked. He replied, “Yes.” So the poor woman returned to her house, and, with her assembled friends, performed the lamentation and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of a death. Not many days after this her son arrived, and an explanation took place. She again went to the schoolmaster, and begged him to inform her, why he had told her to shriek, and to tear her clothes, since the letter was to inform her that her son was well, and he was now arrived at home. Not at all abashed, he said, “God knows futurity! How could I know that your son would arrive in safety? It was better that you should think him dead, than be led to expect to see him, and perhaps be disappointed.” Some persons who were sitting with him, praised his wisdom, exclaiming, “Truly, our new fiek’see is a man of unusual judgment!” and, for a little while, he found that he had raised his reputation by this blunder.

Wild Boars.—Owing to the recent rising of water, 28 wild boars made on the 9th of December a descent into the valley of Inglande, in the department of the Moselle, but being attacked by the inhabitants, fled into the wood of Königsmacher.—Times.

The Vauxhall Balloon which ascended on the 19th ult. at Paris, and descended in one hour and a half at Vitry.
BIRTHS.

On the 27th ult., at Okendam, Sussex, the Lady of Mark Pringle, Esq., of a daughter.
13th, at Stockpudle-Court, the Countess of Cawood, of a still-born child.
13th, at Thornton-heath, Surrey, the Lady of H. Littlewood, Esq., of a son.
17th, at Battersea, the Lady of Dr. M'Kellar, of a son.
2th, the Lady of James Cockell, Esq., Bernard-street, Russell-square, of a son.
4th, at Edinburgh, the Lady of Col. Mayne, C. B., of a son.
3rd, at Clapham-lodge, Mrs. Wild, of a son.
7th, at Babraham, Cambridge-shire, the Lady of Henry John Adeane, Esq., of a son.
8th, at Wynehall-cottage, Tanners-end, Edmondton, the Lady of T. A. T. Smyth, Esq., of a son.
18th, in Dublin, the Lady of Captain T. Smyth, R. E., of a daughter.
24th, at Bath, the Lady of Edward Currie, Esq., Dr. C. S., of a son.
23rd, at Harley-le-Bow, the Lady of Thomas Ansell, Esq., of a daughter, still-born.
25th, at Woodford Essex, the Lady of John Knowles, Esq., of a daughter, still-born.
21st, at Carlton, Oxfordshire, the Lady of T. E. Robinson, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Luke's, Liverpool, on the 17th, Charles Hadfield, Esq., to Elizabeth Ann Crossley, eldest daughter of Thomas James Hall, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, now sole stipendiary magistrate for Liverpool, and late his Majesty's Judge Advocate General of Jamaica.
On the 20th, at St. Clement's Dane's, Strand, Major Frederick Chidley Town, of the 63rd regiment, to Elizabeth daughter of T. J. Courthorpe, Esq.
On the 5th, at St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, William Young Bazell, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, to Eleanor Margaret, daughter of the late T. Devon, Esq., of St. Helena.
On the 26th, at South Hackney, William Cousins, Esq., to Maria Ruding.
On the 17th of October, John Francis Gianaicairn Campbell, Esq., Capt. in his Majesty's 91st regt., to Catherine Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Capt. Charles Alexander, Royal Engineers.

On the 17th, at St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, Charles, only son of the late Col. Duncan Mackintosh, 66th regt., to Jane, eldest daughter of the late John Paramore Boys, Esq., Deputy Paymaster-General of the forces.
On the 27th, at Hockwchurch, Dorset, Joseph Dowson, Esq., to Caroline, eldest daughter of Dr. Rudge.

DEATHS.

On the 26th ult., George Smith, Esq., formerly Director of the East India Company, of Selston, Surrey, aged 72.
27th, at Cavelbenham, George Jackson, Esq., Colonel of the North Mayo Militia, aged 43.
9th, at Chester Terrace, Duma Maria Antonia d'Arguin de Lizaur, aged 44.
10th, Sir Robert Greenhill Russell, Bart., of Chequers Court, in his 74th year.
At Chigwell, Essex, James Bridges, Esq., aged 81.
25th, Miss Sarah Shakespear, of Claremont-square.
17th, at West Cowes, Isle of Wight, the Lady Jenina Isabella Wykeham Martin, wife of Charles Wykeham Martin, Esq., and only daughter of the Earl of Cornwallis.
18th, at Lewisham, Lieut. Robert Lester Parkinson, R.N., aged 38.
29th of November, at Woodstock, New Brunswick, Ensign James William Hoste, of the 43rd Light Infantry, in the 20th year of his age, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Hoste, of the Royal Engineers.
Suddenly, at Ramsgate, on the 16th ult., aged 54, Captain Woodward, R.N., harbour-master.
On the 23rd, at Clevedon, near Bristol, Jane Gay Alleyn, second daughter of the late Sir John Gay Alleyn, Bart.
On the 24th, Capt. Robert Torkington, Royal Marines, aged 71.
At Kirklands of Ancrum, on the 26th, Elizabeth, wife of John Richardson, Esq.
At Granada, West Indies, on the 12th of September last, John Stokes, Esq., aged 47.
On the 28th, Miss Thornton, of Norfolk square, Brighton.
On the 23rd, Henry R. Bellingham, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, son to the late Allan Bellingham, Bart., of Castle Bellingham.
MICHÉLLE DE VITRY
Baroness de Freinol.

Born 1387
Died 1456

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

Vol. X

1/10 of the series of ancient portraits

1837

MEMOIRS OF MICHELLE DE VITRY, BARONESS DE TRAINEL, AND OF THE FAMILY DES URSINS.

Illustrated by an original portrait, by Grignonour, court painter to Charles VI. and Charles VII., Kings of France, a whole length, coloured from the life.

Jean Juvenel, the celebrated chronicler of France, was the plebeian lord of the noble Michelle de Vitry, Baroness of Trainel, a Breton peeress, whose forefathers carried their partiality so high for the feudal system of military life, that it was their boast, that in their town and lordship of Vitry there were three thousand inhabitants, not one of whom followed the profession of a civilian. How the beautiful heiress of a line so haughtily warlike came to give her hand to the provost of Paris, the learned, and virtuous, but ignoble Jean Juvenel, no particular Chronicle exists to inform us. But Michelle lived in times of peculiar danger for orphan and defenceless beauty, even those, when France was invaded by our Henry the Fifth, and torn, besides, to pieces, by various internal factions, which made even, Paris, often, the theatre of their bloody dissensions. In those turmoils, Michelle de Vitry found the protection of a husband from the brave and upright magistrate of Paris, and shared with him all the anxieties, and cares of the most difficult station that ever magistrate was called upon to fulfil. This faithful, and virtuous pair lived to see their unhappy country relieved from foreign invasion, and settled in a peaceful and prosperous state; they founded a family who ranked among the noblesse of France, and witnessed the exaltation of two of their sons to the first dignities of the kingdom. History does not always present a page in which poetical justice is so firmly fulfilled; and indeed in one instance there seems an actual interference of Providence in favour of the virtuous provost, on whose justice, and paternal administration the existence of so many helpless creatures in the distracted city of Paris depended, that although we are very scrupulous in admitting the occurrence of judgments, and miracles in history, yet we cannot help seeing the finger of God in the preservation of this great and benevolent magistrate, from the snares of the wicked. The story is drawn from a scarce chronicle edited by the great antiquary, P. Jacob, and we present it, for the first time, to the English public.

Our own histories and chronicles which relate to the invasion of France by our Henry the Fifth, are written in the most
shameless spirit of partiality, and they mislead the reader, not only in regard to the justness of Henry’s cause, as might naturally be expected, but in regard to the characters and actions of all the allies of the English; for instance, John, Duke of Burgundy, is considered by the English reader as a virtuous, and just prince, for the dreadful atrocities he committed in Paris are unrecorded, or, only, very partially related; but when taking advantage of the wickedness of his ally, the Queen Isabeau,* he entered Paris invited by her, and lawlessly encouraged the indiscriminate slaughter of every person he considered to belong to the party of the poor maniac king, Charles the Sixth, history seems to be almost entirely silent. Jean Juvenel, provost of Paris, was the only man, gentle or simple, that dared assert the laws and protect the proscribed. This John of Burgundy actually commissioned the butchers of Paris, together with the common executioner, the noted Caperluche, at their head, to arm themselves with their choppers and slaughtering axes, and to range the city, and cut to pieces with the most horrid circumstances of cruelty, every person they suspected to be of the Armagnac faction, that is, attached to their unhappy and afflicted sovereign. Of course, private revenge, and the prospect of plunder, had its effect on the passions of this demoniac band; and the citizens of our own metropolis may pause to consider how they would like such judges, juries, and executioners (destructives), to be ranging their streets, supported and encouraged by an arbitrary military chieftain, and his disciplined and well-appointed army. Such were the times in which the provost of Paris and his noble spouse, Michelle de Vitry, occupied the Hotel de Ville, the residence of the chief magistrate of that city. It required no little moral and physical courage to oppose the proceedings of the Burgundian faction, but the vigorous mind of the just, and patriotic citizen organised the whole force of the law against the insolence of Burgundy, and his ferocious insurgents; he banded together the respectable citizens, courageously headed them, protected the weak, and helpless from their violence, and restored something like order in the miserable city, which to its other horrors added the approaching symptoms of pestilence and famine. All these calamities were nobly opposed by the undaunted firmness of one magistrate bred in the peaceful profession of a merchant. When Queen Isabeau, and her factious colleague, the Duke of Burgundy, found that the law, and the virtuous provost, were too strong for open violence, they prepared a more insidious opposition: this was a charge of corruption and treason, supported by three false witnesses who were all suborned, and under the direction of Maitre Jean Andriguet, advocate of Parliament, and one of the creatures of the queen, two officers of the Chatelet—the state prison of France, then in possession of the Burgundian faction, were the persons employed to collect this evidence, and procure the false witnesses, in the persons of some miserable wretches, in their keeping, in that dreary prison. It was needful that the conspiracy should be well organised, as they had to deal with a man of acute intellect, and well versed in the law. Accordingly, the two gaolers of the Chatelet brought their witnesses to a cabaret de l’echiquier* in the city, and there, after they had been tutored by the queen’s advocate, so that their testimony might agree, their depositions were taken down on a scroll of parchment. All this was managed with such profound secrecy, that no clue could be given to the provost whereby he could avoid the snare. On the morrow he was to be dragged from his magisterial seat on this false accusation, and thrown into the horrible dungeons of the Chatelet. But there was a power which extended its protection over the just magistrate, the protector of the widows, and orphans of Paris.

After the conspirators had arranged the evidence, to their own satisfaction, they began to drink and carouse; and during these revels, a poodle dog belonging to the innkeeper, ran in and out of the apartment, without being noticed; and at last took up the parchment containing the evidence, which was rolled up with some other papers, which unveiled the deep and diabolical plot. The advocate and his two coadjutors were too

* See this portrait and memoir, May, 1833.
The history of this queen is, perhaps, more singularly romantic than that of almost any other personage in the whole series yet published by us.

* Probably a public-house designated by the sign of a chess-board or echiquier.
much occupied with the wine-flasks, to perceive that the barbet, or pondle, was playing with this roll, and at last the creature took it in its mouth, and ran to the chamber of his mistress, and deposited the important scroll on her pillow. Whether the woman had listened to some of the proceedings of the conspirators, the chronicle does not say; that it was so, is, however, more probable, than that in the year 1393 an innkeeper’s wife could have gained information by reading this paper. This innkeeper, and his wife had felt the value of the protection of the chief magistrate, and they were faithfully attached to him. The woman woke her husband, and charged him to carry the parchment scroll directly to the Hotel de Ville. The provost was out, superintending the city band of archers, at a distant quarter of the city, where an insurrection was apprehended; but his wife, Michelle de Vitry, detained the messenger till the return of her husband from seeing the watch set. A single glance at the important documents, showed the provost the tremendous danger which threatened him; and overjoyed as he was at the providential accident, which had laid open before him the machinations of the wicked, the exigency still required the utmost strength of mind, and decision of conduct; he consulted with his faithful partner, at that time a nursing mother, surrounded by a numerous infant family; and these are circumstances which enhance the grandeur of character displayed by this noble pair. The provost spent the night in advertising the faithful band, who had so often assisted him in enforcing the municipal law of Paris, of the extreme danger in which his life and liberty, and those of all good citizens, stood; and by day-break all was prepared.

Soon there arrived a hussier, to cite the provost of Paris to appear in person before the king, and his council, held in the wood of Vincennes. Then the report ran through the city, that the Duke of Burgundy was about to cut off the head of their just provost. Paris was in commotion. Four hundred of the principal citizens arrived at the Hotel de Ville, and honourably escorted their chief magistrate to the castle of Vincennes, where he sat with patience and gravity, to hear the criminal accusation urged against him, by Maître Jean Andriquet. He then, rose, and in a most eloquent speech, not only rebutted the charges, for which he was fully prepared, but by means of papers, in the handwriting of the accuser, unveiled the whole of the plot, and the perjurers suborned against his life.

The accusers who had been greatly perplexed, when they recovered from their debauch, by the loss of their papers, for the absence of which they knew not how to account, were perfectly confounded at seeing them in the hands of the provost: a violent tumult ensued; but the firmness of the respectable band of burgesses who had attended their chief magistrate, and the throns of citizens that had followed their protector from Paris, were too strong for the agitators. It was then agreed that the matter should be left to the decision of the poor maniac king, who had been presiding at the trial; and the factious had hope that aberration of mind would prevent this virtuous, but afflicted sovereign from giving any sane, or collected answer, and that the provost would be consigned for further inquiry to the tender mercies of the keepers of the Chatelot; but the same providence that had used the agency of a dumb animal to preserve the just man, now, to the astonishment of all present, enlightened the mind of the wavering maniac, Charles arose, and elevating his noble, but bowsed person to its natural height, pronounced these words with majesty and decision—

“My sentence is, that my provost is an upright, and just man, and that those who have accused him are false witnesses.” Then turning with dignity to the provost, he added, “Go home, my friend, and you my good burgesses, and cherish and protect my unhappy subjects.”

The effect was startling; and the triumph of the good was complete: moreover, the circumstances of the case so overwhelmed the minds of all concerned in the plot, that the following Easter the false witnesses confessed their guilt; but the curé would not absolve them, and the pope’s legate being referred to, declared that as their guilt was public, so ought their penance and repentance to be; accordingly, on Good Friday, they made the amende honorable, walking in public procession wrapped in a white sheet, each with a lighted taper in his hand. In this manner they marched through Paris, till they arrived at the
court of justice where the provost presided, there they declared their names, and the particulars of their guilt. The provost wept with emotion, and, adds the chronicle when it was over, “he named each by name, and then very sweetly forgave them.”

After this awful struggle, the duties of the provost were accomplished with more ease; and though tremendous trials were still reserved for him, when Paris was occupied by the English government under Henry the Fifth, and his brother the regent, Bedford; yet the tyranny of a foreign invader, is never so deadly as the malice of an internal faction. The virtuous provost continued to administer the law justly in the capital, through the worst of fortune; and his firmness was at length rewarded by seeing the son of his royal master, the heroic, though faulty, Charles the Seventh, free his country from faction, and foreign invasion, and ascend his rightful throne. This historical sketch, unknown to our country, offers some wholesome reasonings to those who sincerely wish the public good. If we compare the circumstances in which Paris was placed through the wickedness of Queen Isabeau, and the turbulence of John Duke of Burgundy, the reader would naturally expect that the same tremendous massacres, which deluged Paris with blood during the Revolution of 1790, would have continued with aggravated circumstances, and for a greater length of time, taking into consideration the barbarism of the date, 1393—yet research tells us this was not the case. Let us exercise our causality, and see why Paris, in the intellectual darkness of 1393, weathered a storm which overwhelmed her with horrors for nearly six years, in the eighteenth century—the reason is obvious—the French Revolution commenced by destroying religion and the law. Baily, the mayor of Paris, executed in the reign of terror, was as virtuous, though not so firm, a magistrate, as Jean Juvenel; and, perhaps, when he stood in the pouring rain, on a scaffold reared on a dunghill, waiting impatiently to be guillotined, a review of recent events, compared with the past, might cross his mind, and he might reflect that if he and his brother revolutionists had not demolished all forms of ancient judicature, he could not have been the innocent victim of a lawless and bloody anarchy.

Wherever the venerable institutes of civil justice are suffered to remain, there are always to be found just men to carry the immutable laws of moral obligation into execution. Behold a brief picture of those existing circumstances. The Burgundian troops were carried onwards by feelings of blind rage—the queen was acting with treachery—in the cabinet, faction, and not patriotism, was predominant—throughout the kingdom civil war was raging—the monarch was deprived of reason—famine and pestilence stalked through the land—whilst a victorious invading army, under our Henry the Fifth, threatened Paris with utter extermination. At even such a time, the wisdom and justice of one honest magistrate made a successful stand against this accumulation of horrors. We can scarcely wonder that on the restoration of Charles the Seventh to his capital, when order was restored, and the harassed citizens breathed again, that they should pre-eminently distinguish their good magistrate by many honours. When he retired from the Hotel de Ville, and resigned his long held office to a younger man, the citizens presented him with the magnificent palace of the Hotel d’Ursins, which had been formerly the property of a prince of the Italian family of Ursino, whose line had become extinct, during the civil wars of the reign of Charles the Seventh. This palace was in existence in the seventeenth century, with the arms of the Italian Ursini emblazoned over the façade; the street is still called “des Ursins,” although the palace no longer exists.

It is from this palace that the provost added the patrician cognomen of des Ursins to his bourgeois appellation of Jean Juvenel, or young John: which descriptive name he seems to have inherited from his father, or grandfather, and it bespoke the circumstance that he drew his origin from the lowest ranks—but that was no matter, he was one of God’s nobility, magnificently endowed with personal beauty, mental power, and moral rectitude; and we think that he lowered himself by assuming any name but that under which he had won the gratitude of his king and his fellow-citizens. It has been a fashion introduced by the dissolute court of our Charles the Second, to treat the magistrates of London with peculiar contempt, and yet London formerly produced some instances of great virtue in
her magistrates, almost equal to this historical account of the provost of Paris; but let our countrymen reflect, that public virtue ever languishes under the blight of public contempt, and that if we would have courageous, and virtuous magistrates, their situation must be regarded by all men with inward, as well as external respect. Sir Thomas Gresham, the near kinsman of Queen Elizabeth, thought the occupation of the civic chair no blot on his chivalric escutcheon, for he was of a knightly family in Norfolk, allied to the Boleyns, and the queen shamed not to call the wise, and virtuous merchant her cousin. There were, indeed, some wholesome ways of thinking that belonged to our forefathers which we should do well to adopt in the present times.

Twenty-four years did Jean Juvenel and his wife occupy the Hotel des Ursins, and enjoy the esteem of their countrymen. During this whole period, he was composing his celebrated chronicles, in which he gives us such a curious detail of the civil wars, and eventful history of his own times. These chronicles are wrought into the French history, called the Chronicles of Monstrelet: they are an invaluable record of the life, costume, and manners of the fourteenth century, and they are embellished with portraits and drawings of the times—no common reader of history as presented to them by the bald essayists who call themselves modern historians, can appreciate the value of such records. Jean Juvenel died in 1431, and held, at the time of his death, the high offices of advocate of the king, and president of parliament: which offices since exclusively belonging to the legal profession, seem to have been practicable by this magistrate, who, we are expressly told, was syndic, or provost of the merchants of Paris.

The fortunes of the noble partner of Jean Juvenel were the same as those of her husband, for they were only disunited by death: history has left no decisive traits of character as pertaining to her; but we may gather that she was a good woman, by the high estimation in which her country held her sons—for the character of a mother may generally be appreciated by the moral worth of her sons. Michelle de Vitry survived Jean Juvenel some years. She had eleven children, all of whom attained great honours.

The youngest son of the family was Archbishop of Rheims, and in virtue of that great spiritual dignity, Duke of Rheims, first peer of France. The eldest son was Bishop of Laon and Duke of Laon, one of the ministers of Charles the Fortunate, and of that wise monarch, though bad men. Louis the Eleventh. This nobleman, likewise, became the Archbishop-duke of Rheims. Another son was Chancellor of France.

The memory of this family has survived by means of a large picture, painted by order of one of these great ecclesiastics, which for four centuries hung in a chapel of the cathedral of Notre Dame: it contains the portraits of Jean Juvenel, of his widow, Michelle de Vitry, and all their family. Two of the daughters are in an ecclesiastical dress; the other two are attired in the horned caps of that era, and in a style of elaborate magnificence. There are likewise to be seen the Archbishop-duke of Rheims and the Bishop-duke of Laon, with their croisiers, and robed in all the splendour of the Romish church. The picture is still in existence—it is a great curiosity; painted by Grignonner, court painter to Charles the Sixth and Charles the Seventh, and the designer of the playing cards at present in use. Surely, if any painter's works have obtained an immortal popularity, these have. The works of Grignonner, however, are not to be judged by these very miserable copies. His style of painting is like the portraits painted in China, laborious resemblances of the original. When we see a portrait of the middle ages, we are sure that it is a minute likeness of the person it represents. Nor do we speak from mere supposition, for we find in the Paston papers, contemporary with this portrait, that Sir John Paston will not pay the painter who enamelled his father's effigy, because it is not an exact likeness of his person; which, he says, shall be effected "before the limner is paid for his pains."

The family "des Ursins" became of the highest rank in France: it was extinct in the person of the celebrated Princess des Ursins, the correspondent of Madame de Sevigné, and for some years female prime minister of Spain, being the favourite of the weak Philip the Fifth.

* The curious historical account of cards will be found in a former memoir in this magazine.

† See this portrait and memoir, January, 1837.
and having accompanied him to Madrid, when that French prince succeeded to the Spanish throne. This lady possessed all the beauty and abilities of her family, but she was inferior in moral worth, being an intriguante, and freethinker. It was to her diplomacy, in order for ever to preserve the throne of Spain in the name of Bourbon, that Spain owes her present civil war, for she persuaded the weak Philip to alter the constitution by the adoption of the Salic law.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT, AND DIS-SSERTATION ON WIDOW’S DRESS.

Here is the costume of widows in the middle ages; and it is a matter of some curiosity to trace the resemblance it bears to that garb of woe in the present times. The widow’s dress of our day, bears no little resemblance to its conventual origin, as all widows in ancient times assumed the garb of some monastic order, in token of humility and austerity, with the addition of a long tail which depended from the back of the hood, and nape of the neck, sometimes to the knees: this tail is a sort of case made of the same material as the hood; but what it was for, and what mark of mortification it was to imply, antiquarians have not defined. In the clever “Essay on British Costume,” published by Mr. Knight, there is the figure of a widow kneeling before a tomb, with a most elaborate pigtail depending from the back of her head; but the clever writer throws no light on this extraordinary appendage to the state of widowhood. We think we can elucidate the mystery. The tail was a case into which the long hair of the widow was packed. Now the ecclesiastical law required that the maiden vowed to the convent should sacrifice her flowing hair, but not the widow: hence this singular addition to the conventual dress assumed by the widows. There are indications that Michelle de Vitry wore this tail depending from her hood. The next strange feature in the widow’s dress was the chin-cloth, called the widow’s barb; and very precise laws were enforced as to its height and size—the higher the rank of the widow, the higher the barb was worn. A queen wore it to touch the upper lip, princesses, and duchesses to reach the under lip, baronesses over the chin, knight’s wives to reach the chin, but the wives of merchants and burgesses were prohibited from wearing this becoming appendage higher than the throat.

Michelle de Vitry wears hers over the chin, in virtue of her noble blood, as Baroness de Trainel. Another frightful thing was worn by widows, which was the conventual frontlet; our widow’s cap and band is a modification of barb and frontlet. In ancient times widows were forced to wear these frightful disguises till they made a second match, however young and pretty they might be: if they did not marry again, they wore the frontlet, tail, and barb all their lives, and were allowed no change of colour, but, only, white and black. History records that Mary, Queen of Scots, did not take off her widow’s dress till she was actually married to Darnley, when her bridesmaids raised a great romping match in taking off her mourning dress as Queen of France, and putting on her white and silver bridal dress.† Louisa of Savoy, mother to Francis the First, always wore the hideous frontlet, though left a widow at seventeen. Margaret of Richmond, the grandmother of Henry the Eighth, was regent of England during some months; and she has left some acts of legislation, still on our parliamentary rolls, which regulate with great precision the height of widows’ bars, the depth of their frontlets, the length of their tails, and the width of trains. We hope all antiquarians’ widows will study the code of the venerable countess-regent of England: few persons know that we ever had such a potentate, and still fewer how providently she had legislated for widow-ladies—an important, and influential part of the community. Margaret of Richmond was, notwithstanding, a little formal trifling one of the glories of her sex; and the famishing poor of England, have reason even at this season, and at this very hour, to bless her memory, forgotten as it is by them.

The noble widow of Jean Juvenel wears a hood, from which depends a chape; it is lined, and edged with white fur. The robe is a sort of long mantua, lined with white fur of cair; it sweeps in a graceful train, and has short full sleeves, lined with fur. Beneath the upper robe, or pelisse, (for pelisse, or pelisson, is a very ancient garment,) is a kirtle or close dress, whose straight sleeves coming down tight to the wrist, are seen below the full sleeves of the robe. Upon her person no jewels are exhibited, they were

* See this portrait and memoir, May, 1834.
† Ellis’s Letters.
not, neither are they, in the present day, suitable with the strict etiquette of widow's mourning dress. The material of her dress is black silk of Padua, or Padua-soy; a silk still in request in our court mourning. Her shoes are reasonable, being of the poulaine* form, with the long tails cut off, out of mortification. She wears a peculiarly heavy, and broad wedding ring, which, doubtless, had a posy, or motto on it.

* Our recent subscribers will find the curious history of these shoes appended to the portrait and memoir of Hermengarde Plantagenet, September, 1836.

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**THE LOVER'S DREAM.**

**BY MRS. J. W. DUNBAR MOODIE.**

Once, in the rosy prime of youth,
When fancy wore the guise of truth,
And joy around my footsteps hung,
And hope in sweet numbers sung,
And life was like an April day,
Whose frowns by smiles were chas'd away,
A gentle dream my soul possess'd,—
I lov'd, and deem'd my love was bless'd.

Long years have flown—but on my sight
She rises still, a form of light,
With flowing locks of sunny hue,
And laughing eyes of liquid blue,
And snowy brow, and dimpled chin,
And ruby lips, with pearls within,
And checks whose blushes came and went,
As her young soul grew eloquent.

But why name features passing fair,
The coldest breast such charms may wear:
They did not give the mental grace,
That lighted up that speaking face;
The mind that breath'd in look and tone,
Form'd the bright links in beauty's zone.
If she had faults—they were to me
Spots in the sun—love could not see.

She was a thing of smiles and tears,—
A child in heart, though not in years;
As bright a soul as ere took wing
With fancy, through the realms of spring
Her gentle grief like summer rain,
When sun-beams chase it o'er the plain
Her joy a burst of transport gay,
That wiled dark-visag'd Care away.

Oh! such was Mary, ere the world
Its subtle toils around her furl'd;
And selfish interest claim'd a part
In that young, warm, and guileless heart
Or fashion taught her to despise
The charms so precious in my eyes:
I woke—and steel'd my heart with pride;
I found my love, another's bride!

_Douro, Upper Canada._
BLANCH DEBENISH; OR, A DAY AFTER THE FAIR.


The Rencontre.

"All that's bright must fade;
The brightest, still the fleakest."—Moore.

"Blanch!—my gay, my beautiful! where art thou? Come, sweet rogue, no hiding: for the longer you cause me to seek, the severer shall be your punishment, when found!" Thus spoke the half angry, half mirthful, Frederick Speldhurst, as he arrived at the tryng-place appointed by his love, and discovered the green hillock vacant where was her usual seat. The spot was peculiarly adapted for a lover to meet the mistress of his soul in concealment, being a lofty hill, embowered, at the eminence, by clustering acacias, which, while they afforded a retreat impenetrable to the eye of an intruder, allowed those who sought their shade to distinguish through their foliage any approaching footstep. The proprietor (who, by-the-bye, was the father of the very young lady whom our hero had gone to meet,) was remarkably proud of this place, and had taken great pains to beautify it. The ascent was rendered easy by a gentle path, fringed on either side with hedge rows of sweet-briar; and a space had been cleared at the top, in the centre of the little wood, for a rustic temple, approachable only by means of a surrounding labyrinth of hawthorn. At the entrance of the maze was that grassy mound, the customary resting-place of the fair Blanch Debenish. There, after a vain search, our hero paused to take breath, to contemplate the moon and stars, which were then beginning to rise, and to await the arrival of his fair one.

How aptly does the poet typify the frequent wreck of human happiness, when he says that—

"—Ships have oft' gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity."

Speldhurst was loitering near the entrance to the labyrinth, indulging in dreams which hope bids lovers expect to become realities, when a hasty footstep on the shingly pathway, within, disturbed his meditations. "'Tis she!" he exclaimed "Blockhead! not to think of seeking for my goddess in the temple." Thus saying, he darted into the maze, and, after losing himself, through over eagerness, about fifty times in its intricate ways, he at length reached the central edifice. "Now, my Blanch—now to be repaid for all my anxiety," said he, crossing the threshold, and preparing to clasp his loved one to his heart.

"Who are you?" was loudly uttered by a more than feminine voice, and then followed the ejaculation, "Oh! Mr. Frederick Speldhurst, I perceive! Walk in, sir; you have been expected this half hour."

Such salutation greeted our astonished hero on his entrance, uttered by a little elderly gentleman in a brown wig, snuff-coloured coat, waistcoat and small-clothes to match, with blue-clocked stockings, square-toed shoes, and silver buckles. Frederick stared, as well he might; but astonishment ended in a tone, neither too musical, nor too courteous; he exclaimed, "Upon my soul, sir, you possess a most enviable stock of assurance."

"I am partner in a life assurance company," interrupted the old gentleman in the brown wig, who, by the chuckling intonation of his laugh, appeared to think that a joke (however stale) was a sufficient excuse for his breach of manners.

Frederick now grew indignant, and, assuming a terrible frown, made three huge strides towards the little elderly gentleman, and thundered, "Hark ye, old fellow.—That some practical jester has made me the subject of his wit, is evident by your being here; if, therefore, you do not instantly return to your unmannerly employer, and bid him abstain in future from prying into my assignations, I will roll that insignificant frame of yours down the hill like a tennis-ball."

"Oh ho! that's too good!" cried the intruder, ready to die with laughing. "Here is a spark who first taxes me with assurance, and then threatens to turn me off my own freehold!"

"'Eh!" cried Frederick, quite confounded, "you, then, sir, are—"
"John Debenish, at your service."
"Father to——""Blanch Debenish, whom you came here to meet."
"Confusion!" muttered Speldhurst, between his teeth; "who could have told you that?"
"The girl herself," said the old gentleman, "Come, come," he added, "don't stand there as if you were mystified: take a seat, and let us talk this matter over."
"With the greatest pleasure, my dear sir," exclaimed Frederick, springing forward to shake hands with the little old gentleman, whom he had only the minute before threatened to roll down the hill."
"Stop! stop!" cried Mr. Debenish; "don't mistake my intentions. Blanch is not intended for you."
"And why not, sir?"
"Why you are a younger son, are you not?"
"Well, sir, what then?" said Fredericke, proudly, yet with considerable anxiety.
"What then! Is not that a sufficient bar to my consent? Who do you suppose, in his senses, would bestow a girl with two thousand pounds a year upon a young whiffler, whose yearly dividends scarcely amount to as many hundreds? However, that I may prove to your own conviction that I am not solely influenced by sordid motives, sit down and answer my questions."
"I am at your command, sir," said Frederick, seating himself, while a chill vapour gathered round his heart, sending a mist before his eyes.
"Come, that's as it should be," said the bluff old gentleman. "We can now proceed without either cross looks, or crusty speeches. And now, in the first place, tell me, am I not right in my assertion?"
"I am a seventh son, and the youngest of sixteen children," replied Frederick.
"All the worse for your pockets," ejaculated his interrogator. "In the next place," he demanded, "have you not, instead of writing to me, as a man of honour should, carried on a clandestine correspondence with my daughter?"
"It was known to her aunt, under whose protection you had placed the young lady."
"Aunts are nobodies. The father is his child's natural guardian, and the only one to whom a man desirous of superseding him in that office should speak."
"I was wrong, there, I admit—go on, sir, I am all attention."
"I like your candour. Is it not true that you have hitherto been a very wild young fellow?"
"Quite true; but I now see my folly; and a reformed rake, you know sir——"
"Pooh! nonsense!" interrupted Mr. Debenish, testily. "Is it not likewise true that you have been a general lover—a dealer in sighs by wholesale—one who has sworn away his heart to every pretty face he met?"
"Guilty, sir, guilty; that is, to a certain extent. Never did I ask the hand of woman yet in marriage; but when I do, it shall not be in mortal power to tempt me from my plight."
"Mighty well, young sir," exclaimed Mr. Debenish, in angry tones. "Then it appears that Miss Blanch Debenish was not destined to become your bride."
"Pardon me, sir. I told her aunt that my intentions were honourable, and though I thought it indelicate, nay, unnecessary, to allude to the purity of such intentions before the young lady, her virtuous mind, of course, would have rejected an opposite idea. Many things are understood which are never expressed."
"Aye, aye; it's all very fine talking," said Mr. Debenish: "but let us sum up our investigation, and examine the result. You stand self-convicted—remember, self-convicted—of being a younger son, whose prospects would be essentially brightened by your intermarriage with a rich heiress. Now don't interrupt me. Well, then, you confess to wheedling a foolish old woman to let you pay your secret addresses to a young lady under her charge, whose pockets you find conveniently warm for your purpose. However, being confessedly a rake, and a light-o'-love, you forbore popping the straightforward, Englishman-like question of, 'will you be my wife,' with the resolution, no doubt, of quitting her, as you had before done with others, in the event of your happening to hook a fish more worth the frying."
"Sir," said Frederick, sternly, and rising with indignation from his seat, "you have ingeniously drawn from me facts which form a case I cannot combat. But beware how you impute to me un-
Blanch Debenish; or, a Day after the Fair.

worthy motives. True that I am poor—have been steeped to the lips in folly; but when I addressed your daughter, it was as angels should be approached—with thoughts as pure as those which the repenting one sends up to heaven when he resolves to sin no more."

"That is a question I leave to your own conscience," said the old gentleman, also rising. "Meanwhile, the other matters are too glaring to admit of controversy, therefore, consider my veto as final. However, it may be some consolation to you when I say, that I do not think my daughter would suit one who evidently wishes to bury the irregularities of youth in an ardent and unchangeable heart. She is a coquette!"

"Then, sir," exclaimed Frederick, probably not sorry at an opportunity of thus giving this compulsory retreat some appearance of being voluntary, "I would not marry her were she heiress to the Queen of Sheba."

"Thou art a noble youth, after all," said Mr. Debenish, grasping his hand. "Tis a pity you did not come into the world before your brothers and sisters. But let that rest. Come, we will walk down the hill together."

Speldhurst proffered the support of his arm to Mr. Debenish, which was accepted, and they descended to the plain, on which was situated the residence of the latter, with an appearance of friendliness far from symptomatic of the preceding conversation. In fact, anomalous as it may appear, they really took a liking to each other, and chatted on indifferent subjects as cozily as if their acquaintance had enjoyed the tenure of an age. On reaching the manor-house, the elder of the twain first pointed with his stick to the door, and then down a pathway which conducted to the neighbouring town. "And now good night," said he. "This is the place of my destination—that, yours. Let us part friends; for, be assured, were it not from prudential motives, I would invite you to share my hospitality."

Frederick's heart was in his mouth as he returned the pressure of his companion's hand, and exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotion, "God bless you, sir! You have, no doubt, fulfilled your duty as a father, in banishing one so full of blemish from the presence of your spotless daughter. But do tell her—tell Blanch that in loving her, the only riches by which I was attracted, were the treasures of her mind!" So saying, he darted down the pathway, and was speedily lost to view.

"She seemed a still but life-like form; create In some far world where purity ne'er died!"—Wade.

"An order beyond art — whose beauty art would change."—Ibid.

Thus was dispelled the dream of bliss in which Frederick Speldhurst had so long indulged; and, like the undying one in the legend, he became, again, a wanderer, at a time when his heart most yearned for rest. He had vainly hoped that in forswearing those excesses which youth is too apt to consider as blameless, and attaching himself solely to a beautiful and an innocent girl, that he should eradicate the specks which dimmed his character, and re-establish it on a basis of unswerving rectitude; but now he, too late, discovered the value of a good name under circumstances even in themselves of a promising nature, and learnt, to his mortification, with how suspicious an eye amendment itself is regarded, until the evidence becomes palpable and satisfactory. But we must do our hero the justice to say, that in his most headlong career he had preserved his honour as a man unsullied. To him no bankrupt could attribute the failure of his business—no woman the betrayal of her reputation. And as he had always been a loser at the gaming-table, it was impossible for any ruined spendthrift to attribute the loss of fortune to him. Thus, prone as he was to dissipation, it was the judgment, and not the heart, that went astray. Passion, not feeling, was his destroyer; and a fallacious hope that future good conduct would atone for all, was the Will-o'-the-wisp which dazzled and misled him.

In his protestations of amendment, Speldhurst had been perfectly sincere, as his passion for Blanch had not only caused a complete revolution in his thoughts and actions, but induced him also to take up a residence in a secluded country hamlet for three months before he ventured to address the young lady, in order to ascertain, with satisfaction to himself, whether love in retirement could possibly compensate for the abandonment of a town life. To this, experience, and the tranquil state of his mind, gave an affirmative
reply, and he was looking forward with
erdent hopes to the solid enjoyment of
rustic bliss, when the cup of felicity was
so unexpectedly dashed from his lips.

"Ah!" he mentally exclaimed, as the
speed with which he had quitted Mr.
Debenish gradually subsided into a slow
irresolute pace, "why are these barriers
placed between earth and heaven? Why
is it that man thus keeps man in the pit,
instead of aiding him to leave it? We
are all creatures of frailty! Alas! that
human nature will not borrow the eye of
charity when it looks upon a contrite
heart!"

From this philippic against the con-
duct of old Debenish, Frederick's musings
reverted to the unaccountable conduct of
Blanch in disclosing to her father, with-
out previous intimation to himself, the
particulars of their acquaintance. "But
she is a coquette," he exclaimed, "and
by thus dispelling my delusions of female
rectitude, she has once more thrown me
upon the desert of existence, to be tossed,
like a worthless grain of sand by the
simoon blasts of dissipation." He was
now hurried forward with a frantic step,
when his meditations were interrupted by
as apposite an accident as can well be
imagined. His way led along a narrow
plank which crossed a broad brook before
him, and he was already in the centre of
the unostentatious bridge, when a porten-
tous crack startled him from his reverie,
and in another moment he found himself
floating down the stream.

It often happens that the surliest man
will give vent to his spleen by a stroke of
wit. Thus Frederick, as he scrambled
up the bank with not a dry thread of
clothing, could not forbear exclaiming,
"Plague take the tricks of fate! thus,
when most ardent, to be cooled with cold
water!"

While shivering, and shaking the wet
from his garments, he heard footsteps,
and presently saw himself approached by
an elderly man having the appearance of
a farmer. "Hoity toity," cried the
stranger, "why lawks-a-daisy-me, thee
seem'st to have had a ducking, young
gentleman."

"A ducking!" reiterated our hero,
plastering his hair on his head with both
hands. "I never had such a ducking in
my life. Confound your rotten timber! why
don't you build bridges in this part
of the country as other Christians do?"

"Oh! ho, ho!" shouted the farmer,
indulging in a hearty laugh, and satis-
fying himself of the cause of the mis-
chance, by a single look at the dismembered
plank, "I see how it is, young gempman;
I'll be shot if I didn't think them young
chaps was up to mischief that I seed
sawing away at the cross-water this
evening."

"What! am I then, after all, the
victim of wanton sport."

"Drat their young heads for 'em,
yes," cried the farmer. "Howsumdever,
it's well it's no worse; thee might have
been drowned. But how far hast thee
got to go home, my lad?"

"About three miles and a half, or
from that to four," replied Frederick.

"And thee drenched to the skin.
That'll never do on a wintry night like
this. Come and bide," continued the
honest yeoman, "at my farm yonder till
the morning, and I'll send thee home
quite dry and comfortable."

"But what shall I do for a change of
clothes?"

"Thee shall put on my nephew's
Sunday trousers, which have just come
from the tailor's. I'll lend thee a shirt
and smock-frock; and if a pair of my
dame's best worsted stockings will fit
those genteel shanks of thine, I know
she'll make thee welcome to 'em. Come,
let's be sharp, or thee'll be having the
rheumatics, and the ague fits, and I don't
know what besides."

Frederick thanked the farmer for his
friendly offer; and being by this time
numbed in every joint, accepted his
proffered kindness without hesitation:
away, therefore, they tramped, side by
side, and in a few minutes reached the
yeoman's homestead. A blazing fire,
before which two females were seated at
needlework, was the first object that
greeted our hero's eyes on entering:
as, however, circumstances admitted of
no delay, he made no pause for salutation,
but hurried with his conductor into an
inner apartment. Speedily disrobing,
and as speedily supplied with fresh gar-
mments, which, though neither of a shape
nor make to excite envy in Bond-street,
or induce Stultz to commit \textit{feo de se},
they, nevertheless, had the virtue of
warmth, and scrupulous cleanliness to re-
commend them. Behold, then, our hero
attired in hobnailed shoes; a pair of the
best fleecy hosiery; clove-coloured pan-
Blanch Debenish; or a Day after the Fair.

talons, cut as if intended for a Cossack; a snow white shirt of elephantine dimensions; and a frock of canvas, which would not have been much too small for Daniel Lambert himself. Behold him, I say, and fancy what a figure this fashionable Adonis of the West-end must have cut.

"Thee'll do bravely now," said the kind-hearted farmer, contemplating the youth with evident satisfaction, after performing the office of valet-de-chambre; "and now let's hie down stairs, and see whether the bacon and greens be ready. I'll warrant me, a hot supper won't do thee any harm after thy swirl of cold water."

"That I'll be bound it wont," cried Frederick, already prepared to experience a keen relish for edibles, at which under other circumstances, he would have turned up his nose.

"Why, Gaffer Rushbrook," said the farmer's wife, as he entered the lower room with mine host, "what hast thee been at? here's my floor all in a pool of water; and, oh! I didn't see thee had any body here. Jessy give the young man a seat."

The young woman thus addressed, rose to obey, when Frederick, for the first time catching a view of her features, started back and exclaimed, "Gracious heavens!—Blanch."

"Sir!" cried the girl, almost frightened out of her wits.

"Sir! Is that the way in which you address me?" demanded the youth.

"Why who be thee a-taking the wench for?" said Farmer Rushbrook.

"Pardon me," returned Speldhurst, passing his hand across his eyes, "I see that I am mistaken; I took your daughter for a very different person: for Miss Blanch Debenish."

"That's a good un!" exclaimed the farmer, "But I should be sorry if our Jessy was such a mortal hussy as she."

"A hussy, Mr. Rushbrook?"

"Ees. She ha no good in her, that's certain. A self-witted, idle, good-for-nothing jade! Why, I never knew her well employed in my life; for when she eun't wasting her time over a pack of falderals, she be sure to be fooling with the follows!"

"Lard, Tummas! for shame o'thee;" cried Dame Rushbrook.

"Truth may be blamed, but never be shamed," said the sturdy farmer: "hasn't the girl a mort of sweethearts? Don't she every morning of her life drive round the park, with a young chap from Lunnun, in a barouch; and then at night go to meet some other Jackanapes on the Cre- tan Hill, as they call it yonder.

"You forget, farmer, that you have not introduced me to your family," interrupted Frederick, who though dismayed at this corroboration of the perfidy of his mistress, and eager to hear more, was yet too fearful of being identified as the other Jackanapes, not to endeavour to change the conversation.

"Odds bodikens," said the farmer, "no more I have!" Rushbrook then detailed the accident which made Frederick his guest, and concluded by recommending him to the attentions of the females. During this, Speldhurst never removed his eyes from Jessy, on whose features the blush still lingered, which his recent vehemence had planted on her cheek. There was indeed a wonderful resemblance between her and Miss Debenish, but Frederick soon discovered an essential difference in many things. Blanch had an eye that averted while it attracted—it was large and brilliant, and seemed in the proud lustre of its rays to assert the brightness of her intellectual powers; whilst her high and nobly expansive forehead, which the French mode of dressing the hair set off to the fullest advantage, sufficiently betokened that those powers were truly of the first order. The eyes of Jessy, on the contrary, were downcast, and entirely shaded by their long lashes; whilst her hair was clustered upon her brow, and fell in ringlets down upon her neck. Blanch was dignified in countenance, Jessy was meek. The first, when gay, was all archness, smile, and fascination: the latter had a sweetly sedate expression, which spoke of purity and of peace, while it rivetted every faculty of the beholder. Finally, the form and bearing of the patrician displayed the grace and elegance of a Juno, whilst those of the fair plebeian were characterised by the slenderness and unrestrained lightness which we should expect to meet with in a sylvan nymph.

Frederick was bewitched; and it was a curious sight to see him adopting the most refined manners in his little attentions to Jessy at the supper table, whilst attired in the uncouth habiliments of a
Blanch Debenish; or, a Day after the Fair.

ploughman; but he heeded not of dress, or if he did, it was only to make him vow in his heart to destroy all the Ladies’ Magazines in the world, for introducing fashionable sleeves and hooped petticoats which conceal the true beauties of woman’s form, and internally to award a preference to the close bodice and slip worn by Jessy, which, while they answered all the purposes of dress, gave the real outline of her figure, and suffered the pre-eminence of nature to be visible over art and its adornments.

Fashion! thou ever-changing goddess, thy sorceries pervert woman’s genius. For thee, trifler, their fame is hazarded as thinking beings! But for thee, the whole intellectual female world be on the advance, did woman devote those hours employed on dress and its varieties to the outpouring of her richly-gifted mind. Begone, then, Fashion! cease to pervert the understanding, to deform the charms, and to vitiate the minds of these earthly angels. Begone! and leave us to be allured by mental ornament, instead of subjecting us to the incessant bustle of perpetual change. But here was he, supping off bread and milk, with the addition of boiled bacon and greens, with a farmer’s daughter, a disguised beau. Our hungry hero was completely divided betwixt the cravings of his appetite, and the wandering of his eyes; for whilst the one feasted from the well-filled trencher, the other was devouring Jessy’s charms, so that he was by no means idle. After supper, the farmer mixed a small noggin of excellent punch for Frederick and himself, and the whole party drew round the sea-coal fire to enjoy a quarter of an hour’s gossip before separating to court repose. There is something very delightful in this homely custom; it closes in the dullest day with smiles; it cheers us, let us be ever so tired, wet, cold, or uncomfortable, even the fatigue of a ball are for a while forgotten; and it dispatches us to our pillows in a frame of mind fit for repose, and far removed from unpleasant dreams.

Jessy spoke little, but that little indicated much natural good taste, and proved that although uneducated beyond the most simple rudiments, she had capacity for acquirement which only needed cultivation, to rank with truly accomplished women; and Speldhurst more than once caught himself thinking that it would be an enviable task to take so fair a flower from this wilderness of weeds, and nurture her mental blossoms beneath the sun of knowledge, until they expanded in all their native dignity of rare excellence. The more this idea gained ground, the more did thoughts of the educated Blanch Debenish subside on his memory, until he actually began to propose questions which might have been deemed indicative of a fixed intention to follow out the plan regarding Jessy, which had struck him as being so delightful an employment.

Some of these interrogatories went so far beyond subjects on which she had been instructed, that Jessy was occasionally a little embarrassed in her replies, upon which the farmer good-humouredly interposed by saying, “Thee must know, Mr. Speldhurst, that I’ve never thought it worth while to give my child ideas beyond her station. She can make a good pudding, and is a capital housewife; and I think them be more valuable attainments than any of your Frenchifications in the world.”

Frederick assented by a bow to this homely remark, and then rose to retire. “Be’est going?” said Rushbrook, rising also; “well, good night. Jessy, lass, light the young gentleman to his room.”

Jessy blushed deeply at this mandate, and by a look appeared to appeal against it; but her father only laughed, and repeated his desire a little more decisively. Whereupon the maiden took up a candle, and motioned our hero to follow her. On reaching his chamber, Frederick took the light, and with a most inexcusable audacity, at the same moment snatched a kiss from his rustic attendant.

“I beg, I insist, sir, that you never presume to take that liberty again!” said she, with more fire flashing from her eyes than Frederick had supposed to exist in her whole composition. He was instantly shocked at his indecorum, and hastened to apologise.

“I implore pardon,” said he, “pray forgive me. Indeed, indeed, the kiss was one such as a vestal might have received, for at the moment my heart so strongly acknowledged the universal consanguinity of mankind, that I looked upon you as a sister, and bestowed my salute in the holiness of fraternal love!”

“Ah! you gentlemen are never without some fine excuse or other,” said Jessy,
suffering her lovely countenance to brighten into smiles; ‘‘but as I know that our country girls are too apt to look upon such attentions as an honour, I excuse you for this once, and wish you a good night.’’

‘‘Good night, Jessy, may kindred spirits watch over you. May the innocence of your heart secure its everlasting peace; and O! may that heart find a congenial one with which to partake its joys and sorrows, one that shall respect its affections, and not, like some selfish natures, win but to destroy!’’

In uttering these words, a pang of severe acuteness thrilled the nerves of Speldhurst, and he found himself unable to restrain a tear. Jessy looked surprised; but that ready susceptibility which forms so endearing a portion of the female pathology, retained her sympathies in his behalf, and without knowing why, a flood of warm, bright drops rolled silently from her eyes. Frederick was infinitely affected, he felt restored to the consideration of woman, and he looked upon Jessy as he would upon one sent to heal the wounds which another had occasioned.

‘‘God bless thee, gentle girl!’’ he exclaimed, and with solemn fervour again imprinted her cheeks with his lips, although the injunction which had just been given was scarcely one minute old. But this time he was unreproved, and in silence was permitted by Jessy to retire; whilst she herself sought repose, wondering at the singularity of the event in which so unexpectedly she had been made an actor.

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**A REVOLUTION.**

‘‘Give me the sweetly-breathing rose
Which down in yonder valley grows,
Before the gayest flowery gem
That decks the mountain’s diadem.’’

Anon.

‘‘And preferred in his heart the least
Ringlet that curl’d
Down her exquisite neck, to the throne of the world.’’

Moore.

The visions of Frederick were strangely muddled. He now thought himself roaming through wood and over wild by the side of Blanch Debenish, and then surprised himself with knee bent to Jessy Rushbrook. Again, the capricious spirit of dreams led him to the boudoirs of wealth, and anon transported him to a cottage where pigs, children, poultry, and Jessy mingled in strange confusion. At length he woke to feel the breath of morning upon his temples, and enjoy the re-animation which even a disturbed slumber had produced. On rising, he found that his clothes had been well dried, and by the aid of Dame Rushbrook’s flat iron looked completely renovated, nay, even wonderfully improved.

He was soon attired, and lost no time in going down stairs. He saw the farmer and his wife, but not their daughter.

‘‘Where is Jessy?’’ he inquired, after paying his salutations.

‘‘Out these two hours with her milking pail,’’ returned the farmer. ‘‘But I say, young chap, how was it that thee cam’st thy Lunun tricks over the wench last night? She tells me thee kissed her.’’

‘‘So I did, farmer; but you threw temptation in my way yourself, and if you will open the gates of your plantations you must expect trespassers!’’

‘‘Aye,’’ said Rushbrook; ‘‘but if thee’dst looked in the girl’s eyes, thee would ha’ seen ‘beare of steel traps and spring guns’ written there.”

‘‘Why, true,’’ rejoined Frederick; ‘‘but the warning did not appear until the offence had been committed.’’

‘‘I thought so,’’ cried the yeoman laughing, and seeming much to enjoy what had been uttered. Just then an open carriage made its appearance along a road skirting the adjoining meadow, and Frederick to his deep vexation saw Miss Debenish seated inside in close conversation with an elegantly dressed young man, whom he recollected having casually met some days, previously, whilst taking a stroll towards the manor-house. ‘‘Yet she may be there by compulsion,’’ thought Speldhurst: but that idea was dispelled as the vehicle whirled by, for he heard Blanch laugh in those happy tones which can only be modulated by the movements of a joyous heart.

‘‘Unfeeling, deceitful girl!’’ cried he aloud; ‘‘like a fickle breeze, you sport as gaily near the ruin, as by the bower. But your sorceries are at an end, and I cast you from me for ever!’’ So engrossed was he by the feelings which dictated these expressions, that Frederick totally forgot everything else; and whilst giving words to the foregoing resolution, he folded his arms and abstractedly turned his step homewards, pursued by a broad stare from the wonderstruck Rushbrook.

It might have been supposed that,
loving as Frederick did, the checks his affections had received would have formed a counter-current, destructive to his happiness; instead of that, the "course of true love" only eddied for a brief space, and then subsided into a waveless lake, unembarrassed, and unaffected by the approximation of surrounding events. To carry on the figure, his recent mode of life had been too placid, and the stream of his affections too smooth and impeded for its reflux, however occasioned, to be very violent; and the only liability now to be apprehended was, that the still waters might become for ever stagnant upon the heart. But there is no lake so calm which a breeze cannot ruffle, nor so dead as to refuse signs of life when a new object is launched upon its surface. Thus the image of Jessy Rushbrook, after a lapse of days, rose silently like a phantom vessel upon the watery waste of Frederick's unemployed thoughts, gaining form and palpability and consistence with each new movement, until by its magnitude a fresh impulse was given to the element on which it floated, and our hero found his mind following in a long train that seemed to sparkle joyously as it went. This speedily formed itself into a settled current, as unchanging and as constant in its flow as the former had been, and nothing seemed more unlikely than that its early course would ever be resumed.

To abandon metaphor, Frederick Speldhurst was not long in discovering that the fair inmate of Rushbrook-farm had made an impression on his heart which, under circumstances, much surprised him. We will not tarry to inquire how far her resemblance to Miss Debenish actuated in bringing about this result; for, as deserted lovers are usually known to seek consolation in the smiles of beings the most reverse to their former mistresses, we might become entangled in metaphysics whose machinery we could not unravel. We must, therefore, rest satisfied that, as such changes are not unfrequent, the secession of our hero was perfectly natural, and to be accounted for.

Urged by the fresh impetus which a mind naturally mobile had thus received, Frederick commenced active inquiries in the neighbourhood concerning his enslaver, and every where heard her beauty, innocence, and general conduct spoken of in the highest terms. He then calmly weighed the probable disadvantages, in a pecuniary light of a union with one who was most likely portionless; but these he found far from outbalancing the treasures of a devoted heart, and reflecting that two hundred per annum was sufficient to resist the attacks of actual poverty, he finally rose with the determination of declaring his passion without delay.

"Good morning, farmer," said he, for the second time of crossing the threshold of the yeoman's dwelling.

"Ods-bodikens! I be glad to see thee," cried the farmer, jumping from his seat and shaking Frederick's hand with remarkable warmth, "I had quite given thee up, I declare, and made sure that we shouldn't see thee again."

"Oh, then, you had expected that I should have called?"

"Why, yes," said the farmer a little confused, "th' see'st that in the country, where every man knows his neighbour, a bit of a mouthful taken wi' a stranger be sartin to produce an acquaintance like. But I beg pardon for my freedom, sir; I never mean any harm by what I say." "Of that I am satisfied," returned Frederick; "and so far from being displeased with your frankness, I rejoice at it, as it enables me to unravel what I am going to unfold without embarrassment."

"Speak out, sir, I hate ceremony. But pray sit down, you shall have a crust of bread and cheese directly." So saying, the farmer with untutored politeness, placed a chair, and bade his dame prepare some refreshments. Frederick seated himself and, without ado, at once stated the purpose of his visit, enforcing his suit with a candid explanation of circumstances which placed it above all suspicion. Rushbrook heard the proposition with un concealed delight, and rubbing his hands together, chuckling said, "This be just what I have always wished! Jessy be too gentle a creature for one of my own rough race, and the longing of my foolish old heart has always been to see her married to one who had enough of the gentleman to give her consequence in the world, yet with too little wealth to make her an object of envy. Tip us thy hand, Master Speldhurst: win the wench, and thee shalt have my consent, I promise thee."

Speldhurst was unfeignedly pleased at a cordiality which proved that former follies were not always to be a hindrance to the gaining a virtuous wife, and he
returned the farmer’s grasp with one of equal energy. He then inquired for Jessy, but learned that she was on a visit to one of her rustic acquaintance.

“Never mind,” said the farmer, in addition to this intelligence, “my dame shall put on her hat and shawl directly, and the girl will be here before thee’s done wishing for her.”

This was no idle boast, for the dame set about her errand with such alacrity, that Frederick had not even begun to grow impatient when she returned with Jessy. Again was he startled at the maiden’s resemblance to Blanch, and once more he became convinced of the little dependance which the character of a face has upon its mere outline, for, as before, the longer he gazed, the less apparent did the likeness become. Jessy blushed a welcome, and then she blushed in deeper shades because she had blushed, whilst a glow of as bright crimson rushed to the forehead of our hero.

The theme of love in a cottage has too often been the theme of too many inspired pens, needlessly to occupy attention by the detail of a courtship so prositiously, and so promisingly commenced. Unless opposition distract the mind between duty, and inclination, or adverse circumstances otherwise change its features so as to render the tracings of its workings, and struggles interesting, the history of the birth, and progress of love should be entirely confined to simple generalities. I shall, therefore, content myself by saying, that the deportment and delicacy of Frederick speedily won upon the hitherto unoccupied heart of Jessy, her father’s approbation, and confidence in the young man, communicated itself to her own judgment; while the superior knowledge and mental powers of her lover, together with the kindness, humility, and absence of ostentation with which he made her partake in these benefits, inspired him her strongest feelings of esteem and admiration. But that which secured the deep unchanging homage, the intense fervour, the unquitting, everlasting cling of a woman’s love for Frederick, was his kind and constant attention to her timidity, her fears, and her rustic prejudices. A young girl brought up in the seclusion of a country village, is early imbued with sentiments of terror at the name of a “fine gentleman.” Tales of town rakes and ruined maidens accompany her earliest lessons; Scripture itself is employed to heighten the effect; and if, when she arrives at womanhood, her heart and inclinations be really pure, she is far more difficult to win than an equally innocent denizen of the metropolis, nay, more so than even a prude, or a coquette.

Frederick was not ignorant of this, and acted accordingly. He lulled all suspicion upon his honour by the utmost deference to Jessy’s confined notions. If he wandered with her, though by moonlight and alone, it was within sight of her father’s farm. If his eyes beamed more brightly than usual as he gazed, it was at moments when the lessons of truth hung upon his lips, and kindled a corresponding ray; and if he ventured to press her hand, it was when her mother was looking on.

The opportunity, however, had not yet arrived for him to avow his passion. This was soon afforded him. They were walking early one morning near the stream, to whose waters recent events were owing, when a shepherd’s dog sprang across the path in pursuit of a stray sheep. This startled Jessy; and, in the alarm of the moment, she instinctively threw herself into Frederick’s arms for protection. The youth was not formed of adamant, and, had she been a saint, he would have done as he did—he pressed her to his bosom. Upon this, Jessy made a movement as if to escape; but Frederick, with renewed self-possession, unfolded his embrace, and left her at liberty, without an effort. The maid smiled trustingly in his face, and then again suffered her head to relieve its throbb of apprehension upon his shoulder. Innocent girl! she had betrayed the extent of her confidence, and her love in the utmost devotion.

Again the arm of Speldhurst wound itself gently round the maiden’s waist, and, bowing his head till his glossy ringlets intermingled with hers, he whispered the words of soothing encouragement in her ear.

“You are so kind, so considerate,” said she, still too agitated to quit her resting-place, “that I know not how to thank you. Really, Mr. Speldhurst, you overburden me with all this goodness.”

“That can never be,” returned Frederick; “if my attentions are, indeed, worth
acceptance, look upon them as the bribes of presumption—bribes to win from you a heart.”

“Oh, Mr. Speldhurst, you must not talk so!”

“The hour has come when my language may be pardoned. Jessy, when I first saw you, I had been robbed of a diamond, and you, my precious gem, seemed sent by Heaven to replace the treasure. I admired you, at the moment, only for your similarity of lustre, but afterwards your superior worth made me rejoice in the exchange, and eagerly resolve to petition for sole possession. Wilt you, then, Jessy, suffer this bosom to be your casket?”

“Ah, sir,” said Jessy, “are not these sparkling images of your fancy meant to dazzle and mislead me, rather than to guide to enduring love?”

“Forgive the drossy ornaments of my brain. Let truth alone deck her expressions. I love you, Jessy—adore you.”

The mingled and overwhelming feeling, which causes woman to blush on occasions similar to that now described, is indefinable. It is like that essence of fire whose nature no chemist can unfold; it is the moral phlogiston, whose source tongue cannot tell; feeding every flame with similar light, yet unequal in its operations, and set in action by innumerable different causes. The soul itself is not less easily explained than that emotion of it which carries the ruddy tide over the mazes of the neck, temple, and brow of purity when love first rides in words to the ear; and it is this mystery which makes the bravest wooer tremble for his suit as he beholds the crimson glow. Thus, at one moment, Frederick was impelled to strain Jessy in his embrace, while she blushed so touchingly, and at the next he felt ready to kneel and implore pardon for his presumption; but on witnessing a return of composure, he paused.

“I want words, sir,” the maiden at length faltered, “to express myself at this declaration. Take pity on my ignorance of the world. How am I to know that you are sincere?”

“My actions up to this moment.”

“But you once loved another—a hitherto lady.”

“I admired the cedar, but far, far dearer is my cherished sweet-brier.”

“And then,—my father.”

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“Has already given me his consent.”

“You confuse one so; remember, your knowledge, your mind, is so superior to mine.”

“Is it one on a level with your own that you would prefer?”

“Oh, no, no, no! who would abide continual night? But you, sir, might disdain, in time, companionship with me, and retire into the resources of your own mind.”

“Not so, sweet innocent! The philosopher is only avaricious after learning that he may dispense his store. The gifted man of letters writes that he may legislate over the morals of his readers, for, did his coffers overflow with immeasurable wealth, he would still employ his pen for the public good; and thus you see the groundlessness of your fears.”

“Well, but—I—you know, sir, the difference of birth.”

Frederick smiled, and, stooping, picked up a small detached clod of earth,—“If I mistake not, here, Jessy, is our common parent.”

“I have not another word to say,” exclaimed Jessy.

Now whether she did say another word, or whether some look or action answered the same purpose, I know not; but it is on record, that immediately after the foregoing sentence, Frederick Speldhurst most suddenly lost all his self-denial; that he snatched Jessy to his heart and lips, imprints a thousand kisses on the latter; that he led her to the farm, where she speedily vanished with the old dame; and that, grasping Farmer Rushbrook by the hand, he hailed him by the name of father: from which combination of facts the reader is at liberty to draw what inference he pleases.

“Still on he rode; a mansion fair and tall
Rose on his view.”

Crabbe.

It will be remembered, that though the knight was true and the maid willing, there yet existed some slight difficulties in the way of a mutual understanding. Little, however, now remains, but to pursue the lovers to church as fast as possible.

Immediately after Jessy’s acceptance of Frederick, preparations were commenced for the wedding; but the intended bridegroom had a previous trial
Blanch was the first to break this silence, and she did so with an appealing tenderness of look, and a plaintiveness of tone, that won upon the attention of Speldhurst, because they reminded him of his own artless chosen one. "Frederick," said she, "how is it that you have been so long away from me? I have been alarmed, grieved, and mortified at your absence."

"Blanch—madam, what mockery is this?" exclaimed Frederick, scarcely crediting his own ears:—"you alarmed, you grieved, you mortified! Pshaw! preposterous!"

"Why, my good young friend, what is the matter with you?" said Miss Alders, in a tone of great surprise. "I can assure you that Miss Debenish speaks the truth, as I have myself witnessed her tears and agitation."

"Then, madam, they proceeded from disappointed vanity. She mistook her power when she thought that I would suffer myself to be the tool of a coquette."

"A coquette?" reiterated both ladies.

"Aye," said Frederick, "such is my expression. Even had her father not assured me of that fact, the circumstance of her having informed him of our meetings would have proved its truth."

"Hush, child," said Miss Alders, interrupting Blanch, who was about to speak, "I now see through the whole affair. It was I who acquainted your father with what had passed, and at the same time I added an eulogy upon Mr. Speldhurst. Your papa, upon this, desired me to keep you at home, that he might meet Frederick, instead of your doing so, to enable him to make his own observations upon the young gentleman's character. When Mr. Debenish returned, he said that he had not been able to come to satisfactory terms with your lover, and that I must, therefore, consider the affair at an end; but I now perceive that I have been imposed upon."
Miss Debenish,” he repeated, “of what cruel treachery your father has been guilty.”

“No more of that, Frederick,” replied Blanch; “let us forget, and forgive the past. The sky need not be less tranquil because a vapour has overshadowed it.”

“Proceed,” said Speldhurst, observing that Blanch paused.

She slightly blushed, and then continued,—“I would say that this transitory suspension of our—what shall I name it?—need not prevent its renewal.”

“How can that be, when your father’s objections still remain in force?” asked Frederick.

The most latent springs of modesty sent their red dyes to the cheek of Blanch, as advancing one step nearer to Frederick, she, with a look and mien that would not suffer her words to be misconstrued, faltered out, “You shall not again seek his consent; I am willing to be yours without it.”

“Miss Debenish!” exclaimed Frederick.

“Come, come,” said the beautiful girl, extending her fair hand, and summoning a smile to her lips, although it was evident that the mandate was but reluctantly obeyed, “it would be folly to dissemble after what has passed. My encouragement of your addresses, my manners, must formerly have too candidly betrayed a receptivity of affection, for words to deny it now. The love you sought, Frederick, is yours; and there—there is the hand for which you have pleaded.”

Alas, for poor human nature! What is faith? what is purpose, when opposed to such temptation? The cold of a snow-heap must be warmed in the sun.

It must here be admitted that Frederick Speldhurst had much to contend against. His first love stood before him—the same creature as he had early known her, awaiting but a word to be his. With features all but perfectly similar, she combined accomplishments, and intellect superior to those of Jessy. Again, that elegance of deportment which, when accompanied by more sterling qualifications, renders the high-bred lady so immeasurably more attractive than the peasant, was pre-eminently the characteristic of Blanch, while Jessy had but her native grace to recommend her. Speldhurst mused long and intensely upon the contrast. He thought upon the love of Blanch and the love of Jessy—they at least were equal. His mind reverted from the station of the one to the lowliness of the other. He next placed them in juxtaposition as companions in the study; and Blanch grew brighter to his gaze, whilst Jessy faded, and darkened in his imagination. He thought of their relative habits of life, and still, still the disparity grew stronger. He thought of the different effects which education must have had upon their minds, and then was it that Jessy resumed her influence, and became triumphant. “Blanch,” said he, mentally, “has been fortified against disappointment by the lessons of philosophy; but poor Jessy, yielding to the dictates of nature, would break her heart.” This, after a short struggle, decided him. He took the hand of Blanch, and having kissed, and dropped more than one tear upon it, he stood forward in all the integrity of his convictions, and as delicately as possible detailed to Miss Debenish the whole of what had transpired since his interview with her father.

Blanch was visibly affected by the intelligence. Her face grew wan, and, with a forced air of cheerfulness, she uttered, in a confident tone, “And what of all this, Frederick? you can have no real attachment for the young cottage; it is natural for disappointment to make us grasp the shadow when we think we have lost the substance.”

“Miss Debenish, I have promised to make Jessy Rushbrook my wife,” Frederick calmly, but firmly, replied.

Blanch now became alarmed at this air of determination, and she was dreadfully agitated as she exclaimed, “Gracious heavens! Frederick, you are not serious. You will not lower me in this way—you will not consign me, by your inflexibility, to the worst of self-upbraidings for my forwardness.”

“It’s Czar! said Frederick, in a voice scarcely less tremulous. “Think what would be Jessy’s despair.”

Blanch was now, completely, overcome. Tears from a thousand different emotions gushed over her widening eyelids, and her sobs were painfully audible. At length her heart again yielded to the humiliation which love imposed: “But I was your chosen first,” she sobbed forth; “and, if one must be left dis-
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console, let it not be that one with a prior claim to your heart."

"Blanch," said Frederick, deeply affected, "I grieve for the pangs I am forced to inflict. Each word you utter is a drop of molten lead on my soul. But I have pledged my faith, and must not depart from it."

"Oh, Frederick! Frederick!" cried the still weeping girl, "again let me remind you how I shall be abused by this refusal. Is it possible that you can prefer a lowly maiden to one so highly born?"

"That very lowliness is her best protection against my infidelity," said Speldhurst.

"Frederick," said Blanch, with a renewal of some composure, as if suddenly inspired with hope, "you know the fortune I possess. It shall all be yours, without reservation."

"Enchantment could not have affected a more sudden change in Frederick than these words. Again he proudly reared himself to his full attitude, and exclaimed, "I thank you, madam, for thus terminating a trial which, I feared, would have overpowered me. Gold never yet influenced my affections; and worthless as is my heart, the Indies should not purchase it."

Having thus said, Frederick, apprehensive of remaining longer within the circle of Blanch's fascinations, turned abruptly to depart, when he found himself confronted by Mr. Debenish, who had, unsuspectingly on his part, been standing behind him. "A lad of spirit and of honour," exclaimed the old gentleman, extending his hand with great appearance of cordiality, "you have sustained the trial as becomes a man, and you have now my hearty consent, and blessing to a union with Blanch."

This unexpected salutation completely staggered our hero, and it was some time before surprise would permit him to demand an explanation of the enigma.

"It means, my boy," resumed Debenish, "that I have all along been making trial of your rectitude. You promised that, unsanctioned by me, you would not address my daughter, and you have kept your word; nay, though the little love-sick wench so inconsiderately throw such temptations in your way, you still sailed for the right port. Forgive, then, a father's apprehensions, and take the girl for your reward."

Frederick, upon this, was about to recapitulate his narrative, but Mr. Debenish interrupted him by saying, that he had overheard it before, having met his sister on her way to the manor-house, and had hastened to the spot immediately. Thus our hero was again reduced to a most disagreeable dilemma; but his firmness did not forsake him, and in a tone of great respect he declared himself unworthy of so high an honour.

"Nonsense, man!" said Debenish, "I cannot entrust her happiness in better keeping."

"But, sir, I must not think of making her my wife."

"Pooh! pooh! Now you are only cutting off your nose to be revenged of your face. I tell you, you must have her."

"I dare not."

"You shall."

"I won't."

"I'll make you."

"I'll die first, Mr. Debenish."

When this curious altercation had reached thus far, Blanch interposed, and insisted that it should not proceed. "You are right," said her father, "why should we endeavour to shake such noble rectitude. Frederick, your land! I honour you with all my heart, and should feel proud in an alliance with you—farewell, young sir. May your future happiness equal your present deserts."

With these words, the old gentleman took his daughter's hand under his arm and departed; not, however, before Blanch had, through her tears, bestowed one look of approval upon the high-minded Frederick for his unbending constancy, much as she was a victim by it. That smile endangered his faith more than all that had previously occurred, and as he watched her graceful figure winding through the shrubbery, he felt as if he had taken a last look of Heaven.

"Ah, Jessy!" said he, advancing towards his steed which was quietly grazing at a distance, "thou hast needs be a divinity, for I have sacrificed my happiness at thy shrine!"

The recent scene had been too full of excitement for Frederick to proceed, immediately, to the farm; he, therefore, rambled over the country until his exhausted frame demanded refreshment and repose. He then turned towards the habitation of his beloved, and, as he
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approached, her influence once more crept over his heart, and soothed its palpitations. She was seated at needlework near an open window, and the smile that welcomed him made him inwardly repeat a line he had once met with in an old Irish ballad:—

My treasure!—mine own bright share of this dark world!

On his entrance, Jessy rose to receive him. "You have been long absent this morning," said she.

"I have, love," returned he, throwing himself into a seat, my stay has been protracted some hours beyond my intention.

"And what has detained you? I think it is rather too soon to begin keeping one waiting in this manner!" she continued, in a tone mightily petulant. Too dejected to notice this, Frederick paused to frame a reply, which might without violating truth effectually preserve her from the knowledge of circumstances likely to cause uneasiness.

"Come!" she said, on witnessing his embarrassment, "no equivocation, Frederick; I am not such a fool as to suffer myself to be trifled with."

"My girl!" said Frederick, then yielding to the languor of his depression, he again suffered his thoughts to repose on vacancy, yet not without a something crossing his mind which seemed to say, "Ah! how unlike Blanch Debenish."

"Your girl, or any one else’s, Mr. Speldhurst," returned Jessy, "I will know where you have been. Do you think that I’ll ever marry a man who cannot give a proper account of himself? No, I’ll be whipt if I do!"

"Why, Jessy!" exclaimed Frederick, roused from his inertness, and rising perpendicularly in his seat, "are you aware that you outrage every rule of civilized society by this language?"

"Oh, don’t tell me! what do I know about such rigmaroles?" cried Jessy. Then laughing in her own musical manner, she assumed her former bewitching deportment, and playfully added, "Ah! Frederick, confess that you were deceived: I did but jest, though I doubt not, that, like the olden heroes of romance and song, you have been achieving your feats of chivalry abroad, instead of watching at the bower of your peerless ladye love."

"What's that you say?" said Frederick, stretching eyes, ears, and mouth to their fullest extent at this new turn in Jessy’s discourse.

"Tush!" said she sportively, "no pretence at miscomprehension! Come, what part have you been acting? That of Sir Tristram, or Amadis de Gaul? Confess, or I will employ le petit Dieu d'amour to punish your desertion!"

"Sphinx! what in the name of all that's enigmatical, am I to understand from this?" vociferated Frederick. His abjuration was followed by a peal of laughter proceeding from more parts of the room than one, and on looking round he saw Farmer Rushbrook and Mr. Debenish advancing with their hands to their sides, and laughing as if for a wager. He turned to Jessy for an explanation, but there he found new cause for amazement. Although in the same dress, on the same spot where she had just been standing, she yet appeared a different creature, entirely metamorphosed. Her slender form now seemed dilated. The submissive cast of her features gave place to a decided, and commanding character. Her eyes, whose hue Frederick had never rightly ascertained, owing to the intervention of their long lashes, now suffered their brightness to be appreciated; and, finally, the long ringlets of dark hair, which always obscured the whiteness of her brow, were thrown back to display a forehead, and temples in which might be traced all that was elevated in the mental powers—all that was ennobling in woman—and all that was gentle and attractive in humanity!

Astounded beyond measure, Frederick jerked himself round, and with his back to all parties, strode to the window, and played the devil's tattoo with his fingers on its panes. He next rubbed his eyes—and rubbed them in good earnest; after which he again faced the interior of the apartment, but he had done no good for himself as the same objects met his gaze, and gave a quietus to every thought of delusion. To convince himself still further, he approached the merry pair, and put a hand upon the head of each, at which they renewed their expressions of mirth till water poured from their eyes.

"Well," said he, receding to gain a better prospect of the exhibition, "may I dance fandango in the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, if I am clearly certain whether it be you or I that am insane. A strait
jacket is wanted somewhere, that's very evident."

It was now that a voice whose well remembered richness had been so recently modulated to the utterance of sadness, repeated his name once, twice, and thrice, and then he felt the pressure of a soft hand upon his shoulder. He turned smilingly round, and it need not be told that he stood face to face with Blanch Debenish.

"Thou vapour, cameleon, Proteus! all that is changeable, what new experiment hast thou to make upon my fortitude?"

"Your trials are over now, Frederick," said Blanch, fixing a gaze of affectionate pride, and admiration upon her lover's countenance, "and you have heroically sustained them all."

"Aye, indeed has he," said Mr. Debenish, ceasing his mirth, "and, i'faith, some of them were teasers: but come, Blanch, it is high time that our noble young spark be made acquainted with particulars."

"I have already had one explanation to-day," said Speldhurst, dryly.

"Only a partial one," said Jessy, that is, Blanch. "You must know that it was in reality my papa's intention to banish you, until finding how far my unthinking conduct had encouraged matters to proceed; by my own confession, he consented to give us one chance of happiness by subjecting you to the severest ordeal which the honour or faith of a man could undergo."

"So then," said Frederick, "you were in the secret after all? Why, what a little puss thou art. Well, and these ordeals were ——"

"First, as you have been already informed, a trial upon the value of your parole. But the second was your hardest task: an experiment of the endurance of your affection. It was decreed that, under the character of daughter to Farmer Rushbrook, who is a distant relation by my mother's side, I should win your heart, and——"

"Hold!" interrupted Frederick, with a laugh. "This was a crazy scheme, to say the least of it. How came you to build with such certainty upon winning my heart? Tell me that."

Blanch looked archly (to conceal her blushes), and replied, "Why, you silly man, had I not already won it? What difficulty is there in sacking a town after it has once been taken?"

"Proceed, proceed," said Frederick.

"Having once received a declaration from you, I was then doomed to apply the torture which you underwent this morning. Oh! Frederick, how I suffered during that hour. Had you yielded to my solicitations, had you complied with my father's entreaties, we should have been lost to each other for ever. But you sustained the trial with glory to yourself, and all my agony was dearly paid for. And now, Frederick, the man who, though poor, would scorn to marry a supposed coquette for her money; the man whose plighted word could keep him from the real object of his love, and the man who could prove so staunch to her whom he had once promised marriage, must be worthy, whatever his former errors, of any woman upon earth; I, therefore, neither hesitate nor blush to offer you once more my hand, and to say that I give with it my most unqualified esteem, and my unbounded love."

Let any man fancy he hears such language addressed to him as above, by one of the loveliest women in the world, and that woman the one of his heart, and he will then faintly shadow in his own mind the uncontrollable delight, the madness of joy, experienced by Frederick, is beyond the art of pen to describe. His soul reeled beneath its influence, and the memory of those sunny moments gave promise of irradiating the future hours of existence.

When he had in some measure recovered himself, and received the congratulations of the farmer, and Mr. Debenish, Frederick once more addressed Blanch. "So, it appears that after all I have been, as it were, making an inland navigation, where the shores on each side the stream unite at its fountain-head into one mainland. But before I grant immunity for what is past, I must ask a few questions for the sake of clearing up some points concerning which I am still ignorant. How was it, may I inquire, that you reckoned upon my becoming acquainted with Farmer Rushbrook, whom I did not then know even by name?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried the farmer. "Why bless thee, I managed that. Squire Debenish told me the time he should part with thee, and which way
lay thy road home; so I took and sawed the plank nearly in two that crosses the stream yonder, and planted myself behind the blackthorn, to be in readiness to pluck thee out, if needful, and to insist upon giving thee a night’s lodging afterwards.

“How short-sighted we are at railing at the accidents of life,” exclaimed Frederick. “In the next place,” again addressing Blanche, “I am at a loss to imagine how you could suppose that a mere change of dress would deceive me, or that by such strange blindness I should be deceived.”

“Ah!” said Blanche, “people find fault with these things when they are done upon the stage, but, credit me, they are perfectly natural. It is only when we become intimately acquainted with the different actions of mind upon the countenance as well as its mere formation—with its lights and shades of expression—and the various changes assumed under thought, study, and conversation, that we can recognize it at all times, and in all seasons. We daily meet with persons who resemble some one we know, yet being introduced to us in a strange name, and by those whose words we have no reason to doubt, we never for one instant imagine them to be otherwise than such as they are represented to be. Thus, by presuming upon this common event, and by placing myself personally and locally under circumstances in which you could never have dreamed to find me, I was led to anticipate the result which so accurately answered my expectations.”

“Well, I have heard that folks are most easily deceived with their eyes open,” said Frederick, “and I have lived to experience the truth of the saying. You would make your fortune as an actress, Jessy—I can’t help calling you so, in that dress. But now comes a question that puzzles me sadly. Before I went ‘a wooing,’ I made inquiries concerning the supposed Jessy Rushbrook, and heard laudations on all sides of her virtues, and her charms. How was this? Was the whole town in the plot?”

“Oh, no, no!” cried Blanche, laughing.

“The truth is, that Farmer Rushbrook has a daughter named Jessy, who richly merits the praise you heard concerning her, and who is at this moment in my apartments at the manor-house.”

“The way becomes more clear,” said Speldhurst. “But now, Blanche, after being told of your coquetry, I one morning saw you dashing about with a handsome young fellow. Pray, who was he?”

“My cousin, Frank Emmerton, a gentleman to whom you will be introduced at dinner-time, and who is here for the express purpose of leading the aforesaid real Jessy Rushbrook to the hymeneal altar.”

“That is a great burden from my heart,” exclaimed Frederick, with animation. “Now then tell me, by what natural magic was it, that just at the time you appear to have willed it, my little nag conveyed me to the identical spot where you were waiting for me, and that spot the very one of all others I was most likely to avoid? The animal, I know, could not have been an accomplice in the hoax.”

“That was my father’s contrivance,” returned Blanche. “As soon as you had fixed the day for our union, he caused Mr. Rushbrook to present you with a steed which, from long use, was in the habit, whenever uncontrolled, of leisurely wending its way to Debenish manor-house. This he did upon my telling him that in your rambles you were accustomed to become reflective, and suffer your horse to wander at its will. You may imagine that when I saw you mounted, I secretly departed homewards, changed my dress, and was prepared for a rencontre. And now what other questions have you to propose, Master Catechist?”

“One more—the most important of all. Of your address in scheming I have nothing to say. Let wit oppose wit, and the longest head carry the prize. But you displayed one talent this morning which alarms me. During our interview you wept. That was no counterfeit. I hope, Jessy, you have not the power of doing so at will.”

Blanche never smiled more angelically than she did in now replying to her lover.

“Woman’s relief under all excitement,” she said, “are tears. Mine was a trying part for a young girl to play, and, under the peculiar combination of circumstances, it was impossible to remain unmoved. The tears I shed were, therefore, those of emotion; unforced, though flowing from different causes to those imagined by you.”

“My dear, dear girl, you have made me happy.”
"While upon this subject," interrupted Blanch, "suffer me to remove whatever prejudice you may have conceived against my solicitations this morning. Remember, I was already your affianced bride, and I only asked for that love in one character which had been accorded me in another. Had your affections been placed upon a stranger, my heart should have consumed in its own grief, e'er I would have besought a single look of kindness; nay, could one word only have healed my heart when broken, that word should have come from you, unasked by me."

"Can you imagine that I would chide so sweet a fault, if fault it be?" said Frederick.

"Since you are so conceding, let us quit the topic for ever," returned Blanch. "Not so," said Speldhurst, sportively. "The trial is not yet concluded. Blanch Debenish and Jessy Rushbrook (you twin gipsies!) stand up for judgment. You have been convicted of having deceived, duped, and decoyed an innocent youth acquainted with the wiles of womanhood. The sentence of the court is, that you, Jessy Rushbrook, are to live only in the heart of the said youth whenever he resides in the country. Where he wanders you must wander. Alike the partaker of his cheerful moods, and the solace of his sadness, you must be for ever near him—you must ever hover o'er his dreams. But should he long for change, and fly to town, you must, without repining, stay behind, and give him Blanch for a companion. It will then be her turn to fascinate his senses; she must display her intellect, and exert her accomplishments. With each scene her power must be varied. In the hemisphere of pleasure she must be a shooting star; as gay as she is bright; whilst in retirement she must be the student, possessing all the depth of philosophy, and all the brilliant light of science. Yet even she must divest herself of jealousy, for should he once more long for change, she must instantly send for Jessy, and retire until again summoned. With two such wives, however, he cannot be faithless. And now come to my arms. Which of ye?"

"Blanch Debenish!"

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**LINES FOR AN ALBUM.**

**By Richard Johns, Esq.**

You bid me write, but do not say If sentimental, grave, or gay, You wish my verse to be; Now really, ere I seek the Muse, If only in compassion choose, Nor leave it thus to me.

It matters not if once I climb Parnassus, whether blank, or rhyme, Dear lady, you desire: Then say at once the one or other, Let not delay a moment sooner So much poetic fire.

I see at blank, you shake your head: Well, I will write you rhyme instead, Though Milton I excel. No! not since Paradise was lost, Was Pegasus by poet crossed, Who rode him half as well.

Rhyme 'tis to be; so far I know Your wishes; and it shall be so; But now the kind of poem? I'm versed in every mode of verse, Stay—modestly I'll not rehearse My merits, but will show 'em.

Just say the style: suppose I write Impassioned strains, like him whose light Was quenched 'neath Grecian skies? I can assure you I have carolled Stanzas as lofty as Childe Harold, Write poems twice the size.

Or, lady, if you think it good, I'll write in punning strain, like Hood, For punning is my forte; And though by some it is contended, A fort not easily defended, Such wit I often sport.

Shall I of love-sick maiden tell, In honied verse, like L. E. L., So much admired by many? Oh! I could mention bards a score— Campbell, and Bayley, Southey, Moore;— I'll take the style of any.

When you determine on your choice, To write a poem I'll rejoice, If you still deign to sue one; But as by that time, in your book, There'll not remain a single nook, I'll wait till you've a new one.
FAIRY FANNY AND ELLEN BLAKE.

A Chapter from a Novel in MS.

BY EMMA WHITEHEAD, AUTHOR OF "PIERCE FALCON," &c. &c.

It would be matter of curious philosophical speculation, and an excellent key to one of the hidden mysteries of our being, might we but discover by what combination of circumstances, or communion of thought it happens, that we sometimes suddenly think of some long forgotten object, which as suddenly appears before us, as if the very thought had conjured up the living being to show how a true miracle might be made known. The thing from its very simplicity becomes perplexing, it seems as if the mind possessed within itself the answer, as well as the gift of prophecy, and that by some latent influence, we are led to believe in those suggestions of thought, which though uncommon, are not the less to be credited, and acted upon for the benefit of others, or of ourselves. But why should we discuss strange theories, it is enough for us that we have proved an identity between the passing idea, and the present event, or Fanny Lynne has proved it for us since she had been, and was at that very moment engrossed by the remembrance of one individual, when the very object of her thoughts herself appeared before her. It was the latest hour of evening, the active business of the bar was over, and Fairy Fanny, though the starlight of her eyes was darkening into drowsy slumber, yet were her mental faculties deeply employed in abstract contemplation upon one who was well known to her, and this recollection was not unmingled with some secret desire of seeing the object to whom it referred. Presently, a slight disturbance was heard at the bar, which was followed by the entrance of Ellen Blake into the little parlour of Fanny Lynne: her manner of entrance, however, was changed into a slow and solemn step, which contrasted singularly with the rudeness of her previous approach. Her footstep was echoless, and the door closed inaudibly; whilst the sleepy beauty lifted up her looks, and at once started forward; but there was something in the air of the being before her which dashed her joy, and she sunk back upon her seat again without uttering even one word of welcome. The intruder was about her own age, her stature of the middle height, the perfect symmetry of which was at once conspicuous. Her raven hair, and full flashing eyes—her countenance kissed as it were by the sun, into the beaming twilight of complexion,—her soft though irregular features, all were gifted with the characteristic of intelligence, though it was, at the same time, but too evident, misery and desecration had traced their furrows deeper even than those of age: such lines have we seen upon the flowing river when it is half frosted into the rigidity of ice, or such, haply, upon the once green leaf, nipped by the unkind breath of autumn. The wandering of her gaze might have betokened insanity, did you not at once perceive some scattered store of intellect lie lurking in the sweetness of her smile. She was clad in the rags of utter beggary; but over all, an attempted decency was manifested, and certain points of her dress were arranged, even with nicety, and grace.

Her tattered clothes were ornamented, and somewhat strangely contrasted by an apron of muslin, trimmed with lace, and curiously decorated with ribbon; and a knot of the same of a roseate hue adorned her bosom. The coarse straw hat, which in her recent struggle had loosened its strings, now lay back on her shoulders, while her jetty tresses fell in luxuriant waves about her; and to show that care had not been wanting in the arrangement, a moss-rose of exquisite growth was twined amid the curls that shaded her temples, and played upon her brow. This was evidence of the madness that worked within her; and the wicker basket and parcel of printed ballads that she held, still farther proved that she was some deserted creature left to wander amid want, an outcast from the protection and shelter of home. The peculiar disposition of her dress, however, was the first circumstance that caught the attention of Fanny Lynne, and reminded her of those periodical fits of mental aberration to which the unhappy girl had lately been subject; and that she was labouring under some new delusion, was only a
just and natural supposition. In the fear incident to this hasty conclusion, Fairy Fanny returned to her seat, and withheld her usual embrace of tenderness; but charity is ever the best intercessor with human kind, and led back to nature by its dictates, she forgot all else, and under the impulse of generous repentance, folded her early friend in her arms, and greeted her with a kiss—the symbol of girlish friendship.

"Why, dear Fanny, you look as bright as the new-blown flower; and I thought I should be too late for the party," said the unfortunate girl. "It would not do to keep the good company waiting; but none of them are come, so no harm done, dear Fairy; and bless your face, it's as fair as a star to look upon!" and with this exclamation she returned the salutation of her companion, and presently placed herself beside her.

"And how do you do, dear," said Fanny huddling question upon question; "and where have you been—and where do you come from—and what can we do for you?"

"Nothing more for me, thank you heartily, nothing," answered she; "and I take it kind of you, Fanny, that you should remember this day twelvemonth, the first time I ever met Harry Burrell."

"Was it this day twelvemonth?" cried Fanny; "I had forgotten it, and yet it was strange that I should be thinking of you; and in commiserating kindness she stroked the girl's curls from her forehead, and drew nearer to her.

"And well, I'm as happy as can be—and Harry will soon be here," said the girl, and she heaved a sigh which breathed itself into laughter ere it ended; "but fairy, mind you give them some singing, and don't be afraid of me now, for Hal won't have me sing—not he! He says it cuts him through and through, like knives—it rives his heart like the sound of the winter wind; and all the pretty things that you know he has so often said to me; and perhaps he's right: for you know, Fanny, I'm changed—I'm an altered girl."

"But I'm certain that you are better," said Fanny; "and you would be quite well, only come to us and don't roam the streets. My father will treat you well,—and I; why we were schoolfellows, love."

"It's all very well," answered she, with the peculiar obstinacy of persons afflicted like herself, "and it's kind too; but I won't be forced—I won't do it. And what do you think, Fanny, when father and mother are hanged for their ill doing? I shall be a lady then, and people will be kind to me—no flouting and jeering at me then: and Harry will marry me; but that's when we have brought his murdered mother to life again."

"Hush! hush, don't talk in that way," said Fanny: and after some delay, as the subject was already started, she thought it better not to omit the present opportunity, and added, "What, Harry Burrell and you are great friends, it seems—and perhaps—"

"Yes—we are friends," she answered, sorrowfully, "we must be friends, Fairy, for he comes sometimes, and stays the day with me—and talks to me at night, and there is the white moon listening. But Hal will have it, he don't come at night—he's afraid of being thought to love me, but he does come, I know he does—only you need not tell it again, Fairy."

"But that's very wicked," said Fanny; "but then, perhaps, he is in love with you."

In love—in love!" cried the girl, in bewildered emotions, "it's not very likely he'd be in love with me. Why, child, it's a shame for honest people to be speaking to me—and I don't want their house shelter, not I; and if they blush for me, why I can blush too—Fanny, so there's an end on't."

"But who ever said that it was shame to know you," cried Fairy; "it's an unkind speech, and untrue, and I won't believe it."

"It's not unkind, and not untrue, and you shall believe it," she exclaimed violently. "After all my suffering and sorrow, and wrongs and misery,—when I've not got one friend in the wide world, nor any one but you and Hal to speak to me,—when they've broken my heart between them, shall they tell me that it's false! I say again, it's true, Fairy, it's true; for I feel it in my aching limbs, which are weary of the world—in my inward spirit that wants to go asleep—and in my brain—Fanny,—my poor wits wherever they wander—they tell it again and again; and when they call me mad, Fanny dear, why—that's because I'm happy."—As she ceased speaking, the wild laughter waivered on her lips; but was speedily lost in sighs, and these
were quenched by starting tears, struggling through the smile which played around them.

"But how can you be happy in the midst of sorrow?" said Fanny; "and what is it, dear Ellen, that makes you sorrowful?"

"I don’t know," answered the wretched creature, distractedly, "I don’t, indeed, know; but when others are merry, I could fall crying like a child; and when they are in tears, I could mock them, and laugh on and on, till I died. Oh, Fairy! I don’t know them, and indeed—yes—I don’t know myself. All the wide world, and every thing I loved are—they are like strangers to me."

"But if you told me your griefs," said Fairy, "and how all this had come about; if you told any one, they might advise you, get justice done—you might again, indeed, you might be happy."

"Happy!" she almost shrieked; "oh, never, Fanny, never! not heaven and earth together could make me so; I am too wretched, too miserable a creature. No, no, I can never have hope again."

"If you were to be with us, and go to church, and say your prayers of nights with me," said Fanny, "you could get back your peace of mind, and be the same good and contented girl as ever."

"Don’t talk to me of prayers," she answered, restlessly, "they are of no use to me. If I kneel down now, my sorrows come upon me; my wits can’t abide it—it drives me mad."

"And what has changed you thus?" asked Fanny; "why will you wander from home—afflict the kind parents who love you, dear Ellen; remember the duty you owe—but the hysterical mirth of her companion now suddenly interrupted her.

"Ah! ah! and they want me home," she faltered between the rising tears that mingled in her mad merriment; "but no home for me never again. They need not be afraid; they shall have me back when I am drest in white—but now, not now! Oh wretched! wretched! Don’t hinder me, Fanny, but let me die—only let me die!" As she uttered these indistinct expressions, the unhappy girl fell forward with her face hidden on her knees, and was silent.

"Look up, dear Ellen," cried Fanny, in broken tones, "look up, and tell me all about it, and you shall have justice, if I walk the wide world over. What—what has happened?"

But the girl obstinately persevered in her silence; and when her friend, alarmed for her safety, forcibly raised her from her position, the fixed complexion of the face, and its ghastly serenity, betrayed that the struggle of returning consciousness was well nigh over, and that the mind, firm in its last resolve, had stamped her face with the cold impress of its decision. And it was most like to this, for slowly a bitter smile played through the wan oblivion of her looks; and, at last, broke into that awful laughter, when reason only seems to mock for awhile at madness, and at length is lost in the accent of its own despair. But, as this subsided, she wildly recalled herself to the present scene, and casting aside, with restless irritability, the consoling attentions of Fanny Lynne, she sat once more upright, as in the calmness of that pleasing delusion, in which she had first entered the place.

"And they’re a long while coming," said she, "and it’s getting too late almost for merry-making—it’s strange though; at least, you see I’ve put on the apron, and the ribbons and the rose, the same as last year, so Harry will be sure to like it—and, ah dear me! I don’t know how it is."

"Now, don’t you think of that," cried Fanny. "And how is it you never sing now, or only in the streets, and away from us all, Ellen?"

"Like enough," said the girl; "but I will have my way, and must do as I like; and for singing, there is enough of that when I roam through the night, and all the silver stars dance round about me, and the moon stoops over the rooftops, and the ghosts come from the grave to hear me. Poor Hal’s mother sits beside me, and smiles and talks; and, d’ye know, she told me all about her death-doing, poor thing!"

"And what did she tell you?" asked Fanny, willing to hear something further; "and when do you see her?"

"Do you think I shall answer now?" cried she waywardly: "a pretty tale, forsooth! No, no; but she talks of murder, and I—such handsome crimes I speak about. But we don’t blush, Fairy, with faces white as ice; and she weeps, but I—I shrieck, and we have wild games together;" and her wandering
laugh ended the madness of this incoherent discourse.

"But you were innocent when we were first acquainted," said Fanny; "and it's my belief that you frighten yourself with being alone."

"'Innocent! innocent!' she repeated; "'yes, the God in heaven knows that I am so, and poor Harry believes it; but they taught me wicked things, and drove me mad. But it seems that my hair is grey, and my heart broken, and I don't know how—but I have lost myself.'"

"Dear Ellen, that will all be right again," expostulated the other; "and when Harry gets on, he will woo you again, and marry you."

"Let him die first," she replied, in the calmness of desperation. "'No, I will never have him; he shall never have me, to hate me, spur me, loathe and reproach me. Though the most worthless of all, and the most wretched, yet let me be alone—And he! When everything deserted me—when all left me to perish,—he, oh, bless him! he has not deserted me; and the smothered tenderness of some repressed affection seemed then to linger in the wildness of her gaze."

"'I always said that you loved him,'" urged Fanny—"'that he never ill-treated you—that you owed him many a kindness.'"

"To be sure I love him," said she, wildly. "Bless his precious life—dear to me as my soul! He has stood up for me against the world—loved me better than himself—and—and would have married me. Oh! gracious God! I must I remember! But he, Fanny, he has driven me mad, rived my brain, and I am tired of life—yes, yes, quite weary of it.'"

"It was the least he could do," cried Fanny, "and I will make him marry you; but how can you love him, Ellen, he is a wretch!"

"A wretch, indeed!" she repeated, sighing hysterically, "as wretched as myself; but don't talk about him. I say again, and again, I hate him; if he were dead, or I, it would be better for either of us; and I've told him so often and often."

"Now let me know all about it," said Fanny; "and, as you are a living girl, you shall be happy again, and none know of it but myself."

"Indeed, and a fine thing for you to be mocking me," said she, perversely. "But you must not take it unkind, Fanny, but somehow, when the serpent the tempter you know, when he was by me, when we were both alone, and the morning sun rose up upon our wickedness, and the light of heaven peeped through the skies, on my knees I cursed him, and gave him to its vengeance—and that curse shall be repaid. He shall answer it in heaven; but, dear Fanny, my heart, and very soul weep tears, to think upon it.'"

"Do you know any thing of Major Bellingham?" asked Fanny, eager to wean her from the present topic. "He is the man whom Harry can't abide, and—" but here she ceased speaking, struck by the distraction betrayed by her whom she addressed. The mad girl caught her fiercely by the wrist, as if in the paroxysm of excruciating pain, and the blood burst in its full tide to her temples, flushing her into the deepening hue of crimson. She started up, but when about to rush forward, her fixed gaze relaxed itself into the gentleness of sleep, her limbs sunk beneath her, the paleness of marble came like blight upon her, and she fell back again into her seat. And there she sat, waving her head to and fro to still the torrent of memory that rushed upon her; and strange to say, a low murmuring sound broke from her, that yet had music in it, for it was an effort that thrilled with awakening melody, as if she would fain soothe herself with the song she could not utter. But now, at last, as if every memory had spoken more than truth, her trembling hands crept up among her hair, and tore the flowers away that she had twined there. "Take them away,—yes, take them away," she faltered, "they sting me into madness, they were not meant for me—not for me! I've heard speak of the crown of thorns, of the serpent near the heart, and these are they. Enough, enough!" and she pulled the leaves from the flowers, swaying herself, backwards and forwards as she plucked them. "But they won't count my woes," she added, "so let them pass too," and crushing them in her hands she threw the rose-buds on the fire, and as they pricked and crackled to the blaze, she turned there her re-
luctant sight, and watched them burn away.

"Scarce as the moss-rose is in winter, it was pity to destroy it," said Fanny: "it's like killing our last hope, to be revenged upon despair."

"But that was a nice question to ask me," said the girl—"if I knew any thing of Major Bellingham? to be sure I do. Wasn't he one of my lovers, and handsome Hal besides. But if you had seen Hal when they quarrelled! how he hung upon his throat, and grappled with him, and dashed him down! and Bellingham was as white as ashes, and poor Hal, when all was over, he fell like a dead man to the ground; and I laughed, Fanny, laughed, just for all the world as I do now:" then the miserable creature broke into more frightful mirth than ever, full of that painful discord where misery is gibing at the merriment it makes.

"Hush, dear, lushed," said Fanny; "and what was the cause of this quarrel?" but the girl was insensible of the inquiry, her thoughts had gone astray in some other direction, and with her hands joined, she was counting upon her fingers some secret calculation of her own. And now she began to speak, though almost inaudibly; and there was the sad decision of desperation in the words which she uttered.

"He wiled me from my home," she muttered—"he paid the wages of sin—he betrayed and wronged me—he made me what I am, and trampled my strength, like the reed, beneath him. He seared my brain as the lightning upon the hill-top—he broke my heart into shivers, like the splintering of glass—he was deaf to the cries of my entreaty—he knew not the sweetness of compassion; and—yes, he shall be accursed. The day and the night shall curse him, till he be ruined, like me; the time shall fall heavy on him, as it has done on me; in his thoughts he shall be miserable, and the heart of his bosom like mine; and when he is dying, he shall weep in bitterness to quit the blessings of life; while I shall smile myself away, too happy to be rid of it. Yes, as Heaven is beyond the skies, this curse shall light on him!"

"Dear, dear!" cried Fanny, in kind expostulation, "this is wicked—this can't be poor Harry Burrell; and sure the noble major never did you harm."

"The major is a mighty handsome man," said the girl, smiling wildly; "and so gallant to the women! you should see his pretty attentions."

"Do you ever see him, then?" But a doubtful and wayward motion, some cunning suggestion of her unwillingness to speak the truth, or, perhaps, the peevish caprice of her distressed mind, was the only reply; and she began again to rock herself backward and forward in mournful dalliance with her own thoughts, as if willing to beguile them. Her hands were now clasped fervently, and the stream of radiant illumination broke through her, like the gushing of sunlight upon darkness; and this wan suffusion, betokened that she was conversing with the skies, or wrapped in thought beyond the woes within her.

"And let it fall," she whispered, her thoughts evidently wandering from one person to another, like rain upon parched lands, let it fall upon him to console him! What is denied to me, give unto him: the sweetness of joy, the comfort of peace, and all the blessings of earth, for he has bought them, through me he has deserved them! And thou wilt have mercy upon him, upon thy children—unto those who have sinned like me, thou wilt have mercy,"—and the rest was uttered in the silent aspirations of the heart, repeated even in the imperfect recollection of her childhood, simple as the prayers of innocence, and broken in the wildness of insanity.

But, after this, nothing more could be gleaned from her discourse. She forgot the delusion under which she had gone there, and throwing her finery aside, crouched down beside the hearth in the sad humility of misery, nor answered distinctly any further questioning. Fanny Lynne was more than ever perplexed, but not the least less inclined, or curious to search into this mystery; and as she pondered on the fate of Ellen Blake, the name of Bellingham became at once insensibly linked with it. The deep sigh of the mad girl at last roused her, and now she broke into one of those gushes of melody with which she beguiled her woes, or transfused them through the breathing of music into the breast of others. The words had no better recommendation than the simplicity of the idea which they embodied, a sort of waywardness which strove in vain to embody what in better mood might
have been deemed the natural simpli-
city of imagination.

THE MAD GIRL’S SONG.
I.
He is gone—
My love is dead.
They have made his bed
Where the slow-worms crawl;
And at evenfall
The bat flits above his head.
They have dug his lone grave all too deep:
They have left me alone,
Yet I will not weep,
For the lone winds moan
A solemn requiem o’er his sleep.
II.
But, hark! from the hollow ground
A low and quivering sound!
He calls, he calls,—
“Come home, come home,
From the fever strife,
And the woe of life,
From the false one’s tongue,
From the common wrong,
From all ills that wait
A lost maiden’s state,
I charge thee come!
III.
“Come home, come home!
’Tis our bridal day:
I have wove thee a garland of amaranth
flowers,
I have spread our couch in bright Eden’s
bowers,

STANZAS.

BY B. BOYLE, ESQ.
To thee, my soul, still fondly clings,
Whatever tales they tell;
I cannot deem, while memory flings
Its fascinating spell;
That she, the magic of whose name
Is rapture to my heart and brain,
Could e’er be false to him, whose lay
Breathes but for her, though far away.
Her image in, and on my heart,
The pledge she fondly gave,
Is all of joy, that will not part;
Is all, that gives me nerve to brave
The toil, the tumult, and the strife
That hangs upon my fate;—my life,
Reft of all hope, had lost its charm;
But her remembrance is balm.
A balm that banishes despair,
Reanimates, inspires;
A spell that bids me do, and dare,
Deeds worthy of my sires.
And they would have me break the chain
That binds me; but their hopes are vain.
The poet’s love, is like his lay,
As fond, as fervent, and for aye.
REMARKS ON SWITZERLAND, PARTICULARLY THE EASTERN CANTONS.

SWISS SCENERY.

Of the two principal passes of the Jura by which Switzerland is entered from France, by Geneva and Porteau, though both are splendid, the first undoubtedly bears away the palm.* In both, the home views are diversified by a succession of evergreen forests, steep precipices, and lofty crags; but these are less abrupt, and the valleys less deep, in the Porteau route; nor is the eye any where struck with such a sudden and glorious vision, as when near Dole, (the highest point of the chain, situated in the territory of Vaud,) Mont Blanc suddenly bursts on the view, seen almost from base to summit, towering above the other Savoyard mountains; and these, the lake, the more remote peaks of the Valais, with the Genevoise territory, and great part of the beautiful canton which the traveller is entering, lie spread, as in a map, at the traveller’s feet. This magnificent spectacle alone would repay a lover of the sublime for a journey of many months. The other passage is much shorter, occupying scarcely a day, except when the roads are particularly bad; but the eye is attracted throughout the whole of the route by scenes always grand, and sometimes uniting beauty with sublimity; and the imagination is further excited by here and there a cross, marking a spot polluted by murder. When the snow lies thick, the passage is generally performed in wheeled sledges, and is at times somewhat perilous; and even on the Porteau route, a diligence was lately thrown from the road, down a steep bank into a meadow beneath. On both passes the traveller is generally embarrassed by the appearance of two lakes, each surrounded by mountains; that in the clouds counterfeiting reality so exactly, that it is long ere the inexperienced eye can detect the veritable Leman. If the charms of Switzerland needed any foil, it would be afforded by the pre-eminently dull country on the north-west of the Jura. No where, assuredly, does so great a contrast of the kind exist. I shall, however, make but a few remarks on Helvetian scenery, and those chiefly on some points which seemed to have been little noticed by former travellers. The astonishing variety of the single canton of Vaud has, I think, been scarcely appreciated as it deserves, containing as it does within its own borders (exclusive of the views of other regions which it commands) specimens of all combined countries, from stupendous mountains eternally crowned with snow, to tracts as level and marshy as can be found in Holland. These last, however, are not extensive. Much of it greatly resembles the finest parts of England, particularly the county of Hereford; being woody, rich, and abounding in orchards; and, though when viewed from distant heights it may appear to be flat, the surface is, in fact, exceedingly uneven, and in most countries it would be termed mountainous. Almost from the western extremity of the canton, on a very clear day, the Jungfrau may be distinguished amongst the Alps of Berne and Fribourg, at the distance of some fifty miles. The country must be dull, to which vineyards can be an ornament. In Switzerland, they are always a disfigurement, and in winter miserably so. Here vineyards are seldom found many miles from the lakes. Wood abounds but the woods are generally extensive forests, which are principally of fir. From the situation of Lausanne, it might be imagined that the most splendid views would be visible from every part of it. There are, however, many places in which an unlucky stranger confined at home will never catch a glimpse of lake or mountain; his vision indeed will be as much bounded by brick, lime, or stone, as in the heart of London, though two or three minutes’ walk will place him, as it were, in the land of Paradise. This is the case on one side even of the rue du Bourg, the principal street, which from its steepness might be termed the “hell of horses” — eighteen are sometimes seen slowly dragging one single waggon up its long ascent. Yet the prospect from the southern side of the street is enchanting. This and most other Swiss towns are now kept very clean, thanks, in a great measure, to the alarm of the cholera, since which they have been swept every

* Many men of many minds: we might, if leisure permitted, show reasons why the contrary opinion should be held.—Eb.
day. The pavement is generally a severe grievance to strangers, particularly at Lausanne, where the streets are precipitous. The houses there, from their light colour, and the absence of smoke, are cheerful, as well as the numerous suburban villas scattered within a mile or two around the town. Beausite, the house formerly occupied by Kemble, which was lately tenanted by Jerome Bonaparte, is of this description. The scenery of Fribourg, though less spoken of than that of many other cantons, possesses much that is sublime and romantic. The new bridge of its capital is now a great point of attraction for travellers, native and foreign. The astonishing panorama of the Oberland Alps, as seen from Berne and its vicinity, is doubtless, in its way, unrivalled in the world. But this neighbourhood has a less smiling appearance than the Canton de Vaud, particularly near Lausanne: after having been concealed a day or two by clouds, these Alpine giants always appear higher and more picturesque than they seem ever to have been before. One singular effect of the fluctuation of light and shade in these regions, which increases so much the delight of the beholder, is, that a smaller mountain (though perhaps of more romantic form) planted before a larger one, is often lost in its shadow, and visible only at times, when it starts up to view, on a sudden, like a new creation.

The spring is generally backward in Switzerland, and the dead leaves of autumn may be sometimes seen at that season still clinging to the trees, a circumstance which I do not remember to have observed in England.* I had expected great annoyance from the insect tribe, yet except in the neighbourhood of vineyards, they are not more troublesome than at home, though indeed some of the more venomous and formidable creatures of this sort may be found here. The hornets are sometimes gigantic, and I believe the scorpion is not entirely a stranger to the country, and snakes of a large size are sometimes to be seen. The climate, in general, is not only like our own, exceedingly changeable, but as might be expected from its great unequality of surface, extremely various in temperature,

* The foliage of the oak, in some seasons in England remains, till displaced by the young leaves, even until the month of May.—Es.

in different situations, even in places within a very short distance of each other. For instance, whilst the air of the country above Vevey is exceedingly sharp, the neighbouring Montreux possesses the climate of Naples, though the mountains, almost overhang it, are crowned with eternal snow. What is still more remarkable, Court, a small village close to the lake, within a mile of Lausanne, which cannot be many hundred feet above it, is not only, sensibly, much warmer than that city, but being sheltered in some measure from the bise, vegetation advances much earlier. The wind just mentioned is detestable in Switzerland; particularly when "black," as it is termed, viz. when accompanied by a cloudy sky: there is nothing of the kind so disagreeable as a cold bise, except a hot one, which is occasionally experienced. At night the durets almost universally found on Swiss beds are proof against cold. During the day, grates and hearths being rather scarce, the ladies comfort themselves with chaufferettes, or chauffe-pieds, and large earthen stoves, which are to be found in most of their rooms. As compared with the climate of England, that of Switzerland may be pronounced, I think, rather drier, calmer, and, on an average of the year, somewhat warmer;* of course, I speak of its habitable parts only. The air is probably far more subtle; but, on the whole, I consider their climate unequalled, after all, for bracing and salubrious properties. The best test of this is the health and strength of the people; and (some manufacturing districts excepted) ours are not yet to be matched. England still deserves the encomium of Charles the Second—the man who never said a foolish thing—who, on a dispute on this subject arising, claimed pre-eminence for the climate of Britain, since there were more "days in the year and more hours in the day, in which a man might take exercise in the open air, than in any other country."

As to the English in Switzerland—here is a French proverb—"Point d’argent, point de Suisse. There is also an English one—"Give a dog," &c. The first is often remembered, but the second should be borne in mind with it. That the Swiss are a people who have frequently an eye to the main chance is certain, but I am not sure that in any

* A very great deal better.—Es.
Remarks on Switzerland, particularly the Eastern Cantons.

age this has been exclusively an attribute of theirs; and I am quite sure that nations, whose venality at present equals that of Rome, in the days of Jugurtha, should not be too hasty in charging with peculiar avarice the frugal mountaineers of Switzerland. Public traveling is decidedly cheaper, as well as more agreeable, there, than in France. The conducteurs that I have met with have been, generally, active and civil. The roads are admirable; the diligences better built, better horsed, better driven; every thing is better than in France. The innkeepers are very frequently of respectable family, and good education. Their charges in general are moderate; and the entertainment will satisfy any man whose palate has not been quite vitiated by luxury, particularly if he hath earned it by a long day's march, under a knapsack; in which case he is generally treated with as much respect, as if he arrived in a splendid equipage.

It is rather singular, that the name of the "Crown," as a sign, predominates more in republican Helvetica than, even, in England. At some of the small towns a single man may find board and lodging of a very tolerable description for about 11. 15s. a month. A guide charges about six shillings a day. The country people in some districts, if asked the distance to any place, may reply—so many hours—meaning leagues. This is at first puzzling to the traveller, and to an English pedestrian who covers four, five, or six miles an hour, may appear unmeaning; but the phrase is not so absurd as it may be at first thought, three miles an hour being a very fair average pace for a man in most parts of that rugged country. Friendly salutations on the road to the traveller, from the peasantry, are very common, as in many parts of our own island. With occasional individual exceptions, an amicable feeling between the English and Swiss appears to have always existed; and many connexions seem to have subsisted between them, though in situations so far remote from each other; even if we refuse to believe that St. Lucius, the apostle of the Grisons, was a British monarch, sixteen hundred years ago. But certain it is, that, for centuries past, the country has been the chosen abode of many Englishmen of the greatest celebrity. In the cathedral of Lausanne, and in its cemitére, there is a large proportion of the tombs and monuments of our own countrymen and women; and one of the few portraits in the museum of that city (which though small, is worth a visit), is that of Gibbon. The Swiss often form matrimonial alliances with the British—oftener probably, in proportion to their population, than with other foreign nations; and some of these matches have been exceedingly curious in their circumstances. There are always numbers of English in Switzerland, particularly in summer. Few of them reside at Berne, but very many at Lausanne, and Geneva, though fewer, perhaps, than formerly; but of late Interlachen has been their favourite resort, during the warmer months; towards winter that delightful spot is deserted. At the three last towns, on Sundays, the English service is regularly performed. The church at Lausanne has been established many years. The building is occupied on Sundays by a Lutheran, a Catholic, and an English congregation successively. The general character in Helvetia of "un véritable Anglais," is that of rashness and eccentricity, coupled with determination. There is no doubt but that the great influx of foreigners, has been detrimental to the morals of the natives, and that their ancient simplicity and frugality are fast disappearing. But too much of this is attributable to the numbers, wealth, luxury, and extravagance of visitors from our country, though many other nations are more depraved in character.

SWISS MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

The rage for innovation in every thing, is making rapid progress in Switzerland, as well as elsewhere; and as far as my observation has extended, its effects have been altogether prejudicial to the nation at large. I believe the people have decidedly deteriorated in character, of late years. There is a powerful Gallican party in politics; but in all nations, by the way, the effects of political feeling, however strong, are apt to be magnified by those farthest removed from them. I am informed that such has been the case with Switzerland; and that at periods when they have been supposed to be on the very point of plunging into civil war and bloodshed, perfect tranquility prevailed. On the other hand, when the political differences occur—
red last year in England, at the time of the reform, an immediate revolution was supposed inevitable here by many persons in Switzerland. French opinions and manners, as well as politics, are rapidly gaining ground, particularly in Vaud, where religion has felt their influence. The French mode of passing Sunday now prevails there; the theatre is opened; dancing takes place in the afternoon; and there is often more of noise and drunkenness on that day in the streets than on any other day. These practices are quite new. The methodists (momiers, as they are called) and the infidels (real or affected) are, as in our own country, producing the same effects by different means. Disgusted with the former, and afraid of being suspected of leaning towards their tenets, the men too frequently scoff at all religion. The Protestant clergy are, however, a highly respectable class of men; and I could name some of them, who are an honour to human nature. Their good conduct is, indeed, to a certain degree, secured, by their being pretty certain to be unfrocked, if they are guilty of any glaring impropriety. They bear a much greater resemblance to Scotch than English professional brethren. Like the former, they are generally poor: they take orders at twenty-four years of age, at the earliest, and are previously exercised in the duties they will have to undertake. There are a great many peculiarities in the gradations of Swiss society, which are not to be learnt in a day. The government, nominally republican, being in a great measure an oligarchy; and the noblesse, though not a very numerous class, being confessedly of most ancient descent, they have been among the proudest and most encroaching of their order; though often very poor, compelled to let the greater part of their dwellings, and often to exert all their faculties to procure their own subsistence. Many of them would associate only with each other, keeping at a distance men of education and liberal professions, in every respect, but descent, their equals—often their superiors. But this extreme arrogance was not universal, and is fast wearing away. Their power has been greatly diminished, and with it much of their exclusive pretension. They are not in general titled personages, but take the names of their castles, and estates with their own, like the Scotch lairds, to the higher class of whom they bear in many respects a resemblance. With the exception of this caste, the distinctions of rank are, on the whole, less marked than with us; almost all the people of a Swiss town know each other, more or less. The medical men in Vaud are exceedingly numerous. Most of them at present are young, and I am told exceedingly presuming and conceited. It is difficult to imagine how so many of them exist, as the office of apothecary is never united with that of surgeon; and the fees of the latter do not on an average come up to a shilling a visit. I am not very partial to their style of practice in general, as far as I have had opportunities of judging, though there are some exceedingly clever and able men amongst them; and they doubtless understand Swiss constitutions better than Englishmen do. It is much the same here as in ancient Rome and modern America: the same persons often follow a variety of different occupations. Peasants are great counsellors; and one individual is, sometimes, a farmer, tradesman, or merchant, lawyer, magistrate, and military officer. In England, a shopkeeper is generally a person far removed in connexions, and breeding from those of the liberal professions. In Switzerland, persons of both sexes, of good education and manners, and all but the very highest families, are often found behind a counter. A man’s nominal occupation has little to do there with the consideration in which he is held. Every one must work. The mere idle gentlemen are few indeed. Each therefore chooses the employment which promises to be most lucrative. Wealth, address, or talents, natural or acquired, make the gentleman. Great praise is merited by the ladies of Switzerland. They are generally most affectionate children and mothers; most faithful, and obedient wives; and a Swiss husband does not expect a little from his partner. He is generally absolute master: and the ladies of the middle class almost always with few servants, sometimes with none, have almost entirely the care of their children, and in a great measure that of their houses; are frequently obliged to attend to some trade, and are sometimes to be found engaged in the office of secretary, when their husbands happen to require such assistance. In short, in addition to their own more legitimate
and proper occupations, their lords will frequently suffer, or compel them to undertake as much of their own as possible—yet they rarely murmur; and it is surprising how ladylike, and frequently how elegant, are the appearance and manners of many of them who pass much of their time in menial occupations. In these respects, as indeed in moral worth also, without any disparagement to their mates, some of whom are very genteel, the superiority of the fair sex in Switzerland is indeed very remarkable. Their character altogether resembles very much that of the English ladies, when domestic virtues and attractions were thought the brightest ornaments of woman; and before overstrained attempts at universal, and, frequently, masculine accomplishments became fashionable amongst them. Though modest, they are frank, and lively; often witty and intelligent; warm, and sincere in their friendships and expressions; whilst their characters are sometimes marked by a slight tinge of enthusiasm, attractive without extravagance. The present generation is well, and often, highly, educated. The older ladies, brought up when their country was occupied by foreign armies, or overrun by contending warriors, are generally deficient in these respects, though equally praiseworthy in their conduct. The vast number of governesses sent from Switzerland, to all parts of Europe, is well known. Even the richest persons often banish their daughters for a time in this manner—a strange and very reprehensible practice—but by far the greater number of parents are driven to this from necessity. The peasantry are a hardy race of people, exhibiting, even in the neighbourhood of large towns, much simplicity of manners. They are generally civil and inoffensive, and contrast altogether very favourably with the inhabitants of cities, though some of their customs are not remarkable for delicacy. In Switzerland, where a man’s fortune depends upon his industry, peasants are continually rising into gentlemen, and gentry sinking to the level of peasants. There are few families who have not some relatives in this grade. The situation of all seems superior to that of our day-labourer;* most are farmers; and some of the upper class of these are well off, and independent, much resembling in manners and character the old yeomanry of England. Some of them are deservedly held in the utmost estimation, and are in friendly and familiar habits of intercourse with those above them in station and education. Their food is plain and homely, but good;* still with the exception of bacon, they seldom consume much animal food. Of late, their order has advanced in political importance: they are often members of the Council; but they do not as yet, in general, seem much inclined to changes, or to rejoice in the system of national education now establishing. The march of intellect has certainly not improved the character of servants, especially in towns. I speak of the women chiefly, because domestic servants of the male sex,† except amongst the English, and a few of the very highest and wealthiest families, are almost unknown: a circumstance little to be regretted. The females of this class, however, are too often immoral in their conduct, and generally idle, and deficient in civility. As to obedience, many of them do not appear to understand the word. It is a land of liberty, and equality, indeed, in this respect; and they are treated with far more familiarity than is usual in any English families at present.†

* The bread of many of the peasantry is saffron, which in autumn presents from the mountains a yellow pathway in the valleys beneath. The seed is pounded, and made into cakes; these, to show the wealth of the owners, or their removal from actual want, are kept a year or two, and are not used at all when new. The flavour is very sour, and the bread coarse and dark, looking very indigestible. If milk, I tried to sweeten it with sugar; but the more I added, so much the more acid it seemed to be. On this I tried to feed, near the glaciers in the valley of Chamouni.—En.

† We once expressed our surprise that women should be employed even to conduct travellers up steep mountains, as to see a certain extraordinary mountain cavern—in the rowing of boats upon rivers and lakes. &c. &c. The answer was simple and characteristic. What should we do with the men—blush ye, O men!—what should we do with the men, when the season was over, and the ground covered with snow, they would only be idling about the house, earning nothing, doing nothing—in the way—not worth their keep—but the women are always useful!—En.

‡ They are all one family, eating together and partaking in common.—En.
Crime, in general, is lamentably on the increase in Switzerland; in Vaud, particularly so, if the large new Cantonal Maison de Paix may be taken as evidence. Petty thefts and disorderly conduct are very common in the towns; but murders and highway robberies as yet are rare, though rather more frequent, than formerly, in some districts. Passing through Guéminen, a little town in Berne, in April, 1835, I found the whole population turning out, endeavouring to obtain a sight of an assassin in custody,* who had lately waylaid a young man who had produced a well-filled purse at a country inn, and murdered him in a neighbouring wood. Amongst the crowd of ugly women, for those of this neighbourhood generally are so, stood one of the handsomest I have seen in the republic—though some whole towns are peopled with beautiful women, on the north-east of the lake of Genoa and elsewhere,—who or what she was, I know not, but her dress and appearance had much simple elegance. Though doubtless a native, her physiognomy, and the arrangement of her hair, were very English; and altogether she shone like a Venus amongst the surrounding throng. I have sometimes been struck in Switzerland with a similar contrast between moral beauty and deformity. In few countries are the highest and purest virtues, oftener found in close contact with open vice.

As my time in Switzerland was but little occupied with books, I shall not detain the reader by many remarks upon the state of literature. The nation may be found perhaps to have produced its due proportion of works of genius, if regard be had to the amount of the population. Although there are but a few living native authors among them of much repute, there are many men of very high talent and versatile accomplishments to be met with in society. Their universities also contain many scholars of great attainments. The popular books are chiefly foreign. Translations from the English are much sought after; and not a few of the people, the ladies more especially, can read, speak, and even write our language with ease and fluency. Sir Walter Scott's romances are much read and admired; not so his "Life of Bonaparte," many of the Swiss being quite ultra in their enthusiasm for that singular man. This has, doubtless, been increased, by the circumstance of Noverraz, one of his last attendants at St. Helena, having returned to this, his native country, and settled at Lausanne. He is devotedly attached to his late master's memory, and cannot speak with patience of his treatment in captivity. Yet he is much visited by the English. Cheap publications, in the style of our "Penny Magazine," &c., are becoming common in Switzerland. I recommend travellers who intend to visit the country, to acquire some knowledge of German. I had imagined that a reasonable stock of French would have carried a man very well throughout the republic; but even at Berne, many, if not the majority of servants at inns, &c., cannot speak a word of that language. Their different pronunciation of it is, also, a great inconvenience to a stranger. The same cause renders Latin also,* in which I have attempted to converse with some of the educated classes, a very imperfect colloquial medium of exchange.

* Some men have thought that it would be well for mankind if, in addition to the native tongue, one foreign language were generally taught. Now, owing to the progress of the French arms, French, more or less, is more generally available in Europe than, perhaps, any other language. Let, then, the native tongue, and French, be the two languages acquired by every person of condition, and as many more as time and opportunity will permit. But with respect to Latin, if it be learnt not merely for its own intrinsic worth, but in making us acquainted with many of its best (as well as some few of the worst) of the ancients, and according to the rule of the majority, if we would render it available out of the schools, and out of the closet. The people of Scotland, and foreigners, pronounce it alike, and can at once understand each other, but the cleverest of our English scholars are obliged to use great art to make themselves understood. If a be not pronounced ay, but as arh, why should not England yield to the majority, and render a nation, if not of merchants, at least of travellers, more easily communicable with the rest of the world, unless, indeed, Latin being a "dead" language, it be considered as such, and be only used as pen and ink, or printed token. — Ed.
the shape of a letter it may do well enough.*

Many Swiss customs are peculiar, and somewhat contradictory, troublesome, and embarrassing to strangers, especially as relates to acquaintancehip between the sexes. Many of their ways are directly the reverse of ours; in most cases there is less reserve and constraint, in others more than with us. Public balls are in most towns less frequent than formerly; but dancing (sometimes in the open air) is a very common amusement. Clubs are far too general,† and too constantly attended; and the men sit drinking, or talking politics, &c., whilst their wives are left to take care of their families and their trade as they best can. The ladies, however, may go to the play unaccompanied by a gentleman, without fear of scandal; they also visit amongst themselves in the evening, generally working together, and may often be seen returning with a lantern, at a moderately late hour, even quite alone, without incurring any danger of molestation. The Swiss are passionately fond of theatrical performances, although few, if any, actors have been natives of their country. The theatre at Lausanne is the only one I have visited. The actors were French, and the performance good; nor was the hand contemptible, though not numerous. The crowd was dense, and consisted of all ranks and descriptions of people; yet, notwithstanding some occasional and unavoidable confusion, the audience were exceedingly attentive. It was a good opportunity for studying the costume and features of the inhabitants, in which they show a great variety, as they are not only a mixed race, but the town is a great thoroughfare, as well as the constant residence of foreigners. The people are almost universally fond of music, and some of them are admirable performers, both vocal and instrumental. Their voices are often remarkably sweet. I need say nothing of the beauty of many of their native airs, since Madame Stockhausen has rendered them so well known, and so popular in this country. Singing without accompaniment is particularly common, and (in small country towns) ladies may frequently, in the summer, be seen sitting even in the street before their doors, amusing themselves in this manner without incurring remark, or attracting any troublesome observation. Where could this be done in England? In the villages, the *gelder* is often taken in the open air, under spreading branches; whilst the evening breezes invigorate the frame, and the most magnificent and lovely scenery cheers the mind. The manners of the people, though far less reserved than with us, are by no means, in good society, disagreeably free. Those of the ladies are almost universally good. At the public balls the gentlemen offer themselves as partners. The style of visiting is much more natural, and less constrained and ceremonious, than in England. The poor do not affect to be rich. The rich do not vie with each other in useless expense, but are content to be hospitable without display. They have a custom, however, which, though seldom abused, I should be sorry to see introduced elsewhere. Young unmarried ladies, even if resident alone, often receive the visits of single gentlemen, and an acquaintance of a few days is sufficient to sanction this. Yet they are, in general, perfectly modest. But the youth of both sexes have been accustomed to freer intercourse than is usual here: their characters, therefore, are mutually better understood, and the chances of any impertinence being offered, or permitted, or otherwise, may be pretty well ascertained. A girl who respects herself is, therefore, never insulted, although the general style

* These are principally for the practice of the rifle, and, as markemen, they are particularly famed. A friend of ours once travelling in Switzerland, being invited by the priest—a general participator in the amusements of the people, the times of meeting being festivals), once a little surprised them by his great success, and we think that having shot the mark, as he had been invited to shoot, he ought to have carried away the prize. The distance at which they shoot is three hundred paces. After the firing, or, rather, while some of the men were firing, others collected in great numbers, were engaged in doors in the sprightly waltz, the whole ending with an abundant feast, which was kept up to a late hour.—Ed.

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Remarks on Switzerland, particularly the Eastern Cantons.

of conversation has more of gallantry, and compliment in it, than with us. But of late French habits have changed the young men, and for the worse.* There is much indecency in the style of their dress. There are fashions, doubtless, but they are not very rigidly adhered to. Many gentlemen, at present, might pass for English; many, assuredly, not. In general, they seem nearer, and more manly than the French. In the country, 

blouses are very much worn by almost all descriptions of men. Only in very seclued spots are the national costumes seen, except on the persons of the peasantry;† In the towns, very few houses are to be found occupied by a single family. One side of the rue du Bourg at Lausanne (the fashionable street) is chiefly noblemen's houses, of which one floor is frequently tenanted by the master, and the rest, generally, let to tradesmen. Swiss houses are large, and the spacious lofts under the roofs are convenient for the stowage of goods of all descriptions. Long passages are almost always found at the entrance of the old houses. I never heard of a case of burglary, though less hazardous descriptions of theft are not uncommon. When the weather is warm, the ladies sit much at their windows, or in little balconies, as in Italy, conversing, or playing the needle. At Lausanne, a

very good set of rooms may be had for about 10l. per annum. A married pair, of respectable family, sometimes commence life there on 60l. without a servant. In the style of living, the Swiss, though economical, are by no means, generally, parsimonious. Scotch breakfasts are very prevalent. Altogether, a genuine Englishman will greatly prefer their cooking to that of the French. A man must have but a weak appetite who cannot contrive to exist in Switzerland. Dinners are less affairs of ceremony than with us; and, on ordinary occasions, persons having dined, often rise, and leave the table without waiting for those who are more tardy.

GENERAL CHARACTER AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE SWISS.

That the Helvetians, in the main features of their character, bear a strong resemblance to the British, particularly the Scotch, has been the opinion of many distinguished writers. Saussure, himself a Swiss, has entered at some length into a parallel between these nations, to which I refer my readers. They may be briefly characterised as obstinate, perhaps, but not irascible; somewhat anxious to acquire gain, yet given to hospitality, affable to strangers, and addicted to few atrocious crimes. In their personal appearance, few nations of the same, or nearly the same, limited population vary more. Numbers of both sexes might pass exceedingly well for British. In the republic, generally, I should say that fair complexions, light eyes, and dark hair, with large and prominent features, predominate. This is the case in most individual cantons, particularly in that of Vaud, where the people, even the farmers, are generally rather short — many remarkably so—though stout and thick set, in appearance hardly. Amongst the lower classes, goîtres and crotins are often seen even in towns. The gentry are, on the whole, I think, the tallest and best looking race that can be seen. In this nation, as in most others, perfect beauty is rare; but there are numbers of women, in all grades of society, who when young would, generally, be considered very pretty. In some districts many of them have the physiognomy of the Spaniard. They are perhaps rather taller in proportion to the men, though not strikingly so; and though larger than the French, much smaller than English women.

* The old customs among the peasantry are very extraordinary, but we know them to be true; we have had the narration from the best authority. After the parents have retired to rest, a suitor may tap at the door of his mistress, and with the knowledge of the parents, remain until the morning. The council endeavoured to prevent the continuance of the custom, but found that it would too much change the habits of the peasantry, and feared to prohibit the practice; yet, notwithstanding, scarcely one woman has been a reproach to her country; and should "warmed" affection predominate, even though the suitor be of the highest class, if a native, and we are speaking only of such, marriage must follow, or the offender be exiled from his country.—Ed.

† In Berne, the national costume is prevalent, so at Interlachen, and, indeed, in many parts: we have heard some very sensible remarks upon the custom, viz. that the station of the wearer is immediately known, and that parties who are above or below that station are separated from each other; for instance, how would it be with a domestic servant in this country, dressed in costume; she could, of course, only associate with persons suitable in station to herself; hence, much evil would be prevented. It is, however, to be noted, that wherever the Jews abound, in those cantons, the gayest and gaudiest costumes ornament the persons of the female sex.—Ed.
Ellen o' Kirkconnell.

The upper part of their figure is usually good; and considering the labour many of them perform, their feminine appearance, even when advanced in years, is remarkable. The Catholic part of the population of Vaud struck me as remarkably short, but scarcely any of them were natives of that canton, many were Savoyards, and probably also intermixed with French, Italians, &c. Throughout Switzerland, I saw few men extremely tall, and many were quite the reverse. In the north of Berne, and in its capital city, the people seemed quite as low of stature as in Vaud, and far worse-looking, especially the females. Light hair is rather more common amongst them. There is, however, a particular race of persons often seen in this part of the country, who are generally dark, short, clumsy, with a thick round head, black hair, and a rather forbidding look. Altogether they bear a striking resemblance to the description of the Huns, and I cannot but think they are a remnant of the mighty host of Attila; whilst their neighbours in the Oberland often present fine specimens of their rivals, the Goths, the followers of Alaric or Theodoric.

* These crosses (see p.103.) are rather "stations." The monks, in order to impress feelings of religion in the breasts of the travelling peasantry in particular, have on almost every mountain, at regular distances, established a succession of crosses, bearing the name of "stations:" on these crosses are to be seen depicted the progress of Christ and his apostles to the place of execution; there are, we believe, from recollection, twelve. We are disposed to think, and we hope we have good cause, that our obliging tourist is, therefore, mistaken in this frightful imagery.—Es.

ELLEN O' KIRKCONNELL.

A BALLAD.

In the burying-ground of Kirkconnell is the grave of the fair Ellen Irvine, and that of her lover. She was daughter of the House of Kirkconnell, and beloved by two gentlemen at the same time, one of whom vowed to sacrifice the successful rival to his resentment, and watched an opportunity while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of the Kirle that washes their grounds. Ellen perceived the desperate lover on the opposite side, and, fondly thinking to save her favourite, interposed, and receiving the wound intended for her beloved, fell, and expired in his arms. He instantly revenged her death, then fled to Spain, and served for some time against the Infidels: on his return, he visited the grave of his unfortunate mistress, stretched himself on it, and, expiring on the spot, was interred by her side. A sword and a cross are engraved on the tomb-stone, with "Hic jacet Adam Fleming," the only memorial of this unhappy gentleman.—Pennant's Tour in Scotland.

AIR—"Fair Helen of Kirkconnell."

Kirkconnell's ha's were tall and strang,
Kirkconnell's lands were wide;
And mony sought, but spierit in vain,
Young Ellen for their bride.

Braw were the lassies o' the lea,
Wha' wad na' hae said nae;
But Ellen Irvine was mair fair,
Mair winsome far than thae.

There came twa gallants 'mang the rest,
Wha pres't their suit mair hame;
Ane, frae her tender heart she cast,
Nor was that heart to blame:

The ither in its innaist core,
She made a secret shrine;
There worship'd him, and aft wad sigh,
"O bliss to ca' thee mine!"

The twain at eve wad rove thegither,
Adown the saft green dell;
Where the suld trees soft shadows shed,
Their pliant love to tell.
Ellen o' Kirkconnell.

But he wha pleadit a' in vain,
Vow'd thrice he wad na' live;
To see anither gie the kiss,
He'd lose the world to give.

'Twas at the gloaming's stilly hour,
The lovers wander'd slow;
Then sat them down where Kirtle's wave,
Scarce onward seem'd to flow.

O little thought that plighted pair,
That meeting was their last;
Or deem'd an act o' sinfu' man's,
A cloud o'er baith wad cast:—

As Adam wi' his Ellen's hand,
Close clasp't within his ain,
Leuk'd up intil her bright blue een,
Then sigh'd and leuk'd again.

O what is that wild piercing skirl,
That quiver'd o'er the stream?—
What is the ill that wakes to death,
Loves youthfu', happy dream?—

"O God!" the maiden cried aloud;
As o'er her lover's breast,
She threw her slender snow-white form,
Then sank to endless rest.

A madden'd rival hidden lurked,
Within the guilty grove,
Wha thought wi' hands bedied in bluid,
To mak puir Ellen love.

Alake! she saw his fatal gun,
Point at her Adam's heart,
Na mair—fra him, to her it was
Better to die, than part.

Next Adam laid her dripping corse,
Upo' the lang wet grass;
Then rais'd his een until the lift,
Where her spirit seem'd to pass;

In speechless prayer his pallid lip,
Forth communed with his God—
He grasp't his guid braid glaive and swore,
Ane mair should kiss the sod.

And lang, and loud, the clash o' arms,
Rang thro' the peacefu' dell,
Till ane cauld tongue its wicked deed,
To nane o' earth could tell.

There on the margin o' the burn,
Without a ling'ring breath,
Lay Ellen and her murderer,
Wrap'd in the sleep o' death.

And Adam glowed in Ellen's face,
Big tears drap't frae his een,
He knelt beside his trothed bride,
On Kirtle's braes sae green.
Ellen o' Kirkconnell.

When thought came back—he seized his glaive—
   And fled to Spain's far land;
There 'gainst the Infidels he rais'd,
   His bluid-red, reckless brand.

Lang years roll'd by, and Adam's name,
   Upo' Kirkconnell's lea,
Was link'd in ballad, and in song,
   Wi' Ellen's memory.

At length ane lovely moonlight night,
   Within the auld kirk yard,
A stranger paus'd—his leuk was sad,
   Sorrow beset him hard.

The clouds swept o'er the silver moon,
   And soon the darkness came;
And saft, and laigh, a waifuid sound,
   Was heard in Death's ain hame.

"O! shew me where sweet Ellen sleeps,
   O! shew me where the yew-tree weeps,
And where an angel watching keeps:
   Ellen o' Kirkconnell!"

I hae wander'd mony a year,
   Exiled to a' my heart holds dear,
And come to drap o'er her my tear;
   Ellen o' Kirkconnell!

O! Kirtle's banks—O! fearfu' hour,
   That placed her in a villain's power,
And robb'd me of my blushing flower;
   Ellen o' Kirkconnell!

Yes, she was fair as man could see,
   And love slept in her saft blue ee,
O wherefore died she then for me;
   Ellen o' Kirkconnell?

Her swaw-white breast was stain'd wi' bluid,
   The cauld dew on her temples stuid,
Death own'd a lamb for earth too guid:
   Ellen o' Kirkconnell!

I'll sleep beside her lanely grave,
   The flower o'er ane—o'er baith shall waive,
To rest wi' her, is a' I crave;
   Ellen o' Kirkconnell!"

The voice was mute—the warrior bard,
   Lay on the cauld damp ground;
And death his arms wi' stiffen'd fauld,
   Round Ellen's grave had wound.

'Twas Adam slept beside his shield—
   His true-love's wounded breast;
Tho' parted through life's day, they were,
   The same sod shades their rest.

There's a cross, and a glaive fu' rude,
   Carv't on their tablet stane,
Telling some Christian warrior's saul,
   To its lang, last hame has gane.
Queen Elizabeth's temper appears, after the death of Mary Queen of Scots, to have become very petulant. Her disposition in the decline of life was crabbed and tormenting, if we may trust the description of her pet and godson, Sir John Harrington, one of the literati of her day, the translator of "Ariosto," left a graphic sketch in a private letter to Robert Markham, preserved in the "Nuge Antiquam."

"I marvel to think what strange humours do conspire to patch up the natures of some minds. The elements do seem to strive which shall conquer and rise above the other. In good sooth our queen did ennfold them altogether. I bless her memory for her goodness to me and my family; but now I will show you what strange temperament she did some time put forth. Her mynde was oft time like the green aire that cometh from the westerly pointe in a summer's mornes - 'twas sweete and refreshing to all around her. Again, she could put forth such alteration as left no doubtings whose daughter she was. I say this was plaine on my lorde deputy's coming home (Essex, from his vice-royalty in Ireland). I did come into her presence; she chafed much, walked hastily to and fro, looked with discomposure in her visage. I remember she caught my girdle, when I kneeled before her and **swoor**.

"By God's Son,' quoth she, 'I am no queene, that man is above me! Who gave him commande to come here so soon? I did sende him on other business.'

"It was long before more gracious discourse did fall to my hearing; but I was then put out of my trouble, and bid 'go home' in such a tone, I did not stay to be bidden twice; if all the Irish rebels had been at my heels, I should not have made better speede.' No wonder Essex got that renowned box on the ear at his approach, when his messenger was thus received, though a favourite.

"Her highness was wont to soothe her ruffled temper with reading every morning, when she had been stirred to passion at council.

"The Lorde Treasurer Burleigh would oft shoch a plenty of tears on any misfortune, well knowing the difficult part was not to mend the disaster itself, but his mistresse's humour: yet he did most share her favour and good will. She did keepe him oft late at night discoursing alone, and then call in another of her ministers to compare their evidence separate, to try the depth of all around her. Walsingham got his turn: and if any she found had disobeyed, she let it not go unheed or unpunished. Sir Christopher Hatton was wont to say, 'The queene did fishe for men's souls, and had so sweete a bait that no one could escape her net-worke.' I have seen hir smile, soothe with great semblance of good liking to all around, and cause every one to open his most private thought to hir, when on a sudden she would ponder in private on what had passed, write down all their opinions, and then disprove to their faces all they had said contrariwise a month before. And by thus fishing, as Hatton said, she caught many poore fishe, who little knew what snare was laid for them.

"I will now tell you more of hir majesty's discretion and wonderfull way to those about hir touching their minds and opinions. She did often ask the ladies around hir chamber if they loved to think of marriage? And the wise ones did conceal well their liking hereto, as knowing the queene's judgment in this matter. Sir Matthew Arundel's fair cousin, not knowing so deeply as her fellows, was asked one day hereof, and simply said, 'She had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved.' 'You seem honeste, i'faith,' said the queene; 'I will sue for you to your father.' The dames was not displeased hereat; and when Sir Robert Arundel came to courte, the queene asked him hereon, and pressed his consenting, if the match was discreet. Sir Robert, much astonished at this news, said, 'He never heard his daughter had liking to any man, and wanted to gain knowledge of his affection, but would give free consent to what was most pleasing hir highness's will and advice.' 'Then I will doe the rest,' said the queene. The faire yonge ladie was called in, and the queene told hir that hir father had given his free consent. 'Then,' replied the ladie, 'I shall be happie, and please your grace. ' So thou shalt; but not be a foole and marrie. I have his consente given to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it into thy possession, so go about thy businesse. I see thou art a bold one to own thy foolishness so readily.'"

Here was real cankered, old-maidish trick, beguiling the poor girl into her confidence, and crossing the course of true love. The anecdote is most characteristic of Elizabeth. Her conduct to Lady Mary Howard is of a piece with this disposition. Sir John Harrington
Memoir of Elizabeth, Queen of England.

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proceeds to relate these traits of spitefulness, bestowing much praise on the ill-natured whim by which the virgin queen vented her spleen on those who were younger and handsomer than herself:—

"I could relate many pleasant tales of his majesty's outwitting the wittiest ones, for he knew how to aim their shafts against his cunning. We did all love him, for she said she did love us, and much wisdom she showed in this matter. She did well temper herself towards all at home, and put at variance all abroad, by which means she had more quiet than her neighbours. I need not praise her frugality; but I will tell a storie that fell out when I was a boye. She did love rich cloathing, but often did those that bought more finery than did become their state. It happened that Lady Mary Howard was possessed of a rich border powdered with gold and pearls, and a velvet suite belonging thereto, which moved many to envy; nor did it please the queen, who thought it exceeded her own. One day the queen did send privately, and got the pore ladie's rich vesture, which she put on herself, and came forth the chamber among the ladies. The kirtle and border was far too short for her lady's height. She asked everyone one how they liked her new fancied suite? At length, she asked the owner herself 'if it was not made too short, and ill becoming?' which the pore ladie did readily consent to.

"Why, then, if it become not me, as being too short, I am minded that it shall never becom thee as being too fine; so it fitteth neither well.'

"The pore ladie was abashed at this sharp rebuke, and she never adorned her therewith any more. I believe the vestment was laid up till after the queen's death.

"As I did bear so much love to his majesty, I know not well how to stop my tales of his manie virtues; but even his errors did seem great marks of surprising endowments. When she smiled, it was a pure sunshine, that every one did chuse to baske in, if they colde; but anon came a storm from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell in wondrous manner on all alike."

Other accounts declare that poor Lady Mary's "vestment" was confiscated by the acquisitive queen, and found laid up in her wardrobe after her death, and claimed by the owner.

Essex was the son-in-law of Leicester, who had married his mother. He was by Leicester introduced to the queen, as a counterpoise to the fast growing favour of Raleigh: hence the bitter hatred of Raleigh to him. His father's death in the queen's service in Ireland, and his near relationship to her by the blood of the Knowles, his mother being of that family, joined to his great beauty, made her distinguish him with peculiar favour.

We have no space to relate the well-known history of Essex's rise and fall, nor the anecdotes endlessly repeated of Sir Walter Raleigh's introduction to favour; only the closer we look into history, the less we shall like Raleigh in public life. The cause of Essex's inexplicable discontent and rebellion was desperate poverty.

Both Essex and Cecil were in correspondence with James of Scotland. There is a story told of the presence of mind of Burleigh, which prevented his mistress discovering this sinister dealing.

"The queen having for a good while heard nothing from Scotland, and being thirsty of news, it fell out that her majesty going to take the air towards the heath, (Blackheath, the court being then at Greenwich,) and Master Secretary Cecil then attending her, a post came crossing by, and blew his horn; the queen, out of curiosity, asked him from whence the dispatch came? being answered from Scotland, she stops her coach and calleth for the packet. The secretary cuts up the packet in great haste, knowing all the time there were some letters in it from his correspondents; which to discover, were as so many serpents: then holding the letters in his hand, said they smelt ill savouredly, as if they came out of a filthy budget; and they ought first to be opened and aired, lest her health should suffer: this scheme answered directly, as he knew her aversion to ill smells."

Elizabeth's method of rewarding her favourites, when the abbey lands retained by the crown were exhausted, was by granting them monopolies of wine, salt, and other necessaries! Hear it, ye political economists of the present day! Essex was never rich, he was devoured by a numerous retinue of court dependants: he was harassed by debt,—he wanted a wine monopoly; he was too cross to flatter adroitly enough to get it out of the queen, and Elizabeth had spoilt him. He got desperate, and in a fit of anger declared "she was as ugly and crooked in mind as in person"—gentle reader, truth compels us to repeat the word—"as in carcass!" No wonder he got his ears boxed;
such a speech well deserved worse treatment—though, poor fellow, the bloody axe and black scaffold which followed, were a heavy visitation for real truth. His Irish and Spanish expeditions, and the particulars of his fall, are matters of history.

From the Sidney papers we find, that in the year 1600 the queen was in a wavering state of mind regarding Essex. Although in her sixty-seventh year, she was amusing herself in a curious method, considering her age and rank.

"May 12th.—Her majesty is very well this day. She appoints a Frenchman to do fastes in Conduit-court. To-morrow she hath commanded the bears, the bull, and the ape, to be baited in the Tilt-yard. On Wednesday she will have solemn dauncing."

Essex was then in prison, and his doom dubious.

"At a masque in Lord Cobham's house in the Blackfriars, to grace the marriage of my Lord Herbert, on the queen's being woed to dance by a lady masque, the queen asked her name. 'Affection,' she replied, 'Affection is false,' sighed the queen; yet she rose and daunced."

"On Sunday last," says Harrington, "my Lorde Bishoppe of London preached to the queen's majesty, and seemed to touch on the vanity of decking the bodie too fine. Her majesty tolde the ladies that if the bishoppe held more discourse of any such matters, she wolde fit him for heaven, but he should walke thither without a staff, and leave his mantle behind him. Perchance the bishoppe thought not of her majesty's wardrobe, or he would have chosen him another text."

At the breaking up of her health she suffered much from tooth-ache, but would not have the tooth drawn, attributing the pain to witchcraft.

"'Although,' says the Prince de Bouillon, 'Elizabeth is sixty-three, she dresses like a girl. On May 29th, 1602, she gave the Duc de Nevers a banquet at Richmond, and opened the ball with him after dinner with a galliard, which she danced with wonderful agility for her age.'"

"De Beaumont writes to Henry IV., September, 1602, that Elizabeth was afflicte with several mortal maladies,—that a Spanish astrologer had calculated that she would not live to her seventy-fifth year. Her eye is still lively; she has spirit, and is attached to life on this account, taking great care of herself. To this is to be added a new inclination for the Earl of Cloucarty, a handsome, brave, Irish noble. This makes her cheerful, full of hope and good confidence in respect to her age. This inclination is moreover flattered by the whole court with such art, that I cannot sufficiently wonder at it. On the other hand, the Irish earl is in his love very cold, and has neither understanding nor conduct sufficient to lift himself very high. Flatterers of the court say he resembles Essex. On the other hand, the queen declares she cannot love him, inasmuch as he recalls her sorrow for the earl."

"March 13th, 1603.—The French ambassador reports to his master, 'that the queen requests to be excused for some days out of sorrow for the death of the Countess of Nottingham, for whom she is in mourning, and has shed many tears.'"

"Dispatch, March 15th, 1603.—The queen has been unwell these seven or eight days. She has signed the pardon of the Earl of Tyrone, but under such conditions that he is not likely to accept."

"March 19.—There is great uneasiness in the city; and the lords of the council propose, if the queen's illness increase, to close and guard the ports of the kingdom. The queen has not all this time slept, and eats much less than usual. Although she has no fever, she suffers much from constant restlessness, and from such a heat in the stomach and mouth, that she is obliged to cool herself every instant, that the dry and burning phlegm which torments may not stifle her. Some think that her disorder arises from her dissatisfaction at what has taken place with Mistress Arabella."

"March 24.—Three days back the queen was given up; she had long lain in a cold sweat, and had not spoken some time before; she said 'I no longer wish to live, I desire to die.'"

"Yesterday and the day before she felt better, after, to her great relief, a small abscess burst in her throat. She takes no medicine whatever; she has only been in bed two days; she refused to take to it, sooner out of fear as some believe of a prediction that she would die in it!"

This report coincides with a story that declared the queen had seen some ghastly vision one night about the beginning of her illness; but what it was she never would own, further than this mysterious hint. When one of her ladies was urging to her superior comfort of reposing in her bed, instead of lying on the floor on cushions, the queen, at her reproachfully, and said, 'If you were to have seen the sights in your bed that I do in mine, you would not be so fond of going to it.'"

"Report of Count de Beaumont to Henry IV.—The queen is quite exhausted, and speaks not for three or four hours together,
for the last two days she has had her finger continually in her mouth, and sits upon cushions without either being upright or laying herself quite down. Her long vigils and the want of nourishment, have exhausted her frame, of itself dried up and weak."

"This morning the queen's music has gone to her, she means to die as gayly as she has lived."

"April 1st.—The queen hastens to her end, and is given up by all the physicians. They have put her to bed almost by force, after she has set upon cushions ten days and nights; but she will only lay an hour in the day on the bed in her clothes. She seemed lately to be better, and called for meat broth, which gave new hopes to all. Soon after this her speech began to fail her, and since, she has eat nothing, but lies still upon her side, without speaking or looking at any one."

"Yesterday she caused some meditations, those of M. du Plessis, to be read to her. I do not believe that in this condition she will make her will, or appoint a successor."

"April 5th, 1603.—On the 3rd, the queen was three times in the morning, very gently gave up the ghost (tres doucement). She was the day before speechless, and reposed for five hours before she died."

Several anecdotes have been drawn from the researches of Raumer, in the Royal Library of Paris; they have only been published a few months, and have not been incorporated in any previous memoir of Elizabeth.

We now add a variety of curious traditions, chiefly founded on the reports of the Catholic priests in England, and never before collated. That they were connected with the passing rumours of the day, evidence may be drawn from the curious journal of the French ambassador, now published. History rejects, and justly, all these scandals—but they throw a mighty light on the temper of the times. We quote them for the entertainment of our readers. The first is an extract we met with from a violent party-doggrel, which, however, when versifying a current story of that day, shows some rugged grandeur:

"Lord Hunsdon comes upon the stage, Sick in his bed—so much with age.
First. Dudley, Earl of Leicester, came, Roll'd round about in glaring flame;
Lady Arabella Stuart, whose persecution had begun in the reign of Elizabeth."

He had been ambassador to England, and writes celebrated treatise, "Vie, et de la Mort"—it is a Catholic book.

Out at his mouth, nose, eyes, and ears, Sprung pointed flames from inward fires.
Then Walsingham, all in a glow;
And Pickering, cold as frozen snow;
Who of his hand scarce taking hold.
Hunsdon was fit to die with cold.
Hatton was next that did appear,
All in a flame of glowing fire.
And Hennage comes after him,
Burning all o'er in rapid flame.
The last of all comes impious Knolles,
Curled round about in flaming rolls,
That grind him in their whirling gyres,
And from their dints spring streaming fires.
Awhile these horrid spectres stood
About the wretched Cary's bed,
To give him time to contemplate,
And well observe their damned state;
Then told him Cecil was to come,
A fellow partner in their doom;
So bade him tell him to prepare,
Then vanished to subtle air.
Hunsdon, with horror struck at this,
Sends speedy news to Madame Bess,
Who caused inquiry to be made;
And Hunsdon swore to all he said.
Soon after he resigned his breath;
And Cecil died a sudden death."

This Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, being, in the year 1596, sick to death, saw come to him, one after another, six of his companions already dead. The first was Dudley, Earl of Leicester, all on fire; the second was Secretary Walsingham, also in fire and flame; the third, Pickering, so cold and frozen, that touching Hunsdon's hand, he thought he should die of cold; the fourth, Hatton, lord chamberlain; the fifth, Hennage; the sixth, Knolles. These three last were also all on fire. They all told him that Sir William Cecil, one of their companions, yet living, was to prepare himself to come shortly to them.

All this was affirmed upon oath by the said Lord Hunsdon, who a few days after died suddenly. This is recorded by F. Casterns, and also by Philip d'Outreman, in his book entitled "Pedagogue Chretien," p. 186.

Camden, in his life of Queen Elizabeth, gives this account of her last sickness.—
"In the beginning of her sickness the almonis of her throat swelled, but soon abated again; then her appetite failed by degrees, and withal she gave herself over wholly to melancholy, and seemed to be much troubled with a peculiar grief for some reason or other, whether it were through the violence of her disease, or for want of Essex. She looked upon herself as a miserable forlorn woman, and her
grief and indignation extorted from her such speeches as these.—"They have yoked my neck. I have none in whom I can trust. My condition is strangely turned upside down."—(See Camden, Hist. book 5th, pp. 659, 660.)

F. Parsons, in his Discourses, tells us,
"That she sat up three days and three nights ready dressed, and could not be brought by any of her council to go to bed, or to eat and drink, only the lord admiral persuading her to take a little broth; she told him 'if he knew what she had seen in her bed, he would not persuade her as he did.' She, shaking her head, said with a pitiful voice, 'My lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck, I am tied, and the case is altered with me.'

"Her death was pitiful, as dying without some feeling or mention of God, as divers report.

"One of the ladies that waited upon her, leaving her asleep in her privy chamber at the beginning of her sickness, met her, as she thought, three or four chambers off, and fearing that she would be displeased that she left her alone, came towards her to excuse herself, but she vanished away; and when the lady returned into the chamber where she left her sleeping, she found her still asleep. Growing part in her recovery, and keeping her bed, the council sent unto her the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other prelats; upon sight of whom she was much offended, cholerickly rating them, bidding them be packing, and afterwards exclaimed to my lord admiral, that she had the greatest indignity offered to her by the archbishop, that could be done to a prince to pronounce sentence of death against her, as if she had lived an atheist; and some lords mentioning to have other prelates to come to her, she answered, that 'she would have none of those hedge priests!' The queen being departed this life, her body was opened, and embalmed, and being seared, was brought to Whitehall, where it was watched every night by six several ladies, who being all about the same, which was fast in a board coffin with leaves of lead, covered with velvet, it happened that her body brake the coffin with such a crack, that it split the board, lead, and sere cloth, to the terror and astonishment of all present."—(Parson's Discourses, p. 218.)

She died at her palace at Richmond, 24th of March, 1603.

As soon as Elizabeth had ceased to breathe, her lords of council met by stealth in the orchard at Whitehall, to consult on public opinion, and whether they should send to the King of Scotland; but Elizabeth's kinsman, Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, got the start of them, and, quitting Richmond the moment of her death, was the first to apprise James of his accession to the English throne.

The body of Elizabeth was brought by water from the palace of Richmond to Whitehall. Previous to her funeral, some elegiac verses were written for the occasion; which are, perhaps, the most successful step that ever was taken from the intended sublime to the actual ridiculous:

"The queene was brought by water to Whitehall;
At every stroke the oares did tears let fall;
More clung about the barge; fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearle, and swam blind after.
I think the bargemen might, with dolorous sighs,
Have rowed her hither in her people's eyes.
But how so'ere, thus much my thoughts have scanned,
She'd come by water had she come by land."

From Whitehall her body was conveyed in solemn procession, to be buried in Henry VII.'s chapel, in Westminster Abbey. At her funeral sixteen hundred mourners followed. She was laid in a vault near her monument, by the side of her half-sister, Queen Mary.

The monument is well known, but being at an inconvenient height for examination, the particulars have not been noticed by many persons. It stands like a state bed in the aisle, with ten marble Corinthian columns, supporting an arched canopy. On a massive slab of marble, sustained on the backs of four couchant lions, is extended the white marble figure of Elizabeth, as if she slept. The profile is decidedly like her handsomest shillings; though farther advanced in years. Her attire is regal; but the crown has been stolen, and the sceptre and globe, which she originally held, broken off. She has on a close coil, from which her hair descends in small curls. She bears a necklace of pearls, having a large drop in the centre. The point lace frill of her chemise is turned back on a large plaited ruff; below which was the collar of the order of the Garter, cast in lead and gilt. There was formerly a noble iron screen to this tomb, wrought in fleur-de-lis, and roses and initials of E. R. with falcons and lions.
This was torn down by order of one of the deans, and at that time great injury was done to the statue and ornaments, it is supposed, by the workmen employed in this Vandal-like employment. This screen it is supposed, remains even at the present time locked up in the vaults of the dark cloisters, for it was sold, but hastily obtained again, in consequence of a threatened inquiry by the House of Commons: this was in 1822.

Queen Elizabeth’s panegyrists have wholly overlooked the fact, that she died in debt, amounting to the enormous sum of four hundred thousand pounds, a heavy millstone round the neck of her successor who, with all his blamed profusion, had discharged fifty thousand of the incumbrance; for at his death, the crown debts only amounted to three hundred and fifty thousand; so that we may justly say that James left not one debt of his own acquiring. He had, besides, children to establish.

What a different view of character does the inspection of documentary history give,—we mean the examination of autograph letters and even of accounts! The whole of this debt fell heavily on the unfortunate Charles I, whose rigid economy practised to discharge it, was one of the first causes of his unpopularity.

Queen Elizabeth established no public charities,—neither founded schools nor colleges. She, however, left three thousand gowns in her wardrobe!

Sir John Sinclair, in his “History of Finance,” calculates her state revenue at five hundred thousand, her personal income at sixty thousand pounds.

The reign and character of Elizabeth are even at the present day matters of party contention,—many will be surprised, and some few offended at this memoir,—but they must take this fact into consideration, the nature of our biographies rigorously required us to show Elizabeth not as a political ruler, but as a woman. This obliged us to turn the dark side of her character to the reader. We have invented nothing; and no anecdote little known, has been given without the authority being pointed out. What she was, let readers judge from the mass laid before them. Our own opinion is, that in her youth she possessed much more beauty and fascination of manner than posterity has attributed to her, and that she was virtuous. One disinterested lover she had,—this was Devonshire; and one lover true to death,—this was a tailor in Cheapside, who, Speede assures us, “whined himself to death for love of Queen Elizabeth.”

In the spirit of truth have we collected this biography from scarce manuscripts and forgotten chronicles.

We must, however, add the copy of a document from the manuscript of the late Joseph Banks, in our own possession, which has probably never been published. The perusal will forcibly show the reader how great must have been the Queen’s energy. He will also mark the comparative state of the naval resources of this country, as one of the most perilous of her trials, and after the utmost exertion, and with this in his mind what was, compared with what is, he will relish the more our collected scraps of the preceding historical scraps of men and manners.

As I know of no historian that gives any account of Queen Elizabeth’s fleet fitted out against the Spanish Armada (which they spent three years in preparing), and as few people would believe that the naval strength of England was so inconsiderable at that time, I have underneath endeavoured to supply that deficiency.

W. B.

A LIST OF THE ENGLISH FLEET IN THE YEAR 1588.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Men of war belonging to her Majesty</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other ships hired by her Majesty</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tenders and store ships</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Furnished by the City of London</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tenders and store ships</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Furnished by the City of Bristol</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tenders</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Barnstaple, merchantmen converted into frigates</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Exeter</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A pinnace</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Furnished from Plymouth</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A fly boat</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under command of Lord Henry Seymour, in the various seas—all vessels</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ships fitted out at the expense of the nobility and gentry of England</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fitted out by the merchants</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sir William Winter’s pinnace</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total - - 143

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

Elizabeth adopted the style of dress, in which the present portrait is seen, in the first years of her reign. As the
upper part of the costume is exactly similar to her effigy on her Great Seal, which was executed to authorize the first acts of her sovereignty, we have every reason to suppose that the painting from which the present engraving was taken, represents her in her coronation robes.

The only exception in the costume of her Great Seal of England, is, that the farthingale is of much larger proportionate dimensions; indeed, it is of such monstrous rotundity, that it fills up the whole lower diameter of the seal, shadows the regal chair, and certainly must have struck all Europe with amazement at the amplitude of the garment, which was destined to hold dominion over our country for half a century. Let not the rebellious and turbulent half of humanity sneer at female sway; for whatever were the vagaries of the wearer of that garment, she is unrivalled as a monarch.

Of all the likenesses of Queen Elizabeth, her shillings have the grandest outline. In that profile the loveliness of the forehead is remarkable; the milled circle of the coin is broken to admit the height of the head, decorated as it is with the diadem, which in size and the manner in which it is placed on the hair, resembles the present portrait. We never see Elizabeth portrayed with a large heavy diadem. The high forehead of the queen in this portrait, and on her shillings, reminds us of the outline of her mother’s face, to whom she certainly bore some resemblance, although she was not her equal in grace and beauty. But at the age of twenty-five, when she ascended the throne, the beauty of women of very warm complexions and light hair, has generally passed and faded; and Elizabeth seems to have inherited the bright Welsh complexion of her aunt, Mary Tudor, rather than the clear brunette skin of her mother; but from the age of fifteen to twenty, there is little doubt but Elizabeth must have had a very showy and brilliant complexion; and when the early glow had faded of these high colours, as it always does with mature womanhood, the splendour of the crown, and the flattery of courtiers, must have long deceived her, as to the permanence of beauty which had departed with early youth. The length of her nose and of the chin-bone must have displayed traces of age, while she was yet in the summer of her existence: and she became at last uneasily conscious of these traits, for she commanded Isaac Oliver, the celebrated miniature painter, to draw her in a garden without shadows: for these shadows, she imagined, betrayed the premature hollows that thirty-five years had dug round the nose and in the cheeks. Oliver’s beautifully wrought miniature is nearly a fac-simile of the present portrait, in regard to costume: the same sleeves, ruff, and corsele; she holds the same sceptre, but the diadem is of the gothic form, and larger than the present. The features of Oliver’s miniature bear not the least resemblance to Elizabeth on her coins; they are full, soft, and heavy, and show the effect of the prohibition regarding the shadows.

In our portrait the diadem is placed aloft, on the head-tire of close buckled curls, knotted with jewels. She wears the winged ruff of very clear lace; a far more becoming style than the ruff standing up behind, in which we see her contemporary, Marguerite de Valois,* queen of Henry the Fourth, attired. This winged ruff is peculiar to the early portraits of Elizabeth.

The robe is of gold coloured satin, the sleeves and stomacher covered with a net-work of puffings of gauze, or white satin, each intersection clasped with a jewel, and a pearl is in the centre: the cuffs are lace points, and the gloves of white leather worked in gold thread. The corsage is ornamented with ooches of rubies and emeralds, and festooned with diamonds, which are a continuation of the necklace. The robe is open in front, and is trimmed round with a superb gold border; it is figured all over with pearls, surrounding ruby and emerald brooches. The petticoat is of white damask. A beautiful cordon of pearls goes round the waist, and it is continued to the feet, intermixed with jewels set in gold, and finished with a splendid emerald ornament, and three pear pearls. The regal mantle is like our opera cloaks, lined with ermine; it is of crimson velvet. The sceptre she holds is the dove sceptre, similar in form to one in the Tower.† Her shoes are white leather, worked longitudinally with gold.

* See portrait and memoir, Jan. 1835.
† Those who are curious to see an engraving of all the jewels, swords, and sceptres in the Tower, will find it published in this magazine.
SONNETS.

TO-DAY.
BY RICHARD JOHNS, ESQ.

"Let there be light!" The clouds of darkness flee—
"To-day" is born from out the womb of Time—
As from the chaos of Eternity,
The wreck of matter, sprung this world sublime,
So, from night's realm of shadowy visions, rise
The mental powers to resurrection brought;
Fashioned anew from dreamy fancies—
The chaos of the mind—the wrecks of thought.
Yes! man hath hailed the sun—it is "To-day"—
Hope's morrow is arrived—Thou babbling cheat!
Where are thy garnerers of fruition—say?
Still points the witch,—on—on—the moments fleet
Quick at her bidding; and see, Night hath cast
Her solemn pall around—the day is past.

TO-MORROW.

Vain man hath made a covenant with Fate,
And decked "To-morrow" with the rainbow's beams;
While Hope hath bade him by her watch-fire wait,
And lulled the slumberer in unconscious dreams.
"To-morrow" never is, but is to be;
And thus 'tis well that man—Time's anxious heir,
Doth make possession in expectancy.
Let sickness, poverty, and woeful care,
Pass on the "watch-word" of futurity:
"To-morrow,"—comfort—health—is in the sound—
What! though To-morrow in its birth must die?
All that it had of treasure, man hath found.
The slumberer wakes,—the arch of promise flies,
HOPE'S watch-fire, ASHES.—Why did morn arise?

MICHELL: OR, THE DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY'S FOOL.

An Historical Tale.

(Concluded from p. 37.)

CHAP. VII.

PRIOR. "Is the bride ready to go to church?"

Romeo and Juliet, Act 4, Scene 5.

On the following morning all the bells of Ghent sent forth their merry peals, to announce the approaching ceremony of the marriage of the Duchess of Burgundy. This was the "to-morrow" which Michaela had declared should show itself redolent with wonders. "To-morrow," she had said—yes "to-morrow" your favourite, your poor fool, your buffoon, will make you smile for the last time, and then she had craved earnestly for daylight.

—VOL. X.—FEBRUARY.

At mid-day, the duchess, attired in the most magnificent costume, issued from the gates of the town-hall. The name of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria was proclaimed amidst shouts of joy. It was the son of the Emperor of Germany that the duchess had selected as the successor of Charles-le-Téméraire.

As the royal cortège stopped at the porch of the church, a young girl, clad in the deepest mourning, presented her.
O! there are Moments.—Conrad and Godfrey.

self before the palfrey of the duchess. It was Micaëlla. She was deadly pale, and the cold damps of death stood already upon her brow; her voice was faint, the brightness of her eyes was gone, her steps tumbled.

"Micaëlla!" cried the duchess, the moment she perceived her, "my beloved Micaëlla, my poor fool, what meaneth this? Whither dost thou go?"

Micaëlla raised one hand, and pointing upwards, "To heaven!" she said, smiling faintly, "to heaven, where Christian waits for me."

"Micaëlla!" said the voice of a young man, who rode a horse gaily caparisoned, by the side of the duchess. The voice was Christian's; but Christian had changed both name and costume. Instead of the close-fitting hose and jerkin of dark green cloth which he had hitherto worn, his shoulders were now covered with a rich mantle of brocade and ermine, his head adorned with a regal crown; Christian was now the Archduke Maximilian of Austria.

Micaëlla shuddered as she heard the loved accents of that well-known voice. She turned one look upon him, and her eyes closed for ever.

When Olivier-le-Dain raised the veil in which she had enveloped herself in falling, she was stiff and cold—cold as the marble whereon she lay. The poison she had swallowed had already begun to decompose her features.

The body of the unfortunate victim was removed out of sight of the people. The brilliant nuptial cortège entered the church, and the following day the Duchess of Burgundy hired another fool to replace the hapless Micaëlla.

L. V. F.

O! THERE ARE MOMENTS.

BY UMBRA, AUTHOR OF "THE GARDEN GRAVE."

O! there are moments e'en below,
When souls commingle but to know,
And feel, and taste, some sacred thought,
By Nature's glowing volume taught;
The stolen glance, the whisper'd sigh,
The tear that trembles in the eye;
The gentle pressure, or the word
That scarce above the breath is heard;
That falls so low, that e'en the air,
To pause and listen may not dare.
All in these moments have a tone
Love knows is his, and his alone.

CONRAD AND GODFREY.

BY C. SPINDLER.

The snow had fallen thickly on the mountains, and, driven by the winds, had heaped itself in huge masses upon its sides. In the valley beneath it would have been difficult to have made a thoroughfare. Here and there it had been swept away from the principle of the narrow streets, and in other places a strong north-east blast had blown it away, leaving the ground entirely bare; there, however, the surface was like glass, and slippery.

In so dreary a season, and under such unfavourable circumstances, two wanderers made their appearance in the distance, wending their way towards the town below as fast as the heavy wind would allow them, sometimes combating with the elements, and sometimes sliding rapidly over the snowy pathway, in spite of all opposition.

One marching under the burden of a heavily-laden knapsack, progressed with a regular and steady step; the other, without any package, lofty in stature, and lightly clad, who had left his last sleeping quarter later than his companion, was now overtaking him with swiftest steps. Each was unknown to the other; travellers upon the same route, their way the same,
they met on the strange road like two
flakes of snow, which the whirling air-
stream, from north to south, had driven
together.

“Good day,” said the light-footed and
younger traveller to the elderly and
heavily-laden traveller in advance of him.

“Thanks—and the same to you,”
swered the saluted. Then the wea-
ther became the topic of conversation.
“Where do you come from?” and “Whi-
ther are you going?” followed in due
course, as the ordinary, and here well-
timed, matters of inquiry. Both the tra-
vellers were, it seemed, Rhine bound:
the one, an honest weaver, because his
home was there, having been absent to
obtain an inheritance in a foreign coun-
try; the other, because he hoped to
obtain a maintenance there, nay, proba-
bly a fortune; yet, in himself, he was
a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, who had
spent abroad the inheritance left him at the
decease of his parents, and was now com-
pelled to gain his daily bread in the best
way he could, putting all his hopes and
dependance on Providence, and the chanc-
es of “to-morrow.”

“How far are we yet from the fron-
tiers?” demanded Conrad, whose name
betokened at least better deeds than
evined in his real character.

“Three good hours’ walk, and that
through the very worst of the country,”
answered the honest weaver; “but
Heaven will kindly assist us thither.”

“Cursed weather! there ought never
to have been any winter.”

“But God, who created the world, has
adorned everything for the best.”

“Not so, indeed, with my purse, for it
is always empty; neither with my belly,
for it is always hungry; nor with my
throat, for it is always dry.”

“Perseverance, hard work, and piety,
lead to bread and honour,” exclaimed the
weaver.

“I feel no particular pleasure for hard
work, my good sir. I myself am indeed
spoilt for a gentleman; but I hope you
will have better fortune than I have had.”

“I hope the same,” responded Conrad.

“You are yet young, and youth is
seldom very wise; but when you grow
older, and are obliged, as some day may be
the case, to maintain a house, and sup-
port a family of your own, you will alter
your mind, and your conduct will change
at once for the better.”

“Heaven be praised that I have none
at this present time, for if I had, they
also would be obliged to want, for I have
more than enough to do to keep myself.”

“I truly would not like to be in this
wide world, childless, and alone.”

“On the other hand, I am glad that
I have not even a parent living; my
father always grumbled, and snapped at
me; and my mother, with her foolish
grief, spoilt all my enjoyments and
sports; moreover, they provided very
badly for me; and should my condition
in life be one day prosperous, I could at
least say that my parents have had no
share in the advancement of my fortunes.
I now look contented into the future; I
have got over the tedious years of my
apprenticeship, and escaped from the late
conscription; I even gave the cholera a
slip, as I went away from my home two
days previously to its breaking out there.”

The weaver threw his eyes gratefully
toward the deeply snow-robed sky,
paused, and folding his hands with grate-
ful energy, exclaimed, “God punishes
the wicked and sinful man, and severely;
but praised be to the Creator, who has
had mercy on me; and, for the sake of
my wife and children let the rod of
punishment pass over my head.”

“Due respect for your prayer, my
worthy master; but my principle is, the
further from the danger, the safer. We
only live once; and life itself is so bur-
densome, and full of care, that it cannot
at all be pleasant to be carried out of
this world by such a naughty and ugly
conveyance as this cholera. I’d rather
run barefooted through the world, until
I reached Stralsund, where it is said
the passage is closed up with deal
boards—to-day here, and to-morrow
there—Ubi bene, ibi patria. O!
Geminus, how I have been roaming in
the world! I know the whole extent of
the whole of the Roman† empire, within
and without: many a fight have I had
with their guards and Custom-house
officers, and often have I been obliged
to forge an honest passport to avoid the
eagle-eyed gendarmes, and local police;
and this is the reason why I am now fear-
less at every boundary, and disregardful
of every police office.” At these words
the travellers saw at a short distance from

* There is a German proverb, in which this
expression is used to purport “the world’s end.”
† “Roman empire” is meant Austria.
them the frontier custom-house, and began carefully to look after their passports. One who was mounted, summoned them to the custom-house. Their papers having been closely scrutinised, the examiner in a rough voice said to them, “The papers are all right, and in good order; but you must stay here, and perform quarantine: it is the imperial order.”

Conrad exhibited a face full of astonishment at this intelligence, and the weaver bowed in silent submission.

“Where do you wish us to take up our quarters?” he demanded of the officer in a humble tone; to which the other, pointing to a closely situated public-house, answered, “You must at present take up your abode in yonder inn, and there you must patiently wait until there is room in the quarantine-house for your reception. Attempt not to pass the frontiers, for if you do, you will be instantly shot by the line drawn up to prevent the introduction of the plague.

“Very well, and plague upon you,” muttered Conrad, in a half-subdued tone to the genial arms, as grumbling he walked by his companion’s side towards the inn.

The ale-houses at nearly every frontier are filthy inhospitable hovels, where the greatest imposition is practised. There, hawkers, organ-players, and such craft, assemble at every hour of night and day—and pass their time in idle card-playing, drinking ale or snuff.* Such is particularly the case in the narrow mountain passes of Austria. In the winter of 1830, houses of this description were extremely lucky. They were crammed with company of every description, impatiently awaiting the moment which would permit them to enter the neighbouring country. The weaver and his companion soon found upon their arrival, the low and dirty state of the inn to which they were directed. It was, however, from sheer necessity quite full of travellers of every description, who were prevented from proceeding on their journey, owing to the quarantine regulations. There were merchants and singers, Polish emigrants and Hungarian cattle-drivers, tender ladies and rough and uncultivated labourers and workmen, reverend priests and cheating thimble-riggers and dealers in legendaria, all were waiting “for redemption”; yet, for a while yielding implicit obedience to the sanitary regulations, soothing themselves into the good graces of the fat and blustering landlady, who, like a Scythian queen, held unlimited sway, and ruled and commanded both the rich man and the beggar, the weak and the strong, with powerful discrimination of the extent of her prerogative. Every room of the house swarmed indeed with guests. My lady countess was reduced to the necessity of yielding up, in a sisterly manner, a small corner of her chamber, with her maid-servant, which, not until the tyrannical landlady, after a long persuasion and high remuneration, had finally given up to her ladyship. The most respectable of the travellers were seated together, either speaking of the two favourite themes, “the cholera and the weather,” or else yawning in a snug corner; whilst others as a last resource, to kill time and cheat tedium, amused themselves at cards. To have derived indeed enjoyment in sensible conversation, would have been utterly impossible, where there was neither place nor quietude—none truly in this state of confusion had exhibited the least intimation to do so; but loud and frequent were the plaints of the wretchedness of their situation, intermixed with awful cursings and dire maledictions, sometimes uttered in German, sometimes in French, Polish, and even in English!! Here children cried aloud—there dogs were barking—the landlady scolded from morning till the evening—the horses in the over-filled stables half kicked each other to death—and the never-resting sausage-knife hammered away from the earliest morning dawn, until the latest hour of the evening, as an ever going mill-wheel.

The common people were, of course, more at home in such a bustle, and, therefore, tolerably comfortable, in the midst of all this tumult and uproar; but at times, even amongst this class, there were occasional discontent and grumbling, but when they spoke, their words were as few, as their curses were numerous.* The rich, and smaller number, had need only of patience to stand out against long and weary time in such an uncomfortable place; whilst the greater part had to endure present ills, and feel the pinching pangs of painful penury.

The linen-weaver purchased the right to a snug little place behind the glowing stove, where the wet cloaks, and horse covers, wetted through and through, had

* A kind of common raw spirit.
been hung up to dry. There he drank a mug of beer, devoured sausages (a food always ready beforehand) with appetite as keen, as there was no choice of larder, and it was, indeed, the only flesh in the house, as if he had chosen these for the daintiest of fare. One while his thoughts dwelt on his dear children, another he read over some inspiring melody from the song-book which he ever carried with him.

Conrad had a place here, there, and everywhere; he practiced his industry in every varied device, entertaining the establishment by folding a sheet of paper into many kinds of figures, and thereby gathering for himself, through his poor pitiable tricks of juggling, a few Groschen, parc misericoorde. When he failed in this, he imposed upon some honest countryman, and wheedled him out of a glass of snaps, or a pipe of tobacco, which was not unacceptable, were it of ever so poor a quality. Then he had an eye to the meals of the good-hearted weaver, just as if he ought to have been a sharer of his humble meal.

Godfrey, who had once before, when he departed from home, visited this inn, now said in a confident tone to the landlady, "It was much otherwise when a few months ago I was benighted here. At that time no one thought that this dire malady would punish us so severely. You hardly know, my good lady, where your head is, with all these people in the house."

The thick and clumsily built landlady threw her head proudly around, saying in a very rude tone, "Now, I know how to manage that very well. Every one that enters my house may consider himself happy, for it is everywhere worse than here; and he whom it does not please may sleep in the open field. I have not invited any one of you, and can, thank Heaven, live without so much bustle. But you may pay me the five-and-forty kreutzers* which you and your friend have to-day expended, for I have nothing to do with credit—if I did, I should have to run after a good many."

Godfrey paid without contradiction, at the same time good-naturedly saying, "Don't be ill-humoured; I surely will not be of any burden to you, for as soon as the quarantine-house is emptied—"

"You may wait a good while for that; the people there have five more days to remain; and in the barracks there is not room for a mouse: when you get there, you will know how to appreciate things that are really good. You are here as if in the bosom of Abraham, but there you have to endure whole fourteen days of misery and misfortune."

The poor Godfrey lost all his remaining stock of courage by this intelligence, and sighing, murmured to himself, "Five and fourteen makes nineteen days, and I hoped, at farthest, in eight days to be with my family. It is hard—very hard, that we should be obliged to lie here when really nothing ails us."

"Hold your tongue; what do you know about it?" cried a custom-house officer, who was standing close by, just emptying a tumbler of best Geneva. "It is now the order to hold quarantine, if you come from suspected quarters."

"Very well, sir, very well, I am contented," said the weaver, softly, though his eyes at the same time were full of tears; "we are told to obey our rulers, and those in command above us; and it will so soon pass over."

"I should think so," replied the officer; "when we, and other high people are obliged to be subject to it, so, that a man as you are may try, for a short while, to shut his eyes to the evils by which he is surrounded."

Godfrey was slumbering, and dreamt of his happy home, when suddenly some one threw himself at his side on the hard bench—it was Conrad, who came from some other part of the room, where he had been associating with some half-drunken fellows. He whispered softly to the weaver, "Don't snore in such a manner, as the rest of the crew do who lie strewn around the room like swine; and let me tell you something very clever, and advantageous to me. I have happened by accident to make your acquaintance, and to be your friend, I will, therefore, confide in you the knowledge of something which is of great consequence to you. I, for my part, cannot possibly stand it any longer; and when I think on the fourteen days to come, during which we have to suffer durance yonder in the house of correction, it makes me feel quite ill. I will not stay here any longer, and I have resolved to go away from this to-morrow night. Two honest lads from the mountains, who often do themselves the pleasure of conveying sugar, coffee,
and tobacco over to the other side, without asking the sharks for admission—brave fellows who care neither for passports nor quarantine regulations—proposed to me not to slumber time away thus idly, but to join them in one of their expeditions: and if I only am on even ground again, I can easily so manage as to get to the borders of the Rhine, and if you like you may be one of our party; and if you love your wife and children, and have a grain of courage in your soul, you will not hesitate a moment."

Godfrey consulted with himself awhile, and then said, with a sorrowful and half-yielding tone, "That will not do, my dear friend; that which you proposed to me is forbidden, and would cause but little prosperity or happiness, for a government installed by God, and an honest man has but to obey the decrees of the state. Have you also rightly considered what you are about? If you are discovered, and put into prison, or if one of the guards shoot you dead at the instant you attempt to cross the line of the frontiers, what will you then have gained by your undertaking?"

"Why, if I am shot dead, the poor soul at once finds peace; and if they carry me to the house of correction, I have even then yet always the remaining hope of once again giving them the slip; and after all, an honest man must be enterprising and daring. I should starve here, for you do not seem to have at all the appearance of possessing the means of keeping me yet twenty days more; and to get my living, I must be free. I was not made to starve, and rot in a quarantine-house. As for my part you may feel unconcerned; and if I can do any thing for you in the way of a message, tell me in time of it. To-morrow, at night-fall, I shall set off."

They now both fell asleep, and the day following passed like the preceding. As it grew dark, Conrad once more approached the resting-place of the weaver, and repeated his former scheme; but Godfrey shook his head, and only replied, "No, no; I cannot go with you, go alone, and God protect you; but if you should go towards the Rhine, and pass the little town of my family, greet my wife and children for me, and announce to them that I shall soon return, telling them the cause of my delay; and that you may not fail to do so, take this trifle of money with you to help you on the road."

As the weaver drew forth his little leathern bag, in which he had put aside the few dollars and small coin which he had intended to serve him on his journey, he offered part to Conrad; but the latter, full of emotion, said, "Let alone your money, my good master; I have quite as much as I shall want. Your little purse will be yet of good use to you. Sleep in peace. I will, in your name, greet all your friends. But as every one is already asleep here in the house, I will for a while lie down at your side, till my brave comrades come and fetch me."

He laid himself softly down on the straw, and Godfrey said his night prayer. The landlord passing the room extinguished the candle, and all were now wrapt in deep sleep. The weaver again dreamt of his home, his wife, and his children; and after a pleasant dream, and refreshing sleep, awoke the first in the chamber, although it was late in the morning. He turned round on his couch, and saw now that Conrad had in reality taken leave of him. After a few moments, he also observed that his knapsack had vanished, and with it all that he possessed in money and apparel. He cried aloud, and bitterly, at his great loss; and his lamentation was so heart-cutting, that even the unfeeling landlady gave him a word of consolation. But he was still better consoled by his piety and reliance on God. "The Lord has given it, the Lord has taken it," said he to himself, as he dried the tears from his chin, and acquired new courage. He even thanked the ungrateful thief that he had left him the little purse, which was the last remaining portion of the inheritance he had gone so far abroad to take home.

A few days had passed, when at the early part of the morning a gensd'arme entered the crowded ale-house, and summoned all the several strangers to follow him to the house of quarantine. Every one took his bed, or his luggage, and followed the leader. Weak and sickly ladies, supported by the strong arms of their knights of honour, husbands, or chambermaids; coarse and dull peasants, and beggar-women with half frozen, and by the chill, much frost-bitten children, with their backs sadly nipped; mechanics, and workmen of the lowest description, were all intermixed, slipping along the
Conrad and Godfrey.

A commanding-looking personage now arrived on horseback to inspect the strangers who had come under his jurisdiction. He kept himself about fifteen paces distant from the mass, and was constantly scenting a handkerchief dipped in purified vinegar; which greatly contrasted with the manliness of his tremendously large mustachios which entirely covered his lips. A warm cloak hung over his shoulders, and his ears were protected from the virulent cold by a large black silk handkerchief folded around his face. His words sounded rough and commanding. He seemed to take a particular pleasure in playing the tyrant, as if, in some measure, to indemnify him for the tedium and annoyance occasioned by his present solitary situation. He proclaimed to them the severity of the regulations, and threatened to shoot any one who dared by but a single step to pass the prescribed quarantine line. This reception was for the poor travellers, more than sufficient in itself to dishearten them; but their fear rose still higher, when they were driven into dense clouds, and vapours of chloride of lime, with which they were literally steamed at their entering the gate of this press-house. Thus were they all compelled to undergo a fumigation of the severest description. In a few minutes the whole of their luggage smelt most dreadfully. Nothing was exempted from this venom renovation, not even the fine braided veils and precious shawls of the ladies. The poor beauties, who, in their native home, had only been accustomed to inhale the most fragrant perfumes, were now compelled to breathe the most loathsome atmosphere imaginable, solely invented by some cruel chemist, to plague the more tenderly organized of his fellow-creatures. A fog of chloride, the vapours of burning vinegar, and clouds of tobacco smoke filled nearly every apartment of the ill-fated house, and these rooms which were freed from it, had for the greater part been destroyed by the inclemency of the elements. Thus with armed soldiers guarding every door, a disagreeable connexion with the low rabble within, miserable beds and rough keepers, or attendants...... what remained wanting to make their lot equal to that of galley-slaves?* Nothing was wanting save the iron fetters which bound their limbs.

* The “Galley-slaves” by the same German author, will be found at p. x33, vol. ix. 1856.
The director of the establishment counted over again the newly-arrived strangers, who, like a flock of sheep, were placed, as property, under his command. The doctor, on whose brow discontent was depicted, put his questions in a brutal manner, and with averted head, felt the pulses of his patients, doling out the necessarily scanty diet allowed by the commissioners of the board of health. The order was easily to be kept, for the provision they had brought with them had been spoiled by the poisonous chloride fumes; and the servants of the house who had to look to their comfort, took care to provide the hungry with as little as possible for their money. People of wealth and distinction, were really obliged to court those ruffians, if only to gain from them a cup of coffee, which the supplier considered to be cheap at the price of nearly a whole pound of material, to say nothing of the quality of the beverage. There were mothers who the live-long day, long supplicated for a little soup or milk for their tender children. A piece of meat was often promised for several days, but kept back in expectation, yet without being forthcoming; a pipe of tobacco only was to be obtained, and at an enormous price. No lamentations, however, helped them, and complaints were not taken notice of, and they were forced to be contented, if the director only shrugged his shoulders at their murmurings, and not, as usually was the case, broke out in threats and maledictions. Thus swarmed this mansion for the prevention of the plague: on all sides open to the inclement attacks of foul weather, and crammed in the greatest part by a set of poor people, who in their previous situations never had dreamt that it was possible to get into a more desperate condition.

Hitherto no one had been sick in the house: which, without a doubt, was wonderful enough. But he who has a deep-rooted longing for home in his bosom, whose mental powers are by sorrow affected, and who, in addition, is much oppressed by want and necessary comfort, is soon made the inmate of a sick bed. This was the case with the poor weaver, Godfrey. For several days, with the greatest fortitude and piety, he stood manfully opposed to the misfortune that had happened to him; yet he one day was suddenly found, in a corner of the large apartment, prostrate on the ground, senseless and exhausted; a glowing fever boiling within his bosom, whilst the cold chilled and stiffened the whole of his frame. "The cholera!" cried the inhuman attendant, who found him in this helpless condition. "The cholera!" resounded, with shrieks of horror, at once, from every corner of the apartment. The doctor was immediately called, and with a face full of assumed consequence and ability, and deep sagacity, he ordered an application of camphor spirits, and et ceteras. This regimen made the sick man much worse, and he seemed to be dying, when he was pitilessly thrown into a basket, and carried to one of the furthest and coldest corners of the room, where the draft, bad attention, and the attempted cure for the cholera, in another day, put an end to his existence. A mutiny seemed now to threaten to break out amongst these poor incarcerated beings, who thought of nothing else but infection from the dreadful cholera: impetuously they demanded to be free, to escape an otherwise, apparently, unavoidable death; and it was only by force of arms that they were repulsed and the riot suppressed, when the poor sufferers were the more closely confined: yet even at this very same time a countless number of messengers and couriers crossed the frontiers in every direction; and many an officer, through the magic of his superior rank, was, par politesse on the part of the commander, permitted to proceed on his journey; and even whole bands of smugglers, almost in the face of the officers, daily passed the boundaries.

Conrad, as already known, was amongst the smugglers, and as 'contraband' goods, he succeeded in his hazardous enterprise, having done so with the greatest possible success: separated from his friends—the smugglers, and with the stolen knapsack on his back, by some contrivance or other he crossed the Austrian frontier, and by means of money and impudence, he at last safely arrived on the borders of the lovely Rhine. Having travelled through the greatest part of Nassau, he now, on a clear winter morning, reached the home of poor Godfrey; and if he had not previously made it a matter of conscience to rob the weaver of nearly all he possessed on earth, yet his heart would not suffer him to omit to forward the promised salutation. He therefore knocked forthwith at the door of Godfrey's cottage, and with an unassumed face called to the
much troubled wife, and the fatherless children — "Be happy, and in good spirits, my good people. Your father
meets you through me, and will be with you before the month is over!" He then proceeded on his journey, as if he had atoned for the sins committed; gambled
and squandered away the inheritance of the poor weaver, and then again a beggar
as before, at last enlisted as a soldier in the Belgian service.

In the weaver’s cottage all was mirth

and heavenly anticipation. The wife dressed herself in her best garments, she
washed her children, baked a large cake
and procured some good wine, just as if it
had been a festival. Thus dressed and
full of expectation, this happy, but most
to be pitied family, from week to week—
from day to day, and finally from hour to
hour, anticipated the long-looked for re-
turn; the merry but anxious children,
little dreaming that they were fatherless,
or the devoted wife, that she was a widow.

MATHIAS GULLIA, THE DWARF.

Paris, which gathers to itself and at-
tracts every thing that is curious from
every quarter of the known world, and
hath of late received into its bosom the
aerial voyager of the stupendous balloon,
possesses at this present moment a dwarf,
who is in size a most extraordinary re-
presentation of the human species; like
others of his kind, he bears a nomen and
cognomen, and Mathias Gullia is his
name. He was recently examined by the
Academy of Sciences, who at the
time accorded him an excellent testimo-
nial for his remarkable physiology. But
the history of this little dwarf is interest-
ing in many other points; and as our
French correspondent, in last month’s
number, briefly noticed this little man, in
her admirable epistle, (see p. 56,) and
his memoir being really very interesting,
we have procured further particulars con-
cerning him, and are happy to place the
account in our pages for the amuse-
ment of our fair readers.

Mathias, still a candidate for hyme-
nceal chains, has only seen his twenty-
second summer! He was born in a little
village near Trieste, in Illyria. His
father was a poor peasant, and his mother,
who is still alive, was nearly fifty years
old when she brought him into the
world. Arrived at his fifth year, Mathias
Gullia measured two feet and ten inches,
or, says our humorous authority, about
the height of a column in the Morning
Chronicle newspaper. Since that time he
has entirely ceased to grow, but his body
has in the mean time increased in vigor-
ous proportion and strength; his mental
and physical powers have been developed,
and he is remarkable for his graceful
figure, the symmetry and delicacy of his
proportions, and uncommon strength. In
fact, one may say that Mathias Gullia is

in every point the miniature of a com-
plete and perfect man. His hair is light
and curly, his hands and feet of extreme
neatness and well proportioned, his legs
are well formed, his teeth white and re-
gular, his chest high, his face full of ex-
pression, his forehead large, and, in fact,
his whole figure is as well and proportion-
ately finished as the handsomest-shaped
picked guardsman, measuring six feet one
in height. Mathias Gullia is, therefore,
not a monster of the natural order; he is
a perfect exception from the ordinary run
of dwarfs, he is one who simply has for-
gotten to grow taller, but, who otherwise
enjoys all the moral and physical faculties
of a full-grown and sensible man. He
can read, write, and calculate; will dispute
and argue with men, and pay his compli-
ments to the ladies: he plays billiards
gracefully, mounts a horse after the first
style, and kills hares and partridges after
the fashion of the most dexterous sports-
man.

The chase is, in fact, one of the ruling
passions of this pigmy man. Armed with
a fowling-piece and shooting bag, pro-
portioned to his size, he delights in ram-
brling through the woods and the
fields, where he conceals himself, like
some mere phantom, behind small stones,
and pounces upon his prey; at other
times he glides rapidly down hills, trav-
ersing thirty miles in a day, at the com-
mon pace of a man, and returns laden
with booty. Mathias Gullia has, for the
last three years, been travelling through
Italy and Germany with his gun on his
shoulder. He has been at Venice, Milan,
Vienna, Berlin, Munchen, and has every
where been kindly welcomed and received
even by emperors and kings; and has
had the honour of hunting in the royal
imperial parks, along with their majesties.
Mathias Gullia, the Dwarf.

He has been twice on shooting excursions with the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who seeing his agility, could hardly believe his own eyes; he fires with great precision, and follows up the sport with an eagerness and hardihood seldom equalled. At the time of the congress at Teplitz, it is said that he joined in a stag-hunt, but we have not heard what kind of an animal his charger was. Wherever he goes, the gentleness of his manners, his address, courage, and, more than any thing else, his winning behaviour, have made him beloved and welcomed in every town, and at every court; and as he has no other resources, possessing no patrimony, save his two feet and a half of human resemblance bestowed by the bounty of nature, his widely-extended renown has been of most essential service to him, as he has everywhere, in consequence, received showers of invitations, remunerations without end, presents unceasing, and even sugar plums (as if he had not exceeded the age of five); and finally a wife! for Mathias Gullia is soon going to be married. His intended is just in her seventeenth year; her name is Rosa Padovani; she is esteemed to be of good principles and conduct, and is handsome in countenance; she is from Venice,— she loves Mathias Gullia, and is beloved by him. Equal in their affections, she exceeds her intended in height by only one inch; and we are really thus threatened to see generated a race of Myrmidons, which since the siege of Troy, have been nearly buried in oblivion.

Be this matter as it may, Mathias Gullia has an exalted conception of his future spouse. A great lady asked him if Rosa Padovani was handsome: "If handsome!" he exclaimed, "as if I would have her if she were not so!" One might think that two dwarfs intermarrying do so for good reasons, and through regard to interest; but in this instance it is not so. Mathias is in love, desperately in love; and it is only on account of his financial affairs that he now travels through the world: and to gain her, he now exhibits himself, that he may provide a matrimonial dowry, against the contingencies of so ardent and, doubtless in this instance, so important an union. He has traversed France, and intends to honour England with a visit. The name of his beloved Rosa incessantly plays upon his memory, and becomes the exclamation of his lips—his passion for her is affectionately touching, lively, and sincere; and her miniature image is unceasingly and devotedly impressed on his heart, en miniature; and as they are of a race unknown, though Lilliputians when compared with ourselves, yet may the poet justly be quoted, where he says, in gentes animos angustio inpectore.

Previously to his leaving his native country, Mathias wished to satisfy himself, whether he could come within the laws of conscription; he presented himself for that purpose at Castel-Novo, where all the candidates for the dignity of bearing arms in defence of the throne had assembled. The doors of the session-house, where the several candidates had assembled, were opened, and several names were called over, until amongst others, that of "Mathias Gullia." Quick as lightning he answered "Present!"—"Stand up," was the order which followed. Mathias stood up. "Well! why don't you stand up?" cried the recruiting officer, who had not yet observed him. Mathias then mounted a bench, and his comrades lifted him still higher in their arms, amidst incessant roars of laughter. The officer not yet aware of the joke, cried out sternly,—"What means this laughter; who dares to jest with me; who is it that has brought this child?"—"The child is eighteen years old, and is a conscript!" answered several of them; but the officer, with a smile, blotted out his name from the roll. Shortly after this whimsical occurrence, Mathias began his travels through Germany and France.

Mathias has never received any regular education, for his parents were very poor; but since he has been travelling through Europe, he has in some measure tried to cultivate his mental powers, and make amendments for the past. He now speaks several languages, is well read, and writes an easy and fluent hand; he has only been in France about four months, and expresses himself already in that language with admirable facility. He also speaks German; and in Italian, his mother-tongue, he chooses his words with much grace and spirit; displaying great satirical powers, and exhibiting a genuine spirit for humour and originality.

The dwarf of Trieste, though he does not exhibit himself for money, gives and receives visits. His tutor or guide, who accompanies him, has introduced him to
nearly all the courts of Germany, and the best societies of the larger towns. On his arrival at Paris, he presented himself to the Academie of Sciences, or rather to M. Geoffry Saint-Hilaire. There dwarfs, giants, and every kind of extraordinary person, or the owners of any thing wonderful, visit on their first arrival, if they purport to "make a fortune" in Paris. From the Royal Institution in Paris, Mathias Gulia went to the Tuileries, where he was most graciously received by the royal family. The king, the queen, the princes, and the princesses, took particular pleasure in questioning him; and after a long interview, dismissed him, by giving him most weighty marks of their royal generosity and bounty, which the young dwarf, with a confusion of blushes and tokens of great pleasure, accepted. Mathias has the gift to insinuate himself into every person's favour; he appears like a child of the most amiable qualities, and at the same time that he resembles a man of the most amusing, interesting, and serious habits. All the donations and presents which he receives in Paris are, as we previously have mentioned, intended for his future wife's dowry: with this, Mathias Gulia purports buying a house in Vienna, which he intends converting into an inn, and which we hope will answer in providing him with an income to meet the wants and requirements, and provide against the pecuniary cares of his increasing wants. He is likely to meet with good custom, since he has put forth a pledge to provide good dinners, good wines, and good beds. Whilst waiting for the realization of this sweet dream, Mathias learns to play the violin; for it would be as yet too early to die of sorrow, even if this dream of an inn should not be carried out to the full of reality; he is likely to succeed in this musical essay, since he is passionately fond of music, and gives this the preference before every thing else of earthly enjoyment: except the possessor of his little heart—his divine and adorable Rosa Padovani.

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**MY LOVE AND I.**

Sleep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love
Let not my love be with my love displeased;
Touch not prude—lest you her anger move,
But pine you with my longings long diseased:
Thus while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake;
So sleeps my love, my love; and yet my love doth wake.

But oh! the fury of my restless fear!
The hidden anguish of my warm desires!
The glories and the beauties that appear
Between her brows, near Cupid's closer fires!
Thus while she sleeps, I languish for her sake:
So sleeps my love, my love; and yet my love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest;
Fear in my love, yet is my love secure;
Peace in my love, and yet my love oppress'd;
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature:
Sleep dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake;
So sleep my love, my love; and yet my love doth wake.

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PARIS INTELLIGENCE—THE COURT, NEWS, AND FASHIONS

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, January 26, 1837.

Non, ma chère, nous autres Parisiennes, have not escaped this cruel epidemic, which you say rages so fearfully in London; but it has not arrived at the fatal extent which it seems to have reached in your metropolis. We have a great deal of illness here at present, I am sorry to say; nevertheless, there are balls, and concerts, and soirées every night, which, I assure you, are attended by the élite de beauté et de fashion. The weather is dull and wet, unfavorable both to convaisants and elegantes, who are impatient to display their last new toilets in the fashionable promenades. Wadded bonnettes (pelisses), and cloaks, voilà ce qui nous portons dans cette triste saison d'hiver. In my last letters I described the cloaks so fully, that I have nothing to add on that subject. So you cannot admire the new sleeves! Oh! ma chère, custom reconciles us to every thing. I am so accustomed to them now, that I consider the others quite obsolete. I do not say that the perfectly plain sleeves are either pretty or becoming; still the plain ones, either long or short, with three flounces above the elbow, are really not ugly; those with two puffs above the elbow are also pas trop mal. Mind the puffs must be small, placed quite close together, and the top of the sleeve must be quite plain and tight, to show the shape of the shoulder to advantage. The lower part of the long sleeves is, I may say, invariably tight at present. Those who cannot make up their minds to follow the fashions closely have the lower part of their sleeves plaited, and narrow bands put on at distances; these do not look amiss, when the top of the sleeve is in two puffs above the elbow.

At the balls I have been at, I have seen several dresses, antique and demi-antique, with trains; they certainly look very elegant. The skirts are, of course, open in front, and looped back at distances, with bouquets of marabout or ostrich feathers (tips), with jewels, or with flowers and bows of ribbon. The corsages of these dresses are à pointe. Pearls are very fashionable; they are worn to ornament the dresses, and as cordelières. Of course, our dancing belles neither wear trains nor dresses à l'antique; they are too wise to abandon the pretty light dresses of blonde, tulle, gaze, and crêpe, and the garnitures (trimmings) of flowers and ribbon, which look so light and so elegant. The corsages of these dresses are, generally speaking, made à la Sevigné; the sleeves plain and tight, with bows of ribbon or flowers on the shoulders, and ruffles, à la Louis XV., at the elbow, or what is prettier, plain with two puffs put on, and finished with the lace ruffle. Feathers, or bouquets of flowers, or bows of ribbon, each bow retaining a small rose, is a favourite trimming for ball-dresses: sometimes they are placed (at distances) merely round the bottom, sometimes only down each side of the front, and frequently down the front and round the bottom also. Trimmings of marabouts are becoming excessively fashionable this winter.

HATS.—One of the greatest novelties are hats, or rather capottes of satin wadded: they are exceedingly warm and comfortable, and look very elegant. The hats and capottes are still enormously large, the fronts évasée, and coming low at the sides of the face, nearly meeting, in fact, under the chin. The crowns neither remarkably high nor low; the trimmings of rich satin ribbon, and generally speaking, either feathers or flowers. They say that smaller hats will come in at Long Champs, we must hope so, for really they are too large at present.

The new Italian opera of Malek-Adel, has been brought out with much success. You know this is the only theatre frequented by the bon ton of Paris. It is crowded every night. Après nos, ma belle, we have got some delightful inventions, to preserve us from cold, both at the opera and going to balls. One is called the cosaque; this is a hood of satin, lined and bordered with fur: as ermine, marting, &c., or even swansdown; it goes
over the head, but as it is rather heavy, is better adapted for returning from soiées, than for going.

The Camaillette is a round pelerine, with a hood attached to it; the pelerine of satin, the lining of fur.

The Basquaises is a kind of mantlelet, reaching about as low as the knees, with a hood attached to it; the latter sustained with whalebones, like the calesiaus worn in the time of our grandmothers; they are made of satin, lined with white taffetas, and well wadded and quilted. Some are trimmed all round with black lace, others embroidered in floss silks.

The Polonaise is another kind of mantlelet, lined and wadded, and trimmed all round with fur or swansdown; it has no hood or capuchon, but has sleeves attached to it, which reach as far as where the short sleeve ends. These are made of satin, but more frequently of velours épingle; these are, all of them, most delightful things to preserve one from cold, besides being so much more becoming than shawls or cloaks.

Short sleeves are so much worn just now, that the black silk mittens have again become de rigueur; they are however worn very short, and a bracelet is sometimes put above them; the tops are trimmed with ruches of tulle or satin ribbon.

The fashionable chaussure at present, is brodequins (half boots) of satin Turc, buttoned at the side with jet buttons; a little spec of gold in the centre of each button.

Velvet spencers with satin dresses, but precisely of the same shade, are rather on the increase, and will probably be much worn in the spring.

Turbans are excessively fashionable at present; they are ornamented with rich plumes, or birds of Paradise.

Hair.—The front hair en bandeau lisses; smooth bands, or in long ringlets, à l’Anglaise; the back in a braid en couronne, placed very far back on the head, for morning, and frequently for evening also, and the coiffure à la Grecque, voilà ce qu’on porte. Flowers are a good deal worn in the hair, guirlandes especially of small flowers, with the coiffure à la Grecque; pearls are much adopted.

Bracelets are coming in very much, necklaces on the decline. A minute gold or hair chain, to which the eye-glass is suspended, is more frequently seen than a necklace.

Ceintures of black velvet with long ends, are fashionable; but in grand toilette, a sash with long ends, and a very small bow, fastened either at back or front, is more distingué.

Aprons of black satin; the two side breadths attached to the centre one by four bows of ribbon; a black velvet ribbon, about the width of ceinture ribbon, laid on all round the apron; and outside, a deep black lace put on with a good deal of fulness, is what we have newest in this way.

Flounces are rather on the increase.

Manchettes (ruffles) of black velvet, embroidered or not, and lined with coloured satin; a liseré of the same top and bottom, and fastened with small gold or jewelled studs, are quite new, and have the advantage of being warm.

Muffs are fashionable this winter.

Colours.—The prevailing colours for hats, are pink, hugonot brown, dark green, and deep blue.

For dresses, hugonot brown, violet, dark green, and shades of grey or lavender.

Ferney, once the abode of the great Voltaire, has been brought to the hammer; its new proprietor is about to convert it into a manufactory for the perfection of beet-root sugar!

You will have heard of the loss the fine arts have sustained, by the recent death of the Baron Gérard; he has left a great number of fine pictures. Gérard particularly excelled in portrait painting; his finest works in this style, are said to be the portraits of Canova Ducis, Talleyrand, de la Martine, Mr. Canning, Charles X., Louis XVIII., and Louis Philippe. His other most celebrated paintings, are the Battle of Austerlitz, the Dream of Ossian, the Entrance of Henry IV. into Paris, the Coronation of Charles X., Corinna, Louis XIV., and Philippe V., the Plague of Marseilles,* Saint Teresa, and the frescos of the Pantheon, which last is not yet terminated. Carle Vernet, the father of Horace Vernet, is also dead. Now, my dear friend, I must say adieu. Write to me very soon, and believe me,

Pour la vie ton amie

L. de F.—

* We purpose very shortly giving our readers from the pen of the first German author, "The Plague of Marseilles," a deeply interesting tale; very probably next month.
DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 3.)—Traversements—Fancy Ball Costumes. First or Sitting Figure.
—Masque.—Dress made quite d’antique, of pink velvet or satin, entirely open in front; the waist is long, the back plain and narrow, and the front of the corsage so much sloped away that it scarcely meets at the waist; the sleeves are short, and perfectly plain (see plate), and are finished at the elbow by a ruche of satin ribbon and a very deep lace ruffle. The skirt of the dress has a long train. This open robe is ornamented round the corsage, and down the fronts with a quilting of satin ribbon, which increases gradually in width as it goes down. About half way down the front of the skirt the robe is held back with bouquets, consisting of three ostrich feathers. (See plate.) The underneath dress is of white satin, the corsage plain, with draperies put on à la Séigneur. The skirt is ornamented with an excessively deep and rich boudoir pleat. The head-dress consists of a coiffure of the middle ages: the hair powdered. A small hat, ornamented with pearls and feathers, is worn very far back, behind a thick roll of hair. (See plate.) The back hair falls in long ringlets over the neck and shoulders. Long black silk, open-work mittens; antique fan; round the neck a black velvet ribbon goes perfectly tight, it is fastened in front by a large camee; white silk stockings; pink satin shoes.

Second Figure.—A Fairy—La Fée des Sions.—This very beautiful and becoming costume is composed of white satin and gauze. (See plate.) The upper dress is a kind of short tunic of white gauze; the corsage plain at the lower part, and in slight folds or gathers above. The skirt, which is very short, is cut in the form of a half handkerchief, the point at the back, the fronts rounded, and looped back on each side with butterflies formed of precious stones. The sleeves are short, and of the fashion styled à la Vénitienne; they are likewise ornamented with butterflies on the shoulders, and at the bend of the arm. A blue ribbon is inserted all round in the hem of this very elegant dress. The underneath dress is of white satin, richly embroidered in gold (see plate), the pattern flowers and butterflies. The corsage is plain, and has a frill of blonde round the bosom. A rich cordelière of pearls is round the waist, and a row of the same is down each side of the front of the corsage. The coiffure is equally simple, and elegant as the remainder of the costume. The front hair is brought low at each side of the face, in smooth bands; the back fastened up into one single coque or bow, which is placed very far back. A récits of gold and pearls takes in the entire back of the head. An ornament of jewels retains a knotted esprit feather. Two rows of pearls are twisted over the division of the front hair, and also over the coque or bow. At the lower part of the bow a white gauze scarf is fastened, which descends low at back, and gives a fairy-like airiness to the whole figure. The arms, which are uncovered to the elbow, are ornamented with gold bracelets: from a small chain round the neck is suspended a butterfly. White satin brodequins, laced with gold. Gilt wand.

(No. 4.)—Toilette de Spectacle, or Dinner Dress.—Dress of velours épingle. The corsage made low, quite plain, to fit the bust, and ornamented with a pelerine décotélée. The latter is very small, round at back, and sloping off towards the front, where it ends in points, which are crossed, and fastened beneath the coiffure. The sleeves are short, and quite tight. Just above the elbow are two puffs, of the same material as the dress; these puffs are close together, and by no means large. (See plate.) The skirt of the dress is very full, and set on in gatherers. The trimming at the bottom of the skirt consists of bunches of marabouts, placed at distances. A marabout trimming also goes round the lower part of the sleeves, and the pelerine. Cap of tulle, demi paysanne; the caul high, and rather plain; the head-piece very shallow in front, but deeper at the sides; the border, which is only at one side (see plate), commences just above the right temple, and goes round the entire back of the cap. Three marabout feathers are placed at that side beneath the border, and three at the other side, where there is no border. A bow of tulle, with long ends, is placed at the back of the cap; the strings are likewise of tulle. Hair en bandeaux lisses, smooth bands. The caps of the two figures are precisely the same, with the exception that that of the principal or standing figure is com-
posed of pink guzle, which renders it more fit for dinner or evening costume, whereas that of the sitting figure being of tulle, is better adapted to a toilette de matin, or d'intérieur, with the exception of the feathers, which may be replaced by bows of ribbon. The dress of the sitting figure is of grey silk. On the neck is a guipure of embroidered tulle. Long white kid gloves; black satin shoes.


We have, in this review, as much as possible, forgotten that "La Bataille de Kirkholm" was written in French, by Count Henri Krasinski, one of the bravest and noblest of the Polish exiles, who preferred poverty in a foreign land, to luxury and slavery in his country, while it wears Muscovite chains. Setting aside even these interesting remembrances, we have been absorbed by the story, and amused with the distinctness of the characters and portraits, it contains. There is a remarkable naïveté in the dialogue: a charm peculiar to the best French works, especially, when the author has moved amongst the higher classes; and Count Henri has certainly seized this distinguishing beauty, and added it with great success to his Lithuanian romance. The readers who have admired the splendid historical romance of Sigismond Augustus, will be delighted to find where they can meet with two other volumes, which will powerfully renew the spell wrought by the perusal of that fascinating work.

The chief part of the present volumes is devoted to the description of domestic life in the castle and dependencies of a starost of Lithuania, and is meant as a vehicle to display the ancient customs of that primitive country, which no traveller has described, and which, of course, offers information, of an entirely novel nature, well deserving the attention of those who disdain the perusal of a mere romance.

The character of the starost is done with great life and spirit: we are quite captivated with the old man, and greatly regret that he is among the victims, when Count Henri winds up his narrative, by very cruelly killing all his dramatis personae. We suppose it is not according to etiquette, for a Polish romance to end happily; but there is no reason why the present story should be brought to so dolorous a conclusion, especially, as there is occasionally a spirit of playful liveliness pervading the previous portions of the tale. The fête at the Tartar Buczak's domain, the court of the Princess Radzivil, and the attack of the wolves, are among the most striking passages: but there is not a page that does not bring its peculiar interest, and stamp the "Bataille de Kirkholm" as a standard French work. We now offer our readers some specimens translated for this review.

We select the portrait of a Tartar chief, settled in Lithuania, which we consider a curious delineation of a half-tamed barbarian peculiar to Poland.

"This personage, of middle height, thin, and nervous, and beyond his sixtieth year: his eyes, deeply set in his head, were small, dark, and sparkling, like diamonds; yet despite of his thin and blanched locks, he seemed to have preserved all the vigour of his youth. His complexion was tawny, his mien proud, and expressive of a decisive character; when he spoke, his words were brief but impressive. His intelligent glances, and energetic action, gave no little weight to all his assertions. He often inclined his head on one side, in an attitude of profound observa-

In walking, he rather advanced the left side, as if he always was on his guard, ready for attack, or defence. Notwithstanding his age, he was extremely fond of violent exercises: no one gave himself with more passionate ardour to the chase—no one exceeded him in the lance and sabre exercise—no one aimed the pistol or the bow with a surer eye—no one cleared hedges or ravines, on horseback, with more success, when engaged in pursuit of game.

"Fierce and punctilious on all points of honour, he considered the duel as a social necessity, and was always foremost in promoting these bloody encounters; yet he had a good heart, and many solid virtues: never did a petitioner depart unrelieved from his gates—never had a lie soiled his lips—never had he broken a promise.

"Descended from the Tartars, which the Grand Dukes of Lithuania had brought from the borders of the Vaka and the Vilia, this Buczak was father of a numerous family: he was, in many points, a rigid observer of the laws of Mahomet, but was attached, heart and soul, to the
kingdom in which he was born. After long services to the Polish republic, and after receiving many wounds, he had retired to his own country, and lived in perfect intelligence with the staroste, his old friend.

To this sketch, we must add, that he exercised the most absolute authority over his dependants, and that his leading feelings were a blind belief in fatalism, and the greatest antipathy to the infantry service; notwithstanding the experience of history shows us, that whenever the world has been conquered it has been by the foot soldier. This description will give the reader an exact notion of the Tartar-Polish race, often mentioned, but never defined; but its leading traits are to be recognised, in a crowd of individuals inhabiting Lithuania in Podolia, and other provinces of the ancient kingdom of Poland.

Among other features of natural history, well worthy of notice in these volumes, we were particularly struck with an adventure in the journey to Pinsk, while the personages of the drama are traversing the vast marshes of the province of Polussia.

"Between Lubiaz and Lubrizor, they entered on a fen of immeasurable extent, where the weary eye could discover neither trees, solid ground, villages, nor houses, nothing but marsh; all around and about, nothing but feney flats met the sight, without except vast flocks of wild ducks, and other aquatic birds, who hovering with extended wings, filled the air with their wailing notes, and seemed the sole inhabitants of this desert, but lovely district."

"It was mid-day, a light breeze made the tops of the forests of reeds bow and bend as it passed; the sun gave forth a cheerful autumnal warmth, which was felt by all the living creatures that inhabited the marsh."

"It is scarcely possible to convey any distinct idea of the feeling that oppresses a traveller's mind, to those who have not traversed a country of this kind; it is not melancholy, it is not sadness, it is an indefinable bodily affection, almost amounting to nausea. All our travellers ceased to converse, they found themselves, as well as Marie, under the influence of this species of oppression I have noticed, whose real cause is worthy of the researches of the naturalist.

Whilst the carriages were slowly tracking their way over a dam made of trees laid side by side, the travellers heard an extraordinary noise, discordant, unceasing, and unaccountable, which seemed to increase as they advanced. Marie was just about to ask the reason of this din, when all the carriages suddenly stopped. Her uncle demanded the cause of the delay, and her maid gave a loud shriek at the same time the coachman pointed out something to the staroste, who, to his astonishment, perceived all around the dam, and covering their route, multitudes of serpents, of all sorts and sizes, which were twisting, rearing and twirling one over the other, as far as the eye could reach, presenting a living mass of reptiles, whose contortions fatigued the sight as much as their incessant hissings did the ear.

"This spectacle was so new and uncommon, that the party stopped to contemplate it, when they heard behind them the same sort of music, and turning their heads, found that another multitude of the same amiable travelling companions was closing on their rear. The wheels crushed some of the serpents, but others endeavoured to spring into the carriages, and glide up the spokes, and it was with some difficulty they could be repelled. The staroste did his utmost to comfort, and re-assure his niece; but their situation became critical, for the horses began to plunge and rear, when Kraiewski, having reflected for an instant, ordered the party to fire their pistols. After giving one general volley with all the fire-arms they had, they fired a second, and the plan succeeded well. At the first detonation the hissings were redoubled; but at the second, the whole army of serpents thought it time to retreat, and accordingly decamped on each side into the marsh, leaving the road, on whose dry surface they had spread themselves to bask in the warm rays of the sun, quite free for the travellers."

Marvellous as this incident seems, we are informed by the author that the victorious army of Kosciusko was stopped in its march by the same multitude of reptiles, when crossing the marsh of Pinsk, and they could only clear their way by discharges of artillery; and the Russians soon after were opposed by the same serpentine force, and had likewise to sweep their way by means of cannon.

Among other descriptions of manners, utterly unknown to England, we translate a passage which gives us information relative to Samogitian customs:

"On the left of the meadow were extended many pieces of linen cloth, undergoing the process of bleaching in the sun."

"There is no accounting for taste; the author assuredly means un-amissable."—Ed.
and air: on the right, a horse was attached by a long cord to a tree, attended by a boy, who seemed to divide his cares equally between watching the horse and the bleaching ground. Near this ground wandered a rivulet, which serpentined round a mighty oak, from the branches of which were suspended many images of saints, a connecting link with the ancient superstition of the Herulians, who believed that every tree had a peculiar titular deity. As they approached this gigantic patriarch of the forest, they perceived beneath its branches an aged female, led by a young girl, who supported her tottering steps. This old woman was dressed in the Samogitian garb; from under her cap escaped long tresses of thin white hair; her eyes were dim, and her cheeks sunken with age; wrinkles; her body was bowed, and appeared inclining to the bosom of that earth which was soon to claim its own. When she perceived the company, she stopped her slow course, and made the sign of the cross; which example they all followed.

Antoine Putrament explained that this singular apparition was his grandmother. A hundred and six years had passed over the head of Bogumila Putrament, and during this long life she had never once crossed the frontier of her native province: some journeys to Kovno, on great epochs of public rejoicing, and regular attendance at her parish church, had been her sole absence from home. She was held in the utmost reverence by her neighbours, whom she edified by her rare piety, having always led a virtuous and innocent life. She saw the moment approach with joy that Providence had marked as the limit of her long extended existence. Nevertheless, this venerable woman was strongly imbued with the ancient superstitions of the Samogitian soil; not content with adoring a crowd of Catholic saints, Bogumila consecrated, every year, numerous offerings to Vaissa-gantho, the God of the Fields, who presided over the bleaching grounds, and sought by votive gifts to appease Peroum, the God of Thunder, in order that he might dart his lightning in other directions than over the little village of Danilov, where her family dwelt. Then she persisted in spreading out on the turf, in the adjoining aboriginal forest, a banquet devoted to the dead, and celebrating pompously the feast of the buck. Notwithstanding the zealous efforts of the Teutonic knights, who converted the Samogitians from paganism, in the fifteenth century, the rites of heathen worship lingered long in the land; and these pious Christian chevaliers could not wholly extirpate the worship of the griotic, or sacred serpents; and to kill one of these reptiles, is even in our times regarded as an omen of portentous import."

We never met with a more entertaining collection of facts, than are crowded into the notes of the second volume of this work. Among other valuable points, Count Henri Krasinski gives us a Lithuanian song in the patios of the country; likewise the music; and he adds a free translation, which as it bears a tolerable moral, and helps to illustrate the wise old English song of "It's good to be merry and wise; It's good to be honest and true; It's good to be off with the old love; Before we are on with the new."

We beg leave to introduce it to the English reader, just to show how pernicious inconstancy s are served in that country.

Go not Gregory out at night-fall, For then enchantresses are abroad.
Beware above all of the dark-eyed girl, For she is well skilled in throwing spells.
On Sunday she gathered a plant, On Monday she soaked and washed it, On Tuesday she cooked that herb, And on Wednesday she poisoned Gregory.
On Thursday Gregory died, And when Friday came they buried him; On Saturday her mother beat her well.
Crying, "Hussy, wherefore didst poison Gregory?"
Oh! mother, mother, we have no cause to regret him,
Did not he court two girls at a time?
Now he has neither one nor the other, But tastes how he likes a little fresh earth:
And thou, Gregory, thou hast thy just reward—
Four oaken planks, and a darksome dwelling: And now let all young men take heed, How many maidens they are in love with at once.
Gregory, thou art now mouldering in the dark earth, But in my veins, joyful life runs high;
So fill me, Jewess,* a pitcher of strong drink To give me spirit to sing his dirge.

We feel rather concerned for the disastrous end of poor Gregory. It is a good thing that it is not considered allowable in the west of Europe, for ladies thus to take the law into their own hands, or the ball-rooms of London and Paris would be depopulated of beaus.

The notes form a statistical work of no little merit, abounding in matter that we can answer is perfectly new to every inhabitant of England and France, the style is clear and luminous, full of reality, and of important information; and we can recommend the account of the Carpathian mountains to the attention of such

* The cabarets are entirely kept by Jews.
of our contemporaries as deal in graver matter than we are bound to do. Indeed, with his great resources, and easy way of communicating his knowledge, we are amazed that Count Henri should waste so much valuable matter on the pages of a mere romance, and not be ambitious of giving the world a statistical work on the cost of Europe, which the most learned men might be proud to quote from and admire.

We have a few words more to add to this account. The author of the "Bataille de Kirkholm," once rich and powerful, has now nought to bestow on his suffering countrymen, but the produce of his talent—fifty copies of this work he has sent to one of the lady patronesses of the charity for the relief of the distressed Poles in London. These copies she has consigned to the Polish stall at the Pantheon bazaar, where they are sold for the benefit of the distressed Poles now in London, and where our fair subscribers can purchase them. One copy has the same lady consigned to our Magazine, and we were happy, on perusal of its contents, to find that it had merits of its own, independently of its charitable destination; and this fact we think we have fully proved, both by specimens and critical examination.

The copy with which we were favoured, has been forwarded to the Polish stall, for the benefit of the charity. If the real friends of the distressed and noble-minded exile Poles, would but separate themselves from home demagogues, the cause of the brave and worthy, would not, we feel assured, need more than one appeal, before ample provision was made, to meet the wants of these patriotic sufferers.*


The erudition contained in these two volumes, we have scarcely seen equalled by any modern publication, and we think their contents will be most welcome to all lovers of history. The first volume contains a legendary tale, illustrative of the traditions of a spot in Jersey, called La Hougue Bie de Hambie. This tale is written with great elegance of diction, and minute attention to historical costume; and yet we think that the talents of the learned author shine brighter in the volume devoted to reality, than in that in which he has given scope to his imagination. The reader will be surprised to find how distinct is the information of every part that is preserved in the records of Normandy and England, relative to so distant an event as the Conquest. We never, it is true, met with so lustrous a digest of the characters, and biographies of the mighty Norman chiefs, who followed William in his great expedition, as has been collected by Mr. Bulkeley; and we really think, had we been in possession of such a mass of scarce and luminous information, we should not have condescended to have appended it to the pages of a romance, however, carefully written that romance might be. Mr. Bulkeley has drawn much valuable matter from the pages of the poet-chronicler Wace. He should, however, calculate how many of his reviewers, to say nothing of common readers, are skilled in reading Norman French, of the era of Henry the First, and on that account should have offered given translations. His note on the cry Haro, is extremely interesting; likewise most valuable is the mass of information he has collected concerning the great Duke Robert, the father of the Conqueror. This mighty prince took a singular freak of going to the Holy Land, leaving his son with a defective title, and only eight years of age, to govern the fierce Norman lords as he might. "He is little," said Duke Robert, taking a passionate farewell of the boy, "but he will grow." The whole detail of the pilgrimage of Duke Robert, is untroudey historical ground; and the anecdote of one of his vassals, Pirou meeting him travelling to the holy shrine borne on the backs of Saracens, is not a little curious. Duke Robert was unable to walk or ride, and the courteous infidels, for a consideration, were willing to carry him, as the profoundest peace appears at that time to have subsisted, between the pagan holders of the holy city and their profitable visitors. Pirou expressed sorrow at the sight of the infirmity of his liege lord, at such a distance from his palace and vassals—"Oh!" cried the valiant duke,
with his wonted hilarity, "tell my friends that I am on my way to Paradise, borne by fiends." It is to be supposed the pagan-bearers did not comprehend sufficient of Norman French, to understand this uncivil allusion to the lost state of their unbelieving souls, or they would have flung the valiant pilgrim on the sand, and left him to make his way either to Paradise, or the holy sepulchre, as he might. But we beseech our learned author to consider, that this prime anecdote he has left muffled up in Robert Wace's dialect, as he had done with a great many others; and we would just hint to him, that one-half of his critical readers, to say nothing of the general run of romance readers, know as little of thephraseology of the Roman de Rou, as the Saracen-bearers of the mighty Robert. We would wish to observe, that Mr. Bulkeley has entirely acquitted Duke Robert (the father of the Conqueror) of the exploits attributed to Robert la Diable, whose deeds seem a concatenation of all the misdeeds of all the Norman chiefs who ever bore the somewhat lawless name of Robert.

We must not close this article without due commendations on the exquisite taste which has chosen the treasures of wood-cuts, that are scattered here and there, among the text, chiefly of the notes. They are cut with the utmost delicacy and spirit, and come in with great utility in illustration of historical discussion, giving a local habitation to the vivid ideas raised by old chronicle, and rhyming record. We would set Mr. Bulkeley a task—let him give us an edition of Robert Wace's Roman de Rou, with historical notes, and wood-cut illustrations, making all clear that is practicable to the mere English reader. Such work would be a magnificent prologue to our national history.

In thus reviewing our author, we confess that we experienced the greatest pleasure in having to peruse the ancient phraseology; but we speak as public organs, and with a view to gain to our author the full reward for the labour, care, and talent bestowed on the work.

_Spartacus; or, the Roman Gladiator:_

_a tragedy, in Five Acts._

_By Jacob Jones, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Author of "Longinus," &c._

_Ridgway._

Our readers will remember, although we did ample justice to various poems of merit in Mr. Jacob Jones's different editions reviewed by us, we did not consider that the tragedy of "Longinus" displayed any symptoms of dramatic talent; but our opinion is very different in regard to the tragedy of "Spartacus," the first act of which meets with our warmest approbation, being composed of dialogue which is brief, terse, passionate, and full of individual character and feeling. Still tragedy is not the growth of our hurry ing age; and we fear the deep and exclusive attention that a perfect composition of the kind requires, will no more be found in the nineteenth century, than the lost art of engraving on diamonds and onyxes. After "Spartacus" has gained his liberty, the power of the drama flags; the commonest reader knows the story; and the attention is but feebly sustained by the jealousy of Spartacus, and the tricks in the Sybil's cave. We think our author would have captivated the attention of his readers far more by keeping Spartacus in all the suspense of his Roman captivity, and by the maturing of the plot for escape during the five acts, while the end, then fortunate, would have been tragedised by the death of the master of Spartacus. We are aware that this would not have been according to the set rules of the regular tragic drama, which requires the death of the hero at the end; but then what we lost among the regulars one way, we should have gained in another by preserving beautifully theunities of time and place, for we all know that the career of Spartacus lasted a considerable time more than the drama; we should, besides, have had an overpowering interest sustained, which would have told well before any audience, who are now too easily satisfied by the speedy freedom of Spartacus from his unparalleled state of difficulty and degradation. But it seems there is an American tragedy in existence on the same subject, and it is possible Mr. J. Jones had to keep out of some previously marked out track; on this we cannot decide, not having seen the American drama of the "Gladiators." Mr. Jones is not free from the great error which all modern tragedians on Roman subjects have fallen into, by his imitation of Shakspearian phraseology, as "sirrah," "beshrew me," "go to," and many others. We would have allowed
him "body o' me," because it is a literal
translation of the Italian exclamation,
"Corpo di me." A moment's reflection
will show him the folly of adopting ex-
clamations belonging to the middle ages.
Mr. Jones is sparing with these faults, in
comparison with some of his contempo-
raries; but to name Golgotha in Roman
parlance, is certainly wrong.

We now turn to the more pleasant
task of commendation. There is won-
derful improvement in the gist of his
dialogue, and the interior significance of
his diction since he penned the ranting
generalties of his boyish favourite "Lon-
ginus." We give, for instance, an extract
from a passage of power and spirit:

Spar. But we are men,
And shall we, free-born men, unsil'd with
guilt,
No feions, but unfortunate in war,
Captive, not criminals, be thus abus'd,
Fed for the slaughter as the very beasts,
And scourg'd by every repubrate of Rome,
Whose valor's in his coin, to bargain hard,
And traffic in our flesh, 'tis human flesh?—
Crix. The flesh of true-born men!

Spar. Which they are not,
Made mongrel by the sweepings of the
earth!
Already are we doom'd to stake our lives,
For that sole venture train'd, strengthen'd,
and fed,
Allow'd to live till we may deal in death,
Giving, or having, as the risk ordains.
Wim, men, methinks it were less risk in-
deed,
These money-grabbing rascals o'er their
fees,
To level our mock weapons at their heads,
And cudgel us an exit from our den.

Glads. Agreed, agreed!
Crix. With Spartacus, agreed!

Spar. Tarry the hour, the judge will play
its part,
And roar and riot give the signal.

Glads. Soon! Crix. Egyptian bondage could degrade
no more
Than this your Roman subject to the
scourge!

Spar. Degrade no more? exact! not half
so much!

It forc'd not on the captive feats of blood;
It match'd him not against his fellow-man,
His friend that might be, or his kinman
dear;
It pair'd him not for pastime to the crowd,
That brutal gazers, and the drops of Rome,
Might revel in his pangs.

Crix. And bet's go round
The heartless amphitheatre.

Crix. By Mars! Here a half Roman squabbling with a
Greek
Some thick-lipp'd freedman, there, display ing gold—
Some bagnio-wench her obols to a clown,
New from the provinces, to name who kill;
While proud patricians give and take the
odds,
And losing, turn vindictively their thumbs.

Spar. Their signal to despatch the fall'n!

Crix. Come on!
Glads. Agreed, agreed!

Spar. My welcome, pride of Thrace!

Cam. What is agreed? wherefore, within
your eyes
Dances an exultation, since your thrall,
Never I noted yet?

Spar. Your dagger, girl!

Cam. Ha!
Spar. I have need of it.

Cam. What is your need?
Can you need equal mine, to hoard it here,

[Pointing to her bosom.
Secret and sharp, in this audacious clime,
Ever to guard your Thracian love from
harm,
The chaste wife of her soldier to the death!

Spar. Her soldier's back to-morrow
the scourge.

Cam. The scourge! the scourge! Oh,
take it, clutch it fast!

You have the dire need—'tis your's—O
knife—
Keep thou my soldier undiscrac'd—a
man—
And master of himself—the scourge! no,
no,

My Spartacus shall never brook the
scourge!

Spar. Never, I swear!

Cam. Swear all of you, if men.

Glads. We swear! we swear!

Crix. How does the feast within?

Cam. They riot in your groans, and sell
your blood,
To buy them banquet of the east—for
shame!—

I blush for ye, unarmed as ye are,
Ye gripe them not by the throat, and go
your ways,
Free and unshackled, ne'er to dread the
scourge!

Spar. 'Twas so agreed, we gripe them by
the throat,

No one of us, ye gods!—

Cam. Shall brook the scourge.

[Interrupting Spartacus.
Worthy my husband, worthy of ye all,
When strike ye?

Spar. Now! Sounds of recely from within.

Cam. Now is a blessed sound;
I fear'd procrastination was the scheme.
Now is the fortunate conjecture; now
The prophet-spirit seizes me, and, lo!—
The god, the god descends upon my breast,
Rise all—rise now, the hour is ripe."

We find scattered through the piece
some good expressive bits, which, like all
metaphor, or interpolated ornament in
the drama, are as they ought to be,—
terse and short:—

"Voice. Twilight is gone—now un-
observing night
Draws close her curtains round her bed of
earth,
And only owlets peep."

"Crix. As we cross’d the threshold,
I turn’d to read the heavens—that mo-
ment, night
Rent her cloud pall, and, through the rift,
glam’d forth,
Three stars o’ the Bear."

"Crix. There lurks and raves, [Pointing,
His throat choke-full of lies, like vipers’
young,
Jostling each other in their parent’s
mouth!"

"Spar. Last night the moon glar’d
strangely on my sight,
[In sudden abstraction.
Belted around with circles of pale light,
Breadth unto breadth succeeding—and the
stars
Made signals through the void."

Perhaps the following narrative speech
by Spartacus had better have been
thrown into action; it is, however, good:—

"Spar. They haggled for me thus:
‘Well met, these Ides,
I have a fighter from the wilds of Thrace:’
(Would that those happy wilds of Thrace
were here!)
‘You shall give fifty drachmas, and grow
rich,
Putting the sinewy fellow to the proof’—
‘Were he a Titan, good Barabbas—no—
Say half, and half again—the fellow’s tall,
Less supple, sir, to train—more cost to
feed—
Say twenty drachmas, Tarquin; I may
buy!—"

Laugh! I can tell no more—thus much I
doom
All Tartarus will shun such pests of earth,
Scouring the loathsome effigies apart,
To sell each other in the guls below!"

On the whole, we see a mighty ad-
vance of talent in this drama. If Mr.
Jones will but have the resolution to
eschew the hurrying carelessness with
which one imitative poetic pretender
gallops after another in this age, he
will produce works which will survive
him.

Pensieri e Poesie di Guido Sorelli da
Firenze, translator of Milton. Dulau.

The first thing we did on opening of
this little volume, was to alight on two
acrostics. Acrostics, anagrams, bout rimes,
&c., are finical barbarisms, and only fit for
an age and country where poetry is expiring;
or of the early dawn of literature over a
benighted country, where readers and
writers here like grown children playing
with toys. Italy is, we hope, rather in
the last state than in the former. In truth,
it is our opinion, that the literature of that
country shows many symptoms of waking
from the dismal torpor in which it has
slumbered for three centuries; nay, not-
withstanding our displeasure at the acros-
tics, there are signs of vigorous poetic life
among the other contents of this volume,
which convince us that Sorelli, though
led astray by acrostics, has a redeeming
taste in other departments of verse.

Sorelli is the translator of Milton: he
has been sufficiently imbued with the
feeling of his original, to write religious
poems of no ordinary merit in the stanza
of Dante, entitled tezze rime, although
it is very different from our triplex in the
heroic verse. His most interesting Pen-
sieri is on di Giorno che scritti l’ultimo
verso del Paradiso Perduto (the day when
I wrote the last verse of Paradise Lost).
His Pensieri commences with the line
from Milton—

"Stretti per mano a passi incerti e lenti;"

"Then hand in hand, with wandering steps
and slow."

In this poem the author very pleasingly
brings in a narrative of his exile from his
own bella Firenze, his Paradiso Perduta.

The Pensieri commencing,

"Aprimi gli occhi a Dio"

is in a high tone of religious feeling; and
that,

"Oh non tardar mi il tuo celeste a juto; Manda la
Scritta a un Poeta;"

"Ah! withhold not thy celestial aid, send the
spirit, oh Father!"

we think, possesses warmth of devotion
sufficient to recommend the volume to
our religious libraries. Indeed, those who
wish their children to learn Italian, and
yet object to the introduction of Ariosto
or Dante, will do well to purchase this
volume.

The occasional poems are inferior to
the religious thoughts, chiefly because
they are modelled after a style long ex-
ploded from the progressive literature of
England and France.
Findeis Ports and Harbours. Part IV. Tilt.

Altogether we think Harding in his "Scarborough and Whitby," has surpassed Balmer in this number. The South-piece and River View of Sunderland are a little confused in drawing. "Scarborough" is hailed with delighted recollection by those who have seen that picturesque part; it is also different to those familiar to the public eye in prints. The plate is finely engraved by E. Finden. "Robin Hood's Bay," by Balmer and Finden, would be a masterpiece, were it not that the aerial tint of the distant cliffs wants a little more tenderness for perfect perspective; it ought to be subdued in the plate. The letter-press of this work possesses merit.

Rhymes for Youthful Historians. With thirty-five Portraits of Sovereigns.


If ever history is committed to memory by rote, this is the only way of learning it. This book is written in verse and simple rhymes, like the versified chronicles of our ancestors. It is a natural way, and a good way, and well effected. If our approbation can add to the popularity of a fourth edition, the author and publisher have it fully.

The cuts are good likenesses, and from authentic portraits, which we ourselves know. Like all the wood-cuts published by Mr. E. Wilson, they are well done.

On Deformities of the Chest and Spine.


We have already fully expressed our approbation of the first edition of Mr. Coulson's work; the present is considerably enlarged, by many valuable remarks on female figure, and the best mode of inducing healthfulness and beauty of form by the construction of corsets. We think the plan, of the corset-maker, recommended, an excellent one; and the grand proof of the easiness of the corset, is given in the plate, where the young lady who is dressing, is seen placing the comb in her hair. Many ladies cannot dress their hair whilst wearing their stays; let them listen to Mr. Coulson's precepts, and he will prove to them, that such corsets are destroying health, complexion, and temper at the same time.

The anecdote, relating the manner in which Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, legislated in regard to whalebone stays, forms an extraordinary conclusion to the sumptuary laws of Europe.

Among many clever additions to this edition, the following is new and important:

"I have little doubt, that to the disordered state of the digestive organs, resulting from the above and other causes, is mainly owing the premature decay of the teeth, now so general a complaint among all, but especially the better classes of society. So universal is the evil, that dentists are now more numerous than druggists. One or two dentists were sufficient for the nobility and gentry of the British metropolis, in the days of our forefathers: at present, they would make a very formidable, if not a very handsome, regiment, consisting of three or four strong battalions! To terrify their enemies, too, they would require no other weapons than those which they exercise in their daily vocations."

Our readers will see that the style is clear and lively, by this specimen. The volume is handsomely bound, and the illustrations first-rate.


The cuts are capital, delicate, and elegant —almost too good for the very little hands into which this pretty book will fall.

Each tale is founded on some moral or fact, which tells home to the "little heads and little hearts" with power, as well as requisite simplicity.

NEW MUSIC.

You and I: a Ballad, from "Sunshine, or, Lays for Ladies." By J. Francis, Esq. Composed by J. Blewitt.

A lively, playful song, in which Mr. Francis very minutely recapitulates the particulars of a former flirtation, by way of proof, how completely he has forgotten the past. We beg the lady will take the lay in the spirit, and not according to the letter. It is like a gentleman paying a lady a visit, to assure her how indifferent he is; which, being interpreted, means, that for the good of his soul, he thinks he needs a little punishment more than has hitherto been inflicted by his tiranna.

It will be no cause of surprise to our readers that we review a "Railway Magazine," so important has become this new mode of intercourse. This work has now existed nearly a year. It is of the utmost importance to the country that by discussion the best lines should be chosen, which object was about to be accomplished by a parliamentary committee, and to supporters, that is, subscribers, that the money raised should be spent in the most advantageous manner. The importance of such a periodical may be judged of by the list of railway bills inserted at page 9, amounting to 118 in number. With so many interests at stake, conducted as this periodical is, it must be sure to command an extensive circulation, whilst its office is one of the very highest importance to the public.


This almanac, in many instances peculiar of course to Scotland, is, nevertheless, a most acceptable and useful reference to all who either belong to, or are connected with, the land of cakes; whether they be far from or abiding in their native country. It is very handsomely got up.

DRURY LANE.

We are glad to see that Drury Lane has speedily adopted the plan we last month suggested; of giving precedence to the Pantomime, for the sake of the juvenile world. We cannot speak in high terms of the novelty, performed here, for excepting the "Devil on Two Sticks" there has been none. Cinderella has been transferred, with great splendour, from Covent Garden to this theatre, and it was very successful. "Black-eyed Susan" has also been revived. Gann, who for several years has been acting at the minors, appeared here as William. There were some very good points about him, and his performance was marked by common sense throughout. Miss Taylor was extremely effective as Susan, and we were really surprised by the talent displayed by little Richardson, the call-boy, who played Gnatbrain at a very short notice.

COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. E. L. Bulwer's long promised "Duchess de la Vallière," which in anticipation created so much anxiety in the literary world, was at last produced at this theatre on the 4th of January. The plot of the drama was entirely founded upon her memoir, as published, together with her portrait, in this Magazine, of May, 1835. The subject, though highly interesting as a biography, has been any thing but handled with ability, and is wholly unfit, nay even revolting, as a dramatic production. No man, we think, but one whose vanity had been flattered most extravagantly within the circle of his own coterie—no man who felt a due respect for the rules, even of that bien-\-sance, by which society is generally governed, would have ventured to produce a drama, the subject of which is the heartless debaucheries of a profligate monarch, and his equal profligate courtiers. The drama was nevertheless well received, which partly must be ascribed to the splendour of its scenery, and the great ability with which the characters were sustained. Mr. Macready, as in all his original characters, played exquisitely, as did Miss H. Faucet.

The drama, as a literary production, abounds with a great deal of feeling, lofty language, and poetry.

ADELPHI.

We have had here a most laughable sketch, entitled—"The Humours of an Election." It has been produced for the sole purpose of showing the fidelity with which a Mr. Fitzgerald is able to "hit off" the peculiarities of "The Irish Agitator." The piece was written by Buckstone, and was very well received; and we doubt not, for a moment, that the "Humours of an Election" will have a protracted run.
BIRTHS.

On the 31st of December, at Barnes, the lady of H. B. Alexander, Esq., of a daughter.
30th, at Muswell Hill, the lady of Alfred Meares, Esq., of a daughter.
29th, at Tong Lodge, Salop, the lady of Thomas Gilbert, Esq., of a daughter.
29th, at Dalston, Mrs. Thomas Edinburgh, of a daughter.
31st, Mrs. Kennett Dixon, of a son.
29th, at Teignmouth, the lady of Capt. L. C. Brooke, R.N., of a son.
1st Jan., at Clapham Common, Mrs. Robert Hudson, of a son.
2nd, at Connaught Place, the Hon. Mrs. Trotter, of a daughter.
3rd, at York Terrace, Regent's Park, the lady of Baron da Torre de Moncorvo, late Portuguese Ambassador at this Court, of a son.
4th, at Stretton Street, Piccadilly, the lady of Dr. Alexander, of the E. I. C., of a son.
4th, at Harrowby Hall, the lady of Charles Tassett Burnett, of a son.
6th, at Lodsworth, Sussex, the lady of Hasier Hollist, Esq., of a daughter.
11th, at his house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of Peter B. Brodie, Esq., of a daughter.
11th, at Rummene, the Hon. Mrs. Neville Reid, of twins.
15th, at Holliwell Lodge, near Bolton, Lancashire, Mrs. James Ormerod, of a son.
17th, at Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, Mrs. W. S. Browning, of twins, one still-born.
20th, in Hamilton Place, the Hon. Mrs. George Hope, of a daughter.
24th, at Leyton, Essex, the lady of the Rev. C. J. Laprimaudaye, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 29th instant, at All Souls' Church, Langham Place, by the Rev. J. E. Bennett, M.A., Capt. James A. Cox, H.C.S., to Elizabeth Golding, the interesting and highly accomplished daughter of Major Maxwell, of Strogham, N.B. 31st ult., at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. Henry Partington, Edward, eldest son of Thomas Partington, Esq., of Offham, Sussex, to Susan Frances, eldest daughter of John Boodle, Esq.
20th ult., at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, Charles Henry Grant, Esq., of the Island of St. Vincent's, to Emma Catherine, second daughter of W. H. Richardson, Esq., of Marseilles.
17th, at Limehouse Church, by the Rev. Evan Edward Rowell, Henry St. John Joyner, Esq., of Aveley Hall, Essex, to Frances, eldest daughter of Alfred Batson, Esq., of Limehouse.
18th, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. Egerton Arlen Bagot, Lieut.-Col. of E. H. Bridgeman, only son of the late Hon. and Rev. George and the Lady Lucy Bridgeman, to Harriet Elizabeth Frances, sister to the late H. Hervey Aston, Esq., and niece to the late Lady Hertford and Lady William Gordon.
21st, at Broadwater, Sussex, by the Rev. John Frampton, Edward Frampton, Esq., of Clifton, to Anne, eldest daughter of John Wood, Esq., of Worthing.

DEATHS.

16th Jan., in Guildford Street, aged 78, the amiable Susannah Jane Heylyn, * daughter of the late Edward Heylyn, Esq. descended from the ancient family of that name of "Pentre-Heylyn" in Montgomeryshire; then part of Powysland; from the princes whereof they were derived, and unto whom they were hereditary cup-bearers; for so the word Heylyn does signify in the Welsh or British language. Besides the office cup-bearer pertaining to the family of Heylyn, they were in great estimation with their native princes, so much so, that Llewellyn, the last heroic prince of that country, confided to Grous-Ap-Heylyn the important office of treating with the commissioners of Edward the First, in the hopes of obtaining a full and lasting peace for his oppressed country; but peace was not the intention of the powerful Edward, who acknowledged no law but that of the lion when he divided the prey. Then did the heights of Snowdon resound to the cry of "death or freedom," but in vain, as the reader of history knows well.
19th Jan., at 47, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitrou Square, Mrs. Martha Roberts, aged 75.
21st Jan., at Preston Pans, N.B., of influenza, the much-beloved and deeply-regretted wife of Mr. Cunningham, formerly of Dolphinston.

* Our esteemed subscriber explains to us the reason of this epitaph in a note appended to this communication, that few, excepting heraldic antiquarians of great research, are aware that, by the law of the land, a maiden gentlewoman untitled, but of honourable descent, is wrongly designated by the vulgar epithet of spinster; her rightful designation is "genera," signifying that she is of gentle or generous blood, for this we have no less authority than the institutes of Lord Chief Justice Coke, 2d In. 668. We shall insert with the greatest pleasure any authentic, historical, or biographical anecdotes connected with obituary, which our subscribers may forward concerning their families and friends.
MADEMOISELLE DES URSINS

Daughter of the Prevoat of Paris.

Born 1409  Reign of Charles VI
Died 1467

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

No. 1 of the series of ancient portraits.

1837

MARCH, 1837.

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

MEMOIR OF MADEMOISELLE D'URSIN, LADY OF DOUÉ, DAUGHTER OF THE WIDOW MICHELLE DE VITRY.*

(Illustrated by a Portrait, taken from Life by Jean Gringonneur, Court-painter to Charles VI., splendidly illuminated from the original in Notre Dame.)

This portrait of the Demoiselle d'Ursin, offers a curious illustration of the famous horned head-dress† prevalent throughout Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. This style of ornament originally came from Syria, probably through the medium of the intercourse which was established during the period of the Crusades, and was worn in Asia, both by men and by women. As those countries do not change their fashions after the manner of the inhabitants of Europe, the horned caps are still worn by the women; and it is, doubtless, the same moony head-tire that is mentioned with indignation by the prophets in the Bible, especially when we consider that the top of the cap bears some resemblance to the crescent, or horned moon.

The family des Ursins, which had settled at Paris, became extinct in the dreadful wars under Charles VI.; and Jean Juvenel, received a grant of their hotel, or palace, from the citizens of Paris, as a reward for his services as their provost. At that very important period this learned individual took the name of the noble family, with the spoils of which he had been endowed. As has been mentioned in the preceding memoir, he married Michelle de Vitry, a noble lady, who survived him. His own portrait, and those of his wife and children, are painted in one large picture on wood, which was for centuries hung over the family tombs in a chapel of the cathedral of Notre Dame. This demoiselle is one of the eleven children of Jean Juvenel and Michelle de Vitry. She married a Breton noble, the Signor de Doué, who is called in chronicle the Dame de Doué. Although her father fulminates, in his chronicles, against these hennins, or horned head-dresses, which drew upon the ladies the anathemas of the church, yet we see his handsome daughter dressed in one of the most elaborate that has yet drawn the attention of the antiquary.

Anne, wife to Richard II., the daughter of the Emperor Wenceslaus, first introduced into England the horned or moony head-tire, with long trains and

* See February 1, 1837.
† See similar head-dress in portrait of Ermenгарde Plantagenet, Sept. 1, 1836.
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full skirts; she may be considered the first leader of fashion in England, as Isabeau of Bavaria* was in France.

The father of the Demoiselle d’Ursin, in his quaint and amusing chronicles, indulges in a long and fierce declamation against these horned caps, and thus describes their inconveniences:

"The dames and damoyselles wore such grand horns that when they wished to enter a room they had to twist themselves side-ways and lower their heads, or else they could not pass through the door-way."

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DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.

Her horned cap is profusely studded with gold, pearls, and rubies, proclaiming the wealth of her father, the rich syndic of the merchants. In addition to the turbans, surmounted with a broad curved band of gems, there are wings of gauze edged with gold: her hair is entirely hidden under this monstrous ornament. Her kirtle is of geranium-coloured satin, cut close to the shape, full in the skirt, with a long flowing train, low in the corsage. Over this is worn a close jacket, with tight sleeves, called a surcoat. It fits to the waist, reaching as low as the hips, and is bordered round with broad white fur, just permitting the bosom to be visible. The material is rich gold brocade on a black ground. On the hips is a girdle of pearls and rubies set on a black ground. Her necklace is of heavy gold bezants. The shoes are the pointed pignaces. Although the whole figure is very splendid, and a fine specimen of art of the fourteenth century, still a resemblance in the costume may be traced in many points to that of the queens of spades and diamonds, who were indirectly her contemporaries, cards having been invented about this time for the amusement of the king. This portrait is supposed to have been painted by Jean Gringonneur, portrait painter to Charles VI. The original is still in good preservation.

* See this portrait and most interesting memoir, May 1, 1893.

SONETTO DI VINCENZO LEONI.

Non ride fior nel prato, onda non fugge
Con scioglie il volo augel non spira vento,
Cui piangendo, io non dica ogni momento
Quell’ acerbo dolor, ch’il cor mi sugge,
Ma quando a lei che mi diletta e strugge,
L’ amoroso pensier narrare io tento;  
Appena articolato il primo accento
Spaventala la voce al sen rifugge  
Così amor, ch’ogni strazio a in me raccolto
Feremmi; e la ferita a lei, che sola
Potria sanarla, palesar on ei tolto,
Ah! che giannai non formero parola,
Poiche l’ alma in veder l’ amato volto,
Il mio cor abbandona, e ei lei sen vola.

TRANSLATION BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

There smiles no blossom on the verdant plain,
No wave soft murmuring on its journey flows,
To which I, vainly, mourn not——I complain
To every bird that flies—to every wind that blows.
But when to her who causes all my grief,
I seek in words my feelings to declare,
Fear steals my voice, forbids the fond relief,
To pour my passion to the listening fair!
Thus love who triumphs o’er my troubled breast,
Causing the pain, which she can cure alone,
Destroys my peace, deprives my soul of rest,
And chokes my accents ere I make them known:
At her approach my limbs forget to stir,
And e’en my heart itself, has fled to her.
A LEGEND OF THE GREAT FIRE.

BY THOMAS EGERTON WILKS.

Author of "The Captain is not Amiss" and other Popular Dramas.

The Arrival.

"He came at last in sudden loneliness,
And whence they knew not—why they need not guess.
They more might marvel when the greeting’s o’er,—
Not that he comes, but came not long before."—Byron.

It was a fine evening in the beginning of August, 1666, that lighted a youthful traveller towards the pretty village of Amblethorpe. Having attained an eminence, he stayed for a brief period his further progress, and surveyed the smiling landscape around him. Amblethorpe, on the summit of which the wanderer paused, was then a straggling street lining each side of the hill, with substantial farm-houses, and the small, but neat and cleanly, cottages occupied by labouring hands. Nearest to the top of the hill was the alehouse, then the property of one Stephen Morton, whose portly form was plainly visible, seated with some half-dozen of his merry companions under the wide-spread oak which flourished in all the beauty of a green old age before his door. Directing the eye to the very foot of the declivity, the church, with its unassuming antique tower and surrounding monuments of death, might be discovered; and still further on the rising ground beyond the church, almost lost amid the trees, and requiring at that dusky hour the very furtthest stretch of vision, might be observed the ancient structure of Amblethorpe manor-house. To the right and left were richly cultivated pasture lands. Swelling woods crowned also every neighbouring height, and, altogether, few would have imagined how short had been the period since civil war had laid waste the fertile territory of Baron Villars.

The stranger surveyed the scene with changeful looks. Oft would some smile of joyful recognition light up his countenance, and then again a saddened feeling would rise in his breast, and once more fill his heart with forebodings, and wrinkle his brow with care. He lingered yet a little while longer; then having apparently finished his examination of surrounding objects, he gently touched the noble animal he bestrode with the spur, and descended the hill towards the village.

The first house was, we have said, that of Stephen Morton, and here the stranger, pausing, sprang from his horse, and advanced towards the table, round which the boon companions of the host were assembled, whilst the sound of a pipe and tabor at some trifling distance, announced that the younger part of the population were amusing themselves in a manner more consistent with their notions of pleasure. All, save one, rose as the stranger advanced, in deference to his seeming rank; and though each surveyed him with a curious eye, they yet evinced the deep respect with which aristocratic personages are ever regarded in an English village; and in good truth there was that undescribed, indefinable something in his appearance, which seemed to announce that their tendered respect was not bestowed on a being quite unworthy of it. He was a young man of perhaps four, or five and twenty years; his form was athletic, yet graceful; his face endued with manly beauty, and embrowned, apparently, by some warmer sun than that which lights the roses of our variable clime. He bowed gracefully to the peasants, in return for their courtesy; and yet it required no vast share of discernment to perceive that if his claims to respect were slighted, the stranger was by no means one who would calmly consent to the degradation. Grief was now the prevailing character of his countenance; and care, that arch enemy to human happiness, had imprinted her seal upon his brow ere years had given license for the unwelcome intrusion, alike damping the pride which had possibly once swollen his bosom, and the mirthful glee which had once danced in his eyes of jet: his raven locks hung down in natural curls upon his shoulders, in the somewhat effeminate fashion of the time; his ample cloak was drawn somewhat tightly around his manly form; and, in fact, his appearance altogether was such, that few bright eyes would have
rested on Edmund Villars without stealing a second glance.

The eyes of the traveller had not been idle. On the contrary, he had keenly surveyed each individual, and each, though tyrant time had more or less altered all, he recognised with characteristic quickness of recollection. Four of the seven we must briefly introduce to our readers. Of course none bowed so lowly, or so eagerly welcomed the newly-arrived guest as the jolly host, Stephen Morton, over whose head full fifty summers had passed, and yet had traced no care upon his ample visage, or dimmed the honest mirth which lighted up his eye. At the rough hewn block which served for a table, in company with three elder inhabitants of the village, sat a man of middle age, clad in clothes of a finer texture than those which adorned the others, and bearing on his strongly marked countenance, and in his sunken yet penetrating eye, that peculiar expression which excites at once distrust and dislike.

He it was who rose not as the stranger approached, but stayed his hand as he raised the wine cup to his lips, and gazed upon him with a look in which confused remembrance struggled with deep amazement. Next to him, sat one essentially differing from all his comrades: this was a young man, perhaps, of the stranger’s age, effeminate in his appearance, and evidently considering himself an individual of no trivial importance. This opinion was, however, grounded upon very insufficient materials, inasmuch as his claims to distinction rested upon showy dress, jauntily worn, the capability of writing vile jingling rhymes, and the firm belief that every pretty village maiden adored him. This was Nathaniel Wellow, owner of the mill, which reared its unpretending front at a trifling distance. Near to the miller, leaning against the tree which shed its umbrageous foliage over the whole company, and busily engaged in shaping a stout blackthorn cudgel, stood Ralph Morton, the only son of the worthy Stephen, who looked forward sometime or other to the dominion of the spigot. A free, open, good-natured countenance formed a correct index to the heart of this, the best man at single-stick in the whole hamlet. Such was the group to whom our hero advanced.

“Good Even, noble sir,” said the bowing landlord; “rest you here to-night?”

“Even so,” responded the stranger, half covering his face with his ample mantle; and then pointing to his horse, “let that poor animal be well provided for. I pray you be seated, friends,” he added, turning to the peasants; “and now, host, bring some ale of the best sort and quality.”

“Byr Lady, ye shall not complain, sir,” replied Stephen as he entered the house, while his son led off the tired animal. Edmund threw himself carelessly on the bench, appeared to sink into deep thought, and after a slight pause, the villagers presumed to continue their interrupted conversation.

“And so, friend Lewis, your master is going to London, is he?” queried one of the farmers.

“Aye,” answered Lewis, the man of repulsive features whom we have described: “aye, never to return here again.”

“We can do without him,” remarked another, “and I’ll warrant he’ll be glad enough to get away; for what with the old lord and what with the young lord, I’ll be sworn he sees ghosts now every night.”

“Idiot!” muttered Lewis: then again, somewhat louder,—“what mean you?”

“Nay, nay, Master Lewis, no harm; only you know ‘tis said that both father and son walk about the castle-hall all night; though, rest their souls, they are cold in their graves. I have often thought that I myself have seen their forms flitting about like shadows in the moonlight.”

“Nonsense, Farmer Hubert, none ever saw those said ghosts but thyself—and thee only after a double dose of Master Stephen’s brown October.”

“I humbly submit, Master Lewis Gabendown, that there you err,” in an assumed gentleness of tone, interposed the miller; “I—I have seen Lord Villars, or rather his appariion, walking about on the terrace that runs along the eastern side of the manor-house at midnight. It was only last night, just as the moon rose, I chanced to be going by—and casting my eyes towards the terrace, there I spied a huge figure, which I knew immediately to be that of the late lord, parading about as though he was keeping watch, and he had a rod of fire in his hand, which was, I assure you, mightily terrific. However, I was not to be daunted, but
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stayed stock still, and had a long look at him——“

Lewis interrupted him with a hoarse laugh——

“Poor Nat, thy wits were quite bewildered! 'twas me that you saw; and I can assure you, gentle, that he ran away the moment he saw me, as though I had been the devil!”

“I think there is a family likeness,” said Ralph, who had now returned to his former occupation, and was seemingly engaged in scanning the features of Lewis, “such a mistake might occur.”

There was a general laugh, and Lewis’s eyes flashed upon the speaker, but only for a moment, and then his features regained their usual expression of calm ferocity.

“But the rod of fire,” inquired the pertinacious miller, “how can you explain that?”

“Why, I suppose it was the moonbeams glancing upon my drawn sword, Nat; and if I had been near enough, you should have tasted it in return for your cowardice.”

“And pray, Master Lewis,” still urged the miller, “what were you doing at that late hour with a drawn sword?”

Lewis glared at him with open malice, as he answered——“He who questions me, must be prepared to support his inquiries with somewhat more than words.”

Ralph unclosed his lips to reply, but shut them again without allowing a sound to issue; and applied himself with redoubled energy to his black thorn, apparently fitting it for some expected encounter.

Edmund, in spite of his reverie, lost not a word of the foregoing conversation. It was evident that Lewis Gabendon was disliked by the farmers, feared by the miller, and hated by Ralph, whose past quarrel with Lewis, Edmund thought, judging by present events, would not improbably terminate some time or other in a fatal manner to one or both. Rising from his recumbent position, he took from the hand of Stephen the offered cup, and advanced to the table.

“Friends,” said he, “I drink to you.”

He did so, then tendering the goblet, each in turn quaffed the generous beverage to the stranger’s health, until Master Lewis received it, and he, ere he drank, demanded in a tone of keen inquiry,—“To whom do I drink?”

“To me, sir,” replied the stranger, sternly.

“Good”—with a disappointed air; and then, with marked emphasis, “here’s to our better acquaintance.”

Edmund slightly nodded, and turned away: Lewis having finished his draught, advanced a few steps, and looked towards the north——“There is thunder in the air, I will endeavour to gain the manor-house ere the storm commences: good Even, friends:” saying which he turned upon his heel and departed.

“Good Even, master steward,” answered all, but Ralph; and Nat the miller added, “Present my best love to fair Mistress Alice, and say I will see her shortly.”

Ralph followed the retiring form of Lewis with eager glance, “That is a villain, if ever I saw one; but let him have a care, if he ever attempt to injure ought that Ralph Morton loves, he shall find there is at least one who fears not his power.”

“Hold thy tongue, son Ralph,” angrily exclaimed the host, “remember Lewis Gabendon is almost master at the manor-house, and we must not offend him.”

“And besides, friend Ralph,” cried Nat, “consider he would not mind a morose drawing that dagger he carries always in his belt, and stabbing you to the heart, or else indeed report belies him strangely.”

“Why, look ye, master miller, I have provided for that; and if ever he draws his poniard upon me, a bullet of mine and that black heart of his shall become intimately acquainted,” and as he spoke he produced a pistol from his belt, displaying it somewhat ostentatiously, and then returned it to the place of its concealment: “but if he attacks me as a man,” throwing his sturdy figure into a posture of defence, and energetically raising his cudgel, “why then I’ll give him as sound a threshing as a man can have, without saying good-by for ever to this world!”

A general laugh followed; and Nat the miller greatly admiring the courage of his old acquaintance, a quality of which he was conscious of possessing a “plentiful lack,” hastened to prefer a request which he cleverly disguised as an offered favour.

“Master Ralph,” said he, “I am going to London to-morrow myself: now you have never seen that beautiful place, and if you like to accompany me, we will
travel together, and my cousin, to whose house I am going, will, I know, gladly accommodate us both."
"To London!" was the exclamation of all: "why, what wouldst thou do there?"
"Why, my friends, I have a cousin there, who stands indebted to me many a broad piece, for flour sold and delivered. This gold I plainly see he is by no means in a hurry to send, and as I would fain receive it, I shall forthwith demand payment in person."
"And so," said Farmer Hubert, "you want Ralph to protect you and your money safe home again, hey?"
"Oh no, Master Hubert, I can protect my property myself; but if Ralph likes to go and see the king, and all the fine sights, why I shall be glad of his company, that's all."
"No, thank'ye, Master Nat, I have no great desire to——" a loud burst of thunder interrupted him. "Ah! the storm commences: in, neighbours, in—an' ye would avoid wet jackets!" and as he spoke, a few rapid strides placed the speaker in safety. He was quickly followed by Edmund; the host and his companions delaying a few moments to convey the cups which stood upon the table.
"Ralph Morton!" in a hurried accent, "I would speak with you." The personage addressed surveyed the stranger with an air of astonishment, and then throwing open a side door, led the way to a small apartment.
"Are we within hearing of any person?" demanded Edmund.
"No, sir," replied Ralph, "all our guests are by this time in the kitchen, which is far enough away."
Edmund threw off his cloak. "Do you know me, Ralph?" A shout of joyful recognition burst from the lips of the person addressed.
"Oh, my dear young master! and are you then indeed still living? Welcome, welcome back to your old home—to your own estates."
A faint smile illumined the features of Edmund.
"And what a welcome is it! How different to that I had once hoped to receive! My father dead, my estate usurped by another, and by my Ellen forgotten: my Ellen did I say? Fool, idiot that I am! I must school myself better."
"Not forgotten, I am certain, my lord; Lady Ellen thinks of you every day, or rather of your memory, for she is taught to believe you dead."
"So! she was deceived that way, was she? I thought—I was certain, that had she not been basely misled, she would never have swerved from her pledged troth, and married the villain Oliver."
"Married, my lord! I do not understand you, the Lady Ellen is not married."
"Not married? Speak it again and again! Tell me, tell me, once more, my Ellen is not married, and I will bless you for ever!"
"I'll say it fifty times, my lord, with pleasure: no, she is not married, although Master Oliver persecutes her to death to wed him!"
"Then she may yet be mine! Oh, blessed thought, which more than half repays the griefs of years."
"But do tell me, my lord, where you have been, and what has detained you all this time; we have heard nothing of you for several years. Every body, including your late father, thought you dead; and Master Oliver Rawson, your first cousin, has seized the estates as heir at law."
"Villain! It was through his contrivances, I have been so long a prisoner in Spain."
"I knew it, I knew it! I knew all along that he and the rascal Lewis Gabendon were the cause."
"Listen. When I left England for the Continent, purposes to spend a few months in foreign travel, ere my intended wedding with my father's ward, fair Lady Ellen, my cousin Oliver recommended a creature of his own, as my servant: in this man I confided, and he repaid my generosity by announcing me to the Inquisition. In the dreary dungeons of that awful tribunal, I have lingered four years; and should there, probably, have terminated my existence, had not my accuser, when attacked by deadly sickness, dragged himself to Madrid, and there made manifest my innocence. I was shortly afterwards liberated, aye, in time to stand by the bed of the dying reprobate, and hear his sad confession of guilt. He bid me take the gold he had earned by betraying me, and hasten to England, to assert my rights; but when I asked for my Ellen, he chilled my soul by telling me, she was wedded to my cousin."
"Then he told a great lie, with all
his penitence," cried Ralph.
"He was probably himself purposely
misled. But tell me, Ralph, where is the
Lady Ellen now?"
"At the manor-house, my lord.
Master Oliver has been absent in London
for some time past, but lately he returned
here again, having persuaded the king
to make him guardian to the lady;
buts folks say he returns to London in
the course of a few days, and takes his
ward with him, to present her at court."
"At court?"
"Yes, he is said to be a great favourite
with the king."
"Ha! then we must be cautious as
well as bold. Think you I can procure
an interview with Lady Ellen, without
discovering myself to Rawson?"
"Oh yes, my lord, very easily, and
this very night too. Directly the vil-
lagers are retired to rest, we will go to the
private door which leads into the shrub-
bery, of which I have the key: I am
going to meet Alice there, and she will
gladly conduct you to her lady."
"Good Ralph, I will not fail to re-
member your fidelity: once in possession
of my birthright, you shall have the place
this Lewis Gabendon now holds."
"Confound him!" energetically ex-
claimed Ralph.
"Prithee, what hath excited thy ire so
much against this man?"
"Why, my lord, the fellow pretends to
love Alice, and—and—and—"
"And you are jealous. In good
truth, Ralph, you had not need to be
jealous of him."

The Greeting.
"Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And closed is every flower;
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my lady's bower.

Bailie.

It was a dark, yet clear night; the
tempest had passed away, but the wind
yet howled, and frequent gusts would
sweep across the moors, and entering the
woods round Ambleside manor-house,
sound to the affrighted ears of the be-
nighted home-bound hind, like the sighs
and moans of unseen spirits lurking in
dark seclusion. Had any one then been
watching, he would have seen two forms
issue cautiously from the village hostel
kept by Stephen Morton, and descend
the hill on which that village rested.
These night wanderers were Lord Ed-
mund and Ralph: the heart of the for-
mer bounded high with love and hope.
"And shall I once more behold my
Ellen—once more press that dearly
beloved form to my bosom? Oh! joy
unutterable." These expressions were
mental, for Ralph had strongly recom-
manded silence. "If," he whispered, as
they left the inn, "if Master Rawson
and Lewis discover that you, my lord, are
here, they will instantly set their wits to
work, and 'tis ten to one will devise some
plan to ruin you." In this idea Edmund
perfectly coincided; but when he recol-
lected the meaning looks and words of
Lewis in the earlier portion of the even-
ing, he doubted much if he was not already
discovered.

A deep silence reigned throughout
the hamlet, uninterrupted save by the
moaning wind, or the occasional bark of
a watchful dog from some distant home-
stead. Unperceived, they gained the
village churchyard, through which ran
a footpath to the shrubbery, embosomed
amid which stood the antique red-brick
mansion of the Villars' family; and here
Ralph hastily caught the arm of Edmund,
and softly whispered, "My lord, my lord,
let us not pass through the burying-
ground, the distance round it is but
trifling; and they say that after night-
fall unearthly beings dance amongst the
graves."

Edmund, elated at the prospect of
again seeing Lady Ellen, scarcely heard
the words of his companion: every
moment's delay seemed, however, an age
to him, and he hastily replied—
"So much the better, Ralph; I never
yet saw a ghost, and have just now no
objection to meet one. I shall go through
here; you go round, if you please."
To go by himself appeared worse than
even accompanying his master through
the churchyard, and so another moment
beheld the little wicker gate unclosed,
and the two companions within its alarming
precincts. As they entered, the
tower clock tolled forth the eleventh
hour, and every stroke fell heavy on the
heart of Ralph, whose faculties now
became somewhat confused with excess of
terror. Their progress was but slow,
for the course of the footpath had been
changed since Edmund had last trodden
it; and Ralph, who feared nothing stub-
stantial, became so terrified by the ideas which his fertile imagination presented of sprites and shadows, that he mistook the proper turning, and both he and his master became thoroughly involved among the graves. Some considerable period was lost in fruitless attempts to extricate themselves from this unpleasing dilemma, and Edmund was beginning to lament, in energetic terms, the folly of his attendant, when the latter suddenly uttered in a low but delighted tone, "My lord, my lord, here is the door;" and hastily applying the key, a very few minutes sufficed to conduct them into the shrubbery; and under the guidance of Ralph, to whom this path seemed thoroughly known, Edmund found himself speedily on the lawn which stretched before the abode of his ancestors, and the home of his infancy.

"My lord, you see that light;" and Ralph pointed out one to the notice of his master, which shone from a casement at some considerable height from the ground; "that is the chamber in which Lady Ellen reposes."

Edmund watched the glimmering light with eyes of transport. "And am I once again so near my betrothed bride?" he exclaimed; "shall I in reality again behold her?"

"Hush! hush! my lord," cried Ralph; "I pray you do not speak aloud; there may be more listeners than may prove agreeable."

"You are right; but how shall we obtain admission?"

Without speaking, Ralph advanced to an old casement which belonged to some of the deserted offices attached to the manor-house; against this he tapped gently, and in another minute it was opened from within, and the figure of a girl was seen dimly and indistinctly in the starlight.

"Who is that?" was demanded in a gentle voice affecting harshness.

"Why, who should it be but Ralph Morton, Alice?"

"Then Ralph Morton may go away again; if he can't come at the time he promises, he need not come at all;" and the form was withdrawn, but slowly, as though awaiting to hear the expected apology.

"Now, Alice, don't be so cruel; you must pardon me this once, at least, for I have good news of Lord Edmund."

"Good news of Lord Edmund! Then, Ralph, I suppose I must pardon you."

The casement was immediately closed, and a little door, which the darkness had previously concealed, was carefully unclosed, and through this Ralph, followed closely by Edmund, entered the manor-house. The door opened into a small chamber of mournfully ruinous aspect: it was wholly unfurnished, the stone floor was broken and in fragments, whilst the sides displayed large gaps opening apparently into other similarly situated apartments. On a broken block of stone rested a lighted lamp; and in the being who had admitted them, Edmund recognised the pretty Alice, the favourite attendant of Lady Ellen. The girl was naturally amazed, beyond description, when she discovered to whom she had afforded entrance, and displayed the wildest emotions of joy. To the eager inquiries of Edmund, she answered that her mistress was within her chamber, occupied in her evening orisons.

"Lead the way, Alice," cried the lover, "I can no longer brook delay:" and Alice took up the lamp to do so, when Ralph caught her arm.

"Why, my lord, that would be madness! To reach the apartment of Lady Ellen, you must pass through a great part of the inhabited portion of the mansion, and if you should chance to be heard or seen by any of Master Rawson's retainers, you, and Alice, and I, must say good-bye for ever to liberty, and perhaps to life. Where we now stand we are safe, for none enter here: this part is wholly in ruin, and it is said that your ghost, my lord, stalks about here every night; so, if we should even chance to be heard or seen, we shall be mistaken for that personage."

"Well, well, Ralph—what then do you propose?"

"Alice must go and conduct my lady here; if she puts on a white mantle, such as Alice now wears, none will speak to her, or I'll forfeit my head."

"What if Master Oliver, or Lewis, should see us?" queried Alice—"they laugh at the ghost."

"Why, you must think of some good excuse; I am sure I need not hunt for stories for a waiting woman," maliciously answered Ralph; "though 'tis ten to one they are now engaged in their usual midnight orgies in the old hall."
Alice looked at him with the deepest scorn with which she could invest her smiling features; then taking the lamp, turned to depart.

"Pretty Alice," said Edmund, "tell my Ellen how impatient I am to behold her, and speed swiftly on your errand; for time, till I see her, will move with wings of lead:" and as a fit conclusion, he pressed a broad piece of gold into her hand.

Alice, who to do her justice needed not such an incentive, curtseyed low, and then hurried away through the only means of egress which the chamber presented, saving the door opening to the lawn, and the numerous gaps in the walls which we have noticed. The light step of the maiden was shortly lost amid the vaulted chambers; but a gleam of the lamp was slightly perceptible, until the distant echo of a closing door announced that they were now left alone in the ruined portion of the manor-house.

"How comes it, Ralph," demanded Edmund, "that you who were so alarmed in merely crossing the churchyard, dare unfalteringly stand amid ruins reported to be haunted?"

"Why—why—because, my lord," stammered Ralph, who, when he had made the proposal respecting Alice, had not contemplated being left in total darkness: "Alice has read a good deal, and she says there are no such things as ghosts; so if I was to appear frightened before her, she would laugh at me, and perhaps cease to love me."

"Oh love—love," thought Edmund, "how mighty is thy power—how resistless thy decree!"

The next few minutes were past in silence, which indeed remained unbroken until the echo of the distant door, again closing, rang along the vaulted passages. A faint gleam from the lamp was next seen, and at length two forms clad in white were discernible. One was evidently Alice carrying the lamp, and supporting on her arm a figure, the elegance of whose form even the wide mantle she wore could not conceal. Edmund sprang forward—

"My Ellen!" burst from his lips in accents of transport.

"Edmund!" in tones of answering joy, and the fair girl was clasped to the heart of her lover.

Unheeded—unheard, the turret clock tolled the hour of midnight; then the first, then the second hour of morning. The interesting conversation, interesting at least to themselves, in which the lovers were engaged, knew no pause sufficient to think of, or note the time; but shortly after the last named hour, Ralph and Alice, who had respectfully retired to some trifling distance, advanced.

"My lord," said Ralph, "the night now flies apiece, it is of the highest importance that we should reach my father's house without observation."

"True—Ralph, the caution is not unnecessary."

"And must we part so soon, Edmund?" said Ellen.

"To meet again, dearest. To-morrow night, I shall be here again."

"Alas! at noon we leave this house for London. My guardian tells me he has obtained the consent of the king to our marriage, and that his majesty laughs at the idea of my disliking it."

"No time must then be lost. I will start instantly for London, see the king, and lay the true case before him. Charles has good sense, though he is misled, and will, I doubt not, espouse our cause: he cannot have forgotten that a Villars fell by his side at Worcester. Ralph, you must go with me; yet how shall we obtain an interview in London? It is necessary I should see you, to narrate the success of my enterprise; and, moreover, I cannot exist unless I behold you frequently."

"Leave that to me, my lord," cried Alice. "Ralph must be in waiting on the sixth evening from this at the cross at Charing, near which Master Rawson's house stands, and I will contrive to steal out for a few minutes and see him."

"Excellent girl, you shall be well rewarded," said Edmund; "and now, Ellen—"

"Hush! hush!" hurriedly whispered Ralph, "some one approaches;" and, in truth, at that instant a slight noise was heard without, as though some one sought to open the door from the lawn.

"In there—in there!" eagerly cried Alice, pointing to one of the gaps; "quick—they come!" As she spoke she extinguished the lamp, and Edmund and Ralph sought the place of concealment she had indicated.

"Scarcely had they done so, when the
door unclosed, and several persons entered.

“Alight—a light!” shouted one; and Edmund recognised the voice of the profligate Oliver. A noise of flint and steel was next heard, and in a moment a light was procured, and applied to a torch which one of these persons held; it displayed to view a group worthy a limner’s pencil.

Leaning against the wall, his arms crossed upon his breast, his face pale as marble, and his eyes glaring with disappointed malice, stood a man of middle age: his features, naturally handsome, were disfigured by the passions he had allowed to become his masters, which now governed him with resistless sway. His person was manly and graceful; but his clothes, although made according to the newest court-fashion of the period, were torn and dirty. In his belt glittered an unsheathed poniard: a pistol had been grasped in his right hand, but it now lay at his feet, as with furious gesture he had flung it from him, and convulsively pressed his sallow brow. Such was the being whom Edmund immediately recognised as the author of his woes, and usurper of his rights—Master Oliver Rawson. Close by him was his bosom councillor, Lewis Gabendon, whose colourless features, as the torch he held flashed upon them, wore an expression of determined villany, and seemed to announce that no deed was too dark to deter him from its commission. Four ruffians armed with daggers completed the group.

“Are ye certain,” demanded Oliver, “that none passed where ye stood?”

“Aye, sir,” replied one of the ruffians, “I’ll wager my life none passed towards the shrubbery that way.”

“Ye may go; and be here again soon after dawn,” he said, throwing towards the speaker a purse of gold. The ruffians bowed, and passed again through the door to the lawn; and Lewis then drew down an iron bolt, and fastened it across.

“You were mistaken, Lewis,” said Oliver, after a pause of some duration.

“Nay, sir, I am positive that the young man I saw enter the village this evening was Edmund Villars; for after I had left the inn, creeping amid the trees, and concealed by the darkness, I returned, and heard enough of a conversation between him and Ralph Morton, to whom I shall speedily administer five inches of cold steel for interfering between me and Alice, to convince me that your old friend in Spain is taking a long nap, and that young Villars was coming here this night to see your ward.”

“In that, at least, ye were mistaken.”

“So it appeared; I heard it but imperfectly. Certain I am he passed not through the churchyard; for while you, sir, watched the middle of the pathway, I, concealed by the church porch, listened and observed attentively. He must have abandoned his purpose, for Gasper, and the others, on whom I can rely, swear that none passed the longer way.”

“Lewis, he must die! Name the reward you desire, and when the deed is done the prize is yours. As for me, I am safe, should he even appear openly and assert his claims, for the king, prejudiced by my previous statements, will regard him as an impostor; and Ellen’s dislike to her marriage with me, I have tutored his majesty to believe is merely the veil of modesty thrown over real love. Ha! ha! it shall be my fault if he sees her long enough to learn the truth; yet—yet this Villars is a scorpion in my path; remove him—remove him, Lewis!” then starting from his recumbent position, he waved his hand somewhat haughtily, and in more measured accents added, “light me to my chamber.” Lewis bowed, and without another word they quitting the ruined apartment.

It had been no easy task for Ralph to restrain the impetuous Edmund from rushing forth and challenging the would-be assassin at once to combat, for his passions had been roused by the sight of the being who had so long destroyed his happiness; and it required the strongest remonstrances and expositions of the certain death which awaited him, if he discovered himself to the man who panted for his blood, and was now surrounded by his creatures, ere Ralph could persuade Edmund to defer his threatened vengeance. It had been the first business of each, when the torch was lighted, to cast an earnest gaze on all around. Alice and her lady were gone, and their ears, keen with anxiety, had caught, during the conversation which ensued, the distant sound of the closing door, which communicated the fact—that, undiscovered, they had reached the inhabited portion of the manor-house.

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The next morning Ralph announced to his father that the stranger guest had departed at break of day, after having discharged his bill, and that he himself had determined to accept the miller’s invitation: having, therefore, chosen one of the best horses his father’s stables could boast of possessing, and received from that kind parent a purse of gold, he departed, accompanied by Nat, who was inwardly delighted at having obtained a companion, who was so well noted for his courage and sagacity.

At noon the villagers, likewise, beheld the departure of Master Oliver Rawson, his steward, Lewis Gabendon, and his ward, and Lady Ellen Grey, attended by Alice.

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**The Fire.**

"Fire is a good servant, but a bad master."

*Old Proverb.*

"Sir Roger. And now for the catastrophe."

"Sir Peter. What catastrophe?"

"Sir Roger. Why, the catastrophe of this long story."

*Old Comedy.*

Disappointment awaited the reasonable hopes which Edmund entertained of his success in London. His attempts to gain an interview with the king unfortunately failed; and his distant relation, Villars of Buckingham, to whose perfect satisfaction he had proved his identity, delayed from day to day, with all a courtier’s promises, and all characteristic inconsistency, calling the attention of Charles to the subject.

"We must wait, Lord Edmund," he replied one morning, when our hero, having attended at his usual morning levee, somewhat earnestly reminded him of his delayed promises. "We must wait until our august sovereign shall deign to be in a humour for business; at present, I assure you, he is much more inclined for mirth."

"But, your grace, did he know that the happiness for life of at least two of his subjects, each belonging to families celebrated for their loyalty, depended upon a speedy hearing of my cause, surely he would relinquish for one single hour his cherished amusements."

"Cousin Villars, be satisfied; I have been more used to courts than thou hast been, and must seize my own time, or decline the business wholly."

Edmund bowed and retired, forced to content himself with an answer precisely similar in import, nearly in its very expressions to those which he had received every second day for the preceding six weeks. He returned moodily to his lodging at the inn, which displayed for its sign “The Goat and Compasses” (in the time of the Commonwealth it had been “God encompasseth us,” thus whimsically changed to suit the altered spirit of the time), which then stood a detached building nearly opposite to where the New Church now dignifies the Strand, and entering his own private chamber, speedily became deeply involved in some very important reflections.

"It is fortunate I did not wholly trust to the deceitful courtier’s promises,” he thought to himself, “else Ellen had been lost: but my plans are matured, and though I lose my estates, and am proclaimed a beggar, Ellen shall be rescued from her vile persecutor. In three short months she becomes of age: conscious of this, the wily villain would force her into marriage on the instant; nay, if she be not released this very night, he must succeed, for the king, acting assuredly under delusion, has granted his unqualified consent to, and entire approbation of, this hateful union. Yes, yes, this night she shall fly with me to Italy, and in some convent seek refuge, until the time has elapsed which sets her free: mine she can never be, unless some fortunate change enables me to oust the usurper from his basely acquired eminence, for I would not offer the hand of an outcast beggar to the heiress of Grey."

Here the thread of his reflections was broken by a gentle tap at the door, and Ralph Morton entered, who bore on his sunny countenance a strange mixture of joy and disappointment.

"Well, Ralph, what news? Bad, I presume, so tell me quickly. I am now so much inured to sorrow, that no fresh grief can much effect me, save that, my Ellen—speak, speak, my Ellen!"

"I am disappointed, ’tis true, my lord, yet still I have good news to communicate, too. Nay, look not so impatient, I will tell you all anon. In the first place, the vessel you have engaged to take us all to Italy, cannot receive us on board to-night, nor sail until to-morrow morning: a leak has been discovered, which must be repaired."

"Confusion! call ye not that bad news?"

"Why, yes, my lord. I was told of it
last night, and came here to tell you, but your lordship was not within, and I waited not, but hasted to my appointed meeting with Alice, told her of this fresh delay; and it is now arranged that Lady Ellen, when she retires this evening, shall give orders to her waiting maidens not to arouse her until a late hour, and thus, my lord, her absence will remain undiscovered until long after we have sailed.

"Did you deliver my letter for Ellen to Alice?"

"I did, my lord, and Alice contrived to steal out again to me; she bid me tell you her mistress would willingly adopt your plan of escape, and that she had secured the key of the postern gate which opens upon Charing, and if you are there in waiting at the tenth hour to-night, she will be in readiness.

"This cursed delay of the vessel will ruin us! Where are we to wait until the hour when the captain can receive us? Do the people on the river know he is preparing to sail?"

"No, my lord; the reward you promised, if the secret be kept, has effectually prevented babbling; even the men do not know whither they are bound; and as to the first question, my lord, I can satisfactorily answer that. We can abide very conveniently at the house of Nat, the miller's cousin, where he and I are now residing; his relative is a baker, and he lives in Pudding-lane, which runs down to the water's-side; from his house you may reach the vessel in three minutes."

"Your plan is bad, Ralph; the miller will recognise us, the more especially as he fancies Alice loves him."

"Does he! By St. Paul, then, he is much deceived! But no, my lord, that will not matter. I will tell the baker and his wife that some relations of mine are going down to Greenwich in that vessel—that they had made preparations to go on board to-night, but that the captain cannot receive them until early dawn. I will then ask them to lend us a room for three or four hours, and a Mark will arrange all satisfactorily. Nat will be asleep long ere we reach Charing even."

"So must it be, then, Ralph; be cautious and secret, for remember our success in this enterprise depends upon such qualities."

The schemers separated, and the scene of our narrative changes.

Perchance, fair reader, ye may have read Pope's "Description of a Modern Garden," or in the darkest recesses of thy father's library have discovered Donne's "How to Dress a Garden," while hunting for the last volume of "Waverley;" in that case you may dispense with a long description of the place to which we forthwith purpose conducting thee, inasmuch as 'tis even to such a spot our story is now directed. The pleasuregrounds to which we advert were extensive, and laid out in what was then considered the best fashion and most correct taste,—that is, strait, neatly gravelled walks, turning at right angles, amid square cut beds of stumpy shrubs, and deformed bushes; at each angle might be observed the effigy either of some sylvan deity, or humphbacked mortal: some pouring water from vase-shaped cups; others apparently asleep, with their eyes wide open; whilst the trees were cut and trained into fantastic figures, losing their own beautiful proportions, in vain efforts to render them likenesses of things essentially different.

Wandering amid these formal paths, now observing the quaintly reared shrubs, anon musing before one of the statues which encumbered instead of beautifying the garden, and then gazing listlessly upon the clear blue evening sky, strode Oliver Rawson, clad in a suit of splendid courtly cut clothes, and looking, as was indeed the case, as though but newly returned from a visit to Whitehall. Lewis Gabendon followed at a slight distance; when suddenly his master turned to him and demanded—

"Know'st thou where now abideth mine enemy, Edmund Villars?"

"He is in London, sir."

"In London!"

"Aye, sir, I saw him yesterday at the Duke of Buckingham's levee, and Ralph Morton was with him."

"Where is he residing?"

"I know not that, but shall discover shortly; I have dogged Ralph Morton to his dwelling, and shall soon learn that of his employer."

"Edmund must die! The king, methought looked but coldly this morning; nay more, he desired that the marriage of Lady Ellen Grey might be deferred. I appeared to consent,—by Heaven! 'twas mere pretence, to-morrow shall see us united."
"What have we here?" cried Lewis, as he stooped and picked up a small folded paper: it was the note addressed by Edmund to Ellen. Oliver snatched it from the steward, and hastily perused it.

"Ha! ha! it is in this way he purposes to elude me, is it! Mark me, Lewis Gabendon, he here informs my love-sick ward, that he has engaged a vessel to carry her to Italy, and that it is destined to sail from the Tower-gate on the evening of Saturday, the 1st of September."

"That is this very night?"

"It is, and I will make one of the party. This discovery is most fortunate: we will allow her to escape hence, and follow her to the water's-edge, there we must destroy her companion, and announce to the gaping world we did so, because he was detected in an attempt to force away the heiress of Grey."

"Well resolved, sir, yet here is writing on the other side:" he turned the paper, and read as follows: "The vessel will not sail until to-morrow morning: we shall remain in the intermediate hours at the house of a baker in Pudding-lane. R. M." "R.M." repeated Lewis, cogitatively, "that must be Ralph Morton; I must kill that fellow yet."

"Do so, if you can with safety; but at least his master must be cared for. Now follow me to the house."

* * * *

The Pudding-lane of 1666 led from Little Eastcheap to the river, but in no other way did it resemble the place bearing the same name of the present era. The houses were, with but one exception, built of bath and plaster, painted white: some were even thatched, although by far the larger portion were roofed with those narrow tiles formerly used so much, and now so little. The houses were not numbered for the convenience of the inhabitants and strangers, but were distinguished, as our public-houses only are now, by means of signs, swinging on long poles far projecting from the walls to which they were attached, in many instances reaching almost close, in consequence of the narrowness of the lane, to the opposite side. In addition to these obstacles of the little light which forced its way into the gloomy precincts, there were others not less formidable; these were the long spouts which running as far from the roofs of the houses in a slanting direction, as those of the signs did from the middle in a horizontal one, added in no small measure to the numerous impediments which the light of glorious day encountered in its passage into Pudding-lane. Thus even at noon-day there was but a "darkness visible" sort of light to guide the inhabitants to their daily toil.

Situated about eight houses from the bottom of the lane stood a dwelling, no wise differing from those around it, save in the circumstance of having an unusually fine-painted sign, pourtraying to the view a mill, and bearing beneath in ostentatious characters the name of "Paul Wellow;" the mill being exhibited as in some shape typifying the trade of the owner, precisely as the weavers displayed a lamb, the woolcombers a sack of wool, the booksellers a bible, &c. The house itself was erected in the common style of the preceding era, each story projecting over the one beneath, and the protuberance being in each case supported by a rudely carved nondescript figure: the casements were small and ill-formed, but the glass which formed a portion of them was kept in a state of scrupulous cleanliness by the industrious care of old Dame Wellow.

The day of the 1st of September, 1666, had closed, and a chime from the neighbouring clock of St. Dunstan announced the hour of nine, London, differing widely from London of the present day, was becoming, at least the city portion of it, tolerably quiet, and few now were the passengers through the city streets. Having pourtrayed the exterior, we will now examine the interior of Paul Wellow's dwelling. The entrance from the street conveyed the guest by a descent of one step into the shop; this crossed a small chamber, the common sitting-room of the family, presented itself. At the further end of this a flight of steep and narrow stairs led to the sleeping rooms; while on each side of these stairs was a door, one leading to the kitchen, the other by a descent of some twenty steps into the cellar, where, with the assistance of an oven, honest Paul prepared bread of the flour which he received from his cousin Nat.

In this room, surrounding a fire, which the remarkably sultry air of the few preceding days rendered wholly unnecessary, were three persons: these were, Paul, the baker; his wife, a truly estimable, because industrious, helpmeet; and Mas-
ter Nathaniel. The two former were sitting on opposite sides of the fire; he employed in discussing the merits of the "vile herb" tobacco, by means of a long straw and a walnut-shell; and she watching, with sleepy listless eyes, the glowing embers of wood upon the hearth. Precisely in the centre sat our old acquaintance the miller, differing no way from the time we saw him last, unless, indeed, we except a new and fashionable doublet, and a still more ludicrous air of affected consequence: one arm was leant on the table, whilst the other supported his head; ever and anon, however, would he start from this position, and earnestly write with a burnt black ember sundry sentences upon a paper which lay before him. It would appear that one of these sudden motions had alarmed the slumbering dame, for after one of them had occurred, a quick interjection passed her lips: "Mercy, Master Nat, what are ye doing, that ye thus affright one?"

"Dame, I am writing," pompously replied Nat, proud of being able to do that which a large majority of his countrymen, at that period, could not.

"An’ ye would make less noise about it, ye would please much more," replied the awakened, and, consequently, offended dame. Nat looked at her with open contempt; then, with an affectation of carelessness, replied,—

"I am writing poetry to a pretty girl in our little village of Ambleside; it is proper that I should reward the affection she entertains for me."

"Affection for you?" retorted the female, giving contempt for contempt; "for you, quotha! Where were her eyes when she fell in love with you, I wonder?"

"Where were her eyes? Why, in her head, to be sure; and what’s more, fixed on me!" lisped the miller, stroking his chin complacently.

"On your pockets, perhaps!" muttered the dame: "if the wench hath an ounce of wit, she knows that a well-lined purse will excise an empty head."

To attack his self-love was at once to declare open war with Nathaniel Wellow, and pursing up his lips, he was meditating a reply, which he intended to be killingly severe, when a gentle tap at the outer door changed the current of his ideas at once.

"There is Ralph Morton and his friends, I guess," said the baker, withdrawing his much-loved straw for a moment from his mouth,

"It is earlier than he said," answered Nat, as he rose, crossed the shop, and opened the door.

The faint light emanating from the wretched lantern, which the then existing law forced the baker to suspend above his door, just sufficed to exhibit to Nat a tall gaunt figure, very different to the one he had expected to see. This personage, however, immediately recognised him, and a gruff voice muttered with an affectation of agreeable surprise—

"Ah ha! little Nat, how dost do?"

Had a spectre appeared on the threshold, or the thunder spoken in words to the miller, scarcely could he have been more terrified than he was when he discovered the form and features of that dreadful personage, Lewis Gabendan.

"How dost do?" he answered, his voice quivering with astonishment and fear: "but what want ye, master stewart?"

"Cold words for an old friend, Master Nat," replied Lewis, angrily.

The miller knew every tone of the steward’s voice, as well as the often hunted fox knows the different notes of the haggle; he perceived anger was beginning to rise, and hastened to stifle it.

"I pray you pardon me, Master Lewis," he uttered, with faltering accents, "in truth, I scarcely knew ye, pray you walk in and take a cup of ale."

Lewis waited no second invitation, but entered forthwith, closed the door, crossed the shop, and entered the room beyond, in total silence, vouchsafing not a single word to the alarmed and trembling miller.

"Good friends," said Lewis, at length addressing the bowing baker and his bobbing wife, and at the same time carefully displaying the elegant and splendid dress which his cloak had previously concealed, "I rarely visit London, and had become bewildered in the darkness, when, as I passed your house, I chanced to hear the voice of my old, good friend, Nathaniel Wellow, and ventured to intrude; if you can accommodate me for the night, I will not forget your hospitality."

Thus saying, he quietly took possession of the seat from which the miller had risen.

The words, however, which he had uttered, inspired the faint heart of Nat
with a small portion of evanescent courage: for Lewis Gabendon to remain a whole night, under the same roof as himself, appeared little better than absolute death.

"My cousin is grieved, I am sure, that he cannot comply with your request," he boldly began; "but my friend Ralph Morton is going to bring some friends here presently, and—and—" Here he suddenly, and wholly without intention, caught the eye of Lewis, and the glance, like that of the baleful rattlesnake or basilisk, appeared to fascinate its victim, for his words first trembled, then ceased, and with an alarmed expression his eyes sought the ground. A moment's pause ensued; Lewis appeared to wait the conclusion of the miller's sentence, although perfectly well aware the latter was far from intending to finish it. At last he said,—

"Nay, nay, Nat, I know, sooner than turn me out again into the street to find my way as I can, you will willingly share your own couch with me—will ye not?"

Lewis now made a proposal which he by no means wished to hear complied with; but in truth he had long played with the miller, as a fisher plays with a trout when securely hooked, or a cat with a mouse ere she completes its final destruction.

"And yet," continued the steward, grimly smiling, as he marked the visible, yet tacit abhorrence with which Nat heard the proposal,—"and yet I might inconvenience you; cannot I rest on yonder sacks?" and he pointed to a large heap of empty flour sacks which lay piled together in one corner of the chamber.

"Oh! yes, yes!" exclaimed Nat, delighted at the idea of escaping his hated companion, "oh! yes, you may sleep there.

"I fear your bed will prove rather hard, noble sir," apologised the worthy baker.

"Excellently good," answered Lewis; "I have been accustomed to hard beds.

"Doubtless," murmured the miller, in a subdued tone, as he smoothed down the sacks; "many a prison have you occupied, and will again, please luck."

"I fear you will be disturbed," resumed Paul, "for there will be persons coming in during the night, and I myself rise early to pursue my business."

"Fear not, friend baker," said the steward, "I sleep soundly. I pray you accept this golden coin as payment for your hospitality. Thank ye, Master Nat, that will do," and so saying, he threw his stalwart frame on the prepared couch.

A duet of thanks having been sung by the baker and his wife, they wished their newly-arrived and unexpected guest good night; then, carefully preceded by Nathaniel, ascended the stairs, and retired to their dormitory.

Half an hour passed away, and silence profound and uninterrupted held her solemn reign. Then Lewis rose from his resting place, trod softly across the shop, and opened the door which led to the street. That the persons expected might enter easily, the door had been fastened by a latch only; this he gently removed, and peered cautiously forth; no one appeared, until, on a slight signal being given, four forms advanced from the gloom on the opposite side of the lane, and replied to his brief and hurried question. They entered the shop, and Lewis, having re-closed the door, led the way into the inner room. The dying embers yet glimmered on the hearth, and he speedily lighted a lamp, the flame of which displayed to view the persons of Oliver Rawson, and three of the ruffians Edmund had seen at Ambleside.

"They will not be here for some hours," muttered Oliver; "I delayed their escape until the latest moment."

"We must be hidden from their glance as they pass through this chamber," said Lewis—"but how?" He took the lamp, and cast around an inquiring glance. "These sacks present a plan of concealment," he added; and the suggestion was adopted; Oliver and his worthy associates carefully screening themselves beneath.

This night, fated to be one direful to London, wore slowly away: twelve, one, and two o'clock were tolled forth from the neighbouring church towers, and none had moved, saving Lewis, who ever and anon had risen and replenished the fire, for what purpose was not apparent, for, as we before observed, the weather at that time was, and for some long period previously had been, intensely hot. He was thus engaged shortly after the last hour we have named, when a slight creaking announced that the door from the street was being cautiously unclosed; and scarcely had he regained his place of
concealment, ere several persons entered the chamber.

"By good luck," exclaimed the voice of Ralph, "the fire burns yet; we can procure a light." He searched about, and discovering the lamp, lit it, and displayed to eyes he little dreamed of; the forms of Edmund Villars, the agitated Ellen, and terrified Alice.

"Quick, Ralph!" impatiently exclaimed Edmund; "lead the way to our chamber; see ye not the Lady Ellen is well nigh exhausted?"

"This way, my lord, this way," and Ralph, followed by his companions, ascended the steep stairs, and traversed the narrow passage to which they led. From this passage a continued flight of stairs conducted to the story above, whilst two doors opened to different rooms. Ralph entered that which fronted the street, and having placed the lamp upon the table, closed the door, whilst Edmund bore the almost fainting Ellen to a couch, and at the same moment sought to raise her spirits by words of comfort and encouragement.

"Courage, dearest Ellen," he murmured, half reproachfully, "am not I with you?"

"I know, Edmund," replied Ellen, "that I may confide in your protection, but indeed I feel so strong, so strange a presentiment of coming ill, that I cannot resist its power. "Danger," and she started with a stifled scream, "is surely nigh."

For a moment Edmund felt the contagion of this ardent expression of terror, and glanced round the apartment; but the next re-assured, he said, "Nay, nay, Ellen, this is mere folly; I thought you had a stronger mind than thus to be the slave of vague alarms. Fear not," —he paused, for with intense astonishment he beheld Ralph start from the side of Alice, to whom he had been whispering, apply his ear to the key-hole, and then eagerly try the lock; the door opened not, and turning round, he said in a tone of mingled fury and fear, "My lord, we are betrayed!"

"How? what means this?"

"The door is locked, we are safely caged; and this very moment, I heard that low sneering laugh wherein Master Lewis Gabendon delights to indulge. Yes, yes, 'tis plain we are caught!"

"Ralph Morton, out with your sword, I charge ye; the villainous miller has betrayed us: but at least we will sell our lives dearly, and protect to the last the beings dependent upon us. Break down the door."

"Hush, hush, my lord, that way there is no chance; but thanks to the inventor of casements, we may yet escape them.

He approached the window, and threw it open; the distance to the ground was but trifling. "Alice," he cried, "tear these cloaks to strips." Alice did so, and with trembling hands began to knot the pieces together.

"What wouldst thou?" questioned Lord Edmund, angrily, "fly from our enemies? I at least will meet them sword to sword."

"My lord, my lord, pray be advised; believe me, Lewis Gabendon never trusts to even odds; whoever draws against him and his master this night, may calculate on three to one against him. Our only chance of escape is flight; should they dream for a moment that we are not reposing in sleep after our toil, nothing can save our lives."

A very short time sufficed to form a tolerably stout rope, and long enough to reach to the ground: Ralph then leaning from the casement, proceeded to attach it to the sign-post which, as we have said, projected from the centre of the building. Whilst he did this, the inmates of the room became sensible of a suffocating atmosphere: the cheeks of Ellen grew paler and paler, and Edmund feared that every moment would behold her lost to life; he lifted her in his arms, and carried her to the casement.

"Haste, haste, Ralph," he cried, "or Lady Ellen dies! The house, I think, is burning."

"I guessed as much," answered Ralph, as he sprang through the window, and stood with his feet on the sign-post—"I guessed as much: had they designed to use the dagger, the door would not have been barred; no, no, they mean to destroy the house, and us with it; and this is another of the steward's acts of villany;" and as he spake he slid down the rope, and standing at the bottom received in his arms the senseless form of Lady Ellen. Edmund next sprung out, and having assisted Alice to descend, followed himself.

"The lamp, the lamp must be extinguished, else they will discover from
the street that we have escaped. Follow this lane, 'twill conduct you to the river; I will rejoin you instantly." There was no time for words, and indeed Ralph was at the top of the rope, ere he had finished speaking: towards the river, therefore, went Edmund, carrying Ellen, and leading the almost equally senseless Alice; whilst Ralph having performed his self-enjoined task, once more regained the street, and hurriedly followed them. Fortunately, a half-slumbering boatman had already commenced his morning’s labour, and he willingly undertook to ferry them to the vessel destined to bear them away from England.

"The bargain then is struck, so let us lose no further time," cried Edmund, as he leaped into the boat: then placing Ellen securely beneath some old sails, he assisted Alice to enter. "And now away—yet stay for a moment, where is Ralph?"

"Here, my lord," replied his trusty adherent, half breathless with the speed at which he had run to overtake them; but as he thought to spring into the boat, a rude and sudden grasp withheld him: he turned, and by the light of the early dawn, discovered in his assailant, the person of Lewis Gabendon. "A bold stroke to save my lord," thought Ralph, and he shouted, "All ready—he speedy—away!"

Concluding he was within the boat, the signal was immediately acted upon, dash went the oars, and away flew the fugitives, leaving Ralph to struggle with no common enemy.

* * * * *

It was several minutes after the door had closed upon their intended victims, ere any one moved from beneath the heap of sacks which concealed them. Having, however, allowed, as he imagined, a sufficient time to elapse, Oliver sprang up, and followed by Lewis, ascended the stairs.

"Lewis, fasten the door securely."

"'Tis done, sir;" and the worthy steward, at the same moment, slipped a bolt, which likewise fastened outside: thus making "assurance, doubly sure." Softly descending to the room below, they there found the three ruffians, who having released themselves from their irksome hiding place, were now busily employed in searching the apartment for plunder.

"How now, villains!" cried Oliver, "is not my pay sufficient, but ye must turn common thieves? Another such action, and ye must seek another master."

They drew back abashed; and after a moment’s pause, he turned to Lewis, and doubtfully queried, "Is there no other way? Can we not poniard them as they sleep?"

"And have the murders laid to our charge for the remainder of our lives, even should we escape hanging? No, sir, no, we cannot have a better plan than this. It will be supposed that some profligate fortune-hunter forced away your ward, that he conveyed her to some obscure dwelling, which chanced that same night to be consumed by fire, and that in those flames both perished: thus, then, will you securely win the estates of Villars and of Grey."

"Suspicion will light on us immediately," said Oliver; "you were seen to enter here to-night, and heard to ask for shelter."

"Only by three—the miller, the baker, and the old dame; and they," with the grin of a fiend, "will all perish in the flames."

Even the callous heart of Oliver felt a pang.

"Three more!" he faintly muttered.

"Aye! and three more to that an they had stood in our way," answered Lewis.

"Now, lads, lay those sacks loosely, and fire them." He was quickly obeyed, and the embers on the hearth were employed to kindle the flames pregnant with death: the sacks, however, were damp, and burnt but slowly, producing dense volumes of smoke.

"Cock your pistols," said Oliver, whose momentary remorse had past away, "stand on the opposite side of the lane, and should they endeavour to escape at the casement, fire immediately."

The ruffians addressed did as they were directed, and passed through the door a single moment after Ralph had left the spot. Oliver emptied his powder-flask on a part of the sacks, not yet ignited, and then secured his retreat, into the lane, followed by Lewis. Scarcely had they quitted the house when the powder caught fire, and the ancient habitation began to blaze furiously, whilst loud cries from the inmates, announced that they had discovered their imminent danger. Presently the flames burst from the casements, and cast a lurid yellow glare into the street.

"See, sir," exclaimed Lewis, "they
escape at the roof!" and he pointed out three figures scrambling across the tiles.

"Confusion! They will escape us yet," shouted Oliver; "follow me!" and he bounded into the burning house. Few villains are deficient in animal courage; Oliver was not of that few, neither was Lewis Gabendon; he darted across the shop, and followed his master up the falling stairs. Oliver burst open the door, — "They are gone!" and a deep execration escaped him. Lewis heard the words, and at one step sprang down the stairs, bounded across the flaming shop, and quitted the house. "They will fly towards the river," he sagaciously considered; "if so, I may yet be in time to stay them." He rushed down the lane, and in another moment arrested the departure of his enemy, Ralph Morton.

"Monster!" cried Ralph: "now we are met man to man, let this struggle decide our mutual hate," and with the grasp of a giant he returned the attack of the steward. The latter was scarcely, however, if anything, his inferior, either in bodily strength or inclination to employ it, and fierce was the encounter which ensued; the glaring light of the burning houses lit them to the death struggle, whilst the shrieks and cries of the horror-struck inhabitants added a fearful interest.

"Wretch!" exclaimed Ralph, during a momentary pause consequent upon mutual exhaustion, "this is thy fiend-like work!" Lewis made no answer, but he thrust his hand within his belt, drew forth his concealed poniard, and then with a savage cry of exultation and triumph sprang again upon his apparently unarmed adversary. Short-lived was his advantage; the flames caused the naked weapon to glitter; it caught the eye of Ralph, who hurriedly produced the pistol he had once exhibited at Ambleside, and with fatal precision shot the steward through the heart. With a loud yell Lewis Gabendon staggered backwards a few paces, then fell, and the river received his body; whilst Ralph, conscious that no time was now to be lost, hastily threw off his superfluous garments, and at once determined to trust to his skill as a swimmer for the chance of rejoining his master. Ralph could glide through water almost as well as though it were his native element, and a very short period sufficed to place him in safety on the deck of the vessel which contained his master, mistress, and beloved Alice. Every obstacle to an immediate departure was surmounted by all-conquering gold, and lit on her pathless way by the flames of all burning London, the vessel slowly sailed down the stately Thames.

It was a grand though a terrific sight to see the broad flames towering up into the darksome sky, like some giant volcano pouring forth the fire of subterranean worlds; and then to avert the eyes for a few moments, and then to look again and see those flames increased in power, and size, and majesty. Anon, too, would some loud dull crash annoy the ear, telling of ruined beauty, and destroyed splendour, and wasted wealth: then, as the flickering glare, fanned by the gentle breeze, grew brighter, would tall white towers and spires emerge, as it seemed to the gazer, from total darkness, and then again disappear, as though some mighty ghosts were hovering o'er the city, and watching the conflagration. It was a gorgeous sight, but it cost much— the price paid for it was the ruin, and the misery, and the despair of thousands.

Two years passed away ere our fugitives again visited England, and then they came as wedded folks, to claim their joint estates. The same day which had seen Edmund and Ellen united, gave Alice to Ralph, and bound as it seemed the fortunes of the four were together, the two latter joyously accompanied their master and mistress to their native shore. A few words will render clear two or three past events, and will likewise account for the summons which they received to attend Whitehall immediately on their arrival in England.

Shortly after Edmund had quitted the presence of Buckingham on the memorable 1st of September, the king, as was his occasional practice, paid the duke a visit, who thereupon seized the opportunity of mentioning the just, yet slighted claims of his kinsman. Charles agreed to investigate the matter, and afterwards meeting Oliver Rawson, received him coolly, and desired the marriage of the Lady Ellen Grey might be deferred. The frightful destruction of the city which immediately followed, banished, however, all thoughts of the fortunes of
A Legend of the Great Fire.

Villars from his memory: and it was not until the mysterious disappearance of Oliver Rawson (who was never again seen by man after re-entering the baker's house), his steward, and Lewis Gabendorn, that Lady Ellen Grey, and the claimant to the estates, were loudly spoken of, when the king directed the affair to be examined. Buckingham, to whom Edmund had recently written, lost no time in placing before his majesty this communication, wherein a circumstantial account of the transactions of that fatal night was detailed. Charles thereupon expressed his wish to behold the actors in this strange drama as speedily as might be, concluding by inviting them to return. Of course this agreeable request was immediately complied with; and on their arrival in London, Ellen and Edmund were introduced to His Majesty, who was pleased to reinstat Edmund in those estates to which his claims were so indisputable.

"But tell me," said Charles, "know ye really nothing of Oliver Rawson?"

"Truly, no, sire," replied Edmund:
"Tis possible he perished in the flames he had kindled, but of a certainty I know nothing."

"And where sought ye refuge when ye fled from England?" inquired the king.

"In Italy, sire; the Lady Ellen became the inmate of a holy convent until she had completed her one-and-twentieth year, and then she became my wife."

"Italy and convents?" and Charles shook his head with a doubtful smile; and then after, for their own sakes, enjoining secrecy respecting the origin of the fire, concluded a long and gracious interview in these words:

"The parliament is now busily engaged in investigating the cause of the conflagration: it is believed by most to be accidental, but many are willing, for certain reasons, to fix the guilt on these convenient scapegoats, the Catholics. Now, should you state the real facts, and admit, as you must, that after seeing the house blaze, you fled away to the Papistical country called Italy, and there took shelter in a convent, why, Heaven help you, for I cannot."

This kind advice was closely followed, not a word escaped their lips; the baker and his wife fancied the fire was the effect of accident: Nat had other suspicions; but as he was not quite certain of Lewis Gabendorn's death, he prudently confined them to his own bosom.

The fate of Oliver Rawson remained a secret until Pudding-lane was rebuilt, when in digging the foundation of the baker's house, a skeleton was discovered almost reduced to ashes. It appeared probable that the unfortunate wretch had missed his way in endeavouring to quit the house; had descended to the cellar instead of emerging into the street, and there perished miserably. Some chronicles there are which state that no person suffered in this dreadful calamity; but the most veracious record the fact, that one human being's remains were discovered. As the body of Lewis Gabendorn was never heard of, it is probable the tide carried it to the mouth of the river; but Ralph Morton, whenever Alice mentioned the subject, would wink knowingly, and insinuate that when in falling the body met the water, a violent hissing sound ensued.

Edmund and Ellen, with their faithful adherents, lived long and happily at Ambleside manor-house; and Nat the miller, when his brown locks had become seared with the snows of age, and his grandchildren climbed upon his knees, and hung round his neck, and all fear of the steward's returning had vanished, would often, on a fine summer's evening, sit under his own porch, and tell a gaping auditory a most marvellous account of his "miraculous" escape from The Great Fire of 1666.

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TO *****

Ellen, I would not thou should'st deem
The poet's love is like his dream,—
A visionary thing;
Nor think, although his recreant verse
The charms of others may rehearse,
That he is less thine own;
Than when in thy enchanted bower
He owns the magic of thy power,
And vows to thee alone.

B.
THE TWO

At the further extremity of a small village near Tours, on the main road from Bordeaux to Paris, there was, some years ago, a small public-house, remarkable for external neatness, and more particularly for a well-painted sign-board, whilst a well laid-out and moderately extensive garden, in which there was displayed great taste, wholly separated it from the neighbouring houses. Cleanliness and comfort might, indeed, be said to reign in every corner of the interior of this humble, but attractive, dwelling; so that the *tout-ensemble* presented a most inviting aspect to the way-worn traveller frequenting the borders of the picturesque river Loire: greatly, however, as it was preferred by travellers of consequence, it was likewise the favourite resting place of coaches and postillions.

The interior of the inn so fully corresponded with its smiling exterior, that we would fain pause awhile, and enter into a description. The rooms were high and airy; the eating hall, as well as the kitchen, were both panelled with beautifully polished pieces of oak; and two large well-carved old-fashioned chimney-pieces adorned the neatly furnished rooms. The staircase was broad and lofty, and every part bore evidence of the orderly and cleanly habits of the proprietor.

During a cold stormy winter night, at the latter end of the month of November, in the year 1818, around the sparkling kitchen fire of the inn just mentioned, honest Mr. Ebrand, his three children, and a relative who lived in the neighbourhood, were seated side by side, socially discussing the domestic affairs, in the height of enjoyment, over the best bottle the cellar could furnish; whilst a blazing wooden fire, from the old-fashioned hearth, enlivened the aspect of the assembled group.

"Hear you the falling rain?" said Mr. Ebrand; "it has not ceased these three days, and there is not yet any appearance of fair weather. This evening I very closely observed the signs in the heavens, and my forebodings of continued bad weather were fully confirmed. Oh! it is a doleful thing, day after day, to hear the noise of the boisterous winds, and the never-ceasing splashing of the rain upon our windows: the clouds are as black as soot, the roads are impassable, and every thing presents the threatening aspect of a deluge! and the presence of never a traveller darkens our windows.... Mary, go and fetch us two more bottles from the best bin; you know where to find them—they are on the left, at the back part of the cellar." At these words, uttered in a rough and commanding voice, Mary awoke at once from the reveries in which she was almost entirely absorbed: she cast upon the speaker, who had thus uncourteously disturbed her dreamings, a slight unmeaning glance; then with a deep sigh, bespeaking inward suffering, and without uttering a single word in reply, hastily quitted the chamber.

If any one could have observed the young girl whilst she was engaged in lighting the lamp, going to the cellar, and returning with the wine, he would have been struck at the fixed cast of her countenance, and the death-like paleness of her face. So deep had been the abstraction of her thoughts, that she resembled a statue of marble, of infinite beauty, and perfect symmetry. Her features were, indeed, formed in nature's finest and most delicate mould, and her shape harmonised in majesty and grace. Such was this almost inanimate, and now again nearly motionless, being.

On this account it was that Mr. Ebrand incessantly followed her with reproaches, and harassed her with his rude jokes, for he was not her own father. Mary was, indeed, the daughter of a rich merchant, who had been ruined by over-speculation, and had died of a broken heart; and her mother had married Mr. Ebrand, in order to secure for herself and daughter a future respectable maintenance.

"Come, make haste!" said the landlord, when he beheld Mary tardily returning from the cellar. This girl will be the death of me.... There, just look upon her; did you ever see such a figure? Is she not the very image of the Virgin, with her great black eyes, and agony-bespeaking air?"

"Your very good health, Mr. Ebrand," cried the neighbour, filling a large glass to the very brim. At this moment two loud knocks were heard at the outer gate. The landlord and his guest
The Two Fingers.

abruptly deposited again upon the table their well-filled glasses, which at that instant they were carrying triumphantly to their lips; and poor Mary, affected in every nerve, was compelled for support to seize the first chair which was at hand.

"Who the devil can it be that arrives at this late hour?" said Ebrard; "it cannot be a traveller, at all events, none by the diligence, for..."

The knocks became more violent than at first, and the whole fabric re-echoed with the sound. The landlord arose from his seat, and with troubled mien took the lamp from the table, and traversed the corridor which led to the exterior of the building; but previously to opening the door he demanded, in a bold tone, who was there.

"A traveller: open the door—make haste!" was the answer from without.

"What do you wish?"

"The deuce! I wish for a supper and a lodging; open then, I beg. Are you accustomed thus to detain guests out of doors during such dreadfully tempestuous weather as this?"

"Do not be angry," said Ebrard, opening the door; "enter, sir, and be welcome. It is because you arrive at such an untimely hour, and the country hereabout being overrun with thieves and vagabonds, that we hesitate opening our doors after midnight, for fear of admitting some of those evil gentry, who would be far more free than welcome." So saying, he placed the lamp almost under the nose of the traveller, and scrutinised him most attentively. The expression of the youth's countenance seemed, however, sufficiently satisfactory to authorise his admission, and gain him a welcome. Once admitted, he saluted him; then shut the door, took the portmanteau, and with lamp in hand to show the way, led him to the kitchen, in the rear of the premises.

When Frederick, the newly-arrived, had relieved himself from his heavy cloak, which was wet through and through, and covered with mud, he placed himself near the fire, in face of the young girl, whom he had particularly marked at the moment of his first entering the room. Hardly had the stranger been seated, before he made an earnest request that supper should be brought, at the same time begging them to make all possible haste, as he wished to depart at an early hour the following morning by the coach for * * *, on which account he wished to lose no time ere he was enabled to go to bed.

"Your supper, sir, shall be ready in ten minutes," said Ebrard; "but excuse me, sir, it seems to me that you might with far greater convenience have reached the town you have named by the diligence, which passed by here this evening, without having had the delay and expense of staying here, or being pressed by the necessity for so early a departure in the morning."

"You are a strange mortal of a landlord, or, rather, you are very mistrustful of me; but I think that by telling you the simple truth, I shall not only satisfy you, but remove every suspicion. My family lives in a small town not far distant from this neighbourhood, and had I prosecuted my journey in the diligence, by midnight I should have reached their dwelling; in order to avoid so great an inconvenience, I sought your house, that I might enjoy a good night's rest, and depart early in the morning with the coach, which leaves at six, and reach the habitation of my friends at a more seasonable hour. This explanation will, I hope, satisfy you."

"Perfectly so," answered the landlord, confounded at the open manner in which the young man had answered his impertinent question.

A long pause, which lasted for a few minutes, now succeeded, during which the eyes of Mary and of Frederick often met each other; and a keen observer might have discovered that a more than ordinary sensation of interest was awakened in the heart of the youthful girl: her features, which in general presented a pallid hue, had now gained an animated tint of warmth, and by the aspect of her visage, she seemed to be suffering from trouble and anxiety of mind.

The stern voice of Ebrard announcing that supper was on the table, awoke Mary from her sleep of thought. Frederick took a place at the table, and in twenty minutes' time he had finished his meal.

"Mary, light a candle, and conduct the gentleman to his room."

The poor girl obeyed her master's orders, and Frederick followed her up the staircase to the apartments on the second floor.

"You are not the daughter of the landlord?" said Frederick, with mild
inquisitiveness, when he found himself alone with Mary.

"No, sir," she answered, and her colour, which had re-assumed its whiteness, again changed into deep crimson.

"I could have sworn as much; and nothing can be more convincing than your fair hand, and those roses which at this instant adorn your lovely cheeks." After a moment's silence, he added, "Are there many travellers here to-night?"

"You are the only one."

"And pray what is your name?"

Each now stood as if transfixed to the floor, wholly at a loss what further to say. It was curious to observe how this young man, just returning from taking his degree at St. Cyr, and as yet uncontaminated by the world, had in a moment been smitten with a new and hitherto unknown passion, which was now kindled in an instant in his bosom, and as if held by the spell of an enchantress, he stood motionless, like a statue, at the sight of a country innkeeper's simple daughter. The timid and retiring appearance of this girl made him guess that her parents had moved in a better station. One glance at her eyes was sufficient for him to ascertain that he dared not approach her with freedom. A single word from her lips would have been sufficient to have secured from him marks of profound respect.

"Do you want anything else, sir?" said Mary, in confusion.

"No, thank you," was the only answer, and they interchanged the salutations of "Good night." With eyes downcast in meditation, Mary left the room, and having descended the staircase, she silently joined the rest of the family in the kitchen.

Frederick stood still gazing after the maiden, when she turned towards the kitchen door, but a burning piece of wood which fell from the fire, and rolled on to the hearth, awoke him from his meditations.

It was a long time ere Frederick could compose himself, or chase from his thoughts the lovely image which had entranced him with astonishment and delight.

When Mary had returned to the kitchen, she found a second traveller seated. He was a man about forty, or five-and-forty, years of age, tall and athletic, with huge shoulders, and immense hands, remarkable, nevertheless, for their peculiar whiteness. In demeanour, and in dress, the respectability of the party seemed to be unquestionable. A poll of thick greyish black hair adorned his high forehead, and, on the whole, he was a very remarkable personage. His look could not be better compared to anything than that of a Spanish priest of the order of Jesuits, as evinced in his singularly ambiguous cast of the eye. The only questions which he addressed to the landlord, whilst he was taking supper, were the following:—

"Am I the only traveller at this inn?"

"No, sir," replied the landlord; "in the room adjoining to that which you are to have, there sleeps a young gentleman who arrived but a short time before you." The stranger at these words seemed to be full of thought; and he visibly contracted his brow, as if deeply contemplating some important, if not perilous, project.

"Take care," said he, after some moments' reflection, "that I am called tomorrow before seven o'clock, for I must be at Tours before dinner.... Ah!" continued he, "it would be well if you could procure a single horse vehicle to be ready at an earlier hour."

Frederick had retired to his bed, but his candle was still burning on the table. The emotions which had previously agitated his mind had not yet subsided, and much as he needed repose after two days' travelling, sleep would not come at his bidding. All at once, recollecting the landlord's apprehensions from the unsettled state of the neighbourhood, he arose, and sought for the key of his portmanteau, and, opening it, took out a sabre, which he placed on a chair close to the head of his bed.

The old antique kitchen clock now struck the hour of midnight; all the inmates of the inn repose in profound sleep, with the exception of Mary, whose head and heart beat alike tumultuously. Innocent as she was, she tried to account for the strange, and, to her, hitherto unknown sensations which had been so newly awakened in her mind.

Frederick, after a brief space of time, was abruptly startled from his sleep by a noise resembling that of a key slowly turning in a lock. He listened, but hearing nothing more of it, persuaded
himself that it was only an illusory dream, and he soon fell asleep again.

A similar noise soon again disturbed his slumber, and he found it but too true that the first had not been an idle fancy, for it was now most evident that somebody was attempting to enter his room secretly. He rose up a second time, took his sabre, and though his candle was out, moved softly towards the door, and placed himself there as a sentinel. In about a minute's time the noise again ceased, and he thought for a moment that the depredator had renounced the intention of breaking into his room, for the door was strong, and the lock good, and it seemed, therefore, very difficult to open it; but casting his eyes involuntarily on the ground, by the bright moonlight which pierced through the window into his room, he distinctly saw part of a hand gliding between the floor and a small vacancy of the door, making great efforts to heave the door from its hinges. He instantly raised his arm above his head, and taking a deliberate aim, let his sabre with all its force fall upon the hand which was thus moving. An agonised cry succeeded the blow; then followed a dreadful execration, uttered in broken and indistinctly articulate sounds; then a light noise of footsteps, which soon lost themselves in the distance, and the deep-loned silence of the night succeeded. Two fingers covered with blood remained, however, on the floor. Frederick ran to the heath, where yet a few embers of fire glimmered among the burnt wood, and after having lighted his candle, pondered over the past events, and gazed in horror at the hideous trophies of his victory. After the first moment of consternation and surprise were ended, he calmly took the two fingers from the ground, and carefully washed the blood away with his handkerchief.

"It must be confessed," said he, "that I was very fortunate in thinking of my sabre;" then, after having attentively examined the fingers, "for a thief," said he, "the hands are uncommonly white, and the nails very regular. I will take care of them against the time when the gentleman who owns them may come to claim them: accordingly, he wrapped them up in a handkerchief, and went to bed as composedly as if nothing had happened. This was, truly, calm courage, and reliance on his own manly strength and firmness; and in a quarter of an hour Frederick slept as profoundly as before.

It was not yet daylight, when the landlord went to call Frederick, who was to depart at six o'clock. After the latter had cast an eye on the hands of the landlord, and had assured himself that all his fingers were in their proper places, he pleasantly related to him, the occurrence of the preceding night. Having shown him the fingers, and the blood on the floor, the honest landlord who although a rough subject, was, nevertheless, a most timid person with respect to robbery, turned as pale as death at the narration, and for awhile was hardly able to support himself. Having recovered from the first shock, he instantly ran to see if the traveller who had arrived the previous night, still remained in bed. The door was open; he entered, drew back the bed-curtains, but found that the bird had flown. The marks of blood led him towards the window; it was open. After a close investigation outside the house, they found deep foot-marks, beneath the window in the garden, which were visible for a considerable distance, even as far as the high road. Mr. Ebrard, in spite of all the alarms which now perplexed his poor brains, had yet presence of mind enough to draw the conclusion, that the mutilated thief was none other than the soi-disant traveller whom he had harboured for the night.

It would be really difficult to paint the truly afflicting state of poor Ebrard after this dreadful discovery. He imagined that his hospitium was on the point of attack for all the mysteriously organised robbers who then infested the environs of Tours; and as soon as his first consternation was over, he went to the magistrates, and made known to them the attempt that had been made under his roof, how it had been repelled, and of the escape of the robber with the loss of two of his fingers; which circumstance, it was hoped, would facilitate the ends of justice, and not only lead to the apprehension of one of the gang, but of all the band who had so long terrified the neighbourhood. On the way home, Ebrard told all his friends and acquaintances, with an air of the greatest excitement and terror, the strange history of the extraordinary occurrence which had taken place in his house; and every
one thought that what with fright at the past, and alarm for the future, poor Mr. Ebrand would never be himself again; and that those two mysterious unknown fingers had occasioned more uproar, than if the thief had left his whole body at the inn.

Meantime, Frederick arrived at the paternal dwelling. He had not been expected so soon as mid-day, and his early appearance was, therefore, hailed with the warmest demonstrations of tenderness and joy. His mother shed tears of ardent love over her darling son, whom she had not seen for three long years; his sisters almost devoured him with kisses, and, by every means in their power, evinced their affection for him, and the gladness of their hearts at his return; in a word, there seemed to exist the greatest possible happiness.

"But where is my father?" said Frederick, when the first transports were over, as he once again kissed the cheek of his youngest sister.

"You know," answered his mother, "that he often absents himself two or three days at a time; three days past he departed for a small town in this neighbourhood, and we expect him back to-day."

"I am glad of it, for I long with all my heart to see and embrace our good father. I hope he is no longer so gloomy and reserved as he used to be before I left home."

"Ah! my dear boy," said his mother, "he is always the same: one would think he was pursued by some evil spirit; but your return, and the promising hopes arising from your excellent character, will, I hope, cheer and divert him."

The conversation now became general. The family were naturally curious, and impatient to know every thing that had befallen him during his long absence from his paternal roof.

"I hope," said his mother, "you have not met with any occurrence to trouble you during the period of your long journeying?"

"Not exactly so," he replied, "for an event of rather a singular nature did last night occur to me." He thereupon related his night's adventure, with all its agitations and circumstances of mystery. His hearers were tongue-tied with horror, whilst their teeth rattled together from the extreme of terror, in so earnest and impressive a manner had he related all that had occurred to him.

"I forgot," said he, when he had just concluded his narrative, "to tell you that I have brought with me undeniable proof of the reality of my adventure, and were it not for these I should be almost myself inclined to think that it was all a fanciful creation of my own brain. Then putting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth a handkerchief, in which there seemed to be something wrapped. At that instant the door of the chamber opened, and a man entered; pale, and suffering were his features, and his whole clothing was drenched by the heavy rain that had been incessantly falling; and his trembling step, as he approached the family circle, bespoke the greatest distress of mind and exhaustion of body. This individual was none other than Frederick's father.

"My father!" he cried, as soon as he had approached sufficiently near for him to recognise him; "my dear, good father, what pleasure it gives me, after such long absence, again to press you to my heart. Now we are all once again united, this day shall always be regarded as one of the happiest in the annals of my life!"

Saying this, he offered his hand, to confirm the greeting; which act, from some cause then unexplained, his father did not return. The son had not yet, indeed, observed that his father's hand was wrapped up in a linen bandage, which was soddened with blood.

"What do I see?" said he; "are you wounded?"

"Yes; this night on my road home, in passing through a lonely forest a few leagues from this place, I was on a sudden assailed by robbers, and in defending myself I lost two of my fingers; but do not be uneasy about it, my hand will soon heal."

All at once the youngest of the sisters who had taken up the handkerchief which Frederick had let fall on the ground at the sudden appearance of an apparent stranger, now raised it up, and opening it, with a piercing cry exclaimed, "Mother! two fingers in Frederick's handkerchief!..."

At these words dead silence reigned amongst them all, and every feature of the assembled group showed contortions of agony. Symptoms of terror now took the place of the gay and joyful mirth.
which had reigned amongst them; an electric shock seemed to have destroyed in an instant the very springs of life's dawning hope in the breasts of this unhappy family, for they could clearly perceive that there was a most awful mystery connected with their father's daily mode of subsisting his family, which this appalling accident would in a brief space of time develop to the whole world.

An hour afterwards the father of Frederick was in the hands of justice. The affrighted landlord had been the means of spreading a knowledge of the circumstance far and wide. The maimed man was a marked character, and they easily tracked him to his dwelling; and his affrighted children, too hastily aware of the lamentable occurrence, had never once thought, nay, had not had the least vacant time to think, of ensuring their father's safety, either by concealment or by flight.

On the 20th of December, in the self-same year mentioned in the opening of this narrative, the session-room of Tours was filled by an anxious crowd, awaiting the issue of the several trials which were then before the court. Of the many causes, there was one which created an extraordinary sensation. A father was awaiting trial for an attempted robbery, and probable murder, of a traveller, who, unknown to him, chanced to be his own son. Poor souls, thus to have their hearts torn for the crimes of others in which they had not in deed or in spirit the slightest participation. The father of Frederick was placed in the prisoner's box. The counsel for the crown opened the case against the prisoner. The several witnesses on the trial were then called in support of the charge. The name of Jean Antoine Ebrard, the landlord, was first on the list: he, it seemed, had died on the first day of that very month.

After this a young girl approached, dressed in the deepest mourning, who carefully concealed her features under a long crape veil. This was Mary, the beautiful inmate of the inn:—she lifted her hand tremulously to raise the Holy Scriptures to her lips, and when she was asked if she knew the accused, she answered in the negative. She perjured herself, for the sake of saving the father of him she loved. The depositions of the other witnesses were all condemnatory of the prisoner, varying indeed a little, but on the most important point the evidence failed! The landlord himself would have been sufficient evidence to have condemned the accused, but he was dead. How then could his identity be proved. After the king's advocate had spoken, the counsel for the defendant answered the accusation. He attempted to prove an _alibi_, arguing that it was impossible to establish, far less to prove, that the accused had slept at the inn on the night in question, since the only person now living, who might have been able to speak to that matter, gave a statement wholly to the contrary, declaring on her oath, that she had never before seen the accused.

"No, gentlemen," said he, in eloquent, convincing, and most determined language, "the accused has been a victim, not an offender; it is the knife of an assassin, and not the sword of his son, which has maimed him thus."

"And as a proof of this," cried a voice, across the table, amongst the witnesses, "here are the relics which I have preserved!"

At the same time two fingers rolled on the president's table.

The fingers were handed to the counsel for the prosecution, and then passed amongst the jury; but all agreed in examining them, that the fingers produced belonged to some man's left hand, and the accused had been wounded on the right hand. From such convincing and confirmatory proofs of innocence, a verdict of acquittal was instantly pronounced. Three days after the trial, Frederick was a corpse: mortification had taken place from the wounds which he himself had inflicted upon his own left hand, in cutting off two fingers, to save his family from disgrace, and his father from inevitable death!

The following Sunday, at the hour when the last golden beams of the setting sun took farewell of earth, a young girl was observed to enter the lonely churchyard; her head shrouded by a black veil, and her figure clad in the deepest mourning, she knelt on a recently made grave, on which had just been placed a monumental stone: long continued were her prayers, and when the grave-digger, at the appearance of the setting stars, gave her notice to leave that doleful abode, she returned him never an answer,—her soul had gone to seek her lover. Mary,
Recollections of the Tagus.

in the deep agony of her grief and blighted hope, had exchanged this transitory world for one ever enduring.

It is said that Frederick's father, the author of this series of tragedies, lived for some years after in a small town in Italy; and it was more than surmised that he was the organizer and head of the band of robbers which, not many years back, infested the environs of Tours. Screened by the outward respectability of his conduct and his demeanour, he had contrived for many previous years to conceal his actions from every suspicion.

SONNET,

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCA.)

Or che 'l ciel, e la terra e il vento tace.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

LOVE'S VIGIL.

Earth, heaven, and every wind are hushed in sleep,
And all created things in slumber bound;
Night's starry chariot takes its wonted round,
And peace reposes on the waveless deep;
But still 'tis mine to mourn—I wake, and weep
Alone, unquiet, midst this calm profound,
Till soothed by those sweet thoughts, with rapture crown'd,
Which make my restless soul its vigils keep,
Of her, the fountain of my troubled life,
From whom the streams of joy or sorrow flow,
Or sweet or bitter, marked by peace or strife,
Who makes my sufferings, and can end my woe;
Who slaying oft, restores me oft again,
And, with her smiles and softness, heals my pain.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TAGUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASCENSION."

Near the fort St. Julian, at the mouth of the Tagus, were a few ruinous hovels, in such a state of dilapidation, that it is questionable if more than one of them could have afforded the wayfarer shelter from a passing shower. One alone retained upright walls and a somewhat perfect roof, and during a sojourn in the immediate neighbourhood, circumstances connected with it deeply interested me. The precise date of the occurrences is not now important, neither are the political events which caused the garrisoning of the forts at the entrance of the Tagus by British troops. Suffice it to say, that for a summer and autumn my lot was cast, with many others, as a military resident in fort St. Julian. The garrison duties were not severe, and we had no enemy, save enmity, to attack us; this we strove in every possible way to conquer, but o'er most of us he would sometimes wave his dun standard in token of triumphant possession. My favourite evening stroll, when the tide would permit, was along the sands, to a village about a mile distant, in the prosecution of which I necessarily passed this ruined hamlet. My attention was often attracted to the only habitable cabin it contained, by the low murmur and subdued wailings of a female voice. Curiosity sometimes tempted me to reconnoitre this house closely, and I had even looked in at its half-closed windows, and with venturous hand pushed aside a tattered curtain, and discovered that the piteous lamentations which met my ear came from an interior apartment, the door of which was crossed by a heavy bar secured by a padlock. My visits to this spot were generally towards the close of day, at which period no one appeared in the outer room, which contained only a few broken chairs, and the usual cooking apparatus of a Portuguese peasant. Never had I seen any one in communication with the hut, till one morning, having risen earlier than was my custom, I beheld a fine-looking man, tall, and of
a commanding air, enter two hours after
sun-rise, and again on the evening of the
same day. By this time I judged that
these were his regular periods for visit-
ing his supposed prisoner. I therefore
resolved to await his appearance on
the following day, the mystery attached
to the hovel having excited in me a
very strong interest, and my imagination
being not a little busy, I pictured
to myself a prison-house of injured
beauty. I felt assured I should find in
the unknown incarcerator a wretch, who
to the cruelty of abduction and the spo-
liation of innocence, had added chains,
perhaps stripes, in revenge for rejected
solicitations. I determined upon watch-
ing the supposed villain to this hut, in the
rear of which I could conceal myself amid
the ruins of a neighbouring cottage, and
close to a rudely latticed window, which
appeared to communicate with the prison
of his victim, where I might hear, if
not see, the effect his entrance would have
on his prisoner. I thought it prudent to
keep my intention a secret from my bro-
ther officers; indeed, I believe not one
of them knew that a house was occupied
in the ruined hamlet: they had their
horses, and generally rode to Lisbon, Cin-
tra, or more distant scenes of attraction,
whereas my strolls were in the evening
time, and in solitude, and I resolved to
keep the mysterious interest they had
given rise to, locked in my own bosom.
Mine, and mine alone, I resolved should
be the task of rescuing injured innocence
from the hand of the oppressor. The
sun, which was to see this effected, arose;
but alas! I rose not with it: a malady
which had already laid its paralysing hand
on half our garrison, had marked me for
its own, and for six weeks I lingered be-
tween life and death. By the blessing of
Heaven I recovered, and as soon as I could
be taken from my bed, I was placed in a
carriage, and conveyed to Cintra for
change of air. Cintra, sylvan bower of
loveliness, in thee, nature like Narcissus
of old, becomes enamoured of herself. The
mountains that keep court in thy presence,
lift their heads as if in pride of the beau-
ties they seem to guard, whilst their beet-
ling crags, smiling with clustering foliage,
look down, protectingly, on thy gladness and
vineyards. The clouds of morning weep
dewy tears that they cannot veil for ever
in jealous exclusion thy radiant charms.
Language cannot, indeed, make a stranger
partaker of its joys. Beholding is indeed
insufficient unless the soul can make con-
verse with nature, which proved from the
indifference of the degenerate Portuguese,
who have submerged this lovely scene in
a moral atmosphere so dense, that few of
them seem capable of piercing its clouds
to view Cintra aright. The resort of the
gambler and roué of Lisbon, the most
d disgustedly depraved city in Europe;
where Saturday and Sunday are sacrificed
to the infatuations of play by large par-
ties, whose engagements in the town for-
bid their visiting the country at any other
periods. Thus do they desecrate one of
the fairest spots in creation, whilst to
others its blandishments are but incen-
tives to intrigues. I had not been many
days at Cintra, ere increased strength
allowed of my taking an evening ramble
towards Colares. I had passed that me-
lancholy record of the instability of the
human mind, Beckford's modern ruin,
that hall of gladness which he planned,
gloried in, and abandoned to the winds
of heaven, and I was mentally philoso-
phising on the intimate connexion be-
tween possession and satiety, when the
sobs of an aged woman, seated by the
road-side, attracted my attention. She
moaned as if in the extreme of sorrow,
and rocking herself to and fro, seemed to
be telling her beads, almost unconscious
of the prayers she uttered. "God help
you, poor woman," said I, as I approached
her: "your's seems a deep misery; but
if a crusado will help you, 'tis at your
service."
"Signor Inglese," replied the wretched
woman, "I ask not your alms. Keep
your riches to buy hearts to break—to
tempt the innocent maiden from her
home by luxury and splendour—to hire
villains' aid, and steal the daughter from
the mother, and return her but to die.
Yes, ye are all alike—all, that are
great and rich. Go, and the curse of
the bereaved go with ye; and if in thy
dying agony supplications from lips like
thine dare ascend toward heaven, may the
curses of distracted mothers, weeping
tears of blood over the victims ye have
betrayed, sink thy prayer back to thee,
and find thy soul in hell." Apparently
wound up to the utmost pitch of exi-
tement, the frenzied woman had sprung to
her feet, and approached within a short
distance of me, as with uplifted hand she
uttered her malediction. But ere I had
time to express my surprise at these undeserved reproaches, the hapless creature had fallen to the ground. Her soul had gone forth with the curses she had called down on me, or rather on the seducer of her child. Still weak from my late illness, with some difficulty, I lifted the insensible body, and staggered with my burden to a cottage, a little in the back ground of the extraordinary scene in which I had been an unwilling performer. Alas! it was but withdrawing the curtain from another act in the drama of human wretchedness. A priest was receiving the confession of a beautiful girl, whose brilliant eyes, beaming with the vivid glare of fever, seemed to be expanding in those glances the light which might long have made its home beneath the silken eyelashes, had not the destroyer come. Long tresses of dark hair fell in loose disorder on the neck of the still lovely brunette; her pale lips, parted, as if in the act of confession, gave to view teeth which needed not the once ruby contrast to their whiteness. But why pursue a description of beauty, hovering on the verge of the grave; my sudden entrance with the body of her who proved to be the parent of the dying girl, broke the last link that bound the sufferer to the affinities of life. A single scream, a lengthened vibration as the heart’s chord broke, and she made one of the great congress of the dead. The communicative padre, who had been called to administer the last office to her whose spirit was now a denizen of eternity, gave me in a few words the history of Maria. Seduced, when almost a child, by the Marquis D—e, and actually stolen from her mother by his emissaries, she remained but two years in guilty splendour, when abandoned by her seducer she had returned here to die.

* * * * *

“Banco—yes, let us play at banco!” exclaimed many voices in an adjoining apartment, as I took my solitary evening meal at the hotel, near the Moorish palace of Cintra. “Yes, let us play at banco, and the Marquis D—e shall make the banker; will you not, marquis? A ready assent seemed to have been given, and deep into the night did the marquis play; and I heard his ready laugh as fortune favoured him, for the banker is seldom a loser in this desperate game. Wine was called for again and again, till cards were laid aside, and the song and the ribald jest were prolonged till they mingled with the convent matin bell in its call to prayers. And this was thy regimen for poor Maria!

In a few weeks I was recalled to my former duties at the fort. Though the hapless fates of the Cintra peasant girl had distracted my attention for awhile, I had no sooner returned to my old haunts, than the mystery of the ruined hamlet resumed its former influence over my mind; and though I arrived at St. Julian late in the evening, and it was nearly midnight ere the friendly greetings of my comrades left me to my meditations, I could not resist a desire I felt of even then sallying out to visit my favourite haunt. It was blowing what sailors call half a gale of wind; the ocean was roaring in distant thunder; and the clouds were hurrying o’er the pale face of the moon, near its full, which now shed its silvery splendour around, and now, veiled in shadows, illumined my path with but a subdued and saddening light. Then wrapping my cloak about me, I left the fort, and bent my steps towards the ruined cottages. I had to pass a piece of ground beneath the walls of the fortifications, which had long been used as a cemetery. It possessed a rude stone altar, surmounted by a wooden cross, and was, I believe, assigned as the last home on earth of the Catholic soldier who might die in the neighbouring garrisons; but of late, as heretics had their forts, heretics too occupied their city of the dead, and many of our brave fellows, who, unshathed, had stood the brunt of the battle, now reposed beneath the green hillocks which met my eye, victims to that disease which I had so lately overcome. It could not add much to my walk, and I turned aside to mark how many mounds had risen since I last visited the “Soldier’s sepulchre.” Death had been busy; I counted several, one as if it had only that day received its tenant; but great was my surprise, when, at the foot of the altar I beheld an open grave, and beside it, a spade lying on the newly-turned earth. It was in vain I sought to account for this strange appearance. Were a soldier to be buried on the morrow, the grave would not have been dug till the morning; at all events, it would not have been done at midnight; and this seemed as if only just left till its intended inmate
could be brought; for the spade which made the grave was there to fill the pit again. My doubts were soon to be set at rest—I heard footsteps fall heavily in the direction of the ruined hamlet; they approached, and I beheld a tall figure bearing across his shoulders a burden wrapped in white—I withdrew behind a fence of loose stones, where, myself unseen, I had a full command of the burial-ground.

My heart throbbed with expectations; I felt assured this new mystery was connected in some way with the mysterious cottage. The figure came forward till it reached the open grave, and I now perceived it was that of a man of exalted stature, who, as well as I could descry by the uncertain light, bore the appearance of a Portuguese peasant. He laid his burden at the side of the grave; he knelt, and partially uncovered a human corpse. "The hapless prisoner is murdered; that grave is to conceal the horrid crime," shudderingly I murmured to myself; but at this period of time I cannot exactly define the exact feelings which at that painful moment agitated my bosom. I remember, however, that my eyes were strained and fixed on the stranger at the grave, till I was sensible of a smarting sensation in them; and that my ears seemed to catch the sound of his very breathing, till it was lost in sobs and broken exclamations, as he threw himself on the ground, and embraced the corpse he had borne to the cemetery. This paroxysm of grief lasted, however, but for a moment; he arose, and taking the sash from his waist, lowered the body into the grave; and then casting a hurried glance, as if to see that it had reached the extreme depth, he laid his hand on the altar, and in a voice distinct and sepulchral, pronounced what seemed to be a malversation, but of which I could only distinguish these concluding words—"Inez, Inez, thou shalt be avenged, I swear it by this altar, by this cross." He turned to the grave, and had commenced the task of filling it, when a movement I accidentally made, detached some stones from the fence before me, and the noise of their falling attracted his attention. He dropped his spade, and drawing a stiletto from his bosom, sprang towards the place of my concealment, exclaiming, "What! dost thou hover yet around the victim of thy villainy?" My first thought was flight; as, independently of my being unarmed, and the stranger too excited to ascertain if I were friend or foe, I felt unwilling to confess that I had been privy to his sorrows, since it seemed ungenerous to have witnessed them so long. However, a still ardent wish to know more of this mysterious being urged me to discover myself; accordingly, when the stranger was within a few yards of the fence, I leaped it, and stood before him. The moon at that moment was shining brightly, and he seemed to see at a single glance that I was not the foe he sought; the arm which in menace held the uplifted stiletto dropped to his side, and as if scarcely hearing, he allowed me to pour forth apologies, for intruding on his privacy. I addressed him in French, and I feared he did not understand me, till he grasped my arm, and hurried me along to the brink of the half-filled grave, when pointing to it he answered me in the same language, "You say, you saw me place her there—you say you heard my curses on her murderer, my oath of vengeance on his head: hear then the tale of all my wrongs, and bless thy fate that made thee Freeman of a land where wrongs can find redress." His bursting heart at that moment seemed anxious even for the sympathy of a stranger; and throwing himself on the ground, and motioning me to seat myself beside him, he thus continued—"But two sad years have winged their course since I possessed fortune, friends, the angel wife that grave now holds, and every joy that makes life dear to man. Now I am stripped of all, and nought remains but the treasured hope of vengeance on the author of my wrongs. A fidalgo of independent fortune, I married without regard to any feeling but that of disinterested love. My wife was young, beautiful, and happy; and oh! how blessed was I. The Marquis D—saw Inez, and loved her. He sought to win her to his arms, but, with the indignation of insulted virtue, she spurned him from her feet. Oh I had I but known this when first he dared to shock her chaste ear, his base solicitations might have been futile. But no! the measure of his guilt was not yet full. Baffled by the rejection of his suit, the marquis resolved to separate us, that his victim might be at his mercy. High in power, it was but for him to accuse me of treason, to cast me into prison.
Recollections of the Tagus.

Months did I linger in a dungeon’s gloom, no tidings of my wife; no prospect of release, and my gaoler the only human being I saw. At length after having been brought to a mock trial, I was found guilty; and, in what was called mercy, pardoned on the confiscation of my property. I was a beggar, but I was free, and I might yet be happy. I flew to my home,—mine no longer, but still it contained my treasure,—my wife. Oh! Heaven, how did I find that treasure rifled! 1 For some moments, the stranger writhed in an agony of feeling, which forbade utterance; at length he resumed, 2 On my imprisonment the Marquis D——e had sought my wife,—had again urged his suit, and even promised my release, on her complying with his wishes. Why, why, should I dwell on the maddening tale,—my servants were in his pay; what virtue had denied, treachery and force accomplished. My wife, my injured wife, I found her forsaken by all save one,—her faithful nurse. And how found her? —a maniac, who knew not her husband! Oh! cursed for ever be the author of her ruin. Vainly I sought to wreak my vengeance on his head. Soon after this series of crimes, the wretch went on a foreign mission. As I could not leave my hapless, my unconscious wife, I resolved to await his return, and giving up houses, land, to all the rapacious grasp of the crown, I removed to yonder ruined hamlet, privately taking with me my still precious charge. She was not violent; she moaned as if in pain; and would, I felt assured, have put an end to her miseries, could she have found an opportunity of doing so; but as long as I had a crusado left, I watched her night and day; and when all were gone, I gained a bare existence for her by becoming a nightly grape-guarder. Thus every evening I left her, to return in the morning; and putting all hurtful things out of her reach, I would, locking her door, go forth night after night to watch in a vineyard some few miles distant. From time to time I sought to learn if my enemy had arrived; and yet deeply have I reason to know he returned when I little heeded it. It was toward morning, a fortnight ago, when, as I watched on my post, I heard a voice I could not mistake speaking in direction to others —‘He is in this vineyard; seize him, and take him on board,’ was all that met my ear: in a moment I was surrounded by sailors. In vain I resisted: by daybreak I was on board a vessel in the Tagus, destined to Angola. From the brutal abuse of my conductors, I found I was charged with attempting the life of the Marquis D——e. That he feared my vengeance, I could not doubt; and that, on discovering my retreat, his cowardly caution had induced him to bribe the captain of a convict-ship to take me to the African settlements: I could believe this or any other villany of him. How it was that the malady of my beloved, forsaken wife did not cleave my brain, I know not. I passed days, nights, on board this prison-ship, and knew the wife of my bosom to be starving. No help could reach her—no one but myself knew that she was in existence. Whilst in the vineyard I could not have been traced—I had taken every means to prevent it. I pictured her to myself the victim of a cruel and lingering death. To-day, as the evening drew on, I remarked that a skulker belonging to the ship, to which I had communication, was left unfastened. It grew dark. The moon had not yet risen. The blood almost burst from the pores, but I succeeded in forcing my way through this small aperture. I dropped into the Tagus, and allowed myself to go down with the tide, till I found a place where I landed without observation, and proceeded to yonder hut. Famine had done its worst. The being I could have nourished with my life’s blood, slept in death—and death through famine. Englishman, my tale is told. Here is her grave. To-morrow the Marquis D——e dies. Then, fair waters of the 'Tago, I will make my bed beneath thy waves.’ He arose, looked for a moment towards the river, and then silently completed his task of re-filling the grave.

I was so penetrated with compassion for the unhappy being before me, that I uttered not a word to interrupt his melancholy duty. Comfort, I could offer him none. His mind seemed blind to the light of that religion which, speaking peace to the afflicted, could alone afford him consolation. I allowed him to pass from me, and move with musing pace towards his former dwelling, without even addressing a word to him; indeed, so completely was he lost to my presence, that he seemed to have forgotten I was near him, and I wished not to disturb his
sorrows. I returned to the fort just as day was breaking, and could think of nothing but the tale I had heard. As a British officer, coming to the knowledge of an intended assassination, I forwarded information on the subject to the proper authorities. But coldly did I perform this duty. If ever revenge could be dignified by the name of "wild justice," it was here. In the remorseless enemy of the stranger, I easily recognised the betrayer of Maria, the peasant girl of Cintra. Was the reckless career of this destroyer to be stayed, or were new victims to be sacrificed ere the hand of retribution overtook him? The question was soon answered. The next "Gazette de Lisboa" announced the murder of the Marquis D——e. The assassin remained undiscovered; but I felt assured he was the husband of Inez. The next ebbing tide brought his floating corse to the walls of the fort; and the light earth of the grave he had made was again flung aside, and in the arms of his wife we laid him, in avenging whose wrongs he had been but too faithful.

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"Give a child a good education, and then he will do," is a modern aphorism very widely acted upon in the present day, even by parents of very distinct character; and since it is certain, that persons in the humblest situation of life cannot do well without education, it appears a very natural inference, that those in middle life should enjoy the superior advantages, permitted by their situation. Nevertheless, it is worth while to inquire how far a good education (using the term good in the common, rather than the true, sense) can be alike requisite for persons in very distinct situations in society; and whether it can be the part of wisdom to expend upon our children's instruction in showy acquirements that money which might furnish them the means of settling in life advantageously in case of marriage, or rendering them independent and easy in circumstances should they prefer celibacy? In one word, "whether there exists a necessity in consequence of the general improvement of society, that the daughters of a professional man or a genteel tradesman shall attain the same accomplishments by the sacrifice of time and money hardly earned, which are deemed with propriety necessary for the daughters of a nobleman, or the heiress of a wealthy merchant?" When the father of promising sons, after close examination of their several abilities, and deliberation on his own power of bestowing the means of rendering them effective, determines to send one to the university, and another to Rugby—to give Charles the advantages of a private tutor, or William the power of attending lectures and walking hospitals—he does well, unquestionably: for the education which is intended to benefit the individual in future life, and render him also beneficial to a wide circle of his fellow-creatures, should be complete in every thing which parental solicitude and liberality can bestow, since parsimony would be imprudence. By the same rule, if a father is so situated that either from the largeness of his family, or the nature of his employment, he sees the necessity of exertion on the part of his daughters, and the power of doing it efficiently in consequence of their talents, he should strain every nerve to procure them superior instruction in that art which must be their future provision, for this is the only dower his affection can bestow, and his money will be, in all probability, increased a hundred-fold by an expenditure which, having an avowed object, neither misleads his child nor the world. These cases are entirely distinct from those on which I cannot forbear to offer a few animadversions.

By the same rule that every mother wishes for her daughter a good education, which means the acquirement of music, though she may be born without an ear for it; the power of drawing, though she may be as little gifted with an eye; knowledge of all the 'ologies, save theology (which will come of itself)—she requires, of course, a good school, or, I ought to say, "a superior establishment." This term is, in nine cases out of ten, applied to a splendid palace-like dome, formerly the residence of a noble family, and still retaining an
air of grandeur likely to exalt the juvenile inhabitants not a little in their own eyes, when they leave comparatively small dwellings; and when to this is added the acquisition of attention from well-known superior men as masters, elegant women as teachers, and numerous servants necessary for the family, it can be no wonder that, notwithstanding the actual life of labour and care on which the débutante enters, an impression of importance is conveyed, also, which tends to lessen her estimate of home, to awaken desires which must never be realised, and that feeling of dissatisfaction with that "state in which it has pleased God to place her," which in many an after year may induce her to say, "my school days were the happiest of my life." How often do we all hear it? Yet these days were necessarily short, for younger sisters must have their share of this superfine education: they must warble with Signor —— for two guineas a lesson, and dance the mazurka with Madame ——, as well as their eldest sister, because impartiality is a duty, and the one who has no voice requires lessons more than she who has. The child who has the fewest pretensions to talent may have those affections which have most claim on the parent; therefore the system once begun goes on from child to child, imposing a task upon the father far beyond what he ought to bear, and which renders him utterly incapable of making that provision for his declining years, which they will demand if he becomes old, and which his family will require if he is prematurely taken off, which is the more likely to happen when industry is over taxed, and solicitude incurred to an over-weening degree.

But after some fifteen or twenty years thus occupied, the important task is happily completed. The Misses —— are all at home, all finished at the great finishing establishment, and they are fit for any company in the world. It is expected that Sophia and Lucy will be invited to sing all the season at private concerts. Arabella waltzes like an angel. Even little Maria paints in oil, and Selma writes themes on geology.

"But are none of the young ladies married? There is a considerable difference in their ages, as three boys intervened between the third and fourth.

"None are married yet, but Maria will soon be, because she is the beauty of the family; and her mother, after many failures, has at length secured young Railton, who was a pupil of their father's, and loved her when she was a child: he knows, and every body knows, that the girl can have no fortune, though no surgeon in town has done more business than Mr. K———; but his own inevitable expenses, and the good education he has given his girls (to say nothing of the boys, who were all at Harrow), keeps him still a slave, and leaves him unable to give portions."

We may conclude that in such a house all goes on well whilst papa lives, but when he drops, and a bare maintenance remains for the repentant mother, who urged him to a generous but unwise expense, and daughters educated with the rich, the proud, and the fastidious,—who have contracted tastes, that seek for gratification, and habits which belong to expense, and preclude utility, the heart shudders to contemplate the piping autumn the dreary winter, of such accomplished but bereaved and disappointed women. Who amongst their schoolfellows and their early connexions now visits the humble dwelling and the frugal board? Who remembers the dulcet notes, or the bounding steps, of those who are no longer young, and never were beautiful? yet they are not quite forgotten, for women of rank remember when the "poor girls moved amongst us," and the daughters of the rich say, "how ridiculous it was in their father to give them so good an education."

So far from this being a solitary instance of false judgment, and misplaced pride or affection, we are persuaded the "Lady's Magazine" furnishes numerous readers who recall acquaintance without end that have pursued the same path. This is not from the want of second, third, or even fourth rate schools; all excellent, and according to their pretensions reasonable; all possessing good masters, and well qualified governesses, but all perhaps involving the same effects. If the man who could well afford 100l. per annum for his child, expends between three and four, and the humbler tradesman who might venture with safety to spend fifty, incurs a hundred, the same consequences follow, his means are crippled, his gains lauded, and what is still worse, his returns are those only of disappointment to himself, discomfort to his child, and, when too late, the painful consciousness
Thoughts on Education.

of having misled her, whom he should have guided, and of having rendered an amiable and intelligent creature at once useless and unhappy; neither fitted for her own station, nor capable of filling another.

These remarks are the more applicable at the present time, because it must be evident to all who make observations upon society, that the constant intercourse we have held with France for the last twenty-two years, has had considerable influence upon our general conduct as to marriage connexion. Every man now asks for a dowry with his wife, proportioned to the situation she expects to fill, and although the choice of a partner for life is not left to the management of mothers, as in Paris, yet there is a system of espionage, on the subject of money matters, which renders it difficult to win a husband by accomplishments, or even fascinating him by beauty.

The great business for parents is, to consider what they truly wish for on behalf of those dear objects, for which the one is labouring, and the other caring. Let them ask themselves, "Do we desire a grand education, or a good ear? Is it our pure affection requiring assistance in order that our child may become sensible, well-informed, virtuous, pious, amiable, and lady-like? or do we require her to become the rival of those above her, in showy accomplishments, and unnecessary attainments?" "Is it my reflection as a mother, or my ambition and vanity, as an aspiring, yet weak woman and imperfect Christian, that is affecting my conduct?"

When these questions can be satisfactorily answered, there will be little doubt of a good education being bestowed; an education comprising all the useful branches of general learning, and as much of the ornamental as may consist with the father's means of purchase, and the pupil's future power of exercise. Should fortune in after years permit the enjoyment of leisure for improvement, and the taste of her husband demand it, the means will be in her power, since the rudiments are already implanted; and happily there is in the very nature of woman a facility for pursuing any object of interest, even to the verge of life, when encouraged by love and rewarded by tender approbation. If exertion of this kind is seldom called for, and the acquirements in question are seldom exhibited, another proof is given that the attainments of modern education are by no means in that general demand in advanced life, which our conduct would seem to imply from the anxiety to procure them, which pervades all ranks, and induces them to run all risks. How often is health the greatest of all earthly blessings (and more especially to every female, since without it their most endearing pleasures, and their highest duties, are forfeited), made the purchase of some art, they are never able to practice? How often does long protracted suffering, and life itself, prove the oblation which is laid by mistaken zeal on the altars of precocious education.

The system of modern female education, if it does not destroy health, at least laya load of care on the spirits, precisely at that period when nature renders them the most buoyant, and when the path of life to all other young creatures is strewed with roses. To me it is a melancholy sight, when a very clever, good girl, is pointed out "as being extremely thoughtful, and conscious of the great expense of her education, therefore determined not to lose a minute." Alas! these are early days in which to experience the corroding truth of anxiety, the weight of duties, and the exercise of those mental faculties, which belong to calculation and apprehension. Those who impose them may reap the fruits they have purchased at so heavy a price; but let them not expect in the accomplished daughter they are about to exhibit, the gay child whose open heart and overflowing spirits, might have given to their own hearts, by a happy contagion, the delicious emotions, the gentle hilarity, the bounding joyousness, and the sympathizing father's pathos to early life, which we seek vainly to recall should this source fail us. "No! we may by a forced procedure gain summer fruits in spring, but the sweet blossoms for which the eye looks and the heart yearns, must be inevitably relinquished.

And surely it is a question well worth consideration, "what shall we gain by the exchange?" Will the power of playing tolerably, drawing tolerably, looking over, without entering into, the elements of many branches of knowledge—becoming, if of a reflective character,
too grave for their years; or if of a light and vain disposition, flippancy in manners, presuming and dictatorial, compensate us for the quiet good sense, the cheerful obedience, and the far greater degree of mental acquirement to be expected in every young person who has time to improve the mind, and to cultivate an acquaintance with one or two branches of knowledge? It has long been considered, and with great truth, a loss of time to use the needle in school, seeing that time is too precious to be bestowed on an acquisition easily attained at home; but it is to be lamented, that reading to an efficient purpose is equally a forbidden occupation, beyond answering questions in history, which are uttered and forgotten, forming no regular concatenation of facts, and awakening no deductions of judgment; and that for the requisite lessons to learn a foreign language, no time can possibly be allowed for all the best purposes of existence. So that it may frequently be found that the woman who has been most employed in learning, knows the least, and is, of course, the least fitted for the companion of man as a wife, or youth's guardian as a mother.

No one is to blame for this but those who demand more from their children and their instructors, than can possibly be fulfilled: human powers are finite, and time is limited, we all know. In cases of great professional excellence, the whole powers of the mind, the complete devotion of time and thought, have been given to one pursuit, therefore we cannot be so weak as to suppose that our children can make similar attainments with the insufficient time given to each pursuit; and yet, in order that a gentlewoman's education may be obtained, in contra-distinction from a professional one, it is deemed necessary to have various objects of close attention demanding study daily. Would it not be better to give nature fair play in a matter of so much moment, and by neither compelling our children to forego their innocent enjoyments, nor exciting their vanity and ambition to attainments of little, if any, benefit, leave them the power of storing their memories with useful information, and strengthening their understandings, by observation and reflection on the world in which they must hereafter move?

Let their tastes be cultivated in those points towards which they may have an organic predilection, but do not expect that taste to extend in every direction; and remember, that far above all other learning is the implanting of good principles, and the self-control which is the substitute for good temper where that is denied.

There is no accomplishment to be named in comparison with the power of sustaining conversation in an easy, intellectual, and perfectly unpretending manner; there is a charm in the modesty which whilst it seeks knowledge, reveals unconsciously its power of appreciating information, which is singularly attractive in a young woman, and will be frequently seen to render her more loveable than others, who are to the eye, far more lovely. Nature is generally so far liberal to the sex, as to grant a ready flow of words where ideas are possessed: whereas men have more wealth in thought, and less in expression, and find peculiar pleasure in meeting their own opinions and feelings, clothed in language by the innocent and intellectual girl, who neither obtrudes her observations, nor shrinks from making them in a gentle and confiding spirit. Yet how very seldom do we witness this mode of conduct amongst what are called "highly educated young ladies, who speak French like natives, and sing Italian with a pure Tuscan accent." Do they listen to an elderly gentleman's account of the eruption of Vesuvius, or make a comment upon the poem his son has been recommending? No! they are giggling in a corner, as a group of ignorant country girls might be expected to do, until the time when each expects to be led forth to the piano, the harp, or the quadrille, when the exhibition of a fifth-rate performer supersedes the simple exhibition of a light heart, and the agreeable intercourse expected in a rational companion; a "yes" and a "no," with a smile and a smirk, may be expected from the dancer, but deep solicitude for success plants gravity and antedates wrinkles on the brow of the player.

Time was, when the minds of women were not deemed of sufficient calibre to bear charging so highly; they were not rendered showy like the kaleidoscope, in which there is a whirl and a glitter
THE PLAGUE OF MARSEILLES.

BY C. SPINDLER.

The evening sun which was still shining brightly through the green curtains of the lofty valved Gothic windows, and on the stone-paved and finely-polished floor, was reflected on the highly-finished porphyry tables, and on a great variety of ancient armour, which ornamented the walls of the rich and costly chamber. Contentment and cheerfulness seemed to reign everywhere, and with its rich blessings crowned the smooth brows of the peaceful inmates. Mother and child, reciprocating each other's affections, were animated with the liveliest joy. The little Rose was the queen of the plenteous feast; and the young and charming mother, like the most fragrant May-flower, waited upon her beloved daughter with the most lowly devotion. A neat repast, consisting of the choicest fruits of the Levant, covered the table—figs and grapes from Chios, expensive preserves from Damascus, dried fruits from Greece of delicious flavour, new honey, and bread of the whitest quality. Moreover, there were scattered in every direction, the
finest flowers of the season; and upon
these the azure eyes of the little Rose
loved to regale themselves, whilst her
delightful ear listened to the flattering
sounds of contentment that flew from the
whispering lips of her mother. Old
Bridget, as she entered the room, gazed
at the lovely scene; and though not ac-
customed to be impressed by sentiment-
al feelings, could not forbear watching
for a few minutes both mother and child.
The lovely Clemence observed the old
and faithful servant, and with a smile on
her lips said to her, "Draw nearer,
my dear friend, and enjoy with us the
festivities of this day, which I keep as
well as my cloister-like solitude will allow.
It is my Rose's birth-day, and you know
that I feel bound to throw into the
pathways of this dear being's journey
through life as many flowers as I pos-
sibly can, if even it were solely to make
the life of this innocent child less dreary
and dark.—Grant it, Heaven, that she
can never reproach, or turn in anger upon
her mother!"

Clemence stopped short, then dropped
a deep sigh, and let her head fall bet-
tween her lily white hands. The innocent
Rose impatiently beckoned to the aged
attendant, and as distinctly as her tender
age would allow, said, "Come, dear Brid-
get, set yourself down here, and if you
will tell me a story, I will give you the
largest raisin which my mother has given
me."

"Thank you, my sweet heart; but
what shall I tell you?"

"Oh! tell me the tale of the bad
dragon; it is so dreadful, and I like so
much to hear terrible stories."

"You would not surely hear that,
on your birth-day? No, no, my dear little
darling, I will tell you one of the mag-
ician, who sometimes was a man, some-
times a horse, and then at last changed
himself into a thistle, and was eaten by
a camel, and thus destroyed."

"No, no, tiresome Bridget, I want to
hear the story of the dragon, which you
once told me of."

"Well! as this is your birth-day, I sup-
pose I must please you."

"There was once upon a time, a very
poor woman, who lived at Beaucaine, who
lost a wooden vessel in the river Rhone;
she had no money to buy another, and
none of the fishermen would assist her in
dragging it out; full of despair, she ran
forward and backward by the river side,
bawling her loss; for her poor children,
whom she had left at home crying with
hunger, in vain awaited the return of
their mother, who in that very vessel
was to have brought back the soup,
which was distributed by a charitable
convent of nuns in the neighbourhood,
to the poor of the surrounding country.
As she was thus crying, the dreadful
dragon of Terrascon, a horrible monster,
covered with green scales, having large
red eyes, and gold yellow wings like
those of a bat, appeared before her,
having left the horribly dark cavern
under the depths of the waters, which he
customarily inhabited.

"'Why do you cry?' demanded the
dragon, at the same time throwing large
flames of fire from his eyes and nostrils:
'I cannot hear to hear any body cry or
weep, and if from this very hour thou
dost not enter my service, I will instantly
swallow thee. I have a son who wants a
nurse, as he has but just crawled out of
the egg; come with me, wait on him,
and be his nurse, or a dreadful and cer-
tain death awaits thee.' This saying
frightened the poor woman very much,
and she earnestly entreated him to tell
her what would become of her poor chil-
dren if she should go with the dragon.
The monster, shooting piercing looks from
his fiery eyes, curled his scaly and rat-
tling brow, as if in deep consideration,
he then shot forth quickly his blood-red
tongue, which hung several yards out
of his mouth; then scratching behind his
ear with his clawed foot, he replied, 'I
will take care of thy children; but seat
myself quickly down on my tail; if
not, thou diest instantly.' The poor
woman did as the dragon had commanded
her, and with the swiftness of lightning,
he went down into the heart of the cold
river. At the bottom the monster found
his hiding place between sharp-edged
rocks and shoals. There sat the little
dragon playing with the poor woman's
wooden vessel, and around him grew
coral plants as large as trees, to whose
branches the skeletons of those unhappy
beings had been fixed, whom the cruel
dragon had devoured to satisfy his glut-
tonous appetite. In this dreadful abode
the poor woman was compelled to serve
the great dragon for seven long years,
and take care of the young dragon till he
grew strong, and was able to go alone
and procure prey. During the little basilica's youthful days, his father provided him and his nurse with all those fine things which are so highly prized by mankind in general. One day the father entered the apartment, after his usual custom about the infant's dinner time, in more than ordinary good humour, bringing with him an apple-pie, when he said in high glee,

"Nurse, partake of this with my son; and when he has eaten of it, take some of the fat and touch both his eye-lids, that he may be able clearly to see under the water, and dive into the mystery of every existing charm: when this is done, your work will be ended, and I will then load you with rich presents, and send you back to earth." Whereupon the poor woman's heart beat with excessive joy. She did as she was commanded. Having almost finished anointing his son's eyes, the old dragon turned aside for a moment. The nurse seized the golden opportunity of touching her own eyes; but the watchful dragon turning again hastily round, hindered her from succeeding with more than the left. She was now all at once able to see all the treasures and magical charms which lay concealed beneath the waves, but it was of little use to her, for the dragon once more put her upon his tail, and, like a whirlwind, dived with her through the waters, till he had safely set her down on the very same shore from which he had seven years previously compelled her to enter his service.

He was, however, considerate enough to leave a purse with her full of newly-coined gold pieces. Thus far secure, she scampered off to Beaucaine as fast as her legs could carry her, to learn the fate of her children; but, alas! her house was empty, for the wicked dragon had not kept his word. All her children had died, save one only, whom a neighbour had kindly maintained in his own house; but the child, strange to say, during this long interval of seven years, had not grown an inch: and as the sorrowing mother drew out the purse to repay her neighbour for his generosity towards her child, behold! instead of the gold, it contained only pebbles.

"The poor woman now cried still more than before, and could not for a long while console herself. For three tedious years she herself watched on the banks of the river for the arrival of the dragon, in order that she might receive something from him which would enable her to procure those necessities which would restore her poor and sickly child to health.

"The great fair of Beaucaine had now arrived, where many thousand persons of all nations meet together, some for business, others for pleasure. Amongst the countless multitudes was also the old dragon, for, still aided by magic powers, he had learnt to assume a human shape. As soon as she had a peep at him, she knew him, in spite of his high-plumed hat, his gold brocaded waistcoat, and his buckles sparkling with brilliants, for she could now with her left eye peep through every possible transmutation. "Good morning, Mr. Dragon," said she; "are you also here? How is your son? You kept your promise very well; you let my children starve of hunger; and my youngest and only remaining child you have caressed and made a dwarf, and you have changed my well-earned wages into stones. If you do not instantly compensate me for all that you have taken from me, I will cause you to be taken in charge and sent to prison, and the parliament will quickly condemn you as a sorcerer to be burnt alive." At this the dragon seemed greatly astonished, and with pretended honesty mildly said,—"If I were even he whom you take me to be, and if it should be my intention to make all that you require good to you again, how is it possible for you to recognise me in this disguise?" The monster at the same instant rattled the many gold pieces that were in his pockets, and the simple woman was so ensnared by its empty sound, that she told the dragon in what manner she had anointed her left eye, and thereby gained the strong power of second sight: hardly, however, had she uttered these words, when the handsome-looking and white hand of the dragon, adorned with many rings, changed into its former hideous shape, and his long claws, which shot forth with rapidity of lightning from under the ornamental frill-work at his wrist, unmercifully seized upon her left eye, and tore it forcibly out of the poor woman's head. There she stood; the blood flowing freely from her wound, whilst the people at the fair flocked around her in such crowds that she could no longer find the dragon, and was at length obliged, helpless and blind as she was, and without any human as-
sistance, to search her way home. Still more to increase her distress, she found her child in the last agonies of death. Here my story breaks off, and what further adventures the old nurse had with the dragon, I cannot tell you; but she herself has most likely long ago breathed her last breath, oppressed by grief and sorrows, if the holy Martha has not interfered in her behalf, and prayed for her for a longer life."

The little Rose, full of that kind of anxiety which is the highest interest with those children who are listening to hear terrific tales, drew nearer her mother, now enwrapped in deep thought, and said, with fearful curiosity,—"Tell me, Bridget, is that bad dragon yet alive?"

"No, Rose; the holy Martha has crushed his head beneath her foot: but the wicked people are the identical dragons of this world, for they run disguised and full of deceit among honest and good people, promising what they do not intend to perform, and finding their happiness in other people's misfortunes, destroying those persons with their claws who are unwise enough to put themselves in their power."

Old Bridget's strain of philosophy was too high to be understood by the infantine genius of the poor child; and it carelessly turned its head aside, and began again to play with the flowers and the fruits before her. The eyes, however, of the deeply-reflecting Clemence were suffused with large pearl-like tears, which being observed by Bridget, she hastened to wipe them away from the pallid face of the youthful mother, adding, "Be not angry with me that I so thoughtlessly uttered that which must necessarily wound your feelings, I ought not to have lost sight of your sorrows, nor to have forgotten that you yourself were made a sacrifice to a wicked dragon in disguise, whose plotting has poisoned your happiness; but depend upon it, there is one whose just reward nothing human escapes, and wherever the wicked Malatesta may now be, the vengeance of Heaven will overtake him, and never more allow him to enjoy the slightest happiness, or a moment of peace. I would not wish to be present at the death-hour of so vile a sinner."

Clemence answered, in a mild voice, "Increase not my grief by this utterance, the mercy of Heaven is unlimited, else why should we preach and pray for forgiveness and mitigation from our own sins, if we would take away all hope of pardon and forgiveness from others? I take no part in thy hatred towards him, and if Malatesta has acted, wrongfully, even to the very same excess that I once passionately loved him, and by which he won me, still, I will not—cannot curse him, he is the father of this child, and a dearer treasure to me than even Rose herself: and since I no longer enjoy the delight of his presence, all thought of his again returning has irrevocably passed away. A separation from him whom I so tenderly loved, was the hardest of the trials I had to endure... That sorrow is now passed, and I am restored to partial tranquillity. But a harder trial Heaven never could doom mortal to undergo."

Bridget shook her head without uttering a word; then after a long pause she said, "Your parents never deserved such a daughter as you were, my lady; know I not the history of your whole life? You were always a victim to your father's pride, severity of discipline, and harshness of treatment; the thoughtless carelessness of your mother left you almost without a guide; and the ambition and covetousness of your brother tried to gain every thing from you, and to place your conduct always in the most unfavourable light. Was it then to be wondered at, that the insinuating and flattering language of the Genius, clad as was his tongue with a mantle of deceit, won your affections, and gained your soul from you? He resembled, though only in a humble office, a 'nobleman, or a prince, in bearing and behaviour, whilst our lordlings of Marseilles are the image of bargemen and peasants. Oh! many are the times I have wished that I had not taken offence at the harsh language of your father, and quitting their service. I should then have been always near you, dear Lady Clemence, and you would then have entrusted to me a knowledge of your situation relative to the wily Italian. Four eyes would have seen more clearly than two, and the delusion in which you have been would never have overtaken you; this, then, may be ascribed as the first cause of all your misfortunes."

"Very possibly, my dear Bridget; but fate would have it so, and I take upon myself the entire guilt. I deceived my parents, and acted contrary to their
commandments in turning a deaf ear to their wishes in avoiding Malatesta. Carried away by the tempest of passionate feeling, I forgot parents and home, and only thought how to smother the stings of conscience, when I was able to pronounce the marriage oath at the altar, and receive the priestly blessing."

"The snare of the devil!" answered Bridget. "He triumphed by deception. Poor lady! I still remember well the day when I returned to Marseilles, weeping and lamenting the loss of my only child, thinking under your roof to find consolation. Little did I then think of your needing a comforter. But on that very day the veil was drawn aside which had concealed your weakness and Malatesta's villany. The time had then almost approached for you to become a mother. You were forsaken, and, moreover, treacherously deceived by the very man who ought at that anxious period to have been your protector, your supporter. Oh! the faithless creature—he fled over the seas to his own home, and left you a prey to calumny, and the slanderous tongue of mankind. Discarded for ever by your parents, as if they possessed not a spark of humanity, I was the only being left to occupy the place of friend; and most faithfully I acted as such, until your cousin, the honest and good Mr. Folques, hospitably opened his house to you, and with fatherly affection received you as his own daughter."

"To him, then, are due my warmest thanks for his faithfulness in not deserting me in the hour of my greatest distress," cried Clemence, in a voice full of feeling. "The virtuous Folques can only be rewarded by Heaven, and may God long preserve him for the sake of my poor child, when I am dead and gone; and when he himself is also dead, may the heart of his son be moved by similar feelings of compassion, not wholly to abandon my darling heart. When Malatesta quitted me I thought that I was in good circumstances; but the parliament of Aix, whilst it pronounced my marriage as invalid, robbed me of all that was dearest to me—the dignity of a wife, my poor child of his rank, a father, and honourable birth; what would become of her should I die, and Folques and Victor coldly turn away from the helpless orphan?"

"For this reason I curse the villain who has been the cause of such mis-

chief," cried Bridget aloud. "The artifices he played upon you in profaning the sanctuary by a sham priest-service, and a pretended blessing, gave me the final death wound; for the parliament was obliged to pronounce the hard sentence; and it is but small satisfaction to you that Malatesta's servant, the villainous Raoul, who in that farce played the part of priest, was condemned to the galleys; but I wish from the bottom of my soul that the seducer had been branded, and with a well-shaven head wore the casaque of a galley-slave, and that he was united, side by side, by an iron chain to a companion, himself dragging the heavy chain-ball."

"Forbear! forbear!" cried Clemence, deeply agitated; "leave the apparitions of those unfortunate times, now long past, quietly to rest in their tomb: call them not forth at this moment of innocent repast; spare the ear of this harmless child, whose spirit has as yet nothing in common with this world of strife—whose senses are yet incapable of entertaining our notions of sorrow and hate."

Clemence and Bridget lost themselves in reflection; then embracing the smiling Rose, her bright eyes and smiling countenance bespoke that degree of comfort, which harmonious and reciprocal friendship is alone capable of imparting.

A loud knock at the door at this instant awoke them from their reveries, and before they had had time to attend, it was thrown open, and Victor, the son of old Folques, entered, wishing them a good evening. Victor was a youth of sailorman, of Herculean stature, dressed in the loose and fantastic costume of those of his class. Clemence blushed deeply; the little Rose clapped her hands, denoting her pleasure; and Bridget busily moved a chair to the table. Victor, whose hardy occupation could not be discovered either in his speech or in his manner, turned himself from the offered chair, and with swinging foot rested himself carelessly at the edge of a table, playing with the dotting little Rose. In this situation he pressed upon his left arm, which rested on a handkerchief. It was with visible difficulty that he suppressed a violent oath which seemed to be just about to escape from his lips.

"Do you still feel much pain in your

* Here we beg to refer to the tale entitled "The Galley-Slaves," recently published, from the same author.
arm?” inquired Clemence, with a look of pity and concern.

"By ----, I suffer much," answered Victor, biting his lips. "It seems to me as if the cursed sabre that made this wound was poisoned, or else my bad blood and restless spirit hinder it from healing, or some witch has thrown this curse upon me, but whether of the twain I know not; but I continue to be an invalid, and, like a fool, look on, whilst my associates on the waters avail themselves of their strength. I have just come from the hills of Notre Dame de la Gande, where I saw my vessel sailing out of our port. I stared after it till it grew no larger than a small dark spot, and at length wholly vanished from my sight beneath the distant horizon. It is no wonder that the trees round the harbour will not thrive, for the air is foul and thick, unless, indeed, a north-east wind is blowing, which kills every shrub at one foul blast."

"You will make yourself really ill by your being always so discontented and grumbling," said Clemence, with mild reproach. "It was your own fault that you received the wound, for you yourself confessed that you provoked the Maltese pilot."

"Why, I had drunk rather too much wine," answered Victor, a little ashamed of himself; "I had proposed thy health, my lovely cousin, as a toast; but he that praises woman, some misfortune or another will be sure to overtake him."

"For shame, Mr. Victor," exclaimed Bridget: "you hardly speak ten words without saying something offensive to the ladies.""How can I help it, old Bridget? I say it without intending harm; but for all that, the proverb is true,—new bread, many women, and disorder ruin the best house."

The door was now again softly opened, and a pale female face, with a black bandage round the right eye, peeped in a ghastly manner into the room, but closed the door quickly again when it perceived that young Folques was present. "Who is there?" cried Victor, turning quickly towards the door, which had just closed.

"It was Bertrade, your sister," answered Clemence, a little confused; and Bridget made the sign of the cross on her breast, and went towards the door. Victor turned slowly round, saying, "What would the night-owl here? It is not yet dark enough for the ugly bat; did you expect her visit, cousin?"

"Not at all, cousin Victor; but I am truly sorry that your presence should create such a panic in the poor girl's mind, she flies every where from you, as from an evil fiend."

"No such thing," said Victor, interrupting her with a good-natured smile; "I avoid her as mother Eve ought to have avoided the serpent. We are all glad if these creatures will only leave us alone: you are the only one, my tender cousin, who tries to overlook and excuse the feelings of her disposition; any one may see that a polite Frenchman was tutor in your father's house, his weak and effeminate principles have found capital soil in your heart."

"Let, then, for once, the good Abbé Severin rest in peace in his grave; he was a kind man, and you are a Frenchman as well as he."

"From that, Heaven protect me!" cried Victor, earnestly: "we are free citizens of Marseilles: govern ourselves, and have only given the king permission to be called our protector, and this just because it pleased us to do so. I like you much, cousin; I even like you more than any other woman on earth, but you must not call me a Frenchman—and in return, I will leave your governor in peace, and give you my pity, that your heart was made of such weak stuff, ever to nourish any feeling of tenderness for a being like Bertrade."

"You ought most freely to forgive your cousin that fault," Bridget responded, "since she is the only one in the family who has a feeling heart."

"Certainly," said Victor, smiling, and shaking his beautiful cousin heartily by the hand, "your brother Maximin, faith he is quite of a different mould; I cannot endure him: nay, more, I hate him, like death itself; and I really sometimes, when I see him, feel tempted to dip my steel in his heart's blood; but for all that he is a true citizen of Marseilles, exploding like powder, and impenetrable as the keel of a man of war: such fellows do of course neither understand how to flatter nor how to love, but stand bravely where danger is."

The report of cannon was now heard at a little distance. The females were startled, and Bridget demanded, "What means that signal? Is the harbour to be already closed, even whilst the sun shines so brightly? A second and third shot were now heard. Victor replied, after
long deliberation: "The Knight of Orleans is returning from Genoa, where he has been giving away his sister, the bride of the Prince of Modena, to a husband. I saw them this morning from the castle of If. The garlands of flowers, which celebrated their departure, still decorate the masts of the royal vessels. The joyful sound of music on board, upon their entering the harbour, promised the inhabitants of Marseilles a glorious day of festivity; as a conclusion to the enjoyments, in which our good city indulged some few days ago, in honour of the bride."

The little Rose folded her hands, entertaining her mother, with her childish eloquence, to take her to the harbour, to see the ships enter, and hear the music. "There again is shown the unequalled curiosity of woman," said Victor, shrugging his shoulders; "a child scarcely able to speak longs for music, illuminations, and a crowd."

"Such likings," exclaimed Bridget, reproaching Victor for his ill-natured remark, "retard even the progress of aged persons. You shall go, my dear little Rose; I myself will carry you on the pier, that you may see every thing that passes. Your mother will go with us; it will do her good, and help to drive away melancholy."

The delighted child threw herself into the arms of her nurse; and Clemence put on her veil. Victor, with dumb satisfaction of the head, moved towards the door to take his leave, when his lovely cousin caught his hand, and, with faltering tongue, entreated him to allow Bertrade to go with them: "The poor girl," she said, "hardly ever leaves the house, and no one needs a little recreation more than she does."

"Why," said Victor, "I have nought to say against it, if you are not ashamed to be seen in the street with the ill-shaped and ill-natured creature; and there certainly is no necessity for the one-eyed, red-haired, lame, and tottering lady, to accompany you; to prove by contrast that you are as lovely as a Midsummer's-day nosegay."

"You offend me, Cousin Victor," said Clemence, half reproaching him, and at the same time withdrawing her hand.

"I did not intend that," replied Victor warmly, "do just as you please; Bertrade has my permission to go with you, and I hope she will enjoy the promenade. There's a saying, that the maiden who is anxious to show herself at the window, and on the promenade, never makes a good housewife; but I hope no one will put the good Bertrade to the blush, to prove to the contrary; I therefore think she may safely go with you. Take more care of your purse, than of my sister, for if any one should rob you of a dollar, and Bertrade too, I shall merely pity you for the loss of your dollar."

Saying this, Victor left the room, and Bridget, clasping her hands, exclaimed, "Could any body believe that beneath that rough exterior, those rude and unpolished manners, the noblest heart lies concealed; but such is the humour now-a-days of our young gentlemen. And as to Bertrade, Mr. Victor is right enough, even I myself cannot help hating her, although sometimes, for the credit of my sex, I take her part against the insulting tongues of the men."

Clemence, attired very neatly, her whole face covered with a large Spanish veil, and Bridget, with the little Rose in her arms, now passed into the hall, where they were joined by Bertrade. Her odd looking dress, which was not much unlike that worn by nuns during the period of their penitence, still further exhibited the great plainness of her features. A black bonnet only partially concealed her red curly hair, and closed in her little pale cheeks any thing but becomingly; and her sun-burnt features augmented her ill appearance, which was but little enlivened by a single grey eye, which alone had escaped the ravages of the small-pox, whilst a mouth of extraordinary dimensions, with black decayed teeth within, harmonised most admirably in pictorial keeping with the tout ensemble; her long and scrappy neck was but partially covered by an ash grey-coloured dress, which hung down her ill-shaped limbs like a sack, with its folds dragging along the ground, to conceal one of her feet, which had wasted away through sickness. In spite of the crutch with which she supported herself, she could not conceal this misfortune, and went hobbling along, resting on the other side like a weight on the arm of the lovely and patient Clemence. After many halts, they arrived at the harbour, which was, however, but a short distance from their house. Bertrade's feet moved, indeed, slowly, and her frame was
fatigued: yet not so her tongue, for it never ceased one moment, nothing daunted by an impediment in her speech.

Every word she uttered was replete with malice and hatred for mankind, which had been not a little fomented by the moral restraint of self-control in her father's house.

The air blew oppressively hot, and Bertrade wished that the dangerous mistral* might blow, and blast everything. The people in jovial bustle moved gaily along the shores of the harbour; barges flew in all directions from the arsenal to the old city, and from the harbour to the entrance of the Castle St. Bernard; flags also, and banners of every nation, with variegated colours, wafted stately to and fro in the breeze. The thunder of the cannon from Fort St. Nicholas, with its hundred echoes, diffused pleasure and joy throughout the town; the large bells of the ancient dome sounded from the port, intermixing melodious tones with the warlike sounds of the artillery. Without the Town-hall, and in front of the Exchange, half Marseilles was assembled, and mirth was the general order of the day. Bertrade alone looked with visage dark and malicious amongst the happy and contented throng, praying that heaven would on a sudden send an earthquake to destroy both the town and its inhabitants, or that a fire would razee everything to the earth; or perchance, at least, a gale bury the ships with man and animal in a watery grave, and tear down every house, church, and palace of the far-famed city of Marseilles. The compassionate Clemence, the only being who acted a friendly part towards the ill-natured wench, was not exempted from the shafts of her poisonous tongue. As the ships of the Grand-Master of Malta, decorated with coloured lamps and wreaths of flowers, anchored in front of them, Bertrade said, "They come from a happier wedding than yours, poor Clemence."

A small well-dressed party at this moment came out of the cathedral. "Do you see?" said Bertrade to Clemence; "they have been christening a child—an honest child born in wedlock; and it is not every one that can say as much of theirs."

As Clemence turned angrily away

* A south-east wind, commonly carrying the disease or plague into the south countries.—Ed.

from her, a majestic looking counsellor quitted the town-hall, and with a contemptuous side-look passed by. Clemence had not seen him, but Bertrade, moved by her usual kindness, touched her by the arm, crying aloud, "There goes your father, Mr. Dinart, one of the first of the city counsellors, who no longer wishes to know you. This is the result of breaking the fourth commandment."

At this moment a galley-slave stood before them, guarded by two soldiers, holding a tin box in his hand, soliciting alms. Clemence turned alternately, red and pale. Bridget hastily threw a ten sous piece into the box, at the same time making a sign for him to depart; but Bertrade said quite aloud to Clemence, who for shame sake hardly dared lift up her eyes, "Was not that Raoul, who at the night-wedding acted as priest?"

Clemence turned hastily round, and by a flood of tears gave vent to her feelings of anguish. Bridget in a great passion said, "Fire upon you, miss; it would have been better if you had been left at home, than to be trying so wickedly to thrust a dagger into the heart of your very best friend. You are a bad and evil-hearted girl; and your malice is today doubly increased, because you see ships full of rejoicing people returning from a bridal-feast. You will never enjoy such a feast; you know that, yourself, and that it is which now aggravates you; you would wish the plague upon every one handsomer than yourself, who could by possibility make any pretensions to gain a husband."

On Bertrade's pallid features rose a deep blush of crimson; and, tortured by envy, she stammered forth something which her rage rendered unintelligible. At length, having in some degree subdued her passion, "I merely said so by way of mirth, you old ill-natured woman; but as you do not like to understand me, I will in future speak more plainly to you. Yes, I do wish the plague on your tongue and in yonder ships, and, indeed, the plague to rage over the whole town! Why should I love and caress the world, whilst I myself am ill-used by it? Yes! the plague over the whole world! and who knows what will happen? You laugh because I am a cripple; but I hope your punishment will not be crippled, and that it will soon overtake you."
The summer residence of old Dinart, one of the four head magistrates of Marseilles, was on the highest eminence, opposite the small hamlet of La Vista. The house was but small; simply built, and painted white, as is customary in that neighbourhood; and there was just space enough on the terrace for a couple of vines and a few olive trees. The owner, though advanced in years, exhibited much of the vigour of his youthful days; and his son was a sprightly and intelligent youth.

The Midsummer festivities of the year 1720, were kept up at this, the country residence of Dinart's, where he had collected together a choice society of valued friends. Whilst the large and splendidly furnished mansion of the rich man in the Corso was empty and forsaken, at his simply built country-house there was now served up every luxury of the table, on gold and silver plate of exquisite workmanship. The same ceremony was observed on this occasion, as at the mansion in the city, and in the celebration of Christmas-day. The master of the house, carelessly dressed in a light country habit, occupied the first place at the table. On his left sat his wife, Agatha, much celebrated in Marseilles for her love of dress, and extravagant abandonment to the ever changing varieties of fashion. On his right, sat Cassandra, beautiful beyond comparison, who with every energy of body, united the utmost vivacity and intelligence of mind. She was the daughter of the rich Barante, whose successful traffic in corals was known all over the world. The high-spirited and charming girl had accepted the addresses of Dinart's son; they were betrothed to each other, and Barante and his daughter were now justly regarded as a branch of the family. Opposite Dinart and close to Barante, were several magistrates from Aix; and next to them the youthful and lovely daughter of the Chevalier Roze; by whose side sat the so styled royal merchant of Marseilles, George Roux, a native of Corsica, whose enterprising speculations and unchangeable good fortune, had at that time made his name known on every sea, as well as in every country, throughout the whole world. The eyes of the chief magistrate turned with particular satisfaction on this man, as well as on the rich Barante; and Maximin, who acted as master of the ceremonies, and manager in the house, had received particular instructions to wait attentively upon those two gentlemen; which injunction the young man in no way neglected, forsaking even his lovely betrothed.

"The year seems to be a favourable one," said my host with animated voice. "How many ships have you on the seas, friend Roux?"

The question raised his eyes in earnest contemplation towards the roof; then with his fingers playing on the table answered, "I really do not know. I have not the exact number in my mind; but there are a dozen or fourteen laden with considerable cargoes."

"You are a little king," said Barante, smiling; "and I think that you have made a secret league with the Barbarians, for no corsair has never yet touched the smallest bark laden with your merchandize."

"I never thought of doing such a thing," said Roux, laughing in scorn: "I would as little expend a farthing upon the gentlemen of Algiers and Tunis, as I would on tapers consecrated to the deity and all his saints; and for all that the pirates and storms leave my vessels unhurt. Fortune is everything in this world, my dear friends; he who once by a bold adventure has commanded fickle fortune, may go to sleep in calmness and security: even the very storm pours down treasures upon his house."

"Right true," exclaimed Barante, "that is the very language which becomes a prince of commerce!" at the same time quaffing a glass of wine of the first quality, brought from some far distant clime. "You are already so accustomed to the immense bustle of business, that you cease to count on trifles: in my quiet trade, where the gold does not run in streams as in yours, but only gathers itself together by slow degrees, I may be pardoned for the deliberation which I use, and my great circumspection."

Cassandra, touched by her father’s too great sense of modesty, interrupted him suddenly, "Why, father, there is no necessity for your being so very humble, as if your house was not equal to the first establishments in Marseilles! Let us leave our daring friend to his own boisterous and stormy field of action; to his triumphs, in every part of the universe, both at home and abroad; and do you give
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thanks to God that a more peaceful career has been preserved for you, which has, nevertheless, led you to the same destination."

Although the pride of Roux had been severely wounded by the observations made by the lady, yet he had sufficient judgment not to appear to be offended, and with presence of mind said, "My cousin is certainly possessed of a treasure which fortune never was kind enough to award me—a daughter, who, with all the charms of beauty, loveliness, and mental perfection, seems destined to fill a throne."

Maximin now took part in the conversation, and full of self-esteem exclaimed, "Even if no prince had sued for Cassandra’s hand, I acknowledge she is worthy of such an honour; but I trust she will not be discontented with the lot which has befallen her."

"Thanks be to the holy Virgin!" added Madame Dinart, in the same strain with her son, "nothing is wanting for our happiness; and fortune has blessed us to the full extent of our wishes for her favour. We possess three houses in the city, many estates, part of the toll revenue, which brings us good interest, two large olive plantations at Aix.

"Ah! and plantations which lately, on account of commands from the crown, have been very highly valued," cried a syndic from Aix.

The counsellor, with a countenance full of joy, now took the lead. "Enough, we are not the poorest people in Marseilles. But it gildens my heart to think that my rich possessions in moveables, as well as in landed property, are the fruits of my own hard work, perseverance, and industry; for we originally descended from a fisherman’s family, whose residence was in one of the dirtiest parts of the city suburbs. The name of our ancestor is the oldest in the town, and we consider ourselves as originating from the Phocern, who founded the first colony on our shores. My father had already at that time an aversion to the common life and manners in which our family moved. Considering himself born to a higher calling, he left the rude neighbourhood in which we had been brought up. A small office under the crown was all my father was able to procure, but he left in me his spirit of indefatigable perseverance, to finish that which he had with so much pains commenced; and I think I have done honour to his memory. Even now, in this my old age, I rejoice greatly at this happy and successful termination of my labours, begun under such insignificant and doubtful auspices.

"That's my case, too!" exclaimed Roux, applauding with both his hands.

"And, by Heaven, mine also!" added Barante, loudly rejoicing.

The three merchants now shook hands heartily with each other across the table, and Dinart cried aloud, "Who would be able to destroy our fortune? I consider myself unconquerable, since, by the ties of relationship, I am united with a Barante, and closely bound to the famed Roux by the strongest ties of friendship."

"We have had our bitter days, our days of woe and sorrow, in this world!" exclaimed Roux, repressing a sigh: "it is now time to enjoy ourselves. Leave to the common people their own sufferings and soul-consuming discontents: every one cannot be happy on this earth, and well for us if we can consider ourselves a few of the elect."

"We must try to live without sorrow, and to die at as far distant a period as possible!" exclaimed Barante, with loud laughter. "He who neglects the enjoyments of life, the short time he is here, is a fool; for beyond the grave neither friendship nor happiness reach!"

"Lay these principles to heart, and act upon them if you love me!" said Cassandra with unbounded gaiety, giving her hand to her betrothed.

"You may depend on that, dear daughter," answered her mother, transported with joy and pride. "My son is the very image of his father, and will never tread out of the way either for pleasure, or through fear of danger."

"Thrice happy he who lives to enjoy the happiness of his son," said Roux, jovially turning his glass in the air.

"Mine is a major in the King’s service, and I hope one day or other he will be a marshal."

"My Albert keeps a large establishment in Martinique," observed Barante, with a consequential air; "and my Felix, who is a clever merchant, carries on my mercantile transactions in the north with the greatest success."

"I dare not praise myself for having seen the world," said Maximin, in haughty defiance. "In this point, if my
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wishes did not agree with the will of my parents; but I say of myself, with feelings of pride, that I am as brave and as valiant a citizen as any man in the whole city of Marseilles."

The old Dinart, smiling, as if to excuse this burst of presumption, added, "My wife always loved the boy too much, she would never allow him in early years to be exposed to the dangers of a distant journey; and, as he grew older, his continuance at home seemed to be doubly necessary, as at that time we had just lost our daughter."

"Have you had to bewail the death of a daughter?" demanded one of the country magistrates in tones of phlegmatic condolence. The counsellor's brow coloured with anger; and Maximin, to break off the conversation, hastily turned round and ordered desert. The face of Cassandra denoted the extreme of scorn; and all the other guests, excepting the daughter of the Chevalier Roze, looked down with painful embarrassment on their plates; but Madame Dinart soon brought matters to their proper equilibrium, by answering the stranger with the greatest composure.—"Our daughter is not exactly dead, though she is dead to us: none ever in our family suffered by bad conduct, and Heaven gave us fortitude enough to bear the loss with composure."

The silly mother even attempted to smile whilst she uttered these words: then, to change the conversation, she turned towards the lady of Roze, who sat next her, "You don't eat, my dear, yet these fruits are most excellent, and the sweet Muscat wine does truly not deserve to be despised."

Whilst this was occurring, Cassandra continued the former theme, confidently questioning her betrothed, "I have heard some of the slanders of which your sister has been guilty, where does she now take up her abode?"

Maximin answered hastily, and rather angrily, "Where she is quite at her ease, and in the very place suitable for her she is in the house of our cousin Folques, a man of vulgar manners, the chief of the Marseilles lazaroni. He and his son are the very pictures of low life, and every word they utter smells of tar and pitch."

The lady Roze sprang hastily up from her chair, and pointing to the window exclaimed, "My father! here comes my father!"

Maximin courteously hastened to receive him; but the rich merchants moved not from their seats, although the magistrates of Aix rose, respectfully saluting the man who had been the King's consul at Modena. Cassandra, indeed, held back the damsel who was thus about to run to welcome her father, saying, with an air of recommendation, and in a tone of superiority to her young friend, "Stay, my dear little innocent, it is not becoming."

Madame Dinart, in the greatest bustle, called for a chair, and a gold cup to be filled with sparkling champagne; also fresh plates to be put upon the table, so that he might at once know the wealth with which they were blessed.

The Chevalier of Roze, who for his great merit and services was decorated with the order of Lazarus, was a fine, handsome-looking man, about fifty years of age: he made his appearance without ceremony amongst the assembled throng, saluting them with an ease and carelessness, as if some thoughts of more than common importance occupied his mind. Dinart received him with every mark of friendship and respect; was sorry that his affairs had hindered him from partaking earlier in the gaieties of the table, but was at the same time glad that the knight had so punctually kept his word to be present at the time of taking desert. The chevalier interrupted the eloquence of the chief magistrate, saying, hastily—"I was nigh having broken my word; my impatience kept me back, but my spirit needed diversion, therefore I came. I am sorry, gentlemen, to disturb you in your merriment; but the reflecting man rather leaves futile moments of passing enjoyment, if he possibly can, so that he may protect his fellow-citizens against evils the most appalling and incalculable, which threaten to send destruction on his, as well as on the heads of all his fellow-citizens—an evil that may yet, with the united efforts of all true friends of the fatherland, be kept at a distance, or smothered before it has taken very extensive root."

The faces of the assembled demi-gods and goddesses grew long and pale, and death-like were their features; but full of unbelief, in a very little time they began to regard the speaker as one whose intentions were any thing but favourable to their mode of enjoying themselves.
The ladies were the first to entreat for a more distinct explanation. The knight spoke earnestly, but briefly—"I have for so long a time been absent from my native country, roving about in strange lands, that my heart beats for enjoyment and pleasure. When I was at Leghorn, I embarked in a small sailing vessel to return once again to my dear native home. It seemed to me a good omen, that not far distant from our ships were those of the Duke of Orleans, sailing in the same direction as ourselves. Had I then anticipated that destruction was stalking abroad amongst the followers of the bride-giver, I certainly should not have felt such joy in this companionship. Two ships, both from the east, under the command of a Captain Chataud, dark and doleful in aspect, entered with us the harbour of Marseilles. Our questions to them were satisfactorily answered, the captain showing his credentials that all were healthy on board; but the sensations of horror and aversion by anticipation which I felt when I first beheld those black and forlorn vessels floating on the waves, has since confirmed itself, for they have brought the plague from Syria with them, which has killed several workmen in the hospital, and, moreover, many have already fallen victims in the very heart of our city."

The ladies sprang up from their chairs, uttering terrific shrieks; and the gentlemen fell back, astounded, into their seats. The knight, fearing some sudden disaster from this state of excited feeling, in a mild voice proceeded cautiously to give them advice what course to pursue in so pressing an emergency. "I pray you all most sincerely," he continued, "moderate your astonishment. Let not the servants perceive what has happened; there are things which must be kept secret from the public as long as possible. People of education know how to maintain silence, and act for themselves; but it is a dangerous thing to reveal such circumstances as this either to those who are influenced by fear or superstition, they either consider such misfortune as a just punishment from Heaven, or else boldly deny the fact, till one evil leads to another, and destruction is boundless. The magistrates of Marseilles seem to have acknowledged the necessity for this advice, since this very evening they are to assemble in secret council; and the messenger who is to call Mr. Dinart thither, will be here almost immediately."

Roze had hardly finished speaking before an officer did really appear, conveying a summons to the first magistrate to preside at the council-board. The anxiety of the ladies increased greatly. After the bearer of this unwholesome confirmation of their fears had departed, the ladies named him "the dreadful dead messenger." The cool and composed features of the messenger, who was wholly ignorant of what he was the bearer, had re-animated the depressed spirits of the gentlemen. Roux, with the strongest confidence, maintained that the plague would neither hurt him, nor any of those belonging to him. Barante doubted the veracity of the rumour; and Dinart denied the existence of such a sickness altogether. With a mien full of thought, he made ready to go to town, saying, "No soul will make me believe that we have the plague within our walls; our climate is the most healthy that can be, and even strangers visit us as if we here enjoyed eternal spring. Water is so close to us that the air is perpetually pure. Our hospitals are controlled by the best of regulations. Pah! such rumours are only the fabrications of some greedy, half-famished doctor, who would wish to discover some new malady to fill his coffers; nothing but idle, empty alarm—a new bubble speculation; or grant that it is bad to a certain degree, very probably some workmen have died of apoplexy whilst unloading bales of merchandise, which circumstance happens very often. We have every moment similar cases at the places of quarantine, and still the infection is almost instantly overcome; or may be, it is a sudden death which has caused excitement!"

"Yes, in the faubourg St. Lazare," answered Roze, earnestly, and with courage.

"Why, then it's all right," cried Roux, nearly bursting with laughter: "the poor and low rabble are there crammed together like herrings pressed into a butt. Some carrier, I suppose, has there spoiled his inside by eating foul fish, or bad sausages, or else by intoxicating himself on the bad sour wine, of which the low people of the town are in the habit of taking so much, and thus, through disgust and intoxication, die like dogs. It is of no
consequence, gentlemen, if even a fever make its appearance there, and clean a few of its dirty quarters from the filth which makes it pestilent. Without them, we have loose rabble and vagabonds enough in our town; they only deprave the habits of our honest citizens."

"Yes, assuredly; no doubt of it. Heaven be praised that it is no worse," cried the ladies of Barante and Maximin, thoughtlessly giving way to feelings of mirth and pleasure; whilst Dinart, bidding farewell, added—"It is aggravating that such foolish nonsense should be the cause of preventing us enjoying this agreeable company a few hours longer; I shall grow tired with ennui, being obliged to listen to the fruitless investigations of my fellow colleagues, who are always fighting against air bubbles, and after consultation ended, are as wise as when they began."

"Permit me and my daughter to accompany you to the city," said the Chevalier Roze, whom the disbelief of the assembly seemed to have offended.

Madame Dinart, with malice on her tongue, now said to her friend, "So painful is it to us to be deprived of your agreeable company, yet we know that a more powerful magnet, in the person of the lovely Madame Tellier, compels your return. The wedding, I suppose, is soon to be solemnized?"

"I think so," answered the knight, with cold courtesy; as, arm in arm with his daughter, he followed the head magistrate. The remaining portion of the company remained behind, enjoying light and frivolous conversation, and card playing, to kill time. The more circumspect, however, of the gentlemen who came from Aix, who at the mention of "plague" had grown hot and anxious under the heavy weight of their wigs, quickly and quietly sent for their carriages, in order to return to their several native towns.

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It was towards the latter end of January that a sultry and most oppressive heat nearly suffocated the inhabitants of Marseilles, which was felt in those parts which were contiguous to the beach and shore. There seemed not to be one single breath of air, and the horizon was covered by a thin greyish coloured vapour. The evening, nevertheless, was fine, and attracted crowds of gay inhabitants into the streets, squares, and promenades, so that, as if by some charm, the houses were wholly deserted. Contrasted with this, it sometimes happened that the people assembled together in groups, giving vent to complaints, and expressing great apprehension and anxiety. The more respectable classes, decked out in every variety of colour, after having taken their drives in their splendid equipages around the ramparts, on the Corso, or on the shore, had quitted the bustling scene for the arrondissement of the city gates; there the multitudes of horses and carriages were crammed fast together, increasing every minute in number as evening approached. Thousands were the rumours and conjectures afloat. Had an enemy blockaded the harbour? Were the houses and palaces of Marseilles enveloped in fire? Had an earthquake shook the foundations of the town? No, no, peace reigned in Marseilles; it was the hearts only of the inhabitants which were at war within, and agitated by a thousand fears, silent and cheerless as the tomb. The germ of the storm that was about there to carry on its war of desolation was yet inert; there was no means to find its abiding place. Those at the city gates fled from the imaginary hand of death, whose scythe and marks of blood they could not perceive.

In the mansions of the rich death had not yet been a guest, over their soft downy beds he had not yet spread his winding sheet; he had been at work only amongst the most miserable, passing by the great ones, as if he could not yet venture a stroke against the lofty cedars.

His visits now began to be in the cottages of the poor, though until this moment he had chosen his guests from out of the streets and lanes. These poor and miserable wretches could not escape the impending danger, they were doomed to remain on the spot where they had been brought into existence. They, therefore, cursed the hard destiny that had made them poor, and prevented them from quitting their country, as the wealthy were doing; for they quickly perceived how their resources would, one after another, be exhausted, and in the end leave them without common necessaries when they stood most in need of succour. Whole families of this suffering and oppressed people now ran in crowds together, their hearts boiling with fury, and with curses on their tongues, consulting together,
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consoling each other, and demanding assistance. Few thought on offering prayers to the God of all mercy, although, on the very same day, the Bishop of Marseilles in his own person headed a procession of the clergy and the faithful into all the churches, and through all the streets, offering loud and earnest prayers to the Almighty, craving mercy and forgiveness. First, there was the holy procession, singing priests in chorus; next followed the high-raised reliques, succeeded by men with white and hoary locks, and women full of superstitious zeal; many of these were in mourning for some relation or friend who had just fallen a victim, others were suffering the agonies of looking upon their fate as sealed. There were besides, the children of the different charity schools, under the patronage of their respective saints, bearing wax tapers and perfumes. The bolder of the populace looked around with astonishment upon this scene. The working classes, rendered hardy by the nature of their employment, perils at sea, and the laborious trade of the coral fishery, questioned one another as to the meaning of all these curious and unusual appearances. That it was owing to the existence of the plague, although quite in its infancy, none of them gave the least credit. The few individual cases of a suspicious nature which had occurred in the city, created no very particular attention. They relied confidently in the watchfulness of their Vignier, the zeal of their consuls and aldermen, the sagacity of the tribunes, and the skill of their physicians, who had as yet maintained a silence, unbroken by a single whisper; nay, the physicians had, even with all the consequence usual in their calling, laughed at the thought, declaring it a mere phantom of some disordered brain, and a wicked delusion invented by some ill-natured person to frighten his fellow-citizens; they, moreover, depended upon the wise precautions taken in the hospitals for the prevention of the malady, should it in reality make its appearance. The poor deluded people knew not that they were in every respect deceived, and left to their cruel destiny.

"The malady is a vile fabrication!" cried the ringleaders of the people to their boisterous partisans. "It is a vile invention, created to degrade the people still lower, and to destroy us by famine. Have not the rich already conspired against us by leaving our wealthy city, and thus letting us depend on the mercy of fickle fortune, and whatever else might chance to be? Have not our markets been wholly deserted within the last few days? Do they not rob us of the just price of our labour, and by stopping commerce and trade deprive us of the food by which we have to exist, and without which famine and certain death await us. The usurers intend wholly to destroy us from the face of the earth; money cannot be had at any price upon our goods, our wares, or our credit. The King in Paris intends, because he has impoverished his capital, to draw all the wealthy inhabitants from Marseilles to his debauched court, and as he does not need us, he leaves us here unprovided for, to be destroyed by the ravaging hand of disease, or the gnawing pangs of keen hunger. Of what avail now are our charters, and our free and liberal institutions, if we are in this manner to be trampled under foot? Heaven itself cries for vengeance, for the ill-usage under which we are labouring, like men, we will substantiate our rights, show ourselves to the council, and prove to them that we are in sound health, and that the plague only exists in the empty brains of fools, or in the hearts of our oppressors!

Whilst the several different groups, and the congregated masses of people assembled in the harbour were listening attentively to the harangues of their leaders, the procession of the bishops, clergy, old men, women, and children, passed in its return, almost unobserved by the tumultuous assemblage. There was, however, a second party, who humbled themselves at their presence, and in return were received by them with demonstrations of the deepest pity and compassion. They consisted of some twenty Christians, who had just been released from the bonds of slavery in which they had been kept by the Algerines, and after severe and lingering sufferings in fetters, had by the generous assistance of the reverend fathers of the holy order of the Trinity, been liberated.

At the sound of sacred music, the tattered, pale, long bearded and emaciate figures, accompanied by their liberators, marched in the procession towards the cathedral; here, with incense and prayers, to send up at the foot of the
altar their praises and thanksgivings to that Almighty being who had saved them from the galling yoke of Moorish slavery. The people, good at heart, participated with them in their misfortunes, ranged themselves in a double line by the side of their brethren, thus freed from bondage, shook them by the hand, touched the heavy fetters by which they were bound, and which they were now going to hang up, in commemoration of their sufferings around the altar, in the holy bane: moreover, they gave them the last penny they possessed, and divided with them their last remaining piece of bread, at the same time questioning them, "Come ye, good friends, from Africa?"

"By way of Toulon," was the answer.

"And what will you do in this betrayed and most unhappy city?"

"We will thank Heaven and holy Lazarus; we will enjoy your kindness and your compassion towards us, for many of you have lingered in slavery, and many of your friends have worn the heavy chains of the barbarians."

"We feel for you, and rejoice in your delivery; but we ourselves are dying from hunger, therefore fly away hence, that ye may not be partakers of our sad destiny."

"Die of hunger, and subjects of the King of France! No, this cannot be; for even the Bey of Tunis keeps his slaves from starving, and feeds them abundantly with bread and rice."

This answer was echoed from mouth to mouth as the sound of a distant rolling thunder, and gave this talkative people of the south ample scope for their vivid imaginations to draw a comparison between the King of Pirates and the King of France, which ended in conclusions far from favourable to the latter.

"Bread! bread!" cried the multitude, as if they had but one mouth; "we will not starve; we are not sick with the plague, but sickening from hunger! We will procure it by force, if our entreaties are not listened to: come, let us go and require justice, so that we may be enabled to satisfy the cravings of hunger; let us storm all the baker's shops."

Others cried aloud, "The bakers themselves cannot procure flour to make bread; their shops are empty, they have no corn!"

"Well, then," cried the enraged people, who in a spirit of almost open insurrection had now reached the town-hall, where all the heads of the city had been assembled from an early hour in the morning to consider the disastrous state of affairs, and the dangerous position in which they were placed, "let us break into the magazines of the corn-dealers, and storm the public granaries."

Estelle, one of the most spirited of the magistrates, one of those rare friends of the people whose memory deserves to be preserved on marble, hurried down the broad staircase to meet the multitude, and quench the rising tumult, which the porters and guards had already of their own authority in vain attempted to do. Addressing the people earnestly, without exhibiting signs of fear, he said, "We have no public granaries. Our laws forbid everything which might have the resemblance of creating a monopoly. We shall soon find means to remedy the present evil. Excessive fear keeps the country people back from our markets; we expect a messenger to arrive every moment from the parliament at Aix, who will bring us their resolve in providing for us the things of which we stand in need. Be, therefore, if only for this day more, contented: riot and disturbance lead to no good, but are the source and forerunners of great evils. Disperse yourselves, and return peaceably to your homes. Thus congregating, you yourselves may be the cause of more easily spreading the plague, with which, as rumour goes, we are threatened."

The multitude, like the roaring of a boisterous tempest, now drowned his words, crying out, "There is no such thing as the plague. Why are the bishop and the clergy going in parade through the streets? Why are the rich flying from our city? Your intention is to starve us. The arsenal has bread, the galley-slaves are well fed, the soldiers receive food and drink, and we who have to pay them all are doomed to famish."

Whilst this was happening in the interior of the town-hall, and the magistrates in painful uncertainty knew not what to do, a voice was suddenly heard from amidst the people, crying aloud, "You want corn? The monastery of St. Victor has its well-filled magazines. On, then, to St. Victor! it is the duty of the monks to assist their suffering fellow Christians."

"To the monastery!—to the monas-
terry of St. Victor!” repeated the tumultuous mass, with loud and heart-piercing, but triumphant, huzzas. In a moment the hall was cleared of the noisy visitors, and the incensed rabble moved from every other direction towards the opposite harbour. Some of the ringleaders, assisted by the greater part of the people, went round the bridge to attack it by land, whilst the rest, mostly consisting of pilots, fishermen, and people connected with sea affairs, put themselves into their barks and boats, rowing eagerly towards the opposite shore to a place called the Paradis, where the towers and lofty battlements of the proud abbey mounted towards the skies. In the arsenal and in the prisons every thing was in motion, for at the sound of the alarm bells notice was given of the danger which threatened the abbey. The populace on land were opposed by the artillery from the barracks of Rive-Neuve, who soon put a stop to their further progress. In the Bagno the guards were guarding the galley-slaves, who were impatiently rattling about in their fetters; whilst without every man considered himself to be free, and rebellion seemed to rage with all its usual horrors. The people in the barks now arrived at the abbey. The gates, buildings, and churches were closely shut up; and through the grating of the exterior gate a lay brother announced to them that the monks of St. Victor had fully resolved from the break of day to close the monastery, and cut off all exterior communication, to prevent the plague from entering its walls, that they could not possibly spare any of their provisions, as it was impossible to calculate how long the duration of the evil would be; and that in case they would not peaceably retire, orders had already been given to the troops in the castle to keep themselves prepared, and to resist any open act of rebellion.

The menaces that had been thrown out by the friar were not without foundation, for the drums of St. Nicholas were already beating to arms, and their glittering arms shone in the last beams of the evening sun as they passed the swing bridge of the old citadel. The courage of the unarmed multitude was now visibly on the wane, for in those times they much dreaded fire-arms and artillery pieces, which spread such desolation far and near. Their unheard-of impetuousity was now changed to heart-rending solicitations. The voices which but one moment previously had been imprecating Heaven by curses and maledictions, dire threatenings, and rebellious cries of revenge, were now changed into cries of vehement lamentation, and they now entreated for food or a handful of grain at the marble gate of the rich convent. But the Counts of St. Victor obstinately refused compliance, and let the poor people feel the more bitterly what they had to expect in future. The poor and afflicted people cried aloud piteously, as they slowly retreated at the approach of the white uniforms forming themselves into rows along the sides of the monastery. “Woe is to us, if the rich clergy are so uncharitable and heartless, what can we then expect from our rich merchants, or the great lords serving under the king, who clad in velvets adorned with lace, travel about in their carriages and mock our misery? After the first moments of surprise and fear were ended, a strong desire after power, plunder, and burnings, began again to seize the multitude as the last associates of despair—but ere this new summons to disorder had been pronounced sufficiently loud to be attended to by the multitude, a man stood up from amidst these poor and distracted mariners, one who had been born amongst them, who from his earliest youth was familiar with their manners and customs, who, although he had risen in affluence, had ever faithfully adhered to them. He was the much-respected and venerated Folques, one of the oldest in the shipping line, and one of the people’s self-chosen judges, to whom every heart of his fellow-citizens paid homage; who, by his experience, courage, honesty, and impartiality, deserved their entire admiration. With all the pure eloquence which flows so naturally from the breast of the good and well-meaning, with tones harmonious, like those produced from pure and sterling metals, Folques addressed his fellow-citizens. “My warmest salutation to you, children and countrymen. What is the cause of your being here assembled? You are losing your time, which might be more advantageously employed. The mayor and the magistrates, assembled in consultation for the welfare of our city, have sent me to per-

* In France, as well as in most of the northern countries of Europe, the slow sounding of bells denotes fire or rebellion.—Ed.
suade you to return to your homes. The consul thought it would be dangerous for me to speak to and treat with you, and would have sent a military escort with me for my protection, but I told them I needed nothing of the kind, I told them we were old acquaintances, and knew each other too well to fear any mishap to myself from this meeting. There is hardly one of you that has not yielded obediently to my decision in cases of dispute, when I said, ‘Our laws condemn you, my friend.’ You have then arranged matters contentedly with your opponents, and have never questioned the fairness of my decision. I now, therefore, also, to-day, do earnestly advise you to abandon this semblance of strife and disorder, which are the foundations of real evils—a rebel cannot be at the same time a citizen. The ass who serves two masters will soon be found with a hairless tail. The parliament of Aix has at present retarded our intentions; but we do not exist upon the bounty of the parliament. We have therefore taken care that even without their permission there shall be a market held outside the city gates, where you may buy every necessary. I hope there will soon be a change in all these matters, and may be as early as next week all these phantoms will have vanished, the very thoughts of which now fill our minds with the deepest anxiety; and really as yet we know not if they be true or false. Fear not in the least that our rich citizens will continue to quit the town, and leave you unprovided for. The lords of Aix will soon threaten to shoot every one who shall only demand permission to pass our territories.”

A hoarse laugh now resounded throughout the multitude. Folques’ address was received with acclamations, and the grim humour of the people soon changed itself into the former bursts of mirth, and they returned contentedly to their homes. Folques seemed to partake of the cheerfulness of the people, and chimed in with them most good-humouredly, as he re-entered the bark in which he had arrived, “Bravo, my friends, we will shortly have the pleasure of laughing heartily at these cowardly fellows of Aix and Marseilles.” Loud hurrahs followed the cunning, but sagacious, speaker, till he was nearly out of sight, and in a few minutes the multitudes had nearly dispersed themselves on their way to their respective homes.

(To be continued next month.)

LINES WRITTEN UPON SOME ORNAMENTAL TIMBER BLOWN DOWN IN THE LATE GALES AT EASTBOURNE, SUSSEX.

From childhood’s joyful happy hour, I’ve look’d upon those trees,
And lov’d to view each trembling leaf dance in the evening breeze:
When other minds were fast asleep, and not a soul was nigh,
I there have sat till dawn of morn lit up the eastern sky.
There was a something in those trees, but what I cannot tell,
That threw around my soul a charm—a more than magic spell!

I lov’d in summer’s even-time to sit beneath their shade,
And watch the dying orb of day in all his glory fade:
And when the queen of night appear’d to shed her silver light,
I still have gaz’d, and ever found new feelings of delight.
’Twas sweet to see the moon-beams play on every twig and leaf,
When not a care came o’er the heart to cause one moment’s grief.

But ah! that pleasure now is past, no more the moon’s pale gleam
Shall glitter on the waving branch, or through the foliage stream:
For where are now the mighty trunks that rear’d their arms on high?
Torn from their mother earth, and crush’d—a ruined wreck they lie!
By single breath of Him above, shorn of their might and power;
Alas! too true, what years may make, oft’s wither’d in an hour.
When memory flings their lovely shades o'er my depressed soul,
Their local beauties throw a pang which time can ne'er control:
For earliest youth reflecting stands in recollecting them;
My joyful mirth, my youthful plays, engrav'd are on each stem;
But they are gone, ne'er to bloom more, the thought doth fire my brain,
And melancholy throws a gloom o'er me and Watry-lane.*

Oh! what is man, and what is life, when every thing we love
Has fit away, like autumn leaves from off the yellow grove?
Oh! is not life a wilderness that once was fresh and fair
When all is dead that charm'd the heart, and flung its treasures there?
Yet let not man an instant weep, or sorrowvest his brow,
For there is One with father's love who watcheth o'er him now!

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER: A SKETCH.

BY UMBRA.

"And this is love."—L. E. L.

"Is not the coach very late this evening?" cried Nora Burns, as she came skipping down the garden walk of the secluded vicarage of D——. "I'm sure it must be past its time."

"Nay, my dear Nora," replied her elder sister, who was half hidden among the trees, "methinks it is your gay and happy disposition which has outrun even four fleet horses."

"I do not know what you mean, my dear sister, but forgive me, Mary, if I have vexed you, you seem so melancholy."

"I am not melancholy, my dear Nora; but you always look at the bright side of a picture; and I, perhaps, do so too much also to be sad. You are all smiles, because Charles Driscoll is expected on a short visit to the house which used to be his home. You know, dear, it is now five years ago. Time changes us all; besides, he has mixed much in the gay world of fashion; and although the heart may be still the same, we must not look for the same exterior."

Thus were the two innocent daughters of the vicar of D—— employed, as the person alluded to in their discourse, seated upon the box of a London coach, was rapidly whirled onward towards the village. Every turn in the road presented to Driscoll some familiar object, or some new one which "the practical" might call an improvement; but which, by the lover of nature, would be deemed anything but picturesque. The tall spire of the church appeared in the distance, and he, too, thought of the playmates of his youth. He recalled before his fancy the pretty little laughing blue-eyed Nora, who when he had left the vicarage was but just sixteen; and her more sedate, but no less beautiful, sister. Then came their poor kind mother, who had been gathered to her rest; and the old vicar with his clerical hat, and his mild but impressive manners. However, he had not much time for these musings; the coach stopped; the ivy clad chimney peeped over the trees, as it did of old; and soon the welcoming hands were extended—he was once more in the home of his childhood.

"O Charles, I am so glad to see you come again!" exclaimed Nora, as running into the room, she heedlessly stumbled over a footstool, and almost fell into his arms; then, at the sight of an apparent stranger, she shrank back, and a crimson blush came over her delicate cheek.

"Come, come, Nora, though I am, perhaps, somewhat altered, you need not blush to welcome your fishing companion of by-gone days: I shall think it unkind of you, if you do not treat me as you did of old."

"I should think she need not look so much abashed, Mr. Driscoll," replied her sister. "But you know Nora was always so thoughtless, so confiding. And you used to be such great friends," she added, as she turned away her head, to hide the tears that were gathering in her large dark eyes.

"Girls! girls!" exclaimed the vicar, as he entered from the garden; "do not give my old pupil such a dolorous reception; one would think you had set him a page of Homer to learn, as a penance.
for some misbehaviour. Come, cheer up, we will save our tears till there is some sorrowful occasion for them."

If Driscoll was changed from the tall, spare youth of nineteen, to the elegant manhood of refined life, so were the Misses Burns; but Mary the least so, if we might except a beautiful bloom upon her cheeks, which used to be pale as the leaves of the lily. Nora had burst from the child into the woman—from the rosebud to the opening flower of summer.

The two sisters were the very reverse of each other in point of beauty and manners. Mary the elder, by the death of her mother, had been early left in charge of her father's household; and from the equanimity of her disposition, she was well fitted for the task. She seemed to commune with other than the spirits of this world. The cursory observer would have called her cold and unfeeling; but she had a warmth of affection, a firmness of purpose, which none could imagine but those brought into close and continued intercourse with her. It was a lovely scene to see those two maidens, that evening, ere they retired to rest, when talking over the improved appearance of their old schoolmate. Mary was seated at the window, ever and anon looking out upon the landscape revealed in its shadowy softness by the pale light of the moon; as her long white fingers wandered amid the fair hair of her young sister, reclining on a stool at her feet. And now Nora's laughing face, almost hidden by the unbound curls, was raised, and her blue eyes from beneath their silken veils rested upon the pure Grecian features of her sister: the dark eyes met that gaze, and a kiss from the red lips was imparted to the blushing cheek of the younger girl. They formed the picture of affection. Their very difference of disposition—the vivacity of the one, and the beautiful pensiveness of the other, seemed to bind them yet closer together. They could be said to be rivals in no one sense; for Mary's tall figure, moulded with more elegance by nature than sculptor's hand could chisel, was but a delightful contrast to the round short form of the merry-hearted Nora. They had no brother, and consequently were all in all to each other.

A month passed over the vicarage of D——, and although he had intended to have stayed but a few days, Driscoll was still there; as much the companion of the old clergyman in his parochial calls, as the loiterer, on the steps of his fair daughters. Some in the neighbourhood even rumoured that he was paying marked attention to one of them; but none could tell whether it was to the parson, to Mary, or to Nora. It was therefore set down as village gossip, and he was allowed to ramble with the vicar, flirt with the one daughter, or make poetry for the other, without its being considered as any very great harm.

It was a beautiful autumn evening; the sun was slowly sinking; bathing the west in a deep-dyed glow, which faded and faded away, until it merely tinged the soft blue of heaven with a gentle stain. The song of the gleaners returning from their toil floated up the vale, and every here and there the sides of the hills were decked with sheaves of golden corn.

"Here is my mother's grave, Charles," said Mary, as arm in arm they approached the silent city of tombs. "How many chances happen in a few brief years."

"Truly, Mary. But God is always merciful: if he take one away, he gives another to supply her place. You and Nora must be great comforts to your father. Do you not think he might be induced to spare one of you?"

Mary replied not. Her heart was full; and had there been any one by, the sudden paleness of her cheeks might have told the feelings of her heart. She withdrew her arm from Driscoll's, and sat down upon her mother's grave.

"Nay, Mary, dear," said the youth, tenderly, "do not be offended at the abruptness of my question: I did not intend to wound your feelings. But—but, you have not known what it is to love."

"Love!" ejaculated the trembling girl, as perhaps the moment she longed for, yet feared to arrive, now hovered o'er her. That moment which must be fraught with the deepest interest to every female mind. That moment when the dream of woman's solitary hour is to be realized, when she is clasped to the heart of the being she most loves on earth.

"Yes, Mary, to love, for I have dared to do it! You can tell me if there be hope. Or—must I leave D—— vicarage for ever?"

"Hope is woman's lot."
"You mean, then, there is none? O foolish, foolish heart, be still."

"I did not say so, Mr. Driscoll. There is hope given to us all. But woman hopes, and hopes for years. Hope feeds her soul with visions of earthly happiness; and hope teaches her to look to Heaven for richer and less fading joys."

"Do you then say that she loves me? May I believe it?"

"Who—who loves you?" faltered the maiden, as she hid her face from his view.

"Your sister, Nora!" continued Charles, heedless of the almost falling form of her whom he had thoughtlessly made his confidante, "her image has been before me ever since I left D—— ; in the crowded ball, the opera, no where have I seen one like Nora Burns. But she is so light-hearted, so innocently beautiful, I dare not sully her happiness even by the sweet pains of love."

"It is so. My God, enable me to bear it," scarcely articulated Mary in a voice so low that it was not heard by the lover, as she slowly rose from her parent's grave. "Mr. Driscoll, may you be happy. Your secret is in good hands. Believe me, you need not despair."

"Thank you, thank you, for ever, gentle Mary. Heaven alone knows how I can show my gratitude!"

Charles Driscoll slept that night with a light heart. Who can tell its lightness, save he who has had its load of love, with which it was bursting, conveyed to some kindred object? Man is a being of affection, he was not meant to live alone. We are all miserable, when we have not some one to whom to tell our little adventures—some one who will feel an interest in them, however trifling—who will listen to us. And how delightful, indeed, to be able to commune over things which are not the mere fancies of time. It is then we feel the whole warmth of our dispositions, that we know ourselves better than we ever did before.

Now, Mr. Burns, although a clergyman and an ornament to his cloth, was not one of those fanatics who pretends totally to despise all worldly good, while at the very same moment they have some private advantage in view. He saw, as well as those around him, the advantages of Driscoll's becoming a husband to one of his daughters; still he wished not to influence the affection of either, by the slightest allusion on his part. Thus things proceeded at the vicarage in that quiet even sort of routine, which must be so enchanting to those who have no other ambition, than that of doing good in an unpretending way, and making those happy who are around them. The morning's post, at length, brought a letter, requiring Driscoll's immediate attendance in Scotland. Nora had spent the previous day with a family at some distance, and the night proving rather stormy, had not returned home. Up to that moment he had never made an avowal to her of his love; something always came in the way when he had made up his mind to do so. Either she was so full of mirth and girlish mischief, that he feared being laughed at; some party of pleasure was in contemplation, and he did not like to distract her thoughts; or else, perhaps, he thought that "the question once popped" and being "acknowledged" would be quite enough, from its very common-placeness, to dissipate all the delight of believing that the one sought was necessary for the other's happiness: so it was, however, and when he was forced to quit the vicarage, the opportunity was gone. Procrastination, thou art the thief of time! He must depart without even knowing by one little word from "Nora's own lips, that he was beloved." But, thought he to himself, after he had bidden farewell to his worthy host, and had forced his horse to a gallop, "I will write to her and explain; and in a few days, a fortnight at most, I will come back and claim her as my own."

"Well, my dears," said the vicar one morning at breakfast, as he settled comfortably into his easy chair, "what do you think of our late visitor?"

"O papa! he is such a nice young man," exclaimed Nora in her gay manner, which often betrayed her into expressions which had she but considered a moment she would not have made use of: "I do wish he had not gone, or that I had been here to have wished him good-bye, I shall never forgive that tiresome storm. Don't you think he will come back soon, papa?"

"Very probably he will," replied the elder sister. "He seems," she added in a half-interrogating tone, "very fond of the vicarage."

"You mean of some of its inmates,"
returned the old man. "Nay, Mary, you need not blush; nor you, Nora, pull that geranium to pieces in so unmerciful a manner; you have torn that scarlet blossom into shreds; and now you are torturing that poor fuchsia."

"For shame, papa!" exclaimed Nora.

"Father!" ejaculated Mary, as she turned an imploring gaze upon him.

More than the period he had allotted himself had elapsed, and yet Driscoll returned not to the vicarage. A godfather of whom he had known but little had died in Scotland, and left him a considerable landed property, the settlement of which would detain him a much longer time than he had anticipated he should have been absent.

He had just returned to his inn from a walk on the barren coast, vexed and weary at his protracted stay, when immediately on entering, his eye glanced at a letter lying upon the table. It was in a hand-writing he did not know. He hastily broke the seal. The contents ran thus:

"My dear Sir,

"It is with the greatest pain I write to inform you that my poor daughter was taken suddenly ill a fortnight ago, and since that hour she has not quitted her bed. She is constantly asking if you have returned, or if we have heard from you. You do not know, but you can picture in a faint degree what are a father's feelings. All desire kind remembrances; and hoping to see you as soon as possible, I remain, my dear Sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN BURNS.

"D—— Vicarage, Oct. 20th, 1828.

"She is indeed very ill. I hope your affairs will be arranged satisfactorily. Pray come."

The appalling tidings came like the destructive flash of forked lightning upon Driscoll's darkened mind. How little had he been taught what was woman's heart! Had he then left his beloved to pine and die, merely from a selfish regard to his own momentary feelings? "Poor Nora," he exclaimed, as folding the letter up, he placed it near his heart. "Poor Nora! I did not think it would end thus. So gay, so pure, so young, to be cut off thus by my hand. God forgive me, if it be so!"

The morning's sun saw our hero on his way from Scotland. His business was not completed, but the voice of a dying girl sounded in his ears, urging him forward. In the silent shades of night he heard a gentle tone perpetually beside him, whispering, "Charles, Charles, why did you forsake me?"

To a sensitive mind, the thought of having caused ill to any one, creates painfully acute sensations; but doubly so when it is to one we love,—one for whom, perhaps, we would have laid down our life, and yet from mere carelessness, or folly, that one has been unintentionally injured. In clasping the butterfly, we have taken the beautiful bloom from its wings, which we can never again restore.

It is a lovely autumn twilight, not a breath of wind passes among the dark leaves, not a sound is heard in the fields, save the chirp of the grasshopper, or the rustling of a bird in its hidden covert. The sun has gone, and the glowing hues of autumn have nearly died away: many of the garments of the trees lie neglected around their roots; but there is still the yew tree, all covered with darksome foliage, and the ivy climbing even to the vicarage roof. "Emblem of affection," thought Driscoll, as having passed through the shrubbery he paused for a moment, enjoying the calmness and tranquility of the hour: and how soft is the peaceful air, so unlike the close breathings in a busy city. Look! there is still a pale rose hanging o'er the lattice, perhaps the last beauty of the season, clinging yet to its supporter. There is a light at the casement, the white curtains are closely drawn—it may be the home of death."

He could hear his heart beat audibly, as he knocked at the vicarage door. There was no answer: he could see no light. He knocked again more loudly in his agitation; a soft foot-fall beat upon the stairs; he heard it glide almost noiselessly along the hall. Surely it was a step he knew. The door opened, and his own Nora, pale, but startled at his sudden appearance, stood before him.

"O Charles! Charles! my poor sister!" she exclaimed, as endeavouring to stifle her sobs, she gently withdrew from his half-unconscious embrace. "I am so glad you have come, for Mary is dying, and she calls for you. Sometimes at midnight she will say, 'Where is Charles? Do not hide him from me; he does not know it. Go—go; tell him that I love him. Tell him my heart is breaking.'"

Driscoll followed the weeping girl into the parlour: to his own selfish hopes, the scene was like a resurrection from the
The Vicar's Daughter.

grave. Not a word had been said in the vicar's letter, by which he could have told which daughter it was that was ill; and his own excited fancy could alone believe it was the one in which he was most interested, whom he imagined others knew as well as himself. He sat beside the young creature of his hopes; but at such an hour he could not talk of love. As he gazed upon her fair features, mellowed from their gaiety by sisterly affection into an interesting languor, he could not avoid thinking that he had never before seen so beautiful a being. "Will you not come and see my sister?" said Nora, "for I am sure she is asking for you; and even standing upon the brink of the grave. How she loves you, Charles; and love like hers were well worth possessing; there are few, I am certain, whose affections are like poor Mary's; and hand in hand, they quickly ascended to the room above.

The apartment was nearly dark, save where the bright moonbeams passed over the pillow of the young sufferer. At the foot of the bed knelt the aged parent, his hands clasped in prayer; and as the words fell from his lips, there was heard a low calm voice murmuring repeating them. Nora and Charles stood hidden by the curtains of the bed. They had entered noiselessly, and they now scarcely breathed; for it would indeed have been sacrilege to have disturbed the worshippers in this awful sanctuary. The voices of the living and the dying mingled before a throne of grace. The last words of prayer had sunk into a silence. "Father, may I not see yon pale moon which casts its sickly light over my bed: I should like to see it yet before I die, for, perhaps—however wrong it may be to think of such things—perhaps it shines upon him. Would that he were here, for I have a duty yet to perform before I go hence; and time is growing short." Again there was silence, for although Nora wished her sister to know that Driscoll was there, yet she feared the shock his presence might produce on her weakened frame would be too much for her.

"She is sleeping now," said a low voice beside the bed. "No, Nora, I am not," replied her sister. "I shall never sleep again in this world, until I sleep the one long sleep. I thought you would not leave me now that I have but one little hour to stay, but we shall meet, dear sister—do not let your hot tears fall upon my hand—we meet beyond the grave. The Saviour has trod the dark sea; his arms will bear me safely over the billows; we shall meet, and love one another even as we have here, only more purely, more blissfully, where the weary are at rest. I wish I could behold Charles before I die;—ah! methought I heard a sob. It was not that of my poor father, God will support him. It is—it is my own Charles!" and the pale girl, grasping the hand of him she loved, sank back upon the pillow.

Driscoll gazed upon her marble beauty, which the deceitful bloom had left white as the palest flower. Little did he think when he confided to her the secret of his love, as she sat upon her mother's grave, that he had prepared the shroud for her brow, that he had planted a cankerworm in her heart, that would bring her to a low grass pillow.

There was an awful moment of suspense; at length a happy smile passed over the features of the maiden, she moved slowly aside the long dark silken lashes from her brown eyes. "Thank God," she murmured, "he has given me strength to die contented."

"Forgive me, Mary—forgive me," ejaculated the young man.

"Hush!" she exclaimed with more firmness, "it was a hard trial; but in you, Charles, I have nothing to forgive, I have kept your secret till now; perhaps selfishly so, but God will pardon me. I am now on the brink of the grave—it cannot be improper—it will ease my heart to speak it. Charles—Charles, I have loved you fondly, but it is past! Had I lived, you could not have been mine—it is but right that I should die. You could not love me other than as a sister. God's will be done! Be it so. I am growing weaker—fainter. Nora—Nora, where is your hand? You shall, Charles, love me as a sister even in death. I feel it, Nora, now, although I cannot see you—but you too had a secret, though you would not tell it even to me. Yes, you loved Driscoll even before he left us, not nearly six years ago. I have seen it, though I did not believe it. Nay, Nora, do not tremble, your poor sister will never stand in the way of your earthly happiness; but her hopes to share your happiness in heaven. Nora! Nora! do not draw your hand away! Take it—take it, Charles.
—it is yours. You have loved one another long, although the word has not yet been spoken. Take it, Charles—what God has joined together, let not man put asunder. Keep it, Charles—remember me. God—God bless you both! I—my Father—" The light of the moon rested on her pallid face—the lips had fallen—the voice was hushed. The hands of the lovers were clasped together in that of the dying girl. They felt the unifying pressure of the slight struggle as the soul burst from its earthly tenement, and soared away to heaven. They were joined by the cold fingers of the dead. A low sob was heard at Nora's side: it came from her father's heart.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," half articulated the old man, as they slowly and sadly left the room, that now contained nothing but the cold corse of her who had fallen a victim to England's bane, consumption—by mind prey- ing upon a frame unequal in strength to resist its powers—that fell tyrant, that revels among the brightest flowers of a family, and carries away the most costly bud to the earliest tomb, if the slightest breath of sorrow chance to produce predisposition to the malady.

It was an awful scene for those two young beings who had never told their loves, to have its full light thus burst in upon them as they knelt beside a breathless sacrifice, to hear of affection from lips that would in a few moments speak among the angels of heaven, to be wedded o'er a sister's death-bed. It would be impossible to describe the sensations of Nora and Charles. They knew that they were beloved, but what had been the cost of their happiness? It was the sorrow which mingles with every thing serene, and they betook themselves in prayer into the presence of Him "whose ways are not man's ways." That night the vicarage was a place of gloom; for our holy religion bids us to grieve for the departed, "but not as those without hope." Nora had gained her heart's desire, but—she had lost a sister! She who had been the companion of her days, the sharer in her toils and her joys, who had loved her as a sister can only love, could no longer fold her in her arms, and call her her own dear little naughty pet. They could no longer read the same book together, or sing the same song, or bend over the same spot in prayer! Poor girl! when she awoke in the morning, she turned to look for Mary's smile answering the first glance of her unclosing eyes—it was not there—Nora was alone!

That winter was a dreary one to poor Nora; and even when the spring came, she had scarcely recovered from the dreadful shock.

Time is the healer of all our painful thoughts, and it is mercifully so ordained. For were we forever to be wounded with the same fine poignancy of regret, we could not fail being miserable. One by one the friends of our youth depart—the children we have held in our arms, are now perhaps no more; the aged to whom we looked up for instruction have been gathered to their fathers! and some who may read this tale may in some brief space of time have passed onward. Flowers fade. "All things around us preach of death!"

A twelvemonth sped over the vicarage of D——. Again was the solitary rose seen clinging to the lattice—again were the withered leaves strewn over the gravel walk. It was the day on which Mary had breathed the inspired language of Heaven. It was the day of Nora and Charles's wedding. They had fondly wished it to take place on that awful anniversary, that they might through life remember what had been the price of their love; and therefore treasure it through storm and sunshine—through the clouds of woe and the light of joy; even when the last sigh of death should pass over their then rosy lips. Nora tremblingly faltered out "I will;" the same words were pronounced by the clergyman as her poor sister had spoken; the same blessing was bestowed. She was Driscoll's wife. But it was not doomed that the last rose should be plucked from the vicarage garden. After a short continental tour, for they deemed the change would in a degree alienate their minds from grief, the young pair returned to the vicarage to soothe the waning years of the widowed parent by the presence of his only daughter, whose gaiety had now become sobered by affliction into a beautiful calmness; nor did they leave that peaceful home until a new incumbent was appointed to the living.
A Sermon on the Neglect of the Psalmody and Responses of the Church Service. By the Rev. W. Bennett, M. A. Cooke and Olivier.

We are happy to find that one minister of our church has bent his attention to this most important point, and has not only brought zeal, but talent and learning to the inditing of a very efficient sermon on the neglect of psalmody, and the responses of the Liturgy, by the congregations of the church of England. Mr. Bennett's pious exhortations are chiefly addressed to two fashionable congregations in London; and we own that it passes our patience to reflect on the time that young ladies lavish during six days in the attainment of music and singing, and yet on the seventh they have not a note wherewith to praise God. How sweetly their cultivated voices would join in the solemn and simple melodies of our national church, and where will they find more glorious compositions, if they wish for higher exercise of their vocal powers than the "Advent Hymn;" the "Adeste Fidelis," or "Before Jehovah's awful Throne," or Handel's magnificent "How beautiful are the feet:" all these melodies are by the liberality of our clergymen introduced into our church, therefore the musical amateur cannot deny that occasionally high musical pleasure is afforded. The only plea we ever heard urged in excuse was, that the selections were different in different churches: this plea holds good for strangers, who cannot be expected to join in a hymn, they do not know, and have not in their hymnbook, but not in regard to the psalms, as few people go to church without a prayerbook. We greatly approve of Mr. Bennett's manner of treating the subject, and we hope he will not suffer the matter to rest here, but will address a discourse entirely to those young ladies who spend their lives in singing anything rather than thanksgivings.

Few of our church dignitaries are aware that in country parishes remote from towns this part of our service is entirely silent, and a dead letter; while the Wesleyans, who so closely follow our service, are animated and successful in the performance of this part of their religious duties. The members of our establishment would indeed be a little disturbed, if they were told a truth, that the Wesleyans were better Church of England people than themselves. Mr. Bennett represents this point with earnestness, and has shown how injurious this neglect is to our venerable church, whose precepts and regulations are excellent, if she would but use better discipline to amend the negligent and scornful, who, nevertheless, really do pretend nearly what is right in their own eyes, in their public worship.

Whilst commending the introduction of the melodies above named into our church service, we are bold to deprecate the greatly growing evil of private psalm books and hymn books in our parochial churches. In former days this was systematically customary with the proprietors of private chapels, who, in addition to intent of "greater devotion," had also regard to the work of preaching as a speculation. Strangers would thereby cease gratuitously to frequent a chapel where they could not use the Psalms of David as found in their prayer-book, for if they sang not, they liked to follow the singers, being unwilling to buy a book for merely temporary use, and the pew-renters must of necessity purchase a copy for at least every second member of their family. These books were usually sold at half-a-guinea each. Why, however, the bishops, where they have control, allow such an innovation, we know not: there is sufficient to touch the heart, and please the eye, and inspire the soul in the new version of the Psalms of David; and there is no excuse for the congregation not joining in the service, provided as most people are with the means of doing so. Even in country places we have seen this innovation. We speak not with the feelings of bigots in favour of this or that set of psalms, but let the church beware of making uncalled-for changes to please the fancy (if not to make a profit thereby), because dissent is a growing evil; and if the church may make one change, so may other bodies another; and it is in this enjoyment of a private will and opinion that each sets up a standard for himself, thereby making, both in the psalms and in the service, so many varieties, that the English Protestant church is the greatest of all puzzles to those who are out of her pale; and they place this as a union to their souls, that
if the body of Protestants cannot understand each other and agree, there can surely be no harm in their also differing from them “a little” in their opinions of what service is most wholesome.

An example will prevent our views on this important subject from being mistaken.

A citizen in the morning may like to benefit his health by a recreatory walk to the west-end, or may be a little way out of town in the afternoon. Where he may be at the hour of afternoon or evening service he knows not; but being near a sacred edifice, the presence of an assembling congregation, or the call to prayers, seems to welcome him in: he enters; the service begins; his heart is warmed into may be more than ordinary devotion; then comes the announcement of the psalms; the pipes are filled, and the organ sends forth its soul-engaging strains; he seeks in vain for the announced commencement, and looking around, finds himself debarred from joining longer in the service; he finds himself amongst a set of “dissenters” from his service, though he is in a branch of his own church—the Church of England. We would, then, strongly recommend the abolition of this novel introduction, as uncharitable in itself, and likely to cause mischief.

It will be remembered by the readers of history, that the greatest bone of contention on the part of the first reformers was the continuation of instrumental music in our churches; and even to this day the church of Scotland, which has continued more than any other to the original model cast by the earliest reformers, permit no organ to be used in a church. Independently of a desire to depart as much as possible from the practices of the Roman Catholic church, there was another, and a very substantial reason for discontinuing the practice, viz. that of inducing the congregation, or rather, if they were to have music at all, of compelling the congregation to make music amongst themselves by voice joining voice in psalm singing; and this is a very important and rigidly performed portion of their service, the whole congregation joining in song, led by the minister himself from the pulpit. The version used is the old version of the Psalms of David: we certainly think the adoption of the new would be a national benefit to Scotland, and it would be well if certain approved hymns being added to our own, the two churches could, in this respect at least, act in unison, as the people of the two kingdoms are every day still more and more becoming one brotherhood.

We think this apathy to religious melody arises from the affected musical fastidiousness so prevalent now in England. We are in reality the most unmusical people under the sun, we feel nothing but the false squalling of words so silly as to be utterly incomprehensible to the first-rate Italian scholars. Foreign singers are forced to sing in a style they laugh at and abhor to suit the English taste, and we turn up our noses at the solemn swell of psalmody from three thousand voices which, by the unalterable laws of sound must have a grand effect, as it is an utter impossibility for so many persons to sing out of tune, guided by an accompaniment, such as the organ, and a chorister of free-school, well trained and tutored seraphs. They who affect musical distress on such occasions, show they have as little ear as heart, and that their musical ignorance is profound. Twelve choristers may sing out of tune, twelve hundred hardly can.

What can we do with such a poem as the “Outcast?” we have been asking ourselves for some weeks: an ill-natured critic would cut it up, viz. pick out all the absurdities, and serve it up in little scraps, seasoned with jeer. We never read a printed book which bore more decided marks of careless hurried scribbling—and that is a bold assertion in these times. The worst is, the author does not want genius, though totally devoid of talent, taste, and judgment: his ear, too, is good; he produces specimens of every kind of metre, in our language; his favourite is that of the lean dog's in the “Siege of Corinth.” His accent sometimes falls correctly; but as for the sense or connexion in the filling up of the lines, Heaven save the mark! It seems scarcely just to blame, without producing proof of what we dislike; but we have a great aversion to blotting our pages with nonsense. As to the story, it is totally without individuality, neither the how, the when, nor the where, are defined, excepting when the outcast has somehow
got on shore, and is in an Indian jungle; and this is one of the best parts. How he gets on board ship again we never could discover, although, being somewhat interested, we bent our attention pretty closely to that point; for just at that time a flow of copious incomprehensibilities broke forth, and we lost the clue of the tale, and scarcely found it again.

The description of the sufferings of the outcast, while enduring the sentence of the court-martial, with his awakening to consciousness, is a passage decidedly written by a mind of some genius. But quotation is impossible, not only on account of the horror of the subject, but because in every two or three lines occur some verbal absurdity, or confusion of ideas, which would disgrace our commendation. If fiction bear not the appearance of fact—if it is divested not only of probability, but possibly it will never give pleasure: here there is no appearance of reality in the story, nor the least identity in any of the personages the author has produced. A clear idea cannot be formed of one of them. The author is evidently young, and we think entirely uninformed, yet he possesses fine feeling, and sometimes melody, and that is more than we can say of some who send us saner productions.

It is impossible to find a passage of any length in a state correct enough for quotation, this is the best—

"I looked around if ought were nigh,
To shield me from inclemency:
But long in vain—the thickened storm
Narrow'd the misty horizon."

The observer of nature will see the close descriptive beauty of the words in italics: other indications of power of describing natural subjects, are lost in the outpouring of uncorrected verbiage. If our author had reflected for one moment on the possibility of the thing, would he have made his outcast, without the least preparation or gradation of probable circumstances, confess to a person who had just stepped in out of the rain, whose very name he did not know, two murders and a desertion?

If we had not some hopes of our author, we should not have analysed his powers so closely; and we hope we shall meet again when he has acquired more information and individuality—more judgment, and consequently more power of self-correction. We have found out another produceable extract, with which we conclude—

"When the moonbeam’s silvery light
Was on the wave reflecting bright;
And nought throughout the deck was heard,
Save the helmsman’s sullen word,
Or sails loud flapping as she hove,
O’er the long swell with heavy motion,
And pitched as now she vainly strove,
To make progress o’er the ocean."

From the preface, we gather that our author has been a voyager: the success of this passage may show him, that close observation of reality is the only way in which he can thoroughly correct his poetic faults, and obtain that reputation, which it deeply grieves us we are forced to deny to a poetic aspirant, for the very aspiration is a virtue, and betokens in a man, elevation of mind not to be "an outcast."

British Colonial Library, vol. 5.—
History of the West Indies, vol. 2.
By R. M. Martin, F.S.S. Whittaker and Co.

Our high estimation of the general plan and execution of Mr. M. Martin’s colonial works, may be gathered from former reviews. The present volume is of great importance to this country, as bringing into public view British Guiana; a colony which appears of immense value to our empire, whose peculiarities are yet totally unknown to the mass of the population of Great Britain.

Some dismal accounts of the unhealthiness of that country are vaguely reported in England; but Montgomery Martin has made calculations and inquiries on that head, proving that while deaths were occurring in Europe at the rate of one person in thirty-five, only one in forty was the average number in Guiana. The largest portion of the volume, the most interesting and novel, is devoted to the descriptions of the vegetable and animal productions of that magnificent but neglected country.

We were greatly struck by a passage relating to the sparkling quartz mountains, which shows how few reports are current without having some tangible foundation: here Mr. Martin has discovered the mountains of supposed gold, the objects of research of our earlier navigators, who, in their search for what they called El Dorado, discovered regions
which ought to be far more valuable to a
great country than a land " where gold
and diamonds grow."

We were likewise pleased with this
passage relative to some occult qualities
of the moon:—

"In considering the climate of tropical
countries, the influence of the moon seems
to be entirely overlooked; and surely, if
the tides of the vast ocean are raised from
their fathomless bed by lunar power, it is
not too much to assert that the tides of the
atmosphere are liable to a similar influence.
This much is certain, that, in the low lands
of tropical countries, no attentive observer
of nature will fail to witness the power
exercised by the moon over the seasons,
and also over animal and vegetable nature.
As regards the latter, it may be stated
that there are certainly thirteen springs
and thirteen autumns, in Demerara, in
the year; for so many times does the sap of
trees ascend to the branches and descend
to the roots. For example, the wallaba (a
rainless tree, the moon in the Demerara
woods, somewhat resembling mahogany),
if cut down in the dark, a few days before
the new moon, is one of the most durable
woods in the world for house-building,
posts, &c.; in that state attempt to split it,
and, with the utmost difficulty, it will be
ripped in the most jagged, unequal manner
that can be imagined; cut down another
wallaba, that grew within a few yards of
the former, at full moon, and the tree can
be easily split into the finest smooth
shingles, of any desired thickness, or into
staves for making casks; but in this state,
applied to house-building purposes, it
spontaneously decays. Again, bamboos, as thick
as a man's arm, are sometimes used for
paling, &c.; if cut at the dark moon,
they will endure for ten or twelve years;
if at full moon, they will be rotten in two
or three years: thus it is with most, if not
all, the forest trees. Of the effects of the
moon on animal life, very many instances
could be cited. I have seen, in Africa, the
newly littered young perish, in a few hours,
at the mother's side, if exposed to the rays
of the full moon. Fish become rapidly
putrid; and meat, if left exposed, incurable
or unpreservable by salt; the mariner,
heavily sleeping on deck, becoming
afflicted with nyctolopia, or night blindness;
at times the face hideously swollen,
if exposed during sleep to the moon's rays;
the maniac's paroxysms renewed with fear-
ful vigour at the full and change; and the
cold damp chill of the ague supervening
on the ascendency of this apparently mild
yet powerful luminary. Let her in-
fluence (continues Mr. Martin) over
this earth be studied; it is more
powerful than is generally
known."

We have purposely displayed the final
paragraph: man with all his wisdom has
much yet to learn. Mr. Martin has given
the most acute, food sufficient for the
closest observation. Upon such infor-
mation as this we are ever inclined to set
the very highest value, and his country-
men owe him a debt of gratitude.

There is also another passage of rains
which nearly follows that just quoted,
accounting in some measure for plains
unplanted (without connexion with land
springs), being generally so arid and con-
sequently so sterile.

"Woody countries are always the most
humid; and in a plain, without trees, the
clouds, will pass over without discharging
any rain, from the want of points of attrac-
tion. The importance of this fact has not
hitherto met with sufficient considera-
tion. A plain in the tropics, without rain to
moisten it, soon becomes a sterile desert;
and nothing will attract the electricity of
tree clouds, and cause them to burst, but
the intervention of groups or rows of tall
trees. It is a point, therefore, worthy the
consideration of the colonial legislature, to
preserve a portion of bush standing on the
coast, for the attraction of the rains, or to
oblige the different estates to plant tall
fruit or forest trees on their side-lines;
as there is no doubt that the more the
country is cleared of bush, the drier it
becomes, and the less fertile; and this
more particularly with regard to the sugar
cultivation."

Many travellers have possessed them-
selves of the Lord's prayer, published in
one of the Venetian Islands in very many
languages. The curious can add into their
copies another, the Arrawak, spoken in
Guiana, it is at page 153 in this volume.

The concluding chapter of this clever
publication deserves every attention on
the part of those in whose hands the
destinies of our valuable, but little un-
derstood colonies now are.

The Ornithological Guide. By Charles
Thorold Wood, Esq. Whittaker.
We think Mr. Wood has been mistaken
in the nature of his publication, as the
contents are much better fitted for peri-
dodie literature than for a separate volume.
His reviews are excellent of works on ornithology; and, as far as that depart-
ment goes, the student cannot take a
better guide in the formation of his ornith-
ological library. The introduction is
elegantly written, but as to the rest, we
think he places too much importance on
trivial emendations of nomenclature—
whether pheasant be with an f or ph, is hardly worth much discussion, as we, too, are most anxious for brevity—the master spirit of our author’s reform. Yet where would the reformation stop? Whether pheasant or jessant, we are contented to eat either without any other change made than by the spirit and the et cetera. But a propos of Mr. Wood’s papilules for butterflies. We beg to offer a new derivation of the word butterfly, different from that given by our author, without the help of the pedantic papilule. We would argue that the creature has nothing to do with butter at all, but that our ancestors meant to call it a better-fly, or, bettermost sort of fly. The Germans call it sommer-vogel, or butterfly; a name in which we infinitely delight, but with which our author would be enraged. The fact is, our primitive names of some birds, insects, and flowers, are emanations of poetic ideality, and expressed with the ancient sweet simplicity in which our sires delighted; and we marvel how, with the poetic feeling Mr. Wood evinces in his introduction, he should wish so bitterly to vex us, poor field naturalists, who roam at will in the poetry of nature, taming a bird or gathering a flower which are endeared to us as much by their quaint old-fashioned names, and the recollections of infancy, as by their beauty.

We do not clearly understand the gradations of Mr. Wood’s nomenclature: it is neither alphabetical, nor does it appear to us systematically arranged. He gives us no directions, whether it is to be read across, or in the column, manner: if in the last, the creatures are not arranged according to their affinities; if in the first, the affinities are often broken and interpolated. We hope in the next work this gentleman gives us, we shall see more of the author, and less of the critic; nevertheless, we may safely say that this is an amusing and a clever work.

_Pierce Falcon, the Outcast: a Novel._ In 3 vols. By _Emma Whitehead._

_Bentley._

Our attention has been drawn to this work, by the merits of a contribution with which we were favoured by the author, Miss Whitehead, published in our February number. It is not our usual custom to notice English works, which have been published more than a twelvemonth; but the present displaying more than ordinary talent, and, being written with a delicacy and tact which places it far above the last year’s outpourings of the press, in imaginative authorship, we cannot forbear recommending it to the attention of our readers, who will find in its pages poetic feeling, language of no ordinary beauty, and, above all, a rectitude of thought, not very common in the writings of the present times. The character of Jessy we have met with in real life more than once, but never saw it depicted in fiction before; it is a capital lesson for young females, and the more needed, because Jessy’s style of lover-hunting is rather a new feature among the faults of young damsels, and is one of the results of the modern plan of education. The character and death of Pierce Falcon show an energy of composition not often met with in a female pen. Our notice must necessarily be more brief, than if the volumes had reached our hands at their first issue; and we are consequently forced to confine our extracts to a short poem, whose peculiar beauties render it worthy of the sister spirit of the gifted _Charles Whitehead._

“Wherefore, my soul, in sighs and tears,
Of restless passion and of strife,
In lasting hopes and passing fears
Lament the bondage of a life!
It passes as yon cloud away,
’Tis gone—and swifter than the day.

“Mourn not, my heart—thy golden youth,
Thy love’s sweet vision why regret?
Though bright and beautiful as truth,
Suns rise, but only rise to set.
Thy treasures were not meant to keep,
Why—foolish lover—wherefore weep?

“Oh, spirit! though with anxious wing
Thou beat the portal of high heaven,
As rising odours upward spring
To be by tempests backward driven;
Yet, thou must linger in thy pain—
Thy strength and struggle are in vain.

“Then rest in peaceful tranquil rest,
Heart, soul, and spirit, ever free,—
The parent land where live the blest
Shines—star-like—and for thee.
The happy future still comes on;
Cease, nature—cease to mourn.”

_The Shakespeare Gallery._ Superintended by Mr. C. Heath. Tilt.

We give Mr. Meadows great credit for the character he has thrown into the face and demeanour of false Cresida; she has the sly mock-modest expression, often assumed by women of infirm principles; hers is Greek costume, is in the low
dressed hair,—the net, the wreath, the
cymar, the serpent bracelet, are in fine
taste; but what in the world has she to do
with cap-strings? Think you, Mr. Mea-
dows, that the daughter of Calchas had a
French milliner, who equipped her with
floating brides à la Françoise.
The forsaken love of the perfidious
Sir Proteus in her page's guise is liable
to the same objection of modern inter-
polation, wherefore is she dressed in our
feather bag sleeves, certainly not worn by
either sex in the middle ages in Italy?
The Princess of France is the prime plate
of this number, the painter has had the
idea of our Marguerite de Valois,* that
princess so cruelly calumniated by Ains-
worth in his last romance of Crichton.
It is a good and characteristic design, well
drawn and engraved.
The sixth number is the best yet pub-
lished. Olivia is the finest plate and the
highest finished in the collection, the
costume is exquisite. We think the cap
the prettiest for demi-parure we have seen
for a long time—the face is perfectly
lovely and full of expression, without
which, indeed, loveliness is of little worth.
The Anna Boleyn is nearly equal as a
work of art, but why is it not a portrait
of Anna Boleyn? the curls, however beau-
tiful, are not according to her mode of
dress. The face is more like Jane Sey-
mour† than Anna Boleyn, it is a good and
expressive work of art. The Titania does
not show equal taste in the design, and
the little gentleman and lady fairy at her
elbow, miniatures of herself; while she is,
if we compare her with the "flaunting
honey-suckles" over her head, the mini-
ture of humanity, awkwardly imagined.
If the painter supposed that Titania's
eleves were less than herself, by her pro-
viding bat's wings "to make her small
eleves coats," well and good; but then these
small eleves should have been fantastic-
looking implings, and not twopenny dolls,
standing at the elbow of a great shining
doll.
We examine this capital and improving
publication closely, because we hope to
see it become a guide for the theatres,
which are laughably erroneous in histori-
cal costume, and seek to gain information,
as we ourselves know, by the channels
through which our own series of authentic
portraits travel.

* See this portrait, December, 1835.
† See this portrait, June, 1834.

The third number of this work gives
us one exquisite plate and design, and
two indifferent ones. The designs of
Imogen and of Cleopatra, the one by
Parris and the other by Meadows, are
both bad. Imogen is the most inferior.
The engravers, we suspect, have not been
overpleased with their subjects; there is
little to commend in their department.
But the splendid beauty of Margaret of
Anjou, the fine resemblance the head
and head-dress bears to the authentic portraits
of that princess,* makes this plate a trea-
sure, which more than counterbalances
the trashiness of the two preceding plates.
Mote has engraved it in a first-rate style
of excellence, so as even to surpass his
beautiful Olivia.
To the theatrical connoisseur, we must
again observe, that Herbert has dressed
his Margaret in the zebra sleeves be-
longing to the era of Henry the Eighth,
the long pocketing sleeves were really
worn by Margaret.

Results of Parliamentary Inquiry in
regard to New Schools of Design,
Royal Academy, &c. By G. Foggio,
Historical Painter. Boone.

"Here lies Piron, who was nothing, not
even an Academician!" Such was the
epitaph which the Wittiest man in France
penned for himself in a fit of indignation,
because the pedants of the Sorbonne had
not invited him into their leaden associa-
tion. This epitaph is a national consola-
tion after the perusal of Mr. Foggio's
pamphlet, since it proves that the esta-
blishments of other countries are ob-
noxious to the charges of monopoly, par-
tiality, and insensibility to genius, which
the author brings against the Royal
Academy. The general voice of the pub-
lic, and of the whole of the independent
periodical press, coincide with the repre-
sentations of Mr. Foggio in regard to the
exclusive proceedings of the Royal Aca-
demy, from the first year of its institution;
and well aware as the public are of the undue
partiality of this society, general opinion
will go with the author against the measure
of Government in placing the intended
school of design under its withering influ-
ence. But we were not wholly prepared for
the proofs which Mr. Foggio brings for-
ward, to show that schools of design are
not only useless, but injurious to the Fine

* See our portrait, published June, 1835.
Arts. He makes the bold assertion, and it is borne out by all evidence of memory, that the greatest painters have been self-taught, and chiefly studied in the school of nature, and that these schools of design produce but imitative mediocrity. Our author is inclined to deprecate all interference of Government in the arts, excepting in the enactment of good and just laws regarding the security of property and copyright. The arguments he produces are rational, and, at all events, he ably shows the evil influence of the Royal Academy. For our parts, the names of the great artists, who are excluded from its fellowship, are evidence enough of its mal-administration, which we stated long before this pamphlet was published.

As to the question whether it be proper for a government to interfere in the encouragement of the arts, we fear that the sense of justice is not strong enough in individuals to suffer it to do so successfully in England. Not only Somerset House, but the presentations to every public school are notoriously managed by interest and favour. Our charities are tainted with the same plague-spot. With this national failing to encounter, we fear the best intentions and regulations could scarcely produce any good results; but we recommend Mr. Foggo's pamphlet to those who are interested in these questions, they will find them sensibly, though briefly, discussed.

The following anecdote of the lately-deceased Sir John Soane, to whom the public is much indebted, is particularly curious:—

"In the year 1803, at the suggestion of the Attorney General, Sir Robert Adair, George the Third decided that the Academicians had acted illegally in suspending five members of the council, of whom, one was Sir John Soane, who, as stated by the President, gives his money to every other Society of Artists."

Therefore, we may presume, having very little opinion of the good done by the institution, his liberal mind neglected it.


We hope and trust that there are laymen sufficient in our country, to defend with their pens the rights of the church, whose spiritual benefits they feel; for we think it must be a painful, as it is a delicate task for a clergyman to enter the field of political disputation, as he has done in the first section of this work. Meantime, the second and third sections give us a high idea of Mr. Osler's eloquence and learning in his profession. The Hymn called, "Praise for Salvation," seems finely adapted to the music of "Adeste Fidelis," and is written in a noble strain of poetic devotion. The other hymns will scarcely supersede the magnificent odes the church already possesses on the subject of the Nativity and Advent; but the "Adeste Fidelis" was much wanting, and ought to be popular. The following hymn by Miss Agnes Strickland, lately published in "Floral Sketches," well merits a place here:—

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

Oh God! thy wondrous works I view,
When'er I look around,
Not more in heaven's celestial blue,
Than on the lowly ground;
Where even the meanest herb and flower,
Bear marks of an Almighty's power.

That power is seen when tempests rise,
And wild winds vex the deep,
Nor less when in unclouded skies
The stars their vigil keep,
And in uncounted myriads roll
In their bright course from pole to pole.

The living things of earth and air,
To Thee their being owe;
And in their wondrous forms declare,
Thy glorious works below.
Oh! who can gaze on them, and see
No trace, almighty God, of Thee?

Stars, sun, and moon, and day and night,
Thy power alike proclaim;
And midnight gloom and noon-day bright
To Thee are both the same:
Thou art in all; and shall not we
In them adore thy majesty?

But these shall, in the wreck of time,
Wax old, as doth a robe;
And thy almighty power sublime,
Shall change this earthy globe:
Yea, these shall fail; but Thou shalt be
The same to all eternity!

Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain. Part 5. Tilt.

If true resemblance of terrestrial objects, accompanied by the most picturesque choice of the accidents of air, light, and water, can make engravings inestimable, Mr. Finden's present publication has these claims. It is not only a great national work, peculiarly flattering to our country in regard to her naval power, but it possesses an individual interest to every person who has visited a sea-port or bathing-
place on the coasts of Great Britain, so
enchanting it is to possess exact resem-
bances of places where healthful and
happy hours have been spent, and these
are certain to be found among the Ports
and Harbours of Great Britain. On this
account, we particularly recommend the
work to our readers, because we think
"the title" appeals rather too much to
the naval profession, and less that it
merits to be in the fashionable world. It
possesses also this great advantage, that
families who are tired of the routine of
the regular watering-places, may, by con-
sulting the present work, obtain correct
ideas of the picturesque beauties of every
bathing-place on our coasts, and the
claims which the localities and historical
antiquities of the neighbourhood have on
their attention.

On the Disease of the Hip Joint. Plain
and coloured plates. By William
Coulson, Consulting Surgeon, &c.
Hurst.
The last work by Mr. Coulson which we
reviewed, was of vital importance to the
female sex, from childhood to the grave;
and we trust that the rapid dissemination
of his knowledge in the editions of that
excellent book, will prevent many a fair
bloom of human life from being the
executioner of her own health and beauty.
The present work, though likewise of
importance to the female figure, does not
embrace such a wide extended field of
interest to all of them, yet, for those afflicted
with the dire calamity which Mr. Coulson
discusses, it is full of sensible information,
sably and intelligibly communicated. The
whole work is evidently calculated to re-
lieve human suffering of an acute de-
scription. The manner in which the
designs are got up, and the task executed,
is worthy of Mr. Coulson’s high repu-
tation.

We beg to offer to the attention of
parents the following statement which we
extract from its valuable pages:

"A young lady, nine years of age, fell,
and wrenched her hip when at play. She
experienced so little uneasiness, that she
walked out as usual. In the evening, she
got a dance; but while there, she was
seized with rigor (stiffness or setting of the
joint), and put to bed. She became delirious,
and died just a week from the time of the
accident."

The Match Played by the Chess Clubs of
This smallest of chess books is very well
written, and a very great deal may be
learnt from it by the lovers of this noble
game. We can advise all ladies who love
this amusement (and many ladies play
an admirable game), to procure the little
book, and play the games described;
noting by way of exercise, how West-
minster lost, and Paris won. The editor
makes a good remark on the cause of
the English defeat; we wish our coun-
trymen would love systematic gambling
less, and intellectual amusement more.
There is a deal of truth in the following
remark:—

"The French play chess better than the
English; in those few words lie all the
question. The chief reason of their supe-
riority is the difference in national habits
and customs. The French love the arts
and sciences; we love grinding iron into
knives, and coining gold out of cotton
wool. They have found out the secret of
enjoying life; we work hard to make it
miserable. The French permit the bulk
of the nation to sing, laugh, and dance;
we allow them the dram-shop and the con-
venticle. The grand aim in England is to
make money, and as to everything else,
the less we say about it the better.

"The editor proceeds to give the two
games in question, as they were played.
The first game was begun by the West-
minster Club, the second by the French
players.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FIRST GAME</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>WESTMINSTER</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>1. RP to Q2 sq.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. QP two sq.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. RP takes P</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. Kt to B third</td>
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<tr>
<td>5. B to Q third</td>
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<tr>
<td>6. Q to K2 second sq. ch.</td>
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<tr>
<td>7. QP takes QBP</td>
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<tr>
<td>8. QB to K third</td>
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<td>9. KB to QKt fifth</td>
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<tr>
<td>10. Kt to Q4 fourth</td>
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<tr>
<td>11. KB takes QKt</td>
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<td>12. QBP one sq.</td>
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<td>13. P takes B</td>
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<td>14. Q to Q3 third</td>
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<td>15. Castles</td>
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<tr>
<td>16. Q to QKt third</td>
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<tr>
<td>17. P takes Q</td>
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<tr>
<td>18. K retakes B</td>
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<tr>
<td>19. P takes P</td>
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<tr>
<td>20. P takes Kt</td>
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<tr>
<td>21. QKt to Q2 second</td>
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<td>22. P to QKt fourth</td>
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<tr>
<td>23. R takes QRP</td>
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<td>24. P to QKt fifth</td>
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<td>25. P to QKt sixth</td>
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<tr>
<td>26. P to QKt seventh</td>
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<tr>
<td>27. R to K eighth</td>
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2 E—Vol. X.—March.
"At this juncture, defeat being certain, the Westminster Club resigned the game. As a specimen of attack on the part of France, this game is very interesting; and the correctness with which they maintain their first advantage, deserving of our utmost praise. Chess-players are all of one country, and are generally, we believe, glad to hail the victor with applause, should his laurels have been even won at their own expense.

Second Game.

**PARIS.**

1. KP two sq.
2. Kt to B third
3. KB to QB fourth
4. QB P one sq.
5. QP two sq.
6. P takes P
7. KRP one
8. QKt to QB third
9. Castles
10. QRP one
11. KR to K
12. Q to KB fourth
13. QR to KB second
14. KR to K second
15. QKt to KB fifth
16. QR to KB fourth
17. Kt to KB third
18. QR to KB second
19. QB to KB third
20. Q to KB fifth
21. Q to KB second
22. Q to KB third
23. Q to KB fifth
24. P to KB fifth
25. QP takes KB
26. P takes K dix ch.
27. KB to K sixth
28. QB to KB
29. KB to KB fifth
30. Q to Q second
31. R to KB
32. K to R second
33. Q takes Q
34. R takes R
35. QRP one square
36. P retakes
37. R takes P
38. KB to KB sixth
39. R to KB eighth
40. B to KB eighth
41. QB to KB second

The Westminster.

The same
QKt to B third
KB to QB fourth
Q to KB
RP takes P
KB to QB third
Kt to B third
Castles
KR to K
KRP one
QR takes K
KR to KB second
Kt to KB second
KR to K
Kt to B square
Kt to KB third
Q home
QR to KB third
KR to KB fourth
QR to KB second
KR to KB fifth
Kt to KB third
KR to KB second
R takes Kt
Q to KB fifth
K to corner
Q to KB sixth
QR to Kt
QR to KB fifth
KR to KB third
KR to KB fifth
QR to KB fourth
KR to KB third
KR to KB fourth
P takes K
P takes Q
K to K 3rd
K to KB sixth
Kt to KB third
KR to KB fourth
KR to KB third
Q to KB square

“Westminster club gave up the match. From the numerical advantage on the side of Paris, viewed in conjunction with their vast superiority in position, there was no reasonable chance of London winning; and should they by some lucky accident have been enabled to draw, the match, according to the conditions of play, was equally lost to them. It is evident this game might have been sustained for at least another year, but it was decided to be in better keeping with our national character for honour and good faith, to carry the defence no further.”

Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum.


Since our last notice we have received a single and a double number of this valuable work. As we mean to give a general notice of its contents on the conclusion, which is now near at hand, we will at present say little more than that both in the literary and pictorial departments, it is supported with increasing spirit. The monthly appearance of this work, whether for the value of its contents, or from the most excellent manner in which its embellishments are finished, and its letter-press arranged, affords us always extreme gratification. If any publication ever deserved to be popular, this most assuredly does.

Description and Panoramic View of Mont Blanc, the Valley of Chamonui, &c. &c. By Robert Burford.

Mont Blanc, which is calculated to be three miles in perpendicular height, has ever been an object of peculiar attraction, on account of its exceeding the altitude of every other European mountain; and the great difficulty and danger in making the ascent, which indeed, now that no particular good can be obtained, ought never to be attempted, as the lives of many persons are in each instance hazarded. It is not then to be wondered at that such an object, strikingly shown in our own metropolis, should be eagerly sought after by the curious. On the day of private view, Mr. Burford’s gallery in Leicester-square was full of eager visitors, who seemed to be most satisfactorily entertained: Mont Blanc being the real object, and all the other chains of mountains, and the surrounding scenery, being merely adjuncts. A visitor must expect before hand to see craggy peaks, awful precipices, and snowy verdure, and before hand dismiss from his mind all thought of being delighted by a “beautiful” panorama, as gaudy and attractive as a peacock; but he will here find nature in her wildest, grandest, and most interesting state, exhibited to his view. We cannot let pass the occasion of greatly commending the letter-press of the catalogue, it is worthy general circulation.

Anniversary of the Sons of the Clergy.—The 9th and 11th of May are fixed for the rehearsal and performance at St. Paul’s, for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy. A donation of fifty guineas is always given by the Royal Society of Musicians, the members also giving their services gratuitously.
OPER.

Saturday last commenced the Opera season, with the "Norma" of Bellini. The house was well attended. We hardly consider it fair to enter intoitory minute criticism, owing to the indisposition of Madame Giannotti, and the entire omission of her part, that of Adelgiza, and the consequent derangement of the whole company. Mademoiselle Blasis enacted Grisi's part of Norma; she possesses a great versatility of talent, and a very correct musical ear, which serve her in the stead of the first mental powers. Catone, in Pollione, was superior to Winter in the same part, and his predecessor, Ivanhof, surpassed both; Signor Bellini, in Oroezo, filled the place of Lablache: there was nothing to find fault with in him; he acted the Druid satisfactorily.

At the conclusion of the Opera, "God save the King" was sung by the whole force of the theatre, with its usual "want of success" at this house.

In the ballet which followed, another Elsler (Mdle. Herminie), the third of the family, made her début. The ballet was a new one, "Le Brigand de Terracina," partly taken from the story of "Fra Diavolo," with some of Auber's music. Zerlina (Duvernay) is, however, carried off by Diavolo, who is shot on the top of a precipice. Mademoiselle Duvernay is particularly clever in her night frolic dance before the glass. Of the new Elsler candidate, she seems to possess native grace, with celerity of movement like the hind, in which she surpasses other competitors, and power of limb, to fix her in a moment on the spot of her choice, whenever bounding over the stage. She was once encored. We shall delay our opinions upon the other new candidates. The curtain closed at an earlier hour than usual (would that on Saturdays such hours were always kept), amidst the loud plaudits of the audience, at the beautiful scenery and truly unique scenic effect of the whole.

DRURY LANE.

In our last critique upon the acting of Mr. Forrest, we felt rather doubtful whether the public press had not extolled him too highly, that is, whether as an actor, his great physical powers were guided by the mind of true genius.

We have again seen him, and he has fully realized our desire to place the laurel-leaf of fame on the brow of true talent. In his delineation of the characters of Lucius Junius Brutus and Rolf, the excellency displayed in the former character was fully borne out by him in every striking instance, and convinced us of his thorough conception of this most difficult part. As Rolf, he possesses all the physical qualities necessary to embody the Peruvian hero; at the same time, developing in a masterly style his mental powers. His interview with Pizarro and Cora, after the loss of Alonzo, were beautifully represented; in the latter scene there was a delicacy of manner which was quite new and captivating. Mr. Forrest has also appeared in Lear; and at the instance of his friends, has promised to go through the whole line of his characters. But though with us for a while, Mr. Forrest unceasingly thinks of his transatlantic home, where he possesses a considerable extent of territory. Mr. Barrett, described in the bills as principal comedian of the theatres in the United States, was introduced to the English public in the farce of "The Critic," in which he took the part of Puff. Mr. Barrett is at the head of what is technically called "respectable" actors, but he has not that sort of humour which is likely to make him a very great favourite with a London audience; his features are too rigid for the expression of mirth, and seemed but little qualified to gratify the laughter-loving votaries of comic representations. Mademoiselle Duvernay, in the "Mountain Sylph," has been a source of great attraction, and in our opinion, one of its great additional causes for the crowded houses.

COVENT GARDEN.

The novelties of this theatre have, within the last month, been few and of no great value. But Vandenhoff's representation of Richard III. was vigorous and fine, as well as H. Wallack's Richmond, Bennett's King Henry, and Miss Vincent's Queen Anne, so good indeed, that we strongly recommend our readers to lose no opportunity of witnessing it. Mr. Hamblin, the English-born American tragedian, has returned, after an
absence of sixteen years, and taken the part of Hamlet, in which his talents were certainly not pre-eminent. Mr. Hamblin has since appeared in the characters of Coriolanus and Virginius. But we see no advantage in the change, and would desire to have Mr. Vandenhoff back again. "My Poll and my Partner Joe" has been transplanted here from the Surrey Theatre, where we would have had it still remain: it is surely out of good taste, as it is certainly not so lovely a plant as to be brought from the southern suburbs. The "Pilot," "Quasimodo," and the "Country Squire," have drawn full houses; and we have a good treat in the legitimate drama, with Mr. Vandenhoff at its head. Mr. Macready has not yet recovered from his attack of the influenza. The bills announced yesterday a new operatic romance, to be called "Zohrab, the Hostage; or the Storming of Mezanderas": the principal characters by Messrs. Pritchard, Collins, Bennet, Webber, Miss Turpin, Madame Vedy, and Miss Lee—we wish them success. We shall speak of this in our next number.

LYCEUM—OPERA BUFFA.

Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" has been performed at this theatre, for the first time in this country, without abbreviation or omission whatever. The production is a work of high art, and the execution was worthy the design. The piece was given with great neatness and precision, and the equality and talents of the performers was most creditable to all concerned. Madame Giannini, as the Countess, sang "Porgi amor," and "Dove son," with her usual force and delicacy. Mademoiselle Blasis was lively and correct, as Swanna; while Bellini, as Figaro; Catone, as Bassilio; Ronconi, as the Count; and Miss Wyndham, as Cherubino, all added to promote the success of the piece. During the ten weeks which this theatre has been open, it has produced the following six operas; all of which, with the exception of "Il Furioso," have never before been performed in this country:—viz. "L'Elisir d'Amore;"—"Il Furioso;"—"Un'Avventura di Scaramuccia;"—"Nina;"—"Chiara di Rosenberg;"—"Un'Anne ed un Giorno." The season for this theatre is ended, and it is with true regret we mention it, for a better conducted house and able artists never composed the corps-dramatique of any theatrical establishment. We, therefore, look with anxiety to the re-opening of this house, when we hope the managers will have a more profitable season, than we feel certain the last has been.

OLYMPIC.

We have during the last month, had some novelties of good quality at this theatre, which have accordingly been honoured with well filled and fashionable houses. Buckstone's petite comedy of the "Two Queens" has also been acted, in which Madame Vestris and Liston appeared in their original parts, and Miss Murray took the character formerly assigned to Mrs. Hooper, which she played with much neatness. Madame Vestris admirably blended the naïveté of the servant girl with the dignity of the queen. And as to Liston, we can fairly say that we doubt if we ever saw him to greater advantage. One of the great merits of this house, is the readiness of the chief actors to accept even unimportant parts, and to do their best to render them interesting. The piece produced on Thursday last, named the "Sentinel," is a mere trifle, and yet its principal characters were supported by Madame Vestris and Messrs. C. and F. Mathews. They exerted themselves to the utmost, and according to custom greatly delighted the audience. This house is always well attended, and the long string of carriages usually waiting outside, shows the rank, number, and quality of the company.

THEATRICAL JUSTICE ON THE PART OF HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

Theatrical Deed of Woman.—Extension of the Season for the Minor Theatres.—The seasons of the Olympic, Adelphi, and St. James's Theatres have just been extended, by royal command, to two months beyond the usual time for which their respective licenses were granted by the Lord Chamberlain. It seems that the minor theatres owe this royal boon which they have just received, to the indefatigable exertions of Madame Vestris, who, in consequence of the patent houses having lowered their prices of admission, turned her eyes towards the throne for relief against such powerful rivalry, and sought from the King in person, that extension for which all the minor had, during several years past, sued the Lord Chamberlain in vain. Aware of the ruinous consequences to her pro-
perty of the low prices of admission to Covent-garden and Drury-lane, at the same time that she was compelled by law to shut up her house during the very best part of the year, she took advantage of a day when there was no performance at her theatre, and posted to Brighton. She saw his Majesty, who received her with much kindness and condescension, and although his Majesty would not then promise her anything definitive, he gave her such encouragement as amply repaid her for the trouble she had taken. True to his word, his Majesty not only did not overlook the matter, but, after due consultation held, so expedited its progress, that an extension of license was graciously transmitted a few days afterwards to the proprietors of each of the above theatres.—Observer, February 26.

New National Opera House.—The preliminary arrangements for the formation of a new theatre for the performance of operas by English composers are in a forward state: 1000 shares have been subscribed for. The ground and buildings are estimated to cost 40,000l.; scenery, 5000l.; sum in hand, 5000l., making up the proposed capital. The prices of admission are intended to be the same as now charged at the large theatres, with the exception of no half price to pit and gallery.

French Plays.—Mr. Bunn has obtained the Lord Chamberlain’s license for the exclusive performance of French plays this season. From the extensive arrangements which he has already made with artists of the highest reputation and talents, he is likely to deserve this permission. Jenny Vertrpré; Madame Allen, from the Gymnasia, will make her first appearance in London; Mlle. Dejazet, from the Palais Royal, and many other old favourites with the public, are already engaged. The performances will take place at the Lyceum, and commence early in April.

Musical Festival.—The great musical festival will take place at Birmingham this year, and the meeting of the “three choirs” will be held at Hereford; we hear that Mendelssohn has been invited over, to conduct his own oratorio of “St Paul.” It is singular, and proves how much the taste for sound music must be on the decline in London, that no attempt has been made this year to establish an oratorio at either of the theatres during Lent; a few years back the three principal theatres were crowded every night upon those occasions.

King of Naples’ Palace Destroyed.—A destructive fire has destroyed the palace of the King of Naples; hopes were at first entertained that it would have been saved, in consequence of the exertions of the firemen, but the flames regained strength and took place at the apartments of the Queen’s mother, and Count de Syracuse: the King and Queen, with other members of the royal family, took refuge with the Prince of Salerno. Several firemen are reported to have been killed.

Carnival at Naples and Prince Charles.—In consequence of the unsettled dispute between Prince Charles of Capua and his brother, the King of Naples, and the recent troubles in Sicily, the Neapolitan Government issued an order previously to the Carnival, preventing all persons from wearing masks or other disguises during that usually gay and fanciful period. As might have been expected, the edict appears to have given universal dissatisfaction. It is not long since the King was forced to restrain the irregularities of his soldiers during the same season by reviewing them every Sunday and Thursday, at a distance from the town, which made them very much dissatisfied. Alas! for kingly joys in these turbulent times.

Statue of the Duke of Wellington.—It is at last determined to erect the statue to the Duke of Wellington, between the Mansion House and the Bank; in a situation the most public that can be found in the city of London. It appeared to be the unanimous opinion of the committee, that great advantage had been produced to the city of London by the exertions of his Grace, in co-operation when in town with the citizens of London, to perfect the vast improvements which have been effected.

Expeditious Journeying.—The General Steam Navigation Company’s new steam ship “Clarence” arrived at Edinburgh on Monday se’nnight, having performed the passage from Blackwall in the short space (at this season) of forty-two hours!

Death of Cervetto.—This celebrated violincello player breathed his last on the 5th inst. He had been a member of the Royal Society of Musicians 72 years, and constantly attended the Philharmonic and other concerts, during the whole of last season; he was in his 90th year. Mr. Cervetto was leader of the Drury Lane band in the time of Garrick, and having a very prominent nose, the people in the gallery used to call out “play up, Nosey.” Hence the origin of that phrase so frequently used at the theatres at the present period.
Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

[The influenza has not only attacked man and beast, but has been deranging the elements. On Saturday, when we expected our Paris Correspondent's Letter, no French mails could cross the Channel, and we feared that we should have to offer an apology for its omission this month: luckily, however, it reached us on Monday, at noon! We would not be thus precise in noting the hour, did we not think that twelve o'clock is an exceedingly late hour for the delivery of morning letters. The public are much inconvenienced by so late a delivery.]

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, February 24, 1837.

Oh! my dear, what a triste carnival we have had, with this villain maladie, the influenza, or "grippe" as we call it here! I do not believe a dozen families in any class in Paris have been exempt from it. I have had an ample share of it for my part, for after having had to nurse my own family, I fell ill myself, and am very far from being recovered as yet. It has proved fatal in very many instances, and is altogether, I think, the most trying complaint I ever experienced. They say it is on the decline, but I really do not perceive that it is, for thousands of persons are still laid up with it. As you may suppose, we have not much inclination to study fashions (other than pretty forms for nightcaps, &c.), just now! There are a few balls still, but they are badly attended, for the few that are well are unwilling to expose themselves to the risk of going out at night. Did you hear of the bal masqué that was given at the grand opera on the night of Mardi-gras? Many persons who were present told me that they never witnessed so shameful a sight, it was a perfect national disgrace. It was attended by the highest nobility, I have been told, and even by ladies who have hitherto been considered as respectable! The Minister of the Interior has since very properly interfered, and M. Dupouchel, the manager, has been fined ten thousand francs for having permitted such a thing to have taken place in his theatre.

Modes.—The corsages for full dress are all made rather à l'antique, à pointe in front, and a great many with a small point at back. Full sleeves are completely exploted, those for grande toilette are quite plain and tight, with merely a single or double ruffle at bottom, or three frills or flounces put on towards the lower part of the sleeve. The long sleeves are tight and plain all the way down, with these flounces put on just above the elbow. The waists are very long, and the skirts very long; indeed, except amongst the dancing part of our assemblies, trains are much adopted.

For Morning Dress.—Wadded silks and satins generally made in redingotto, to fasten at the left side, supersede all others. This illness will retard the spring fashions materially, as we are afraid to leave off wadded robes; however, it is to be hoped that it will not last much longer.

Cloaks are still worn. I have already described them as they are worn at present.

Hats.—The hats are still enormously large, they look quite outré with the flat sleeves! Some say that the hats and capettes for Longchamps are to be quite small. It is to be hoped that they will not increase in size. Feathers are a good deal worn just now, and so are flowers, especially those made of velvet, which have been brought to great perfection. Velvet hats are more fashionable than any others. Satin is the material next in estimation.

They say that hats of watered gros de Naples, which you are aware is a material that has been out of fashion a very long time, are coming in for this spring: these hats are to be ornamented with plain sarsnet ribbons, and the hats of plain silk to have watered ribbons. Drawn capottes of satin are toujours de vogue.

Turbins à la Juive, Spanish hats, and toques à la Francois I, are excessively worn in grand costume. These latter are of black velvet, ornamented with maretous and pearls, and are the most lovely coiffure imaginable.

Pelerines to match the dresses are much adopted. They are very small, generally à pointe both at back and front, and have a full trimming all round. Mantelets of satin trimmed with fur are also fashionable.

Boas are not much worn.

Pallates or tippets not at all, but very small muffs are pretty general.

Colours.—The prevailing shades for hats are black, dark green, pink, and grenat.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons
Boulevard St. Martin 61
1-3 - Chefs d'œuvre par F. Hamelin, passage du Tumain, 21.
3-4 - Chefs d'œuvre par Lecomte, 8 rue de France et 14 Angleterre, rue Taillefer, 32.
5-6-7 - Nac en satin - Bonnet en mousseline - Bonnet en tulle de M. Follet, 8 Auden, 43.
8 - Casette à crochet des F. et M. de M. Auguste, rue Chopin, 3.
Fleurs de Chapeau frères: Blondes et Dentelles de Violard.

LE FOLLET

Courrier des Salons

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Coiffure par M. A. Bernardon, à la Princesse Marie. P'ti d'Olians, 19 — Robe de Gala des ateliers de M. Mumenth & fils, à l'hôtel, 28 — Garniture de robe en fleurs de velours et Marabout de Chevry.
For Dresses.—Shades of green and of brown, garter blue, puce, and lilac, coming in for the spring.

Unwillingly, ma chère, I must bid you adieu for the present. La faute en est à la grippe, et non pas à moi.

My next shall be longer,

Toute à toi,

L. de F——

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 16.) Planche de détails.

**Bust, No. 1.**—Dress of poux de soie. The corsage made à pointe; the front cut in four separate pieces, and joined together with liserés, either the colour of the dress or of a different shade. (See plate.) A double fold or tuck, cut the crossway of the material, goes round the bosom of the dress, immediately below which is a deep fall of blonde. The sleeves are short and plain, and put in without a single plait or gather. They are ornamented at the front with a rosette bow of satin ribbon, and finished with deep blonde ruffles, à la Louis XV.

**Coiffure.**—The front hair is in thick bunches of ringlets at the sides, which quite cover the ears. A twisted gauze crosses the brow, forming a kind of half turban, it is very high at the back (see plate); whence two ostrich feathers spring from it.

**Bust, No. 2.**—Dress of white gauze or crêpe; the corsage made plain to fit the bust with a very slight point, both at front and back. A drapery, or rather four or five folds of gauze, goes round the bosom of the dress, both front and back, being only taken in at the shoulders (see plate); the sleeves are similar to those of bust, No. 1.

**Coiffure.**—The style of coiffure of this head is demi-antique. The front hair in smooth bands brought very low at the sides. The back hair is in several minute coques or bows, all retained together by a very wide open braid, from the top of which depend two long braids (see plate), which gives it the appearance of a coiffure rather in the Grecian style: a demi-wreath of wild roses, with a very little foliage, crosses the brow and temples. Long gold ear-rings.

**Bust, No. 3.**—Dress of satin, d corsage croisé et drapé. The corsage opens in front towards the left side, the folds or draperies only extending to the upper part of the corsage (see plate); the sleeve is short and plain except at the upper part which is in one loose puff: three coques or bows of satin ribbon are placed in front of the sleeve. These sleeves are ornamented with three falls of blonde, one below the puff, and two at the lower part of the sleeve.

**Coiffure.**—The front hair in very full tufts of ringlets at the sides; the back in a thick braid, standing erect, and forming a high ring, intertwined with two other nattes of hair (see plate). A few light flowers are placed along the braid. Long-white kid gloves.

**Bust, No. 4.**—Dress of pink satin; corsage à pointe; the lower part of the corsage in three pieces. The top is formed of a single piece, which goes all round. The sleeves are the same as those of No. 3, except that the three falls of lace are close together, and at the lower part of the sleeve.

The coiffure is similar to that of No. 3. Necklace, two rows of pearls.

**Bust, No. 5.**—Sac en Satin. This reticule needs but little description, as it can easily be made from the plate. The bag itself is a long square; and the corbeille, which forms the lower part, may be made of wire, covered with satin: a quilling of satin ribbon goes round the corbeille: the clasp or fastening is flat, like that of a purse.

**Bust, No. 6.**—Morning Cap. This cap is made of India muslin. The form of the caul is oblong, and very high in front; the head-piece excessively narrow. The border, which is likewise of muslin, is quilled upon the double: it commences at the right temple, where it is very full and wide, going all round the back of the cap to the left temple. Three carnations are placed at the higher side of the border, and a sprig of auricula at the left. The brides (strings) are of muslin.

**Bust, No. 7.**—Dress Cape. This cap, which is made of tulle or blonde, is for full dress. The form is simple (see plate): both the crown and borders consisting merely of the tulle in puffs. The flowers in front are placed between the double of the tulle.

(No. 15.)—Costume de Bal. Dress of white gauze, ornamented with flowers and marabou. The corsage is made quite plain, to fit the bust, with a joining down the centre, and one at each side of the front. The sleeves, which are excessively short, consist of three puffs, or
rather double flounces, placed directly over each other. (See plate.) Another, in the style of a revers, goes round the bosom of the dress. The waist is very long, and the skirt excessively full. The skirt is looped up at bottom (towards the right side) with a bunch of marabout feathers, in the centre of which is a bouquet of full-blown roses. A guirlande of the same. Marabout and roses continue up the front of the dress, reaching nearly to the waist. The underneath dress is of white satin. A small bouquet, consisting of two marabouts, with a rose and buds, is placed on each shoulder, and in the centre of the front of the corsage.

(See plate.) The front hair is dressed in smooth bands, the back in braids, one of which stands up a little from the head (see plate); the others are brought towards the front, where they are twisted in the style of the horse-shoe braids. This very becoming coiffure is ornamented with marabouts and roses. A large bouquet is placed at the right side; and another, consisting of four marabouts, intermixed with roses, is placed over the highest braid at back. Gold earrings, gold bracelets and necklace, demi-long white kid gloves, with a quilling of satin ribbon at top, white silk stockings, black satin shoes, antique fan.

**Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**

**BIRTHS.**

On the 30th Jan., the lady of Major Lloyd Philips, of Dale Castle, Pembroke-shire, of a son, who did not survive his birth an hour.

On the 20th, at Bath, the lady of John B. Lovett, Esq., of Pickford Lodge, Wilts, of a daughter.

On the 7th, Lady Howard, of a son and heir.

On the 7th, at Holborne, Wolf, Norfolk, the lady of H. B. Calwell, Esq., of a son.

In Regent-street, the Countess de Salis, of a son.

At St. James', on the 4th, the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, of a son.

At Lindley Hall, Leicester-shire, on the 13th, Mrs. Applinwaite, of a son.

On the 16th, in York Terrace, Regent's Park, the lady of Captain Philip Ripley, of a son.

On the 16th, in Brunswick Square, the lady of J. Levett, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 14th, the lady of the Rev. William Henry Wilberforce, of a daughter.

On the 17th, at Cheltenham Lodge, Surrey, the lady of T. R. Crowder, Esq., of a son.

On the 21st, at Brighton, the lady of Sir Hamilton Seymour, his Majesty's Envoy in Belgium, of a daughter.

**MARRIAGES.**

On the 7th, by special license, in Burlington Gardens, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, William Bernard Harcourt, Esq. of St. Leonards, Berks, to Elizabeth Georgiana Harriett, eldest daughter of the Honourable Colonel Cavendish.

On the 7th, at West Ham, by the venerable Archdeacon Jones, the Rev. R. Durner Butterner, of Clare Hall, Cambridgeshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of John Ellerker Boulcott, Esq., of Stratford House, Essex.


On the 2nd, at St. Thomas's, Dublin, by the Rev. W. Randall Harke, of Bingham, Charles Lammon, of Belfast and Eastbourne, Sussex, to Elizabeth Helen, fourth daughter of Jacob Owen, Esq., of the Board of Public Works.

On the 8th, at St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, Major-General Boardman, to Mrs. Elizabeth Beauden, of Montague Street, Montague Square.

On the 10th, at Kaling, Middlesex, by the Rev. T. E. Thompson, Mr. W. Taylor, of Union Place, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Samuel Griswold, Esq., of Brentford.

On the 16th, at Guy's Church, Edward Stodart, Esq. Surgeon, of Golden Square, to Caroline, youngest daughter of Richard Walsh, Esq., of Belmont Castle, Essex.

On the 25th, by the Rev. Dr. Denzey, at the parish Church, Capham, Henry Robinson, Esq., British Vice-Consul General at Patras, to Ann, widow of the late John Kettlewell, Esq.

On the 26th, at Christ Church, Marylebone, Jos. Hobbs, Esq., of Mortimer Street, and Kew Green, to Miss Sarah Pepper, niece to W. Fenley, Esq., of Connaught Terrace, Hyde Park.

**DEATHS.**

On the 3rd, at Harrow, Park, Lient.-Gen. Sir George Cook, 46th regiment, K.B.

On the 30th Jan., John Willis, Esq., of Hungerford Park, Berks, aged 72.

On the 7th, in his 46th year, Mr. Thomas Nichols, of Gray's Inn Lane, and Stonehouse, Cockham, Parks.

On the 3rd, at Longwington Hall, Northumberland, in his 70th year, James Fenwicke, Esq.

On the 9th, at Shipton Court, Oxfordshire, Louisa Jane, eldest daughter of Sir John Chandos Reave, Bart., aged 19.

At Leamington, on the 10th, aged 33, James Duff, Esq., of Innes House, Elgin, son of General Sir James Duff, of Huntingdon, Sussex.

At Brussels, on the 9th, Amelia, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Kent, Esq., of Chelsea.

On the 11th, Eliza, the wife of Theophilus Richards, Esq., of Handsworth Hall, near Birmingham.


On the 4th, at Hawkhurst House, Dundece, aged 60, Thomas Nicoll, Esq., many years a resident merchant of Kingston, Jamaica.

At Bromley Pl. 8e, on the 15th, Sarah, Countess Dowager of Kinnell, in the 77th year; her Ladyship was the daughter of the Right Hon. Thomas Harley, second son of Edward, Earl of Oxford.

At Erskine House, Renfrewshire, on the 15th, Lient.-General the Hon. W. Stewart, late of the Grenadier Guards.

At Liverpool, in the 81st year of his age, at 5 p.m., on the 24th ult., John Bolton, Esq., whose attachment to and zeal in his country's cause, when England was threatened with foreign invasion, in the year 1803, extensive charities, and domestic virtues, will endear his name to his family, friends, and country. Died suddenly, Miss Elizabeth Wright Macauley, the ci-devant actress and preacher, in York, on the 23rd ult. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God."
MARIE DE HAINAULT
First Duchess of Bourbon

Born 1301 Died 1349

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

VOL. IX. 1837

No. 32 of the series of ancient portraits.

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[During the present year (1837) we promise our readers the portraits of Four English Queens, which we trust will be as well executed as that of Queen Elizabeth.—(See January Ist.) New subscribers may be glad to know (seeing the chain there is in the histories of most of the celebrated women whose portraits, according to the list on the wrapper of this work, have been already published), that, with some exceptions, sets, or single copies of the numbers already published, can be had of the publishers of this work, or by order of any bookseller.]

APRIL, 1837.

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

MEMOIR OF MARIE DE HAINAULT, FIRST DUCHESS OF BOURBON.

(Illustrated by an authentic whole-length Portrait from the life, splendidly coloured and illuminated from the Armorial of Auvergne.)

The first Duke of Bourbon was the son of the Count de Clermont, sixth son of Louis the Ninth, commonly called St. Louis. He married Marie, the daughter of Jean Sovereign, Count of Hainault, one of the most powerful princes in Europe, since his sway extended over all the rich provinces of Flanders and Holland. This lady was born in the year 1301, consequently she was contemporary with our kings, Edward the First and Second. Indeed, the style of her costume is the same with that of the statue of Queen Eleanor of Castille at Waltham Cross.

The descendants of this first Duke and Duchess of Bourbon are now on the thrones of France, Spain, and Naples. It is from the title and appanage of the grandson of St. Louis that the celebrated name of Bourbon is derived. Several centuries afterwards, the representative of Louis, Duke of Bourbon, ascended the throne of France, on the failure of the older line of Valois. Henry Bourbon, King of Navarre, so renowned under the name of Henry the Fourth, is the self-same person as this prince. The real name of the line was Capet; and one of the most extraordinary features of the revolution was the circumstance of the anarchists depriving Louis the Sixteenth of the name of Bourbon, and calling him by that of Capet as a degradation, when, in fact, it was his proper name, most royally derived. It was of imperial signification, implying that the bearer was head of a people. With equal ignorance did the royal family and the royalists of France receive the restoration of the lineal name of the regal line as a reproach, though, to be sure, even complimentary epithets, applied scornfully, are offensive. But the right royal name of Capet, possessed as it was by some of the greatest and most just of sovereigns, ought not to have merged into the territorial appellations of Valois and Bourbon, which were the mere appanages of the younger sons of the family. Henry Capet, of Bourbon, was the real appellation of Henry the Fourth, as the representative and heir of St. Louis.
This first Duchess of Bourbon was fortunate enough to pass through life without leaving any thing of greater moment on the rolls of history than the dates of her birth and death, and the fact of her being the mother of a line of princes who have held, and still hold dominion over a large portion of Europe. Her husband died in the year 1341: she survived him about eight years, and died in her forty-eighth year, in the year 1349. The representation of her magnificent person and dress has been handed down to posterity by means little known in England. In France, large books are found in heralds' colleges and convents, filled with portraits and emblazments, in which the ancient heralds drew on vellum illuminated portraits of the most illustrious of the noble and royal families of France. The authenticity of the present portrait cannot be doubted, since it was copied by the great antiquarian Gaigneres, from an ancient vellum MS., called "The Armorial of Auvergne." Another engraving of the same figure may be seen in the British Museum, in "Montfauccon;" but ours is designed and coloured from the French painting.

**DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.**

The portrait of this princess, is the first instance we have presented of the emblazoned robes of the middle ages, when, instead of coats of armour painted on coach doors, the higher ranks bore their armorial distinctions on their person, and hence the term, coat of armour. A white robe was then a reproach to a young beauty, because it implied that she had no rich heraldries to embroider thereon. The Brabantois, mother of the renowned house of Bourbon, has the arms of her husband, the royal fleur de lis of France, wrought in gold on purple velvet, on the right side of the skirt of her dress; and on the left, parted with true heraldic precision, is seen the cognizance of her own line, the sovereign princes of Hainault. The red lion rampant and gaping, called gueules by heralds, is for Holland, and the black lion quartered beneath is the cognizance of Flanders. The rest of the dress is of plain gold coloured samite or satin, shot with gold thread.

These emblazoned dresses were so indispensable, for all those who had a claim to coat armour, as to make the art of embroidery highly prized for all dresses, whether worn by princes, dame, or damosal, or by king, peer, or knight; and were wrought by ladies themselves in coloured silks: consequently, the capability of embroidering griffins, basilisks, unicorns, wierons, marbets, black and red lions, blue boars, popinjays, and all the other queer nondescripts of heraldic figuring, was at least as necessary an accomplishment in the middle ages, as the power of screaming Italian falsettos is in the thirty-seventh year of the nineteenth century. A damosal in 1315 could not conscientiously marry till she was able to embroider her chevalier's coat or tabard, with his armorial bearings quartered with her own. Woe to the damsel who had no honoured cognizance to quarter on her noble lover's left breast; and woe to her who stole one. The theft of a crest or bearing put all the chivalry of Europe in a ferment, and occupied courts of high jurisdiction.

On this subject, the evidence of the most glorious of the heroes of Cressy and Poictiers is still on record, relating to an appropriation of this kind as to the right of one noble to quarter certain bearings claimed by another. This curious historical document has lately been brought to light by one of our antiquaries, and in it we have the depositions of John of Gaunt, Mortimer Earl of March, Henry the Fourth (then Duke of Hereford), and many other princes and heroes on the important point of the unlawful appearance of some queer heraldic creature on the right breast of a baron's tabard. All ladies who have seen on occasions of proclamation, or coronation, the state dresses of our heralds, have the exact idea of the state dresses of the kings and barons of England in the days of chivalry. Of the manner in which their fair partners arrayed themselves they have no opportunity of knowing, we have therefore great pleasure in introducing to them a portrait of the dress of a princess of the middle ages, royally attired.

The splendid coronet of the Duchess of Bourbon is of a regal form; it is placed over a white satin cap, which has oreilllettes of gold and gems continued down on each side of the face. The entire corsage of the dress is made of ermine, and the long pocketing sleeves, as they were called in the twelfth century, touch the ground; they are likewise of ermine. It will be
observed they are closed bags, all but the long slashes through which the arms are put, the ends are sewn up, and were used in the place of pockets, for money and small articles: the form is still retained in clerical costume, even in our church. In the Romish church it was the etiquette, when alms were given to the mendicant orders, who were not permitted to ask for money, to slip the coin privately into this sleeve, instead of the donor putting it into the hand.

The ermine bodice of this curious costume is tight to the figure, and is a modification of the ancient surcoat round the bust; the under dress of yellow satin, or cloth of gold, appears above the ermine surcoat, over which is hung or fastened a magnificent carcanet, or collar of gems. This state dress is bordered with deep ermine; it has a sweeping train, and is worn over a kirtle or close under-dress of lilac silk, the plain tight sleeves of which appear from under the pocketing sleeves: the duchess likewise shows the skirt and silver border of the kirtle, by holding up the emblazoned robe in front.

The shoes are of the poulaine, or pointed form.

We conclude with a quotation from Streett, on the fashion of these sleeves.

"At the end of the twelfth century the sleeves terminated in a kind of pocket that almost touched the ground: this fashion was carried to a preposterous height by the ladies of quality: they were worn attached to the surcoat, while the under gown trailed on the ground with a long train. These fashions were held up to ridicule by the illuminators of the middle ages, who were very notable caricaturists. A remarkable instance of their talents in this way occurs in a MS. in the British Museum; there the artist has depicted his sable Majesty grinning at the Virgin and Child; he has taken it into his fiendish head to array himself in a lady's surcoat; one of his sleeves, with a fair female arm in it, is short to the elbow; but the other sleeve, through which he has thrust the griffin claw, wherewith he is threatening the holy Mary, is one of the long pocketing sleeves, so long that if a knot was not tied in it, it would drag on the ground. The skirts of his dress are likewise knotted up, or they would trail on the ground. No doubt this was meant to be a bitter rebuke on the style of female dress of that day, as only fit to be worn by the author of ill when in an active state of impiety."

Within the last month the present Queen of the Belgians appeared on a fete-day in the exact costume of a princess of Brabant, as worn in the middle ages; a circumstance that adds fashion to the intrinsic value of a splendid historical portrait.

THE SPIRIT'S SONG.

Come away, come away, where the fountain is weeping,
Down in the mossy dell;
Come where the flowers and birds are sleeping,
Come where the spirits dwell.

Away to the grove where the lamps of dew
Shed their soft light of the moonbeam's hue.

Come away, come away, while the perfume yet lingers
Sweet round the rose's lip!
Come where the music of fairy fingers
Floats where the elfins skip.

Away to the dingle: lord thou shalt be
Of all that this breast can give to thee.

Come away, come away, where the blossoms are lying
'Neath the laburnum trees;
Come where the wild harps of night are sighing
Magical melodies.

Away to my couch of the silken grass,
And dreams of bliss o'er thy soul shall pass.

Come away, come away, and the love of a spirit
Over thy life shall shine:

Come, and thou shalt for ever inherit
This trembling heart of mine.

Hush! hush! the call of the echo obey,
To the green valley—a way! away!

UMBRA.
SKETCHES AND STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

NO. 1 — THE CONFESSION.— A. D. 597.

"Fredegondia regina, uxor Chilperici regis." — Inscription on the tomb of Queen Fredegonda, in the Musée des Monuments Français.

It was night; and never scarcely since its foundation had the little city of Paris experienced such a devastating war of the elements. The rain descended in torrents, and the wind swept howlingly and fearfully over the bosom of the Seine, whose waters were already swollen to a height which threatened immediate inundation, and caused dire alarm to the inhabitants of the little island, at that day termed the "city," which at the close of the sixth century formed nearly the whole of Paris. Huge masses of dense cloud and vapour floated across the sky, veiling both the moon and stars. The most solid buildings, at that period constructed of earth, supported by beams of timber, and covered with thatch, were shaken to their very foundations. All was darkness; for the curfew had long since sounded, and the streets were deserted, save now and then by a solitary passenger, who, lantern in hand, emerged here and there from an adjoining street, returning with as much speed, to gain shelter in his abode, as the inclemency of the weather would permit.

Suddenly the clang of armour was distinguished, accompanied by the sound of the trampling of horses, proceeding at a brisk rate through the narrow and dismal streets. The troop paused before the entrance of the dwelling of Father Gregory Florentius, bishop of Tours. This prelate, who had but lately returned from Rome, whither he had been in quest of some sacred relics bestowed upon him by the pope, was, at the moment of which we speak, employed in writing marginal notes on the parchment leaves of an immense volume which lay open before him. Ever and anon, as the still increasing winds whistled through the ill-constructed casements, seeming even to threaten destruction to the unsheltered fabric itself, he raised his eyes with apparent fear from his occupation; but as he gazed on the immovable features of his companions, his two vicars, he cast them again upon the page, as if ashamed to betray a weakness which was participated in by neither of them. One of the priests, breviary in hand, had fallen into a deep slumber; whilst the other, whose thoughts seemed to soar far above the storms and tempests of this world, was occupied in telling his beads. They were, however, at this moment, startled at hearing at the outer porch the blast of a horn, whose echoes rang loudly through the adjacent buildings, and at length died away amidst the lowering of the tempest. The three priests sprang on their feet, and looked around them in dismay. The horn sounded again, and a youthful voice, strained to its very utmost pitch, cried,—

"Open, in the name of Queen Fredegonda!"

The massive portal turned heavily on its hinges, and an armed and well mounted party entered the court-yard. The foremost of the troop, a youth, who had not yet attained the age of manhood, sprang from his horse, and without ceremony entered the chamber occupied by the Bishop of Tours. Gregory felt at the moment a strange misgiving, which he could neither well conceal, nor exactly account for, but which the appearance of the messenger was rather calculated to increase than to diminish. He recognised the boy as the favourite page of Fredegonda. His garments were soiled and dripping with rain, and his long dark hair, which usually curled over his neck and shoulders, now fell in wild and disordered locks around his pale and haggard cheeks, while his dark eyes expressed an almost wild consternation.

"Father!" he said, scarcely pausing to take breath, "father, thou art instantly bidden to the palace."

"I am at thy command, my son," replied the bishop, "for would I even refuse the service, I fear me it would prove of little use; thy escort seemeth formidable, and there are cases where the unwilling are compelled to obey:" then forcing upon himself a composure of manner, he added, "I crave but the time to repeat a short orison."

"Thou wilt have time to repeat a score at the palace, where thy prayers are wanted," answered the page; "so on—lose no time."

Thus saying, he threw a large cloak,
lined with bear skin, which he observed in a corner of the room, over the bishop's shoulders, and having carefully wrapped him in its ample folds, led him somewhat unwillingly to his horse; having assisted him to mount, he got upon his own beast, and the party set off at full gallop for their destination. After a brief space they reached the palace of Queen Fredegonda, in the Thermes de Julien. They were expected, for scarcely had the page raised the bugle to his lips to sound a blast, ere the portals flew open, and the party entered without slackening their pace.

Vague and numerous were the thoughts that succeeded each other rapidly in the mind of the Bishop of Tours, during his ride to the palace; and these thoughts were not altogether of the most consolatory nature. He knew the queen, and though not aware of having in any way incurred her displeasure, still, from his knowledge of her character, and from bygone circumstances, he was led incalculably to form sinister predictions as to the probable result of this expected interview; for, thought he, "there must be peril to him whom the queen seeks with an armed force, and at this untoward hour and season."

 Recommending his soul to the care of all the saints in Paradise, Gregory dismounted, and following the page, was introduced into a dimly lighted, but lofty and spacious chamber, at one end of which, lay extended on a couch composed of the skins of wild beasts, and covered with the richest tissues, the once beautiful Fredegonda. Gregory had not seen this princess since the terrible day, when he had dared oppose her royal will by endeavouring to defend Pretetatus, Bishop of Rouen, who had incurred her's and Chilperic's displeasure for having solemnized the marriage of Prince Mervoc with the Princess Brunehaut, his aunt; and it was now with surprise and difficulty that he recognised, in the livid features and emaciated form before him, the proud and haughty queen, at whose frown the bravest were wont to tremble.

The Bishop of Tours advanced, and according to the Eastern custom, which had been introduced into that barbarous court by the Romans, prostrated himself, awaiting in silence his sovereign's commands.

Great was his astonishment when, instead of threats and menaces of vengeance, she simply requested that he would arise and approach her.

"Father," said the queen, in a feeble and languid voice, whose tones evinced much inward suffering, "I would have thy prayers and exhortations, for thou art good and holy, and in favour with God and the saints: men talk marvellously of the miracles obtained from Heaven by thy intercessions."

"Queen!" replied the bishop, with humility, "credit them not—I am but a poor sinner, and one of the most unworthy servants of the Most High."

"At thy voice, men say, the sick are healed, the infirm made whole. Father, they say, that life and death are in thy hands—thou canst then deliver me from it?"

"Life and death are in the hands of the Almighty. He alone it is that worketh miracles," replied the priest. "Daughter, I repeat that I am but a poor sinner—address thy prayers to Heaven."

"But," continued the queen, "thou knowest not what 'tis to have thy queen a suppliant for mercy. Father, deny me not the boon I crave: heal me! heal me! I will bestow a shrine of massive gold upon thy church, to contain the holy relics thou hast brought from Rome: I will, for thy sake, grant the lives to ten prisoners. Nay, art thou inflexible, priest? thou shalt have all thou wilt, gold—gold—dearest thou? but heal me!—heal me!"

"Daughter, I can but pray for thee."

"Pray, pray then; save, and deliver me by thy intercessions," cried the suppliant earnestly. "I cannot die! priest! What will become of my son—my Clo- taire! He is not yet of an age to reign alone, he will lose his kingdom—his kingdom!" and she shuddered, "that has cost me so dearly; thou knowest not what blood has been spilled to retain it for him, and if I die, all—all is lost!" She sunk back upon her pillow nearly exhausted.

"I repeat, mighty queen," returned the bishop, "that miracles are wrought by Heaven alone. The Almighty dispenses them not at my feeble voice."

"Ha! thou refusest?" cried Fredegonda,—rage for a moment sparkling in her sunken eye, her utterance nearly choked with passion; "thou durst refuse me—me, thy queen! Knowest thou..."
not, bold priest, that I have dungeons and tortures at my command—tortures that I can prolong for days—for a week? Save me, or thou shalt suffer for thy disobedience!” and she writhed upon her couch in an agony of wild despair.

“Heaven alone can save thee: they are deluded who say I can work miracles,” answered the Bishop of Tours, in a steady voice.

“Thou liest, wretch!” cried the enraged Fregelondra; “and this night, nay, this very hour, thy head shall fall to punish thy disobedience!”

Fregelondra watched the priest’s countenance with intense anxiety; but when she saw him bow his head, and calmly fall upon his knees, and heard the words, “God’s will be done!” pronounced in a clear, calm voice, her rage knew no bounds. She sprang upon her couch with the fury of a lioness, and seizing a silver whistle, gave her well-known signal. Her attendants rushed into the chamber.

“Let this man be seized and stabbed!” she cried.

The attendants hesitated, and drew back, not daring to lay a sacrilegious hand on the man of God. However, the same page who had conducted Gregory to the palace darted forwards, and seizing the old man, overthrew him; then placing one knee upon his breast, he unsheathed his dagger, and was about to bury it in the heart of the hapless priest, when he was arrested by the sound of his mistress’s voice—

“Forbear! Karl, my brave, my faithful Karl, forbear!” Then turning towards the prelate, “Gregory, wilt thou obey?” she asked.

“Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!” murmured the old man, nothing daunted.

This pious resignation of the holy man had the instantaneous effect of appeasing the fury of this wicked woman: “Away, Karl!” she cried, “away with ye all—leave us.”

They obeyed; two female attendants, who had hitherto stood like statues on either side of the royal couch, bearing in their hands lighted torches, now placed them upon iron brackets fixed into the wall for that purpose, and departed with the others. The queen and Gregory were left alone.

“Priest!” said Fregelondra, fixing her dark penetrating eye upon the countenance of the prelate, “Priest, thou hast then no power to heal? thou canst not avert the stroke of death? thou hast never performed a miracle? Dost thou swear this upon thy salvation? answer!”

“I swear it, queen, here upon the image of my crucified Saviour.”

“Then,” rejoined the queen despondingly, “as thou canst not heal, thou must e’en teach me how to die happy; a task not less difficult. Oh! to die!—To-morrow—to-night—in an hour, perhaps, nought will remain of the powerful Fregelondra!” After a few moments silence, she continued—

“Priest! methinks thou art not afraid to die?”

“Death hath its terrors where the load of sin is great,” responded the bishop.

“Aye! the load of sin,” pursued Fregelondra; “but thou knowest not what ‘tis to acquire a kingdom,—to preserve it. Priest! thou deceivest me—I cannot die. All will be lost, all that hath cost my peace in this world,—my eternal salvation in the next. God will reject my prayers; he will never pardon all the blood that I have spilled—never! never! Bishop, never, sayest thou?” and she wrung her hands wildly.

“The mercy of God is infinite,” answered Gregory; “profit, queen, by the short space that divides thee from eternity, to seek that mercy. Repent, daughter, repent you of your sins, renounce the vanities of this world, and fix thy thoughts where pardon and mercy are only to be found.”

“Father!” cried Fregelondra, “there is no mercy for me.”

“Recollect, daughter,” said the bishop solemnly, “that the ears of the Most High are open to repentant sinners: one single tear of repentance is noted by Heaven. Is it not written, ‘Knock, and it shall be opened unto you’? repent!”

Fregelondra raised herself with difficulty upon her couch, and fixing her eyes upon the countenance of the old man, at length exclaimed—“Gregory, thou sayest that there is pardon for me in heaven?”

“There is joy in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need
The Confession.

no repentance," answered Gregory solemnly.

"Thou deceivest me not, priest?" cried Fredegonda, earnestly.

"I deceive thee not, daughter, though thy sins be many, they shall be forgiven thee!" But I adjure thee, by thy future hope, repent, ere it be too late, for even now the dread fiat may have gone forth; even now the shaft of death may be pointed at thee."

"Be thou, then, my confessor," said Fredegonda; "but, priest, prepare to hear words of dark and direful import. Heaven grant me courage to reveal all!"

"Speak, daughter," said the priest, "and let thy confession be sincere; remember, if thou hidest aught, thou hidest not from me, but from Him whose minister I am. He knoweth thy inmost thoughts, and will reject thee if thou art not sincere."

The queen remained silent for some moments, deeply absorbed in her own thoughts and reflections. At length she commenced,—

"Gregory, thou knowest that I am not of royal descent. She paused.

"With God there is no respect of persons," replied the Bishop of Tours: "he can abase the high-born, and exalt the lowly."

"Yet," continued the queen, "obscure as was my origin, I ever felt a secret foreboding that I should one day reach the highest pinnacle of earthly grandeur; thus I knew no peace until I obtained a place amongst the attendants of Queen Audovera, wife of Chilperic. My beauty soon attracted the notice of my royal master—he abandoned his wife for me—" She paused. "Gregory," she resumed, after a few moments, "kings are privileged; what is crime in the subject, becomes necessity in the king."

"Misguided woman!" interrupted Gregory, impatiently, "sayest thou that kings are privileged to do evil? Custom, indeed, hath rendered them absolute, but say not they are privileged. What are they more than other men? What is earthly greatness? Vanity! a shadow that passeth away! And thou, Fredegonda, what art thou? The awful hour stealth on apace: thou art no longer queen, but an humble and lowly penitent, sueing at the throne of grace for pardon and for mercy. Woman! confess thy sins ere it be too late, and obtain pardon, if thou canst, of an offended God."

Fredegonda trembled with passion at this harry interruption of her confessor.

"Thou art a daring and a bold man to speak to me thus," she said." And thy confessor, moreover," rejoined the bishop, "whose office it is to make peace between Heaven and thee. Proceed."

She continued—"Chilperic said to me one day, 'Were I a widower, thou shouldst be my queen.' That night he was a widower! Yet what did I gain? Nothing; for he instantly married the Princess Galsuinta, the daughter of the Spanish king, and sister of the hated Brunchaut, the wife of Sigebert, King of Austrasia. Galsuinta was young, rich, and a dangerous rival; Gregory, she was found strangled in her bed. In a few months after, I was queen!"

The bishop groaned audibly; and making a sign to his penitent, she proceeded with her horrid confession.

"Sigebert, in order to revenge the murder of his sister-in-law, declared war against Chilperic, and besieged us at Tournay. In three days more I must have fallen into his hands. I intrusted poisoned daggers to two of my faithful pages. The third day the besiegers evacuated Tournay, bearing with them the dead body of their king. Brunchaut herself fell into my hands—Brunchaut, my hated, my mortal enemy! I confined her in a cloister at Rouen, where each day I had her punished with stripes. Oh! how I gloriéd in those stripes! her executioners repeating at each lash,—'In the name of Queen Fredegonda!'"

The priest hid his face with his hands. "Father, have mercy upon her!" he cried, "and visit her not too severely for her iniquities."

"My husband had three sons," pursued the penitent, "who by right of succession would inherit the throne before my son. All three became my victims, as well as their mother Audovera: even Chilperic himself was assassinated by my lover, Landry de la Tour; and I was chosen regent of the kingdom during my son's minority. Priest! is there mercy for me in heaven?"

"Proceed, queen, with thy monstrous confession," groaned out the horror-stricken prelate.
"Must I repeat what thou knowest already? The unsuccessful attempt upon the life of Childerbert, King of Austrasia, the son of Brunchaut? that on the life of Gontran, King of Burgundy—Gontran, my friend, my benefactor, my protector against Childerbert, when my only place of refuge was the nave of a church? the attempt on the life of Rigonta?"

Gregory started.

"Aye! priest, Rigonto, my daughter, the wife of Recarède, son of Lewigilde, King of the Goths. The animosity that existed between us was so great, that we had frequent recurrence to blows on both sides. At length I formed the design of riddling myself of her, and for that purpose induced her to enter my chamber, under pretense of bestowing part of my treasures upon her: pointing to the heavy chest that contained my valuables, I persuaded her to take what she pleased, and whilst stooping into the chest for that purpose, I pressed down the lid upon her neck, and had it not been for her shrieks—"

"Another crime would have been added to the heinous list," interrupted Gregory.

"It would," returned the queen; "for when she was discovered, her eyes were starting from their sockets. But there is yet another," continued Fredegonda, hesitatingly; "that of—Father, thou knowest it,—Mercy! mercy!—there is no mercy for me! With his dying lips he cursed me!" shrieked Fredegonda. "Oh! father, must I tell it too?"

"Aye! as thou hopest for mercy," exclaimed the priest, with solemn earnestness; "thy confession must be sincere, or it is worth nought."

"Then," continued the queen in a desponding voice, "it is the murder of Pretextatus, Bishop of Rouen. Oh! father, the horror of that scene is even now before mine eyes! thou knowest he had incurred my hatred, by celebrating the marriage of Prince Mérovée, my husband’s second son, with the hated Brunchaut, then the widow of Sigibert, whose death I caused. On Easter-Day I had the bishop assassinated in his own church: feigning ignorance of what had passed, I visited the prelate, and affecting deep commiseration, promised to spare no labour to discover his assassin, and bring him to punishment: ‘The assassin,’ retorted the dying man, ‘is one whose deeds of darkness are numberless, who delights in shedding innocent blood, who has assassinated kings, who has filled the kingdom with her crimes! not seeming to understand him, I offered to send my own Roman physicians to heal his wounds. ‘Base-born woman!’ cried he, sternly, ‘I am now beyond the reach of art, my hour is come, and thine too shall come; when thou shalt feel the stings of a guilty conscience. I am about to appear in the presence of my Maker—do thou look to thyself; by crime and bloodshed; thou hast raised thyself to a throne—by crime and bloodshed, thou hast retained it—thereby incurring the everlasting wrath of Heaven, for God will yet visit thy sins—upon thy head be the blood thou hast shed, thy name is, and ever shall be, execrated in this world, and thy soul devoted to eternal perdition in that to come,’ saying which he expired."

Fredegonda ceased speaking, but hiding her face in her hands, she sobbed convulsively; at length she raised her eyes to the countenance of her confessor, seeming to await her doom with the most intense anxiety; at last seeing him continue silent, she inquired eagerly—

"Priest, wilt thy God have mercy upon me?"

"Fredegonda!" cried the Bishop of Tours, in a deep and solemn voice—"repentest thou, and sincerely, of thy sins?"

"I do, father."

"Art thou willing to submit to the penance that Heaven in its mercy sees fit to impose upon thee, through me its unworthy minister?"

"I am resigned," was the answer. "Dost thou acknowledge the enormity of thy guilt—art thou sensible that thou hast merited eternal exclusion from Divine mercy?"

"I am! I am!" exclaimed the unhappy penitent.

"Then, in the name of the holy and blessed Trinity, listen, and obey!"

The queen bowed her head.
"Divest thyself of all the pomp and insignia of royalty—get thyself laid upon sackcloth and ashes,—assemble thy whole court, that all the witnesses of thy power and of thy crimes may be the spectators of thy humility and repentance. Abase thyself, to ask the forgiveness of man, for thy enormities—humble thyself, and acknowledge thy sins before Heaven—the pardon of the Most High can be obtained upon no other conditions."

"Thou shalt be obeyed, father," replied Fredegonda, meekly.

"Besides this," continued the ecclesiastic, "promise, nay swear, sacredly upon this holy crucifix, that if Heaven spares thee now—thou——"

"Spare me! spare me!" cried the queen vehemently, hope once more lighting up her most ghastly features—"oh, priest, I knew thou couldst work miracles; say, I shall not die, I will load thee with gifts—I will."

"Swear," interrupted the bishop in a commanding voice, and presenting the crucifix—"swear, that if thou art spared, thou wilt enter a cloister, and end thy days in penitence and sorrow, for thy crimes——"

"Wretch!" exclaimed Fredegonda, furiously, "I would with mine own hands pluck out thy wicked tongue; thou art leagued with mine enemies—a cloister! a cloister for me! for the great—the mighty Fredegonda! who can put thee to the torture, to punish thy audacity. Is thy head so firm indeed upon thy shoulders? knowest thou not that even now I can plunge a dagger into thine heart?"

She fell back completely exhausted.

"Peace, wretched sinner!" cried the priest, sternly. "Death hovers over thy couch, his cold hand is already upon thee! Repent! repent! if thou wouldest save thy soul from eternal perdition!"

"I repent—I repent!" cried the queen, gasping for breath. "But, priest, remember, no cloister. I will die as I have lived, the mighty Queen of Soissons!"

Once more she sounded her silver whistle; a page entered.

"Let me be laid upon sackcloth and ashes," said the queen; "command that the gates of the palace be thrown open, that all may enter to witness the last moments and public penance of their queen."

It was a singular spectacle to witness the haughty and powerful Fredegonda, into whose presence none durst hitherto enter without her express permission, now laid upon this lowly and penitent couch, at the feet of her confessor, and surrounded by her guards and attendants. The gloomy chamber of death was dimly illuminated by a few torches, which threw a flickering glare over the whole scene, adding much to its wild and strange solemnity.

"I entreat the pardon," said the queen, slowly, her voice growing momentarily weaker and weaker, "both of Heaven and man, for all the crimes of which I have been guilty. Pray, my friends, that the wrath of an offended God be turned from me, and that the divine mercy be extended to me, your penitent queen. Free the captives in the prisons, and let them pray for me. Mercy! mercy! Heaven! Gregory, art thou satisfied?"

The prelate bowed his head, and kneeling, solemnly, extended both his hands, giving his benediction to the dying penitent. He then proceeded to administer to her the last rites of the Catholic faith.* This office concluded, he turned towards the kneeling attendants, saying, "De Profundis! my brethren!"

The soul of Fredegonda was in the presence of its Almighty Judge!

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* Christianity was introduced into France under the reign of Clovis the First, acknowledged King of the Franks, A.D. 481. He had, like his predecessors, been bred up in Paganism; but at the period of his marriage with Clotilde, daughter of the Duke of Burgundy, he was converted to her religion—the Roman Catholic.

L. V. F.
TO DEATH.

BY MISS E. PICKEN. 

Bring back the dead! Thou, memory, can'st recall
The lov'd, the lost, whom we have mourn'd in vain!
Thou o'er the heart can'st throw thy shadowy pall,
Yet bring remembrance of each broken chain,
Of love's young ties, for ever rent in twain.

The dead! That word!—Ah! does it not convey
A withering pang unto the sorrowing heart?
Alas! it brings with it no softening ray
Of balmy hope, to check the tears that start
From aching eyes; to bid each grief depart.

Ah! now comes stealing, softly, o'er my mind
The forms of those I lov'd in days afore,
Whom thy stern hand, O Death! has long consigned
To tearful silence! Yes, the smiles they wore,
In fancy still I see. Alas! they smile no more;

How oft thou'st snapped with ruthless hand, O Death!
The heart's best, firmest, holiest, fondest ties:
With cruel force thou stopp'st the gasping breath
Of those who cling to hope—and life—whose sighs
Their boasted resignation to their doom believe.

Say when thou saw'st the mother bend in woe
O'er her first-born, whom thou hast mark'd for thine,
Did thy cold breast soft pity's touch e'er know?
Though fondly round a mother's arms entwine:
Still thou relentless say'st—This! this is mine.

And I have seen in these few years of life,
Friends droop around, like flowers in their decay!
Have known the young, confiding, happy wife,
Fall from the height of joy in one short day,
And lose the lov'd, whom thou hast snatch'd away.

We mourn a parent's death; we sigh for friends;
We weep for brothers, sisters; but our gloom,
Like all things of this earth, with time it ends,
Hush'd in the mournful silence of the tomb.
Such is the fate of all!—All meet alike this doom!

The grief we feel for friends is strong and deep,
But when affection's ties thy hand doth sever,
That brings the anguish which scorns e'en to weep—
Too deep for tears, such grief could last for ever;
Ne'er heal'd, ne'er sooth'd by time—forgotten never!

Dread King of Shades! how awful is thy face,
When upraised is thy fleshless hand to kill;
But 'tis not all who shrink from thy embrace,
Or shudder when they know that soon they'll fill
Thy narrow resting-place,—so dark, so cold, and still.

To thee the broken heart doth thankful fly,
For thou the weary can'st from misery save;
They meet thy grasp without one tear or sigh
Arrayed in all thy terrors, thee they brave;
They know that peace and rest is found but in the grave.

* Daughter of our much lamented friend, the late Mr. Andrew Picken.
ELLEN DUVAL AND THE QUAKER DOCTOR.
A Tale of Domestic Life.
BY J. PASTON, ESQ.

A crowd was collected round the house of Mr. Duval, at Twickenham, partly attracted by the approaching funeral of his only daughter, partly by the frantic screams of his wife, who, in a wild delirium of grief, was opposing the nailing down of the coffin, which would for ever exclude from her sight the face on which she had delighted to gaze. The scene within was still more strikingly awful. The father of the deceased, pale as death, was struggling with the mother, who, with strength beyond her delicate appearance for which she was indebted to temporary insanity, had succeeded in raising the corpse to a sitting posture. Her efforts had thus displaced the head-gear of death, and a profusion of light glossy hair streamed so thickly over the deceased's fair neck and shoulders, as in some degree to screen them from the exposure which was occasioned by the tearing of the shroud. Her face was calm, nay, almost smiling, and its perfect beauty and repose were in strongest contrast with the wild excited looks of the mother, the distressed and agitated air of the father, the horror-struck appearance of the domestics, and the wandering stare of the undertaker's men. Piercing shrieks arrested the steps of a passing stranger. The crowd also collected around the house, no longer able to remain idle listeners to such heart-rending sounds, now eagerly questioned a domestic who at that moment chanced to be opening the door. To their earnest inquiries, he said his mistress was in fits, and he was going to fetch a doctor, but he feared his master would be quite exhausted before his return, as no medical man lived within half a mile. The stranger advanced, saying he was a surgeon, and if he could be of service, would walk up stairs. The footman hesitated, but another wild and unearthly scream made him offer no resistance to the Quaker, who resolutely pushed his way through the crowd to the house, and silently followed by the servant, went forwards towards the death-chamber, to which he was attracted by the loud and continued cries. The surgeon advanced directly to the coffin, saying to the father, "Hold the body of thy child, while I attend to her suffering mother. Nay," he continued, as the father, fondly as he had loved his daughter living, shrank yet the more with instinctive loathing from her as a corpse, motioning for the undertaker's assistants to advance—"nay, not so friend, there are decencies to be observed with the dead, as well as with the living; let the men leave the room, while women cover the damsel." With a powerful hand he tenderly confined the mother's arms, to prevent her endeavours to tear the body out of the coffin, and passing the other round the corpse, he closed the torn shroud over the stilled bosom. Suddenly he started: an expression of surprise and pleasure lighted up his face—"Let some one assist thee, friend, to bear thy wife to her chamber; nature is spent; she is fainting; lay her on her bed, and do thou return immediately." Mr. Duval mechanically obeyed. On his return the Quaker exclaimed, "Friend, the damsel is not dead, but sleepest!" The joy of the father was almost as ungovernable as had been the grief of the mother, and vented itself in a way very opposite to the self-governed feelings of Quaker-sobriety; but the stranger only smiled, and releasing himself from the father's arms, interrupted his profuse thanks by saying, "Not to me—not to me, but to Him be the praise." He drew the living, yet to appearance insensible, body of the girl gently from her narrow abode, and placed it on a bed.

The stranger friend lost no time in administering such medicines as ultimately restored a beloved child to her affectionate parents, and the grateful father cautiously broke the welcome intelligence to the almost bewildered, but no longer heart-broken mother. We will now, therefore, introduce to our readers the happy family raised by this most unlooked for and providential succour from the depths of despair.

Mr. Duval was the son of a statesman of considerable ability, and acumen enough always to side with the powers that were. He died, neither very full of years, nor of honours, but like most politicians of the Bubb school, tolerably rich, leaving his son some knowledge of sail-
Ellen Duval and the Quaker Doctor.

ing with the wind, a taste for the ease of private life, and an ardent love for the daughter of an officer residing in Twickenham's almost classic shades. The seeds of ambition lay dormant until his only child, Ellen, had attained her sixteenth year, then they arose in vigour: Ellen was accomplished, volatile, and “passing fair,” with nothing in her disposition to repress ambitious hopes; on the contrary, she willingly participated in them, entered with avidity into every gaiety, attracted universal admiration, and turned a deaf ear to all flatterers, save those distinguished for rank and fashion. At the Earl of H——’s, she was introduced to his brother, the Hon. Julian Beresford, a strikingly handsome and elegant man of ton. Though only in his twenty-fourth year, he had signalized himself in the field, by crippling for life a fine youth, to whose virtuous, well-born, but indigent sister, he dared to offer all he possessed, save his name: in the court of equity, he had figured as defendant in one of those causes, some years since pronounced “misfortune” by law. The man of ton was struck with the uncommon beauty, naïveté, and highly aristocratic air of Ellen Duval: he made inquiries as to birth, family, and expectations, and finding the two former equal to his wishes, as the latter was beneath them, the majority carried the day, from the idea that she was necessary to his happiness, and as he could not obtain her without, so he fairly and honourably offered her his hand. Ellen blushed, smiled, and, selon les règles, referred him to her parents. They more than approved—were delighted: wealth, title, in expectancy; for the Earl of H—— was single, and many years Julian’s senior: what girl of fashion—what parents possessing worldly wisdom, could desire more! The make-weights of temper and principle might, or might not, be thrown into the scale; they would not alter the balance. So at eighteen the beautiful Ellen Duval was the affianced bride of the fashionable Julian Beresford. Their marriage was to take place when Ellen had completed her nineteenth year. In the mean time, Julian saw no reason why he should forego pleasure, because he was soon to become a Benedict. Ellen cared not that he frequented all the fashionable clubs—gambled at Crockford’s, and flirted with ladies whose manners were free, and whose husbands were easy; but she was annoyed by seeing his name coupled with that of an actress, more famed for histrionic art than for good conduct. Ellen deigned to evince displeasure no otherwise than by distance of manner, and the gentleman began to suspect his Ellen had too much spirit to make a submissive wife. Mutual coolness ensued, and it might finally have produced as complete a separation as the sudden death, or rather trance, of his affianced Julian, who really loved Miss Duval as much as a very absorbing love for self permitted—was much affected at her death, and to alleviate his grief, accompanied his brother to Paris, two days before the interment. There were some who thought he would have shown more love for the dead, and respect for the living, by attending the funeral obsequies. Mr. Duval said little on the subject—Mrs. Duval much; and Ellen, who learnt all particulars from her waiting-maid after her recovery, never suffered his name to pass her lips.

When the Quaker surgeon had succeeded in restoring Ellen to consciousness, and her mother to composure, he was going to depart, first begging Mr. Duval to call in his medical attendant.

“Nay, sir,” said the mother, “let our daughter be attended by him only who has snatched her from the most terrible of deaths.”

“Increase our interminable obligation by remaining with us,” added the father, “until our daughter is perfectly restored.”

The Quaker, who felt much interested for the young creature, whom he had been instrumental in saving from a living tomb, and whose state he considered to require more skillful treatment than she had hitherto met with, consented to remain. It was a fortnight before her careful doctor allowed Ellen to leave her chamber. On the third week, Mr. Duval proposed writing to Julian, but Ellen earnestly entreated him to postpone his communication another week. The regained treasure was too highly prized to have her wishes thwarted, especially as they were imputed to a lingering resentment. Ellen had long and frequent conversations with her Quaker doctor, as, supported by his arm, they walked round her father’s grounds. Whether owing to her having passed the threshold of death, or to the serious nature of these conver-
Ellen Duval and the Quaker Doctor.

sations, it was observable that Ellen's beauty, like her mind, had assumed a totally different caste. She never regained the vivid brilliancy of her complexion, nor the restless flashing vivacity of her fine eyes; but her beauty was more touching, and her eyes were not less bright, because their expression was softer, and the look more inward. She chiefly played and sang Handel's devotional strains; drew as usual; but devoted the greater portion of her time to reading of a serious and improving nature. Her father became alarmed lest his daughter should turn "evangelical," and he imparted his fears to his wife. Without making her partake them, she felt nought but gratitude for her child's recovery, and no fear but that of losing her. When Mr. Duval asked Ellen to add a few lines to a letter he had written to Julian, the Quaker, who had been reading to his patient, retired to a distant window, while Ellen quietly asked, "Why should I, dear father?"

"Is not that a strange question, Ellen?" replied her father, "considering the relative situation in which you stand to Beresford?"

"Death dissolves all engagements, father; I am now free: henceforward Julian Beresford is to me as a stranger, and never will be more."

"This is mere girlish resentment, Ellen; you must not think so seriously of a trifling gallantry."

"I feel no resentment, father; for Julian's own sake I wish he were reformed; I have no selfish feeling concerning him. Our former engagement is, I consider, cancelled, and I can never renew it."

"Ellen, dear Ellen," exclaimed the father, "I cannot hear you rightly. Cancel an engagement that secures rank, wealth, title,—an engagement sanctioned by his friends, approved by your own.—Impossible! this is some childish caprice; or you are amusing yourself at your father's expense."

"I hope I am too sensible of the respect due to my father to do that," replied Ellen, gravely; "and my days of caprice and trifling are over."

"My child, my Ellen, whence proceeds this change: surely you are not turning Methodist?"

"Dearest father," returned Ellen, smiling, "I am not turning Methodist, though I humbly trust, if spared, to pursue a very different course of life. I have been too near death—death in its most appalling form, ever to resume the frivolous and thoughtless life I led before entering its portals! I were indeed inexcusable, after receiving so signal a mercy, as escaping the death of the tomb! consigned, while living, to the narrow precincts of the grave! of feeling the warm flesh a prey to the creeping worm! food, while in life, for those noxious things, from which we turn with loathing disgust; and from which we would, though vainly, protect our dead! I have been spared repentance in the dark and loathsome grave! think, father, of the horror of neglected duties—of my errors, it may be of my crimes, passing in review before your mental vision in the gloomy sepulchre, nothing to prevent thought from preying inwards! Oh! my father, all this your daughter might have suffered! yet she is spared to dedicate her morning hours to her Maker. How unceasing should be her thanksgiving to Heaven—her gratitude to him, (pointing to the Quaker,) who, under Providence, preserved her from such sufferings. Never, never, dare I trifle again," continued Ellen, in a calmer tone—"never unite my destiny with a worse than trifler: you wish it, dear father, for your daughter's sake; but her future happiness is independent of wealth, rank, and Julian Beresford."

Mr. Duval, who had trembled at part of his daughter's address, mastered his emotion, and turning to the Quaker, with a sudden grasp forced him round, and exposed a face, naturally pale, crimsoned to the very temples; while pleasure, it may be of an evanescent nature, lighted up his fine grey eyes, but it was so transient that it escaped the father's notice, who hastily addressed him thus—"Best of friends, preserver of my Ellen's life, use your influence with her, point out her duty, and persuade her to perform it."

"Best of friends," repeated Ellen, preserver of soul, as well as of body, for to you I am indebted for more than present life—for future hope, you cannot lend your voice to sanction my union with an infidel! even if he were my father, much as I owe him, deeply as I feel it, I would reject advice so contrary to the principles he inculcates; besides, dear father, with all my faults of vanity and pride, have I not ever been your dutiful daughter? if I yielded not to your advice,
which accords with what you have ever professed, could I to his, who must compromise his principles, in urging me to marry an unbeliever! no influence can avail in respect to Julian. I glory in being a believer, an erring and weak one it is true, but still a sincere believer; he prides himself at setting at defiance all belief, all laws but those of fashion—of honour. Oh, my father, my dear father, require not your daughter to sacrifice her earthly happiness, and may be to peril her soul's salvation!"

The father looked aghast, his Ellen's language was almost unintelligible to him, but dreading excitement in her weak state, he bade her compose herself, and all would be well. Mr. Duval hastened to his wife, related what had occurred, imputing Ellen's altered manners and sentiments to the remaining influence of sickness: he then left the house, anticipating a more rational state of feeling and acting as her health improved. He took with him his letter to Julian, which informed him of the resuscitation of his betrothed, and solicited his immediate return.

After Mr. Duval had quitted the room, the Quaker remained unmoved, apparently, as a statue, but in reality a prey to the most violent emotion, against which he strove the more, because the effort cost him pain. The silence was broken, by Ellen asking him if she had done right, in refusing to add a line to Julian.

"Thou hast, friend Ellen," answered the Quaker, turning towards her a face pale as her own, "thou hast done wisely, knowing the infidel principles of thy lover, it would be an unholy alliance; thou hast done well, but thy duties are conflicting, in all but that, thou must obey thy parent, and if thou canst not allow him to choose for thee, neither must thou choose for thyself;* yield implicit obe-

*A parent is bound to increase the happiness of his child. Hence, he cannot insist on his child choosing a particular partner, nor is he justifiable in holding out any threat of present or future displeasure for a non-compliance with his caprice. All that he can fairly do, is to represent correctly his view of the step to be taken, and to require of the child, to give himself such time for reflection, as will enable him to see whether his present feelings are of a permanent nature or not; and should the result of such reflection be only a confirmation of the child's previous resolution, the parent is bound to yield. And on the other hand, the child is bound to act fairly with his parent, and to endeavour so to employ the time
parents (though not by their daughter); but sincere and heartfelt as was the gratitude expressed by them, more deep and intense was that which shone in the bright blue eyes of Ellen. The Quaker informed them, that when he came in, he was on the road to his sister, at —, having just passed his examination at the Hall—that he was anxious to reach his destination; not only because he was to succeed to his deceased brother-in-law’s practice, but on his sister’s account, who being a widow, and only in her twenty-first year, might be exposed to trials from which his presence would save her. The Quaker’s reasons for departing were too cogent to be opposed, he was to go on the morrow, carrying with him the only remembrance he would accept—thanks. The following morning, the party assembled at the breakfast table; the father warmly expressing his gratitude—the mother weeping hers: Ellen was pale and melancholy; while the Quaker, colourless as white marble, maintained a calm and solemn silence. When the breakfast things were cleared away, Mr. Duval begged the Quaker to impress on Ellen the propriety of immediately writing to Julian, who, offended no doubt at her protracted silence, had allowed his letter to remain unanswered.

“I cannot do as thou wallest, friend Duval; it seemeth to me an impropriety: thou hast informed the youth of thy daughter’s recall from the grave; were he sincerely attached to her, he had answered thy letter in person. I cannot counsel the damsel to write; neither can I, in consistence with the conscience whose dictates I obey, counsel her to marry him, unless, by sovereign grace, he become an altered character. But I ever have, and I now do urge the necessity, the duty of conforming to thy wishes in all things, that involve only earthly happiness, but in none that involve eternal good.”

“Then to your narrow and pernicious counsel may be traced the sudden changes in my daughter’s sentiments and opinions, which will blight, nay, destroy, her prospects? You have made her a gloomy fanatic, an undutiful child!” exclaimed the incensed father, “and to your illiberal principles her happiness is sacrificed.”

“Nay, friend Duval, thou goest too far; I can appeal against thy judgment to Him, who knoweth the secrets of all hearts. I have ever advised thy daughter to care for her soul first; for her parents next: and if it has been at the expense of any one’s happiness,” he added, with deep emotion, “’tis at mine own greatest cost.”

Ellen cast down her eyes; it may be to conceal the joy that danced in them; while the enraged father indignantly exclaimed,—

“I see it all—the mystery is explained. True, you saved her life—that she owes to you; but I regret your success, since from you she has imbued sentiments at which she would formerly have revolted—at which her life has hitherto been at variance. No doubt you have your designs. Ellen is an only child; her father reputed rich—but mark me, Sir Quaker, only reputed so, though I owe no debt but that you have just now cancelled.”

“Friend Duval,” replied the Quaker, calmly, “thy shafts fall pointless; they cannot wound a breast defended by the shield of conscience: they remind me of the stormy debate between thy ruler Edward and the throne-bestowing Warwick, who tells the profligate king when ‘A debt grows troublesome, and cannot be discharged,
A sponge will wipe it out, and cost him nothing.’

Thou mightest have suffered me to depart in peace: I would not have broken thine. Sincerely do I wish thee well, and I trust in time thou wilt think more justly of me. Thou hast a treasure in thy daughter—value it; and may Heaven long preserve it to thee.” The Quaker then pressed to his lips the offered hand of the mother; returned as haughtily the haughty hand of the father, and approaching the daughter, said, “Fare thee well, friend Ellen, may the grace of God keep and preserve thee.”

“Hold, Clifford, my friend and preserver, you have heard my father,—now hear me. I had implicitly followed your counsel, and strictly have performed every duty to my earthly father, that trenches not on my duty to my heavenly one. But he has broken the ties of nature by regretting that I should have escaped that horrid, that dreadful death, since I carry not obedience so far as to marry at the expense of principle. I cannot, I dare not,—inclination I would willingly resign, but that will not suffice. My father justly says, I owe my life to you, and to you I thenceforth devote it. I know you love me, and I
know how nobly you have struggled against that love; my heart is wholly and undividedly yours. I will never wed another, if rejected by him whose people shall be my people, even as his God is now my God." The girl sank back in a state of exhaustion that alarmed the mother brought back some feeling both of regard and remorse to the father, and utterly destroyed the equanimity of the Quaker, whose love, long under strict control, now burst forth with a vehemence, infinitely more sincere and quite as ardent as the impetuous Julian Beresford had formerly professed. Mr. Duval grieved he had expressed a regret which his heart disavowed, yet he was too much irritated at the disappointment of his ambitious hopes, by Ellen’s refusing rank and splendour, to yield more than a reluctant consent to their marriage; and not more firmly did the father refuse the sanction of his presence, than did the Quaker to receive aught but his Ellen.

How far the tardy consent, wrung from the father, may be imputed to his communication to Julian being returned by the banker at Paris, with information of his having drawn out a large sum, and declined giving his address, is unknown; certainly it infused a suspicion that he was engaged in some intrigue, short as was the period since he had lost his betrothed bride.

Ellen’s marriage was accordingly solemnized at Twickenham; and a few days after, Clifford received a letter from Mr. Duval dated London, he having quitted home the day before the ceremony took place. In this letter he exonerated his son-in-law from any dishonourable conduct, and wished, for the sake of one whom he always highly respected as a friend, though averse to a nearer connection, that Ellen might better perform the duty of a wife, than she had that of a daughter. A bank bill to a large amount was speedily returned, but the sting of the words accompanying it long remained! A few weeks after, Mrs. Duval had the following letter from Ellen:

"My dear mother,

"Could I cease to grieve at my father’s displeasure, I should cease to believe in the fallacy of human bliss—mine would be unalloyed. I am mistress of the prettiest house in the prettiest village in England—wife of the kindest of husbands, the most instructive of friends, the sincerest of Chris-

tians! Language can but faintly pourtray William’s sister, Kezia Manly. She has all her brother’s intellectual beauty, softened down to the most feminine grace—her mind is highly cultivated, her manners mild, her piety conspicuous in every action. She is affectionately attached to her brother and his Ellen; exclusive of that love, the heart of this sorrowing, though resigned, young creature belongs to the dead, but never does a murmur escape her lips: well does she exemplify the difference between the duty of resignation and the higher feeling of cheerful acquiescence in the Divine will. Already is Clifford respected and beloved in the village—his practice select among the rich, general among the poor, whom he attends gratuitously. Our house and grounds, though small, are beautiful—our income, though moderate, equal to our wishes; and thy daughter, dearest mother, looks better in her plain mob cap, and is far happier in her little parlour, requiring no blinds from the thickly clustering jasmines and woodbines, outvying all the essences ‘de millefleurs’ that were ever invented, her husband by her side, her sweet sister before her, than she ever was when, splendidly attired, she shone the gay coquette at Almack’s. Oh, mother, why will not happiness, instead of rank, suffice for my once kind father? Were he here, I think his daughter’s Elysium would satisfy him; and if thou wert, beloved mother, our felicity would be complete. Yet happy as we are in each other, we look forward and anticipate a happiness that shall be enduring—not temporal, but eternal. Kezia desires to be kindly mentioned to thee, and William unites (as he does in all things with thy favour’d Ellen) in filial love with thy happy and affectionate child,

"Ellen Clifford."

The father obstinately refused all invitations, but allowed his wife to be with Ellen at her first accouchement. On her return to Twickenham, Mrs. Duval gave him an animated account of their daughter’s happiness—of her husband’s upright, honourable, and religious principles,—his sweet and affectionate temper,—his love for his wife, child, and sister,—his charity to the poor,—his general benevolence and liberality,—the surpassing beauty of his young widowed sister, who was warmly interested in the happiness of every one, while her own was buried with her lamented husband; and a never-failing theme, the “story without an end,” the innumerable charms and perfections of her grandson.

Time progresses with some rapidly;
with others, if he flies, 'tis as if he flew with clogged wings,—still Mr. Duval remained inflexible. A friend (the word is often misapplied) received the following communication from Beresford:—

"It is all up, St. Leger, and once more I shall be at the mercy of thee and thy gambling associates! In England I cannot remain—I have lost the two most lovely women it ever produced. You know the excess of my infatuation for Ellen Duval, from the fact of my offering her my hand. Powers of love, thy force was irresistible, but the sacrifice was great! At times I repented it; for Ellen had not then attained the maturity of her charms: she was only a pretty, attractive, and girlish coquette. She died suddenly, and greatly was I shocked. Ellen was too beautiful for the grave. I adored her living; but when my brother, in order to dispel my grief, invited me to join him at Paris, I accepted his invitation, in preference to Duval's, to Beresford. I arrived there some time before he arrived, and proposed my joining them in a voyage to the Greek isles, in quest of our old chum and quondam friend, Byron. I agreed (the project was enticing), and I went, without informing either my brother or my banker. I knew the former would oppose the latter. I swear, had I entertained the least idea that my sweet Ellen was then living, I had instantly returned to England. I mourned her sincerely in my way. I pretend not to say that I did not feel at times as if relieved from a thraldom, to which it required the full force of Ellen's charms to reconcile me. Someone for my part, I chanced to be between me and another respecting a Greek girl. I was so irritated at his lordship's espousing my antagonist's side instead of mine, that I quitted in high dudgeon, first, however, having winged my adversary. I should not have been sorry to have married the poet's beauty also. I landed at ——, and lingering a few days at the beautiful village of ——, I saw for the first time beauty in perfection. Greece boasts none to compete with it. Ellen's failed in the comparison. I ceased to lament the dead—there existed one superior; in fact, I fell madly in love with a Quakeress, or rather with an angel in that garb. I addressed her, but my speeches were unheeded, my glances of admiration unnoticed, my attentions treated with cool indifference. I was unable to tear myself away, and lingered near her: when Clement came to his box in the vicinity, he saw me lounging about, and carried me off, first to his hunting seat, then to London. It was a month before I got clear of him, and returned. I called immediately upon her who had convinced me how faint my perception of la belle passion had hitherto been. I inquired of the domestic who opened the door for Miss Clifford, seeing that name on the plate. 'Step in, friend,' said a sweet, deep-toned voice; 'our sister, Kezia Manly, is out at present, but will shortly return.' I bowed, and obeyed, not displeased to see in my fair one's brother one of the finest fellows I ever beheld, though owing nothing to dress, for he wore the unbecoming garb of the male frisand. No green is more becoming than the females, when the fair friends are disposed to assume the demiparure, they present the prettiest appearance in the world. I blushed to own my weakness, St. Leger, but I entered the room fully determined to offer both hand and heart to the lovely Quakeress. Only receive my amazement at the Quaker simply saying to a young and elegant-looking Quakeress, who was bending over a beautiful babe, 'A friend who seeks our sister Kezia;' then turning to me, 'my wife'—she raised her head, and I saw the sweet face of Ellen Duval. I had scarcely arrived ere some choice words came into my mouth; though thou didst not long mourn me dead, thou wilt be pleased to see me the happy wife of him who snatched me from the jaws of a terrific death—William Clifford, the respected friend of this village.'

* * *

St. Leger, I felt far from contented, for this was uttered as coolly and collectedly as if she had belonged all her life to the demure sisterhood, instead of once being mine, and mine only.' No blushes, no glances, betrayed former feelings. By degrees I regained composure. Never did she look half so lovely. Talk of feathers and flowers improving beauty,—for a really pretty woman there is nothing equal to a Quaker's mob. I sighed while contemplating what I had lost; but when I viewed the symmetrical and manly form, the expressive and fine countenance of her Quaker husband, his grace, intelligence, and unaffected politeness, I ceased to wonder that this handsome and fashionable Julian Beresford, so envied for les bonnes fortunes, should have been rivalled! Nay, my mortification vanished while regarding my rival, and especially as the brother of Kezia. But I am suffering too much to dwell on these scenes; suffice it to say, I opened my mind to my handsome host, and my beautiful,—yes, once my beautiful,—Ellen. My proposals, my honourable proposals, were listened to as calmly as if proceeding from one of his assistants (but I did not suspect my Quaker would have been perturbed at such an indignity). On concluding my speech, the brother said, with a frankness for which I honour him,
Poetry.—Cupid and Lucy.

'I have no control over my sister—she has been a widow twelve months. I believe her too faithfully attached to her husband's memory to wed another; and to be candid with thee, friend Beresford, I should regret if she changed. Thou art not calculated to make her happy, nor would she render thee so; but plead thine own cause, and blame not me if thou art, as I fully believe thou wilt be, unsuccessful. Remain with us to-night—to-morrow, thou canst see Kezia alone. I must pass over this affair as briefly as possible—I spent an evening in which I looked, I suppose, for I felt, like Satan contemplating Adam and Eve in Paradise. Kezia was exquisitely beautiful; and Ellen—oh, how she becomes the maternal character! How much happier, had I been as the husband of either of those women; than I ever felt as the successful seducer of the many who have fallen by my toils! I absolutely grieved at the briefness of the evening, though longing for the morning to learn my fate. On rising I saw Kezia tying up white roses, scarcely as delicate as her own fair face; I joined her in the garden—made my proposals, and was gently, but firmly, refused! I would not take her refusal as final. Fool! that I was to subject myself to a second before her brother, and that little mischievous Ellen—who endeavoured to look grave and demure, but in her heart, as well as in her eyes, was doubtless laughing at me. After what these people designated their morning repast, I respectfully requested Kezia to favour me with a few minutes' conversation.

"Not to resume the painful subject of the morning, friend Beresford,—it afflicts me, and cannot avail thee. My brother can tell thee that the heart which once was Ephraim Manly's, may never beat for another! Absence will soon cure thy passion, I should grieve were thou to endure for one month what I have for twelve—what I must while life continues! thou hast paid me the greatest compliment that man can pay woman—I thank thee. Through faith we may hope to meet in a happier world—thou shalt have my prayers, fare thee well!" She pressed my hand, with tears streaming copiously from her dove-like eyes. The widow's retreat speeded my departure; I was kindly, hospitably invited to stay—but within an hour I left, and am now thine—and adieu—au revoir.

"JULIAN BERESFORD.

"P.S.—Breathe not a word of what I have written to you in confidence—nor of woman—unless of those kind ones which—

"Scorn each human tie—
Spread their light wings, and to our bosom fly.
But my Quakeresses, Ellen and Kezia, are too pure to be profaned by thy lips."

Mrs. Duval paid her daughter a second visit; she returned enthusiastic in praise of all and of every thing she saw; but nothing overcame the father's obduracy, until failing health, and hearing that Ellen had a daughter, combined to soften it. He visited the Cliffords' peaceful abode, and owned that for the first time he witnessed happiness. The Quaker was as successful in restoring the father's health as he had been with the daughter. Mr. Duval disposed of his house at Twickenham, and purchased one in his daughter's vicinity. Ellen's parents adopted Ellen the second, and lived to see her all their daughter had been at sixteen, a lively, affectionate and beautiful girl, and more,—a sincerely pious Christian.

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CUPID AND LUCY.

As in her garden the fair Lucy strayed,
And with sweet roses the white lily wove,
Among the flowers all negligently laid,
She found and captive made the God of love.

Surprised, entangled in her garland caught,
The boy began to struggle but in vain.
His wings extending to escape he sought,
Twisting and turning to unbind his chain.
But to her panting bosom when he came,
A snowy bosom like his mother's fair,
Lips that might kindle in the Gods a flame,
And rich perfume sweet breathing from her hair.

"Venus," he cries, "farewell, and find
Another Cupid—I am none of thine
For here I will in ecstasy recline,
Sharpen my arrows, and erect my shrine."

A SCENE AT GREENWICH FAIR.

From an Unpublished Novel.

BY EMMA WHITEHEAD, AUTHOR OF "PIERCE FALCÓN," &c. &c.

No. II.

Some mornings after, when the early sun arose, Harry Burrell was engaged in the same pursuit; but how was it then with himself? The spirit of his inspiration was gone, and it was replaced by that distaste of life and weariness of existence which are the bane of the unfortunate, and the last weakness of the intellectual—that real bondage of mental suffering which too often goads the wretched to deeds of reckless desperation. But in him it excited only levity; and caging his bird, as some hold fast their happiness lest it should fly away, he gazed abroad on the city, and pictured to himself the active crowds that were even then threading its numerous thoroughfares, like ants, for ever busy in the ant-hill. Bidding memory once more shroud itself in oblivion, he hastened away.

When Harry Burrell had entered the open streets, the unusual hurry and concourse of passengers, tending in one direction, attracted his observation, and reminded him that this was the very day that Fanny Lynne was to have joined him. He accordingly quickened his pace, and was now involved in the crowd, who journeyed along to the region of destined pleasure and amusement.

The morning had dawned rather unpropitiously, that is to say, there was much derisive coquetry on the part of the weather; the weeping of some passing clouds, the dark frowning of others, the smiles of sun-light, the laughter of breezes, and all other waywardness common to the days of childhood, to the period, of beauty, and to the spring-time of life. But as the day advanced, it was full of the joy of the season, and the skies teemed with purple and gold of the sun's own creation; while the earth, responding to its beams, gave back the glory and the brightness which was thus showered down upon it.

At the period to which we refer, the Greenwich-road was an open and rural scene on the south of the city, diversified by few and infrequent signs of living habitation.

Thus, as the confines of town were left behind, the early sweets and freshness of the country reigned the longing senses, while the budding blossoms and fresh verdure of the time were hailed at intervals along the pathway. The winds whispered sweetness, the twitter of birds made soft intermission to the silence, and all nature was equally prodigal of her gifts. Under this pleasing influence Harry Burrell continued his way, and worked many a rhyme into music to lighten his footsteps. Slowly, and at a convenient distance, he presently beheld the party of which he was in quest, who with more jocund activity speeded on, as though urged by the perspective vision of all that they had come to witness.

Fanny Lynne, decked in the gaudy trim of holiday attire, with frolic step and lively gesture, was hanging on the arm of the sailor, Bill Bell, who in holiday suit, and with the gay air of the seaman, escorted her along. Much was the admiration that she created; only equalled by the envy that the jolly tar provoked in being her favoured attendant, although old enough to be her father. The simple folks thought the maid must be blind, more especially since, some few yards behind, there followed one whom all eyes deemed more deserving of the random glances bestowed upon him. This was Hugh Doyle, the dragoon. With stately but melancholy pace he strolled after them; but at the least chance of being seen by Fanny's companion, he withdrew aside from observation, in this respect seeming like the skilful cypress, watching unseen the enemy's motions, reconnoitering the outposts of the camp. But Harry Burrell was engaged in the like occupation; and without intruding on the soldier continued his way, for he was doubtful of his own shabby exterior in contrast with the flashing splendour of the dragoon. Hugh Doyle quickly however perceiving him, joined him company.

Their familiar greeting was ended by the soldier inviting the other to pass the day with him, free of expense, which was a very necessary piece of intimacy to one who did not carry coin sufficient to defray the granivorous feeding of a sparrow, much less to disburse the mighty charges of an
appetite urged on by many days of restless hunger. He yielded, therefore, coy consent, much relieved of the heavy burden of disquiet which already began to molest him as to the day’s provision; so passing his arm through that of the brave dragoon, with rambling discourse, they beguiled the way as they went together. Indeed, the backward glances of Fanny Lynne, deigned in soft reluctance to the soldier, seemed to give zeal and animation even to this most afflicted of men, who straightway tilted his helmet, and played with his accoutrements with all the grace and skill of which the heavy cavalry is capable when it comes in contact with the lighter infantry of Cupid. And much self-congratulation and triumph did he take to himself while all this was enacting.

Such summer gladness must, however, have an ending; and as clouds may lower in the brightest sky, this hour of sunshine was not without them. Besides, fortune is always at war with love; so gay Bill Bell whisked the fair damsel into the very last Greenwich coach just then passing by, and away they were whirled.

This was the malice prepense of all the three fates in one. Menelaus himself, when he beheld the divine Helen flying with her chosen Paris, could not have betrayed more indignation than did this unlucky lover at the rapid change which was taking place before him; nor Apollo when he pursued Daphne, and found at his embrace that she was transmogrified into a laurel-bush! All that was as nothing, and only a pleasant surprise and passing wonderment, in comparison with what this wretched soldier suffered. But the coach rolled on, and clouds of dust rose behind it; and the very horses seemed to show their heels, in greater derision of his sufferings and despair.

He now bestrode the pathway with redoubled energy and haste, as other swift machines to supply the place of human locomotion were not to be obtained, and the human mind had not then once divined the magic but simple mysteries of a railroad. He therefore marched in double quick time, as if victory depended upon his personal presence. In this way Burrell and himself at length entered Greenwich town together.

The throng of joyous passengers had greatly increased at this particular point, and sounds of merriment mingled with the tramp of footsteps and the passage of heavy carts, filled and overladen with visitors to this place of joyous entertainment. The laughter of loud salute and boisterous raillery—the wild ebullition of spirits broken loose in unchecked delight—the unreserved courtship and acquaintance—the flaunting prodigality of finery heaped and crushed each upon the other in admired confusion—the well-feigned air of manly independence—the pretty assumption of woman’s vanity,—each and all proclaimed the mind bewildered with excess of pleasure, which it but seldom tasted. The pedestrians smiled at this rude transport, and setting the best foot foremost, outstripped them in the race with a praiseworthy activity, that argued they were goaded by an irresistible curiosity in every way becoming the occasion.

At length the fair in all its glories burst upon the view, and the quick footstep was urged to new volition. Then appeared darkening to the sun the merry swing, moving its active see-saw through the air,—the more sedate motion of sun-dry roundabouts and whirligigs, revolving in mimic child’s play agreeable to riper age,—the wafting of many-coloured flags,—the awning of innumerable booths, diversified with the pleasing grimace of the clown and mountebank; and the gilded pomp of bungooney was accompanied by all sorts of jargon and grotesque mimicry, from the discordant braying of the donkey up to the comical chatterings of the baboon. Such was the scene.

“And a very good picture of this life, truly!” exclaimed Harry. “We ride on the top-gallant sails of good fortune, or go round and round in the mill circle of every-day existence; amused by the pleasantries of the multitude, charmed by its folly, cajoled by its tongue, and for the rest, it makes up the simile.”

But the philosophy of Harry Burrell was disregarded; and the rush and crush were tumultuous till they fairly reached the place of attraction, and revelled in the scene. There, straying in close alleys, where finery and tinselled merchandise were set forth to sale, Bill Bell conducted Fanny Lynne; and many were the presents he bestowed, and tender and stealing caress into the bargain; and they were jealously watched by the dragoon, who had once pictured to himself the
very same acts of courtesy, all of which were to have been received in just the same mode of dalliance and coquetry as were now bestowed on his happier rival. At this moment, alas! how changed was his fate!

When, however, it came to show-seeing and sight-seeking, all thoughts of patience were at an end; and if any thing could add to the agony of his transports, it was to see his beloved wafted up and down, and round and round in those detestable machines of the air, which in their even motion seemed to mock his irritability, and set at defiance the vengeance of all the maladies that he employed against them. Moreover, the rotatory propensities of the wheel of fortune, the various ups and downs of this life, were too evidently portrayed to his heart's annoyance; and that this profligate major,* who had owed his very life to him, should play these antics! the thought was insupportable.

"That I had never been born," he groaned to himself, "sooner than track and follow in this servile degradation of whom I thought other things! to be her spaniel on whom she may smile or frown at pleasure—pshaw! it is shameful!" and his curling moustaches thereupon twisted upwards, expressed the rest.

"Yonder blithe sailor has his lesson by heart," said Harry Burrell, "and the girl listens as if it were no profane history he told; but she is a woman. However, Doyle, we shall foil him at his own weapon, unless he guard his passes better—what say you?"

"Do you know him?" asked the other, eagerly. "A man of influence, malicious if the honour hit him."

"We will call him Major Bellingham," whispered Burrell; "and as he is a living man he shall rue the day, if—but rely on me."

They just then encountered Nullion hanging along with sleek ceremony two ancient maidens, who had trusted themselves to him for this occasion. It was thought by Burrell, that his sanctified exterior vied with that of a well-conducted cat, when found in exact juxta-position with the cream bowl, for with such sedate looks of decorum did he sculk past both the soldier and himself.

"Be sure, Sergeant Doyle, you keep watch over that old wretch," said Hal;
As her song ended, she offered her wild-flowers for sale to the bystanders; and passing from one to another, at length stood beside Fanny Lynne and her companion.

"Will you buy, sir," said she, "only take care you don't crush them before their time;" and Bellingham, in confusion, took them, and tendered silver in return.

"I don't want it," said the girl. "They will die like other things, and not ask you for the bed they sleep on. Now these look like me; and she held up some withered flowers, half broken at the stem.

"Come, neither withered nor broken for Fairy Fanny," said the sailor, "but blossoms young as herself;" and throwing them on one side, he would have chosen from the basket, but the mad girl drew back.

"Nay, take the blighted ones," said she, impatiently, "a pretty picture of what she will become. Take them, or none, as you will."

"Very wrong, Ellen, indeed, for you to come here," whispered Fanny. "It's like breaking our hearts to behave so—but we will buy some flowers.

"Ah! to be sure!" she answered, "you are like the children of happiness, Fairy, and think that beggars have no souls of their own; but no, I have my feelings."

"You seem to know this young person," said Bellingham, willing to retire, and he drew half away to conceal his own confusion; but just then he beheld Sergeant Doyle standing amid the group, and deep and full of centered energy were the looks that passed between them—looks of jealous and virtuous indignation, of calm and triumphant meaning.

"Take care, Fairy," whispered the mad girl, "for the river looks smiling after the wreck has sunk, the grass grows though the serpent lurk there; be careful, cautious—or you are ruined."

"Now, how foolish you are to tease me," pouted Fanny; "but tell me what danger—quick—speak—tell me what it is?" for the wild anguish of the girl made her too well comprehend that there was something more than named in the warning.

"Soft! seem to be handling the flowers," said she, hastily; "and do you see?" and glancing into the basket, a folded paper caught the view of Fanny Lynne, who crushed it eagerly in her hand; but the little incident was scarcely concluded, when Bellingham joined them again.

"And bless you for befriending the wretched," said Ellen—

"And when your sunny days of youth are gone,

And all your sickle lovers quitted you,

Friendship shall never leave your heart forlorn—

Friendship unto the heart shall still be true."

Thus, quoting the doggerel verses of some old play, she went on amid the crowd, to the great consolation of Bill Bell, and the utter distress of Fanny Lynne, who was left in doubt and apprehension of her own safety.

But neither this scene nor the agitation of Fanny was unobserved by the dragoon, and he took occasion to intimate by his looks his determination to watch over her safety, and protect her; and the giddy creature was now so sensible of her folly, that she hailed the effort with gratitude, and an air of diffidence that spoke of something better. Yet for all this, she could not now help viewing the gallantries of Bill Bell with great trepidation and anxiety.

Yes, the busy animation of the fair and all its quaint drolleries—the gaiety of the crowded laughing groups that encountered them, all the renowned delights of the scene, where parties were beheld well nigh beside themselves in the tumult of their spirits—the wrestling and struggling—the running and leaping, were no longer objects of pleasure to Fairy Fanny. She was no fine lady, and might have laughed at the scene; but Giles Nullion was at hand, and she recalled to mind the influence and power of Major Bellingham till fear crept over her, and she coloured and trembled at the thought. But the major regarded this as an evidence of conquest, and leaving this boisterous spectacle of conflicting romp and riot, escorted her to the shades of the park, as better fitted for sentiment and dubious courtship.

But here there was no peace for Fanny Lynne. It is true, that she looked upon this pleasing landscape, which is only not admired because it lies in the near embrace of the vast city, and from the force of habit she looked and loved it. The gentle undulation of the country round about—the smiling glades that peeped out from the confines of the park—the glassy mirror of the Thames floating in the near distance—the open and spreading land that decked the opposite shore, all were now before her, till, in imagination, she
fled back to her home—to the humble Rose Tavern, which she might never again revisit—and thereupon, she wafted a kind and loving sigh in that direction.

"My dear creature," expostulated Bill Bell, "positively, my pretty nymph, we will have no more sighing, but take boat presently, and return home. You are ill,—and, nay, I'm sure it is so;" and this pretext had its full effect.

He insisted and advised, and she be-thought herself that there never was an honest gentleman so calumniated and belied as he had been; that she was safe with him she verily believed, and following the bent of her inclination, she was obstinate in remaining there, and with revived spirits, sauntered on with him.

Hither and thither, Hugh Doyle stealthily pursued them, but only to be the witness of tender attentions, once thought to be reserved for him alone; and amid many outbreakings of violent gesticulation and secret revulsion of sorrow, did he behold the wily manoeuvres of his rival. The trees were but budding with the early verdure of infant leaves, scarce opening to the air; the grassy turf was green with the freshness of the season, and amidst its dewdrops were beaming the yellow hues that are born of the sunlight, but none of this gave consolation to the soldier. His clenched fist—the menace of his motion—the patting of the sword hilt—the breathing of angry and hasty sighs, testified his chagrin, and might also have betrayed him to the infinite ridicule of those who, viewing his frantic mien, were ignorant of the causes of such vehement agitation. At last, he was joined by Harry Burrell.

"I bring you sure news, Doyle," cried he, "the major's carriage is in the town—a gaudy concern, that might dazzle many a maiden, besides Fairy Fanny. He has ordered his dinner; and we will go together, for we shall frustrate him yet—so come along."

"And what can we do, both of us put together!" exclaimed the other, warmly: "you might as well expect the fife and drum would scare an experienced soldier from the field. You do not know the man!"

"If once—a second time—I hang upon his throat!" muttered the young man, "it shall be the very last time that we ever meet together: yes, yes, I will be the death of him if he touch her."

"Leave it to me, my boy," said the soldier, "it is my play, and mine alone. But this had been frolic for one's strength—only to see so young a creature, and fair, too! throw away her blushes on such, such a jackanapes!" But while he brooded in silence, Burrell remembered something of other events, which had occurred to him; soon, however, they were both engaged in other and new matter for disquiet.

Fanny and her suitor had hitherto kept within the park, where, beside thoughtless coquetry and folly, no further danger might be apprehended. But now they bent their way towards the river-side, with such alacrity as argued her full consent to the project.

The dragoon thought that it was a speed highly appropriate to fugitives; and when there appeared in the distance a wherry bearing to shore, as if stationed near by appointment of the parties, the soldier's heart sunk fifty fathoms deep into the sea of doubt; but he left them to the chances of the gale, content to watch the little craft that now plied upon the water.

"Death and destruction!" he exclaimed, "she absolutely ventures with him. Oh—rash—weak!" and he strode after the retreating pair, his exclamations being ended by the fearful thought of some ship bound for foreign parts lying out at sea to receive them, where she would be induced to enter and be conveyed away for ever. His imagination followed up the newly-created thought—fluttering sails he now clearly saw expanded on the horizon and ploughing the opening waters, and Fanny off—where scarcely even a thought could follow her.

"Prithhee, man, be composed," said Burrell—"launch thy body on the stream and follow them. I watch on land. The coach, perhaps, will meet them yonder—higher up;" and swiftly at the word, the soldier gained the shore, and sprung into the nearest sculler that answered to his beckon. It rocked and reeled beneath his weight, till it nearly founndered; but at the talismanic touch of silver coin in the gripe of the waterman, away it flew, cutting its even current up the river, and by taking the middle of the stream, they kept the wherry in full chase, which promised well, in case of need, to bring them close up with each other.

Let those who have known the misery of derision, judge of the wretched plight of
the sergeant, as he toiled after them; and could intended kindness show apparently so much of cruelty! she seemed to wave her kerchief to him; but still it appeared too like the pennon floating from the garrison which does not intend to surrender, and the breeze flattered it till it waved in seeming defiance.

But Major Bellingham, if he noticed the pursuit, was careless of it; and the flying landscape which was pictured on land in their fleet passage past it, made no better impression. It was his desire to inspire confidence, and this plan was most likely to effect it. Fanny laughed, and was amused, and almost forgot the paper of warning which had been given her.

True to the surmise of Harry Burrell, the gaudy carriage and gold-laced menials were seen waiting some distance up the river; and again the soldier exclaimed in direst perplexity, and groaned out the mental torture that afflicted him. Youth, however, does not stop at the first stage of folly, it runs the race out ere it halt; and the maiden leapt back to land, and from thence into the equipage, as lightly as some nymph of the mountain might spring from one crag to another, nor heeds the darkening abyss of precipice that lies beneath.

"It is just the day for a drive," said the major, "and we shall be back to dinner."

"Ah! a delightful day,—charming—beautiful!" said Fanny, and the coach drove on.

But not even now did the indefatigable lover slacken in the chase. An age of time was lost in gaining the land—twain ages at the least devoted to paying the waterman—but at length he bounded along, and was lost to the sight. Their course lay through pleasant and winding roads, but we cannot afford time to follow them, now that they are safely landed: suffice it to say, it was great comfort to the exhausted spirits of Hugh Doyle, when he beheld them turn back on the route again, and he almost forgave the pretty creature for all the freaks and foibles by which she had thus annoyed him.

In the meanwhile, Fanny was lost in the bewildement of vanity; for if the adventitious ornaments of wealth will sometimes rouse, as they do, even the fine lady, into insolence, it may surely be forgiven if the humble should be elated by its unknown delights. Fairy Fanny shone, indeed, like the pearl transported from the oyster-shell to glisten in gold, and looked so bright, that all the world looked bright upon her; and this was her peculiarly good fortune. But as she herself would have said, "she did not choose to humble herself by being proud," and therefore, she sat so smilingly with her face peeping from the window, that all admired who saw her.

In this gallant trim they dashed again into the town, and were discerned by Harry Burrell as they entered a noted house of entertainment, whose curious skill in refection and exorbitant charges precluded him from its shelter, and all its other numerous comforts and benefits. But now the soldier, who had tramped along the dusty road, and was as white as a miller with the dust, came up with him, and gazed in blank despair upon the walls of the building where they had taken up their abode. Here then she seemed lost, and all he could do was to repress the tears which were about to start from his eyes, and adjourn with his friend to a neighbouring hostelry, where they might watch the door of the dwelling.

At this moment, the anxiety of Fanny Lynne was perhaps equal with his own. Before she partook of the delicious meal provided, while twining her flowing curls into order, she managed to peruse the billet confided to her, and pale with amazement, discovered the following words: "Prepare and be watchful, or ruin is at hand; feign all you can, and come into crowded places towards evening. Believe—in confide in me—I will be faithful."

The handwriting was that of Ellen Blake. Could she doubt her good intention? No, she rather questioned her own discretion and judgment. Willingly would she have fled, but whither? she heartily repented her temerity and folly.

The summons to dinner was given, and she, as mistress of the revels, was compelled to perform the duties of the board. Nullion and the two aged damsels were of the party, and by the reverence of years, gave seeming propriety to the feast; but, like the bird held prisoner by a silken thread, did Fanny Lynne strive to escape into recovered freedom? But still she smiled and sported, and was led away by this sumptuous revelry; and such is the fascination of mirth, that
Scene at Greenwich Fair.

she was not behind in the display of her share; she laughed and was happy; she sighed, and thought, therefore, she must be sad; however, she watched anxiously still for the moment of escape.

At certain mystic signs from Nullion, his companions declared their intention of visiting the fair again, whether their ancient friend must accompany them; and to this he consented, promising to return for his roguish little beauty, Fairy Fanny, who was something consoled and comforted by this proposition. It was only when he was gone that she discovered, as she thought, some unnecessary blunderment in the method of his adieu, which implied that there was little reliance on the probability of his coming back again.

As the doubt of Nullion’s return occurred to Fanny Lynne, some stirring fear came with it; but she flattered herself with possessing too much true heroism to be dashed by trifles.

She now thought fit to remember that the day was waning, and evening coming on. The blaze of lights made her remark the luxurious comfort about her; the richness of silver, and china crowned with glowing fruit, occupied the sideboard—choice rarities and dainties all prepared for her; and waiter, lacquey, footmen, each at her call—there was prettiness and pleasantry in the very thought. The beautiful girl sat leaning back in the pride it called forth; only that an occasional flutter and blush betrayed her unaccustomed to her enthroned state as queen of the entertainment.

At her side, with one arm over the back of her chair, was Major Bellingham; and his sailor-like graces had long since been discarded for others more appropriate to his rank and station. But Fanny did not intend to show either fear or suspicion, and was in the delusion that she neither felt one nor the other.

“A fortune for those thoughts of yours!” whispered he, “for they are worth it.” What fancy lit the smile upon the lip, fair Fanny? Were you dreaming of wealth and splendour above this place—more worthy of your beauty and virtue?”

“Indeed, now, Master Bill Bell, you never were more mistaken;” said she, “for I was thinking of the chain of cherry-stones I used to wear, and find your string of precious beads is far too heavy. It will be worn no more—so, there, you may take it back again;” and she unclasped, and threw it on the table, in expectation of some effect produced by this; but much to her surprise, he took no note of the action, but drew, if possible, nearer to her than before.

“But that is altogether impossible,” replied he. “You must have been thinking of me—and me only: of the pleasant hours, happy years, that we shall spend together; the mansion, the carriage, the splendour, besides having a handsome fellow into the bargain: come, my fair penitent, confess.”

“Surely, and I shall do no such thing,” she answered quickly, “for you may be good and generous, and kind hearted; and we have had a beautiful treat to be sure! but I don’t quite like you well enough for that; certainly, you have been vastly civil, and I’m grateful in all conscience.”

“You play the coquette most enchantingly,” said he, “but you had not need be so coy. We have seen too much of kindness to suspect cruelty. Supposing you once held me your slave, you are now my prisoner.”

“Perhaps yes, and perhaps no,” said Fanny, rejecting his offered advances. “May be I like some one better than you, Master Bell, for all I wore your necklace, and spent to-day with you, and none of my other lovers with us!”

“All this is but a dream, it must be so,” he cried in frenzied agitation. “What can your life afford equal to what I offer you—a dull routine of unenjoyed existence unworthy you. Pretty fool, this seeming luxury is the very baseness of poverty, to what it is in my power to give to lavish on you.”

“Likely enough, I dare say, sir,” said Fanny; “but I’ve been thinking that this is beautiful and rich, but not so cozy and snug as ‘The Rose’ after all.”

“This won’t do, my pretty Fairy,” said he, “for you have led me to suppose otherwise. You have enslaved me, taught me to adore, respect, honour, and love you; in fact, you have deceived me.” But here he paused in the climax of love’s softest emotion.

“And what?” inquired Fanny, and so simply, that the major, to conceal his laughter broke away from her—“and what have I done, Master Bell?” said she, at length.
“You put yourself in mighty tantrums about nothing. I have worn your jewels, and come out with you to-day; but if you think so much of the expense, I’ll be bound my father will pay you again, and as much else as you require;—and with this solecism in the rules of good-breeding, as if speaking wisdom only fit for sages, she glanced triumphantly about her, and the major was fain to compose his features into the calm content of newly-recovered propriety.

“Let us imagine,” said he, “that it were in my power to offer you, not only gems in the hair, and jewels on the brow, and servants at command, but——”

“I can buy beads enough!” interposed she, “and for waiting on, there are all the pot-boys and runners-out at ‘The Rose’, and maids enough besides.”

“Money settled on you for life, carriages, horses!” urged he. “But hear the great secret, and know what you throw away, my fair one.”

“There’s plenty of money in the till,” she answered, laughingly, “and horses and coaches in the stable-yard; but tell me the secret, though!”

“I am not what you think me,” he softly insinuated; “for we have met, when you little dreamed it, sweet girl, I—1 am Major Bellingham!” and throwing aside the wig which disguised him, he passed his hands through his dark hair, stretched his limbs in pride of their proportions, and waited the event. But Fairy Fanny only laughed outright at the confession, declared the wig to be a patent deceiver, and having placed it in momentary frolic on her head, repeated his very words in sportive mimicry, and ended by throwing it jestingly in the face of its original wearer.

“And your humble servant, Master Bill Bell,” said she, folding her arms and swaying her figure into the grace of a curtsey: “but I have known this secret long ago, for your promises were too grand for a sailor lad, and, besides, you look too old.”

“Then—then you knew it all this time,” cried he, in some confusion—“that villain Doyle must have told you—but he shall repent it.”

But here the soft glance of Fanny silenced him, and the man of the town was thus much deceived—that he thought it impossible but she must be flattered, or wherefore have ventured thus far in folly. This idea gave him new confidence—he was willing to vanquish by stratagem, rather than not at all; while she thought it only necessary to brave the danger of her situation, and still seemed to be enjoying the blank look of her lover, when his discovery was anticipated; whilst the major construed this trick to be only some new art to win him.

“Fair dealing in all things,” said he, as he dallied with the ringlets on her brow.

“If you wear the favours of Bill Bell, you must smile upon Major Bellingham; if the sailor could charm, the soldier must entrance; if you tire of one, the other shall drop in at pleasure. You have owned that you admire—love—yes, that shall be the word.”

“Ah, no such thing unless, I like it!” cried she. “You may be a good man, but are not to my taste, any more than Lawyer Cravenlaw. I’m heartily obliged—but enter a church with you! Oh, dear me! not for the world!” and blushing and laughing, the major was more in doubt than ever, whether this were the conduct of untutored nature, or consummate skill in all the wiles of woman.

“The church—aye, indeed—the church!” He hesitated, then said, “to tell you the truth, the idea never once occurred to me. There are ties quite as binding, more endurable—marriage palls upon the senses. Come—come—you understand.”

“If the Prince of Wales were my sweet heart, he should not talk so,” said Fanny, flying away from him in scorn; but he caught the end of her scarf, and held her playfully in bondage.

“Now, Master Bill Bell, none of your folly, sir. Major Bellingham, I’m ashamed of you. It was only to tease the sergeant, we were friends; but now I hate you. Nay, if you please——” Thus panting with anger, and pouting her foot to cool herself, the little girl searched into his flushed looks, and though there was something she flinched at, she remained steady in her position of defence.

Indeed, the Rose Tavern and all its dignity had been degraded beyond belief, and its fair mistress insulted too! What would the world think? But the major laughed at her simplicity, so entirely new to him; and she laughed scornfully at the bare idea of such presumption on the part of mortal man.

“Well, we will be married, if nothing else will suit,” said he, relentingly; “and
we will go back to the Rose, and hear what your father says."

"But I will never have you, for you are not to my liking; and perhaps there’s another in the case," she argued. "I only came with you to vex Sergeant Doyle. Lord love you! I would not have you, if you could mint yourself into gold."

"We shall see," whispered the major, snatching a kiss, as the promise of success. "So you are in love with that vulgar fellow, the sergeant?" Fanny stood blushing with scorn and mortification, altogether incapable of uttering another word. He turned away to the sideboard, and filled a bumper of wine, which, as he quaffed it, sealed the fate of Fanny Lynne, as previously arranged between him and Nullion.

Almost at this instant, this last mentioned individual entered, and hinted that certain scenes were going on in the fair which his young friend, Fairy Fanny, would, doubtless, desire to witness, and, therefore, he entreated them to make all haste; a coach would be in waiting to take them home to the Borough, and thereupon this Mercury of lovers hastened on in advance of them.

But so sensitive are the apprehensions of the most unruly woman when once aroused, that Fanny thought she discovered matter of suspicion in all these insinuating acts of friendly interest in her welfare; and well was it for her that this subtility of deceit taught her to be watchful of her own safety. In concealed trepidation she took the arm of the major, and they were presently once more in the open streets.

The night had now closed in, yet the revellers at the fair were not less active and industrious in following up its pleasures to the last; and the streets were thronged as densely as ever with visitants departing and arriving in all directions, only interrupted by parties more than half intoxicated, who greeted one another with wild glees of discord and tuneless songs, set to original variations by the wild genius that inspired them. But vainly did Fanny Lynne peer into their visages as they fled in dreamy indistinctness past her, and willingly would she have recognised one familiar face amongst them; but this was not to be; till, wearied with bustle and noise, she stood near the entrance of some place of entertainement; and suddenly her hand was seized by some one in the crowd, and pressed with tender energy. The deep shadow of a blank wall was near; but the dark eyes of the sergeant met her own, and she returned the pressure with interest. The action was slight, but it reassured her; and other objects now engaged her attention. They entered the door, and the scene she beheld was as remarkable as new.

In an immense booth, or rather beneath an ample awning, was congregated a heterogeneous group of individuals, so various and opposite in character, station, appearance, and pretension, that it might well seem unlikely that they should ever meet together. This space was surrounded by boxes or divisions for separate groups to seat and refresh themselves; and such reflection as was served here, was quite as incongruous as were the persons who intended to partake of them. Here were relishing and savoury viands usurping the place of tart and trifle at my lady’s rout; and beings, who aped the fashion quite as becomingly, eating with zest and appetite rather unusual at the set soirée. Meanwhile the fife and drum, and three-stringed violin and unstrung harp, were touched into a discord neither human nor divine; while the active and nimble heels of innumerable dancers kept measures of their own, which bade defiance to that time which they were working to outstrip. The place was in a perfect glare of light, reflected back by the gaudy and many-coloured garments,—the faces flushed into one ruddy flame—that formed the various crowd of this assembly.

It was, perhaps, not altogether an unentertaining spectacle; for here the mechanic, laden with brass rings, and other encumbrance of finery, vied with the would-be gentleman in complete order of array; and many a man about town, spark, and dashing fellow in disguise, put up with the gear that he might on other occasions have dispensed with. The damsels who romped in the many evolutions of the dance outshone the lights; young men or aged suitors were not deterred by blushes: though some moved in agile motion, they never budged from the place where they began; and others flew from one point to another, bounding about by fits and starts, to the infinite mirth of the beholder. The good people, indeed, were little acquainted with
Scene at Greenwich Fair.

dancer; he was gifted with matchless celerity of motion, darting about in incessant flight, and hastening he knew not whether. The middle man was in shape like a ninepin, and this little fellow bobbed up and down, as if perpetually bowed down and set up again. At length, their efforts were greeted with peal after peal of inextinguishable laughter, the instruments were wound up to the last pitch of excruciating discord, and ended with a shriek that told the death of melody—the dance was over. There stood the fat man, with pointed toe, prepared for other exercise; his lank partner, with legs astride and arms akimbo; their diminutive centre, standing stock still in amazement of his own gyration: but Fanny could not smile, she was in agitation, for glancing towards Nullion, she saw that he was in earnest discourse with the old woman; her heart trembled within her at the sight.

"It's all nonsense, and you know it," said this disguised person in tones of impatience, "we may harass here all night. The soldier and Hal are on the look out, you will have a scuffle between you, but have your own way; I have done with you."

"But—the deuce!" said Nullion, in coaxing pathos, quite averse from the meaning of his disgraceful language.

"But what can be done, my dear girl—what?"

"There are many things, if you knew but the way;" she answered, carelessly. "Get rid of the young men yonder—take your own deformed carcass away—let your friend then depart, and leave Fanny to my management, and the work is done in no time."

"I can't see what purpose you can serve by deceiving us," said Nullion, in the manner of a threat. "If I thought it, by the power of hell itself, I would have you among the Moorfield Bedlamites before to-morrow morning!"

"Time enough for that, in all conscience," said she; "the girl believes you to be a saint, and so fears that you should think her a sinner. You count blushes for nothing; but here, in this place, she is ashamed of herself. Fool! don't you see? How came she here?"

"It must be done without bluster," urged he in deprecation: "those two confounded—humph!—how can we get rid of them?"
“In the twinkling of a star,” answered she, readily. “When you see them a going hence, make a move also. You and Bill Bell go forward, leave the girl just behind the awning—the soldier will see you alone, and be satisfied; meantime—why, devil Nullion, don’t you see?—I tuck her up in the mantle, she creeps unseen to the coach—they drive away—and you—you may carouse till morning!”

“It will do—trust the women for cunning,” he grumbled as she departed; but still some suspicions were lurking in him, which were, however, quite ended as he saw her retire from the place, and presently after return in the garb of the ballad-singer. With all her disguise thrown aside, and in this new exterior, she wandered through the throng, and hopeless of every other scheme to drive Harry Barrell from the place, she resorted to her old manoeuvres, and broke into the wildest flight of song; the first strain failed of its effect, but at last the chord was touched, and he hastened into the open air away from her.

As she sang she wandered towards the dragoon, and having collected the tribute due to her melody, she drew her garments about her, and halted at his side.

“Fanny Lynne will be under the wall waiting for you,” whispered she. “As you would save her from ruin, hasten and be there. And before he could answer, or ask further, she mingled in the crowd, skillfully eluding all his attempts to follow her: but Fanny Lynne remarked this favourable movement, and one look such as lovers give, sped him upon his errand.

“But we shall frighten our dear father, unless we move towards home,” said the benevolent Nullion, as he crept to the side of his charge. “What say you, major? The coach is waiting. I, good sir, I feel ill, I shall ride outside.”

“As you like, with all my heart,” said Bellingham; and Fanny, in despair, followed with her last looks the motions of the ballad-singer, but she, involved in the occupation of her trade, now wandered from this place to that, nor heeded the silent appeal that her friend made. At last she was compelled to retire, the last view was shut out, and they were on the verge of the outer awning of the tent. She was putting on and taking off her mantle in some agitation, when the old woman appeared. “We had better depart together,” hinted Giles Nullion, “for the little maid has matters to arrange touching her toilet, and suppose,”—but as he reached this point of debate, the woman impatiently jostled him, and he skulked and scrambled through the awning, hastily followed by the major, who, supposing that all was right, left it in the hands of those whose interest it was to manage it.

Scarcely were they gone, than “Don’t you know me?” said a voice, and Fanny Lynne threw herself into the arms of the ballad-singer, murmuring her fear of danger, and entreating her assistance.

“Leave go your hold, Fanny, leave go,” said the girl, hastily and harshly, “the time is precious. Give me your bonnet, —your cloak, there—that will do. And who so fine as I, now!” So, throwing on her disguise, she stooped to measure the stature of Fanny Lynne, and having hit it, walked away in grotesque imitation of her movements, that might have caused a smile in any other situation.

“Now, don’t you fear,” she added, “Hal will be with you and the soldier, and he—he’s as keen as the north star; and go home, and God bless you!—this is the game that suits me;” and without further parley, she hurried away, leaving Fanny entirely in anxiety and doubt.

“Oh! she will be discovered,” cried Fanny, and peeping through a rent in the canvass, she beheld a coach drawn up in front of the booth, and the supposed Fairy Fanny mounting the steps, handed in by the major, who presently seated himself beside her; but the lamp nailed to the inner partition, which gave light to the space she occupied, might betray her to those without, and as she thought of this she quickly drew back. What was to become of her? She did not ask this twice, but hastened to the entrance, not satisfied till she felt herself free, and the night air blowing fresh upon her.

The sky, though cloudless, was teeming with the dense mist of spring-time, and athwart those vapours the stars twinkled indistinctly, making such imperfect twilight, that when she remembered the blaze of lights within, she did not wonder that the sight was deceived by the atmosphere to which it was thus suddenly transported. She felt that all was uncertain, and involved in unaccountable mystery. At this instant, the sound of the carriage-wheels aroused her. She saw
Nullion retire into the shade as it drove off, but could remark no further, for the tall figure of the dragoon sprang from the shade of the blank wall, and quick in the mistake, fled in the track taken by the horses, being quickly lost in the distance. And now, how was she to get home? how enter the all admirable residence of the Rose Tavern alone, and explain her degradation?

“Fanny Lynne—dear Fanny, are you here?” asked Harry Burrell in an undertone. “Come, let’s go home.”

“Yes, I am here. Oh, Hal! take care of me,” she exclaimed in such a voice of smothered anguish and shame, as showed her utterly penitent of all the folly she had that day committed, and how truly grateful she was at finding herself at last in such kind protecting hands.

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THE WANDERER’S SONG.

BY JOHN JORDISON.

Farewell, ye gay woodlands and black-frowning mountains!
Where wildly I wandered in youth’s festive hours;
Farewell, ye bright rivers, and sweet glistening fountains!
That sparkle like gems in my own native bower.
Farewell, ye green meadows, where oft-times at even,
I’ve watched the blithe lark settle down to her nest;
Or gaz’d on the sun as he glided from heaven,
And sank, like a world-weary spirit to rest.
Farewell, ye deep vales! where the woodbines and roses,
The harebells and soft-smiling primroses grew—
Where she whom I lov’d in her damp grave repose,
Beneath the dark shade of yon wide-spreading yew.
Farewell, ye glad birds! ah! no more shall ye cheer me,
When blithely ye warble far down in the grove;
Farewell, ye clear brooks, ah! no more shall ye hear me,
Pour forth my complaint in the ear of my love.
Blest scenes of my childhood! though soon I may wander,
Unfriend’d, alone, on some far-distant shore,
Still at morn, noon, and evening, full oft will I ponder,
On you, and the friends I may never see more.
And oft, when the moon and the pale stars are beaming,
By the side of the deep-sounding ocean I’ll roam;
And, as o’er it I gaze upon past pleasures dreaming,
I’ll fancy I view my own dear native home.
And then, when my bosom its last sigh is heaving,
And death grinning ghastly beside me shall stand;
When I feel that my spirit its dull cell is leaving,
I’ll give my last prayer for my own native land.

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THE MONTH OF APRIL, ITS RETROSPECTIONS, CAPRICES, LESSONS, AND PROMISES.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

Whatever may be the peculiar characteristics of April, I believe my readers will pretty generally agree with me, that scarcely one month in the year is more cordially welcomed — no I not even love-inspiring, beauty-spreading May. It is the month of promise, therefore of hope; and since expectation frequently exceeds reality, no wonder that we enter with avidity into her fairy regions, as soon as we are beckoned thither by the charms of nature, or the workings
of the imagination—every green meadow and budding hedge-row, every lane which shelters the clustering violet and the opening primrose, tells us that spring is once more returned, to renovate the earth, and revive the hearts of her inhabitants.

And from what a long season of suffering—what a protracted, desolating winter does the present April more particularly promise to deliver us? Few aged and observant persons, can remember one so marked by the appalling attributes of sickness and sorrow, as that which has so long afflicted us, either by pain and weakness in our own persons, or sympathy for the sufferings of those most dear to us. Not only has the messenger of divine retribution, who

"Shakes plagues and terrors o'er a guilty land," passed over us, but the Angel of Death has been also abroad, claiming victims of every description, from the octogenarian to the infant, striking the mature in the day of his strength, and the young in the bloom of his beauty. Even the cholera in its day of power, made but few hearths desolate in comparison with the invidious epidemic, which in wearing a far milder form dealt a much surer blow, and spread its dark wings over a much more extensive circle. It is yet certain that among the various cases of sudden death which have painfully thinned our own limited number of friends, the sufferers so lost were not those reduced by influenza, but such as had in every case completely escaped it—it must be therefore concluded that benefit was mixed with the chastisement, and many of us may literally say, "it was good for me that I was afflicted."

It will be also well to remember the winter of 86-87, as one less remarkable than many others for the continuance of severe weather, yet far more deplorable in its infections, in order that we may be more thankful for milder seasons, and more alive to the care required at similar times, and aware in all of that over-ruling Providence which "doth not willingly afflict the children of men," and hath promised "that summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, shall not cease."

Of all the months in the year April is the most decidedly changeable, and seems to combine every fault usually laid to our island atmosphere, more perhaps from habit than truth, for unquestionably both Switzerland and Italy suffer at times far more severely than our own country. Now, however, we must expect brilliant sunshine one hour, cold driving rain the next—sultry mornings, followed by thunder-storms, and frosty evenings in which the early blossoms are destroyed, and the fruits which are due to autumn prematurely perish. April has frequently been compared to a coquette who awakes hopes which she never intended to realize, who plays with her victim in the pride of conquest, or the heartlessness of cruelty; but believing as we firmly do, that the men are quite as much sinners on this score as the weaker sex, and that the time is completely gone by, when the most devoted "could live whole ages on a smile," or "languish and die of a frown." We venture to offer a lesson suggested by April weather upon subjects less hackneyed and equally important.

April weather, alas! is too frequently emblematic of the varying humour and capricious temper of many ladies, long after the days of courtship and conquest are over; and however it may be exercised, or towards whomsoever it is indulged, the influence will be found malignant, the bane of domestic happiness and individual respectability. We all know that "April showers bring May flowers" in the natural world, but fits of anger followed by showers of tears; sensibility unregulated by reason; petulance unrestrained by prudence and self-control; flashes of anger and satirical scorn, wilful mistakes, averted looks, cold and negligent manners, the April breezes of conubial life, no less than the April fickleness of many of both sexes during the period of courtship, produce only thorns and briers, which rise up to choke affections, which are by nature of the purest and most ardent character, destroying thereby the sweetest pleasures of existence, and the errors of many a courtship; no less than those of many a honey-moon, under such effects have travelled down from life's spring to its winter; suffering constantly under the blight then given to the heart, in its hopes and expectations.

Let no self-willed beauty depend on her charms to "lure the gentle tassel back," who has been disgusted by her rage, or wearied by her peevishness—man may
return in penitence, from those wanderings of the senses, to which his own weakness, or that of the partner of his error, has subjected him; but far different are his feelings when conscious that he is sinned against not sinning; that his warm head has been too often chilled by the ever varying and fickle character of the being to whom he was devoted; awhile creating by her power warmth for warmth, thought for thought, expectation for expectation, hope for hope, pledged in the admiring gaze of sympathy and love, which gained fond look for look; at another, casting aside all warmth, outwardly participating in no mutual thought; having no regard towards that one, the eye of whose very soul rested perpetually upon her, with whom in common his own there seemed to have ceased all expectation. Though bright and smiling had been the April of their hopes, whose love was now blighted by the chilly blasts of a too proud or thoughtless spirit, so recently warmed to the very core by the hot piercing, yet temporary, rays of an April sun; or may be repelled by the unkindness, or the ill-humour, or disguised by the actual folly, of one on whom he had counted for the happiness, the importance, of the long life before them; and in the case of married people, one, it may be added, whose example must befit or injure his children, render his house the temple of peace, or the abode of discord; make him the enviable man whose virtues would be stimulated by his happiness, or the pitiable being, whose propensity to error would be fostered by domestic uneasiness.

Strange as it may seem, many women by no means of bad temper in the common acceptance of the word, and who have given a thousand proofs of excellent disposition towards their fellow-creatures—women, capable of the most noble self-sacrifice in the great affairs of life, and the most tender charities towards their necessitous brethren, will yet allow themselves, either from the stimulant of vanity, or some utterly undeniable motive, to play with the happiness, and thwart the wishes of that very man who is preferred by them before all others as a lover, or to whom, as a husband, they actually love, who, they very well know, holds them so entirely in his power, that their lowest menial is far more a free agent than they are, or can ever hope to be. Self-love alone should tell them to beware how they trifle with their own happiness, as wives in their desire to injure that of their lord and master, even for the triumphs of a single hour. The sunshine of an April day’s smile may suffice to repay a lover for the suffering of a preceding storm; but a husband is made of stern stuff, and the blandishments of one hour will not alone for the surprise, the vexation, the sorrow of that which has preceded it. Allowing that love may be recalled, yet esteem cannot: the conduct which he might deem merely vivacious and piquant in the days of courtship, will be severely reprobed by a sensible man who considers his wife in the high and holy light of the friend of his bosom, the helpmate whom God himself has given him, and from the sharer of his joys and his sorrows, from whom he earnestly desires never to be divided in opinion, principle, or action; and to whom, in the hour of greater care and sorrow from outward causes, he looks forward for sweeter solace and consolation at home.

Precisely in proportion to a man’s power of enduring these sallies with calmness, is the danger of practising them. A warm-tempered man easily roused, in his passionate replies though not the first, becomes the greater aggressor; and the thunder-storm followed by a shower, may leave the atmosphere clear, and each party eager to make reparation for the past, and anxious to unite in good resolutions for the future; but far differently will the manly mind of the sincere lover, the confiding, generous and constant friend, the tender, yet discerning husband be affected—in his silence, there will be mingled contempt—in his endurance and estrangement in his suppressed sigh, an anguish so acute is indicated, that it is not likely to be frequently submitted to—no! you may now so rend the “jesses of his heart,” fair tyrant, as to find, too soon for you, there is no heart to rend—the sweetest, strongest ties of nature, are the most delicate.

But if April weather of this description is blameworthy in either wife or husband, more especially the former, much more must it be deprecated in her wh
is a mother. If it be her duty in the first capacity,

"To make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

In order to reward the constancy, and ensure the felicity of her husband, it is imperatively demanded of her to make every day and hour alike, in the self-command she evinces, the kindnesses she bestows, and the obedience she herself yields and demands from her children. To be angry without great cause, and to be cross for any possible cause—to be all smiles and indulgence one hour, cold and negligent the next; annoyed by their gambols at one time, and encouraging their very faults at another; now winking at manifest injustice, and now severe in punishing trivial error, is utterly below the dignity, and unworthy the character, of a mother; it is also destructive of her happiness as such, to say nothing of its effects upon her injured children. Young, in his "Night Thoughts," sublimely exclaims,

"Let man in homage bow, who names his soul!"

And I would venture to parody this fine line so far as to say,

"Let man in homage bow, who names his mother!"

for if she has been to him all which she ought to be, in that most enaering and sacred relationship, to the latest hour of his existence, and in all the joys and sorrows, the rise or degradation, the trials and the escapes, to which he has been subjected, her influence has been felt either as the source of his virtues, or of his self-reproach. In every momentous concern of life he owns her impelling power to good, or laments his own forgetfulness of her early maxims, her bright example, her gentle reproof, her abiding love, which gave "precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little," as the young heart could comprehend it, and the understanding assent to it; surely, there are few amongst us so wayward by nature, so spoiled by prosperity, or so soured by adversity, but would make the necessary efforts, by exerting our reason and calling in the still better aids of our religion, in order to attain the equanimity, patience, and cheerful good-humour, so necessary to the character of a mother? If we would render our children obedient (and obedience in early life is the germ of every virtue), we must be ourselves humble towards Heaven, self-subdued in general manners, considerate to our servants, and submissive to our husbands. There is no lesson so efficacious as example; and few little boys learn meekness, or temperance, from the mamma who

"Raves at her maid, or with her neighbour"

or obedience to parents, whilst every day shows him in what discord and wrangling those parents live.

So much for April tempers! the "sweet and bitter cud" of which no one ought to chew, who desires to enjoy the delights of summer, and the wealth of autumn.

Having read the lessons April gives, let us look to the pleasures we may expect from her. Foremost, is the release, as we humbly trust, from general disease, and the gift of genial air, brilliant sunshine, green earth, and azure heaven. Rank, youth, and beauty, are hastening to the metropolis. Drawing-rooms are shining with numerous belles and countless diamonds—Opera-houses, like hedge-rows, are full of warblers—the Colosseum is offering new fascinations—the theatres of Braheam and Vestris (thanks to the latter) prolonging their reign;—nay, more, we have a brilliant romance from Mr. Ainsworth, one of his usual excellences from Mr. James, and another of great future promise from Miss Boyle. "Abel Allnut" has, we confess, disappointed us; for much as we know of country people, it is certain we never met with any so ignorant, as the hero and his sister; and we cannot forbear thinking there is a difference between silliness and simplicity—"Haji Baba" and the "Maid of Kars" were so admirable, one cannot help wishing the truly talented author would to the East again.

Mr. Lane's admirable "Egypt" is already in a new edition—Miss Mitford busy with a novel which must be excellent—the "Uncle Horace" of Mrs. S. C. Hall is on the verge of publication—Mr. Lover's "Irish Tales" enjoying their merited fame; and Mr. Miller's "Beauties of the Country" delighting all its lovers. Concerts of every class are afloat for those who "have music in their souls;" and dinners for charities of all kinds, claim attention from such as have "money in their purses," and pity in their hearts. Exhibitions are opened and opening; but that which must this year be the "observed of all observers" the Royal Academy is a May flower, therefore not yet blooming. That
of the British Gallery came to us with
the snow-drop, and like that, very beau-
tiful, is about to close—the Gallery in
Suffolk-street is in full bloom, and
boasts many admirable paintings: nor
must we omit to mention the very striking
Panorama by Burford, possessing all his
fidelity and effect.
For fashions of every description, from
the splendid garments of long past cen-
turies, to the elegant habiliments of Al-
mack's last ball, we can refer to the
plates of the present and preceding
numbers. Many bright eyes will look
at them—many young hearts hitherto
touched only by the light anxieties which
belong to dress, will examine them care-
fully. To such we say, "study the be-
coming rather than the most novel, the
most elegant in preference to the most
costly; and follow the example of your
good Queen, in patronising the manu-
factures of your country: you are enabled
to follow the elegant modes of Paris,
whilst you use the skilfully worked silks
of Spitalfields."

TO LIZZY.

_Addressed to a Canadian Maiden, a short time before her Departure from England._

The smile will leave thy gentle cheek,
The trickling tear will fall;
A bitter—bitter drop will seek,
To mix thy joy with gall:
For thou art going, Lizzy,
Void space will soon hide England's shore,
And thou be gone, sweet Lizzy!

Dark clouds upon thy brow will lower,
And friends will say "Farewell!"

Thy youth will feel in that drear hour,
What parted ones can tell;
And when thou'ret weeping, Lizzy,
We'll foudly claspe thy ling'ring form,
Our own, pale, silent Lizzy!

Soon winds will sweep those mists away,
_Again_ thy cheek will smile,
Thy roses bloom more brightly gay,
Far from our British isle;
Thy native land—dear Lizzy,
Those little feet will blitheely press,
Thy native land—dear Lizzy!

A lover's lips will welcome thee,
And sister arms will twine;
O merry will thy bosom be,
In that wild clime of thine;
Sweet, happy—happy Lizzy,
They'll hold thee to their beating hearts,
And call thee darling Lizzy!

And will thy thoughts ne'er wand'ring seek,
The home thy girlhood knew,
And those that saw thy pallid cheek,
And felt that parting too;
Wilt thou never dream, Lizzy?
Of England, and our still green fields,
Wilt thou never dream, Lizzy?
The Plague of Marseilles.

O yes thou wilt, at twilight's close,
When holiest feelings rise,
And thou art kneeling, pray for those,
Thou'll meet but in the skies;
For those that love thee, Lizzy,
Then let one word go trembling forth,
For those that love thee, Lizzy!

UMBRA.

THE PLAGUE OF MARSEILLES.

BY C. SPINDLER.

(Continued from page 195.)

Folques again passed round the now almost deserted streets of Marseilles to ascertain that good order and quietude prevailed everywhere; it was, therefore, dark before he arrived at his dwelling. Absorbed in the deepest contemplation, the old man repaired in extreme dejection to his solitary chamber.

Seating himself in his spacious armchair, he inquired, whilst his servant was removing his outer garments, if any news had arrived from the inspectors of the district?

"Yes, sir," was the answer, "a member of the council was here, and brought sad tidings!"

"Bad news! Quick, let me know the worst."

"Since noon, the malady has dreadfully increased. It is said that within the precincts of the city more than fifty persons have fallen victims. The overseers will this night have plenty to do, if they are going to bury all the dead, and more especially if, as rumour goes, they are to close every house which is infected. The cobbler, whose stall is at the corner of the street, fell at three o'clock this afternoon, suddenly, from his bench, and died a few hours afterwards, raving in the most dreadful manner. His neighbour, the old washerwoman, was so frightened at the occurrence, that she also fell sick, through terror, and died within an hour, remaining to the last speechless; and there are a vast number of cases of the same horrible description."

"Dreadful! dreadful!" exclaimed Folques: "how empty and vain is the confidence of man! It was only this morning that we sent a message to Paris, in which we boasted, that every symptom of the much feared malady had already vanished; yet scarcely a day has elapsed, and it again bursts forth with most deadly fury: but we must now patiently abide the consequences. My niece and her child have gone into the country; and my son is luckily at the fair, collecting in my debts. I may, therefore, calm my fears, on their account. My daughter, indeed, still remains here; but I think there is little danger for that poor ill-natured creature."

"She would, sir, be better taken care of were she in heaven— with your pardon for speaking so freely. A girl so ill-shaped and disfigured is badly off in this world. Though she has money, she could not gain admittance even into a nunnery: yet it would not matter if her ill looks were the only things to be complained of; but she is so ill-tempered and envious, that she vents her spite upon every one. She knows, indeed, that she is a plague to us all; but I'll venture to say, my dear master, that Death, for all that, will pass her by without notice."

"Because," said her father, "Death has the figure of a man."

"Not for that," replied the servant; "but because the lady confides, with heart and soul, in a relic of the holy Rochus, which was left her by her deceased mother; and she will not even now speak to the servants of the house, save at a distance so considerable, that she is not likely to be infected by their breaths."

"I expected as much; for she is as selfish as are the monks of St. Victor. Hark, Thomas! how the windows shake; what can be the cause?"

"Out doors, sir, there is a hot and sickly wind, and a heavy storm hovers over our devoted city; the forked lightnings cross each other over the dark and
dismal sea, and on the land suffocating vapours ascend to the skies!"

"My heart," said Folques, "beats heavily, and is full of anguish and sorrow: may God console all the poor sufferers, and may he soon send us fresh and wholesome air. What, indeed, can it be that sounds so strangely in the distance? is it music? or is it the moaning of the winds from the harbour-side?"

"No, sir; I think it is the bells of approaching mules: you may now clearly hear the hollow trot of the animals: it is the sound of some vehicle entering our desolate street."

"Who can it be? the carriage stops at this house."

"If I mistake not, I distinguish the voices of your niece and old Bridget."

"Great Heaven! and what do they want here—why have they returned?"

Old Folques, greatly agitated, arose, and throwing on his robe de chambre, hastily snatched up a candle, and repaired to receive his unlooked-for visitors: with a friendly and fatherly welcome, he intemixed reproaches, full of tears, and tender anxiety for their safety. "Heaven greet and bless you! but why came you hither? have you not received my letters? did I not tell you to stay away from Marseilles; and either remain some time in Toulon, or at least await my further advice at my farm at Honen, or my country-seat at Aubagne?"

Clemence replied, "We have not received any letters, and this house is the only place in which we ought to abide."

"In my house, and close to my heart, I would always wish you to be; but this town is at present threatened with a great and dreadful calamity. This populous city may soon be changed, by the angel of destruction, into a vast charnel-house. Save your life, Clemence! guard yourself, and your tender child, from the dangers hovering over our heads! Spare your remaining old days, my honest Bridget; fly quickly from the precipice that lies yawning at your feet!"

"And you, my dear father, what do you intend to do?"

"My duty as a citizen and a magistrate keeps me, nay, commands me, to remain firm to my post."

"And we will also remain, and fulfil our duty towards our benefactor," said Clemence. "The danger was not unknown to us: in Toulon, every heart throbbed with anxiety and fear; we could not find a vessel which would bring us hither; we were therefore compelled to make the journey by land. Every where we went, the visages of the inhabitants betokened alarm and the utmost consternation: we heard nothing but dreadful accounts, and the nearer we approached our place of destination, the more terrifying the accounts grew; and it was only by bribing the coachman that he would be persuaded to drive us into the city, where the few people in the streets, generally so crowded, speedily convinced us of the melancholy truth. But we are in good spirits: the Virgin, our mother, will not forsake us, if we do not forsake our benefactor. How could we think of leaving you by yourself? Bertrade is not competent to nurse, should any fearful event happen to you. Victor is absent, so there is, thank God, no fear for his life; though his presence will be missed. We will, therefore, be to you in the stead of your own children, and stimulate each other in actions of affection and usefulness, should God, in his infinite wisdom, be pleased to send a heavy punishment upon our house."

Clemence and Bridget embraced the good old man with childlike tenderness. His resolution could not stand proof against the feelings which took secret possession of his soul. Unable to utter a word in thanks for their tenderness, he shed tears of gratitude. Then with a look, expressive of deep and heartfelt grief, he pointed towards the door of Bertrade's apartment, and sorrowfully lifting up his eyes towards heaven, pressed Clemence once more to his breast; then he shook the honest nurse by the hand; and vainly endeavouring any longer to restrain his overcharged feelings, retired hastily to his chamber.

Clemence laid the innocent and slumbering Rosa on her soft pillow, and, whilst Bridget busied herself unpacking their luggage, she knelt down before the image of the Virgin and the crucified Redeemer, to thank Heaven for her safe return; then she prayed for the welfare of the noble Folques, as also for her unkind and relentless parents, and for all those she loved, not excluding Victor, whose image was engraven for ever on her heart.

The door now slowly opened, and Bertrade, like a shadow of former days, entered the room, holding a faintly burning taper
in her hand, and as if completely overcome with fatigue, quickly seated herself on a chair which stood close by the door.

Clemence raised her face in utter astonishment, and Bridget said in a rather low voice, "God bless you, lady! what wish you at this late hour of the evening? Many weeks have now passed since we met! Have you come to bid your cousin welcome, although at her departure you did not honour her with a farewell!"

Bertrade answered with a solemn air, "It is never too late to make amends for an injustice, thoughtlessly committed. Is this the true, cousin Clemence?"

Clemence, easily reconciled, approached her relative, and said to her, with an angelic smile, "Certainly so, my dear cousin—all is forgotten and forgiven, and I return your salutation most heartily."

Bertrade pointed to her with her crutch to remain at a measured distance, saying, "You were angry with me, because a few hasty words escaped from my lips, though I really did not intend any harm. But evil days have come upon us, and the Lord has drawn the sword of vengeance from its scabbard, it is the duty of all Christians to forgive, if they would now sue for mercy. Let us therefore be reconciled to each other; for if you die, your soul will never rest in peace, knowing that you acted wrongfully towards me. I am, indeed, a weak and helpless creature; but my soul would suffer ineffable sorrow were I the cause, how innocently soever, of creating the slightest misunderstanding between us, so closely related as we are."

Clemence, in a friendly tone, assured her that she desired nothing more ardently than to be on terms of affection with her; "and if," said she, "I have aught to forgive, I now do so most sincerely, from the bottom of my heart. I covet a life of harmony and love."

Bertrade sighed deeply, and in a hollow voice said, "Ah! I have already greatly afflicted myself: I have more than once regretted the curse which I thoughtlessly uttered in a hasty moment of extreme wrath; for curses, like blessings, have their fruits of good and evil. The world is full of sin, my dear Clemence, and the Deity purposes to sit in judgment upon us. The bells of our churches are ever tolling for the departed, whose spirits are entering eternity, till at last the hands even of those who now pull the bell-ropes shall be stricken with death. There will, ere long, be mourning in every house: graves will be wanted, and there will be no hands to open them. Choose, therefore, for yourself, while the mercy of the Almighty be granted to you, some holy father to whom you may make full confession of your sins."

Bridget impatiently interrupted her, saying, "you need not trouble us with your recommendations; we shall of ourselves adopt this course, when disease more immediately threatens us."

Bertrade, however, continued her discourse without apparently noticing the temporary and irreligious interruption. "You have already suffered much, dear Clemence, and the angel of destruction generally seizes upon those who, struggling with adversity, are longing to quit this world of trouble."

Clemence was in her turn angry at this reiterated and uncalled for admonition. "Believe me, Bertrade, I am prepared to meet my fate, but spare me from this mournful and harassing conversation. Our journey has fatigued us, and we are now in need of refreshing sleep."

Without noticing Clemence's request, Bertrade still continued speaking. "Sleep!" she repeated— "you surely do not mean to think of sleep. By watchfulness and prayers can sorrows be healed! Sleep not, lest grim death take you by surprise. Abide awake, and forget not to seek for mercy: if you are reckless about your own destiny, remember, have pity for your child, for ere the hour of midnight its angel spirit may forsake its gently throbbing breast, and onward pass into an unknown and trackless world."

With her hands clasped upon her hearing bosom, Clemence sheltered her infant, then wrapt in the unconsciousness of sleep; and as the tears rolled down her pallid cheeks, she made a sign to her persecuting cousin to keep silence.

Bridget, however, took upon herself a more decided part. Confronting Bertrade, she scolded her in the most unmeasured words of censure.

"Do you not know," she said, "whom you resemble to the very life? I will tell you, then. You are like the executioner, who, torturing his victim, pauses a while in the fulfilment of the melancholy duties of his office, that he may make his victim suffer tenfold pain. I
conjure you instantly to leave the room; if not, I will entreat M. Folques to give us protection, who knows better than I do how to treat his spiteful and malicious daughter." The eyes of the old woman spoke a language which could not be misunderstood; her full intention to carry her threat into execution might be read in them, so much so that Bertrade did not think it prudent to remain in the field against so resolute an opponent. With a glance which glowed with withering scorn, and an action of her crutch full of secret defiance, Bertrade silently and slowly hobbled through the door-way. When she heard Bridget bolt the door behind her, her very soul was stirred with malice, and she shuffled back to her own chamber.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "she may bolt the door; but what I said will find its way to her heart. She may fatten and thrive for a while upon the repast I have prepared for her; and she may eat and drink at my father's table, as if she were, indeed, the mistress of the house, while I, his only daughter, feed but upon the crumbs of his table. She, indeed, is loved and caressed by every one, though the mother of an illegitimate offspring; but I will yet let her know that I, a maiden of unspotted purity, despise her utterly, and will humble her proud spirit. She has for awhile, by her insinuating manner, deceived my father, and wheedled herself into his as well as into my brother's favour; and I should not be surprised if she would like to become my mother-in-law, or else my brother's wife; but never trust me, if such her wedding-day be before mine." With these words Bertrade entered her room, which was, indeed, the least comfortable in the whole house. It was on the ground floor, with only one small window in it, which looked into a narrow street inhabited by very poor people; and the absence of all cleanliness, and an accumulation of filth, rendered it almost impassable.

Bertrade, in one of her strange humours, had chosen this doleful abode, which she had furnished in the same tasteless manner, as was outwardly displayed in her style of dress. Window and bed curtains of faded and half worn-out materials; a looking glass, marked, spotted, and covered with a coat of dust; badly-coloured drawings of saints and martyrs, suspended on the otherwise dreary walls; a pair of old drawers, in which the inmate of this miserable abode hid her treasures, on which was a large shrine of glass, with a pale figure of Christ in wax; the curly hair, and also the dress of cotton, manufactured by Bertrade herself: in one corner was an old chamber organ, out of tune; and a few prayer and note books, scattered here and there, completed the whole of the wretched furnishing of her chamber. When Bertrade had set her candle down on a corner of the hearth, she leant against the little organ, and drawing back the curtains, softly opened the window, looking eagerly into the dark and gloomy street, in which there was not a light visible. Here then in the city all was buried in the depths of quietude; but amidst the mountains the hollow murmur of majestic thunder was distinctly heard, as it echoed from side to side. Bertrade had yet within herself other thoughts, than those which were fraught with mischief to mankind: now she whispered to herself—"Will he return again this evening? I may still be deceived, I thought I saw him at the close of the evening, in the same large white cloak which he wore yesterday: she bent her ear for awhile listening attentively, then she gazed abroad again, then again she leant nearly half out of the window, then she drew herself hastily back. A flash of lightning had illumined the horizon, and a manly figure, in plumed hat and light cloak, stood at the entrance of the street. Bertrade could scarcely breathe, so great was her astonishment, her heart throbbing with anticipation and curiosity, as she repeated to herself in a whisper, whilst impatiently rubbing her hands—"It is surely he!.... why does he not approach?.... could it have been my song of yesterday which drew him hither?.... may be, he too awaits a repetition of it as a signal?"

With trembling hand, the vain Bertrade touched the little unharmonious organ, and drew forth a half bellowing—half whining sound; which she tried to accompany with her equally discordant voice. The song which she had chosen for the occasion, and which, in fact, was the only one her bad memory had ever been able to retain, was an old war-song in honour of the Emperor Frederick, the red-bearded: with a low sobbing voice she sung—
"I love the knights of noble France,
And the beautiful maids of Spain;
At Castille's court I love to dance,
And a Burgundy cup to drain."

Further she could not sing; but full of anxiety, peeping through the window, she observed with infinite pleasure that the spell had worked effectually, and that the night wanderer stood close by the casement. Anticipating something propitious on the part of this silent adventurer, perhaps already dreaming of bridal joys and bliss, her cold heart for a moment glowed with delight, and with the chaste beauty of a bursting rosebud, she asked herself—"Does he intend to speak tonight, or will he remain mute, as yesterday?"

The mysterious stranger cautiously approached, and tapping softly with his finger at the window, said in a very soft whisper, "Why, fair songstress of the cloister, do you not finish your song?"

Bertrade replied by some incoherent expression of astonishment; but the voice of prudence cautioned her to be silent, lest by untimely exclamations she should frighten away this seemingly ardent follower. Evidently disguising his voice, he flatteringly continued, "Be not angry with me for my boldness in addressing you; yesterday I was charmed with the sweetness of your voice, and this night expected equal delight."

"Hush!" exclaimed Bertrade, in a scarcely audible sound, "for Heaven's sake be silent with your flatteries, lest any one hear us." The tone with which these words were spoken, plainly betrayed how agreeable the tribute of approbation was to the mind of the singer; and her inward joy was greatly increased as, by the faint glimmer of the light from within, she gazed upon the graceful attitude of the unknown. Long raven curls over-shadowed his bold and expansive forehead; his dark eyes shot forth brilliant glances; a Roman nose added dignity to his features; and in truth he was, in every respect, a cavalier of far more than ordinary appearance.

Fixed was the attention of Bertrade upon this attractive object, when a sudden gust of wind blowing aside his elegant and ample cloak, her delighted eyes beheld an elegant and well-fashioned form, clad in an embroidered suit, trimmed with gold lace, and lined with red silk, which in those days fully bespoke a man of rank, education, and wealth. Bertrade's heart throbbed with increased joy; and when again the stranger, in a softer tone, continued, "You are right, sweet and amiable girl, and the sympathy which unites two harmonious souls, ought to be a secret, hid from every unpermitted eye. The charm of thy sweet voice has, for ever, spell-bound me to your person; and it can be only a superior mind which can derive its chief pleasure from music's most sacred fountain. How great would be my happiness to be permitted to know its author better!"

At these words, Bertrade felt a soft and gentle pressure on her hand. The melody of the speaker's voice had indeed entranced her soul, so that she had not the heart to withdraw it from the willing grasp, although she exclaimed; in strains of dubious amazement, "What, sir, are you doing? You deceive yourself, or you would only sport with me, for I know too well that I am not able to create in your bosom so much sympathy. Cruel nature has denied to me those attractions which make woman sought as the blessed and happy companion of your sex."

"Your heart!" interrupted the stranger. "Do you then count that precious gem nothing, because it slumbers in a shell which is not appreciated by those who surround you? I have in my life experienced strange reverses of fortune, and know too well that this world's happiness concerns not the exterior value, and that the kindred impulses of the soul create a longer and more lasting impression upon the mind, than the evanescent charms of external beauty. I doubted not that you possessed a spirit capable of sympathy with my own; nurtured as both have been in affliction, and disciplined by the extreme of sorrow and suffering. Allow me, then, to avail myself of our strange and accidental meeting, to lay a claim for further acquaintance."

In the greatest confusion, Bertrade flatteringly answered, "You frighten me by your earnestness ... but then your appearance bespeaks you to be a noble-minded man, a creature so rare, that I confess I feel a pleasure in your company, however imprudent be such an avowal on my part, and particularly so
on our very short and singularly brought about acquaintance."

It was only after a long pause that Bertrade could continue. "But..." she at length exclaimed, "the possibility—" and here again her utterance was choked. "But," again she repeated, "my father is harsh and severe; my brother is void of feeling, and bears such malice towards me in his heart, that for worlds I would not have them know of our meeting."

Remarking her visible emotion, the stranger exclaimed with angry zeal—"Woe to the man who plays with the feelings of the beautiful and mild heart of woman! But is there then no female in this house, to whom you can divulge the bitter troubles of your soul?"

"Not one, alas! in whom I dare confide. There are only two females in the house: a cousin, whom my father in mere charity has taken by the hand; and a malicious, prying old housekeeper, who thoroughly hates me!"

"Is there not some angel to lend us aid? Some days ago—for I have long watched you—I saw a little darling looking out at this window. The child was playing with its nurse, whom I have also often observed at the front windows: probably the child is an orphan, whom you out of pity have taken under your protection, towards whom you act a mother's part?"

Bertrade, confused by the compliment thus paid to her supposed feelings of humanity, and unwilling to diminish the stranger's good opinion, answered with modest reluctance, "You are not altogether wrong in the conjectures you made. Who could do otherwise than feel for an unprotected and friendless child?"

"Where," asked the stranger, "is the little darling, will you not allow me to see it; I am extremely fond of children; I should delight to behold it at your side, on your knee, hanging to your bosom—the maiden-mother with her child, would recall to my imagination our holy Virgin, whose divinity we worship in our temples,—it would indeed be a beautiful sight! permit me, if only for a moment, to gaze upon the infant...this night, else to-morrow, or the day after—or when? as soon as you will."

The comparison which certainly under any other, or rather under totally opposite, circumstances could not have been more happily chosen, flattered the vanity of Bertrade so greatly, that in the excess of her joy, in thinking thereby the more closely to bind the stranger to her, she promised him every thing he desired, after she had made a slight hesitation, as if overcome by the bashfulness of maiden modesty. Soon however recovering herself, and resolving in her mind how to act, she permitted the winning stranger to appoint to see her on the morrow, at the same time hinting in covert terms that the door of her obscure room would be open to receive him. The voice of the thunder, which was now rolling over the city, and the howling and whistling of the winds, drowned the farewell words of the stranger; but the parting kiss on the fair hand of his charmer, spoke plainly and decisively of the honesty of his intentions. Inflamed by a passion which had so unexpectedly taken possession of her heart, Bertrade, for the first time in her life, went with self-confidence and even conceit to the looking-glass, saying good-humourdly, "The injustice with which nature has acted towards me, seems at last in some measure to abate. It would be glorious, if I, the unprotected and scorned, should, by the assistance of Heaven, find that whilst the plague breaks asunder a thousand tender ties, it brings to me a loving helpmate, to be the solace of my future life—a being for whom my heart has incessantly longed. I will try every art in my power to bind his soul to me. And as it is his desire, even the unholy offspring of my proud cousin shall aid my project. And should, indeed, the whole matter be disclosed, what then? I care not. The circumstance must be public one day or other; and if known, it will only bind him still closer to me. He is a foreigner, his tongue betrays it. It will be well and wise to take speedy and decisive steps. May be, he will take me away from this town, where, since my earliest youth, hatred and humiliation have been my lot—may be..."

A terrible clap of thunder here interrupted her proud thoughts of the future. The sky seemed to glow with fire, a thunderbolt had struck the lofty tower of the fort St. John. The elements were warring in their utmost fury; and Bertrade, moved by superstitious fear, fled for protection with her beads and reliques to her bed.

The oldest inhabitants of Marseilles could not recall to their memory a storm
The Plague of Marseilles.

The whole amount at this time left in the city treasury, was but eleven hundred livres*; and neither corn, meat, nor firing, had been provided for the poor, and the country people having absented themselves from the markets, it produced so sudden a change, that there existed, from this particular cause alone, the greatest tumult and confusion amongst the populace. The citizens of Marseilles, generally submissive to the laws of their country, now repaired in still greater irritation than on the former occasion to their magistrates to expostulate with them on their extreme state of destitution; but panic-struck, they had already fled from the town. The misery was not, however, confined to this class alone. Fathers, possessors of property, in the hour of dissolution anxiously sought for some public confirmation of the provision they had made for their families, as by law required, to be confirmed by the hand of some public notary; but neither notary nor lawyer was to be found in the whole city. Many were the women who, horror-struck with the dreadful spectacle of the previous night, awaited with sensations of the utmost dread, the hour when they were to become mothers, for medical aid could scarcely be procured, either for love or money. Many thousands, indeed, were sending up their prayers and entreaties for the aid of a physician. But the doctors, with few exceptions, had either, for their own safety's sake, absented themselves, or had otherwise, for enormous sums, lent their aids in the several monasteries. The few, indeed, who had remained, were totally inadequate to meet the innumerable demands upon their time; some in despair followed the example of their fellows! others yielding themselves up to the general terror, shrugged up their shoulders, and suffered their patients to struggle with death in the best manner they could. Emigration from the city, hourly increased to an alarming extent; to obtain a horse was scarcely possible. The enraged people cursed, and even ill-treated the wealthier citizens, as they fled through the gates of the town. The magistracy, who had been chosen temporarily by the people, only possessed a sort of paternal power; and when they found this to be insu-

* Ancient livres which are now out of circulation were about two shillings and sixpence each.—Ed.
sufficient, they felt at last compelled to call
in the aid of the King’s troops, to restrain
the riotous multitude. But the application
was in vain; the governor of the pro-
vince was absent, and the commander of
the citadel had shut himself, and the
whole of the garrison, within its walls.
Urged by necessity, and in the greatest
state of perplexity, the magistrates called
upon the guards of the arsenal, and the
costables superintending the galley-
slaves, to give their succour. But the
generals of the divisions refused to send
even a single man, securing themselves
safely behind the strong gratings and trell-
ises. The magistrates threatened them
with future retaliation; but they cared
nothing for threats, though the bishops
and clergy, who alone had not left their
posts, also denounced upon them the
vengeance of Heaven.

The garrison, in some measure, took part
with the people, declaring that if the sup-
ply of the daily provisions were withheld
by the city, they would batter it down and
all its splendid palaces. Every present
means of subsistence seemed now to be
nearly exhausted, so that only a miracle, or
extreme generosity on the part of the rich,
could save the people from destruction.
The bishop, a fanatic, but a virtuous man,
looked favourably upon this grand occa-
sion for displaying the great virtues of
the famous Borromæus of Milan.

Imitating the example of that pious
personage, he laid all his wealth on the
altar of his country’s wants, and content-
ing himself with the scanty food of the
poorest mendicant friar, incessantly de-
 voted himself, in every quarter of the
city, to the very neediest of the sufferers.
His was a noble contrast to the selfish
behaviour of the proud Counts of St.
Victor, who, possessing both immense
wealth, and, what was now even of more
intrinsic value, a great store of provisions,
kept the whole for their own especial use.
The parochial authorities and the mem-
ers of other public institutions, also re-
fused every kind of alms for the assistance
of the poor, neglecting to use the
means in their power for erecting and
supporting hospitals. The Chevalier de
Roze was one of the first who, having
but recently arrived home, distributed
his extensive wealth, the produce of his
industry in foreign lands, amongst the
needy. “My industry,” he said, “has
procured me half a million: the wife
I, but a few days ago, brought home
with me, added still further to my
fortune, but I am willing to sacrifice
it all, and out of my own means will
build an hospital, in the quarter of the
town in which I live; and I will my-
self work and assist, to the utmost of
my power, where the danger is greatest.”

This open and commendable example
was soon followed by Estelle and Mon-
tier, two noble-minded magistrates. De
Vigmer and the other two consuls,
though not inspired with equal patriotism,
acted as men of firmness in their situ-
tions ought to do. Now here and there
some rich merchant, or corn-dealer, open-
ed his provisions, stores, and granaries—
then a courageous and spirited citizen
brought forward a supply of victuals, for
the half famished poor: but these tardy,
though generous, acts on the part of the
donors, would not have calmed the angry
passions of the people, if the plague had
not still continued to spread havoc around,
teaching them a stern lesson of humili-
ity. The day following the awful storm,
before the sun had reached its zenith,
hundreds of people sickened again in
every direction; in the healthiest streets,
and parts of the town, the epidemic now
raged with unremitting violence. No part
was spared, even the rich inhabitants
of the houses, in the noblest palaces of the
Corso, contained many victims!

The people, hitherto the only sufferers,
whose misery none seemed to care for,
now beheld, with utter astonishment, the
very persons who had fled from the city,
returning in vast crowds, having been
compelled to do so by the military cordon
drawn up by order of the parliament of
Paris, supported by the cannon of Tou-
lon, instant death being the consequence
of refusal. Every vessel that attempted to
sail for a foreign coast was likewise de-
tained in the harbour. This apparent
equality of justice softened the otherwise
unbounded rage of the people, who now
found that the rich were obliged to par-
ticipate in their hard destiny with the
poor and wretched, which gave them
greater fortitude to bear the inevitable
lot awarded to them. Inclination to
open riot, now no longer existed; but
a horrible display of loose and unfettered
passion seized upon the people, who
outraged the most sacred duties of man.
With grim and brutal violence, the multitude strode forth amidst the dreadful desolation. Passions such as these gave birth to crimes of the most hideous nature, which could not be guarded against; nay, the officers were forced to leave them unpunished, for there was neither magistrate to try, nor judge to condemn them. Some, moved by feelings of fanaticism, wholly lost sight of all the real and valuable doctrines of Christianity. Law and religion were indeed trodden under foot, and the most unlicensed self-will held sway in every breast.

To return to old Dinart’s dwelling. Agatha had been all night long wandering about amongst a plot of high and ornamental trees planted near a cross, wringing her hands in the extreme of fear and despair, peals of thunder rent the air, and dread feelings of terror oppressed the heavy soul of Bertrade; her ghastly look, her inflamed eyes, and swollen cheeks, betokened the greatness of her sufferings, and measured the depth of her despair. When the heavens are bright, and nature is smiling, short-sighted and light-hearted mortals are wont to drive away care with laughter, and rejoice in every trifle which their wayward fancy places in attractive colours before them: no sooner, however, do gathering clouds announce a threatening storm, than they tremble in every limb, like the aspen tree at the passing zephyr. Such was the condition of Madame Dinart, when praying for the approach of dawn, during the absence of her husband, as a member of the Council; and in order to cheer her spirits, invitations had been sent to many of her numerous friends to visit her. A small party had arrived, amongst whom was her future daughter-in-law, the beautiful and accomplished Cassandra. The breakfast table, covered with costly plate, and supplied with the choicest delicacies, awaited the humour of the sympathizing guests; whilst Madame Dinart took upon herself the honours of the table. In the midst of her duties a sudden giddiness seized her, and staggering for a moment, she sank apparently inanimate into a chair, with a visage pale as death; leaving the company in dreadful doubt whether she were alive or dead, so deep was the sigh with which she closed her eyes. A china cup of beautiful workmanship, which she had the instant before raised to her mouth, had lucklessly fallen on the ground, and, shattered to atoms, gave the first general signal of alarm. The assembled guests hurried from every part of the room to her assistance; sweet-smelling water and restoratives were quickly applied to her temples, and her hands were rubbed with the utmost diligence by the fair attendants: zeal and kindness the most unremitting and friendly, were exerted in her behalf.

It was not long before Madame Dinart gave consolatory evidence of restoration to life: but, alas! how changed was her appearance; on a sudden her countenance assumed a most horrid aspect. Her eyes, which previously were faint and languishing, now rolled about in fearful force, as if ready to burst from their sockets: the veins became frightfully enlarged, and to appearance they were like balls of fire. Her bosom also heaved violently at each effort to breathe, and throughout her whole frame she shivered and trembled. Until this period she had been silent, but she now began to give utterance to words without meaning, intermixed with the most soul-appalling shrieks, which almost terrified those who surrounded her out of their wits. Agatha now complainéd of the fire which raged within her bosom, and she cried aloud for the soothing consolation of the Sacrament. She would then address the bystanders in that kind of jargon used by persons in a state of delirium: one while abusing those who had exerted themselves to restore her; and then again, almost in the same breath, praying for mercy from the Most High. The guests, during this period of extreme anxiety and interest, had held tolerable command over their feelings, but their minds were now troubled with dire foreboding thoughts. A barber who had instantly been brought to the house in order to bleed the unfortunate lady, as soon as he beheld his patient, uttered aloud these horror-striking words—“The plague! she is smitten with the plague! fly, or your lives are endangered!” and with fear strongly marked in each of his hard features, he ran instantly out of the house, followed almost as hastily by all Madame Dinart’s friends, some weeping, some shrieking, and all scarcely knowing whether, in common parlance, they stood upon their heads or their heels. But there still remains for record, one other and more painful instance of the workings
of fear, even in the breasts of those who are part and parcel of the same house and family. Up to this moment Cassandra, the betrothed daughter-in-law, had supported the invalid, by passing her arms around her as she sat on a chair; but now she too, as if herself immortal, that is, as if divested of the need to claim the aid of human kind, got up, without thought, consideration, or care, and suffered the patient, her future parent, to fall prostrate on the floor; and as if the noise of her contact with the rude ground had been the note of preparation for the uprising of some unearthly inhabitant of the lower regions, she fled, not casting one look behind her upon the wreck, the same as if she had been actually pursued by some demon not of her own imagining. Another of the guests, a lady far advanced in pregnancy, was less able than the rest to quit the apartment in such extreme haste, but her thoughts, like those of the whole company, were fixed solely upon considerations touching her own personal safety: the ill that was borne, pressed far less heavily upon her mind, than the danger that awaited her own self; and the really afflicted and suffering engaged no portion of her thoughts. At the door of Madame Dinart's house, a chair awaited one of the company: it might have been thought that this easy mode of conveying the affected to some hospital, where money would have bought service and attention, might have been resorted to, so that a friend's life should not have been thus recklessly sacrificed, and that some latent germ of humanity would at this suitable occasion have sprung up into activity, and have given it to her who then stood the most in need of it. This lady then petitioned, for her own sake, that the chairmen would convey her to her own home instead of their mistress; of whose real condition, if it belonged to the family, these honest men were doubtless unaware.

Having prevailed upon the bearers to allow her to take her seat, the lady entered the sedan-chair, and, according to her directions, was conveyed homeward. The porter of the house being summoned to attend his mistress, the chair was opened. How great was the dismay, as the men gazed upon a corpse; the soul of the occupant, scared away by the agitation of the possessor, had winged its flight to another world. Such, then, are the workings of terror, that, as in this instance, so in a great multitude of cases, deaths ensue from actual fright, by pre-disposing the frame, owing to disease and derangement of the animal economy, so that it cannot resist as a body in full health and vigour would; and the virus, whether from the breath of the affected, or by contact, or by the quality of the atmosphere inhaled, having met with a weak and sickly antagonist, there takes to itself a congenial abiding place: contagion amalgamating itself with the blood of its victim, diminished in virtue by the shock occasioned by terror. A wholesome warning may be taken by mankind, but particularly by the female sex, to gain for themselves, and to inculcate into the minds of those young persons who are intrusted to their care, fortitude, as a treasure in the hour of great public calamity, but particularly in the execution of so many of their domestic and important duties. The household at Madame Dinart's were not long before they followed the example set them, and there remained neither servant nor chamber-maid within the large and spacious dwelling. From the cases which had already occurred, they knew too well the course which would be immediately pursued. The undertakers would call and take away the body: and such of the inmates as unfortunately remained in the house, would either be driven forth and incarcerated in a hospital, or else compelled to remain in the house where the deceased was; the doors of which would be bricked up, and its inhabitants prevented from holding any communication from without. A faithful female servant, who was the last to take farewell of the house, met old Dinart on the lower stairs, and cautiously broke to him the dreadful news. In inexpressible agony he ascended the stairs, and gazed eagerly into the room where Agatha, helpless and alone, still continued to struggle with death.

"My unfortunate wife!" he exclaimed, "what ails you?"

Agatha, in her despair, exclaimed, "I burn. Oh! my husband. . . . Good God! assist me .... They have all left me .... but you—you will remain by me! Saviour of mankind! forgive my sins!"

"You have the plague!" exclaimed her husband, "God have mercy on your soul!" and he trembled from head to foot,
The Plague of Marseilles.

and his teeth chattered in agony, as he hastened from the room. Maximin met him on the stairs, half intoxicated and exhausted from a previous night's debauch. "Great God!" he cried, with all the energy of his eager and hasty character, "is it true? have we the plague in our house? is my mother dying? Let us hasten and save ourselves! He then attempted forcibly to drag the old man from the house. Dinart exclaimed angrily, "You are a fool to think that I shall do so. Shall I leave my money, my house, and my property, unprotected? No! let us hasten to the town-hall, and procure means to have the corpse* removed out of this dwelling: I will then shut up the whole house, and have the locks sealed by the authorities: you must, meanwhile, stay here, and guard the place, that no one enters."

"You surely would not have me stay alone in the house?" exclaimed the son, full of astonishment: "I already smell the pestilential vapours; I am willing, however, to take my gun, and stand sentinel outside the door, and shoot any one who dares to pass it."

Whilst these occurrences were taking place, a female, closely veiled, crossed the street leading into the Corso. There was great bustle and confusion in the street; and the merchants, shopkeepers, and artisans were closing their warehouses, and ending business. Similar bustle and confusion prevailed in the public-houses and inns: the bakers' shops were thronged with people, who battled for the last piece of bread; and the poor and wretched, dying of hunger, cried aloud in vain for food. Women stood in groups, wringing their hands in despair, with tears in their eyes, telling each other of their misery and suffering. Priests and their attendants were to be seen passing in procession, bearing tapers and huge crosses, whilst they were hastening to the sick to afford them, ere it was too late, the last solace of religion, and grant them absolution. A strong and powerful breeze rustling amongst the folds of their silken garments chimed in curious harmony with their voices, and contrasted strangely with the uproar of the noisy rabble, amongst whom, little heeded, they made their pilgrim's progress.

Litters, with sick and dying, crossed each other at each corner of the streets. Coffins and hand-barrows containing dead bodies were being dragged about in every direction. The multitude desponded, as though the scythe of Death was already at their heels—the paleness of the eleventh hour was depicted on their visages. The female who was hastening, in the manner just spoken of, now rested for one minute on a post at the entrance of the Corso, and lifting up her veil, a person in the crowd exclaimed, in great astonishment, "Lady Dinart! how came you here?"

"Unspeakable sorrow, and fearful anticipations have driven me from the home to my good old Anselm. I must go and visit my parents."

"God protect you then, my dear lady! turn back again. Your mother is wrestling with death. The house is empty; it no longer needs any one to guard it."

The old servant hastened away, and Clemence, gathering all her strength, in a short space of time reached the house. Maximin was standing at the door of their father's dwelling. As soon as he saw his sister, he threatened to shoot her, if she dared approach or venture to enter the paternal roof; saying, "Go back, unworthy sister, what further business can you have amongst us?"

"Think of the fourth commandment, Maximin," she mildly replied, "and follow me, if there be still within you any portion of that love, which a child ought to have for a parent; but oppose me in the performance of my duty, if you dare!"

Clemence, without further parley, entered the gateway, whither Maximin had not the courage to follow her, and was soon lost to view. Maximin vented his rage in pouring out curses upon the head of his pious sister, whose sudden appearance had awakened to the fullest extent his slumbering feelings of hatred. The fervour of his passion was quickly succeeded by a cold sensation of shuddering, which passed through his whole frame. Unconscious of what he was doing, he ran to the house where his intended bride resided, but he could not gain admission, as his betrothed had shut herself within strong doors, and informed him that the danger of the times prevented her from then holding further communication with him.

Clemence had in the mean time reached the apartment where her weak and nearly
exhausted mother still lay prostrate on the marble floor. The daughter knelt down by her parent’s side, and burning tears fell upon her mother’s cheek. Madame Dinart now slowly raised the lids of her sunken eyes; steadfastly gazed upon her child, then with a deep sigh fell back into her former state of stupor.

No greeting escaped her parched lips; nor did the slightest pressure of the hand reward the disowned, yet faithful child; no tear of thankfulness, bearing witness to newly-kindled emotion, moistened her dim eyes. But Clemence cared not for thanks, she felt herself more than rewarded by seeing that her mother, whom she had thought dead, was still alive. In haste, but silently, she prepared a bed in a corner of the room, having collected together some pillows which she had found in an adjoining apartment, on which she placed her poor mother. She then fetched some water to cool her burning tongue, applying at the same time vinegar to her hands and forehead. Thus Clemence continued to watch over and supply the wants of her mother, as affectionately as her own much exhausted frame would permit. But she had soon to renew her attentions; for in a brief interval, the fever returned, with even greater violence than before. After an hour of painful suffering, the delirious fit abated a little, and now heavy footsteps intimated the approach of assistance. In reality, this solitary and resolute visitor was a doctor, who had been sent for several hours before. Don Cadros was the name of this practitioner of the healing art, by birth a Spaniard, rather celebrated for his pedantry and perverseness: he was habited in the dress worn by the physicians of Marseilles, whomever the plague was raging. The frightful aspect of this costume, and the ghastly visage of the wearer, were sufficient in themselves to pall the hearts of the sick with images of death. A closely fitting leather cap covered his head, face, and neck; his eyes peeped through a pair of mounted glasses: the opening for the wearer’s mouth was only sufficiently large for breathing, and between his teeth he constantly held a sponge dipped in vinegar. His figure was concealed in a large oil-cloth cloak: thick gloves, likewise dipped in vinegar, preserved his hands, in which he held a long slender staff; and on his feet were thick high-raised wooden clogs. Thus protected, he passed like a ghost into the middle of the room, then stopping at some distance from the spot where Madame Dinart lay, he placed his staff forward upon her wrist, and felt her pulse with it. Standing at the same distance, he inspected the face and appearance of the body of the unfortunate lady, asking various questions, which Clemence had to answer. In a hollow voice she said, “This is the all-destroying plague. I am strangely mistaken if there be aught in nature which can cure it. Spiritual consolation is for the present my only advice. God alone is able to help her.”

So hopeless a sentence of death rendered stagnant the warm blood of the compassionate and dutiful Clemence; she was, however, still more frightened by the appearance, of a band of grim and savage-looking men pressing round the door, and looking in utter dismay upon the group. The men wore the national garb of Death’s ministers, and had come to drag the corpse to a grave which had been opened for its reception. Old Dinart was in the rear, trembling and pale with fright and sorrow; but his fears increased still more when he had had time to examine the persons before him. There was his wife, whom he had so cruelly neglected in the hour of greatest danger, and his banished daughter attending her. Clemence arose all in a moment, and, like an enraged tigress, confronted the undertakers, crying out to them with a resolution of tone and manner which left no doubt of her purpose. “Demons!” she said, “would ye, whilst the warm blood yet circled in her veins, cast my parent living into a tomb? Kill me, before you touch her with your rude hands. She lives, and there also is a living God who will protect her, even though she be abandoned by the whole world, and those nearest to her!”

“Clemence!” exclaimed Dinart, who was taken altogether by surprise; but before he had uttered more, he was hastily interrupted by his daughter, “Father,” said she, “be not angry with me, I will not remain to be odious in your sight! when my mother is out of danger, I will return to my former miserable solitude; but should she die, these people will be able to feast upon two burials instead of one!”

“The thoughtless girl may be right,” exclaimed Cabras, gravely, as he moved consequentially towards the door: his example was followed by Dinart and
most of the pall-bearers. One of the more courageous, carefully avoiding a near approach to him, asked the doctor, under such circumstances, what course would be the best to be pursued. Carabas, shrugging his shoulders, answered, "You had better return to-morrow, your burthen will by that time be certain."

The grave-diggers made the sign of the cross on their breasts, crying aloud, "Holy Rochus protect us! if deaths and the plague continue to endanger us thus, we must, for our own safety, discontinue our services; we also have wives and children, as we know that merely to touch one of these corpses produces death." The doctor departed from the house, and in the street was met by his own servant, who, to prevent contagion, poured over his master a stream of vinegar. The death-birds dispersed like phantoms of the night, and only two men remained behind. One of them painted on the door a large red cross, as a sign that the place was infected with the plague; and the other, bribed by a considerable sum of gold, had been persuaded to stand sentinel, and guard Dinart's property; having strict orders not to allow any person to enter the house, except the doctor and the clergyman.

We must now, leaving all these horror-striking scenes, conduct the reader to the more peaceable and happy, though less magnificent habitation, which in the former portion of this narrative had sheltered the form of the discarded Clemence and her child, which, affection for her dying parent, had alone induced her to leave. In the absence of its mother, Thomas, (M. Folques' servant,) nursing the little Rosa in his arms, carried her up and down the room, which, for several hours, was without a light, although it had been dark a long time. Accustomed to hard work on board of ship in carrying heavy burdens, he nevertheless found the child extremely tiresome, as it would not go to sleep, but was constantly asking for its mother and for old Bridget.

After many efforts to remember it, Thomas recalled to mind the old romance of the Count of Carabas, which had been sung to him when he was a boy; but his awkward and inflexible tongue repeated it more than twenty times without his being able to lull Rosa to rest. The faithful servant sighed deeper under his light burden than he had ever done beneath the heaviest weight, or the longest day's labour; and more than once, he heartily wished the return of Clemence and Bridget to deliver him from his unaccustomed charge. At last the door opened with the rattling noise of female apparel, and some one burst into the dark chamber.

"Is it you, Bridget? thanks be to Heaven! that you have come at last."

"You are mistaken, I am not Bridget," answered Bertrade: "but why have you not a candle, Master Thomas?"

"When have I had time to light the lamp? This naughty little Rosa has not left me a moment's peace; I know now by experience, that a nurse has the most unceasing, the worst, and hardest employment under the sun."

"Patience, patience, my dear Thomas, I will bring you a lamp directly."

When Bertrade had departed, the reflecting Thomas said to himself, "How condescending and polite Madame Bertrade is becoming all at once: it is not according to her usual custom. I will wager that before the plague ceases, the hard-hearted stones will be warm-hearted and compassionate. "But try to sleep, my dear little Rosa."—The child was sleepy and tired of crying, but continued longing for those to whom it was accustomed, had chased slumber from its eyelids, although completely tired of its impatient and awkward nurse. Bertrade had returned at a most fortunate period, and putting her lamp down on the table, demanded with deep concern, "How got you into this new office?" To which Thomas, with visible impatience, and even anger, answered, "Why—nearly all the inmates of the house have run away: your cousin left us early in the morning; M. Folques has been absent from dinner-time on public business, accompanied by two of the servants; and as hour after hour passed without Madame Clemence's returning, Bridget, unable any longer to bear her anxiety, went in search of her, and in the meanwhile left me to take care of the child. Bridget has been gone a long time, and here am I moping to death, because, in the first place, I do not rightly know how to nurse children; and in the second, because a short while ago, our opposite neighbour, Madame Claudine, cried to me out of the window, that old Sally had
told her that my sweetheart, the pretty Renata, had been taken suddenly ill. However, it is not the plague; but plague, or no plague, it is my place to watch by her bedside; for we love each other dearly, and she will very soon find herself better, could she only catch a glimpse of me even for a moment."

"What would you give me, if I take your place until Bridget returns?"

"Ah! that would be very kind of you; but you know old Dame Bridget does not like to see the child in your arms."

"That is only a foolish prejudice, arising from the ill-will she bears towards me personally, every woman has a feeling for these little innocents: but it is no matter to me, I merely offered it, thinking to render you a service, as your sweetheart, poor Renata, might feel anxious to see you. So good evening, Thomas."

The poor lad was in doubt what to do, this love of his was the object dearer to him, than every thing in the world. Without reflecting any longer, he ran after the limping Bertrade, and pressing the half-slaumbering child into her arms, said in a simple and open-hearted voice, "Be not angry with me, dear lady, please to take care of the child for a few moments. Renata does not live far off, I will run as fast as my legs will carry me, and I shall certainly be back before Bridget returns."

"If I can do you a service, Thomas, I do not mind; but in return leave me the key of the house."

"If I had it myself! M. Folques has one in his pocket, and Bridget carries the other with her."

"That is unfortunate, how will you be able to leave the house?"

"Easily enough, if you will help me out of my present dilemma. On the ground floor there is an old window without a fastening; when opened, I can very easily jump into the street. I hope you will take great care of the child, and depend upon it I shall be back in less than a quarter of an hour!"

Thomas at once put his plan into execution; and Bertrade hummed a nurse song carried Rosa, who was again awake and crying, to her room. With a deceitful pretence of liking, she placed the child on her knee, fed it with sweetmeats, and played the nurse so adroitly, that Rosa, who in the arms of the good-hearted servant would not rest, now fell fast asleep on her bosom. At this moment a soft knocking was heard at the window. Bertrade, holding the child in her arms, opened it, with an anxious and throbbing heart. It was the stranger.

"Good evening, my kind lady, you have kept your word. But now oblige me still further, and open the door."

"I cannot, I have not the key."

"Woe is me! have not the key of approach to what I prize next to heaven! must these cold thick walls for ever separate me from her I esteem?"

"I am astonished that you have courage in these dangerous times to hazard your life so openly, when death confronts you in every street, and every one in Marseilles is hiding himself, for safety sake."

"I know but one danger; and that has its source in my own heart. Pray for your poor friend, Horatio; I need such intercession. Will not also this little angel pray for me?"

"This child—you are mistaken, it can hardly speak, or say Ave Maria by heart! but why look you so miserable?"

"I am indeed most wretched—your pity can alone console me, but you thrust me away from you."

"Sir, you...."

"Why do you refuse me your hand, which I had presumed to take in the greatest respect as a mark of my affection for you; but you wholly refuse me this slight indulgence."

"Remember that you are as yet wholly unknown to me; and though I must act with prudence, yet something draws me towards you, and compels me to give you my esteem, and in good faith I give you my hand."

"I now consider myself the most blessed of beings! I know not how to express myself for joy! This dear hand, oh! I should be happy enough to receive it as freely at the foot of the altar!"

"You are too impetuous!"

As if uninterrupted, he continued,—

"The greatest treasure would then be mine! family bliss is the greatest of all happiness; if you were my wife—this child ours...."

"Sir, you make me blush."

"Allow me now, to kiss the lovely cheeks of this dear child, which have been touched hundreds of times by your ruby lips."
The Bridal of the Adriatic.

"Disturb not the infant at this moment, it is sleeping."
"So the better, it will not then be frightened by the presence of a stranger."
"But it must not be exposed to the night-air: its tender constitution might suffer."
"Next my heart it will find warmth enough, and in one moment it will return to its tender foster-mother."
"How can I resist your wish?" stammered forth Bertrade, as she leant her self forward, with the child in her arms, out of the window, towards the flattering stranger. The latter, with vigorous arm, instantly seized the precious pledge from the hands of the weak woman, and with a loud laugh of scorn, cried aloud to her—"A thousand thanks, credulous girl! a thousand thanks;" and in a moment disappeared, carrying away with him the unfortunate child, who at the instant awaking, set up a loud and piercing squall.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE BRIDAL OF THE ADRIATIC.

(From "Titian," an unpublished Romance.)

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

I.
Revelry's quick pulse is bounding,
Music's voice in Venice sounding;
Thousands upon thousands gather,
Youth and age,—the child and father—
As, in storms, the fleet clouds come, or
The murmuring bees in summer.
"Tis our festival day, and hark!
Shouts of triumph for St. Mark.

II.
Now, mid martial clarions swelling,
Kerchiefs wave from every dwelling:
Now comes on the Sea-queen's glory,
Aye time-memoried, in story,—
Long before Ziani's daring
Humbled Otho's haughty bearing—
And the people answer, hark,
"Praise and honour to St. Mark!"

III.
Flags from every window streaming,
Joy o'er beauty's features beaming,
Love in many a bright eye glances,
As tread on our well-tried lances,—
Victors they o'er France and Spain,
'Neath Petillan and D'Alvaine.
Thousands hail their progress: hark!
"Joy and triumph to St. Mark."

IV.
Now, upon the pillows dancing,
See the Bucentaur advancing,—
Culverins booming, clarions sounding,
Joy in every heart abounding!
Now the proa gains the barrier,
Now treads on each steel-clad warrior,
Mid the people's voices,—hark,
"Power and honour to St. Mark!"

V.
Now the Bucentaur is riding
Through her subject waves,—and, gliding
Round her, barques in stately motion,
As if each would rule the ocean!—
She, mid bursts of music festal,
Leaves in pride the mural vestal;
Countless thousands echoing, hark,
"Praise and conquest to St. Mark!"

VI.
Through the long lagoon on-dashing,
Forty oars like one are flashing,
To the music time are keeping,—
Forward is the pageant sweeping,
'Till it gain the Lido's fort
At the entrance of the port.
Then the people hail it:—hark,
"Pride and honour to St. Mark!"

VII.
Now the music's sound rejoices,
Piercing through ten thousand voices,—
Now that sound deep awe is hushing,
While the words of prayer are gushing,
Ere our Venice, proud in beauty,
To her sea-spouse pays her duty;
Then the people hail her:—hark,
"Joy and triumph to St. Mark!"

VIII.
First, a silence calm and deep,
As broods o'er an infant's sleep;
Then a shout (as loud and pealing
As the troubled is feeling
At the burst of a volcano)
For the good doge, Loredano,
And the people swell it:—hark,
"Fame and honour to St. Mark!"
IX.
Now, the ducal bridgework, blessing
God for promised and possessing,
By the first of Ocean's daughters,
Casts his ring in Adria’s waters;
As a pledge, from sea to sea,
Of the City's sovereignty;
And the thousands hail it:—hark,
"Venice conquers 'neath St. Mark!"[1]

X.
Given is the espousal token,
And the nuptial words are spoken,
And the glad shout springs to heaven,
Loud as every voice were seven,—
And again the answers echo
From Murano to Giudecco,
Pealing thro' the azure—hark,
"Venice conquers 'neath St. Mark!"

XI.
Sweeping by each subject islet,
With the Admiral's self as pilot—
Pressing thro' the pride-elapsed,
And with doge and nobles freighted,
Now the Bucentaur is speeding
Home, amid this joy exceeding.
Welcome plaudits hail the barque,
"Pride and conquest to St. Mark!"

XII.
Pennons waving, music sounding,
Joy in every heart abounding,
Now the deep-voiced cannon greet her,—
Now the thronging galleys meet her,—
Now they join the pageant splendid,—
Now she anchors,—all is ended,
But the distant echo,—hark,
"Honour ever to St. Mark!"

WIVES BY ADVERTISEMENT.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

There are many wretched persons—misery in mind and in prospect—poor in pocket and in spirit—degraded by misfortune or vice—abased by circumstance or crime—unhappy by reason of their own doings, or the deeds of others: for such there is pity, and there may be pardon. But there is a class yet lower, almost beneath contempt, who are the artificers of their own shame. In this motley world, among those classes who rank as the "civilized," there is one set of persons sunk in abasement and wretchedness far, far beneath the vicious or the pauper,—those are the men who advertise for wives!

The lowest creature upon earth,—lower than the beggar whose rags float in the wind, and whose bed is in the ditch by the way-side,—is the wretched one who advertises for a wife. His doing so is an open and undisguised avowal of his own great unworthiness. It proclaims that he is unable or unworthy to obtain a wife by the usual means. His vices may have shut him out from reputable female society; his defects of mind or person,—perhaps both,—may have excluded him from being known to the respectable portion of womankind, for not otherwise can any man lack the means of being introduced to the acquaintance of women of character. Thus isolated, he puts himself up to public bidding, for the unworthy to purchase. He lays aside the dignity of his sex, and avows himself desirous of a life-union with age, deformity, vice,—so that they be thickly gilded. He proclaims that he is in the market, like any other commodity. He avows that pride, passion, principle, are all abandoned; he only wants to wed for money. Is there any creature more debased than such a thing? Is it not gross calumny to dignify it with the name of man?

The advertiser usually (indeed, almost invariably, for as yet the fair sex are not quite so self-degraded) is a male. By his own account, he is young, wealthy, and accomplished. Is it not passing strange that such a gifted being is so utterly unacquainted with reputable females, as to be compelled to put himself up to public bidding? — to render himself the laughed-at dupe of all who may select him as the butt for their covert mockery? — to degrade the name of man, to defame the fair character of woman—to disgrace marriage (a sacrament of one church and a holy ordinance of all), by avowing himself purchaseable by any female who may be hopeless enough to make such a bargain,—heartless enough to put up with it? Who can—who must be the replicants to such an advertisement? The old, the ill-favoured, the unprincipled, the characterless: all whose demerits have not enabled them to get a husband before.

The woman who seriously replies to such an advertisement must have abandoned all sense of the touching, beautiful, and becoming delicacy of her sex.
Wives by Advertisement.

There must be a deliberate resolve to discard that gem which is the brightest that female decorum can wear, to prostrate her mind and curb her feelings,—to level herself to the utter degradation which such a negotiation involves;—for, besides the bold assurance requisite for such bargaining with an utter stranger, the poor wretch must have made up her mind to the chance of being refused. The advertiser may be a little fastidious, and disapprove of her; a little capricious, and reject her; or a little facetious, and have been only playing a trick.

After a long courtship, conducted with respect on one side and modesty on the other, a delicate-minded maiden in private life hesitates to say “Yes” to the heartfelt request of her affectionate, her faithful, her long-tried lover: but here the position is reversed. The heartless female may hear a refusal from the lips of the stranger with whom she has been bargaining for marriage! What humiliation for a woman.

Bankrupt, indeed, in charms and character must she be who would proffer herself as the spouse of a wife advertiser for the fulfilment of such a speculation. What can they expect from an union thus composed? of the mingled elements of all that is wretched in mind and base in purpose? Seek they for love? It is a holy passion, not to be sold nor bought. Strive they for happiness? That, also, is not a marketable article. Hope they to meet with the esteem of each other? Alas! they cannot have their own! All sympathy of taste, all mutuality of feeling, all congeniality of temper, all the charms and all the decencies of the marriage state, they must take on hearsay. They buy each other, as we buy cattle. Their qualifications must be discounted in the bargain. They cannot love: theirs is a contract from which delicacy shrinks, and at which pride revolts. If they should have children, with what face can they tell them that they, the parents, became wedded through the introduction of a newspaper advertisement. That man should be so fallen, and that woman should be so mean, as to be linked to—

* The writer might also as well have included marriages forced upon children, not merely against their will, but against their inclination, to make up for the lack of fortune, of which guilty extravagance on their parts has in very many instances deprived their children.—Ed.

gather by such ties, is one of the marvels to which the venality of this buying and selling age has unhappily given birth. That eminent individual, Mr. William Corder (who happened to get hanged one day, in Suffolk, for the murder of a young woman whom he seduced), obtained a wife by an advertisement in a London paper. A very pretty precedent for such delicately-minded ladies and gentlemen!

Suppose that she who replies to such an advertisement should not be refused, and that the advertiser is satisfied with the “property” she brings him, in exchange for the honour of wearing his name—for, under the circumstances, he can scarcely have a heart to win, or worth winning—what prospect of happiness can there be for her with one of whose disposition she previously knew nothing? And he must be no less ignorant of her. The one—as in the case of the murderer, who married thus—may be taken from her by the hands of justice, to expiate his crimes on the scaffold: the other may be recognised as friends, if to his friends he dare introduce a woman thus wedded to him at haphazard as a person of abandoned character who has completed her wretched career by sheltering herself beneath the sanction of wedded life.

Think, also, on the chance of the husband’s being tricked. He may be deceived in the amount of the “value received” for his precious person. Instead of opulence, he may have become wedded to poverty; instead of luxuriously living in wealth and splendour, he may have espoused one deeply in debt, who, by her marriage, provides herself with a scape-goat, to rot in the prison, which otherwise would have received herself; for it is part of the English law, that the husband is accountable, in purse or person, for the previous debts of the wife.

What a sweet cat-and-dog sort of union must that be, where mutual confidence cannot exist. It is a desecration of marriage. It is the abuse of the ordinances of religion to legalize prostitution of mind and body. It makes a living libel upon that affection, which, through delay and danger, through toil and trouble—seeks (and finds so often) in wedded love and wedded life, a sweet reward to counterbalance the heart-breakings, which had nearly wrecked the proa of
their trusting hopes. It degrades marriage to mere animal sensuality. It tears the veil from the sanctity of that state which has something higher and holier than mere passion for its impulse: something of mind to delight in and repose on, when the edge of appetite is dulled. It is, in a word, a disgrace to the social compact, in a Christian land, that a man should openly put himself up to the heartless bidding of wealth, and sell himself for gold.

From such marriages the prospect of felicity is small. Love must be quite out of the question. How can the man love her who buys him? How can the woman esteem him who not only marries her for money, but must have some extraordinary deficiencies to preclude him from obtaining an introduction to female society, from which he might select a wife in the usual and legitimate manner? Wretchedly low must be the man or the woman who is content to take a wife or husband upon trust. The tyrant Menen-tius, who tied the living to the dead, was less cruel than those self-destroyers who proclaim themselves willing, as old Trappo-is would say, “for a con-si-de-ra-ti-on,” to link themselves with age, deformity, disease, and vice. The suffering of the tyrant’s victim would soon be over; a long life of misery and wretchedness may elapse before death separates the unnatural union of the others.

It is a fact, that the advertisements which invite women to matrimonial alliances, just as they were invited to bargains at auctions or shops, are not jests, to see if females would notice them, they are what they avow; and it is an ascertained circumstance that many marriages have been formed through this very delicate medium. *

The infection has crossed the waters. Matrimonial advertisements frequently appear in American papers, as well as in Paris papers — happily more rarely in those of England. There are but few female advertisers in either country — though they are numerous in France; but this arises, not from modesty (because whoever would answer such an advertisement would advertise), but because men are not yet quite so abandoned as to accept a lady who offers herself. Of the two, the male advertiser is the more degraded; he abandons himself to the indiscriminate bidding (the term is a marked one) of the females, and resigns his privilege of choosing and asking a wife for himself. Even in India, whither English belles resort on matrimonial speculations, they pass through the ordinary ordeal of private introductions, they must be seen before the negotiation for them commences, and the man does not blindly run himself into the matrimonial halter. The advertiser may lose this chance. He may be content to risk his prospect of future happiness upon, perhaps, one interview: the lady may be virtuous (the chances being forty to one that she is not), but may be she is not equally vicious! The only consoling prospect is, that when he has spent his spouse’s fortune, he can take the wings of the next packet-ship and cross the “deep, deep sea,” leaving the dema to despair, and the chance of another advertisement! Could she expect constancy — or love — or confidence — or respect? It is worth consideration, that, in almost every instance, the wife-advertiser puts in the interest-ing inducement, that the lady “must have some property,” which, he modestly intimates, “may be settled upon herself.” Kind-hearted wife-seeker! he will be moderately content to live upon the interest of her fortune.

The impudence of these announcements is extraordinary. One, now before me, states that a wife is wanted (with a good fortune), and ending with the very encouraging hint, that, “to a lady whose mental acquisitions would render the unemployed hours of the advertiser agreeable, a preference would be given.” Think of that, Master Brooke! “a preference would be given!” — it is the language of an auctioneer when he advertises property for sale.

The matter is this — that the advertisement puts the man up to female competition. Are women indeed so badly off that they must seek husbands? If the advertiser should find a purchaser, let the buyer and the bought have the curse of remembering, for ever, that one has paid money for a husband for her pru-

ience; the other sold himself as a slave, for a daily dole of food, and a decent coat. Better break stones by the highway — better beg — better starve — than thus degrade the dignity of manhood.

Liverpool.

* We have known such, and they have turned out to be unions without affection. — Ed.
LES TABLEAUX.—No. 1.

A GIRL IN THOUGHT.

There’s scarce a breath of wind sighs o’er the deep,
Bright are the stars,—those heavenly lamps that shed
Their pure light on its wild uncertain’d bed.

A pale girl sits beside the castle’s keep,
Tracking the clouds that o’er the calm sky creep
With upcast eyes. Like one but recent dead
She looks. Her fallen, dark-brown ringlets, spread
Their shadows o’er the snow on which they sleep.

Few Springs have kiss’d that brow—and that still breast,
With unrequited love has never fought.
A smile, as though sweet sympathy in quest,
To her fair cheek a sister blush has brought.
How beautiful thy gaze of holy rest,
Young, lonely watcher, wrap’d in virgin thought!

BALOW, MY BABE.

Ancient Ballad, composed by the second Wife of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester,
 favourite to Queen Elizabeth.

In the memoir of Queen Elizabeth, published last January, with a whole-length portrait, we have made an allusion to an exquisite old song, attributed, by tradition, to Lady Douglas, Baronesse Sheffield, who was cruelly deserted, and afterwards poisoned, by the Earl of Leicester, to whom she had been secretly married. She was the mother of his heir, whom he never would acknowledge. This unnatural conduct was owing to the entire mastery obtained over him by his third wife, Letitia, Countess Dowager of Essex: this last wife he had likewise espoused privately, out of fear of the jealousy of Queen Elizabeth. The proofs of the marriage of Lady Douglas Sheffield were incontestable, but she never could obtain justice at the court of Elizabeth. The court libels of the day called these ladies Leicester’s Old and New Testaments. At the time of publishing the memoir, we could not conveniently gain access to the song in question.

Lady Douglas Sheffield was a native of Scotland, and in that country this beautiful old lyric is called the “Lady Anne Bothwell’s Lament;” but the best English antiquaries declare it to have been composed by Leicester’s second ill-treated wife, who addressed its pathetic melodies to her no less ill-treated son, then an infant in her arms. We have slightly modernised the spelling, but have not touched either the rhyme, the sense, or the metre.

“Balow, my babe, lie still, and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep;
If thou’lt be silent, I’ll be glad,
Thy moaning makes my heart full sad.
Balow, my babe, thy mother’s joy,
Thy father gives me, great annoy;
Balow, my babe, lie still, and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep.

“When he began to court my love,
And with his sugared words to move,
His feignings false and flattering cheer,
‘Tis to me that time did not appear;
But now I see that cruel he,
Cares neither for my babe nor me.

“Lie still, my darling, sleep awhile,
And when thou wak’st sweetly smile;
Yet smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids,—Nay, God forbid!
But yet I fear thou wilt gae near
Thy father’s heart and face to bear!

“I canna chuse, but ever will
Be loving to thy father still;
Where’er he gae, where’er he ride,
My love with him must still abide.”
An weal or woe, where'er he gae,
Mine heart can ne'er depart him frae.
"But do not, do not, pretty mine,
To frowning false thine heart incline:
Be loyal to thy lover true,
And never change her for a new.
If good or fair, of her have care,
For woman's 'bannings' wondrous sair.

"Babe, since thy cruel father's gone,
Thy winsome smiles must ease my moan.
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares do grieve.
My babe and I right saft will lie,
And quite forget man's cruelty.
Below, my babe, lie still, and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep."

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**Memoir of Sir Robert Dudley,**

*Only Son of the Earl of Leicester and Lady Douglas Sheffield.*

Although the legitimacy of the young Robert Dudley was disowned by his unjust and unnatural father, the boy was not discarded. Leicester made many violent attempts to get him in his power, doubtless with the intention of owning him as his heir, if ever fate should free him from the violent and commanding woman who was the rival of Lady Douglas. What mysterious tie bound him to the Countess of Essex no one can define, since a prior private marriage had linked him to the mother of his only child. But so it was: he clave to the one wife, and persecuted the other and her offspring. His son was born at Sheen, Anno 1579, in obscurity, and appears to have resided with his unfortunate mother as long as she lived. Lady Douglas Sheffield had been poisoned by Leicester's agents when she endeavoured to prove her marriage, but she survived for some time the deadly draught. Leicester's attempts to get possession of her son filled her with terror, as she believed his purpose was to murder the boy, and thus destroy one proof of his bigamy. His intention, however, was only to give him an education befitting his parentage.

After many stratagems, the earl got him from his unfortunate mother, and put him under the care of Sir Edward Horsey, governor of the Isle of Wight. He was then sent to school at Offingham, in Sussex, and four years after entered at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1288, his father died, leaving him, after the decease of his uncle, Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, the reversion of the Castle of Kenilworth, and the bulk of his patrimonial estate, which, despite of all the machinations of his mother's enemy and rival, Letitia, the Dowager Countess of Leicest
cester, he got possession of, before he was of age. Robert Dudley at this time was looked upon as one of the finest gentlemen in England, being tall, fresh-coloured, well-shaped, but red haired; learned beyond his age, more especially in the mathematics, and of parts equal, if not superior, to those of any of his family. Add to all this, he was very well skilled in all manly exercises, particularly in riding, in which he excelled every man of his time. Although he was in possession of all the wealth of his family, yet the imputation that his father cast on his birth made him restless, and took from him the power of enjoying it.

His father had left his property to him, designating him by the contumelious epithet of my "Base son Robert—" meaning base born; and this epithet was the rankling thorn that never let him rest through life. He married a Suffolk lady, the sister of his friend Cavendish, the great navigator, and projected a voyage to the South Seas. About the time of the ascension of James the First, his wife died; and he married again, Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, one of the greatest heiresses in England, by whom he had four daughters. He then determined to prove the legitimacy of his birth, whereupon his arch enemy, Letitia, the widow of Leicester, by her machinations, contrived to involve him in Lord Cobham's plot, and became his accuser; the king pardoned him, on condition that he should travel for three years. Being summoned home, and refusing to obey the summons, his estate was declared forfeited during his natural life, on a statute of fugitives, which appears very wisely to have provided against absenteeism. His estates and incomes were given to his

* The reproaches or maledictions of a forsaken lady.*
lady and daughters, who seem to have been of the richest persons in England.* Sir Robert Dudley, as he was called in England, the Earl of Warwick, as he would call himself abroad, rose high in the favour of Cosmo the Second, Duke of Tuscany, and was great chamberlain to the Archduchess of Austria, his wife. Honours were showered upon him in abundance, which he well deserved. His constructive and utilitarian genius showed itself in a thousand ways, in improvements in docks and shipping: and above all, he drained the vast morass between Pisa and the sea, now-a-days covered in harvest time with most abundant and extensive crops of corn, and founded the port, and made the commerce of Leghorn, or Livorno, then a little miserable fishing town; he persuaded Cosmo to make it a free port, which it now-a-days also is, greatly to the benefit of the kingdom, as well as to the community at large, and endow it with all the peculiar privileges of English commerce: this induced many English merchants to settle there, and to this day Leghorn owes all her prosperity to this great man. He called himself Duke of Northumberland, from his grandfather, beheaded by Queen Mary the First; he was made Prince of the Roman Empire by the Pope, and was laden with wealth and distinctions by the gratitude of his adopted country, whose benefactor he became. He died at his castle, Cerbello, September, 1639.

We cannot speak much in favour of

* The eldest, Catherine, founded, or rather restored, the ancient church of St. Giles in the Fields. She called herself Duchess of Northumberland. Her alabaster recumbent statue lies on an altar tomb close by the door leading out of the east aisle: it is well worth examination. When the church was rebuilt, at the beginning of the last century, the tomb of the patroness was, it is true, preserved, but it is thrust in an odd corner. It is much older than the present church.—Ed.

The Wandering Harper's Lays of Wonders.

BY J. FITZGERALD PENNIE, AUTHOR OF "BRITAIN'S HISTORICAL DRAMA."

LAY THE FIRST.

Wild Creatures of Syria.

I've journeyed to the Holy Land,
In palmr weed, with pilgrim hand,
Mid Jordan's green reeds heard the roar
Of lions stained with human gore.

The huge behemoth I have seen
Sporting amidst the lotus' flowers,
With the mountains unicorn have been,
And bison in his forest rovers;
I've seen the tiger, gauntly, dire
With grinning fang, and eye of fire,
The Wandering Harper's Lay of Wonders.

Wild on his hapless victim spring;
With blood-scream like some demon thing,
Beheld the mighty serpent fold
His giant ring of speckled gold
That tiger round — and crush his bones,
With fearful hissings — while deep groans
And struggle-roar, and piercing cry,
Told his stern heart death’s agony.

Lay the Second.
Pharaoh’s Phantom Host.
I’ve stood on the Red Sea’s lonely strand,
Whose heaven-walled surge down dashed fell
On kingly car and martial band,
When rang the last, deep, doleful yell
Of Egypt’s warriors, as in dread
They from the wrathful lightning fled,
Which shot its fierce glare o’er the flood,
Staining the foam-arched waves like blood!
The spirits of that heathen horde,
The mighty ones of shield and sword,
Still haunt, like hideous birds of prey,
Those desert sands when fades the day,
With wings of fire, and flame-bright eyes,
Like meteors seen in northern skies;
He who night wandering there is found,
On the forbidden, charmed ground,
Shrieks to behold those forms so dread,
Like one who wakes and sees the dead!
But ne’er returns the tale to tell,
Of what his luckless self befell!

In the Cottonian Library is a MS. in Latin and Saxon, which contains a topographical description of the eastern regions, some of whose inhabitants are represented as the most frightful monsters. Among other marvels, the host of Pharaoh is said to haunt the shores of the Red Sea, in the shape of birds with red plumage: whoever it was added, ventured to touch them, felt as burnt with red hot iron.

Lay the Third.
The Enchanted Land of Ophir.
Ophir, all glorious land, which lies
Mid spicy isles’ neath orient skies,
That land, whose wealthy mountains teem
With beds of gold, whose cavern gleam
With matchless gems, whose rocks are bright
In the rich diamonds’ rainbow light,—
I’ve seen thy limpid waters flow
O’er precious sands where sapphire’s glow,
Shining like stars in the deep blue sky,
In all their pure intensity.—
Oh! could the miser wander where,
Thy fields, their golden blossoms bear!
And from their boughs the jewelled trees
Shower riches to the fragrant breeze,
How would he thy blest isle adore,
And make his home on thy coral shore—
But guarded is that magic land
By gryphons, a terrific band,
And evil shapes — no mariner
Unfriended by some holy spell,
Brought from the blessed sepulchre,
That isle would near — though tempests fell
In darkness on the troubled wave,
For better far to find a grave,
Scaped in the surge by howling storms,
Than meet that island’s demon forms;
None but the one-eyed giants dare
With those tremendous fiends to war!
Giants whose home is in those caves,
Where cloud-compelling Typhon raves,
And thunders, flames, and winds out-roar,
The dashing deep on its noisy shore.

[For a narrative of the marvellous legends with which ancient superstition has invested Ophir, see Tortatus, who has gathered them out of Rabanus.]

H. R. Highness the Princess Victoria coming of Age.—Their Majesties intend taking possession of Buckingham Palace the first week in May. A drawing-room will be held on the 24th May, in the new Palace, in honour of the Princess Victoria coming of age. His Majesty, the King of Belgium and his Queen, as well as the Duke of Orleans, and many other foreign princes, are expected to be present. There will be grand rejoicings on an occasion so interesting to all Englishmen.

Lunar Eclipse in April.—On Thursday evening, the 20th of April, there will be a total eclipse of the moon. The obscuration will commence at half-past six, and the moon will rise partially eclipsed at a little past eight, and will ascend obliquely the azure vault of heaven, her disc will become gradually more and more veiled from the direct rays of the sun, and about half-past eight she will be totally immersed in the umbra of the earth, when her mountains, valleys, continents, and seas, become involved in one universal gloom. At a quarter past ten the eclipse will terminate. Should the sky be clear, a rather rare circumstance may be observed. During a visible lunar eclipse, the earth must be betwixt the sun and the moon, and the sun actually below the horizon; but owing to the refraction of the earth’s atmosphere, the sun will be seen remaining for some time above the western horizon, while the moon will appear partially eclipsed in the eastern. Such a phenomenon was seen in 1750.

Extraordinary Births.—At the end of last month the wife of Samuel Maltby, book-keeper to Mr. Brodie, cotton manufacturer, in Blackburn, gave birth to four children. Mrs. Maltby is doing well, but all the children died during the day.
Paris Intelligence—The Court, News, and Fashions.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, March 25, 1837.

A la fin ma très chère amie, cette terrible maladie la “grippe,” a presqu’entièrement disparue, mais après nous avoir enlevé beaucoup de monde malheureusement; colds and coughs are still, however, very prevalent; indeed, the weather is most unfavourable to convalescents, for it is as cold as in the depth of winter,—sharp frosts at night, and cold winds, occasionally accompanied by snow, in the day. Ainsi, as you may suppose, the spring fashions are scarcely more advanced than the spring flowers. We have Longchamps this week, but, alas! it is no weather to display our belles toilettes; we shall be glad to keep our carriages closed, and make ourselves comfortable with wadded cloaks, and capottes, and boas, and chauffe pieds, &c. &c., quel dommage à propos de Longchamps. I went to sister Agatha the other day, at the convent where you and I were educated, and she related to me the following little anecdote relative to the ancient chapel of Longchamps. She said that the very last year that the chapel was open, at the time of the procession in Passion week, it was proposed to give a grand musical mass on a much more splendid scale than usual: preparations were accordingly begun several weeks before. Amongst the pupils at the convent was one little girl named Ursula (the daughter of a nobleman), who unfortunately possessed one of the finest voices that ever was heard. It was supposed that in the course of the mass this child should sing an air of Pales- trinas. The solo was studied, and great anticipations formed as to its success; however, on the Monday, at the general rehearsal, the youthful performer became so intimidated, that she was found unequal to the task, and another pupil was named to sing the air in her place. This change caused great dissatisfaction to the mistress of the choir, who, a most harsh and unfeeling person, insisted that this obstinacy, as she styled it, on the part of Ursula, should not go unpunished. The poor child was accordingly placed in a dark cell beneath the altar, called “les oubliettes,” where she was fed upon black bread and water. On the day of the procession the chapel was hung with black; the tapers were lit, and the solemn musical mass commenced in the presence of a greater congregation than ever had been known to have assembled there before. At length came the moment for the important solo, when lo! and behold, the little girl who was to have replaced Ursula, intimidated in her turn, fainted at the moment she was to have come forward. The organ preluded; the congregation was mute, attentive, transported with the divine harmony; the nuns looked around in dismay—there was no one to sing the air! At that instant a noise was heard. A small door beneath the altar was burst open, and pale and livid, her hair in disorder, her hands almost purple, Ursula herself appeared. She commenced the air; the whole congregation was in tears: never had such a voice, such sounds, been heard before—it was more than mortal. Alas! they were the dying tones of the swan. She went indeed through the air, but at the last note her voice faltered, and she fell backwards. It was only supposed she had fainted from over exertion: upon examination, however, the poor child was found to be a corpse! She had actually perished of cold, hunger, and terror, and in the divine melody of Palestrina her soul had exhaled its last sigh! She was interred on the following day, in the same vault.

Voilà une trieste mais véritable petite histoire.

The magnificent chateau of Saint-Leu, belonging to the celebrated Madame de Feuchères, has just been purchased by a certain celebrated retired watch and clock maker of Paris, M. Fontanil, for the sum of six hundred thousand francs. It seems that in a chamber inside his shop, he kept a furnace continually hot, wherein he instantly melted down all the articles of gold or silver which
were offered to him for sale, which, it is said, he obtained at a price far inferior to their worth. Although this system was well known, and he was continually watched, yet he was so careful that he never was taken in the fact.

Parlons un peu modes, ma belle. The hats for Longchamps are scarcely an idea smaller than those that have been worn all the winter and last autumn. The fronts are deep, très en bas, very long at the sides, and rounded off. The crowns, mostly plain, are by no means very high, and they do not sit quite so far back as those worn some time since. A bouquet of ostrich feathers, four or five in number, and placed quite at the side, is very fashionable; a pretty bouquet of artificial flowers also placed at the side, and intermixed with the bows, half the bouquet up, the other half turned downwards, is exceedingly elegant. The crowns of many hats are ornamented with blonde, intermixed with the ribbons and flowers. The rage for drawn capottes is decidedly on the decline, especially as the most fashionable material worn at present is watered gros de Naples. The watering renders the silk too hard and stiff for drawn bonnets: rich sarsenet and satin ribbons are used to trim these bonnets. Flowers are still worn beneath the fronts of the hats; and what is very fashionable, is a bow of velvet ribbon, pink, blue, or crimson &c., the bow consisting of merely one or two coques going up—the same down at each side in the place of flowers: these bows are particularly adapted to a plain coiffure, in bandeaux lisses. It is as yet too soon to speak of paillés de riz and d'Italie, crape bonnets, &c. &c.; mais cela viendra.

Wadded douilletes and redingottes, still retain their precedence over all other dresses, on account of the severity of the weather. In walking, dress cloaks are universally adopted: velvet and satin dresses are extremely fashionable; indeed, for winter dresses, nothing can be more elegant, either in morning or evening costume. For grande toilette, open dresses of velvet or satin broché, supersede all others, except for dancing, when crapes, gauzes, and other light materials are preferred. By open dresses, you of course understand open skirts, looped back at distances, with flowers, bows, tufts of feathers, cameos, jewels, &c.; the corsages d'pointe; the sleeves plain and finished with deep ruffles, à la Louis XV., and frequently a demi-train; in fact, as much in the olden style as possible.

Bail Dresses—those worn by dancers, I mean—are trimmed with flowers; guirlandes crossing the front of the skirt are very prevalent. Some prefer the guirlande going round the bottom of the dress, and some prefer detached bouquets. Small bouquets of marabouts, intermixed with little bunches of roses, or any other flower, are extremely elegant and fashionable, either placed across the front of the dress, or round the bottom: bouquets of the same are also put upon the sleeves, and frequently at the centre of the corsage, both front and back; they have a very light and pretty effect. The corsages of these dresses are made with draperies à la Séigneurie; the sleeves short, plain, and with ruffles, either double or single, à la Louis XV. The long sleeves are all tight and plain, with three flounces put on just above the elbow.

Accessoires de toilettes.—The ceintures for grande toilette are made of wide satin ribbon; they are generally fastened in front, by a small bow consisting of two coques, and long ends. It frequently happens that those ceintures are fastened at back, and when made of pink or blue ribbon, have a very pretty effect with a white dress. For morning dress, the ceintures are rather narrower than they have been; they are often made of velvet ribbon, black, or the colour of the dress; the latter the most distingué.

Kid gloves have again replaced the mittens which have been so generally adopted. The gloves are excessively short, and the garnitures on the tops extremely full. They are made as follows: a blonde tulle, not quite a finger in depth, is quilled at the edge on a ribbon wire, this falls over the glove; the heading consists of a narrow blonde quilled in the middle. A very narrow satin ribbon, pink, blue, or any other colour, may be inserted in a small hem at each side of the blonde. Sometimes the heading consists of a quilling of satin ribbon in place of the narrow blonde; and sometimes, in place of the deep blonde, a narrower one quilled in the middle is substituted, and the quilled ribbon placed in the centre of that one. Some prefer a simple puffing of satin ribbon, with two long ends, but this is more ancienne than the other garnitures.
LE FOLLET
Courrier des Salons
Boulevard St. Martin 61
Travestissements Nouveaux

Pocket Handkerchiefs.—Much luxury is at present displayed in this department of the toilet. Those for dress are of clear cambric, beautifully embroidered : hems are exploded, but in their place is a deep rivière of open-work; the handkerchief may be either embroidered all round, or only in the corners. They are trimmed with very fine and deep lace, put on with much fulness.

It is thought embroidery will be quite as fashionable this spring, as it has been lately: especially for collars, pelerines, ruffles, &c.

Colours.—The colours for the Longchamp hats are pale lilac, sulphur colour, pink, and apple green. The colours for the Spring dresses are not yet decided, as, in consequence of the continued coldness of the weather, the Spring fashions are rather backward. The tints however most in repute, are a kind of brown, called pain brulé (burnt bread), dark green, and dark drab.

Mon mari me charge, chère amie, de te dire une infinité de choses aimables. Aime toujours ton amie.

L. de F——.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 7.) Children’s Dresses. Planche de modes d’enfants de divers ages. First figure.—Bonnet of pale lavender gros de Naples. This pretty bonnet is rather more of the bibi form (hence better adapted for children), than the fashionable hats worn at present. The front and crown are nearly on a straight line (see plate). A simple white rose is placed on the left side, and the front is ornamented with a ruche or quilting of ribbon. The bavot is small, and a bow of ribbon is placed immediately in the centre of the back. Frock of drab poux de soie. The corsage à l’enfant is half high, gathered top and bottom. The sleeves, which are of the very newest pattern, are nearly tight to the arm from the shoulder to the elbow, and perfectly tight and plain below from that to the wrist. Three rather narrow flounces are put on very close together, a short way below the shoulder (see plate), and two of the same width immediately above the elbow. The skirt is full, and rather long. White muslin trousers. Brodequins the colour of the dress. Flat cambric collar. White gloves.

Second Figure.—Child’s Dinner or Evening Dress.—Frock and trousers of clear muslin. The latter trimmed with three flounces; the frock with three puffed trimmings separated by rows of insertion; corsage plain, and fitting tight to the bust. Sleeves short, and quite plain and tight, ornamented at the lower part with two small frills. Apron to match the dress; the pockets on the outside. Pelerine mantelet, crossed in front, and tied at back, trimmed all round with narrow lace (see plate). Hair parted in front, and curled at the neck. Grey brodequins. Narrow black velvet ribbon bracelets.

Third Figure.—Pink gros de Naples frock and pelerine, tied at back. This pelerine mantelet is similar to that on the child dressed in white (see plate). White trousers, finished at bottom with three flounces. Grey brodequins. Hair curled at the neck.

Boy’s Dress.—Frock coat with full skirt, gathered round the waist; the fronts rounded; the coat braided across the breast: drab trousers, and gaiters to match: black stock, and plaited frill round the neck: grey hat.

(No. 8.)—Trajetissements nouveaux.

—Man’s Dress. — Costume d’Ange, Marin de Dieppe, sous Francois ler.—We are proud to be enabled to offer to our readers two such attractive plates as those furnished us by the “Follet” this month. The costume of Ange, the Dieppe sailor, under the reign of Francis the First, bears the stamp of historical accuracy. The pretty costume of his companion, the Russian peasant girl, is also perfectly genuine: the short blue petticoat trimmed with black velvet; the short upper dress (of broché satin for the fancy costume), trimmed all round with black velvet ribbon (see plate); the loose white sleeves; the chemise inside, appearing above the laced bodice; the scarf round the waist; the coiffure, at once simple and becoming.

We recommend the plate to the notice of our fair readers, as one of the prettiest fancy costumes we have seen for a long period. It is also well adapted as an embellishment for a lady’s album or scrapbook.
Literature, &c.

Rhondeeder, Baron Kolff, &c. By T. Eagles, Author of "Mountain Melodies." Whittaker.

Mr. Eagles writes the Spenserick verse with facility, and we are astonished at his fluency of diction, even in these days of rapid composition. His construction is sometimes careless, but it is seldom divested of a certain degree of elegance. He wants depth of thought, and individuality of character; without which qualities, a tale, although harmoniously tuned, becomes rapid, as it develops itself. Acute observation on human life, and a knowledge of the impulses of action, are necessary before a poet can construct a work which will survive him: these high attributes are not the usual accompaniments of very rapid composition in verse, and hence the low state of English poetry at the present era. Our poets seem to suppose, that language and music are the only qualities they need call into action; and while readers grow every hour more fastidious, the publishers of verse seem to vie in carelessness and rapidity. Language and music, it is true, are indispensable to the poet, but they will not of themselves obtain for him the distinction and popularity sighed for by every aspirant in verse: higher qualities must be active in the composition, before a story assumes that enchanting semblance of reality which thoroughly bewitches the reader. We do not think Mr. Eagles destitute of the power of imparting this charm, at some time or other; but it will be, when he is convinced of the necessity of employing more thought and study on one verse of nine lines, than he now bestows on the contents of nine pages. To our poetic writers, we repeat our exhortations incessantly on this head, because the peculiar faults attendant on such a mode of rapid composition are continually occurring; and though we neither pun on Mr. Eagles' name, or descend to verbal criticism, we earnestly assure him, that he must go with the taste of the present day, if he would ascend to distinction—and our present public is inexorably inattentive to all but actual facts, whether related in verse or prose: if the public attend to a fictitious narrative, in either, it must possess an intense resemblance to reality. The generality of our poetic aspirants are sailing directly adverse to popular favour, and seem utterly ignorant of the mode of obtaining it.

Mr. Eagles is, we understand, a lyric, and from the easiness of his flowing language, we can perceive that he has no difficulty in producing verbal harmony at will. His descriptions of natural objects are generally good, when they occur in his principal poem; and from the second canto we extract the following verses, which will afford confirmation of all we have said in his praise:

"From earliest youth I lov'd the won'drous sea,
Its wide blue bosom charm'd my soul to joy;
The sparkling wavelets rising beauti'lly
Their crystal crests—the wild and mournful cry
Of darting plover as they glided o'er
The tangled crags—the soothing lullaby
That fill'd the air and play'd around the shore;
The ocean wind that gaily sported by,
With pleasure fill'd my soul and rapt'rous ecstasy

"Immeasurable rocks I used to climb,
And sit for hours upon their rugged crest,
Gazing intently on the view sublime
That rose around.—The deep and golden west;
The silver clouds that deck'd the glowing sky,
And kiss'd the verge of far horizon wave;
The lovely blending of the orange dye
With the pure blue—the billows' gent'le heave

Dying in distance far—the sombre tangled cave;
"The snow-white sea-bird flitting slowly by,
Skimming the foam, then rising high in air
On the light breezes, whilst the amber dye
Play'd on its flutt'ring wings and bosom fair.
These things delighted me—I lov'd to dwell
And ponder o'er them—Oft and oft I'd gaze,
Enrapt in thought, till night's dark curtain fell,
And sit, and sit, and watch the moon's pale rays
That shot athwart the sea, and pierc'd the gloomy haz.
"And when dark tempests rose the
angry deep,
And lurid meteors gleam'd and shot around
The frowning vault, and billows wild did leap,
Howling with fury from their sleep profound;
When thunder-peals did through the
gloomy cave,
And wild fowls, frighten'd, sought the
bird's cave,
I'd sit unmov'd, and list the awful sound.

Whilst o'er the waste the sweeping wind
did rave,
And, like a lofty mount, roll'd by the roar-
ing wave."

Baron Kolff is written in the grotesque comic style; rapidity and carelessness are too apparent in its construction, to afford the reader undivided pleasure.

Francis Abbott and Metropolitan Sketches. Second Series. By JAMES BIRD. Baldwin and Cradock.

We are much pleased, on opening a new volume of poetry by Mr. James Bird, to find that a large portion of its contents consists of additions to his popular "Metropolitan Sketches." It is most probable that the author does not value these sketches, equally with the tale of passion and pathos which takes precedence of them. But the world of the poet and the world of the reviewers and general readers is unfortunately surrounded by a different atmosphere; and the plants that are most tenderly reared in the first, are too apt to feel blight, and to wither when transplanted into the last. The tenacity of feeling inseparable from the finely-strung mind of the poet, makes him prefer those products of his genius, which are in unison with a pensive and melancholy turn of thought; yet we who are, perchance, obliged to keep our ideal in proper discipline, can answer that the keen observation and satirical wit of the "Metropolitan Sketches," will meet with more favour in the present times, than the sublimest efforts of the epic or tragic muse.

Yet let us not lead our readers into an error, every picture is touched with perfect good temper and justice. To blend mirthfulness and satire with good nature, is no common qualification. And here we cannot help drawing a contrast between these lively poems, which will please generally, without injuring individually; and a certain malignant prose publication, which lately issued from the press, professing to sketch the metropolis, whose author distinguished himself by reviewing publications which he never read, and describing classes of society which he evidently never saw; it is very easy for the professional reviewer to mark the portions of a book where an author speaks from intimate personal knowledge, and where he attacks with mere generalizing abuse. We acknowledge the individual minuteness and the earnest graphic skill with which are portrayed the haunts of crime, and the gambling orgies of the great metropolis; but this part of his labours is in strong contrast with his ignorance of the great, the virtuous, and pious part of the community—these he evidently knows not—

he never can know them, he therefore cannot describe them, however ambitious they may be of the distinction of his abuse, which is an honour every one must regret being denied, our publication has enjoyed that distinction, and here we gratefully thank him for the advantage we have found it. But we will now return to Mr. Bird.

It is a truth, though the world is slow in discovering it, that it is a very easy thing to win the reputation of wit by mere ill nature, sarcasm, and malicious attack: we like, however, to laugh with good consciences, and we are happy to say that though a genuine strain of hilarity and lively description runs through Bird's "Metropolitan Sketches," here is not a word which when "dying the author would wish to blot." We subjoin a specimen, and regret we have not room for his graphic picturing of Covent Garden, of the Blue Coat Boy, Hyde Park, and other metropolitan features, which strike the imagination of the casual London visitant far more vividly than they do the fancies of those who are born and reared among them. We have read, and many others will read the picturesque description that our country poet has given of these familiar things with great pleasure; and we hope soon to greet a second edition of them, accompanied by the preceding Sketches, which formed a valuable feature in a former volume of Mr. Bird's, reviewed by us in 1839.
After what we have said, it is most evident to our readers that they will find matter in this volume fitting the tastes of most readers, whether they delight in the gay or pensive style of poetry. We anticipate the book will meet with the attention from the public which it well deserves—for the public is a very just public, whenever a good work is fairly laid before it.

**THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.**

"Gardens of pleasure, of delight, of awe,
Home of illustrious bears and great baboons,
Thy prettiest flowers—at least the flowers
I saw—
Were long-tailed monkeys, lamas, and racoons:
Thy loveliest rose-bud was a red macaw.
But thou hast wonders from the triple zones;
The frigid, temperate, and eke the torrid,
The charming, beautiful, delightful, horrid!
"Here merry monkeys gambol in their space,
And frisk from branch to branch, from stem to stem;
Ease in each limb, vain wisdom in each face,
As though the dandies, that oft gaze at them,
Were—shame to speak it—of a kindred race!
They leap—they bound, and in their freaks contemn,
Bruises and falls, and danger, while they hold,
With tails and paws, and chatter like a scold.
• • • • • • • • •
"See here the mighty elephant! I stood,
Near him one day—a lady nearer yet—
A little painted box of Tunbridge wood
She held, a present for her youngest pet:
She laughed aloud—the beast observed her mood,
Deemed it an insult, and with eyes sharp set,
He luffed his caput, cunning as a fox;
His trunk swept by my chest, and crushed her box!
"Behold the greedy cormorant! the deer
From the great lakes! the eagle strong and fleet!
The hungry pelican that keeps his cheer
Pouched in his cupboard for a casual treat!
The armadillo, trotting with his gear,
That clicks like hobnails in a stony street!
The lion, here, seems gentle in his airs:
I cannot bear the bearing of the bears!
"They growl, they snap, they scratch, they bite,
They roar, they howl, they hug, they foam, they grin,
Encounter fiercely, more obdurate fight,
Tear at each other's eyes, and raise a din,
Enough to drive more mad a Bedlamite
Without—terricfe brutal rage within;
While vengeful fire their horrid eyes illumine,
So natural, you'd almost deem them human!

"Not that we call our fellow-man a bear;
Lord of creation's infinite domain,
The child of gladness, and the longing heir
Of growing hopes, for ever to remain;
Enough to see, that with especial care
He sometimes gives us motives to arraign
His words, his deeds; and leaves us, if we can,
To guess if he be quadruped, or man.
• • • • • • • • •

"I leave the gardens as the twilight gray
Falls, like a mantle o'er the closing scene;
And as I wend my solitary way,
Far off, to where my village paths are green,
I muse on nature's universal sway,
Her smile benignant, and her gracious mien;
I muse, and own, though day's bright tints may fade,
That chequered life has more of light than shade."

As we have forgotten two or three of the least efficient verses of this sketch, we have room for a few meritorious extracts from other subjects, for instance, from the "Mint:"

"**Great Mint!** hot smelter of the yellow gold,
And eke the dazzling silver and the brass!
Art thou as rich as thou wert wont of old,
When guineas and their "little ones" would pass
For all commodities when bought and sold
By our great grandsires and their sons? Alas!
Guineas are gone! and bright seven shining pieces,
So nice for rich aunts to present to their nieces!
"**Great Mint!** of all the mints thou art the best,
Though many mints are known in our creation;
Spearmint, and peppermint, and all the rest,
Must hold to thee a most inferior station.

"
"And thou, great master of the Mint! give ear!
List to the supplicant who humbly sues,
To thee, luxurious, long-loved Laboucherie!
One modest small request thou'll not refuse,
When a new coinage comes in any year—
Oh! smell some heavy ingots for my muse!
And tell Lord Melbourne this, and say I am,
Like him, to have some mint-sauce for my LAMB."

"The Fishmarket" is by no means devoid of quaint humour—
"Ye little sprats! that swim the salt, salt sea;
Ye shrimps and prawns, that at the bottom creep;
Ye salmon, sporting in the river Dee,
Ye turbots, wallowing in the briny deep!
Ye luscious fish of high and low degree,
House, house ye all from your aquatic sleep!
Haste from our shores, in rocky hollows lie;
Hide, hide from man, or ye must boil or fry!"

We have given ourselves little space to discuss the principal poem, “Francis Abbott,” which is first in place, and evidently first in the author’s esteem; it is a love tale, and touched with considerable pathos; it is founded on the ever new and yet perpetually recurring incidents of the perversity of a lover, who plagues a true heart till it breaks, by way of trying experiments whether it loves him sincerely or not; and when he has destroyed his Lucy, he dies in despair, because she could not live to be plagued any longer. Without being accountable for the waywardness of his subject, Mr. Bird has described the feelings of his perverse hero, with a minuteness that would have done honour to his neighbour and compatriot, George Crabbe; indeed, many of his pastoral sketches of his county scenery are acknowledged studies in the school of that great master.

**History of Quadrupeds.** By T. Bell, F.R.S., F.L.S. Parts 4, 5, and 6. Van Voorst.

However useful and desirable the modern fashion of publishing valuable works in numbers may be to authors and booksellers, we can only say that it is peculiarly inconvenient in the reviewing department of literature. Few reviewers who are conscientious, can pronounce judgment on a number or two of the most promising work, and if we store up several, as is our custom, with the honest intention of giving a more extended detail, our clients are apt to imagine that we have forgotten them—but it is not so easy to forget any work which bears the impress of the powerful mind of Mr. Bell, illustrated with the masterly wood-cuts that usually issue from the house of Van Voorst. We had good reason to be satisfied with the earlier numbers of the “History of Quadrupeds,” yet we with pleasure acknowledge that they have increased both in value and interest; the wood-cuts, though not more beautiful, are far more numerous than in the commencement of the work.

We are familiar with the persons and habits of most of the small savage things depicted and described in the fourth number; have with our own eyes seen a stoat, called in our province a mouse-hunt, changed into a lovely white ermine, with a black tail; seen him come out of his felon hole, and play round a huge tree in our garden; and we have forgiven him the murder of a young family of pet bantams, because he had turned into an ermine; and ermines are often talked of than seen in England; this was in February, 1824, and we add the information to Mr. Bell’s other testimony. The wild cat is an exact representation of one we saw living and dead; the expression of the mouth and face, and the ponderousness of the paws, are particularly characteristic of this animal. The polecat is a very spirited and true portrait of the original. The domestic cat is not very good in design; but the history of Mrs. Puss, and the anecdotes quoted in vindication of her calumniated character, are very interesting. There is a beautiful series of the various species of British dogs. We saw Strafford the blood-hound of Mr. Bell, the chemist, taking a peacable walk the other day in Oxford-street, and looking exceedingly like his portrait in the fifth number; we could not help patting him, and he received our caresses with great meekness. There is a spirited vignette of blood-hounds following footsteps imprinted in snow. The figures of the hound, the fox-hound, beagles, and water-dog, are full of truth and beauty, but the smooth terrier and the pointer are failures.

The sixth part concludes the history of the family Canis with the fox; and
we note that the conjugal fidelity of the fox, in choosing a mate for life, and never leaving her but in death, is not mentioned by Mr. Bell; we must therefore conclude that this is not a well authenticated fact. Perhaps the notice and anecdotes of the nobler species of dog, is not quite so ample as might have been expected.

Mr. Bell touches on comparative or animal phrenology in the history of the seals: we are a little surprised that he did not discuss this most interesting and novel feature throughout the whole series of his animals; he would have been able to have drawn convincing comparisons between the heads of the bull dog and Newfoundland, between the spaniel and the greyhound, and the wild and tame cats.


This magnificent atlas was greatly needed by the public: we have, it is true, lately reviewed a miniature work of the kind, of great merit, beautifully got up, and of marvellous cheapness; but where could we have turned to find a scientific publication for those who needed it, on a large scale, comprising the new discoveries, improvements, and colonies, that have been effected in the last seven years, till this first number of the “Edinburgh General Atlas” made its appearance.

It is a grand national work, and we are half disposed to regret that Edinburgh should take the lead of London, in the encouragement of the scientific men who produced it: however, justice requires that we should give it its due praise.

Science, beauty and the last discoveries, are all united in this work; which consists of eight large folio pages: on these are displayed—The World according to Mercator; the Eastern and Western Hemispheres; and a noble Map of Europe. Each of these four subjects occupies a double page, and the size of the pages is that of the largest folio; the bold style of these maps may, therefore, be supposed; and notwithstanding their great extent, each is engraved and coloured with the minutest delicacy. We note several new features of peculiar utility, among which we shall mention the novelty of the precise spots being marked on the ocean, where all the principal naval battles were fought: this is a great assistance in the reading of history. We can always note the sites of battles on land with precision; but sea-fights, unless decided in some bay (as, for instance, that of Solebay off Southwold), are vaguely defined by the general reader. The price is, in proportion to its size, as low as that of the beautiful little “Atlas” of Thomas. We expect this grand “Atlas” will be hailed with pleasure by the traveller, the merchant, the navigator, and the student of history and geography.

EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE.

Conversations on Nature and Art.
Murray.

Few persons can peruse this excellent volume without greatly increasing their stock of knowledge; the information it contains is not only useful, but rare; and many a scarce volume has been consulted for the purpose of enriching these unpretending dialogues, which may be read with delight and profit by the adult, as well as by the juvenile student. Yet the care which has been bestowed on the moral tendency of the information thus conveyed, renders it a book peculiarly appropriate for education libraries, and to all persons in whose hands the training of the minds of the young is consigned, do we earnestly recommend it.

Not only the labours of our modern scientific men, and the oldest and scarcest authors, have yielded their garnered treasures to aid the gatherings in this book, but we find some anecdotes which appear to us derived from an original source. From this department we select, as our specimen extract, the insulting manner in which the Jews were very lately treated at Rome. This recital is attended with some particulars which we do not remember to have met with in any other author:—

“Are there many Jews living at Rome? “Yes, a great number; and they have one particular part of the city, where alone they are permitted to dwell, as they formerly were restricted in London to the Old Jewry. No Jew is allowed to be a householder in Rome; but their permission to remain in the city is renewed every year, upon the payment of an annual tribute. The ceremony attendant on this grant is
very curious, and I was so fortunate as to be a witness to it the last time I was in Rome.

"Pray, aunt, tell us all about it."

"The form is this, as nearly as I could gain by what I saw; and from the answers given to my inquiries, as I was never able to find anything published about the ceremony. A herald from the Roman government goes to the quarter of the Jews eight-and-forty hours before the commencement of the carnival, and orders them to leave Rome in four-and-twenty hours. The Jews send three of their rabbi to the authorities, to ask if anything can be done on their part, to revoke the mandate. They are told to try. The three rabbi then go to the Palazzo de Conservatori, in the Capitol, where they are received by three of the conservatori, to hear their proposals. The rabbi present to them, kneeling, a large nosegay of flowers, in which is enclosed a draft for the sun appointed as a tribute. The chief conservator takes it, and tells them they shall hear further about it, and dismisses them with the word, "andat" (get away), accompanied by a kick of his foot. The conservatori then carry the Jews' nosegay to the chief senator of Rome, before whom the deputation is next summoned. He signifies to the rabbi that their proposals are accepted, and that the Jews will be permitted to remain in Rome another year. They are then dismissed. The chief senator orders the great bell of the Capitol to be rung, to announce that the carnival has begun, and parades the Corso, and other principal streets of the city, in his carriage of state, accompanied by the conservatori, and the other chief officers of Rome. The Jews, in addition to this tribute, are required to pay for all the flags used in the horse races in the carnival, and also to furnish money for the prizes which are given; these prizes being as an exemption from the indignities to which they were formerly exposed when they were compelled to run through the Corso, on the first day of the carnival, for the amusement of the people, who assailed them with every kind of offensive missile in the most barbarous manner. So late as the period of the French dominion, when this ceremony of the Jews was performed, the chief conservator used to place his foot upon the neck of the chief rabbi, who was obliged to prostrate himself before him, and then when the conservator put the word "andat," he spurned away the rabbin with a kick. The French abolished the whole ceremony; but Pius VII. was obliged, on his return, to restore it though with great reluctance; but he caused the ignominious practice of placing the foot upon the rabbin's neck to be abolished. Recent arrangements have also led to the discontinuance of the kick of dismissal; and when I witnessed the ceremony, it was no longer given. Let us hope that succeeding years will see the whole ceremony abolished, and that the time for the persecution of this devoted race is fast drawing to a close."

With such a specimen before us, can it be wondered that the Jew is still hard-hearted and exacting, while the so ill-named followers of Christ rule the race by tyranny and oppression, neglecting the commandment to love as brethren? The binding of this work is firm and handsome, and well fitted to endure the frequent perusal it deserves. The getting up is by Murray: what more need be said on that head?

MESSRS. Hoadley and Oldfield's EXHIBITION OF ENAMEL PAINTING ON GLASS, REGENT STREET.

We have before had occasion to commend the talent of these artists, when confined to their own domicile in the Hampstead-road. Now they have taken a stand amongst the exhibitions of the metropolis, and it is probable they will meet with considerable encouragement. The chief subjects are:—The Descent from the Cross, after Rubens, in the Cathedral at Antwerp.—The Fall of Nineveh, from the picture by John Martin, Esq.—Joshua commanding the Sun to Stand Still, by the same.—Charity. Also some smaller subjects, such as a Picture of King Henry the Eighth.—The Ancient Arms of King Henry the Eighth.—Vase of Flowers, with Fruit.—Love among the Roses. Thus providing, in variety and quality, a treat for the lovers of art, and a more than was expected gratification for the public who may chance to visit a simply designated but highly interesting exhibition of painted glass.

Sound Sense.—In the civil court of Monmouth, March 28th, a jurymen applied to be excused on the ground that he was deaf of one ear. Mr. Barou Bolland held this to be a sufficient excuse, saying that the jurymen must have two ears, one for the plaintiff, another for the defendant.

The New Theatre, Oxford Street, is proceeding rapidly under the auspices of a noble Duke.
**DRURY LANE.**

The new opera of "Fair Rosamond," by Barnett, the composer of the "Mountain Sylph," has been the great attraction at this theatre. The amour of Henry the Second must be so well known to our readers, that we may dispense with any outline of the plot. It closely follows the path of history, save in respect that instead of Fair Rosamond being poisoned, she is saved by the timely entrance of Henry at the moment she is about to drink the fatal beverage prepared by Queen Eleanor, and, consequently, returned to the arms of her father. The music is said to be an imitation of that of the Troubadours of the "olden times," however, we very much suspect if any such strains were heard in those days. If anything, it is even more elaborate than the difficult music which is now the fashion, and which has taken the place of those beautiful and simple melodies which used to thrill from the lips of Miss Stephens. We may, perhaps, on some future occasion, say more on this subject, and also with regard to the drama in its widest sense. At present, we do not think there is an air in this opera which will become sufficiently popular as to get upon our street organs.

- "The Rose of the World," "The Guests were Bidden," and "The Minstrel Woo'd a beauteous Maid: the two former sung by Phillips, the latter by "Little Poole," are nightly encored. We quote from one of them:

> "The guests were bidden, the feast was spread,
> And the bridegroom's heart was gay;
> But many a tear the fair bride shed
> For one, far, far away.
> Whence comes the wandering Troubadour?
> Sweet Marian, who is he?
> 'Tis thy Oscar sings,—we part no more,
> My love, oh, fly with me!"

- "The time passed gaily, the hour drew on,
> The nuptial vow to plight;
> And the minstrel, praise and largesse won,
> Bids all a fair good night.
> The priest is waiting; the bridegroom cries,
> 'Haste, haste, my love; no more
> Thou'll see thy bride; from thee she flies
> With her lover—her Troubadour.'"

The opera is beautifully got up, both as to costume and scenery. The "Baronial Hall," on the rising of the curtain, is very good. With such a cast as Phillips, Giubilei, Wilson, Seguin, Miss Romer, Poole, Fanny Healy, and Betts, we have no doubt it will have a run.

- "Richard III." was revived at this theatre for the holiday folk, after a sleep of twelve years. Contrary to custom, the gods of this earth held their peace, riveted in silent attention upon Mr. Forrest, who took the part of Gloster. His acting, contrasted with that of Warde, as Richmond, was extraordinary. The one vehement, towards the conclusion in particular, and energetic throughout; the other a mere automaton actor. But we must proceed to note the rest of the holiday fare, which was dished up with the pompous title of "the grand, serio-comic, romantic melodrama of 'Valentine and Orson.'" The dresses and decorations are very good, and in the banquet-scene a pas de six, by the "Coryphees" (six young ladies), and a pas de deux, by M. Gilbert and Madame P. Giubilei, were most deservedly applauded. Valentine, Mr. Howell; Orson, Mr. T. Matthews; and Miss Taylor admirable as Princess Eglantine. In the scene in which she appears in male attire, disguised as a knight, and encounters the sorcerer, Agramont, in single combat, she displayed considerable proficiency in the use of the sword. The bear was a very good bear, and performed his part most faithfully; indeed, at times he was overbearing in his hideous growlings. The scenery is only in part new, but lacking no hing in grandeur. The company was good, and all parties behaved themselves very genteelly for holiday folks.

**COVENT GARDEN.**

"King John" was the well-chosen play for the Easter play-goers. The King was personated by Mr. Macready, upon a new engagement. If he was for a while in reality a king, what was Mr. Vandenhoff? not, surely, Falconbridge—which he assumed to be, for the first time; if so, away with this noise and bluster, which make the performer every thing which he would not wish to be. The musical farce of the "Waterman" followed; and such was the love of the audience, for the melodious strains in particular of Mr. Collins, who performed...
Tom Tug, that although suffering evidently from severe cold, yet he was obliged throughout the evening to repeat each song. Then followed a new Eastern romance, entitled "Noureddin and the Fair Persian," founded on the well-known adventures of Noureddin and Nourmahal, so beautifully narrated in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

The scenery, which is altogether new, really surprised us, on account of its extreme beauty and magnificence; each succeeding scene vied with the other for grandeur of display and tasteful elegance of execution: to Mr. Marshall, we understand, the praise belongs.

The story runs, that, owing to the thoughtless extravagance of the wine-drinking and company-loving Noureddin, by which he became too deeply involved to be extricated by his so-called friends, he was abandoned in the hour of distress by the summer flies, who had long basked in the sunshine of his bounty. A legal process is served upon him whilst present with them, and not one amongst them will give him assistance. To avert the calamity which threatened her lover Nourmahal, or "Star of the Morn" (Miss Vincent), the fair Persian had sold herself for a considerable sum. A faithful slave of his deceased father plans their escape from the officers of justice; then follow "hair-breadth escapes," until they reach, and unknown enter the Caliph's hut. The fair Persian is well received, and the promise of protection is given. During her absence Noureddin falls asleep, sees imaginary visions of things, which are admirably exhibited in phantasmagoric display, villains seize him, &c. As far as this the interest was well kept up, but there was afterwards a sad lack of invention, a total absence of connected story, which spoilt a really promising piece, well fit for holiday fun, which, nevertheless, was listened to and watched most attentively, and the whole was turned into a ludicrous affair. We think the scenery is so beautiful, that this piece might be made into a more enlarged, and thereby very pleasing spectacle; there was indeed far too little time allowed for the development of the plot, although the theatre was open to an unusually late hour.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Here we have had several benefits. That of our friend, Jack Harley, who saved his money by his extraordinary grin, was a bumper. Tuesday, the 13th, introduced to an English audience an opera by Adolph Adam, called "The Postillion;" principal characters by Parry, Braham, Leffler, and Miss Rainforth. The plot of the burletta, as it is called, runs thus:—The Marquis de Courcy (J. Parry) is travelling in search of singing for the King's opera, and is attracted by the voice of Chapelon (Braham), a young postilion, who has on that very day been married to Madelaine (Miss Rainforth), a country maiden. The prospects held out by the Marquis flatter the young man's ambition; and being further urged by Bijou (Leffler), the village blacksmith, who was once his rival, Chapelon leaves his bride, and sets off for the metropolis. Some years elapse, and in the second act we find Madelaine, who has become wealthy by the death of a rich aunt, residing at Paris, under the name of Madame de Latour. Chapelon is now the chief singer at the opera, and Bijou, one of the chorus: the former falls in love with Madame de Latour, whom he does not recognise to be his wife, and to avoid the crime of bigamy, hits on the laudable scheme of marrying the lady by a sham priest. This design is overheard by the Marquis, who is himself a suitor of Madame de Latour, and jealous of Chapelon, he discloses it to the lady, and she substitutes a real priest for the sham one. From a subsequent conversation, the Marquis learns that Chapelon has been previously married, and he procures the police to take him up for bigamy. Poor Chapelon is trembling with the apprehension of being hanged, when at last his fears are dispelled by his learning that Madame de Latour and Madelaine are the same person, and that he has no further occasion to dread the fate which he really deserved. There is an amusing scene occasioned by an influenza among the chorus singers, and another by Chapelon's holding a long harangue in the dark to an empty sofa. The music is light, pleasing, and airy, and of a different description to what is customary. However, we are afraid that the "Postillon" will drive better at Paris than in our crowded metropolis, and that the piece will not have a very extended run, as there is nothing in it which will particularly please the ear of the English public; perhaps the most likely air so to
do is the following, sung by Braham in
the character of the Position: —
"Come, friends, draw near, and hear the
story,
Of a postilion bold and gay;
Sure it is true, and no vain glory—
Then take my word for all I say.
When far his horses’ tramp was sounding,
The village maids came forth to greet,
And many a heart ’mid them was bound-
ing—
Galloping with his horses’ feet.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, what care can know,
The position of Lonjumeau?

"But late one night the village leaving,
To take some traveller on his way,
The place he quitted, many grieving.
Though vainly, at his lengthened stay.
No more he roves to every flower,—
His days of gallantry are gone;—
He that o’er many hearts had power,
Has now become the slave of one.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, what care does know,
The position of Lonjumeau?

Miss Rainforth continues to improve,
under the tuition of T. Cook.

The other novelties here are an amusing
farce by Boz,—"Is she his Wife?" in
which Miss Allison laughs as heartily
as the audience; and a representation
of Mr. Pickwick at a white-bait dinner
at Blackwall, which is comparatively a
failure. The season is extended for two
months from Easter Monday.

We can but barely, this month, trace
the outlines of the other Easter offerings.
At the Adelphi, two new pieces were
produced, "The King of the Danube
and the Water Lily," in which the father of
Coralie (the Water Lily), who was
supposed to have been long ago drowned
in the Danube, being called by his
daughter to prevent a forced marriage,
which is suddenly emerges from the deep water,
and declaring she shall have her own
way, induces her to return with him,
where happily, in the coral caves, she
finds her own true lover; also "Ruth
Tudor, or Rhys, the Red Smuggler."
These pieces gave the audience full con-
tentment.

At the Olympic, we had "The Rape
of the Lock," which bore very closely
upon Pope’s poem; we do not, there-
fore, enter into particulars. The whole
was got up with Madame’s usually ad-
mirable taste and tact.

Astley’s opened with an entirely new
drama, called "The Lists of Ashby; or,
The Conquests of Ivanhoe." The story is
in great part revealed in the name, and
the audience admired the support of the
parts of a wondering and excited con-
course, during the time of divers tilts,
tournaments, needful to the history, and
peculiar to the tale. The horses, as usual
at this theatre, performed their parts
with surprising intelligence. The piece
gave complete satisfaction, although the
promised fireworks, by some accident in
the scaffolding, did not go off.

At the Surrey, a new nautical drama
won the public favour, on this first of
holidays, Easter Monday, called "Jack’s
Alive; or, the Jacobites in 1745." This
was followed by a magnificent Eastern
spectacle, called "The Loadstone of the
Earth; or, Gian Ben Gian and the Elixir
of Immortality." The adventures of the
Prentender, Charles, are the "burthen of
the song" of the first piece, and there
was an ample field for scenery and acting.
The incidents may naturally be supposed
to involve many cases of oppression, bru-
tality, and treachery; but, nevertheless,
the plot terminates by Charles being en-
abled to escape; so that there is general
pleasure, both "on the boards" and in
the theatre. The acting of Cooke and
Mrs. Honner were beyond all praise. The
spectacle was truly such, and is likely to
continue for a very long time particularly
attractive.

The Victoria had also a nautical
spectacle, called "Breakers A-head." The
plot is outlandish enough, carrying us to
China; but we do not recommend
our readers to attend a representation
which, however droll, splendid, or taking,
is devoid of regard to what is due to the
ear of respectable persons. The author
must, unless more refined, be content with
molasses customers of the Tom and
Jerry school.

**MR. ADAMS’S ORRERY.**

On the Wednesdays and Fridays during
Lent, and every night (except Good
Friday) in Passion week, the King’s
Theatre was well attended to hear Mr.
Adams’s Lecture on Astronomy, illus-
trated by transparencies. We were
much pleased by the clear view given of
the route of Halley’s comet. Many hun-
dreds of people witnessed these represen-
tations, who would not have put foot over
the threshold to have witnessed a the-
atical representation.
THE ENDLESS LADDER.

A patent has recently been obtained for a most ingenious and useful machine adapted to mining, and many other useful purposes, where the main object is to raise or lower weights and packages in constant succession. This simple, but very effective, contrivance, consists of an endless ladder, made either of chain or rope, which passes over and under two revolving drums or cylinders, mounted upon horizontal axes; one situated at the bottom, and another at the top of a shaft or plain, to and from which the ladder is intended to reach. A continuous motion being given to either of the cylinders by the power of steam, or animal force, the endless ropes, or chains, furnished with horizontal staves, like those of a common ladder, are made to circulate over the revolving cylinders by which they are extended, so that one part of this endless ladder is continually ascending with a slow but uniform motion from the lowermost to the uppermost, whilst, vice versa, the other part of the ladder is descending to the lowermost in an uninterrupted circulation. A vast deal of labour is thus unremittingly performed, with the important result of great economy of time and power—one ten minutes might be affixed as a fair average.

The invention also provides a safe and easy conveyance for men; the accomplishment of which in a philanthropic, as well as any other point of view, has long been a desideratum in mining operations. For this purpose a small moveable step or footboard, furnished with a handrail, is applied, which, if desired, can be made wide enough to admit of several persons standing abreast, who are by this means passed up and down without fatigue, and in perfect security. Independently of the certain advantages that would result from the application of such machinery to the purposes for which it appears to us so admirably adapted, we consider the inventor of this apparatus, (Dr. Spurgin, of Guilford-street, Russell-square,) to have invented a vast good for a numerous class of our fellow-creatures—the miners, exposed as they are, from the peculiar nature of their occupation, to fearful risks of life and limb, as these casualties would be materially diminished by the adoption of such a machine.

We strongly recommend an inspection of the models to our readers, which are of very excellent construction, and exhibited gratuitously at Miners’ Hall, Exeter-street, Strand.

Miscellaneous.

A Pretender in earnest.—“Our General says that Don Carlos is a pretender,” exclaimed an Irishman in the retreat at St. Sebastian, “but, by the piper that played before Moses, if he be only a pretender now, what will he be when he is in earnest!”

Royal Bounty.—The King’s minor bounty of five shillings to each person, was distributed last week at the Almonry-office, to between 800 and 900 aged and infirm men and women, by Mr. Stanley, Secretary to the Lord High Almoner.

British Museum.—We greatly congratulate our readers on the opening of this national establishment during Easter, Whitson, and Christmas holidays, which will enable many persons to visit it who could not conveniently obtain an opportunity except at those periods.

Royal Concerts.—We hear that it is the intention of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent to give a series of the splendid concerts at Kensington Palace, immediately after the Easter recess.

Munday Thursday.—Formerly, on this day, the Kings and Queens of England washed and kissed the feet of as many poor men and women as they were years old, besides bestowing their Munday on each; this was in imitation of our Saviour washing his Disciples’ feet. Queen Elizabeth performed this at Greenwich, on which occasion the feet of the same number of poor persons were first washed by the yeomen of the laundry with warm water and sweet herbs, afterwards by the sub-almoner, and, lastly, by the Queen herself; the person who washed making each time a cross on the pauper’s foot above the toes, and kissing it. Clothes, victuals, and money, were then distributed among the poor. James II. is said to be the last of the monarchs who performed this ceremony in person; it was afterwards performed by the almoner.

Death of John Fawcett.—This eminent actor expired at Botley, Hants, on the 12th March, in his 69th year. He was born in
London in 1769, and made his first appearance at Margate, at the age of fifteen, in the character of Courtall, in "The Belle's Stratagem." Fawcett was for many years manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

**Death of Mrs. Fitzherbert.**—This lady, who, it is said, has for some inconsiderable time been declining, died on Easter Monday at her mansion on the Old Steyne, Brighton, in her 93rd year.

**Death of Mr. Vance, of Sackville-street.**—We regret to announce the death of this eminent surgeon, not solely on account of the severe loss to his family and the public, but by the distressing manner which occasioned it. Mr. Vance was attending Mr. Broadley, a gentleman of independent property, in Lower Grosvenor-street, who was deranged, but not generally violent in his conduct. Mr. Vance was proceeding up stairs, when Mr. Broadley suddenly rushed from his room, and coming in violent, though accidental, collision with Mr. Vance on the landing, the latter was precipitated to the bottom, and, falling on the edge of a window-seat, he received a very severe wound on the forehead. Mr. Vance, although seriously injured, was able to assist in binding up his head, but the wound was mortal; thus terminating a life of ardent devotion to the duties of his profession, which those who have known his mild and ardent zeal, have felt greatly indebted.

**Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**

**Births.**

At Stoke Poges, Bucks, Mrs. John Evans, of twins, both boys.

On the 2nd, the lady of Henry Parker Collett, Esq., of Chancery Lane, of a son.

On the 1st, in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, Mrs. Lewes James Leslie, of a daughter.

On the 28th, at Brighton, the lady of A. J. Perkins, Esq., of a son.

On the 28th, at East Sheen, Surrey, Lady Charlotte Perryn, of a daughter, still-born.

On the 9th, at Chelsea, Mrs. Thomas Druce, of a son.

On the 9th, at Pentreapant, Shropshire, the lady of R. M. Bonnor Maurice, Esq., of a son and heir.

On the 11th, at Kensington, the Lady de Lisle and Dudley, of a daughter.

On the 12th, in Bruton Street, the lady of Henry Shuttleworth, Esq., of the East India ship Abber

On the 13th, the wife of Charles Candy, Esq., of a daughter, of Park Hill, Tooting.

On the 18th, at Horton Hall, Stafford, the lady of the Rev. S. S. Henry, of a daughter.

On the 19th, the lady of James Freshfield, Jun., Esq., of New Bank Buildings, of a daughter.

On the 22nd, at her residence, South Audley Street, in the 84th year of her age, Frances Cannig, daughter of the late Stratford Cannig, Esq., of Garratt, in Ireland, and aunt to the late Right Hon. George Cannig.

On the 21st, at Springfield, Isle of Wight, the lady of Captain Oliver St. John, 91st Madras Light Infantry, of a son.

On the 28th, Mrs. Bourdallie, of a daughter.

**Marriages.**

On the 2d, at Chelsfield, Kent, by the Rev. Dr. Tarleton, Mr. Wm. Key, of the General Post Office, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Brooker, of Chelsfield.

On the 28th, at Dorking, by the Rev. C. A. Stowart, Richard Fry, Esq., of Liverpool, to Emma, daughter of Jacob Rush.


On the 11th, at Marylebone, by the Rev. T. G. Storie, vicar of Cambridge, T. E. Fielder, Esq., of Doctors' Commons and Gloucester Place, to Maria, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Ashlin, Esq., of Crossdike Lodge, Middlesex.

On the 13th, at Christ Church, St. Marylebone, Henry Barret, Esq., A.M., of the Inner Temple, and of Malmesbury, Wilt, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Wallis, Esq., of Islaun, Northamtonshire.

On the 23d, at St. Clement Danes, Wm. Napier Reeve, of Aldermanbury, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Wm. Waugh, Esq., of Essex Street, and grand-daughter of the late Alexander Waugh, D.D.

On the 23d, at St. Mary's, Islington, Parke Phipps Latley, Esq., to Judith, youngest daughter of Richard Allen, Esq., of Dalby Terrace, Islington.

On the 29th, at St. Pancras Church, by the Rev. E. A. Dunmaney, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Mortlake, Francis, son of Sir F. M. Dunmaney, to Julia Henrietta, daughter of Thomas Metcalfe, Esq., of Fitzroy Square, and of Lincoln's Inn.

**Deaths.**

Of the 24th, in Loudon, Mr. Richard Brown, aged 69, late of the firm of Keating and Brown, of 38, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and 63, Paternoster Row, Catholic booksellers and printers to the High Rev. Apostolic.

On the 26th, at Meadow Cottage, Teddington, Middlesex, Sophia, wife of E. Delight, Esq.

On the 10th, at her residence, South Audley Street, in the 84th year of her age, Frances Cannig, daughter of the late Stratford Cannig, Esq., of Garratt, in Ireland, and aunt to the late Right Hon. George Cannig.

On the 10th, at York Terrace, Regent's Park, Henry Thomas Colebrook, Esq.

On the 10th, at Brighton, Frances Sophia, wife of W. P. R. Sheddow, Esq.

On the 10th, at Harfield Park, Major-General Sir H. G. Coops, K.C.H., only surviving brother of the late Lieut-General, Sir G. Cooke, K.C.H.

On the 10th, at Dawlish, aged 84, James Sherriden, son of the late James Sherriden, M.D., of Dublin. Mr. Sherriden was for some years connected with the "Times" Journal, where his talents and conduct procured for him the highest respect. His loss will be severely felt by a large circle of friends.

On the 22d, at Brighton, Marrian, youngest daughter of William Bennett, Esq., of Farrington House, Berks.

On the 15th, Lady Cannig, widow of the distinguished statesman. She was the youngest daughter of Major-General Sir John Scott, of Balcomie. The Dean of Westminster has granted permission for her interment in the same grave with her deceased husband.
ISABELLA OF SCOTLAND

Second wife of François 1st Duke of Brittany.

13th Century.

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

No. 51 of the series of ancient portraits.

1837

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM,
A Family Journal
OF ORIGINAL TALES AND STORIES, IN PROSE AND VERSE, INCLUDING
IMPARTIAL REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

[During the present year (1837) we promise our readers the portraits of Four English Queens, which we trust will be as well executed as that of Queen Elizabeth.—(See January 1st.) New subscribers may be glad to know (seeing the chain there is in the histories of most of the celebrated women whose portraits, according to the list on the wrapper of this work, have been already published), that, with some exceptions, sets, or single copies of the numbers already published, can be had of the publishers of this work, or by order of any bookseller.]

MAY, 1837.

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

MEMOIR OF ISABELLA, PRINCESS OF SCOTLAND, AND
DUCHESS OF BRETAGNE.
(A whole length portrait, splendidly coloured and illuminated from the original in the Cathedral of Vannes.)

Constance,* the unfortunate heiress of Bretagne, whose name is familiar to all the admirers of Shakspere, was the only child of this lady. The portrait of the Princess of Scotland is far better preserved than her name; since Speed calls the Princess of Scotland, who married the Duke of Bretagne, Margaret, the French chroniclers call her Isabella.

She was the grand-daughter of David, King of Scotland, and sister to King William, surnamed the Lion. She married the Duke of Bretagne in the year 1152. Henry the Second forced the Duke of Bretagne to give his infant heiress, Constance, to his son, Geoffrey Plantagenet, who was only five years of age.

The Duke of Bretagne died soon after, and left the King of England absolute master of Bretagne, governing in the names of Constance and Geoffrey.

After the royal pair had arrived at maturity, they naturally wished to have the control of their own dominions, which request Henry refused. Geoffrey, aided by his brother Richard, afterwards surnamed Coeur de Lion, flew to arms: he carried the tale of his grievances to his wife's uncle, King William the Lion, and implored him for love of his sister, the Duchess of Bretagne, to right the wrongs of her only daughter, who was unjustly deprived of her inheritance by Henry, his father. The King of Scotland, well pleased at a pretext to carry civil war into England, made a formidable invasion, accompanied by Henry's two sons and many discontented English barons, further abetted by Eleanor of Guinene, the Queen of England. The great abilities of Henry the Second prevailed. This formidable insurrection and invasion was destroyed by the capture of William the

* In the present number we have reviewed the "Shakspere Gallery," part 8, in which singularly enough, is the very portrait of this Lady Constance, in King John; and it is almost self-evident, from the family resemblance, that she is the offspring of this princess of Scotland: thus giving great additional value in favour of the authenticity of these portraits, as they are derived from certainly very different sources.

2 P.—VOL. X.—MAY.
Lion. The sons of Henry reconciled themselves to their father, and the Scottish king remained a prisoner. This war was concluded in 1175. There is reason to suppose that the sister of William the Lion was alive at that time, but she is not alluded to afterwards in history.

As the descendants of this princess are familiar to every English reader by means of the magic genius of Shakspeare, we will devote a few words to tracing their destinies. Geoffrey Plantagenet died soon after he was reconciled to his father, leaving an infant daughter, Elinor, surname the Pearl of Brittany by the English. This lady died after a dreary lifelong confinement of forty years in the castle of Bristol, in which she had been immured by her iniquitous uncle, King John. Arthur, the other unfortunate child of Geoffrey and Constance, was not born till four months after the death of his father. His fate has been precisely detailed by Shakspeare, who has minutely followed the most authentic chronicles. Not so his representation of Constance: this princess was forced by her tyrannical father-in-law, Henry II., to marry a noble of his, Ranulph, Earl of Chester, who governed Bretagne according to the will of his master. In the year 1200, Constance freed herself from him, and married, during his lifetime, Guy of Thouars, by whom she had Alice, and died in the year 1201, one twelvemonth before the tragedy of young Arthur was completed by King John: Constance was in reality spared that sorrow, as neither she nor his sister Elinor were their uncle’s prisoners before the year 1202. After the murder of young Arthur, his father-in-law, Guy of Thouars, called John to a severe account; and as that prince still unjustly detained the lawful heiress, the Princess Alice, her half-sister, was proclaimed Duchess of Bretagne; she afterwards married a prince of the French blood-royal, Peter de Dreux, who became Duke of Bretagne.

Amidst the gloom and strife of these dark ages, the date of the death of the Princess of Scotland is lost, but it most likely happened in the Abbey of Vannes, as her enamelled portrait is preserved in the cathedral, from which our frontispiece is copied.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

Her coronet is placed over a blue velvet cap, to which there are oreillettes of gold cloth, bordered with pearls: the hair of the duchess is carefully concealed, but across the forehead she wears a string of gold beads, in the style of the modern Feronière. The necklace is of golden fleur-de-lis, connected with a gold circle. The upper part of the dress is a surcoat, or jacket, entirely bordered round with ermine; it fits close to the shape: the material is blue satin, brocaded with gold flowers. It is bordered round the bust with gold, and buttoned down the front with the same. The skirt of the dress is heraldic, bearing the lion of Scotland, with its scarlet bordures parted on the right side, while the left field is entirely filled with ermine fur. This arrangement implies that the lady is represented in her costume as Princess of Scotland, and not as Duchess of Bretagne; as in the last case she would have had her husband’s scutcheon, and not her father’s, on the right side, though it is possible that the Dukes of Bretagne, being of Celtic origin, did not bear coat armour at that early period. She is most likely represented in her bridal dress: the portrait of her is evidently taken at a very early period of her life.

MORNING.

By John Jordison.

Heaven no longer gleameth]
With each twinkling star,
Morning, morning beameth
O’er the hills afar;
Sunbeams bright are glancing
Through the forest trees,
Wild-flowers are dancing
In the wakening breeze.
The Watch: a Tale of the Wars.

Hark! the lark is singing
In the sky above;
Every vale is ringing
With soft songs of love:
Earth, and air, and ocean,
All sweet things combine,
To breathe with deep devotion
Melodies divine.

Thus, in life's glad morning,
All is bright and fair;
Smiles youth's face adorning,
Beauty lingering there:
But soon those gleams of gladness
From the eye depart,
And clouds of care and sadness
Settle on the heart.

THE WATCH: A TALE OF THE WARS.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

"If I must tell you a story," said the major, "it shall be, at least, one after my own fashion."

"After any fashion," replied the widow, with a smile, "so that you do tell it. You men-at-arms so often furnish the materiel for a tale, that we could almost forgive you, or, at least, not be very angry, if you even advance yourself to the brevet rank of hero, and give us one of the"

"Moving accidents by flood and field," in which, one time or other, during a life of military adventure, you must have been mixed up. So, gallant sir, commence."

"I am half inclined to take you at your word," responded the major, "as the temptation of making myself a hero, for the nonce, is really a very great one. But I shall avoid it; you shall have a story of which I am only one of the accessories — a tale without even a heroine: — I shall give you the history of my watch."

"It was early in 1809, a fortnight before Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed for Lisbon, to take the chief command of the British troops in Portugal, that I, then in my seventeenth year, was taken from school, on a fine spring morning, to carry a pair of colours for his Majesty, George the Third; in other words, I was suddenly elevated from a boarding-school to the Gazette, which duly announced the appointment of 'John Shelton, gent., to be ensign in the 28th foot, without purchase."

"The change which came over the spirit of my dream was, indeed, a bewildering one. Entre nous, I was not exactly the brightest scholar in my class, and, therefore, innumerable were the vexations to which I was subjected almost daily, by this lad being a better translator of Homer, and that lad better skilled in the prosody of the crabbed odes of Pallas, than myself. But now,—they were school-boys, and I was (in my own opinion, at least) a future and honoured conqueror. I bore my preferment very modestly—considering! The two lines in the Gazette had made me a man. I really doubt which caused me greater annoyance—the apprehension that my handsome uniform would not arrive in time for me to exhibit it in church on the Sunday, or the doubt whether my most indefatigable shaving for whiskers would produce the desired effect by the time I joined my regiment."

"The uniform came, and a very handsome and becoming one it was. But, alas for the uncertainty of worldly hopes! with it came an order that I should be in Cove by noon, on that very Sunday which I had destined to witness my début en militaire. There was no alternative; the 28th regiment of foot, in which I was junior ensign, was to sail for Portugal; and wiping away the unwarrantable tears which would gush out, as I bade farewell to my family and friends, I took
my seat on ‘the Rakes of Mallow’ coach, was in Cork to breakfast, in 
Cove at noon, and in my hammock, seasick, three hours after. And such was 
my entrance into the world of action.

“I shall spare you a description of the unpleasantries of the voyage,—how we 
were pursued by two very hostile looking vessels, which turned out to be British frigates,—how we were tossed in the Bay of 
Biscay, quite as much as poor Sancho Panza in the blanket,—with a great many 
other ‘hows’ which, if put together, would make a succession of scenes more easily 
imagined than described, as novel writers say. You will take it for granted, by 
my being in bodily presence before you, that I was not drowned. I safely arrived 
at Lisbon on St. George’s-day, 1809,—Sir Arthur Wellesley having landed the 
day before.

“Pray, do not expect that I am to give you any thing like a detail of the 
war. It is enough to say that Wellesley 
was appointed marshal-general of the Portuguese troops,—forced Soult to 
abandon Oporto,—moved so rapidly as to 
prevent the concentration of the French 
armies,—marched upon the Alberche so 
threateningly as to alarm Joseph 
Bona-parte into acting on the defensive, aided 
by Marshal Jourdan, and the corps of 
Victor and Sebastiani,—and fought the 
battle of Talavera, on the 28th July, 1809. If King Joseph had taken the 
advice of Jourdan, and avoided a decided 
battle, until Soult had come on the Bri-
tish rear, with the corps of Ney and 
Mortier, I will not say what the result 
might have been; but Victor—who was a 
mere sabreur—said that he could dislodge 
our troops from our fine position, and as 
Joseph Bona-parte was afraid of being 
scolded by Napoleon, if, with the enemy in 
view, he delayed to fight, the battle 
was commenced, at sunrise. It continued 
until mid-day, beneath a broiling sun, 
until at last the combatants on either side 
gave over fighting from actual exhaustion. 
There might then be seen men from both 
armies slaking their thirst at opposite 
sides of the same brook, and shaking 
hands across it, in acknowledgment of 
their sense of mutual value! This truce 
lasted for three hours, after which the bat-
tle was renewed, and continued until night.
The French, I am told, affect to consider 
that we gained no victory: I know, how-
ever, that the next morning no French-
man was to be found on the field, except 
the dead and the wounded. It is pretty 
clear, also, what the issue of the battle 
must have been considered in England, 
for the acknowledgment was, that Sir 
Arthur Wellesley was created Viscount 
Wellington of Talavera.

“I would very willingly relate all my 
own deeds of valour in this engagement, 
but, unfortunately, I was wounded very 
early in the day, and the tender mercy of 
the surgeon, who pitied my extreme 
youth, made him give a positive order 
that I should keep quiet in my tent, or 
he could not answer for the consequences 
of—my flesh-wound! I do not recollect 
that my valour was particularly indignant 
at thus being restrained!

“The morning after the battle, I rallied 
out to look at the field. It was strewn 
with the dead and the wounded. I know 
not what carried me on, but I proceeded 
to that spot, in which the brunt of the 
contest had taken place—where, in fact, 
Victor had directed the chief of his force 
against our left. Here, though it was 
strictly forbidden by Sir Arthur Wellesley, 
I found the work of plunder proceeding 
rapidly and extensively. Our men were 
busier enough, but the sutling women 
seemed accomplished plunderers. They 
turned over the dead, and ripped open 
their pockets with all imaginable sang 
frond.

“Some twenty or thirty yards from 
the main mass of plunderers, was a group 
consisting of three soldiers of my own 
regiment, surrounding a wounded French 
officer. As I came up, they were in the 
act of searching his person, in no very 
gentle manner. I advanced, and com-
manded them to quit their prey. They 
showed every inclination not to heed my 
command, but a picquet passing by at the 
moment, I was enabled without difficulty 
to enforce it. The officer, much exhausted 
by loss of blood, and not any thing the 
better for having passed the night ex-
posed to the chill dews, no sooner under-
stood that I was a British officer, than, 
claiming my protection, he surrendered 
himself my prisoner. I had him removed 
to my own quarters, and paid him the 
umost attention, by calling in the best 
surgical assistance which, at that time, 
could be obtained.

“I soon learned that my prisoner was 
no less a personage than General Laroche 
(I think that was the name, or something
like it), a favourite officer of Napoleon's. I acquainted Sir Arthur Wellesley with my good fortune, and received his assent to my proposition that the general should remain in my quarters until the surgeons declared him able to bear removal, for he had been very severely wounded.

"Natural gratitude on his side, and my own sympathy for his sufferings, soon bound us together in the bonds of friendship. After a time, giving me his fullest confidence, he informed me that I had preserved more than his life, for that, anxious to embrace the first honourable opportunity of quitting the service, and anticipating opposition from Napoleon, he had realized all his convertible property into English bills of exchange, which he had on his person when my opportune arrival prevented their being forcibly taken away from him. His wife and children he had sent to America, at the commencement of the campaign in Spain, and had determined to join them when he honourably could, and the bills which he had preserved would afford him a pleasant competence.

"Immediately after the battle of Talavera, Sir Arthur Wellesley retired to Portugal, recommending his abandoned wounded and sick to the generosity of Victor—a trust which this gallant enemy honourably and humanely discharged. My prisoner, however, was of too much importance to be left behind, and he accompanied us to Portugal.

"In a few months, the general was restored to comparative health, and seeking an interview with Lord Wellington (for his new honours had already become known), took the opportunity of detailing, as flatteringly as he could, the part which I had taken in his capture. What further passed I know not, but Lord Wellington restored him to liberty on his parole not to serve, during the campaign, against the British army. At the close of the interview, I was sent for, and went to Lord Wellington's tent, in company with Lieutenant Teulon, a brother officer. Lord Wellington was pleased to pay me some compliments on my conduct, and acquainted me that my quandam prisoner was about being discharged from my custody. It was then that General Laroche, taking a valuable watch from his pocket, requested my acceptance of it as a reward for my having preserved his life and property. Lord Wellington said, with a smile, 'My young friend will scarcely take a reward for the performance of his duty (for humanity is as requisite as courage), but I venture to say that he will be proud to preserve such a memorial of your friendship.'

"Accordingly I accepted the gift. In a few days, General Laroche went away, and we learned soon after that he had succeeded in obtaining a ship bound from Oporto to Philadelphia, in which he embarked, and safely rejoined his family in the United States.

"The watch which I had received was of Italian workmanship, and of great value. It had several pretty contrivances: the dial plate opened, when the repeater was struck, and exhibited some moveable figures of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, which performed various evolutions, according to the hour. Then it could go for a week without winding, there being some machinery to wind it up on one side as fast as it went down on the other. Besides this, it had, what was a novelty at the time, extra works capable of playing two or three simple airs. In fact, it was a remarkable watch, and I valued it very much, for its curiosity, as well as for the sake of the donor.

"I shall not trouble you with any particulars of the various events during the war, in which I bore a part. It is enough to say that, at the close of the campaigns in 1814, I was pretty high in the list of lieutenants; and returned to Ireland, with the 28th. I need not say how welcomed I was, for the warmth of an Irish welcome is quite proverbial; but I really doubt whether, after awhile, the watch was not quite as much the object of attraction as myself. One would think it had everlasting works, for they were never out of repair, although I was compelled, at least a dozen times a day, to strike the repeater, that the dial might fly back and exhibit the moving figures, and the musical part was seldom allowed to be silent. Patient and much enduring watch, in what constant requisition wert thou not!

"I will not undertake to say that the works or my patience might not speedily have been worn out, if the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and the consequences, had not again called the 28th into active service. We were at Brussels, on the 15th of June—three days before the battle of Waterloo: having been most
kindly treated by the inhabitants, and expecting every hour to hear that Napoleon had commenced his onward movement. It was about seven o'clock in the evening that the Duke of Wellington learned, by a courier from Marshal Blucher, that the French were pushing on for Quatre Bras. A very brilliant ball was to have been held that night at Brussels, to which a great many of the English officers were invited. The Duke, not willing to alarm the inhabitants, quietly sent orders through the cantonments that the troops should be in readiness; at the same time, he determined to attend the ball himself, with his officers, and thus prevent the possibility of any suspicion of the approach of peril. It was at this ball that his Grace received the intelligence (five hours after the arrival of the first courier) of the actual commencement of hostilities by Napoleon.

"It has been said, by those who knew nothing of the matter, that the Duke of Wellington was either dilatory or surprised. He was neither. When Blucher's first courier arrived, there was not enough known of Napoleon's intentions and movements, to warrant any counter-movement by our troops. It was extremely doubtful whether he meant to attack the British by the road of Mons, or the Prussians (as he did) by that of Charleroi. The second courier's despatches solved the doubt, and the march and concentration of our army took place that night.

"I was one of the company at the ball, and, with the rest, hurried to quarters, to change my festal attire for apparel better suited to the hard service of war. This done, I hastened to the market-place, where the gallant 28th were already under arms. My friend Teulon, as we were momentarily expecting orders to 'march,' asked me the hour. I felt for my watch—the watch—but it was gone. I remembered having left it on the table when I was changing my dress, and could not be persuaded—even at the risk of being absent from my men when order to march was given—from hastily returning to my quarters, in search of my treasure. But it was gone. Search was vain, and, running back to the Square, I was just in time to accompany the corps which had received orders to march with the fifth division.

"It is needless to mention what followed. The battles of Quatre Bras and Ligny were fought on the 16th, and the 18th was the day of Waterloo.

"It was about seven in the evening of that day, when the fate of Europe was decided, that a group of officers were standing, with myself, not far from that tree close to which Picton fell. One of them, a brave fellow named Kennedy, said, 'Ah, Shelton, we have escaped this time!'—

"'We have,' I replied, 'and I am astonished, for I was never in a pitched engagement yet that I did not receive a wound.'

"While I was speaking, a shell (certainly the last fired on that field) fell, and burst among us. Poor Kennedy! it killed him. I was more fortunate, it only broke my right arm.

"What followed, I know not. I found myself, some days after the battle, in a house at Brussels, carefully and kindly attended. Was I dreaming, that I fancied I saw General Laroche bending over me? I was not mistaken, it was, indeed, himself. I was beneath his roof, and I remained there until my wound was nearly healed.

"He told me, that after Napoleon's first defeat, in 1814, his heart yearned to his country, and he had returned, with his family, from America; but in the unsettled condition of France at the Restoration, he deemed it the wiser plan to take up his residence at Brussels. There he had lived for some months, in comparative seclusion amid his happy family.

"After the battle of Waterloo, every house was put in requisition for the wounded; and by a curious chance, if chance it could be called, his hospitality had been challenged for me.

"If I were writing a romance, instead of telling a very simple story, I should be pathetic over the really affecting scene of my being introduced by General Laroche to his family as the man who had saved his life, as they had so often heard stated by himself. But I let you take it for granted that I was much touched by the grateful expression of thanks, conveyed by word, and look, and action which this amiable family tendered to me. I was treated by them rather as a son and brother, than as a stranger.

"I had been two months in General Laroche's house, ere I could summon courage to mention the loss of his splendid
The Watch: a Tale of the Wars.

if it happened that the subject was introduced by himself. 'As I do not see the watch with you,' said he, 'I presume that you have transformed it to the safe keeping of a fair hand. Is it so? Have you, since I saw you in Portugal, espoused another mistress than glory?' I told him how I had lost his gift. 'Well,' said he, 'as your English proverb has it, 'watches were made to go,' and yours has gone. I am sorry for it, though, as it was a gift to me from the Empress Josephine, I would have parted with it to none but to him who preserved my life. But there is no use in grieving for the loss. I shall give you another watch, on condition that you restore it to me when you regain possession of your own.' 'There is little chance of that,' said I. 'Nay,' he rejoined, laughing, 'I am something of a seer, and have a presentiment that you will one day recover it.'

'In a few days, I was pronounced well enough to join my regiment, in the army of occupation, and as I was taking leave of the general, he handed me another watch, which he insisted I should accept; 'not as a gift,' said he, 'but merely to wear until you recover your own!''

'With your leave, I will now pass over an interval of thirteen years. We will bound from 1815 to 1828. I had made arrangements to leave London for Ireland, on June 15th, 1828, the anniversary of my beautiful watch's disappearance. My seat had been taken in the Bristol mail, and I was rapidly walking from the city to Charing-Cross, when (on the right hand of the Strand, within a door or two of Holywell-street,) I saw a quantity of cheap watches in the window of a pawnbroker's shop, and a low-priced set of the Waverley novels. I intended to buy a watch for my servant, and stepped into the shop to make the purchase. A variety was produced, of all qualities and prices. Having chosen one, the vender (who saw that I had gold and notes in my purse) said that he would like to tempt me with a very beautiful watch, which he could sell at an exceedingly low rate. He produced a drawer full of gold watches, and took from the heap one which was carefully made up in a chamois bag. On taking this bag away, I saw—the long-lost watch!'

'I was prudent enough not to notify, by gesture or word, the pleasure and surprise I felt at seeing my old friend, after a separation of thirteen years. I examined it as carefully as if I had never seen it before—taking care not to touch the repeating spring, not to move the dial, and not to set the music going. I opened it, to make 'assurance doubly sure,' and on the inside I recognised the initials J. S. and the date 1812, which I had rudely scratched there with my penknife. There could be no mistake about the identity. But the point was, how to recover it.' The pawn-office person told me that the price was forty guineas, and that it had been pawned with him, thirteen years before, by a person whom he described so accurately, as to leave no doubt that he was my own servant, whom we had missed after the battle of Waterloo, and had believed to have fallen. It was clear that the scamp found the watch after I had left it on the table, and decamped with it: of its value he must have been ignorant; and the pawn-office person, strange to say, appeared equally so. He had advanced twenty guineas on it, and demanded forty, being about an eighth of its real value.

'Having quitted the shop, I stood opposite St. Clement's Church for a few minutes, musing on the most feasible plan of recovering the watch. I was ignorant whether the law would authorise me to get it back as stolen property. I had made up my mind to return and pay the man his price for it, when Major Teulon came up. He had that moment stopped off a coach from Dover, having landed there from Corfu the previous day. I had parted with him in France, in 1816, and he had been abroad with the regiment (from which I retired the same year) until this very time.

'It was curious that I should discover the locale of the watch on the very day thirteen years it had been lost, and that the only man except the Duke of Wellington, and who was by when General Laroche gave it me, was Major Teulon, who, after the absence of years, came up just as I had found it!'

'Having told him what had just occurred, Teulon entered the shop, made an excuse to see the watch, bought the Waverley set as a feint, to put the seller off his guard, and came out convinced that it could be no other than my lost one. Thus confirmed in my conviction
Poetry—Ballad.

of its identity, I proceeded to Sir Richard Birnie, whom I knew, told him the circumstances, and asked his assistance. He was much struck with the story, and appointed an officer to assist me. In a word, after delaying in town a few days, my watch was restored to me on payment of a sum so small, that my attorney was afraid the design was to entrap me into the commission of what is called ‘compounding a felony.’

"Here, after a world of vicissitudes, is the watch. And thus ends my story."

The watch was exhibited—the repeater struck—the dial flew back—the zodiacal signs beneath moved—the musical department "discoursed most eloquent music"—the mechanism was wondered at and explained,—and the jewelled ornaments were admired, especially as they were the taste of an empress.

"You have made a good story of it," said the widow, "but it would have been much more amusing if you had introduced a lady into it!"

"It rests with you," said the major, in a tone so low as to be inaudible by all, except her for whom it was especially intended, "it rests with you to give the story its fit finale by becoming the owner—"

"Of the watch?"

"And its master!"

Their eyes met for a moment. The lady’s cheeks flushed; she muttered, "what nonsense!" and did not look angry.

I am no judge in symptoms, if the Empress Josephine’s handsome watch does not speedily change owners. I cannot say, however, though there is an on dit to the effect that the widow and the major have yet actually named the happy day!

BALLAD.

BY JOHN JORDISON.

She stood on a lone and lofty rock,
In the midst of the boiling sea,
And against the sides of that lofty rock
The waves dash’d furiously:
Thrice the sea-gull o’er that spot
Did flap his pinions grey,
Then he scream’d aloud, through the tempest-cloud,
And homeward wing’d his way.

Oh! ’twas a fearful sight to see
That lovely maiden there;
How she did moan, in dismal tone,
And tear her raven hair;
And first she wept, and then she pray’d,
And then she sang aloud,—

"The deep, deep sea my grave must be,
And the green weed my shroud.

"For I lov’d a youth, a gallant youth,
Who claim’d me for his wife;
But my father he hated this gallant youth,
And sought to take his life:
So he chain’d him down in dungeon deep,
Where sunlight never shone;
And he banish’d me o’er the raging sea,
And left me to die alone.

"May Heaven forgive him for the deed;"—
Just then a billow high
Dash’d over the rock, with a terrible shock,
And a noise that shook the sky.
A cry, a loud and piercing cry,
Resounded on the shore;
Then all was still, and the rolling sea
Swept onward as before.
A Scene at the Rose.

Full oft beside that dreary rock,
When midnight tempests sweep
Along the sky, a dismal cry
Is heard upon the deep;
And every night, by the pale starlight,
(Tis said) a maiden fair
Is seen to float in a coral boat,
With sea-weed in her hair.

A SCENE AT THE ROSE.
From an Unpublished Novel.

By Emma Whitehead, Author of "Pierce Falcon," &c. &c.

No. III.

It is a familiar aphorism, and exceedingly well known, that by industry every one gets on in the world, and thrives with his own well doing; but some people guess that the mystical interpretation of this admirable word implies also the laudable desire of self-interest and self-appropriation of such trifles or benefits as may accrue, or, all unperceived, be purloined from the pockets, or elsewhere, of the persons who employ them, or whom they employ. Now this singular opinion has been received, and we beg pardon, and hope we do that worthy individual no wrong, when we cite it as one of the tenets of that creed in which Giles Nullion believed, and from whose precepts he invariably acted. The power of genius is not meted out in many measures, but oftentimes granted us in one admirable essential; and the great gift of ready invention may be called such, and this one attribute he was blest with in no common degree, for like the diligent spider, he spun from day to day the involved net-work of his magic circle, where he himself squatted in obnoxious security, and watched the prey that buzzed about him; and certain it is his web had never been torn away, or he himself ejected from the tenement of those subtle contrivances wherein he lay concealed for his safeguard and personal protection.

In active drudgery Nullion, therefore, trotted in and out of the Rose tavern, always to be found near, or lurking in the convenient harbour of its house shelter. The good man had some act of kindness to perform—some civility to guard Lynne, or his fair Fairy Fanny—some word or hint of friendship that could be repeated at no other time. And then he grieved that the young maiden should live in such baleful obscurity, disregarded and unknown, especially when beauty was worth its weight in gold, and the marriage market always open, and a gay fellow and carriage at command,—for these were the requisites of loveliness.

Thus did he ingratiate himself with the landlord, whose suspicions and dislike of him shortly gave way to better impressions, if, indeed, he might be supposed to have any thought on the subject; while Fanny, who now began to call him a good kind of man, listened to his jargon with all the credulity of youth.

But if Nullion were busied in lamenting the lot to which her charms were doomed, there was also another who, in this particular at least, resembled him,—and this was the gay Major Bellingham. He drank the health of "the Rose" of the Rose tavern; her idea was ripe with pleasure, and rich as the head that headed his port wine; at the thought of her he glistened like the gem, and sparkled as the sparkles that frothed on his champagne; and when he formed this simile, he drank another bumper to confirm him in the truth of it. In fact, the major must and would see her again, and he formed a plan, the very best in his own opinion that had ever been projected; nor was Giles Nullion slow in the arrangement.

At an early hour one winter evening, this worthy man stood under the archway of the Rose, and with the staid air of one pre-occupied by some profound meditation beyond the base level of sublunary concerns awaited the coming of some person who had here appointed to join him. The rain poured fast and heavily, and the streets were reeking with mud,
and crowded with all the intolerance of struggling passengers and contending umbrellas, and the ripple of flowing keneels, and the splash of passing vehicles, the gushing of water-spouts, and the patterning of rain-drops from the eaves of houses, were the only sounds which intruded, excepting when some unsheltered individual suddenly dived under the arch for shelter, or rushed headlong by him to the comfortable retreat which the tavern afforded.

But all this was of minor consideration to Giles Nullion, who was one of the most patient of men, besides being so excellent a creature of all work that he took the hire of his labour, not to mention any thing else which he could get; and the thought gave him much inward delight, that if he served two masters,* and all he did only tended to the detriment of one or other of them, it did not much signify, since the secret was safe, for the best friends in life might well fail to converse on affairs where he was concerned, and this was the advantage to be derived from the negotiations of such plans as he conducted.

But as the time wore away, and where the damp was about to pierce his outer garments, and deface some of the minuter graces which adorned his toilet, when, in spite of his coaxing, his well-plaited frill began to flag and sink into untimely depression, then Nullion cursed in the wrath of imprecation this disgrace put upon the sobriety of his character, and it was only the stopping of a hackney coach, and the brittle jarring of the steps as they were let down, which recalled him to the necessity of drilling his spirits into that amiable sedateness most proper to them.

"Enough, friend, that will do," said a hurried, but gentlemanly voice in answer to some extra civility from the driver, and the coach rocked heavily as the person sprung to the ground, and as he passed under the lamp, the glimpse was caught of a sailor's rough jacket, and its usual appurtenances, and presently the figure darted into the shadow of darkness and was lost to the view.

"Holla, comrade, eh! friend Nullion, where are you?" said the same voice, and it was somewhat cracked with high-

* Something like a late "Page" of our's, during his master's absence, when faithful service was the more needed.
to the very admiration of perfect acting, making that appear most natural which was, in fact, all assumed; for the worthy man was fully aware of all this beforehand. He, however, turned lack-lustre eye upon the unwelcome intelligence, and after mature deliberation, desired his best wishes to be forthwith delivered to the maiden, and his regards to her father; and he had a friend who requested to sojourn some days at the Rose, and he could not leave him to take his glass alone, or to a surety he should solicit to be one among the gay company admitted to congratulate pretty Fanny Lynne.

The answer was as he anticipated. The landlord hobbled from his retreat to give welcome to his customer, and invite that pious man, Giles Nullion, and his friend, to the party assembled to commemorate this happy day. Nullion was honoured and obliged beyond all ordinary honour or obligation, and whispering of the well-stored purse and hard-earned prize-money of his companion, Bill Bell, they followed mine host into his back parlour, where, gathered together and seated on a gala-day carpet laid down for the occasion, were some few of the young maid's citizen acquaintance; while she herself, arrayed in the full pride of her charms, was playing at cribbage with Harry Burrell, the rhymer. The brave dragoon, Hugh Doyle, with his helmet at his feet, was what is called looking on, that is, on the loveliness of the maiden.

But let the pretty creatures have their whim, for nothing is so capricious as woman; and he had been unkind, or too kind, we forget which, and in half smiling distress he now lingered near, meantime that she, in awful pride of conquest, was laughing in such disdain as looked too much akin to kindness; and like a child venturing its paper ship upon the current of the summer stream, from time to time she hazard the faint mimicry of coquetry—yet pouting, and yet more amused by the mischances of her idle attempt. The dragoon was just worked up to that pitch of endurance that he desired to glance in soft reproach upon her, and as she sniffed out such smiles as plead Love's best excuses, the two new visitors were ushered into the room.

"Most excellent young fellow, rough hewn son of the sea," mumbled Nullion as they passed upon their way, "a worthy and brave gentleman;" and thus, bowing one foot in advance, they approached fair Fanny; but here, all at once, the sailor forgot himself, for he clenched her fingers with strength so loving, and glances so intense, that Fanny blushed and made wry mouths, and the soldier knit his brows and cursed aloud; but ere he relinquished the wounded hand, the sailor, with singular ease and adroitness, glided into the next seat to her, murmured his contrition, and no one knew why or wherefore; but as he lounged in accomplished self-possession, each fellow sunk into inferiority, and he was apparently at once installed as the elected favourite and choice spirit of the party.

Harry Burrell had seen him somewhere, and criticized him with inordinate curiosity; and Hugh Doyle, though puzzled and perplexed by his extraordinary entrance, recognized something that he had beheld elsewhere, and he, in his courage and strength, trembled at the possibility of the fact.

"He has spent no end of time in foreign parts," groaned Nullion, in extenuation of his friend's graceful obeisance and civility; and as he caught sight of Cravenlaw carrying on his secondary courtship with old Lynne, he was flurried, and faltered, and wavered, and at last deemed it advisable to hold him in confab also, lest he too should discover some acquaintance under the garb and disguised exterior of the person he had introduced. But the lawyer was far too deeply engaged in portraying the advantages to result from an alliance with himself and the cash-box of the landlord; he rightly suggesting that such trouble as it would bring upon him, would be amply compensated by the beauty and worth of Fairy Fanny, the wife intended as its accompanying blessing.

Meantime, the sailor gentleman in this half instant had surveyed the company, and, like one anxious to be perfect in the part he was to play, he dropt the momentary airs he had assumed, and in the next instant was seen heaped up in his chair into one mass of utter awkwardness. Harry Burrell observed him no further, and the soldier breathed more freely.

"Deuced agreeable, sir, after a long cruise, to find oneself on land again," said the sailor, with an open look of defiance, that more than ever tormented Hugh Doyle.
"Doubtless as pleasing as the sight of home to us soldiers, sir," said the dragoon.

"I should guess you a fresh-water sailor," said Harry Burrell—"began late in life, perhaps!" But Bill Bell started hastily round with darting glances of quick inquiry, which were answered in full by the cool indifference of the speaker.

"Twenty years on the sea for all that," muttered the sailor, "and so, your health, sir, and shall be happy to play a—" game of whist against this young maiden and her neighbour. A love game—played for kisses!"

"No, no, that's no game for me," cried Fanny; "and with you, too! I've no notion of it—have I, Sergeant Doyle?"

"Perhaps you prefer him to play against," said the sailor, bluffly; "a red coat is sure to be in favour with the women." Fanny trembled as she shuffled the cards, and the soldier for once in his life coloured scarlet.

"A fair challenge, however," cried Harry Burrell, so this gentleman and myself, against you, Fairy;" and presently they were at the table, the cards playing round in an unbroken circle, the chances and changes varying fast even as the inconstant vicissitude of life, and hope and despair alternating with each ebb and reflux of fortune.

The sailor played with marvellous dexterity and cunning, drank freely and laughed loudly, hummed foreign ditties, and was the miracle of men among the women; and he whispered sweet trifles of flattery to Fanny, who, pleased at his admiration, echoed his mirth, and blushed and looked more beautiful at every game she lost to him. The soldier sighed in all the lover's torment of jealousy, and was as if paralyzed and bewildered by all he saw about him; but some other more curious sensation of doubt now engrossed Harry Burrell.

"To the game, good sir—good sailor,--attend to the game," said Hugh Doyle.

"It's no crowning victory which is only half won; and to dally with a weak enemy is either folly or cowardice, then play the cards bravely, sir."

"Hang it, my fine fellow," said the other, "I play the game in my own way, and am like to win carelessly what you lose with caution. I play my high cards at the venture, and play them well;" and he glanced love-darting glances at Fanny, which were paid back by the soldier with burning and smothered looks of scorn and hearty indignation.

"The game must be lost ere it be won," said Harry Burrell; "and like the little game of life, the best cards often prove the worst to the player."

"Bless me!" cried Fanny; "now, Master Bill Bell, how you make me revoke! I knew I had a heart—and there it is!" As she threw it, the gallant sailor again ogled in evident admiration, and the soldier compressed his lips into the motion of a curse, which breathed itself away in long-drawn breath.

"The game is not so safe as you may think it," said he, with grim emphasis of expression, "you may be beaten out of the field yet, sir!"

"I play openly and above-board, however," said the other, indifferently; "and that of which you don't know the meaning, you are at liberty to inquire."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," uttered Hugh Doyle, "you shall not find me wanting in wit to comprehend you. This game of yours is——"

"Is above-board—above-board," interrupted Bill Bell, derisively.

"Take care, sir, you may get tilted overboard," said Hugh Doyle.

"It's true game and fair play," retorted the sailor, gaily.

"Are you sure that it may not be foul play and false game?" was the question.

"You see the poor sergeant is ruffled," said Bill Bell: "truly, my pretty maiden, you should bet with your partner. Give him the chance of a kiss to cool him."

"Hush, no skirmishing here, my friends," said Hal, "or I shall come in for my share of the spoil from fair Fanny, and——"

"Oh! I should soon box your ears, and have done with you," said she; "and the same with the sergeant, and also——"

"No more, sweet one, no more," whispered the sailor, and he caught her upraised hand, and pressed it with his own.

"The fellow is impudent as the devil," muttered Doyle; and turning on him the fierce lightning of his looks, "I can't help thinking, sir," said he, "that if you were stripped of the hide that covers you, that broad cloth and jerkin of yours, I doubt we should find you another man, some land-lubber, or play-making coward.
—what say you, sir, a hypocrite and
tricking deceiver—the base mockery of
something that you have never been yet
—

"Sergeant Doyle, fie, sir, to insult the
gentleman," said Fanny, "and I won't
allow it;" and the sergeant writhed and
wince impatiently, stining his speech
in the anguish of remorse and rage, and
throwing his cards desperately one after
the other away; while Harry Burrell
fixed his regards upon the sailor, but pre-
sently resumed his indifference, as if he
had not found there something which he
had expected to encounter.

But human nature may be forgiven
such pretensions as serve to render
it pleasing, and the impulse of vanity is
natural; and Fanny grew more gracious
and fascinating with every passing instant
until the close of the game drew nigh,
when the excitement increased and
heightened with every falling card, the
last one touched the table, and the game
was won. The fortunate sailor was
quicker than thought, for he sprung upon
his feet, and snatched his hardly-earned
kiss from the lips of Fanny Lynne.
The action was not yet over, when a strong
grasp seized his lofty collar, whirled him
quickly round, and threw him back again
into his chair; and as the flitting forms
of those about him became once more
perceptible, he saw that the soldier was
the one who held him in the triumph of
strength, his indignant gaze of scorn
being fixed on the abashed and terrified
aspect of the maiden.

"These are strange liberties to take
here, sir," said he, and the scathing fire
of his glance was settled on Bill Bell,
who laughed in faint confusion, and then
seemingly made up his mind to that
recognition which was now inevitable.
The soldier trembled as he regarded him,
and his firmness changed to repressed
agitation. He grew ghastly pale till his
lips quivered in all the desperation of sor-
row and resentment; and yet he still
retained his hold of the other, nor sought
to withdraw himself from the singular
difficulty into which he had fallen.

"Leave go your hold, sir," gasped his
prisoner—"Doyle, I command you;" and
the accent of one used to obedience was
here heard and acknowledged. Hugh
Doyle, in breathless wrath, released his
grasp, and his hand fumbled for the wea-
pon that he wore about him.

"By Heaven and my own honour! Sir
Major!" he breathed out.

"Hush!" whispered Bellingham, with
strong emphasis upon the word till it
almost resounded in an echo round the
room; and Doyle bowed in cold humili-
tion, and turned upon his heel away. Fairy
Fanny burst into unrestrained tears. The
manner of the dragoon was expressive of
the utmost degradation of virtuous pride;
and that he should not have sunk into
submission before, and have consented to
an almost cowardly retreat from one so
much his inferior in martial strength and
prowess as was incomprehensible as it
was vexatious. She heard not the words,
but only saw the motion; and in shame
that she had admired him, she now lis-
tened to the soothing softness of Bill
Bell, and dried up her tears in hasty re-
sentment of her folly.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, "half seas
over in tears, for having done any thing
to vex her, but trust the rough sailor for
kindness to the women, and bravery with
the men; and for the red coats, they are
well enough in their way, but take them
man from man apart—true cowards as
ever drew breath:" and as he closed this
libel on his profession, the lively major
and all incomparable Bill Bell pressed
her fairy fingers and looked the unutter-
able language, which he failed to repeat.
Fanny Lynne, as she watched his gracious
ways, no longer concealing her surprise,
and then he was the sweetest speaking,
and most white-handed sailor that ever
she had known, and more courageous
than the dragoon; but as she thought
this, she sighed upon the thought, and
glanced in inquiry where he stood.

The proud heart of Hugh Doyle was in-
deed brimming over with bitterness and
shame, and his anguish spoke out in the
rigidity of his attitude, with folded arms,
in all the pale serenity of inward suffering,
and thoughts full of the sadness of despair.
For, not the bird of the woodland when
he first sees the wary hawk, wheeling in
circling flight downward upon his uncon-
scious prey, and first knows that his own
feathered partner is the object of this de-
struction, not this gentle creature could
feel more torture of tenderness and dis-
may, than did Hugh Doyle; nor the
noble animal of the desert, when he sees
his desert bride borne from him subser-
vient to man, could chafe and madden
with defeated strength of passion, in
greater measure than did he at the sight he now saw, and the fate that he foretold for the innocent girl whom he loved. But there was neither redress nor remedy, and when her beseeching eyes pleaded with his own for forgiveness, he closed his senses against the conviction, as something too sad and painful for endurance.

The pretty tyrant thought that he was scornful, and so he must remain then—and in resentful modesty she was more than half inclined to dally in fresh coquetry with Bill Bell, when her attention was arrested by another object in the company.

The mad girl, Ellen Blake, who had been hitherto crouching in some back corner of the household, now suddenly opened the door and appeared among them. Her looks were still bright with the brilliancy of mental fever, and yet were suffused with the dimness of such waters as flow from the hearts of the wretched; and besides, the wild vigour of her air, and its irresistible energy of purpose, were in themselves enough to strike awe and doubt into those who beheld her. She glided up the room and approached Fanny Lynne.

"I wish you joy of the day, dear Fairy," said she, "and many thanks for the kindness you have done me;" and as she curtseyed in salute to those near her, this custom of ceremony seemed to mock with frightful irony the madness that was on her.

"Hush, dear, and come and sit by me," said Fanny: "you know that we are glad to see you, and so be comfortable."

"But I will speak to my old friends, and welcome my new ones," answered she, and wandering away she was greeted in commiserating sympathy by those whom she accosted, while Fanny whispered her unhappy state to Bill Bell; but he, all wrapt up in secret admiration, heard her discourse, but did not mark he object to which it alluded. She, mean time, had passed from group to group, and now found herself opposite Hugh Doyle, as he leaned in despondency against the wall of the apartment.

"Good welcome to you, sir," said she, "for I have seen you before, and that was the first time I was a mad girl; you can't forget it." But Doyle gave no answer, his brow flushing with mingled indignation and pity. "And you red coats are gay fellows," she added, "and I wish you a pretty girl to love like me;" and with these singular words she turned away, when the figure of Nullion, scullering across the room in the act of departure, met her view, and fixed her for awhile immovable.

"What have we here? who is this here,—how came he here?" she repeated wildly, and more wildly as she appealed to one and other of the party in all the coquetry of frenzy; and Harry Burrell now quitted his seat and came to her assistance.

"Dear, dear girl, be for my sake, be at peace," he faltered; but she heeded not his entreaty, and remained where she was, and her straining gaze now lighted upon the sailor in all the full expression of some nameless and mysterious feeling.

"And here is strange company amongst you, good people," she muttered, "and I hope he may be true to you. A cuckoo in the bird's-nest, Hal!" and in ghastly smiles she allowed herself to be seated, her gaze of glassy vacancy still bent on him; and there she sat, too, like some figure paralysed into the marble of true woe, where awful silence may best tell the deep misery and ruin which is on it.

But Fanny neither saw this, nor would she have comprehended it; and Bill Bell laughed and talked more freely than ever, and how could she be other than amused, and he made love, and could she do better than listen? Besides, more than ever, she wondered at the sweetness of his compliments, and was delighted with his many graces, in fact, he was fast becoming the successful rival of Hugh Doyle.

"Sure I must have seen you before, sir, or heard your voice," said she, "or is it a dream? As like as not to be so."

"You have pictured me whenever you thought of a handsome fellow," cried he; "you have heard me speak in solitude, you have seen me in your sleep."

"No, no such thing," laughed she; "and yet, I have known you somewhere."

"Many a night," said he, "when we lay at anchor beneath the stars, I have seen you imaged in my thoughts, and somehow, egad! was in love with you; and this string of precious gems was brought for the girl of my heart, and 'tis for you only."

"Why now, how can that be?" she exclaimed—"but oh, how beautiful!" and
A Scene at the Rose.

Oh lay the weary heart to rest,  
With buried hopes and blighted joy!  
These sullen sorrows of the breast,  
Let not this passing dream annoy.  
No sun will shine in cloudy skies,  
No verdure in the desert grows,  
No sparkling bubble ere will rise,  
Where the stream rages as it flows.  
Then be at peace, nor longer mourn,  
Of what avail thy tears? the day is gone.

"Well, we can only live once," said the girl, "and it's hard to breathe the breath of misery; but like enough we shall have heaven to ourselves for it, Hal, and we will have a sweet life on't."

The youth did not attend to her words, but heaving involuntary sighs, leaned yet further back, as if the aching weight in his bosom were well nigh choking him, and he smiled in the wan transport of some passing emotion, and presently renewed his extempore wandering of thought. There was even more than enthusiasm in the manner of his speech, and "Let us be happy," said he.

Be gay, be gay, and while the time
With laughter-loving pleasure still;
As life must pass, why, ring the chime,
And play the bells to suit the will.

Whate'er betide, let us be free
To mock the minutes as they go;
And dress them up in mimicry
Of that poor something men call woe.

Then welcome happy music's strain.—
Lend us such smiles as we may borrow;
'Tis bitter sweetness to my pain;
Away with sighs, and sounds of sorrow,
Lead on the way, and lead me to-morrow!

"And where will that lead you?" said the girl. "Neither to home nor house shelter, or father or friend,—the more's the shame."

"Say no more," answered he, gaily;
"I'm only like many of your ancient heroes, of whom all that is known is, that they were earth-born. Where will it lead?" and here he murmured to himself in melancholy rhapsody:—

Alas, my joy! the hour is flying,
Which brings sweet sleep devoid of dreams;
The sun-beams of this life are dying,
Dissolv'd away in Lethe's streams.
The lastling hour, the waning day,
Bring on the advent of our peace,
When this short life shall pass away,
And have its long and last release.

Then welcome time, till it be fled,
And the out-wearied heart be mingled
with the dead.
“Rain blessings on you, Hal,” said the girl; “but you tease my poor brain with your rhyming, and I'll go and see what other folks will say;” and she broke from his restraint, and wandering about in the perplexity of mental bewilderment, at length seated herself upon a low stool immediately opposite the gentleman sailor, and as Fanny and he beguiled the time in very intelligible courtship, she sat silent, and might have been thought to be watching the progress of the advancing suitor.

But far otherwise; for, as it would seem, her unhappy mind comprehended nothing of their discourse: her senses were only busy upon some peculiar, though perhaps imaginary, resemblance of person which she had discovered; and as she gazed in painful fascination, the furrows of each lineament became deep wrinkled into frozen apathy; the eyes betrayed their vacant unintelligence, the lips apart, the figure paralysed into immobility, and still she in no way attracted the observation of the sailor—he, too, intent upon the dalliance of the moment. But the contrast of his exuberant gaiety—that high-flooted merriment of prosperous folly—his hale and happy mien—his bursting laughter, had something fearful in it. While resting there, in comparison with the loveliness of Fanny, with the loud-sounding jollity of Bill Bell, she sat like the dread presence of some awaking destiny, like fate itself, tending the whereabouts of beauty and of vice; so frowning, majestic, woe-struck, she looked upon them.

At this moment, however, old Lynne and his friend Cravenlaw were heard struggling with their seats in the motion of an exit, and presently the lawyer handed his aged convert from the room with something of that ready alacrity which argued that he had succeeded to his own content in entrapping him in the snare that he had laid.

“Rely on a man of honour, trust to the integrity of one individual,” whispered he; “depend, confide in me, you will not be deceived. Your daughter—the money—will be safe from the designs of the necessitous; the deed once drawn up, and signed and sealed, you will be another being, sir—a new man,” and therefore, careful that my landlord should meet with no better stumbling-block than himself, he guided his unequal steps towards the door, and through the chink and hinges of its entrance Nullion for an instant peeped, but the closing wood-work as quickly shut him out from the view, and the trio thence retired to ply the circling glass more nimbly in some secret corner together.

“Sergeant Doyle, the night is wearing apace,” said the sailor, in a whisper, “and in the canteen you may meet with better company, and fitting.”

“No better amusement than to track the badger to his hole, that we may know where to find him,” said the soldier, in the same tone, “unless it be to shoot down the vulture when the bird is trembling in his talons.”

“It’s dangerous work, sergeant; I advise you not to try it,” said the other, coolly; “you will find the bird dead, man, if ever you get hold of it.”

“Ruffle its plumage, and I will have the life of you,” muttered Hugh Doyle; and passing him who answered with the laughter of triumph, he glanced in pity and sorrow on Fanny Lynne, but she caught him by the arm ere he withdrew, “and I did not mean to offend you,” sighed she, “indeed I did not.”

“Offended! I have no right to be so,” answered the dragoon, and he looked into her looks most steadily, and paused before he spoke, “but innocence is its own protection, when none is near to defend it,” and he would have departed, but lingered ere he did so. “Yonder man is no salt-sea sailor,” said he, with his usual roughness, “and you had best beware, lest—lest he harm you.”

“Indeed, sir, I can take care of myself,” retorted Fanny, with that petty disdain of good counsel peculiar to her; and thereupon, she drew herself up and bridled in beauteous displeasure, and the sergeant smiled with grief of her folly, and she blushed and then was out of temper at her blushing, and as his burning sigh touched upon her heart, they parted in mutual anger and regret of one another.

While this was passing the sailor bowed and lolled in perfect independence, now whiffing his tobacco in the true spirit of the place; and now assuming such touchingly graceful of gesture as won him the admiration and almost the heart of the lovely city nymphs, who were of the good company. At length, his sight lighted on the mad girl, as she crouched in hideous calmness, and as it lighted, so
it was fixed. But he—he was not to be scared by trifles, and he looked as any one might look who was perplexed by what he said, nor did he betray any deeper emotion of doubt or curiosity; but, nevertheless, it would not do, the major was by no means himself, and he altered, and shifted, and changed to be any thing but what he was, and all things which he was not. It still seemed, however, that the girl was very far from that recognition which he appeared to apprehend.

"I wish you better looks, sir," said she at last, "for those you have, they very ill become you;" and in the restlessness of malady she rose up, and was wandering away.

"I'm mighty sorry, my looks don't suit you," said the adroit Bill Bell; and seeing the amusement of those who heard the remark, he jocularly added, "but tell me what I'm like since I displease you—what do I most resemble?"

"The devil, or something worse—a villain—yourself," she answered in whispers; and as the silver accent of a bell sounded in the distance of the household, she followed Fairy Fanny from the room.

"That sailor man, you had better beware of him," said she, "it's the arch-fiend himself again come amongst us," and whether Fanny heard her, or treasured up the parting looks of Hugh Doyle, is not known; but the sailor, Bill Bell, was for the rest of the night so much avoided, as showed her fear or discouragement of his advances. Harry Burrell now came in for his share of her company and smiles, which for old friendship's sake she bestowed in wanton will upon him, so that the major might truly think that he had to play his chances with a young coquette, who like the summer-fly, buzzing freely in the sunshine, is caught by the very lightest cobweb of the spider, which hangs open to the breeze to entrap it; and perhaps Bill Bell was not mistaken.

He, however, laughed and sung, and drank and talked so loud and uproariously, and with such zest—was hand and glove with old Gerard Lynne, hail fellow well met with all the world about him, and besides declared his intention of abiding at the Rose for some time. Then all the wakeful suspicions of Harry Burrell he had quietly laid at sleep by singing roving sea songs, such as beguile the helmsman in the weary hours of night; and at last by dancing the steps of the hornpipe with such emphasis of movement, as well nigh left the print of his hoofs upon the floor, in memory of the feat he had accomplished there.

But while he was yet in the attitude of dance, when all the house seemed listening to the clatter he was making, they were suddenly aroused from their frolic by a cry of such concentrated horror and misery, as smote upon the hearing with all the force of instinctive dismay. The sound was full of such peculiar meaning, that each one of the party was paralyzed in his position, and in that stunned amazement of mind wherein people doubt their evidence of sense, and await some repetition of the event ere they decide upon active measures for the relief of those concerned, or seek confirmation of the fears that are fast thronging upon them.

At length, the fearful echo of the sound was heard, and it seemed like the grotesque and ludicrous mimicry of that which had amazed them; and indeed it was a shriek that might have been answered by inextinguishable laughter. Just such an echo we have heard in summer-time, when a congregation of crows hold synod in the scorched precincts of some grassy meadow, and, at the report of the destructive gun, scream responsive in defiance of it, flying lazily away on flagging wing to seek the nearest covert.

But no time for flight here intervened, for Fairy Fanny, clinging tenaciously to the hornpipe dancer, was dragged forward with him towards the spot, whither they were preceded in swifter volition by Harry Burrell, who, clearing his ample way, bounded up the stairs, leaving the others to fall each on the other in that scramble of contending inquiry most natural to people in such a situation.

"Ah! there they go," said the mad girl, holding up the light she held, and peeping down through the banisters upon them, for she was seated on the stairs that led to her own garret bed-chamber: "there they go, they are frightened to death, sure enough. But let them see the spirits that I have seen, and they would make no uproar, but be quiet as death, aye, as quiet as I am;" and she laughed with calm, but wild laughter, when, being struck with the sudden silence that now all at once ensued, she rose up from her singular position, and paused for an instant ere she moved away.

At length she glanced down below
stairs once more, and seeing that the path was clear, tripped lightly on to the landing beneath, and passing into a side passage, disappeared hastily from the view. Passing through one or two windings in this old-fashioned house, she came to another broad passage, where she halted at a doorway, and listened attentively. As no sound issued from thence, she rapped gently, and listened again, but still no answer was given. She now opened the door, and beheld Mr. Astel seated alone, and wrapped in one of his usual abstractions. He started on seeing her, but with her finger to her lips, and walking on tiptoe, she approached him.

"Don't be afraid," said she, and her voice sounded like a lute unstrung, "you used to buy ballads of me. I saw you come home again the other morning with the soldier man. But keep close, quiet, secret through this night, or you are undone, sir. There is one in this house, perhaps many, that you have reason to fear, so be prudent."

"I thank you," said Mr. Astel, in some embarrassment, "but what do you know of me, and why, why these instructions?"

"The mad are sure to know their masters," she answered with a strange smile; and afterwards added, "but where there is murder in the wind it is time to be careful, so good night t'ye."

"Where did you hear that word—who told you?" cried Mr. Astel hastily: but ere these expressions had well escaped him, she reached the door, and with a motion of silence hastily departed. She turned back her melancholy smile upon him. "Who can she be?" he said to himself; but the question, simple as it was, he could not answer.

His heart thrilled with fear and doubt. How was it that his circumstances were thus familiar to a stranger? How much, how little—were any or none of the events of his life discovered? He trembled for the consequences; but when he recalled the wildness, and yet the gentleness, of her parting gesture, he became somewhat reassured. Meanwhile, he listened attentively for the repetition of those alarming sounds, which had caused his apprehension, no less than that of every other person in the household. A lengthened interval of silence succeeded.

SENT TO A LADY WITH A BOOK ENTITLED "A BACHELOR'S HOLIDAY."

That you with many a cruel-hearted "No!"
Full many bachelors have doomed to woe,
Rejecting them at once, I do believe;
And for their griefs I care not,—let them grieve.
But may this "bachelor" accepted be,
And then it shall be "holiday" with me.

E. DARBY, JUN.

THE BACHELOR BRIDEGROOM: A SKETCH.

BY UMBRA.

"An old bachelor—O what a horrid creature!"—Common Saying.

Annis Shepherd was an orphan. Her father dying just as she had attained her eighteenth year, left her the heiress of a considerable property, upon condition that she either married with the consent of a Mr. Tauntan (who was appointed her legal guardian) or remain upon the list, until she reached the age of five-and-thirty. Time flew on—the days of mourning were past, and many were the votaries that knelt before the fair heroine of our story. Among them no one was more attentive than Mr. Titus Butt, partner in the firm of "Tauntan, Butt and Wingo;" and it may be readily conceived, that, in the opinion of her gouverneur, there could not be found any one better suited to claim the hand of the timid Annis.

Now Titus was an eccentric man, yet a favourite among the ladies. Forty, nay six-and-forty years had he been smiled upon and caressed, until his cheeks had become as smooth and fat as the sides of a pet poodle. But why attempt to describe him—why give him a character? Take him, gentle reader, on trial for one half hour, and judge for yourself.

It was a beautiful warm summer's night, and the windows of Mr. Tauntan's drawing-room were thrown open to catch the slightest breath of air. Annis was
seated at the piano—the room was very full of company; and the kind friends were not few who praised the simple melody that had just thrilled from her ruby lips. But there was one more elaborate in his compliments than every other. Leaning upon the back of her music chair stood Mr. Titus Butt: there was a smile upon his countenance. Happy, happy man! Were those words indeed addressed to him?

"We have lived and loved together."

"It is a pretty song, Mr. Butt," exclaimed the young musician, as she archly turned her face to her attendant beam.

"Beautiful, Miss Annis; and the words—"Come live with me," do you like that?" said the bachelor, as he continued to turn over the contents of the portfeuille.

"Oh, yes! but, 'What can a young lassie do with an old man?' Here it is—I will sing it to you, it's much better;" and again her long white fingers wandered over the keys of the piano.

Butt looked disconcerted. A tiny cloud hung over the horizon of his hopes; in vain he tried to hide it under his shirt collars, by making them advance over his pallid cheeks.

"Ah! Mademoiselle She-pard vous êtes too good—too much good, to take de part—to cause so vray strong of us novices," stammered forth an exquisite foreigner, as the song was ended. There was a still thicker tarnish on the bachelor's buttons.

While this little badinage took place in one part of Mr. Tauntom's drawing-room, a very different conversation was carried on in an under-tone at the extreme end of the apartment, between a dashing-young man who evidently was considered one of the élite, and a gentleman some years his junior, though in point of manly beauty far his superior.

"Tut—tut!" exclaimed the elder gentleman, who was familiarly known by the name of Tom Tilyard, "rely upon me, Gilbert, and I will arrange the whole matter for you—you know not what power I possess," he added, as turning upon his heel he sauntered towards the group already introduced at the piano.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Butt," he said, as he held out his hand to the disconcerted bachelor. "So glad of the pleasure; the more so, as it is quite unexpected—a real man of business is so seldom to be seen in scenes like these—you are a complete lion. But how forgetful I am; there are not always such attractions—eh?"

"Very true—very true, Mr. Tilyard; here are attractions of the very first water," replied the bachelor.

"How d'ye do—how d'ye do, Miss Shepherd," continued Tilyard, as he passed by, hanging on the arm of Mr. Butt, whom he reluctantly dragged out of the room with him.

It would be tedious to follow the movements of the party. How they drank Howqua's gunpowder, until they sat a fair chance of being blown up. How Miss Drusilla Katatemuch squeaked when the "Thomas Cat," attracted by the savoury smells, made his appearance in the balcony. How the young ladies vowed they never ate butter, and loved Lablace; and the young gentlemen looked at their dress boots, and arranged their white gloves, as the twang of a harp-string was heard in the ball-room; whereupon the Terpsichoreans smiled, and each looked round the room for a partner, hoping that Mr. Dancingever would not solicit "the pleasure of her hand, for the first quadrille." Suffice it to say, dancing did commence; and the young ladies suffered it not to abate until a very late, or rather very early hour; and whilst they are lost in the maze waltz, we will conduct the reader into the beautiful grounds which surrounded Mr. Tauntom's house.

It was a lovely night, and although the moon shed not her pale light through the overhanging trees, yet the little twinkling stars diffused sufficient light for a lover to read the pleasure depicted in his fair one's eyes; or to watch the brilliant tears, perhaps of joy—perhaps of sorrow, silently steal down her cheeks. Thus employed, two figures might have been perceived slowly wandering among the evergreens. "Oh Annis," (for it was indeed she,) exclaimed the young man, "is our hope so soon to be blighted? I cannot live in England and see you the wife of that horrid fool, Titus Butt; and yet it must be so."

Annis spoke not, she only clung closer to her companion's arm, as a slight tremor passed through her frame.

"You will be happy, Annis," continued the youth, "happy, surrounded by riches, and courted amid the circles of
fashion; you will soon forget me—a wandering emigrant, amidst the western forests: one seeking happiness which will have fled from him for ever. Will you sometimes think of me?—and yet it would be wicked."

"Think of you, James! why you do not know me," faltered the female.

"You will—you will sometimes!" ejaculated the young man; "but, alas! I shall never cease to dream of you!"

"But I do not see that our case is so desperate," returned Annis, gradually regaining her self-possession; "can you find no means of avoiding it?"

"Means, Annis! I see none. Butt has your guardian's consent; and as for me, I should never obtain it—never!"

"You are too gloomy," replied Annis; "if my guardian will not give his consent, I do not see why I should give mine to a marriage of his choosing, which is moreover hateful to me. It cannot be the law of the country, and even if it were, there is yet another mode—but perhaps James Gilbert would not accept a penniless bride?"

"Am I in my right senses? what do I hear—would you then be mine—mine only?" exclaimed Gilbert, as he folded the blushing girl to his heart. "Did you think it was money influenced me? no, Annis, it was yourself; but dared I hope—dared I ask you to be mine under such circumstances?"

At this moment a footstep was heard approaching the spot where the lovers stood. They immediately passed into a darker avenue, which led to the house. We will not however attempt to pry into their parting secrets. A few moments afterwards a female form passed alone through the open casement of Mr. Taunton's mansion, and it was not long ere it was followed by two other forms, which might have been recognised as those of the portly Mr. Titus Butt and the elegant Mr. Tilyard.

"Ah! truants! truants!" exclaimed Tilyard, as he met Miss Shepherd in the ballroom. "You may actually, ladies, believe me, I really discovered our friends, Mr. Titus Butt and Miss Shepherd wandering by starlight among the myrtles: O for shame—for shame!" Inquiring glances were cast from the ladies, at the two unlucky, though innocent creatures; and the disappearance of Annis being thus accounted for, no further notice was taken of it. The ball broke up, as all other balls do, with weary looks, faded cheeks, disappointed expectations, and Creole gloves.

Twelve o'clock, a few mornings after Mr. Taunton's party, found Mr. Titus Butt tête-à-tête with Tom Tilyard, over that gentleman's breakfast table.

"Well, Butt, you happy man," commenced Tilyard, "I have arranged the whole affair: after you left the other night, I had a long conversation with Annis, your charming Annis—she loves you: believe it, Butt, she loves you, as dearly as any woman can."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Butt, smoothing down his comely cheeks.

"But I do, sir, and this night she will make you happy!"

"This night!—no!"

"Yes, listen; her love is so great, that she declares she cannot longer exist without you; but she requires some proof on your part of the warmth and ardour of your passion. To this end, she has positively made up her mind, that to gain her hand you must run away with her—positively!"

"Run away with her!" ejaculated Butt, as he looked down on his corporation. "I can't run!"

"No—no, Titus, I do not mean actually run upon your legs, I have ordered a post-chaise and four."

"A post-chaise and four!"

"Yes, this night, at twelve o'clock, the beautiful Annis will throw herself into the arms of her adorer, Titus Butt, Esq! I knew you would not for a moment hesitate, so at once to seal your happiness, I declared that I had been commissioned by you to propose the very plan laid down as one something recherché—something that would make a stir in town. She replied, that she was in raptures at your promptness; and as a pledge of her agreement, cut off this silken lock, and desired me to present it to you," continued Tilyard, as he handed a lock of hair, bound up with white ribbon, across the table. Butt caught the highly-prized treasure with avidity, and pressed it a thousand times to his lips, redolent with the fumes of coffee and crumpets, Bailey's breakfast bacon and butter.

Tilyard turned his face to the glass, and arranged his whiskers, for he could
scarcely command his serenity at this explosion of the bachelor’s affection.

"I will—I will! this night, you said?" at length vociferated Butt, "O Jupiter, that I should live to be loved in this manner! My little angel in petticoats! I give me your hand, Tilyard; you are the best friend I ever had in the world."

"And," continued the exquisite, "the Morning Post will be full of the romantic attachment of two beings so exactly suited to each other; winding up by their mysterious disappearance, and happy union."

"True—true; but you flatter me, Tilyard—you flatter me."

"Not at all, sir. But we must to business. You will be there a little before your appointment? The post-chaise, and every thing else, leave to me. You may rely upon my exactness, and assistance. Au revoir, I will meet you at twelve by the old bay-tree." Butt shook the young wight heartily by the hand, and they parted.

To enumerate the various anxieties of Mr. Butt, as the hour of assignation drew near, and his nervousness increased (and who would not on such an occasion have felt nervous), it would be an idle task; nor shall we call over the arrangements made by the instigator of the runaway match. Darkness at length came: eleven had already struck, and Mr. Titus Butt, wrapping himself in an immense Spanish cloak, which effectually hid his delicate person from the idle gaze of the curious, stole forth with palpitating heart from his own snug quarters, to take his station at the appointed spot in the garden: the clock struck twelve, and Butt obeying the injunction of Tilyard, who stood at his elbow, attempted to give a low whistle.

"I can’t whistle," said Butt, after having ineffectually endeavoured to make a noise pass out from between his shivering lips.

"Hush! hush! be still, and I will do it for you," replied his companion; and a long soft whistle broke the stillness of the night. Butt’s teeth, however, chattered, although their master did not. "It is all right," whispered Tilyard: "I knew she loved you so much, she could not avoid coming. Do you not hear some one undoing the window?"

"I hear something; but I do not think that is Miss Annis’s window," returned Butt.

"No—you are right there. To have eloped from her window, would have been madness itself. This is a room unoccupied by any one, and is the place suggested by your own Annis."

"Indeed!" sighed the bachelor. A slight noise over head, and a figure so completely muffled up, that it was impossible to tell whether it were male or female appeared at the open casement.

"You must speak to her," said Tilyard, in a whisper.

"I cannot," was the first brief answer, "my tongue is glued to my lips."

"But you must say something," returned his companion. Butt tried, "Is—it—you?"

"Yes," was the only reply.

"Come, my friend, come," said Tilyard, keenly, "so fair a prize—all that you have for months sighed for, offered within your very grasp, and yet you shrink from seizing it—for shame!"

Stirred by this speech, Butt placed the ladder, which had been provided for the occasion, against the wall; and Tilyard shrank behind a bush, further to watch the movements of the parties; "You must now act alone," and he whispered, as he retired, "prove yourself worthy of so fair a creature."

Butt’s breast heaved up and down like a full-working steam-engine; cold perspiration ran down his face; and the whites of his eyes were uplifted to heaven, as he exclaimed, "Fool—fool, that I am! O! that some angel would transport me to my own quiet bed! what has Titus Butt to do with starlight and love: but I cannot go back, or I would!" muttered the Listonian lover, as he slowly placed one foot after another on the ladder. "I wish this job were ended."

"I wish so too," said the lady of the balcony; who, nothing unwilling, had commenced the awful descent. The better to assist her, and to prevent the flowers below from blushing, Butt clasped his fair burthen round the legs. At this moment a sudden gust of wind obliged him again to lay hold of the ladder, in order to keep himself steady. But, alas! alas! the lady’s garment, being thus released, whirled over the visage of Titus; perfectly extinguishing that unfortunate gentleman’s optics, who taking it for some
supernatural being, wreaking vengeance upon his misdeeds, or some more favoured lover consigning him to utter darkness, relinquished entirely his hold of the ladder; and the lady, nothing the wiser, placed one of her unguided feet into the wide gaping mouth of the hidden and astonished bachelor, which not being accustomed to such rude handling, and naturally sensitive of such desperate attacks, closed his angry jaws like a spring-trap upon the intruding toe. The eloper, having for precaution taken off her shoes, feeling the insertion of sharp teeth through her delicate stocking, now began to squall out most lustily. In the confusion, away slipped the ladder, and its interesting burden; and rolling over and over, they were at length found safely clasped in each other's arms, in an odorous bed—of Spanish onions!

"Lord have mercy upon us!" murmured Butt from beneath his lady-love, who lay uppermost.

"Amen!" responded the lady, and then began again squalling with no very dulcet notes.

"For Heaven's sake!" cried Tilyard, springing from his hiding-place, "hold your tongues, both of you, or you will raise the house upon us—and I know Mr. Tauntorn always keeps a blunderbuss ready loaded."

"Take her away! Mercy—mercy!" cried Titus. "I will go home."

"What! Mr. Butt! forsake the lady who has placed her character in your hands, and all for love of you!" exclaimed Tilyard, as he extricated them from their dilemma.

"Oh!" sighed the lady.

"No you will not—you cannot," continued Tilyard, as he assisted them along the gravel walk, and through the shrubbery gate, which for the occasion he had forced off the hinges.

"Now then, here is the post-chaise; quick—quick, or you will be overtaken. Adieu, Miss Shepherd, every happiness attend you," fervently ejaculated Tilyard, as he helped her into the vehicle; "and now, Mr. Butt, in that snug corner you will quite recover from your bruises, and may dream of love and happiness, that is to say, if you can sleep in such fair company." And he closed the door of the post-chaise on the runaway pair.

It may appear strange to the reader, that a woman deeply in love with another, should willingly resign herself to the arms of a man like Titus Butt. Who can fathom the mystery of woman's love? How many little manœuvres do they not make use of; when they mean one thing, how often do they not do, or say another. A little pique—a sudden whim—a slight want of attention—a thousand things we are told will in a moment turn their purpose. And so we are bound to believe was the case with the fair creature before us. On the one hand, there was a lover, almost without a shilling in the world, a mere clerk, whose bread depended on his daily labour; on the other, a man rolling in riches! With the one went her guardian's wishes; but if she accepted the former, she had none other chance than being nearly disinherited.

It was a dark and gloomy night, as the post-chaise rattled along the high road to Carlisle. Not a star was twinkling, the wind had lulled itself to sleep; and ever and anon, the big drops of rain foretold a coming thunder-storm.

"We have got a bad night," Butt ventured to stammer forth, after having kept silence for at least three hours.

"Very," sighed his companion, in soothing accent.

"I think I see the dawn of day in the east," continued Titus, encouraged by the tone of the lady's voice.

"I think so too," responded the bundle of cloaks and shawls, looking out of the western window.

"What a smell of onions!" said Titus; and again there was another dead pause for at least one hour more.

"It's a long ride in the dark for pleasure," again breathed forth the bachelor.

"Very," again replied the lady.

"It's very romantic though," continued he of the matrimonial cue, to think of running away in a pitchy dark, rainy, stormy, horrible, miserable night, to get married, when we might have been comfortably joined together in our own parish church; and he raised his voice towards the conclusion of the sentence, according to the custom of that worthy gentleman.

"I think so too," responded his companion, unconsciously twisting the corner of her handkerchief, first into the shape of a little dancing something, not unlike a baby, and then as quickly dispelling
the resemblance, and remodelling it after a more improved fashion.

"You think so too," inwardly muttered Butt; "then how, or rather why, did we come here? Prodigious!" and again they relapsed into dead silence as ever.

"Are you fond of children?" at length exclaimed the lover, who had cast his eyes down upon the pocket-handkerchief baby, which neglected had fallen asleep in the lady's lap, and was now perfectly discernible by the increased daylight.

"Very," again said his companion.

"Very," again was echoed by the bachelor, "how astonishing!"

"I think so too."

"By heavens, do you!" ejaculated Butt, losing his accustomed gravity, "then—"

"Shall I draw up at the Red Lion, or the Chequers, or the Bunch of Grapes, or which of the hotels," inquired the post-boy, putting his head in at the window which Butt had let down to admit the fresh morning air.

"At the best inn in the place," pettishly replied Butt, displeased at so unseasonable an interruption.

"I think so too," retorted his (to be) better half.

"You think so too—what an obliging creature," exclaimed the bachelor. But he was prevented from giving to the world his soliloquy by the wheel of the chaise grinding against the stone steps of an inn, which was supposed to be the Royal Oak, from the sign representing something like a catpillar in the midst of a green head of broccoli; but which, it is presumed, the painter meant for King Charles in the oak.

"This is Bickerswade, sir—you've heard of Bickerswade," said the officious post-boy as he assisted Butt from the carriage; "and do you know, sir, the blacksmith is in this very house; being on his way to London on business; and gimminy, I'm told he can marry here as well as in his own church."

"That won't do," exclaimed Butt; "come, sir, no hoaxing. I'll let you know that Titus Butt, Esquire, is not to be made a fool of in this manner."

"Not at all, sir," replied the post-boy in real Bond-street accents, "it is a fact."

"I think so too," chimed the lady.

"If you really think so too—why, my dear Annis—but how is this, Gretna Green—blacksmith—marriage—Bigginswade! I don't know much about these matters, but I thought he could only perform at his own place—however, we'll ask Mr. Landlord, and if he confirm the statement, as Annis is willing, I am sure I cannot object. Besides, if it be illegal we can be married again, and I dare say no harm will happen in the mean time."

"I dare say not," whispered the post-boy.

The landlord confirmed the post-boy's words. Titus accordingly ordered breakfast, and the presence of the blacksmith. The lady pleaded indisposition, and retired to her room to be prepared to attend the awful ceremony, when all the preliminaries were arranged. So Mr. Titus Butt was left to his own imaginings, and to dispatch his last breakfast in single blessedness. What were his thoughts? Who can describe them? He was about to leave that existence for ever which had been the region of so much happiness. He was about to plunge into an unknown gulf. His old pursuits, his old companions, his old furniture, his old housekeeper, his old Tom cat, all—all he was about to abandon for ever. Awful ideas floated on his brain: he looked at the heavy window-curtains of the Royal Oak, and he thought of curtain lectures; he looked at the tea-cups, and a vague remembrance came forward of some man, who is said, in old tradition, to have had a cup of tea dashed in his face. But we must not write down all that he thought, we must leave him with hands folded over his knees, and eyes intently fixed upon an unbroken egg, while we tell what had passed in that house where the bachelor first sighed his love over the music-chair of Annis Shepherd.

Upon Mr. Taunton's discovering in the morning that his lovely ward had flown, no one knew whither, he raved and stormed, vowing he would shoot the rascal who had used him thus shamefully, and that he would cut off the ungrateful child without a shilling. In this mood he continued, until one of the servants brought him a letter from Mr. Tilleyard, stating that Miss Shepherd, from some romantic attachment to a worthy friend, had eloped to Gretna Green, and that Mr. Taunton need be under no uneasiness on their account, as this very interesting individual on whom Miss
Shepherd had placed her hopes of happiness, was no less a person than a very particular friend of Mr. Tauntou's; and he advised that a note should be sent to Mr. Butts's, to know if any explanation of the elopement could be gained in that quarter, as he, Mr. Tillyard, was not at liberty to impart any more concerning the runaway match, than he had already stated.

A note was accordingly sent to Mr. Butts's, and Mr. Tauntou waited in great impatience for the reply. It at length arrived. "Mr. Butt was seen to go out on the previous night wrapped in a dark-coloured cloak, and had not since been heard of." Mr. Tauntou bit his lip—a ray of sunshine illumined his countenance—a smile played upon his cheeks.

"Dear affectionate creature!—but what a whim, and to frighten us all so. But I suppose she deemed the good news would be thought the more of, coming so suddenly."

"What is, then, your opinion?" inquired a friend: "you seem to have hit upon some bright idea."

"Why, my good fellow," exclaimed the laughing guardian, "Annis has eloped with the very man I wished her to marry. I see it all now; and I hereby declare,"—raising his voice so that the servants congregated around might hear him—"I hereby declare, I shall be most happy to see her and her worthy husband back again, and to welcome him as the owner of all the late Mr. Shepherd's property. I shall be delighted to shake hands with him. Ah! you may stare; whoever he may be, he is now the owner of no small estate."

"Monstrous generosity it is, I guess," whispered an Irish servant to another, "saying as how he cannot help it, just any how."

Many were the congratulations showered at the villa. Two cards, one very big and the other very small, finely embossed, with the names of Mr. Titus Butt and Mrs. Titus Butt engraved thereon, were tied together with silver wire, and dispatched to the surrounding gentry and friends. Cakes were made, and squeezed through wedding rings, and laid under young ladies' pillows, and dreamt on (after a good supper); and coachmen's knocks wore the paint off the door; and carriage-wheels cut up the gravel, so prodigious were the goings on at the villa. But while all this was taking place, how fare it with Mr. Titus Butt and his blooming bride?

Beside an old oak-table, in a low back room of the Royal Oak, stood the harmonious blacksmith, book in hand, dressed in the paraphernalia of his office; and on either side of the aforesaid table, stood his unlucky victims. Titus Butt dressed in his best, looked the very emblem of a sheep that before its shears is dumb. His fat rosy cheeks, towering above a mountain snow-white cravat, resembled a peony stuck in a box of salt; and his little twinkling dark eyes, might have been mistaken for a component part of a plum-pudding. His dress was a blue coat, with bright metal buttons; the said coat, making his by no means ill-fashioned body to cut far from a mean appearance; especially when we make mention of the white waistcoat, and enormous projecting frill of his shirt, which stuck out like quills upon the fretful porcupine. His legs were white clad in white satin inexpressibles—he wore silk stockings—shoes and enormous diamond buckles; and altogether he was a perfect pet of a bridgroom. On the other side of the table stood his intended spouse, enveloped in an enormous snow-clad cloak, and a large white veil completely hiding her features and head-dress; so that we are, at present, prevented from giving a more minute description of her wedding garments for the benefit of the rising generation. At the foot of the aforesaid bench stood the post-boy, who had been ordered in as a witness of the awful ceremony. He was attired as postboys usually are on such occasions; so that we need not give a more enlarged picture of him, than by saying that, with his hands stuck into his breeches pockets, he was leisurely waiting the catastrophe.

"I must request that the lady unveil, before I commence the ceremony," observed he of the smithy, in a sonorous tone.

"Decidedly," chimed in Mr. Butt.

"O la!—no, sir," smirked the lady from beneath the heap of blond.

"It is absolutely necessary!" retorted the functionary: "without the lady unveil, the ceremony cannot proceed. How can the witness identify the lady's person without having seen her?"
"True," observed the bridegroom; "besides, I long to behold the figure of so much loveliness, which has been so long hidden from my expectant eyes: do now, dearest, only throw off that veil for one instant," exclaimed Mr. Butt, gaining courage as the altercation lengthened.

"If it must be so —vel then, let it be so!" returned the intended bride, as she threw from her person the large white cloak and veil which had completely enveloped it, and displayed no less a figure than—not that of the beautiful Annis Shepherd, but the ponderous person of Mr. Tillyard's housekeeper!

"Ha—ha! here he is!" roared the postilion, rubbing his hands in ecstasy between his knees.

"Heaven have mercy upon me!" groaned Butt, as he swooned away into the kindly extended arms of an old-fashioned chair.

"La! now, what is all the matter!" exclaimed the derobed damsel. "Vi jist do look at Muster Titus; vot a pretty husband he would make—sure-ly?"

"What is all this?" echoed the functionary, who turned out to be the head waiter at the inn, dressed up by Tillyard for the occasion; the mischievous face of which gentleman might be recognised in him of the cap and spurs.

"I'll have nosich husband!" vociferated the housekeeper: "vot a man as goes into high stricks at site of is vife, as is to be—no, not I. I'll go back again to Mr. Tilyard's, and look out for a better un than Muster Titus Butt, who don't know as how to hact like a man, notwithstanding all his money."

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Crumpleup, you are quite right," retorted Tillyard, throwing off his disguise; "he ar'n't a man fit to be your wife,—husband, I mean."

"No, that he ar'n't. I'll go back; but afore I goes, I'll use my most heffications exortions to rekiver poor Muster Butt, tho' he don't deserve no such thing, for the wile manner in which he has treated me."

Butt by this time, with the aid of Mrs. Crumpleup's water, with which she was deluging his face and neckcloth, began slowly to recover from his swoon. First one eye was opened, and then the other; and then he stared wildly around him; but his optics at length resting upon the comely form of Mrs. Crumpleup, away he went again into as bad a faint as ever.

"Mercy a me!" cried that loveable individual.

"It is necessary I see, Mrs. Crumpleup," said Tillyard, "that, in the weak state of my friend's nerves, it is necessary that you should retire from the room. Your presence distresses him. Here has been some mistake."

"There has most indubitably, Mr. Tillyard, and I will take your advice. Adoo!" and the form of the fair-fat-and-forty-housekeeper glided from the apartment.

In a short time, Butt was sufficiently recovered to understand the situation in which he had been placed. However, in reply to Mr. Tillyard's inquiries, he maintained an awful silence; deeming that all gentlemen had had some hand in his betrayal.

Presently Butt rose, and walking slowly to the bell-pull, rang the bell. A waiter speedily made his appearance, the one who had been installed in the robes of the blacksmith of far-famed Greta.

"Waiter, I desire that you will conduct me into a private sitting-room, and not allow any one to disturb me until I ring my bell," pompously mouthed the Bachelor Bridegroom, as he majestically strode out of the room like a pouting peacock.

His whole appearance in his bridal dress made such a caricature, that poor Tillyard (of whom he took not the slightest notice) and the waiter could no longer prevent themselves from bursting out in a roar of laughter.

Tillyard perceiving there was no means of pacifying his friend, but that, on the contrary, every step he took to do so, carried him still further from a reconciliation, again ordered the post-chaise, and proceeded to London, as speedily as possible, as an inside passenger, instead of having, as before, the outside place; leaving Mr. Butt and the housemaid to muse over their misfortunes, until they mused themselves once more into good humour.

How great pleasure beamed in Mr. Taunton's countenance as he shook hands with that illustrious scion on his arrival in town.

"Ah, Tillyard, my boy,—so glad to see you! Thanke for your note,—set our minds quite at ease. What a lucky event!"

"I'm afraid not, sir."

"Why!—why not? What do you
mean; has anything happened—eh! post-chaise upset, or what is it?"

"I'm sorry to say, sir," continued Tilyard, "I left our worthy friend at Biggleswade in deep distress, refusing all consolation."

"Why—what—in Heaven's name, what do you mean? Is Annis ill; speak out!"

"I fear there has been some mistake, sir."

"Mistake, sir, what mistake can there be. None of your joking, if you please, sir; for I would have you know that on Annis's husband is settled all her late father's property; and moreover, sir, I shall be very glad to see that gentleman, and to congratulate him on his good fortune. Now, sir, what do you say to that?"

"Is it a fact? then all may yet be well. Rest assured this was the sole cause of my uneasiness," exclaimed Tilyard, taking up the clue. "I will write to them, so that their fears may be dispelled; and that as soon as may be, they may receive a blessing from your own lips, and hear the generous manner in which you exert the power vested in you by the late Mr. Shepherd—how that you have pardoned even a runaway match!"

Tilyard was as good as his word. He alone knew where a letter would reach the lovely Annis. In four days from the conversation just related, a carriage rattled up the sweep to Mr. Taunton's house, containing the now happy bride and bridegroom. A loud knock from the well-practised coachman resounded through the stone hall, and in a few moments the blushing Annis and her husband were introduced to Mr. Taunton by Tom Tilyard, who had accompanied them, under their new names of Mr. and Mrs. James Gilbert.

Mr. Taunton turned deadly pale at this sudden and mysterious appearance. With an awful oath he swore that there had been a trick played upon him, that he would never be reconciled to them, and that they might go and starve before they should touch a farthing of Mr. Shepherd's money.

"What, sir!" exclaimed Tilyard, in a decided tone, "will you retract your promise? Can you eat up that which has twice passed from your lips before witnesses? Will you be no longer happy to see the husband of your dutiful Annis, to shake hands with him, and congratulate him on his good fortune?"

"I was in error—I was caught in a trap—I never meant what I said. This is too bad—it is—it is."

"But, sir, you should never say things you do not mean," retorted Tilyard, as he rose to ring the bell and order the servants up; "and here, sir, are the very witnesses to your words."

"Did you not," said Tilyard, turning to the servants, and repeating the identical words, "hear Mr. Taunton make use of those words?"

"We did—we did!" exclaimed the servants, one and all; for both Tilyard and Gilbert were great favourites with them.

At this critical moment a peculiar double knock was heard at the door, telling all present whose company they might soon expect. And they were not disappointed, for in a few moments Mr. Titus Butt himself entered the apartment, dressed in his usual business clothes.

"I have come," he said, raising his voice, yet casting a sheepish look at the late shepherdess of his affections; and stopping short in his harangue.

"We see you have," retorted his old persecutor.

"Sir!" exclaimed Butt, screwing up his visage into an aspect of severity.

"Sir!" returned Tilyard, making an almost intelligible face.

"Well, without more parleying," continued the bachelor, turning his back upon Tilyard, "I believe all here know I had some claim upon the hand of Miss Shepherd?"

"You had," chimed in Mr. Taunton.

"None at all—none at all!" shouted Tilyard and the domestics.

"None at all!" re-echoed Butt, in a nasal tone. "Well, be it so—which ever way it is. I thought I had, but I hear I was mistaken."

"Instead of taking a miss," said Tilyard.

"Silence, young man," retorted Butt, angrily, "I was in error, as she has given her hand and heart to another. I have therefore come here to proclaim a vow, that henceforth I will never think of woman—corporeally or spiritually—or ally myself to her in any way—she shall be to me a forbidden fruit. I have done with her wholly and entirely. I proclaim myself a voluntary bachelor; and such I ever will remain!"

"Sour grapes!" shouted Tilyard.

"Oh, no—no, sir!" exclaimed Gilbert.
"Yes, sir, yes! I will remain a bachelor. But, sir, I will have satisfaction from Mr. Tilyard—I demand an explanation, sir."

"Well, then, sir, as you resign your presumed right to this young lady, and as I do not wish to quarrel with so worthy a man, although rather eccentric, I will freely give it you. It is very short. I saw how the game was going. I saw poor Annis was about to be sacrificed at the shrine of mammon. Excuse me, sir—for 'what can a young lassie do with an auld man'—I saw she loved another, and although he was not rich, yet he was in every way worthy of her. I therefore determined that she should not be your wife, but the wife of that very excellent young man, now standing by your side—Mr. James Gilbert. And let me tell you, when an active man determines upon a thing, it is easily performed. To this end, I enticed you from the drawing-room, on the evening of Mr. Tauntion's party. I thereby gave Miss Shepherd an opportunity of meeting Gilbert in the shrubbery, with whom I had previously conferred. In the conversation which then took place, the whole arrangement of the elopement with that gentleman was planned, and at the same time I instilled into your mind the great love she bore to you. I afterwards told you she must be run away with—it was all true—you agreed, but I took good care that Annis should not be your companion, but my housemaid, whom I had made believe you were desirably in love with."

"Yes, he did—he did, sir! I am a perjured woman!" exclaimed a voice among the assembled group.

"Not at all, Mrs. Crumpleup," replied Tilyard: "I will tell you why not, presently. You eloped with my housekeeper, whom I had smuggled into Mr. Tauntion's spare apartment, and in whose company, in a close post-chaise, you passed a whole night, dreaming of bliss and 'love in her eyes.' But soon that dream passed away, and you beheld before you, in the back room of the Royal Oak at Biggleswade, your intended bride—she to whom you had whispered such soft and flattering words."

"It's not true, sir: he never said nothing—not so much as never a word: he早点't vell, poor gentleman!" exclaimed the same female voice as before interrupted the explanation.

"Mrs. Crumpleup, my housekeeper," continued Tilyard, "was your companion, whom I had lectured for a week to say 'very' instead of 'werry,' and 'I think so too,' instead of risking a discovery by exclaiming, 'I confabulate exteriorly yer way.' I need tell you no more, as regards your part in the play. My friend, Mr. Gilbert, and his fair sweetheart, forced by her guardian's intentions, at the same moment you entered the post-chaise on one side of the garden, jumped into another post-chaise on the other side. Their affair terminated better than yours; I had taken care that a license should be obtained for a church some miles off, and there—need I say it—they became man and wife, preferring a life of happy industry to a round of golden luxuries; nor would they again have intruded upon their guardian, had not that gentleman himself generously assured me he should be delighted to shake hands with Annis's husband, and make over to him the whole of the late Mr. Shepherd's property. Upon hearing such good news, I immediately wrote to them; and here they are, to claim the fulfilment of Mr. Tauntion's promise, and receive his blessing. Now, I am sure you, Mr. Butt, will forget and forgive, and kindly intercede with me for the accomplishment of this desirable end."

"Why as to that," replied the good-natured bachelor, "after your treatment to me, I do not think I ought; but as I never could bear enmity to any man, here is my hand."

"Thank you sir, thank you," exclaimed Tilyard, "it was all the work of love. Do not end your kindness here."

"No, sir, I will not," replied Titus; "as I was once your rival, Mr. Gilbert," he continued, turning to that gentleman. "I will prove a generous one; and I am sure Mr. Tauntion will not refuse his partner who has gone through so much, and yet forgives—he will not refuse to fulfil his promise to Annis Shepherd's husband, although he is not exactly the person whom he expected," casting his eyes down; "whatever Mr. Tauntion would have done for me, I entreat him to do for Mr. Gilbert; for I still love Miss Annis—I beg her pardon—so dearly, that to see her happy, is the great wish of my life."

"It would be hard, indeed," exclaimed Mr. Tauntion, who had been an attentive, though silent witness of the scene, and who now perceived it was the part of
wisdom to make the best of a bad bargain.

"It would be hard, indeed, if I could refuse, when so solicited. You have my consent—I have only done this to try your love. May you both be happy—may you all be happy; and you, Mr. Tilyard, grow wiser, as you grow older."

"I am sure I have displayed tact enough on this occasion," retorted the way.

"Thank you—thank you, Mr. Taunton!" exclaimed Gilbert, as he almost kissed his extended hand in the exuberance of his joy.

"But Annis tells me I have yet another duty to perform."

"Ah! where is that injured woman, Mrs. Crumpleup?" exclaimed Tilyard, catching at his friend's motive.

"I'm here," said the before-mentioned voice.

"Hush—hush! Tilyard, you must leave me a little of the pleasure of doing good," returned Gilbert. "Well, Mrs. Crumpleup, I am indeed sorry for your misfortunes, but if I were to look into the book of fate, I think I can foresee a happier lot for you, than marrying so much out of your sphere. Were you not going to be married to a Mr. Smith, late under butler to Lord Yarborough, if you could have mustered up a hundred pounds between you, to set you up in business?"

"Vy, yes, sir, to illustrate the truth, I vos," said Mrs. Crumpleup, curtsying to the ground; "and, sir, if I had a ad Squire Butt, I could never have hectarved Jonny Smith from my bussum."

"Well, Mrs. Crumpleup, in return for the trick that has been played upon you in this affair, Annis desires that you will accept this draft for the sum required."

"Thankes kindly, sir; but I'd rayther have a leettle O. D. V., as master calls it."

"Very good! mind your pockets!" shouted Tilyard; "but this is a more lasting draft than the one you mean, Mrs. Crumpleup: this piece of paper is as good as a Bank-note for one hundred pounds."

"God bless you, sir! God bless you, sir!"

"Never mind your thanks, I only hope you'll soon change the uncommon name of Crumpleup, to the more common one of Smith."

"I hope so too," Titus dejectedly drewl out. "But, Mr. Gilbert, I had forgotten one thing; as Annis's husband, I ought to ask you, if I may be allowed to keep this little piece of that young lady's hair?" pulling from next his heart the lock given him by Tilyard.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Tilyard. "Why, Mr. Butt, that elegant shining lock, I cut off my own horse's tail—shall I buy you a locket for it?"

The bachelor groaned aloud with desperation, "Am I still the butt of every body?"

"No, sir, no, you are not," replied Annis, coming forward, "you shall have your desire, if it can be of any satisfaction to you; and that you may know the lock is genuine, cut a curl of my hair off with your own hands; and I only hope, sir, when years have flown by, that you will sometimes look at it, and say from your heart, that you forgive one, who has in some measure been implicated in your late misfortunes."

"I will—I will! God bless you!" exclaimed the delighted man, as he kissed the silken lock; "you are gainers at my expense, but I do not mind having made myself a butt for the amusement of those around me, seeing I have set a good example to young people, that they should not defer 'the happy day, the happy wedding day.' until life has become one fixed routine of selfish habits, brought on from prolonged 'lonely blessedness,' or having become so fixed, that they should not attempt to break back again, into the free and lively paths of youth. Likewise, I may say, that from the adventures of the last few days, may be seen in the case of Mrs. Crumpleup, the folly of desiring to marry out of one's sphere; and in that of Mr. Taunton and Miss Shepherd, the equally extreme folly of biasing, or forcing, the mind of any person, in the choice of the individual who has, in his or her person, the power of, probably, making the remainder of life a blessing or a curse; and now, once more, God bless you all! and I sincerely hope no one will go away the worse for having run counter with—

**The Bachelor Bridegroom.**
STANZAS.

TWILIGHT.

How oft as the sun brightly sinks in the west,
And the lustre of day-light melts slowly away,
We gaze on the birds, as to innocent rest
They retire, and warble adieu to its ray!

How gentle and sweet are the thoughts they inspire,
When twilight diffuses its softening power;
And the melody sung by that aerial choir,
Seems the echoes of Eden enchanting the hour.

'Tis then that if ever on earth we can feel
Some trace of the pleasures our first parents knew,—
'Ere sin ever prompted their souls to reveal,
The secrets we still must lament to be true:

'Tis then the remembrance of happier days
Comes over the heart, like the sun's parting beam;
And the landscape that once was so bright in its rays,
No longer so bright and so pure does it seem.

But still the soft hours of twilight beguile,
Though we own them, alas! evanescent as dear;
For as oft as we melt with delight on a smile,
So oft do our feelings awaken a tear.

Thus the bright rays of memory gleam on the heart,
And we deem there is nought can defile them on earth;
But ah! we must mourn that too soon these depart,
And we weep upon woe where we smile upon mirth.

PELIKAR.

BIOGRAPHY OF FLOWERS.

THE DAISY.

"But this lone flower to nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreaths the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.
It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms;
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms."—MONTGOMERY.

The earth does not send from its bosom a more beloved flower than the daisy. It decorates many a gem of modern poetry, but it was still dearer to our ancestors: it was the flower of love, chivalry, and remembrance; and fills nearly the same place in the songs of the troubadours and our ancient poets, that has lately been given to the "forget-me-not." Our Saxon forefathers called it day's-eye, because it expands itself cheerfully when the sun shines, and "buttons into buds" when his smile is withdrawn. The French called it Marqueterie, or pearl; and in the olden time, every fair lady who bore the popular name of Margaret took it for her emblem; and knights wore it emblazoned, to show devotion to some fair lady whose Christian name was synonimous with the lowly flower. Chaucer celebrates the day's-eye somewhat mysteriously; he designates under that appellation the Princess Margaret Plantagenet, one of the daughters of Edward the Third, who thus received a homage her poet dared not openly pay. Marqueterie of Valois* chose for her device a Marquierite, or daisy, turning to the sun with this motto—"I follow him alone."

Such was the device and motto of the sister of Francis the First, and her

* In the "Lady's Magazine and Museum" of Oct. 1st, 1851, is published the portrait and memoir of *. "Lady."
fidelity to her king and brother proved her as faithful as is the day’s-eye to the sun: for though the little floweret closes and droops when clouds obstruct his beams, she ever bends towards his course and position in the heavens. The French have transferred the name of Marquerite to the China-aster, and they now call the daisy paquerette, because it blooms with great profusion at Paque, or Easter. The Germans have a very pretty name for the daisy, they call it sternblume, meaning stary-blossom, although expressing no other than does aster the Latin name for the tribe, yet it has a more engaging sound in the original Teutonic. The Germans likewise call the daisy mas-liben. The Italians, like other nations, show their affection for this pretty blossom, by an endearing name: bella is their appellation for the daisy, and this approaches its botanical cognomen of bellis perennis. Drayton, a true English lover of this flower, thus alludes to it as part of the wild-flower garland in his poem of the “Marriage of Thame and Isis” —

“They sticke
The day’s-eye over all those sundrye sweetes so thicke
As nature doth herself, to imitate her righte,
Who seems in that her pearle so grealy to delighte,
That every meade therewith she powdeereth to beholde.”

In a note he declares that Marquerite signifies both a pearl and a daisy; an ambiquity that induced many a royal lady to take the lowly blossom for her symbol.

Chaucer at the same time contrives to describe the princess he loved, and the daisy, as may be seen in these lines—

“...And she was clad in royal habit green,
A faret of gold* she wore next her hair,
And upon that a white crown she did bear,
With flowrets small; and I do not lye,
For all the world right as a day’s-eye
Y-crowned is with white leaves lite (little),
So were the flowers of her crown white,
And made of fine pearls oriental,
Her white crown was mark’d all;†
And this white crown above the habit green,
Made her just like a day’s-eye to be seen,
Considering eke her faret of gold above.
In the Legend of ‘ Good Women’ he says,
There loveth no man more alive,
To see this flower how it will go to rest,
Soon as the sun withdraweth to the west.

* The faret of gold is the coronet of a princes of peeress.
† Made up or marked in outline.

For fear of night, it hateth so darkness,
Her cheere is plainly spread in brightness,
But with the sun it doth again unclose,

The whole long day I shope me to abide,
For nothing else, and here I shall not lie,
But tor to lock upon the daisie,
That well by reason men call it may,
The day’s-eye, or else the eye of day.”

Spenser does not forget to celebrate this lovely flower, he seldom completes a picture without it.

“Tell me, what wants me here to work delight?
The simple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, so cool, as no where else I find;
The grassy ground with dainty daisies bright,
The bramble-bush where birds of every kind
To the waters fall their tunes attempter right.”

Spenser’s Shepherd’s Calendar.

“And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs entwined curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers trowt full feautiously,
The tender stalks on high,
Of every sort that in that meadow grew,
They gathered some—the violet pale blue,
The little daisy that at evening closes,
The virgin lily and the primrose true,
With store of vermilion roses!
Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames,
Whose rushy bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all his meads adorned with dainty gems
Fit to deck maiden’s bowers,
And crown their paramours
Against the bridal day—
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed,
The earth did fresh array.”

Spenser.

Some of our most delightful modern poets have celebrated the daisy: her fame is not confined to the minstrelsy of the middle ages, and the historical recollections of damosel and chevalier. The first polished poem of Burns was inspired by the “wee modest crimson-tipped flower.”

Wordsworth has not forgotten to celebrate a blossom that harmonises well with his accustomed impressive simplicity of verse. He says—

“Sweet flower, be like one day to have
A place upon the poet’s grave,
I welcome thee once more,
The birds shall sing, and ocean make
A mournful murmur for his sake;
And thou, sweet flower, shalt weep and wake
Upon his senseless grave.”

Sacred poetry has hallowed the daisy:

Mason Good has called the attention of
the pious to the contemplation of this blossom, as an instance of the exquisite mechanism of the hand of the Creator. These lines are deserving notice as much for the minute verbal painting that describes the structure of the daisy, as for their religious spirit and metrical harmony.

"Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
   Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy fresh from winter's sleep,
   Tells of his hand in lines as clear.
"For who but he who arched the skies,
   And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
   Should rear the daisy's purple bud!
"Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
   Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold embossed gem,
   That set in silver gleams within.
"And fling it unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks may see,
   At every step, the trace of God."

MASON GOOD.

Like the "fountain violet" the daisy requires to be fed with dews and moisture, and therefore is seen in the utmost perfection in England. She faints and dies when her beloved day-star looks down upon her from the fierce altitude of the tropic regions.

Many English residents in India have sighed for the sight of a native daisy, and with great care and nursing sometimes a plant has been reared from seed; but it will only exist as an annual, and must be continued from season to season by means of seed. One of these beloved plants accidentally sprung up among some other seeds that had been sent in a box of earth from England to Dr. Carey, the celebrated Baptist missionary of Serampore, and the delight with which that great and good man welcomed this bud of his fatherland, gave rise to Montgomery's second poem on the daisy. We can scarcely say that it is more beautiful than his first, and more widely known poem on the daisy; but certainly the "Daisy in India" is one of the most exquisite gems of floral poetry:—

"Thrice welcome, little English flower,
   Whose tribes, beneath our natal skies,
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower,
   But when the sun's bright beams arise,
With unabashed but modest eyes,
   Follow his motion to the west;
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
   Then fold themselves to rest.
"Thrice welcome, little English flower,
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower,
   In gorgeous liveries all the year:
Thou, only thou, art little here,
   Like worth unfriended and unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear,
   Than all the torrid zone.
"Thrice welcome, little English flower,
I rear thee with a trembling hand;
Oh, for the April sun and shower,
   The sweet May-dews of that fair land,
Where daisies thick as star-light stand
   In every walk!—That here may shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand
   A hundred from one root."

It is a curious feature in floral history, that at a certain height in the mountainous regions of Hindostan, China, and Persia, all the wild flowers of the temperate zone, and among others the daisy, is seen smiling among the valleys of Cashmere, with the violet, primrose, and other pastoral beauties of our hemisphere.

When we consider the daisy in regard to the natural orders of flowers, it is the type or representative of a vast tribe, through which a personal resemblance may be traced. Among these are, camomile, chrysanthemums of all kinds, sunflowers, China-asters, Michaelmas-daisies, marigolds, and even dahlias. All these are connected by very evident links, especially in the important points of calyx, corolla and arrangement of anthers and gernems. It is a good botanical exercise to dissect and examine the differences to be noted in these families of asters.

In the Linnaean classification the daisy is Polygama superflua; so called, we presume, from its superfluous circle of pistils, one of these being attached to each of the flower leaves. In the natural order it is asteræ, and is reckoned among the compositæ or compound flowers, which are made up of many bundles, each bundle containing four or five anthers surrounding a pistil, and curiously packed up in a cylindrical case; the case is made by a union of the middle of the stems of the anthers. From this formation comprising a number of flosculi collected in one calyx, these compound flowers are
called syngenesia, a Greek word expressing their union.

The chief difficulty to the student in the science of botany, is in rightly defining the structure of syngenesious flowers. A microscope is required for the purpose of examining the florescence of the daisy in a satisfactory manner. One may be bought of West, of Fleet-street, for a moderate sum, which will show the dissection beautifully.

Pull from the daisy one of the circle of fringed flower leaves, and there will be found a valve adhering to the bottom of it containing one pistil, surrounded by little green filaments, which are nectarnious, for they are not anthers; at the bottom of the valve is the germ or seed in a green state. Then take out of the yellow disk a full-blown floret, that has yellow dust on it, for the smooth ones are not blown. It will come out with a germ attached to the bottom of it. Rip up the cylindrical case with a pin, and the anthers will be seen surrounding the pistill, all attached by filaments to the germ or future seed. It is an instance, and a curious one, of the economy of nature, that the outward row of valves should have no anthers, the substance provided for anthers being used for the flower leaves or white fringes that surround and guard the more perfect florescence within, by expanding and contracting as the sun shines or veils himself in clouds. If the reader will have the patience to dissect and examine the daisy in the manner thus recommended, a light will be thrown on the most difficult feature in botany, and a familiarity established with the abstruse and varied structures of the syngenesia, or compound flowers. If these are not rightly understood, the Linnaean key is lost that unlocks the description of a vast tribe of flowers; and the immense advantages of that classification, as a means of enabling students to find in botanical works the name and history of any unknown plant he may gather in his walks, is utterly a blank in his studies.

The form and habits of the daisy are too familiar to every observer to need more particular description. The bellis perennis, or common daisy, has no varieties that possess the same properties as he.s. excepting the double daisy, which is really as beautiful as the much-prized double ranunculus, although its easiness of culture makes it less esteemed. This flower is, in all respects, exactly like the single crimson-tipped daisy, excepting that the yellow seed-bearing florets in the centre of the single flower are converted into an infinity of flower leaves, which give great beauty and richness of shade and colour, but bear no seeds. As to the rest of the plant, calyx, leaves, and buds, it is so similar, that no one can tell wild from tame daisies when not in bloom. Miller says that florists have in vain endeavoured, by cultivation in Europe, to make single daisies bear double flowers, like this variety. We think Miller is mistaken, for we have seen a strong tendency in single daisies accidentally planted in borders to produce double flowers. The double scarlet daisy, we think, is a distinct species, having quilled flower leaves, wholly scarlet, without any shading of white. It is possible that single scarlet daisies, with yellow disks and quilled flower leaves, will be found wild somewhere, perhaps, on the shores of the Black Sea or the Bosphorus, from whence some of our richest garden flowers first came. The hen-and-chicken daisies are an awkward sort of umbellated double daisy, with a mottled red, irregular flower in the centre, and little flowers growing around. Its outline is ugly, and it is only fit for children's gardens; juvenile gardeners love it for the sake of its quaint name and odd appearance. This variety is supposed to be an accidental sport of nature, and that it originally sprang from the single pink-tipped daisy; but it appears more probable that there is an umbellated wild daisy to be found in some part of the world, which is its parent.

The properties of the bellis perennis, or wild daisy, are highly medicinal. Although utterly neglected by modern practice, it is said to be the finest antiscorbutic known. In ancient times, the smell of a daisy-root freshly dug from meadows in spring, was supposed to be peculiarly healthful and refreshing to aged invalids. The Italians consider decoctions of the leaves, which are slightly acid, excellent in asthmatics and horticists.

Few people require to know the culture of the wild daisy. It grows freely from seeds and blossoms the next spring, and is in the borders a troublesome weed, as it increases rapidly by suckers. Gardeners expel the daisy from their turf; we think with little taste.
Biography of Flowers.

The double daisy makes pretty borders, but is apt to die during the summer heats. It bears no seed, yet it multiplies infinitely by parting the roots in autumn and winter. The scarlet and umbellated varieties are cultivated in a similar manner. All the cultivated daisies should be parted, and freshly planted every year.

These are all the perennial daisies known. The Alpine daisy, a very pretty innocent flower, is only three inches high; it bears a white star, much smaller than the English daisy; it is garnished with leaves at the lower part of the stalk, and is an annual, requiring to be renewed every year by seed. It is a native of the Alps, and the hilly parts of Italy; it seems by its habits to be a miniature of the next species.

The *bellis major*, commonly called the greater daisy, is a handsome wild annual flower that blooms in July and August, bearing a white daisy with a yellow disk, the blossom as large as a half-crown; the stalk is a foot high, and garnished with long serrated leaves. It has a pleasing fragrance. The *bellis major* is the link between daisies and chrysanthemums, and bears a great resemblance to the beautiful Chinese chrysanthemums that are now such ornaments to our gardens in autumn. Like the common daisy, the Chinese chrysanthemums are perennial, and have fibrous roots, from which they increase rapidly, but they have the size and stature of the greater annual daisy. As we never see these beautiful plants in their natural single florescence, it was vain to trace the resemblance farther. We will say no more than advise our readers, if they would preserve their beautiful varieties of Chinese chrysanthemums from degenerating into small sickly-looking tawny flowers, they must part them every year after flowering, throwing away all the old flowering stems, and keep the new plants with only three heads, by plucking off all other suckers that grow up from the roots.

The ugly ox-eye, which grows on rubbish so plentifully, and flowers profusely in summer, spreading its fennel-shaped leaves and ill-smelling blossoms on every side of the metropolis, as if it had a particular ambition of being admired by the citizens of London, is a near ally of the daisy. It is wrong to dislike God’s creature, but in truth the ox-eye must be considered by most persons as a fetid and unlovely flower. The ox-eye is poisonous, although its medicinal virtues, if properly applied, are said to be considerable. It is the largest flower that grows naturally in or near London, and seems as if it delighted in the impure and heavy atmosphere. Like the daisy, its classification is polygamy superflua syngenesis. The accident of its fennel-shaped leaves excludes it from the immediate family of the daisies, and seems to ally it to the camomile or anthemis, a useful and wholesome aromatic. Professor Swainson, we think, would consider the ox-eye aberrant of the whole tribe noxious, fetid, and impure in its taste. The scientific name is *triphalnum*. Some of the varieties of this family can scarcely be distinguished from those of the anthemis. The May-weed, or corn-daisy, is in its strong scent a near ally of the ox-eye. The camomile sold in the shops for medicinal uses, is the double-flowered garden anthemis. If the reader wishes to see this interesting plant in its natural state, it will be found on heaths with a yellow eye like the daisy, and not filled up with white thums like the camomile flowers we buy in the shops; the leaves are finely cut, like fennel; it creeps on the ground, to which it makes a sort of carpet. The single camomile begins to flower about the latter end of May. This plant furnishes a proverb, and an emblem of patience, because the more it is trod upon the more it grows.

The Cape-aster is a very charming and well-known green-house plant, flowering with blue stars and yellow disks, the foliage shaped like the daisy, but mounted on shaggy footstalks. The aster amellus, a larger and more beautiful variety of the Cape-aster, with precisely the same colours, grows wild on the Swiss Alps. These plants seem the links between the daisy and the shrubby asters; which last, with the China-asters, have been discussed in this Magazine in the year 1832.

The present season is the most barren of flowers that love the sun, of any spring in our memory: the daisy mourning the obscuration of her beloved day-star, refused to be a *paquerette* at Easter, her favourite season. Lawns, where “daisies thick as starlight used to stand,” are left in green desolation, or powdered with
Salon of Paintings.

nightly snow; and though we have seen one swallow winging its way from over the eastern ocean, yet he seemed to come on purpose to prove that one swallow makes no summer. The Floral Court Calendar for April, 1887, might have announced that the daisies do not hold their drawing-rooms till May. E. S.

LES TABLEAUX.—No. II.

THE SLEEPER.

Beneath a weeping willow’s soften’d shade,
There, slumb’ring, lay a fair and lovely girl;
The scented zephyrs o’er her bosom play’d,
And caught and kiss’d each dark and silken curl.
Her eyes were hid within the deepest furl
Of long black lashes, fondling on her cheek;
Her rosy lips, just parted, fringed the pearl
Which lay beneath. Her brow, so mild and meek,
Pillow’d upon the round white arm to rest.
There slept the maid: her pure and snowy breast
Rising and falling with each throbbing breath;
And on it hung a young, yet fading rose,
Fit sharer of her innocent repose,
Whose stillness seem’d the first sad hour of death.

UMBRA.

SALON OF PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE AT PARIS.

The exhibition of paintings, sculpture, &c., at Paris, which of late years has become annual, is at present open. We find, upon perusal of a little book published in 1699, that it was Louis the Fourteenth who re-established the custom of public exhibitions of painting and sculpture. M. Mansard, superintendent of public works, having represented to the king that the artists would be much benefited by a renewal of the ancient custom of exposing their paintings, &c. to public view, his majesty gave his assent, and permitted them to exhibit their works in the grand galleries of the Louvre. During that reign there were two public exhibitions; under his successor, Louis the Fifteenth, there were twenty-four; under Louis the Sixteenth, nine; nine also during the Republican; five during the Empire; four under the reign of Louis the Eighteenth; and during that of Charles the Tenth; and the present makes the sixth since the revolution of 1830. Every body must be aware of the present king’s fondness for the arts, and how largely his majesty contributes to their advancement. The livret of this year marks 2130 works of art, the greatest proportion of which are paintings, and many of them specimens of first-rate talent. We regret to say that our favourites, the tableaux de genre (domestic subjects), are far from numerous. This we regret, as in the last two years the exhibition contained many perfect gems in this most pleasing department. This year, historical subjects abound; but artists who paint with an intention of disposing of their pictures, should recollect that a tableau de genre usually requires but little space, whereas an historical or imaginative subject of stupendous dimensions, with figures larger than life, cannot find room in the moderately sized picture gallery of an amateur. Artists should accommodate their works to the public taste. We shall now offer a few comments upon such of the paintings as appeared to us most worthy of notice.

Amongst the historical pictures are two, the subjects taken from English history. These are undoubtedly the chefs d’œuvre of the exhibition. Both are by Paul Delaroche, who two years ago exhibited the admirable picture of “Lady Jane Grey.”

The first, “Lord Strafford on his way to execution,” is a splendid production. The moment chosen is this:—On his way to the place of execution, Strafford, passing by the Tower, wherein his friend Archbishop Laud was confined, stopped, and kneeling under the window, cried, in a loud voice, “My lord of Canterbury, a
last prayer for a dying man." His venerable friend, himself about to suffer in
the same cause, passed his hands through
the prison bars, and gave Strafford his
benediction. This painting is altogether
of a most elevated character: the head
of Strafford, although only seen in pro-
file, is exquisite,—full of soul and truth.
Although the expression of the coun-
tenance is deeply imbued with melan-
ocholy, yet it betrays no unseemly terror
at the awful fate that awaited him. We
could say that such a man was not afraid
to die. The colouring is good and natural,
by no means over-wrought; the hands
express much firm determination of char-
acter. It seems a general matter of
regret that the artist should have made
choice of this precise moment, for we are
thereby deprived of the full figure of
Archbishop Laud; and this figure, if we
are to judge by the feeble and trembling
hands and arms passed through the
gratings, and which are almost beyond
praise, would have added much to the
well-deserved reputation of this excellent
artist. The countenance of the next
figure of interest in the picture is like-
wise concealed—it is that of the earl’s
son. The youth has turned away, in
order to conceal his deep emotion, on
hearing the words of his father. The
other three personages, a warden of the
Tower, and two Parliament soldiers, look
on with a cold, unmoved austerity; habit,
like second nature, has rendered them
familiar with such scenes. All the figures
in this picture are clad in black, which
gives a sombre, and, perhaps, monotonous
tint to the whole, for the prison walls and
doors are of this same hue. Although
this gloomy tint is much in accordance
with our own taste, especially where the
subject is so mournful, it nevertheless
may leave the artist open to criticism;
but we would say to such critics,—"Go,
and do thou likewise."

“Charles the First insulted by Crom-
well’s soldiers.”—The composition, as
well as the execution of this picture,
evinces deep study, and a vigorous con-
ception in the mind of the artist. The
king is seated in the midst of Cromwell’s
soldiers, who are guarding him: one of
these wretches insolently smokes in his
face; a second, glass in hand, and in a
disgusting state of intoxication, insults
the monarch by rudeness of speech; a
third leans over the table apparently
asleep; Sir Robert Cotton, in whose
house the scene takes place, is seen near
the fire, shedding tears; another person,
Cromwell, it is supposed, seated opposite
the fire, surveys the whole scene with
an unwonted heartlessness; his cold, in-
flexible nature is admirably portrayed
in his harsh, stern features. The head of
Charles, no doubt a copy from the por-
traits of the period, merits the warmest
eulogiums. The countenance of the un-
happy monarch, though melancholy in
the extreme, is full of noble and pious
resignation; and the look which he
turns on his insolent guards, is deeply
imbued with pity, as though his dignified
and noble nature soared far above such
insults. The figure and 
toute ensemble
of Charles is elegant in the extreme.
The colouring of this picture is deep and
harmonious.

“Saint Cecilia,” also by Delaroche,
we hesitate not to pronounce as a failure.
Why an artist of such high talent should
imitate another school—and that the
German of all others—we are at a loss to
know! The “Saint Cecilia” of Ra-
phael is young and fair, glowing with
health and beauty;* that of M. Dela-
roche has nearly passed the meridian
of life, is pale, wan, and olive com-
xioned: the features of the saint, taken
separately, are certainly fine—there is
a divine inspiration in the upturned
eyes, and infinite beauty in the hand,
which hangs negligently by her side;
still there is not enough. Two angels,
very lovely-faced, and very earthily look-
ing creatures, are supporting a small
organ, on which the saint is preluding
with her right hand. We think the sub-
stitution of almost any other instrument
for the organ, would have bestowed more
grace upon the composition.

“Jeremiah mourning over the ruins of
Jerusalem.”By M. E. Bendemann.
This most striking picture, decidedly one
of the very finest in the salon, is full of
energy and vigour. The head and hand,
especially, of the prophet, are the very
beau ideal of excellence. The figure of
the prophet, seated upon some loose
stones, occupies the centre of the pic-
ture; his head is leaning upon his hand,
and his attitude altogether evinces the
deepest anguish at the sight of the cala-
mities and desolation he had himself

* We could show the artist a beautiful copy
of the original.—Ed.
foretold. Some of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, men, women, and children, lie in various groups around. All seem to partake of the despair of the prophet. The still smoking remains of some of the edifices of the great Babylon, are visible in the distance. The figures are larger than life.

"Christ in the Mount of Olives" is an inimitable picture, by M. E. Bertin. The landscape itself, one of the noblest, yet the most touching, the most simple possible to imagine, is full of all the splendour of true and natural colouring. The effects of light and shadow thrown upon this composition are beyond all praise. As we gazed upon it, all earthly thoughts seemed to vanish from our minds, so calm, so tranquil was the scene. A magnificent old olive, such as an eastern clime can alone produce, winds up one side of the mountain; beneath the shade of its luxuriant branches, the Saviour is seen communing with the Angel who has just approached; all this part of the picture is in the shade, and admirably detached from the cloudless sky beyond, the light of which is notwithstanding sufficiently subdued to give a wonderful effect to the radiant aureole that surrounds the Saviour's head.

"Moses exposed in his cradle upon the Nile." Every lover of truth and nature must pause before this charming little picture. The beautiful babe is calmly lying in his cradle, which is floating at a short distance from the land, on the waters of the Nile. Unconscious of danger, it has one little hand paddling in the clear smooth water; so natural is it, that one is almost tempted to stretch forth a rescuing hand, lest some monster of the deep should approach to harm so lovely and innocent a creature.

"The body of Charles-le-Temeraire, discovered the day after the battle of Nancy." By Roger.—The body has been found, stripped of its armour and covered with wounds, by a party of the Burgundian soldiers, who seem deeply moved at the death of their heroic commander. A young page, especially, seems horror-stricken. This figure, and an old woman who leans over the body, and seems all but alive, must call forth the warmest eulogiums.

"Anne d'Este, wife of the Duke de Guise, and her children, appearing at the court of Charles the Ninth, to demand justice for the murder of her husband." By A. Johannot.—This is an excellent picture, the grouping of the figures particularly good.

"The painting of Romeo and Juliet." Douterwor._"A sweet scene.

"The taking of Gertruydenburg by the army of the North, commanded by Dumourier, 1793." By H. Lecomte.—This little picture is one of the gems of the Salon. On the foreground are seen a couple of the officers of the Republic engaged in conversation: around are scattered the débris of war, cannon, cannon-balls, muskets, with here and there soldiers, dogs, &c. So well detached are these groups and figures, that one feels almost inclined to pass through the midst of them to enter the farm-houses (the head-quarters, no doubt, of the general officers), or to take shelter from the rays of the sun, beneath the spreading foliage of the lovely trees in the background.

"The reception of Henrietta of England, at the Louvre, by Anne of Austria and Louis the Fourteenth." By Decaisne.—The colouring of this picture is admirable; and the likenesses of Anne of Austria and Mademoiselle de Montpensier excellent, if those done at the time are faithful portraits.

"Mary Magdalen in the desert." By Bergeret.

"The triumphant entry of Charles the Eighth into Naples." By Feron.


"The Virgin and Child." By Delaval.

"The oath of a Hussite." By Lessing.

"Prometheus chained to Mount Cau-
casus," By Aligny.


"A Christ." By Amy Scheffer.


"Montaigne visiting Tasso." Gallait.

"Tasso in prison, writing to the Princess Eleonore."

"Martha and Mary at the feet of our Saviour." By Madame Dehairain.

"Scarron's widow (afterwards Marquis de Maintenon)." A mason whom she met one day predicted she would become queen.

"The death of a queen (Fredogonda),*

* The story upon which this is founded appeared in a former number of our magazine, p. 220
attended in her last moments by Gregory, Bishop of Tours." Horror and dread of death, remorse, indignation, and cruelty, are all stamped upon the features of this wicked woman.

All the above-mentioned pictures appear to us to merit a more than ordinary share of attention.

"The Decameron of Boccaccio." Vienna.—A lovely group of the loveliest females possible to imagine. The storyteller seated in the centre is the sweetest creature we ever beheld.—Admiral Duquesne delivering the prisoners at Algiers—Generals Rochambeau and Washington giving orders for the taking of York.—Town.—The battle of Zurich, gained by Massena, 1779.—The battle of Fleurus in 1794.—The battle of Taillebourg gained by St. Louis, 1242, over the English army.—The battle of Tolbiac.—The battle of the Downs, gained by Turenne over the Spaniards, in 1659, are all excellent, and highly esteemed by lovers of this style of painting.

The landscapes are, generally speaking, good this year. Two snow-scenes we remarked as the most natural we ever remember to have seen in the Paris exhibition.

The portraits are, as usual, numerous. Among the best are—The King of the French, the Queen of the Belgians, her sister the Princess Clementine, Madame de Hon. M. Watout, Librarian to the King; Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarrentum; and M. Gasparin, Minister of the Interior.

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**THE WANDERING HARPER'S LAYS OF WONDER.**

**BY J. FITZGERALD PENNIP, AUTHOR OF "BRITAIN'S HISTORICAL DRAMA."**

**LAY IV.—THE SEA OF DARKNESS.**

*(See Lays I., II., and III., published in March.)*

I've been a wanderer on that sea,  
The Sea of Darkness, where the night  
Hags keep  
Amid the cloudy storms their jubilee,  
While death-shrieks rang along the  
Gusty deep.

Oh! who shall sing the terrors of that hour,  
When the vast ocean in its wrath and  
Power  
Rose up to meet the tempest! Night was  
There,  
And the stern fire-bolt with its blood-red  
Glare,  
Struggling with darkness off her veil to  
Tear,  
Outshone the sun in glory. From that  
Strife,  
As gleams the transient pomp of mortal  
Life,  
The lofty surge, as they rose and fell  
In long stretched cataracts like the gulsfs  
Of hell,  
Glowed with a dismal radiance, till night  
Dashed  
The red flames out which round her forehead flashed.  
Then launched the storm-fiend to the howling wind.
The Plague of Marseilles.

BY C. SPINDLER.

[This Story (concluded in the present number) will be found at pages 179 and 205, in this Volume.]

The helpless Rose, borne thus rudely away, continued to pour forth most heart-rending shrieks, until distance again buried all sound in silence. Bertrade herself felt as one distracted, yet her screams availed not with the cruel stranger, who had escaped in so mysterious and awful a manner.

The first bursts of violent anger over, she yet felt more indignant than ever at the unexampled advantage taken of her credulity. "What," thought she, "will Clemence think of me? how believe so improbable a story? At first she will imagine that I have been privy to this act from spite, malice, or even jealousy." With such passing reflections, in an instant she resolved to pursue the robber; but how helpless was her rage when opposed to the strong iron bars of the door—and no longer able to hear the cries of the child, she ran back to the window, and with shrill and piercing voice endeavoured to alarm the neighbours, and gain their assistance. They, however, seemed hardly to take notice of the matter; a few only of the most curious came into the street, then hastily returning to their homes, said to each other, "the plague is broken out in Folques' house;" and they again shut themselves still more closely within their own dwellings. One person only, Thomas, run through the low window of the bottom floor to the sobbing and crying Bertrade. "What have you done with the child?" he cried, pale with fright. Bertrade quickly conjured up a fabled story for her excuse, telling him the manner in which she had fallen asleep with the child on her knee; when some unknown robber had forced himself into the room, and taken it away. Thomas cursed himself, that his going away should have been the cause of so much mischief. Old Bridget, arriving at the same time, in the height of despair tore the hair from her head, beat her bosom with violence, cursed her destiny, and, with a thousand tears, lamented and bewailed the lot of the unfortunate mother, who, enclosed in a house infected with the plague, and in the performance of a filial duty, lost her much beloved and only child.

Leaving all these lamentations behind him, the robber ran with the crying child, enveloped in his large cloak, through the narrow and crooked streets of the old town, with whose ways he seemed to be fully acquainted, until he arrived at a distantly situated house, which he quickly entered, and passing through the dark passage, mounted the narrow staircase, and entered a low apartment, in which a dark coloured man was busily engaged packing wearing apparel and other property into some trunks.

"Triumph, my dear Hamet!" cried the stranger, showing him the child. "At last I have been successful: it is at last mine!"

"I congratulate you, Signor Carlo. What do you now command me to do?"

"Take the little one, be careful how you handle her, try to rock her to sleep, and then wait patiently for my return. With the earliest dawn of day, we will prepare our sails and leave the town. I
The Plague of Marseilles.

will run down immediately to the harbour; and order the captain, whose vessel I have hired, to hold himself in readiness, and as soon as the sailors have carried our luggage, we will follow with this little Rose. The wind is now blowing favourably, and it will soon convey us to Corsica—and now, whilst we necessarily rest at Marseilles, with your head you are answerable to me for this invaluable treasure. You know how I love it—you know how dear it is to me, and the dangers I have braved to become possessed of it: it is not necessary that I should say more to remind you of your duty, and stir up gratitude in your breast.”

Saying this, he threw his large cloak on the ground, and changed his richly laced dress for a coarse sailor’s jacket and hat; then he kissed the astonished Rose, who, much fatigued, had almost fallen asleep, and departed as hastily as he had at first made his appearance. Hamet nursed the child till he was sure it was buried in profound sleep, then covering it up in his master’s cloak, he was going quietly again to his former work, when loud knocking on the shutters of the lower part of the house, intermixed with most vehement lamentations and heart-rending cries, attracted his attention. Hamet ran to the staircase to learn the cause of this uproar, when he was met by the landlady of the house, who, with her hair flying loosely about her, and full of despair, cried out to him—“My poor dear husband has been smitten with the plague! You most accursed foreign villains, do you hear this? I knew when I first gave you shelter under my roof that some great misfortune would happen to me, and those belonging to me. You have brought the plague with you, your very clothes are infected with the malady; may God in heaven pour down upon you endless torment!”

“You are out of your senses, woman. God is great, and rewards and punishments come from him alone. I had once myself the plague when I was in my own country, but I did not die of it.”

“Because one devil does not fetch away another—one blind eye does not blind the other; but you shall get hung, both you and your companion, whom nobody knows anything about, or how you came hither, or if you have kept your quarantine in the hospitals.”

“Go and hang yourself, old witch! and leave me alone!” was Hamet’s only reply.

The noise and the lamentation now grew louder, until the piercing cries of the master of the family, who had sickened so hastily, drove the infuriated being back into the sick chamber. Hamet followed her to the room, and there beheld with astonishment how death, with one single touch, had annihilated the feelings of humanity. The sufferings of the poor man, a shoemaker by trade, who was the father of a large family, hardly lasted above a quarter of an hour: yet none of the usual marks of the plague were visible; a fit of apoplexy seemed to have been the only real cause of his untimely and hasty end. But the children and relations of the deceased fled from the dead body with equal feelings of affright; so strong in this instance were their fanciful workings of alarm, they trembled and shook through their whole frames with equal fear, as if the more fatal disorder were indeed raging: replying in such strain to the questions put to them by the patrol who was headed by the inspector of the quarter. The man himself was nearly out of his wits, from the wish of performing his duty on the one hand, and alarm on the other, at being proximate to the supposed malady.

“The plague!” he cried with all the power his lungs had provided for him.

“Grave-diggers, come in—drag the corpse away—lead all those present into the hospital—nail and brick up the doors!”—“Mercy! mercy!” cried the family, throwing themselves at the feet of the inspector. But he only repeated his former command with increased authority. The powerful fists of his companions soon, however, fulfilled the command of their master, and Hamet fearing the worst of consequences for his master’s and his own situation, fled swiftly like lightning to fetch the child; and tried by hasty flight, unobserved, both to escape the hospital and the threatened incarceration in a bricked-up house. “Who is there?” cried some of the half-drunk watchmen, who were posted at the door—“Who are you; and what is it you carry in your arms?”—“That is the man who has infected our house—tis he who brought the plague into it!” roared out the wife. “His clothes are poisoned—take him into your custody, that he may not
poison other Christians!” Hamet mustered all his strength to escape the crew of watchers, and fought bravely with his booty, tearing himself away from their clutches, and running off as fast as he could. Some of the watch pursued him, and threw their sticks between his legs, and he fell. The first who came up with him was the eldest son of the deceased landlord, a blood-thirsty and revengeful youth, who, with a large polished knife in his fist, exclaimed, “Die, vile dog, who killed my father!” at the same time plunging his knife so forcibly into his side, that, without uttering a groan, or even a sound, Hamet convulsively turned his head and expired. By the glimmer of the lanterns of the approaching watch, they unfolded the child from the garments of the dead man. No one knew the poor being—no one knew who was “mother,” or “Bridget,” after whom it cried. “Lose not your time upon this howling insect!” thundered forth the inspector: “bring it with all the others into the hospital, and take the murderer to prison.”

8.

Carlo, with a soul full of anxiety, and a tongue uttering curses at every step he took, now ran impatiently up and down the harbour. He had been unceasingly crying out, and hollowing from Fort St. John to the Custom-house; but as often as he mentioned the name of the vessel he sought for, so often were the answers echoed only by the winds, or responded to by the barking of the dogs from the vessels lying in the harbour. The walks and ways approaching the harbour were deserted by every human being, save by a half-intoxicated sailor.

“Where lies Bartholdi’s ship, my friend?” said Carlo.

“The devil knows where it now lies at anchor. I am afraid you must run mightily fast to catch it; it departed this evening at sunset, freighted with passengers for Leghorn.”

“It is incredible!”

“If you doubt my words, fellow, why the devil did you ask me?”

Cursing and murmuring to himself he stumbled along, leaving the disappointed Carlo behind, in the most painful state of embarrassment. He now seated himself on an old overturned boat, which had been dragged ashore, anxiously contemplating in his own mind the best plan by which to take his departure; by land, was totally out of his power; and yet how was he to depart by sea, as at that time no other vessel was ready to sail for the shores of Italy; but at any rate he must leave Marseilles without further delay, for he ran the danger of every moment being discovered, and for his former crimes brought to justice. Why, too, should he delay, since he had succeeded in his plan, and gained possession of the treasure, for which he had ventured upon so perilous an undertaking: thus musing bitterly with himself, yet unable altogether to determine how to proceed, he swiftly quitted his seat, and fled homewards. It was not possible to depict the astonishment he felt, when, upon arriving at the house, he found numerous workmen engaged, by the light of torches, in bricking up the entrance doorway, and fastening the shutters with large nails. The house itself had, indeed, already been marked with a number of red crosses, the customary indication of the presence of the plague. Fell despair now took full possession of Carlo’s soul, whose conscience prevented him from making inquiries, lest he himself should be detected and apprehended. Deeply absorbed in thought, and gazing motionless, whilst his heart within throbbed with deadly anxiety, one of the bricklayers turning round said to him, “You lazy fellow, why do you gape on us? You had better lend us a hand, you broad-shouldered night-wanderer!”

“Leave me in peace, and to my own sorrows, I am not of your trade.”

“Well then, go where your own business calls you, and don’t stand gaping at us, you look like a real purse-cutter, whom the plague and the general calamity give fairer opportunity than usual of gaining daily bread.”

The man was now suddenly interrupted by his fellow-labourers, who with expressions of the greatest fear pointed towards a by-street, crying, “See you the torches? Do you not hear the rattling of the iron hooks on the pavement? the ravens are coming! the ravens are coming!” They immediately ceased their work, leaving hammers, ladders, and tools behind them; and, in the greatest hurry and trepidation, concealed themselves in a dark corner of the infected house. Carlo, astonished at their sudden flight, awaited unresolved what to do, until the coming troop, approaching
swiftly from the little street, surrounded him. They consisted of horrible looking monsters in human form, who had been enlisted by the magistrates, when the undertakers, usually employed, had refused any longer to lend their service in so perilous an employment. They were a wild and daring mass, gathered from the very scum of the people: their strong muscles were hardly covered by the foul and tattered rags, their only possessions; and these were the men ever ready to engage and lend their hands in the most disgusting and loathsome occupations: nothing scrupulous, (moreover if it were even for the execution of some diabolical purpose), of such men were the labourers in this horror-strickng troop, whose members were known throughout Marseilles by the name of Ravens. Onwards they passed, like a horde of executioners, with torches in their hands, thick ropes round their bodies, dragging after them at a distance long iron hooks with which they took hold of the dead bodies, as even the slightest contact was considered to be infectious. Estella, one of the chief city magistrates, assisted by a few officers with drawn swords, headed this troop, and it was only the brandished polished steel which could keep these harpies within bounds, or drive them forward in their work, and prevent them from escaping. Every one who, without special calling or business, was during the nighttime wandering in the streets, was compelled by them to lend assistance, and join them in their occupation. This was now the fate of the surprised Carlos: he was instantly enlisted into their band, supplied with a rope and a hook, and compelled to accompany these ravens, how great soever his private rage, disgust, and horror; yielding himself peacefully, rather than hazard an investigation, which might have been to him the cause of far greater misfortunes.

The band made that night a dreadful round in the town, entering every house where a light was to be seen, or bustle heard, dragging out every one who had died of the plague, without regard to rank or station; tearing them away alike from the soft and rich feather-bed, as from the mouldering straw. Carlo, even in this work, was compelled, though with trembling hands, to lend his assistance.

"Don’t be so awkward, man," cried one of the most ferocious-looking ones, "can’t you make a noose to throw round the legs of this dead carcass? force in the hook, draw it with both your hands, on—march! Carlo, turning away from this pitiful spectacle, drew the corpse after him down the staircase. On every step, head and shoulders jumbled on each other, and were mangled to pieces. The lamentations and heart-rending cries of following relatives, pierced even Carlo’s iron soul, but his inhuman associates only grinned and laughed at the general distress and misery: they scorned the rich, whom death had struck mute, and praised with dreadful oaths the poor, deeming those happy who in such an hour of misery had been released from this world of sorrow and woe. "Wail not," jeered the ravens to the crying children and the sobbing relatives, "to-morrow will be your turn; and when we have cleared away all after you, the devil himself will come riding through the air to fetch us!"

The captain magistrate dared not interfere in the suppression of such abominable sentiments, unless he had resolved in one moment to be deserted by the whole gang: with a bleeding heart he parted his money with the needy, and with soothing language tried to console the wealthier and superior classes. Here and there father confessors were preaching to the people, that Heaven in its wrath had inflicted the plague as a dreadful punishment for past sins; but these pious men were scornfully laughed at by the few despairing mourners who were near them, to whom in this manner they tried to afford consolation. "The most virtuous must die, even the most sanctified members of your own most holy order are not exempt from death's havoc-stricking scythe!" cried the people to the humbly-preaching priests; "but where is the justice of this punishment? God cares no longer for us, he has destined our destruction, and resolved to annihilate our order from this earth. Others on their knees prayed the magistrate not to close up their houses, or send them to the wretchedly provided hospital.

"Pray to God! ye poor suffering people, pray to God!" said the magistrate; in him alone is the power to afford you help. I cannot do any thing for you, I cannot help you."

The corpses, which had been dragged out of the houses, lay in stray heaps at
the corners of the several streets, and were thence slowly wheeled upon carts to their last place of reception. The hourly increasing mortality made it necessary that the ravens should disperse in smaller divisions to search through the several dwellings; but wherever the magistrate happened to be absent, boundless cruelty followed in their track. Carlo was compelled to be an active participator in all these outrages. Many a sick mortal, whilst yet breathing, was thrown down into the streets; many infirm through disease, or feeble through age and infirmities, were mercifully thrown amongst the dead heaps, and fortunate were they who, when dragged on the pavement, gave up the ghost; but if after that, life yet remained within their mangled body, the ravens, impatient of delay, with a blow of their beaks, beat out the very soul from the breasts of the obstinate sick, and where they knew there was money, they required first to be well paid before they put a hand to work, and if they chanced to see any thing of value, they made no hesitation whatever in appropriating it to themselves. The whole city was, indeed, as if given up to midnight pillage and plunder. Few, at this time, were the instances where real marks of attachment and love gained for the dying the continued presence of a relation or friend, to guard the departing soul from the violence of the ravens, towards the remains of the honourable dead. Children, indeed, discarded the corpses of their parents; the wife fled from her dying husband. Cowardly fear and mean avarice alike made desert the apartments where the dreadful malady had entered, freeing it of friendly succour, pillaging it with fiendish theft, giving up the victims a prey to the executioners, nothing caring to impede their ill-treatment, and sometimes even delivering the dead bodies of those who had secretly been murdered, as if they had been carried off by the plague itself. No one cared any longer for the sorrows and troubles of his neighbour—no one honoured the anguish and distress of his once nearest friend, so completely had all ties of social feeling and decency been rent asunder; and in fell despair infuriate parties were spending night and day in rioting and drunkenness, close to the houses where the plague was spreading, the most awful havoc and the dire devastation, even boisterous song and giddy music deafened the signs of the dying. In the mansions of the great and the nobility, there reigned much of the usual gaiety and pleasure. In one of these houses, a horde of the ravens entered by force: the lights yet gleamed through the curtains at a late hour of the night, and shadows were seen to pass to and fro behind the windows. The ravens thought they smelt the abode of death, and deceived themselves: they found people who, in wild Bacchanals, were only drowning from their minds, fear, reflection, and the consciousness of their perilous situation, already thinking themselves marked victims for the plague. The magistrate, incensed at such a spectacle, ordered the table to be overturned, the wine to be emptied, and with enraged feelings he drew from the drunken party a young man, whispering in his ear, "Maximin, thoughtless young man, what are you doing at this place? The lash beats your fellow-citizens into the very flesh,—your mother is dying,—and in spite of all this you intoxicate yourself in debaucheries of every description, to your own and your virtuous bride's shame!" Maximin was silent, and turned his back, scornfully, to the noble-minded Estelle. The magistrate in a stern voice continued, "Depart hence, I charge you! Where is your father?" "Am I his guardian?" answered Maximin, with the words of Cain. Estelle shuddered, and let go his hold of the misguided and much altered son of his old friend. Even the terrible ravens stood here astounded at his heartless behaviour; all, with the exception of one, regarding him with utter abhorrence. Carlo concealed his features from the gaze of Maximin. As the band again entered Carmelite-street, they found prostrate on the ground, close to a well, and deprived of all human assistance, an aged gentleman habited in fine garments. The ghastly aspect of the approaching day made every object but half visible to the eye; but, aided by the glimmering light from a torch, the magistrate was enabled to see the face of the afflicted: "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "it is the chief magistrate, Dinart! For God's sake, does he yet live, or is his spirit already fled to another and a better world?" Dinart still breathed; his pulse beat with strong fever, but all his strength had in other respects forsaken him to such a degree,
that even the ravens felt compassion for him, and carefully carried the speechless man to the old hospital, the only receptacle open to the sick, in the whole of this large and populous commercial city. Carlo was to have been one of the bearers; but he quickly excused himself, although it might have given him an opportunity to escape; preferring to follow the wild and fatigued horde to the Corso, where they were to take breakfast, and thereby hoping to gain some tidings of Hamet. On the Corso, a reinforcement was added to this band of ravens. The commander of the arsenal, but not until after long deliberation, sent, in conformity to the pressing solicitations of the magistrates, a troop of galley-slaves, to assist in the perilous occupation of the removal of those deceased of the plague; these, however, consisted of the least depraved criminals, but they were all men with wild and ferocious-looking faces, with robust and powerful frames, careless what work they undertook, and able to sustain the greatest fatigue and the keenest deprivations. They were now wholly placed under the control of the magistrates; but on the particular condition, that if any of them should be lost, or die by the plague, an equal number should be replaced by the town to work in the King’s galleys. They were forthwith relieved from their heavy chains, and a light ring fastened to their feet. The slaves, partly consisting of Turkish prisoners, and partly of criminals condemned to the galley-benches, now mixed with horrid joy amongst the ravens. One of the bare shaved heads* walked distinctly up to Carlo, took off his sailor’s hat, and stared him in the face.

"Raoul!" cried the alarmed Carlo.

"Good day, friend Malatesta," answered the slave, jeeringly.

"If ever in your life anything was dear to you, betray me not now," prayed the Genoese, who saw himself discovered.

"Let me first hear what you bid," answered Raoul, coolly demanding whether it was worth the pains.

9.

Victor, who had been engaged by his father upon business of great importance, after a long absence, was now again on the road from Avignon and Aix, on his return to Marseilles. Even within the walls

* All the galley-slaves have their heads shaved once a month.

where the Parliament assembled the plague was raging. He had made his tour of the town, and was now proceeding on his journey, on a fine and powerful mule, as fast as circumstances would permit. The military cordon had been abandoned, as it no longer afforded protection to that Parliamentary city; and the low countries of la Provence, and those adjacent to Marseilles, were infected with the plague as much as any portion of the town itself. Victor observed many cottages totally desolate, the former inmates victims to the plague; from out of others he observed the grim faces of the poor in-dwellers full of despair, and devoid of every comfort; they gazed with eager eyes on the dark chasm of futurity. He passed by the exurban market-places, from which the city of Marseilles provided itself with provisions: there were buyer and seller, both standing at a hundred paces distant from each other, communicating by means of speaking-trumpets, each demanding of the other what he wished to buy, what he stood in want of, the price demanded, and what the other would like to give; the baskets and their contents were then, by means of long poles, shoved into the middle of a wide empty space, and by means of iron hooks fastened to ropes, dragged to the opposite side by the purchaser. This done, the purchase-money was handed over on an iron spade, and the seller having at a distance with a sharp eye counted over the amount, threw it into a pail filled with vinegar, and thus purified, put the money into his pocket. After this mournful kind of commerce, both parties departed quickly to their respective homes, as if the dreaded plague were pursuing them; and when they parted, they knew not in the least whether on the following day the wants of the one, and the avarice of the other, would again bring them together at that place; or if the cold grave would at that self-same hour have already closed upon them.

"Where are you riding to? What business have you in the city of death?" demanded a hundred persons in the market-place of the young traveller, for they could not comprehend how one, who by his good destiny had been spared from the great and impending danger, could voluntarily return into it. Victor, from the earliest of his youthful days,
had been wont to fortify his bosom with
manly courage, and as a boy was the
most conspicuous in dangerous games and
sport, in which many of his fellow play-
mates were fearful to engage, so that at a
later period of life, when grown up a man,
he had prepared himself as an able and
fearless pilot, coolly and composedly,
to stare danger and destruction in the face,
and when occasion needed to combat
with the boisterous deep: at other times,
he would enlist in the armed cruisers
sent out against pirates; steering with
his left hand, and holding a sabre, or
pistol, in his right. The present great
misfortunes and direful calamities of his
birth-place pressed heavily on his heart.
The danger to which his father was ex-
posed, from whom he had not heard for
several weeks past, neither had he had
any family tidings—the fate of his cousin,
the only woman he had ever loved, and
for whom he felt the most passionate
fondness, which liking seemed to have
increased by absence, so harassed his life
that it seemed to him of not the slightest
value; and he cared not the least to hazard
it, as little as if he had been insured by
fate against the gripping hands of death
and the plague.

The bright glaring morning sun had
produced a close and oppressive atmos-
phere, when Victor approached the city
of Marseilles. No breeze from the sea-
side sent a breath of air to cool the sun's
most scorching beams.

Before some road-side cottages, seve-
ral men, whose threadbare and tattered
clothing bespoke extreme penury, were
seated, begging alms of the passing tra-
vellers; with the greatest impurity, they
demanded what sums they pleased, threat-
ening, if they should receive a denial,
that they would draw nigh to and by a
touch infect the traveller with the horrid
epidemic: frightened out of their wits, and
shuddering with dread, they were rarely
resisted; and even Victor himself sacri-
ficed a few silver pieces to the impostors,
which were not, however, considered to
be sufficient, and a musket-ball flew in
token of a sort of gratitude, with which
we never hope to be familiar, after the
rider. The shot luckily missed, and
Victor uttering curses, spurred on his mule
to oppose a set of robbers, who, at a short
distance off, were taking away the horse
and waggon belonging to a poor peasant.
They were ravens from Marseilles, who
made a sally to get forage and horses,
of which the town stood in great need.
The peasant cried and lamented; but his
entreaties were in vain. Victor, in the
overflow of his feeling, and in compassion
for the poor peasant, offered them his
mule; they took it, indeed, without mur-
mur, and never thought of returning the
other to the peasant, for whose beast his
was a ransom.

With the usual hastiness of his charac-
ter, he now threatened to take vengeance
on the galley-slaves, but they only
laughed in his face; and he was by neces-
sity compelled to give way to the supe-
riority of numbers, and walk on foot to
his place of destination. Not far off in
his road there was a farm-house; inhum-
man plunderers, at that instant laden with
property, were issuing from the building,
regardless altogether of the cries of the
proprietors, who, either by reason of sick-
ness, or from the ill-usage of these marau-
ders, lay helpless on the floor. The mis-
creants pursued their way with supine
indifference, as neither law nor justice
was to be had in such a time of general
confusion. Not even the bold Victor
had anticipated such scenes as this;
and intelligence that he shortly afterwards
gained from a strangely disguised man
sitting on a stone, at the side of the road,
augmented yet more his astonishment
and anxiety. The disguised was a young
doctor from Montpelier, who out of com-
passion, and to gain more knowledge in
his art, had gone to Marseilles, that he
might afterwards give the poor in the
surrounding country still able assistance.
In reward for his Christian love, the
country people, where he showed himself
in his plague-dress, ill-used him, and de-
dined him food and shelter; and the very
same morning he had been robbed of his
horse, which had been killed before his
eyes, and the meat sent to market for
sale. The doctor knew not how to de-
scribe to the traveller, in colours suffi-
ciently vivid, the extent and nature of the
disease which prevailed in the town;
and Victor overcome by feelings of the
greatest impatience to gain news of his
family, hurried with the utmost speed
down to the vista, swiftly passing the
deserted bastions which protected the faux-
bourg St. Lazarus. But oh! how changed
seemed his dear home to him. The mourn-
ful description given by the doctor of
Montpelier had not half reached the dole-
ful scenes of reality. No soldiers guarded the gates, the custom-house was empty, the shops were shut, no persons were in the streets but those whose occupation it was to remove the dead. Selfishness had reached its utmost height, even before the plague had attained its most destructive point. The sick were, by the first attack of the epidemic, unmercifully turned out from most of the houses; and as the hospital within the two first days had been filled, and a hurricane had blown down a second, which they had tried to erect of strong canvas, the infected had been left helpless and in despair in the open streets, shamefully exposed to the scorching heat of the mid-day sun, or shivering and dying from the benumbing night frosts. Not even the wretched and dying were permitted to rest their distorted limbs on the benches in front of the houses: the owners had, with refined cruelty, either entirely taken them away, or covered them with filth, to prevent the sick from reposing there; and the unfortunate were to be seen lying together in the middle of the streets, on some straw scattered about for their use, and to allay the excessive heat of the fever which consumed them they dipped their burning hands or glowing lips in the muddy liquids which ran through the streets. So suffocating, indeed, was the thirst which preyed upon them, that they rent the air with cries of despair, imploring the few who chanced to pass to give them a draught of water; which petition seldom met with a pitiful hand to grant it to them. The streets exhibited every where signs of the most terrible distress. Some few—a very few—passed along in seemingly tolerable health; but the multitude were lean and hollow-eyed, through the deprivation of food and consequent sickness: there were, besides, a few doctors, exerting themselves here and there, but they knew not how effectually to assist the sick. The galley-slaves were also unwillingly labouring in their new calling, and loaded with inward disgust and terror the hand-barrow prepared for the plague's victims, throwing them by dozens into large graves: priests also, who in the zeal of their calling, were giving to the dying suppliants their last earthly consolation—themselves soon after joined them in the common lot of humanity, dying amongst them. Some one amongst them had, in his reading, found that during the celebrated pestilence at Athens, large fires had been made in several parts of the town to purify the air; this expedient was quickly tried. In the squares, the flames from the ignited piles towered towards the skies; but the sick were only suffocated by the smoke, and the flames sadly augmented the heat of summer. The smoke and infectious vapour ascended high above the cries and lamentations of the dying, leaving the curses and profanations of the beggars, and reaching the towers and spires of the infelicitous city. The bells were silent, the clocks no longer marked the progress of time; for the plague had reached even those whose duties ordinarily required their presence in the church steeples, but which had at this time been converted into chambers, where they, and their guests and friends, had taken up a temporary abode for better protection; but here there had been no security from the all-raging and destructive plague. The workmen also in the arsenal had, for several weeks, ceased to work, and neither fire nor drum was heard in the citadel. Silence and death reigned everywhere; even in the very cathedral, from whose dome the bishop but recently, in his fantastic zeal, poured forth his anathema against the all-destroying pestilence; but alas! his priest's toil was but the work of a mortal, and it nothing lessened the calamity.

With trembling footstep, and a heart full of anxiety, which increased at every moment, Victor at last arrived in the street where his father's house was. No acquaintance hailed his presence, and he was already at the closely shut gates. After repeatedly knocking, one of the barred top windows was at last opened. Bertrade looked out, contrary to her usual custom: she was gaily dressed, her head was adorned with ornaments, gold chains hung round her neck, and sparkling stones were suspended from her ears.

"Oh, my beloved Jesus!" cried she, making the sign of the cross, is it really you, my brother? What do you want?"

"What do I want, silly creature? open the door for me."

"Where do you come from?"

* It is by no means improbable, that in villages where fever and sickness are raging, this expedient might effect some good; especially, if due regard were at the time paid to the quarter in which the wind was, and the fire placed.—Ed.
"From Avignon and Aix. I am tired, let me in."

"Oh! holy mother, the plague is at Aix! you might have brought it with you, and might infect the house."

"Idiot that you are! is not my chin red, and are not my eyes clear and bright? Cease these untimely jests, and open the gates."

"The skin is nearer to the heart than the dress which covers it; mark that, brother Victor. I know not if I can do so safely."

"D—— your foolish talk, the shadow of a man is worth more than a hundred gossiping women. Tell Thomas, this moment, to open the door to me."

"Ah! Victor, poor Thomas is dead."

"Pity, a thousand pities for the brave lad; but if you do not instantly do what I require, I must myself request your father to keep you and your obstinate temper in order."

"Ah! Victor, our good old father, he is also dead!"

"God in heaven have mercy upon me!" Victor trembled in his whole frame, his knees were hardly able to support him, and he leaned faltering against the door; after a few minutes he had again in some measure recovered himself, he cast a look full of anger and disgust up to the window, crying aloud, "Unnatural daughter! our father dead, and you not in mourning, but dressed foolishly and gaudily, like a woman devoid of all shame."

"Abuse me not, Victor, yesterday was my wedding, and flowers suit a young and rich bride much better than black weeds and close dark veils."

"Your wedding-day? Monster! have you then forsworn all decency and shame?"

"I am made of flesh and blood, and have a heart like other females. The world is going to ruin, and soon no living being will be left; I wished therefore previously to this, to enjoy the happiness which my father and brother in envy always denied me. I therefore gave my hand and heart to M. Roquelin."

"The more you tell me, the more you torture Roquelin, the bankrupt grocer."

"Abuse him not, Victor; a rich heir, as I am, can liquidate all his debts, even if you come to diminish the portion."

Roquelin, with a night-cap on his head, now appeared behind Bertrade, and mixed himself up in proud defiance, in the conversation: "Have respect for me and my lady, sir brother-in-law. The magistrates will in time decide our affairs, and duly part the inherited property between us; and you may, as soon as some medical man has examined you and your body, and your dress been cleaned, enter and live in the lower part of the house, on condition, however, not to hold any closer commerce with us. Meanwhile, take care how you use your tongue; I am an honest and true citizen, and pay what I owe, and know no reason why I should not have married Madame Renard."

"Madame Renard?"

"Just so; your sister became a widow eight days ago, after having lost her first husband, the purser, three days after her wedding."

"Yes, my dear brother;" sobbed Bertrade, stuttering in her usual manner. "The good Renard, whom I chose from more than twenty who were suitors for my heart, had the misfortune to drown himself in the harbour though he had hardly reached thirty years of age."

"It would have been well if you had followed him to the very bottom of the deep," cried Victor, with rage, exhibiting his fist in ludicrous defiance. "Outcast of your sex! the virtuous are doomed to die, whilst cripples like you, deformed in soul and in body, dance merrily with bridal dance to their very graves. To what a Babel has this town changed suddenly, when such marriages can be considered sacred!"

"Away with you, detestable fellow," ejaculated Bertrade, in words scarcely intelligible for rage: "profane not what the priest has blessed, and the magistrates have sanctioned. Many hundreds have like myself been united, as nowadays no time is to be lost; and he who is well to-day may be dead and buried to-morrow. I am a true and honestly married woman, you foul calumniator; there will not be those vile little creatures such as your cousin Clemence has. I shall at least have honestly begotten children—no pets, like Rosa, spoilt by your fondness. The demon has therefore taken them all. They are all dead, both the mother and her shame, and even old Bridget into the bargain. You may now run as fast as you like, for you have news enough to keep you in hot water."

The laughter of scorn with which
Bertrade and Roqualin closed the window, did not master the wounded spirit of poor Victor; but terrific fright wholly overpowered his soul. With uncertain step and inclined head he tumbled forward, and fell, in a state of half unconsciousness, into the arms of a man who was passing by, who chanced, as afterwards it seemed, to have been once the companion of his youth. “I have left everything dear to me,” he exclaimed, faintly, more closely embracing his friend Guy: “but you may still do me a service: show me my father’s grave, if you know where it is.”

Guy sighed deeply, at the same time trying to conceal the emotions with which he seemed to struggle. “He was a brave man: let us go together. Behind St. Paul a large grave has been dug, and in it lie the remains of your father, as well as those of my parents; let us go, and on our knees there say a Pater Noster.”

They departed arm in arm, and soon reached the vicinage of the place described. At their entrance into the churchyard, a concourse of people, with fear and horror displayed upon their countenances, rushed against them, and out of the mouths of these people resounded the terrific cry, “Woe over us! the day of judgment is arrived—the dead rise from their graves!”

Terrific sight! the whole surface of a large and slightly covered grave had bursted open by the intensity of the heat, and threatened to disclose to day-light its dreadful contents. It was a spectacle, like that prophesied in the valley of Jehosaphat. With superstitious fright, the people hastened away; and Moustier, one of the magistrates, who, with a horde of ravens, came to the spot, needed all his presence of mind, and his full measure of courage, to compel the shuddering hirelings of death to force back again its prey into the tomb. With his own hands he set the example, and by that means encouraged his followers to subdue the inhabitants of the rebellious grave.

Victor no longer knew in what manner his father’s remains were violently thrust back into the bosom of the earth, Guy dragged him away from that doleful scene. Mute and full of despair, they then both hurried to the Corso.

Close to the town-hall, on large blocks of wood, which lay in the harbour, several men were seated in repose from their fatiguing day’s labour, comfortably eating their frugal supper. They were at the same time confidentially whispering to each other, and their similing countenances plainly proclaimed that their conference was to them, at least, anything but of a displeasing nature. They were decently dressed, and the iron ring, previously worn around the leg of each, had been taken off, and the closely shaven spot, on which the hair had already begun to grow, scarcely any visible mark was left by which they could be recognised as having once been the inmates of the Bagno. The head and soul of this little society, consisted of a rogue, grown honest, who had received pardon for his offences, and been restored to full liberty, in consideration of services performed. It was none other than Raoul, whose insinuating manners had long ago made his name a byword with the inmates of the galley-prison. With a penetrating mien, he shook all his companions separately by the hands.

“Be it, as I told you, my brave lads, at the appointed hour, and at the appointed place.—Return now to your work, whilst I go to the hall, and deliver my reports.”

The heroes of the Bagno then separated, and Raoul, whose conduct had been even appreciated by the magistrates, was chosen by them as inspector over the rest of his companions: he now walked proudly towards the town-hall, and was not a little astonished, when, in a dark corner of the Exchange, he met Malatesta, who, pale, ragged, and with a long grown beard, and astonishment equal to his own, stood before him—

“How! where do you come from? I thought you either very far from this, or in the bowels of the earth.”

“Ah! Raoul, even telling you that I am yet alive seems painful to me; but I am unable longer to bear up against such misery as I have lately endured.”

“Strange changes in this world; you were once a wild and dissolute rake, as rich in money, as abounding in persuasive and deceitful language, and I was your humble servant. You left me to shift for myself, when I had got into a scrape through your doings, and you had quite forgotten me all the while I was eating the king’s bread. But to-day it seems
to me as if the poor and wretched galley-
slave had not the least wish in the
world to change with the rich and
wealthy merchant's son from Genoa.
But looking aside, I am a good sort of
a fellow, and ready to forget injuries; I
did not betray you, when chance the
other day threw you in my way, and I
would now even do more to serve you, if
it were in my power in any way to assist
you. Tell me now, however, what be-
came of you so suddenly, for you va-
nished like a ghost, at the first crowing
of the cock."

"To escape the prison, mistrusting you,
I secretly withdrew myself from the ra-
vens: I ran through every street, and
peeped into every court and corner of
the town, to look for my poor unhappy
child: my hankering affection for this
dear being, and father-love which glowed
in my bosom, spurred me on to brave
dangers, and once more visit Mar-
seilles; but I dared not venture again to
see Clemence; I had ceased to love her
the moment I resolved to deceive her,
and the wrong and injustice committed
towards a fellow-creature, who once was
dear to us, make us consider the parties
ever afterwards as enemies, even as much
as if the other party had inflicted the
injury. But all my wishes and hopes
were united in the possession of my child.
I hazarded even my own life to get it
again into my power, and clasp it to my
bosom. The danger of the journey—the
long quarantine which I was obliged to
undergo—the painful incognito which I
was compelled to observe—the long and
tedious time I had to act the spy, in
which I was greatly thwarted by the sud-
den departure of Clemence and Rose
from Marseilles, and the disgusting game
which I was obliged to play with that fool,
hers blind and deformed cousin, whose va-
nity at last delivered up the longed-for trea-
sure into my hands,—all these difficulties,
which I had to combat against, scared
me not from the plan I had determined
to pursue. I feared the plague less than
the thought of seeing my projects de-
stroyed. But destiny tore away from
me that which I had by such foul means
got into my possession; and no where
could I again find either servant or my
loved, lost child. One evening, tired
with fruitless searches, I passed with
cautious steps towards the market-
place, where, amongst the dead and dying,
Raoul looked at his former master with real feelings of anguish, and after standing for a moment wrapt in reflection, said, "You have been rewarded for the crime which you caused me to execute. Therefore take courage; I do forgive you, and will help you. In the terrible confusion which now-a-day reigns in every corner of this devoted city, a brave and resolute man is plucked down as ripe fruit leaves the branches. I and several more of my comrades have set up a trade amongst ourselves that will pay us for our labour: join us—you will have trade enough, and a good introduction to it amongst the ravens. Marseilles now reckons all its once citizens as either dead, or entitled by the death of relatives to inherit their property: we also, having neither friends nor relations, wish to inherit, and may be for the time to come will enjoy a future free from sorrows."

"Your plan is good, my brave Raoul. I feel myself as if born to be a robber, and offer you my hand and life."

"Then follow me this night on an expedition which, in all probability, will prove rich of booty. The day before yesterday I sat in the hospital at the bedside of an old dying man, who with deep sighs and prayers awaited his end. A few moments before he gave up the ghost he gathered strength enough, in a few broken words, to describe to me the situation of his house, at the same time giving me a key which opens the reservoir of his treasures. He gave me to understand that the key belonged to his son, but the name of this son died on his lips whilst he was gasping for breath, and soon after the worthy papa himself died. But I know the house, am possessed of the key, and would have you go directly to fetch the treasure, without caring much for its lawful master. I would go myself, had I not been all day on duty. But this night, if you like, I invite you to share danger and gold with us; and when it begins to grow dark, we will meet at the corner of the Rue de Canebiere."

The cool night dews had now begun to fall, the frosty breath of the winds played roughly with the leaves of the high poplar trees which sentinelled the long line of the Corso, and large canvass sails were here and there spread across the streets, to protect the sick who were compelled in the open air to make their miserable night couches. The fires in the squares were fast dwindling into ashes, except here and there where the ignited branches of peach or pine, or other combustible matter, threw temporarily its red streaky and yellow light on the subjects around it—some prostrate, in the cold embrace of death; others, still resting against the walls of houses, where in excess of exhaustion they had expired; and others, carried off by more sudden pangs, were, as if alive, still gazing with glazed eyes upon the scene before them; whilst others were writhing their bodies in the pangs of dissolution. Some, indeed, motionless and ghastly, leant like marbled figures against the marble pillars of the palaces. Such was the sight on which Victor gazed, and his heart was overwhelmed with despair.

Guy vainly used every friendly and persuasive art to make him quit this melancholy and soul-appalling scene, but Victor repeated only one single reply: "Leave me; here is the dwelling of Death, who has robbed me of every thing dear to my soul; leave me, therefore, in peace, for here I shall soon be more intimately acquainted with him. In the prime of my youth I never once reflected upon the power of this dread king of shades, but my thoughts have since taken a very different turn, and I meditate upon death as the extinguisher of human misery."

"Recover yourself, Victor—be a man; cease those heavy thoughts; away with those sickly dreams which drink up thy heart's blood; follow me to my dwelling, and be my guest till things change for the better, and your mind is more at ease."

"I cannot follow you, but I will show you the full extent of my confidence and brotherly love for you. Take this pocket-book, it contains Italian bank-notes to a considerable amount; they are the whole receipts and profits of the last expedition which I executed with such great advantage for my father. Take care of this money, and if you should find me to-morrow on this place, a corpse, like yonder heap around us, keep this property, thus confided to your care, as if it were your own. I have no one in this world who is dearer to me at this time than you are; and my base and shameless sister has already taken care to provide well for herself."

"Keep your money, and be silent with those mournful notes of preparation.
Come, come! cheer up; show yourself
again the man of former days: we may
yet both live to see happier times; in-
dulge your thoughts in a brighter futu-
ropy—come, come!

Guy resolved to make his friend fol-
low him, and took hold of his arm to
force him from his fixed position, when
Victor, in the act of resisting, threw
open his cloak, and exposed a pair of
pistols stuck in his belt, which he had
not had the opportunity of removing
since his return.

"If fancy," continued Guy, trembling,
"you meditate self-destruction, Vic-
tor—be ashamed!

"Why should I? Life is now a bur-
den, and disgusting to me. If I ran my
ship ashore to save the distracted crew
from death's gaping agony and despair,
but in fact merely to make the occasion
more sudden and less terrific and linger-
ing to them, would you blame me—
would you prevent me?"

"I would,—I will now do so. Keep
your money, and give me the dangerous
weapons."

A troop of men, with lights and
Torches in their hands, came running
towards them, and stopped at the palace-
gate. One of them asked, "Is not this
the house where the governor lives, whose
wife is hourly expected to be confined?"

"It is," answered another.

"Then let us not lose another moment,"they all exclaimed, and they forced
themselves into the interior of the mansion.
The last, a young man, stayed, how-
ever, for a moment behind to light his
extinguished taper, in the blazing peach-
tree flames; and Guy said half loud to
his friend, "That is your cousin Maxi-
min," Maximin, who had heard the
words uttered, abruptly holding his taper
to their faces, exclaimed, "Who's
here?"

"Good friends," answered Guy.

"The devil and hell! but no friend-
ship," added Victor, foaming with rage.

"Go thy ways, Dinart, provoke me not
with thy hateful sight; for here stands
by thee thy much injured cousin,
Folques!" Guy, who feared that a vio-

tent scene would take place between the
hostile cousins, wished to interfere; but
astonishment bound his tongue, when he
heard him, with pious softness and mild-
ness of tone and language, say, "Dear
cousin, I greet you, with all my heart
and soul, in the name of the holy Vir.
gin. If I ever did wrong, forgive me
for surely before I did, I would be recon-
ciled to you, and gain the forgiveness of
all my enemies: the sand runs fast, and
in a very few moments it may be too late
to implore forgiveness."

"What mean ye, Maximin Dinart?
you are no more the same. Has the
pernicious plague turned you into a devo-
tionalist?"

"Scorn me as thou listest, but the
grace of Heaven has converted me."

"Leave me in peace; how could the
voice of God have found a way to thy
lascivious and wicked heart?"

"Ah! my dear cousin, I was a great
and wicked sinner. The luxurious and
voluptuous Caroline was once dearer to
me than my soul's salvation. But. . . .
I saw how she died, at a friendly banquet,
just as she moved the cup of fragrant
wine to her lips. . . . I yet tremble
when the memory of that awful hour
crosses my mind. . . . from that moment
I left the paths of vice and debauchery,
to exercise holier duties."

"Duties! what duties did ever you
exercise? you were always a cunning
and dangerous fellow, with a soul full of
patriotism. Your strength of body and
mind indeed might have deserved praise;
I rejoiced in your character as a man and
a citizen, even though I otherwise hated
thee; but now I despise—I scorn the
hypocrite!"

"Dearest Victor, you scorn me wrong-
fully," sobbed forth Maximin sorrowfully,
offering him his hand; "the souls of the
innocent children, which I have since
saved for heaven, can bear witness to
my reformation."

"What!" cried Guy, startled from
fright. "Sir, do you then belong to the
wild Baptists, who besiege the couches
of expectant mothers, and superstitiously
force the sacrament upon the hardly
born baby, and then cruelly leave both
mother and child to await their destiny?"

"We take the praise for these pious
acts. No new generation will after this
spring forth to people the earth, but the
innocent children of coming ages shall
be saved by the sacrament, without
which they cannot go to heaven. Cle-
rical assistance fails us; and to wipe away
past sins and offences, we devote our-

selves to the performance of this holy
calling."
"Unfortunate being, would that you had earlier in your life performed those duties," said Victor, passionately, "if thy conscience tortures thee, you have deserved it all, for your ill-treatment to your sister Clemence and her sister."

"It certainly pains my conscience to think of that, but I alone have not to bear the whole of this heavy burden. My father, my mother. . . ."

"Impose not the conduct of thy parents. Where is thy father?"

"I heard that he had died!"

"And your mother?"

"She has hardly yet recovered from the plague."

"And where is Clemence—where your niece, the sweet little Rose—can thy repentance for the wrongs you entailed upon them, now recall them from their graves?"

"You are wrong, my dear cousin; Clemence lives, she has forgiven me, we are reconciled to each other; and if the little Rose is in heaven, I am sure she prays for me.

"Good heavens! Maximin, do you really speak the truth?"

"By my hopes of salvation, Clemence lives—lives in our paternal house; she saved our mother from the grasp of death; our house is converted into an hospital, in which, night and day, she attends the poorest of the afflicted, assisted by her old maid, the knight of Roze and our holy bishop. I was unable to do anything for this enduring, courageous, and virtuous sister, but to give into her hands the wealth and fortune of our house, to use it at her own free will. For my own part, I have no longer any desire for earthly possessions, only by fasting and prayer can I hope to make atonement for my many and heavy sins."

"Clemence lives then?" cried the enraptured Victor, as he fixed himself, in the ardour of delight, on the bosom of Maximin, "for this dear angel's sake, let our hatred be for ever annihilated; our parents are no more, but we will, in their stead, be her guardians!" "Heaven be praised," continued Guy, "earth has again charms for me; for she still nourishes a flower for which I wish to live; and from out the dark sea of troubles, my sight rests on a land of hope. I wish no longer to die. A fresh and prosperous breeze now fills the sails of my earthy bark, and I feel I have strength again with my wounded arm to guide the rudder."

The comrades of Maximin now returned with noise, running quickly down the staircase. "Why hast thou stayed, beloved brother," they eagerly asked him; "two souls were to be saved. We have had twins to baptize, praise be to Him on high! The mother died; the children are weak, and will soon follow her; but we have crushed the serpent's head beneath our feet, we have wiped away all sin from the innocent beings, and if they die, they will rise gloriously in heaven, and join there in chorus with the angels to pray for us to the throne of the Almighty! Onwards, proceed!" cried another of the fellowship, dragging Maximin with him, who hardly had time to whisper to his cousin, "We shall soon meet again, dear brother, either here or there."

"Here!" answered Victor, "since the time has not yet arrived for us to meet beyond the grave! Clemence shall unite us closer in the bonds of reconciliation, in which we have this day so suddenly been bound."

"If you are my friend, Guy, follow me this moment to Dinart's house. I must for my own satisfaction go thither, even if on the road I should have to encounter the plague, or the devil himself in person. I must convince myself to the fact, with mine own eyes, whether Maximin spoke truly or lied."

"This is the place," said Raoul, in a low voice to his companions: "here is the house; the sculptured saint, the carving round the door, the gothic windows, the balcony, every particular harmonizes with the given description."

"By my soul, this is Dinart's house," whispered Malatesta in his ear. "I fear no good will ensue from a visit to this house," Raoul replied, in scornful laughter. "Why so? We truly deserve success. What can defeat our purpose? You will inherit your father-in-law's property. The dying old gentleman was, doubtless, old Dinart himself; and as at your wedding I passed for the parson, I can to-day quite as cleverly play the notary, whose duty, of course, it shall be to pay you part of your dowry."

By the means of skeleton keys this band of housebreakers softly opened the door, and entered the hall, in which several sick persons lay reduced. Still continuing their movement without making the least noise, they ascended the staircase,
and, still in darkness, entered the first
door they chanced to reach. They were
then within a kind of richly tapestried
chamber, which had formerly served as a
dining hall, but was now converted into
a bed-room. By the light of some wax
candles, which only threw a dim glare
around, they perceived an elderly woman
seated, and half sunk in slumber. At
her side slept another woman in a bed.
The nurse started with fright as she sud-
denly gazed on the figures of five persons
with black masks over their faces, and
otherwise totally disguised. "Not a
sound, miserable wretch!" said Raoul,
"as you value your life. Tell us where
are the treasures of your deceased master.
We will handsomely reward you, if you
will disclose to us the box in which he
kept his mammon."

The woman hesitated for a moment;
then she cried aloud, "Help! murder!"
Raoul, with a large knife in his hand,
rushed to the crying female, but a thrst
for revenge followed the perpetrator of
crimes in his footsteps. Victor and Guy
instantaneously rushed forward: the for-
mer discharged his pistol amongst the
robbers, and Malatesta, deadly wounded,
fell to the ground. The rest thereupon
hastily decamped; the sick woman con-
tinued still to cry for assistance, and in
this bustle and confusion, Clemence her-
self entered the room. She was much
frightened by the appearance of the
wounded man wetering in his blood on
the floor, who enduring the utmost torture
tried to raise his head, from which in the
struggle the mask had fallen. Clemence
soon recognised the familiar features of
the pale and dying man, and supporting
herself on Bridget's shoulder, she faintly
uttered the name of Malatesta, then
throwing herself on the bosom of her
cousin, she joyfully exclaimed "Victor!"
Whom the room was soon filled with people,
whom the discharge of the pistol had
drawn together. The bishop, who was
making his nightly round, and the Paris
doctors provided by the government,
together with several of the magistrates,
and a band of the fraternity of the
Baptisiers, with Maximin amongst them,
became witnesses of this event. Malate-
sta, prostrated on the marble floor, in
the last shiverings of death, gazed stead-
fastly upon Clemence, as he extended
forth his hand to the much injured mother
of his child. Maximin uttered aloud Ma-
lreste's name; and the whole concourse
who surrounded them repeated that name,
in past days so familiar to them, with hor-
ror and disgust. The bishop, a fervent
vant of the church, ever eager to do good,
leaning over the dying man, now received
his confession from his pale and nearly
lifeless lips, consoling him with the bound-
less mercy of Heaven, cheering him, and
persuading him too, even if it was in his
very last moments, to make amendment
for the evil he had caused, and give to
his injured love her claim to honour ere
he expired, by wedding her, and en-
teated him to let him unite them.

Malatesta nodded assent, and the
bishop himself provided the wedding
ring. Victor, with a heart full of sorrow
and joy, led the sobbing bride, who
forthwith was to be a widow, to the dying
bridegroom, who by his own hand had
been brought to an untimely end. The
bishop in a solemn tone pronounced the
blessing over them; and Malatesta, with
a rattering voice, exclaimed—"Forgive
me, my much injured wife..... Your child
..... " His eyes were now glaringly raised
towards heaven, and he ceased to breathe.

The secret of his participators in guilt
thus died with him. Agatha, her mother,
still in a sick and weakly state, from the
attacks of the plague, embraced her
daughter with the warmest congratula-
tions, and Maximin praised the lot of his
sister, who had become by lawful right
titled to the name of wife and mother.
But the afflicted Clemence went to Vic-
tor and whispered in his ear: "What an
hour! poor Victor..... your good father!"
Victor full of melancholy, answered,
"Mourn with me, as I mourn for your
lost child.—your mother!"

Nearly at the same hour, some daring
thieves entered the dwelling of Folques,
mounting the stairs, and in an instant
stopped a man, who full of confusion
and amazement had in the dark run
amongst them. "Leave me my good
friends!" he cried. I am the servant in
this house, and am hastening to find a
doctor, as Madame Rogualin has been
taken suddenly ill." Run as fast as you
can, answered the knaves, "we will take
care of the lady." The man seemed
not to require further persuasion, and the
thieves entered the sleeping apartment.
But here presented itself a spectacle to
their sight, which made even these hard-
hearted men stand aghast, with horror.
Prostrate on the floor, and with a body
terribly disfigured, lay Bertrade. At the
The Plague of Marseilles.

...de of her was an almost extinguished lamp; cupboards and coffers stood open; and property of every description, in the utmost state of confusion, was spread about the room; the treasures of this murdered girl had been plundered by Roguain, who having thus tried to destroy all evidence of his crime, had taken precipitate flight: but running out of the house in a wild and disorderly manner, his appearance and confusion had awakened the suspicions of the passing patrol, who, upon closer investigation, found his dress marked with recent stains of blood; having entered the house, they were convinced of the mournful fact; at the same time arresting the whole of its inmates, and particularly the party who had just entered.

Langeron, a new governor who had recently been appointed ruler of Marseilles, had established far better management than previously had existed, and something like good order now reigned in the city, as far as respected the administration of justice. On the following morning, a trial was instituted against the infamous Roguain. Sentence of death was quickly pronounced upon all the thieves found in the house, and without delay put into execution.

The managers of the asylum in which the unfortunate orphans, whose parents were the victims of the plague, had assembled together. An ill-disposed and avaricious man, was the chief guardian of the poor. Tortured by his evil conscience, he confessed before them, that by his avarice towards, and ill treatment of the children confided to his care, a great many had been starved to death. The magistrates sent commissioners to the hospitals, who were followed by many parents, who in the general confusion had lost their children. Victor, instigated by hope and a kind of secret anticipation, though he himself was not a parent, was one among the eager inquirers. The hard-hearted and villainous guardian had not, indeed, half informed them of the atrocities committed towards these poor and helpless beings. Of three thousand children entrusted to his care, there were hardly more than five hundred remaining, and these resembled more half-starved ghosts, than living creatures. Amongst these Victor had the inexpressible pleasure of finding the little Rose, though in such a condition that it is wonderful how he recognised her; she was too weak either to speak or cry for help; hunger, extreme privations and sufferings, were portrayed in each of her delicate features, and death seemed to have already made its first impress on her dim and sunken eyes. The child’s appearance so wounded Victor’s heart, that he could not have felt more, had a poniard been thrust into his own breast. But this keen suffering was in one moment dispelled: and at the thought of his beloved sister again possessing her, he seized hold of the darling Rose, raised her aloft in the air, called aloud her name, carried her like a great treasure from that dreadful life-grave, and laid her in the arms of old Bridget, who had nearly from love of the child fallen a victim to despair.

It is impossible to describe the unbounded joy which the mother felt at so unexpected a meeting; for grief at the loss, had almost caused her death, and as she herself, in her feelings of humanity and general love, had been the saviour of so many of her fellow-creatures, she in turn had now to feel what pleasure there was in making others happy.

Forty thousand of the people had died in the city of Marseilles: at last that dreadful scourge declined, until unconquered by the power of medicine, it wholly ceased of itself. The rich were now poor, the remaining poor had grown rich, and in every house were crying or laughing heirs. Peace and order were now also restored in the city, the laws were again respected, and justice held to be sacred.

Many a virtuous man, and many a villain, had departed this world for a better or a worse; even Raoul had already, for a length of time, slumbered in the bastions of la Touvette, in whose tower-deep trenches, the brave Roze, in one day, precipitated three thousand corpses, which, there heaped together and exposed to the burning rays of the sun, filled the atmosphere with the departing vapours of human kind, poisoning the air with their unwelcome and unearthly substance.

Traffic was again carried on in the streets, and persons and things seemed to be all alive and in motion. The town was cleansed of the filth, which for a great length of time had been accumulating; the shops were again opened, and foreign
ships again entered the harbour. Even
the Counts of St. Victor, at last opened
the gates of their palaces, and sung a
Te Deum, as the Lord had preserved them
from the evil. On that day, Clemence
stood with her cousin, before the high
altar of the cathedral, and changed the
name of Malatesta to that of Folques.
Agathe and Maximin were present, but
the loveliest spectator at the wedding
was the little Rose, fresh and blooming
like an angel, smiling on her parents,
from the arms of her aged nurse. The
ceremony was just over, when Folques
and his family entered the carriage, which
was to convey them to Lyons, where they
all hoped soon to be able to forget the
manifold sufferings they themselves had
had to encounter, and the extraordinary
scenes of misery which they had been
obliged to witness.

As the travellers, in the course of their
journey, were about to pass a large river,
the inquisitive little Rose said, "What
is the name of this river?" — "It is called
the Rhone, my child," answered Bridget,
when the child, with joy exclaimed,
"Oh dear, dear Bridget, please tell me
once more, the pretty tale of the Dragon
of Beaucarne!"

THE HOUR OF DEATH.—A DREAM.

"Come, and behold the hour of death,
When the sand is low in life's trembling glass;
While the latest sigh of fleeting breath
Waits but to mark the spirit pass;
'Ere the flood-gates of time are burst in twain,
And the soul's launch'd forth on an unknown main,
As the turgid stream of life pours free
To the ocean of eternity.
Come, 'ere the soul from prisonment breaks,
Come watch with me by the dying,
For strange the form the spirit takes,
When the breath of man is flying."
Such is the cry of the midnight hour—
Voice of the dream in its mystic power:
Be it a vision of future or past,
Now be the spell o'er the dreamer cast.

Lo! Death is here; but a deathless fame
For ages shall tell of that spirit of flame
Now winding its homeward flight.
See! see! the glance of that eagle eye,
And the throb of that breast as it learns to die,
And battles with death in its might.
The soul must away, but the yearnings of life
Still cling to the clay of their perishing cell;
And fearful the mandate, with agony rife,
That bursts on the ear like a startling knell.

Come, mortal, come, from out the wondrous world,
Where long thou'st sojourned—not the world of men,
For thou wast ever like a banner furl'd,
With all the bright, the beautiful within,
Blazoning to lead the crowd, but then again
Wrapped in its folds. Thy world was thine own mind;
There didst thou reign—there hast thine empire been—
There didst thou, like the orient serpent-king,
Beauty and power coil'd in thy self-embrace,
Silently watch the moment for thy spring,
Unfolding but to conquer and to bind.
Thou mystic wanderer in a realm of space!
Canst thou create beyond the tomb
A world for thine own resting-place as here?
Each form of loveliness thou badest come,
And mingle with the fearful the sublime,
Till all that could give birth to smile or tear,
Or dread or hope within the realm of time,
Seemed subject to thee? Hath death's coming tide
Quenched genius in its glory and its pride?
Come! dost thou question where?
Boots it when fate is sealed?
Once e'en the fester of thy soul's despair
Might have been healed.
'Tis past. The goal is neared. Thy course is run.
One moment gone, and the eternal sun
Shall rise in splendour on thy deathless gaze.
Spurned at creeds, and man of many dreams,
And feverish drinker at unhallowed streams,
Yet shall the beaming of the endless rays
Of that eternity but bring thy soul
The consummation of long hidden fears,
Repressed, and trodden under, and despised.
The gnawing vulture of thy heart for years,
Battling with all philosophy devised,
And living still despite its stern control.
Come! mingle with the dead.
The Scandinavian sought
Death as a boon, for Odin's feast was spread;
And he but revelled with the brave of old.
Believing all his mighty prophet taught,
Wrapped in soft dreams the Musulman expires,
And beauteous forms and bowers of bliss unfold,
In vision'd charms the home of his desires.
The frigid moralist who builds his creed
On self-perfection, as he muses o'er
His soul's vain tablets at each righteous deed,
Pants for his recompense, and longs to soar
Where virtuous acts shall meet their lawful meed.
On bed of death, or at the torture wheel,
The dying Christian, with upraised eye
Fixed on the cross, salvation's type and seal,
Smiles amid pain, and feels 'tis gain to die.
But where's thy hope in death? The shroud
Of dense oblivion gathers round thee fast.
Hope and despair, the present and the past,
In fearful chaos on thy senses crowd,
Putting to flight the vain philosophy
That taught not how to live, nor teaches how to die.

* * * * *

And the pale hand clutches at empty air,
What,—what may the dying deem is there?
And the pillowed head a moment raised,
Turns slowly round, but the eye is glazed;
A corse sinks backward on the trembling bed,
For the hour has past, and the spirit fled.
April 1st. The thrushes and blackbirds have not sung during this stormy March, but made a most plaintive noise now and then, before snow-storms, for a few minutes.

12th. The thrushes and blackbirds are flying about, searching anxiously for insects for their nestlings; they complain of the snow very piteously. Saw a small tortoiseshell butterfly, which had come into my room from its winter retreat, on account of the fire.

14th. This day saw a swallow, a true exemplification of the proverb, that “one swallow makes no summer;” the wind veering from north-west to north-east, howling bitterly, accompanied as it has been since Easter, with hourly flights of hail and snow, and nightly heavy snowfall, exactly the same. If the swallow had come out of any winter hiding-place where he had slept, he must have been a very witless creature: he was flying from the east about a mile from the eastern coast, he was pursued by a small bird, who was chattering very oddly at him, which attracted my attention; he flew in a distressed manner, evidently fatigued with his recent migration. Not an insect was to be seen, though the calendar says it is the middle of April, but the trees, grass, flowers, and weather speak of the middle of a severe January. I am suffering with chills from want of exercise, and severe temperature; and after trying every other remedy, my reason tells me that walking is the only effectual cure, therefore I walk into our woodland grounds between the snow-storms every day. The snow does not lie for more than an hour after nine o’clock in the morning, and melts as it comes down in the day, for

When February’s come and gone,
The snow lies on a hot stone.

16th. Snow-drops still in bloom, a circumstance I never remember before, which points out some mysterious connexion between the name of the flower and the incessant snow we have had since Easter: they did not blossom later than usual this severe winter and spring, having huddled up under the heavy snows of January last, and come into bloom before it entirely departed. The birds walk for a few minutes, but do not sing. The nuts have blossomed freely, but the blossom of the snowdrops has not assumed the downy appearance usual, their catkins (or kites) look withered.

15th and 16th. Snow and rain alternately from London to Cardiganshire, and in most parts of the kingdom.

20th. Eclipse of the moon.—The day being alternately foggy and stormy, I did not expect to see the eclipse clearly in the evening; nor though she rose directly out of the sea, without my view being intercepted by buildings or trees; she was, however, distinctly visible at five o’clock, when there was only a crescent part of the southern summit of her circle to be seen, for by that time the eclipse was far forward; the crescent, which was in fact a diminuendo, and not a crescendo, looked like a new moon turned upside down. Send clouds now and then veiled it, and at last nothing but a spot of faint golden light, something like a lamp in a fog, was to be seen, until it totally disappeared. The shadow of the earth seemed exactly the hue of the sky, therefore the appearance was as if the sky was eating into the moon, and gradually diminishing it; and, as I gazed on this phenomenon, I recalled to mind what I had read of the terror of savage nations, who imagined that some evil spirit was devouring the moon, and therefore with loud cries and the sound of barbarous instruments, they tried to frighten him away. During the eclipse of the sun last year, I noticed that the eclipsing shadow had a black appearance darkly distinct from the sky, and this black shadow gave more of a supernatural effect (if I may use the term) to the proceeding; but this eclipse of the moon gave birth to very different ideas, it seemed to me as if the whole of her mouth’s changes were being rehearsed in a very great hurry, the whole variety of shapes of crescents, half moons, and full moons being got through in the course of a few hours. Yet the changes seemed to be of herself alone, as owing to the nature of the atmosphere the agency of the earth’s shadow was not observable. When she began to emerge, the pale circle that first became visible at the lower verge was very beautiful; and the moon shone out over the sea so gloriously after “the envious shade” had passed over her, that the exquisite lines of Ben Jonson rose forcibly to my memory:

Queen and Huntress, chaste as fair,
Now the sun has gone to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep;
Hesperas entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright!

Earth let not thine envious shade,
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia’s shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day does close.
Bless us then with wonted light,
Goddess, excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl aside,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying barb,
Time to breathe, how short so ever,
Thou that makest a day of night,
Goddess, excellently bright!
Extraordinary Atmospheric Changes during April, 1837.

The first faint defining of the emerging crescent from the total eclipse the other night, gave me an exact idea of Ben Jonson’s “bow of pearl,” and I felt convinced that he could not have written that immortal lyric if he had not, like myself, once been watching every appearance of the interposition of “earth’s envying shade,” in some total eclipse of “his goddess, excellently bright.” The unclouded surface of the moon promised that some fair weather would succeed to the snow-storms which have desolated April; but no, though a change has taken place to the benefit of the famishing cattle, for deluges of rain promise some pasture, the change is not more pleasant to idle ladies and gentlemen who are ill, and troubled with meagrems for want of exercise. It is curious that the black thorn or sloe which usually blooms in mid-lent, just when the north-easterly winds are fiercest, is not yet out in the East of England, where the primitive country people call these winds in spring the black-thorn gales. No plums are in blossom, and a favourite nectarine tree of mine, which is impudent enough to blow in ordinary seasons at the latter end of February, is only now cautiously opening a few blossom buds. The mezeoons have blown at last; not so the almond trees, which usually flower on the 25th of March. The early pears, even against a southern wall, all keep on their envelopes; they have remained in the same state since the first days of March, excepting the outward foldings of the leaflets, and the calyces are brown as if partly singed. The wheat is little forwarder than when the first snow melted, and all the country people shake their heads, and say, When Easter falls in our Lady’s lap, Ther’l happen to England some great mishap.

23rd. Have watched for more swallows but have not seen any, nor has the voice of the cuckoo been heard this month, though the old Saxon rhyme says:

In April,
The cuckoo opes his bill;
In May,
He singeth night and day;
In June,
He changeth his tune;
In July,
Away he fly;
In August,
Away he must.

But to April has been devoted many a polished verse, far different from these uncouth rhymes; and as I have been lately reading Spenser’s sonnets, which are still less known in this age than his “Fairy Queen,” that poem often mentioned and never read, I therefore add a sonnet from this exquisite collection, written by Elizabeth’s laureate to celebrate a brighter spring than the present.

**SPRING’S HARINGER.**

SONNET BY SPENGER.

The merry cuckoo, messenger of spring,
His trumpet shrill has thrice already sounded.

That warns all lovers wait upon their king,
Who is now coming forth with garland crowned.

With joy thereof the quire of birds resounded
Their anthems sweet, devise it in Love’s praise,
That all the woods their echoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their lays;
But ‘mong them all which did Love’s honour raise,
No word was heard from her that most it ought.

But she his precept calmly disobeys,
And doth his idle message set at nought.
Therefore, O Love! unless she turn to thee, Ere cuckoo end his song, let her a rebel be.

* Old word for owes.

The annual feasts of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, founded by Mr. Curtis, Aurist to his Majesty, is fixed to take place on the 27th of May, in the grounds of the Marylebone club (Lord’s). The Board of Ordnance have, as usual, granted the use of their magnificent marquees, &c. We have heard that subscriptions from many persons of the first rank, including his Majesty, have lately been made to this useful and flourishing institution.

The System of Hypnology seems to be gaining ground,—we profess we do not ourselves know any thing actually of its efficacy, but we have certainly seen from Mr. Sheridan Knowles, M.P., Mr. Tennant, M.P., and other credible and sane persons, strong testimonials of the benefit derived by them from following Mr. Gardner’s advice and instructions how to procure them sound and refreshing sleep at pleasure.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK-STREET.**—We cannot do the justice we intended to this excellently conducted and thriving institution in our present number,—but in the mean time, would call the attention of our friends to two most admirably executed paintings; one, No. 7, Boys of Serra Genesco, by F. Y. Hurlstone; the other a horse, which we will leave our readers to discover.
Paris Intelligence—The Court News, and Fashions.

(from our own Correspondent.)

The Continental World of Fashion,

presented our readers with a coup d’œil of every variety of the costume, for every occasion, for the season, 1837, which the whole city of Paris could furnish.


Je suis enchantée ma toute aimable, que tu es à la fin de retour à Londres, je n’aime pas les voyages dans l’Écosse, car il me semble lorsque tu quittes les bords de la Tamise, et que tu vas dans les pays qui me sont inconnus, que tu ne penses plus à moi, que tu es presque perdue pour moi, à y penser seulement, cela me donne la fièvre! Pris dans doceurs et des consolations de l’amitié dans ce monde, que nous serions a plaindre que nous serions malheureuse! Mais à bas les pensées tristes, et parlons frivolités, et coquetterie, et colifichets, et modes, et tout ce qui nous concerne, nous autres femmes! The ball for the English was splendidly. Oh! ma chère, cela nous enrage, de voir tant de beautes, des femmes, des demoiselles, les unes plus belles, plus jolies, que les autres, pas une laide! Nos messieurs en sont furieux. The Duchess of Sutherland, as “Night,” attracted universal admiration; she was literally covered with jewels: her dress of black velvet shone with all the planets and stars in diamonds. The Duchess of Roxburgh, as “Mary, Queen of Scots,” has turned the heads of all the Paris élégants. The British ambassadress appeared with a cortége of twelve young ladies, all dressed alike: white crape dresses, white flowers, white veils. The whole twelve danced a quadrille together; the effect was enchanting. Miss Wells, and two other lovely girls, were as “Quakeresses.” Several wore the costumes of “Circassians.” One, a very beautiful young lady, was as the “Bride of Abydos;” two other sisters, I believe, were two of Ossian’s heroines: Evelina and Bosmina. Madame Charles Laflitte, as the “Marquise de Pompadour,” was ravissante: Madame Schikler, as a modern Greek, était belle comme une des beautés du pays classique. Swiss, French, Italian, Polish, and Russian costumes abounded. Un Anglais, Mr. King was as Zampa; Mr. Melville as another Zampa; a Mr. Wagner as Louis the Thirteenth; Mr. Gandolfini as Henri the Third, enfin je ne te dirai pas tous les noms.

Madame la Princesse Belgiojoso has done a great deal lately for the poor Italian refugees. She had a splendid concert at her house the other evening: the tickets were sold very high, and the profits given to the charity; before that, la princesse had a bazaar for the same charitable purpose. The shops were held by all the notabilities of our metropolis. Madame de Bawr had at her shop some detached leaves of one or two ancient missals, which sold for enormous prices. The composer, Meyerbeer, contributed a romance (as yet unpublished), the words by the Marquise de Custinan. This brought three hundred and fifty francs.

The hotel Castellane has been the scene of wonderful festivities lately. The private theatricals have surpassed all that has been hitherto seen. A little piece by the Comte de Sussey, called “Alice,” and another, “Les Carte à payer,” were inimitably performed. “Les Abencéragés” was to have been played a night or two ago; report spoke highly of it, j’étais trop enlumée pour y assister. Apropos of theatricals: a new piece, called “La Viellette d’un grand Roi” (Louis the Fourteenth), is at present performing at the Théatre Français, with very great success.

Quel triste Long-champs nous avons eu ma chère, toujours mauvais temps, the greatest novelty was the horses; the first day they appeared with short manes and tails; the next, both were flowing, of an admirable length, equal to those of the far-famed coursers of the cavaliers of the olden time. Tu ris! mais c’est vrai. The “march of fashion,” you will say, has been making rapid
trides lately, since it has even attained the horses. Some of our wits say they wonder who will wear false hair, now that the horses have adopted it. I must not omit telling you of another fashion which will be delightful when we leave off fires. Small curtains of silk or velvét (to match the furniture) are hung upon brass rods at each side of the fireplace; these draw across, like those in the doorways, and entirely conceal the grate, chimneyc, &c.; at present that we have fires, they hang on each side, and have a very novel and curious effect. Encore une nouveauté, you know what pains Madame la Comtesse de M—— takes to make herself remarkable, et enfin combien elle se rend ridicule avec cela. I met her at a ball last night, sa petite personne decorated with the portraits of her whole family, ce serait une excellente affiche ambulante pour un peintre. Her bracelets contained the portraits of her father and mother; her husband formed the agraiffe that retained her Sévigné corsage in the centre of the front; her uncle's portrait ornamented her brooch; her two cousins were one on each shoulder; and her two children formed her ear-rings. She ought to have had three more relations, one for a Feronniere, and two for shoe buckles.

Tu me demandes quels sont les papiers à la mode. Black, white, blue, and crimson satin papers, broché in gold and silver, exact imitations of the satins worn this and last winter: others are black grounds, spotted, sprigged, or with a vermicelli pattern in gold. The lamps and lustres of bronze are branches of the fleur de lis, supported by cherubs' heads. A fine statue of Talma, by David, the celebrated French sculptor, is shortly to be placed under the vestibule of the Théâtre Français, on the opposite side to that of Voltaire.

I must not omit to tell you what delightful fêtes are in contemplation for the summer's evenings. Two superb boats, of a flat, square form, are building, in which we are to have floating concerts. They are each to have an amphitheatre, which will contain upwards of five hundred persons, so contrived that, in case of bad weather, awnings can be thrown over; the boats are to be ornamented in magnificent style, and to be illuminated every night. They are to go up and down the Seine (by means of steam), between the Pont de la Concorde and that of the Invalides. The concerts are to commence at six o'clock, and to continue to a late hour of the night.

As to the modes, ma chère amie, I can scarcely give you any intelligence. We have nothing but cold and cold, and rain and rain, un temps vraiment affreux. For ball dresses, rich satins, broché in gold, silver or silk, made à l'antique; that is, corsage à pointe, short and tight sleeves, with deep ruffles coming over the elbows, à la Louis the Fifteenth. The skirt of the dress open in front, looped back with jewels, cameos, flowers, or small bunches of marabou, with a jewell or flower in the centre, de plus à demi-train; but it is only the mamans that wear these dresses, les dames qui préfèrent faire tapisserie, que danser! For our elegantes who dance, we have crapes, guazes, tulles, blondes, and satins, the corsages à pointe, with draperies (put on) a la Sévigné; tight short sleeves, ornamented with three blonde frills, indépendant (generally speaking) of the ruffles à la Louis the Fifteenth. The bottom of the dress orné, with a deep blonde flounce, or else looped up at one or both sides with a bouquet of marabous and flowers, or en tablier (robing), the tablier formed of double or single frills of blonde; or only marked by a satin ribbon, on which detached bunches of marabouts and flowers are placed all along at distances. What is also much worn, is the ends of the ceinture carried diagonally across the front of the dress, and fastened towards the bottom of the opposite side with a bouquet. Other dresses are only ornamented round the bottom with detached bouquets placed at distances. En voilà une variété j'espère. With the toilettes à l'antique, the coiffure should match, for with a dress à l'antique and a coiffure à la Grecque, par exemple, on serait ridicule. With a plain ball dress, such as I have described, any coiffure can be worn; turban, feathers, diamonds, cap, flowers, or Grecian.

Now for the demoiselles: but will they thank me for what I am going to say? Tu sais, ma bonne amie, that if we Frenchwomen are not renowned for our beauty, as are our fair neighbours, the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, we are famed, and justly too,
for our taste and skill in matters of the toilette, ainsi donc, I may venture upon what I was going to say. The Duchesse de P—— has brought out her three daughters this winter; it is singular to bring out three together; but the last two winters they were in mourning, consequently did not appear in public. The style of dress she has adopted for them is perfectly plain, and has created a fureur amongst our demoiselles, who have all adopted it. What better example could they follow? The demoiselles de P—— belong to one of the highest families in France, and they are the best educated, most elegant, and most charming girls in Paris. Their dresses white muslin (organdi), or white crêpe over satin; corsages either à pointe, with draperies, both at back and front, or corsages à l'enfant (simple full fronts and backs), with a deep tucker of lace going all round. Short sleeves, with ruffles, and three lace or blonde frills upon the tops. A simple hem turned up at the bottom of the dress, a white satin train, with long ends fastened in front, towards the left side. White gloves and white shoes. All three wear their back hair in a simple braid en couronne. The eldest wears ringlets (her face is long, and thin rather), and a very small white rose and bud just drooping behind the left ear. The other two wear bandeaux lisses (smooth bands) with a single row of small pearls crossing the brow and going round the head; they wear no necklace, no earrings, no ornament of any description; and you cannot conceive anything more perfectly elegant than their appearance. Were they very tall, they might adopt flounces, but they have good taste enough to know that a flounce cuts a little woman still shorter. As I tell you, this plain lady-like style of dress has quite made a sensation amongst our demoiselles; and, indeed, I must say it looks ridiculous to see a young girl, of twenty or so, accompany her grandmammas to a ball, both dressed alike! Not eighty affecting eighteen, but eighteen aping eighty!

Black lace and black blonde are coming in again, in full dress. I have seen many pink, rose colour, yellow, and cherry colour satin, trimmed with black lace: flounces, tuckers, jet ornaments, and black feathers in coloured turbans, are all fashionable, and were the prevailing costume chez la Duchesse de Dino, a few nights since, when we had a charming réunion. I must tell you of some beautiful, newly-invented shawl mantelets; that is to say, shawls that serve as mantelets. They are made of netting done with the hand, in black silk (rather twisted, of course), not upon such a fine mesh as in any way to imitate tulle, but about the size one would use for, not a fine, silk purse. A square of six quarters (French) is thus hit; care must be taken to avoid knots, which would spoil it: two opposite corners are left pointed, they come to a single stitch; the other two are rounded, a deep fringe, the silk several times doubled, is net all round. When you wear it as a shawl, the pointed corners are at back; when as a mantelet, the round. This shawl has the advantage of being light, and, besides, of forming an elegant drapery, through which the bust can be quite as well distinguished as without. It is also a new and elegant occupation for those who are fond of netting.

Spencers, it is thought, will decidedly be adopted this summer. They are either to match the dress exactly, if the latter is of satin, the spencer to be velvet; if the dress is silk, the spencer to be satin; or else they are to be of coloured or black velvet or satin, and worn with white muslin dresses. The small sleeves, those particularly with three frills at top, have quite replaced the full ones. Flounces are also coming in; some have no heading. Those on white muslin dresses are to have a bouillon heading, into which a coloured ribbon is to be inserted. The flounces for the new printed muslins have patterns adapted to them. The headings for flounces of silk dresses are en chicorée; that is, stamped out at both edges in small mitres or dents, in the style of what I understand was once called “Chevaux de frise.” When the strips are thus cut out at the edges, they are quilled on in the centre as thickly as possible, and make a very good heading for a flounce, and a pretty trimming round the pelerine to match. I suppose it takes the name of chicorées, from the plant the Endive.

The newest mantelets and pelerines of embroidered muslin have short sleeves attached to them, which come off and on; they fasten on with buttons;
these sleeves are quite tight, and have three frills put on; one at bottom, and the other two above, with a small space left between each. They must be worn over perfectly plain tight sleeves.

Feathers are excessively fashionable just now. Ostrich, marabouts, willow feathers, knotted feathers, plumes, nuancées (shaded), peacock, and cock's feathers: war declared upon the feathered tribes!

The flowers most in vogue are roses, acacias, sweet pea, yellow wall-flower, violets, heath, burridge, heliotrope and lilac.

The colours for hats: white, pink, pale, and the lightest green imaginable; for dresses, pain-brûlé, a sort of brown, fumée de Londres. I need scarcely describe this colour! lavender and dark green.

We shall have great festivities here shortly in honour of the Duke of Orleans' marriage; report speaks highly of the amiability of the future duchess. Je t'en donnerai toutes les nouvelles.

I received the last packet of English publications: magazines, annuals, &c., il est tems que je t'en remercie. Pray send me something soon again, with one of those delicious " Tales of the English Chronicles," by Miss Agnes Strickland;* ils sont parfaits. Nobody can possibly write those tales in the perfection that she does, mon mari, and indeed all those I have shown them to, who are capable of appreciating their merit, are enchanted with their grace, elegance and naïveté.

Adieu, ma bien aimée, en causant avec toi, le temps passe, mais il n'emporte pas mon amitié.

Aime donc toujours ton amie,

L. de F——

* We have had a long "English Chronicle" by us for some time, but could not conveniently use it whilst "The Plague of Marseilles," now ended, which perhaps many of our readers may be sorry for, was in progress. We promise, however, to begin with a delightful chronicle in the first number of the ensuing half-yearly volume.—Ed.

Royal Marriage.—The proposed marriage between the Princess Heilena and the Duke of Orleans appears to be decided upon. Portraits have been exchanged, and an interview is shortly to take place at Toplitz; she appears from her description not wanting either in wit, talent, beauty, or elegance.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 9.) Toilette de Promenade.—Hat of paille de riz. The front very large, and much off the face. The hat is trimmed with wide gauze ribbons: a bouquet of white roses is retained by a bow on the left side; a ruche (quilling) of coloured blonde goes round the edge of the front. Dress à la coulange, of rich striped and figured silk. The corsage plain, to fasten in front (see plate), and left a little open at the neck. Sleeves tight all the way down, cut the cross way of the material, and with three deep frills put on between the shoulder and elbow (see plate): the flounce at the bottom of the dress is very deep, and, as may be observed, the pattern (dessin) is adapted to it. Black shoes, lemon colour gloves, embroidered handkerchief, trimmed with deep lace. Round cambric collar, trimmed with two falls of lace. Hair in plain bands, with a full-blown rose on each temple, and two rows of coloured velvet ribbon crossing the brow and front of the head.

Sitting Figure.—Dress of white muslin, made as the one just described (see plate), with the exception of the frills on the sleeve being double. Hat the same as the other.

(No. 10.) Toilette de Promenade.—Hat of paille de riz, ornamented with satin ribbons and blonde. (See plate.) Two round bouquets of Gueldres roses are placed quite at the right side of the hat. Dress of Gasparo satin, with a very deep flounce cut the cross way of the material: corsage high and plain: tight sleeves. Mantelet of black pour de soie, fastened in front (see plate), and trimmed with two falls of very deep black lace. Pale cream colour gloves; cravatte of satin ribbon; hair in ringlets, with a rose on each temple: black shoes. The second figure gives the entire back of the dress.

The second edition of Inglis's best work is published in an hour when it is peculiarly needed, the attention of the whole of Europe being at this moment fixed upon the civil strife in the Peninsula. A better account of this interesting country was never given to the public than Spain in 1830; and the present new edition, being preceded as it is by a well-written chapter containing an abstract of the principal events that have occurred in Spain since Inglis bore personal witness of the state of things there, makes the work truly acceptable in the present year.

As this portion of the work is new matter, we extract a page or two as a specimen of the style, and as a source of information relating to the present state of affairs in the Peninsula.

"The existing state of things in Spain remains therefore negative; while it must still be allowed that the prospects of the country for the future, shadow forth only images of doubt and uncertainty. It is impossible to discover how far any change may have operated upon the mode of thinking of the mass of the people; but it is difficult to suppose some changes have not been effected in this respect, reasoning from large cities, and particularly those where the intercourse with the rest of the world has always been considerable. With the bulk of the country population the case remains very different. If the idleness and love of ease of the Spanish peasant be conquered, and he be roused himself at all, the exciting cause at first, will be superstition awakened by the priesthood, who are found to possess a great influence over the Spanish peasantry everywhere, keeping them in ignorance, to maintain a more effective dominion over their religious fears. It is from this part of the Spanish population and those who lead it, that the ranks of Don Carlos continue to be recruited. Any change in the habits of the people, in the remote parts of the country, must be very slow. All the well-wishers to Spain must rather desire to see it kept in subjection by an augmented power in the government, aided by the more enlightened population of the cities, until its condition be improved, than continually recruiting the savage bands of Don Carlos, or of any other chief who may furnish the monks and other ecclesiastics advocating the cause of absolutism, with reasons for rousing them to guerilla warfare, in hopes to avenge the church by the scenes of robbery, cruelty, and desolation, which are the certain consequences.

"The government has not wanted some men of very considerable character and ability, as far as the theory of right principles is concerned, to support its cause,—but these are very few in number, and have not had the benefit of much practical knowledge; and some of them were returned exiles. Senor Arquelles is confessedly a man of enlightened views and extended acquirements. Galliano, Mendizabal, and Valdeza, have had some experience; the second particularly, in finance. Trueba, the secretary to the Cortes, now deceased, was well known in England as a novel writer, and a liberal-minded man, but with no commanding talents for political life. That the exiles, many of them soon after their return home, were elected to high offices, may either demonstrate the regard which their fellow countrymen had for them, or it may explain the paucity of individuals in whom the people could confide, or whom they imagined unainted by the corrupt practices prevalent in every department of the state; and shown so satisfactorily as to their existence by Mr. Inglis in the present work. This may be the reason that success has attended no administration yet formed in Spain, by any party, since the death of Ferdinand VII. The popular impatience of the slow ineffective measures of those who rule, has been repeatedly shown; and in the last instance, by the clamour for the constitution. It is natural to imagine, that if the intentions of the queen and her ministers be the most upright that can be conceived, they are too weak to change the inferior officers of the government; to cleanse their hands, and unite them by link, in obedience to salutary discipline. Then the want of integrity in the military commanders; the self-will and apathy they display in the service of their country; the assumed independence of control from the governing power which they show; and in most instances their lamentable incapacity, all combine to cloud the fairest prospects of the country, and fatigue the patience of those who would willingly make heavy sacrifices to sustain in Spain a constitutional government."

The former edition of Spain in 1830, is familiar to many of our readers, and the work justly deserves being known to all. It is full of matter written in a lively and truth-telling style, and we have found ourselves more absorbed in its pages than in the best written tale. Inglis makes his picture pass before the mental vision rapidly, but not hurriedly;
his own perceptive powers are not only accurate and vivid, but he possesses the happy art of transmitting clear ideas to his readers of the scenes which he beheld.

But if we wish to interest the ladies for an author, we must leave his opinions of politics and the efficiency of governments, and see what capabilities he shows in the important points of judging on gracefulness of person, the peculiarities of costume, and the general power of conquest of the Spanish fair. Mr. Inglis, having left his heart in England, evidently surveys the far-famed charms of the ladies of Madrid as free from undue prepossessions in their favour, as Sully viewed the maids of honour at the court of his great master, Henry the Fourth. Their witchery and charms were evidently all thrown away upon a pre-occupied heart. We would, however, particularly draw the attention of the English ladies to the author's excellent remark on the position of the arms, one that we had previously made by instinct, before we saw it so cleverly defined in these pages.

"Every Spaniard is proud of the Prado at Madrid; and for the Prado, the inhabitants of Madrid would look upon life as a thing of very little value; every body goes every night to the Prado; every body—man, woman, and child—looks forward to the evening promenade with pleasure and patience; every body asks every body the same question, shall you be on the Paseo to night? how did you like the Paseo last night? every night, at the same hour, the dragons take their place along the Prado, to regulate the order and line of carriages; and the only difference between Sunday night and any other night on the Prado is, that on Sunday it is frequented by those who can afford to dress only once a week, as well as by those who can dress every day. It was impossible that I could permit the first Sunday to pass away without seeing the Prado; accordingly, accompanied by a colonel in the Spanish service, whose name, for certain reasons, I refrain from mentioning, I took the road to the Prado.

"The Prado, divested of its living attraction, is certainly not entitled to the extravagant praises bestowed upon it by the Spaniards; it is a fine spacious paseo, at least two miles long, and from 200 to 300 yards broad, adorned with rows of trees, and with several fountains; the frequented part, however, is not more than half a mile in length, and has scarcely any shade. But the Prado, although in itself not possessing the natural attractions of that of Vienna, or perhaps of some others, is an admirable resort for a stranger who is desirous of seeing the population of Madrid. When I reached it, it seemed already crowded, though a dense stream of population was still pouring into it from the Calle de Alcalá. On the part appropriated to carriages, there was already a double row of vehicles, bespeaking, by their slow motion, the stateliness of character said to belong to the Spanish aristocracy. The turn-out of carriages presented a strange mélange of elegance and shabbiness; some few were as handsome as can be seen in Hyde Park; some—truly Spanish—were entirely covered over with gilding and painting; many were like worn-out post-chaises; and several like the old family pieces that are yet sometimes to be seen at the church door on Sunday, in some remote parishes in England. I observed the most ludicrous incongruity between the carriages and the servants; many a respectable, and even handsome carriage might be seen with a servant behind, like some street vagabond who, seeing a vacant place, had mounted for the sake of a drive. I actually saw a tolerably neat carriage driven by a coachman without stockings; and another with a rheumatical bandy leg behind, whose head was enveloped in flannel. But let me turn to the pedestrians.

"The Paseo was crowded from end to end, and from side to side; so crowded, indeed, that by mixing with the tide, it was impossible to see more than one's next neighbour; and that I might better observe the elements of the crowd, I contrived, with some difficulty, to extricate myself from the stream and get into the carriage drive. Before visiting Spain, I had heard much of the beauty of Spanish women,—their graceful figures,—their bewitching eyes,—their fascinating expression,—in short, their personal attractions. Whether owing to the representations of travellers, or the unreal descriptions of poets, or the romance with which, in the minds of many, every thing in Spain is invested,—it is certain, that a belief in the witchery of Spanish women obtains very general credence in England. With curiosity, therefore, considerably excited, I took up a station to decide upon the claims of the ladies of Spain. In my expectations of beauty I was miserably disappointed;* beauty of features I saw none. Neither at that time, nor at any subsequent visit to the Prado, did I ever see one strikingly lovely countenance; and the class so well known in England, because so numerous, denominated 'pretty girls,' has no existence in Spain. The women were, without exception, dark,—but the darkness of the clear brunette, is darkness of a very different kind from that of the Castilian. I saw no

* The same might be justly said of the poetically far-famed Italian women, but here the comparison must cease; many are pretty, though not few entitled, to distinction, in the eyes of moderns.—Ee.
fine skin, no glossy hair: dark expressive eyes I certainly did see, but they were generally too ill supported to produce much effect. But let me do justice to the grace of the Spanish women. No other woman knows how to walk,—the elegant, light, and yet firm step of the small and well-attired foot and ankle,—the graceful bearing of the head and neck,—the elegant disposition of the arms, never to be seen hanging downward, but one hand holding the folds of the mantilla, just below the waist; the other inclining upward, wielding, with an effect the most miraculous, that mysterious instrument, the fan,—these are the charms of the Spanish women. As for the fan, its powers are nowhere seen displayed to such advantage as on the Prado. I believe I shall never be able to look at a fan in the hands of any other than a Spanish woman,—certainly no other woman understands the management of it. In her hands it is never one moment at rest,—she throws it open, fans herself, furts it to the right,—opens it again, again fans herself, and furts it to the left, and all with the finest air of indifference. This is absolutely marvellous to one who has been accustomed to see a fan opened with both hands, and furled only on one side. But that I may at once exhaust the subject of fans, let me add, that in the hands of its true mistress, the fan becomes a substitute for language, and an interpreter of etiquette. If a lady perceives that she is an object of attention to some inquisitive and admiring caballero, she has immediate recourse to her fan, that she may convey to him one most important piece of information. If she be married, she fans herself slowly; if still seductive, rapidly. The caballero, therefore, at once ascertains his chances and his risks. This fact I obtained from a Spanish lady of rank in Madrid, the wife of a gentleman in a high official situation. The motion of the fan too, marks distinctly, and with the utmost nicety, the degree of intimacy that subsists between one lady and another. The shake of the fan is the universal acknowledgment of acquaintance; and according as the fan is open or shut, the intimacy is great or small. These are trifling things, yet they are worth telling. But let me return to the Prado, where, having decided upon the claims of the Castilian ladies, I had leisure to observe its other novelties. Here I saw little of the sombreness I had remarked on the streets, for many of the ladies wore white mantillas; and in the evening, coloured rather than black gowns are the mode. The very great number too of officers of the guards, with their high cocked hats, and coats entirely covered with silver lace, gave additional animation to the scene. Other pictures of a different kind the eye occasionally caught,—here and there a portly priest, with his ample gown and great slouched hat, mingling in the throng, and evidently enjoying the scene and its gaiety,—aloof from the crowd, and in the most retired walks, with hurried step and downcast head, a friar, in his grey, brown or white cassock,—now and then a tall Andalusian peasant, with his tapering hat, his velvet and silver embroidered jacket and crimson sash, his unbuttoned gaiters and white stockings,—the Asturian nurse, with her short brown jerkin, petticoat of blue and yellow, trimmed with gold, and bare head. It is always a mark of a woman's consequence in Madrid to hire an Asturian nurse; they are supposed to be models of health and strength, and certainly if breadth of figure be the criterion of these, the ladies of Madrid make a prudent choice: I never saw such women as the women of the Asturias. In France, where the women are generally mince, one of them might be exhibited as a curiosity.

"There is one very unpleasant thing connected with a promenade on the Prado, whether in a carriage or on foot; this is the necessity of paying honour to every branch of the royal family, however frequently it may pass along. Every carriage must stop, and those within must take off their hats, or if the carriage be open stand up also; and every person on foot is expected to suspend his walk, face-about, and bow, with his head uncovered. When the king passes, no one perhaps feels this to be a grievance; because, however little respect the king may in reality be entitled to from his subjects, it is felt to be nothing more than an act of common good breeding to take off one's hat to a king; but I have fifty times seen all this homage paid to a royal carriage with a nurse and an infant—not an infanta—in it; and one evening I was absolutely driven from the Prado by the unceasing trouble of being obliged to acknowledge the royal presence every few minutes, the spouse of the Infante Don Francis having found amusement in cantering backwards and forward during an hour at least. From the expected homage no one is exempt; even the foreign ambassadors must draw up, rise, and uncover themselves, if but a sprig of royalty in the remotest degree, and of the tenderest age, happens to drive past. Both the British and the American minister told me, that for that reason they never went to the Prado."

"The promenade continues long after dark; and on fine moonlight nights in the month of September, I have seen it continued without any diminution in the crowd until after ten o'clock; generally, however, when dusk begins to usher in darkness, and when the great object of going to the Prado is accomplished—seeing and being seen—the crowd thins, and there is soon no remnant of it visible, excepting pairs, or single individuals, here and there, who have their reasons for remaining. In Madrid,—indeed throughout all Spain,—nobody walks for
pleasure; at all events no woman: and this
fact I think is sufficient to account for the
superiority of the Spanish women in the art
of walking, without making it necessary for
us to suppose any deficiency in elegance of
limb or symmetry of form among the wo-
men of other countries. An Englishwoman
walks for health; she puts on her bonnet,
and a pair of strong shoes, and a shawl, and
walks into the country; and the nature of
the climate creates a necessity for walking
fast; there is no one to look at her, and she
thinks of nothing so little as her manner of
walking; but a Spanish woman never walks
for health or exercise; she never goes out
but to go to the Paseo, and never without
having paid the most scrupulous attention
to her toilet. On the Paseo she studies every
step, because the object of going there is
to be seen and admired, and the nature of
the climate obliges her to walk slow.”

Many times Mr. Inglis returns to the
senoras and senoritas, and gives us most
entertaining pictures of domestic life and
feminine customs in Spain; and if his pen
is thus amusing in passages, more
especially relating to the ladies, we may
judge of its power and spirit when de-
scribing matters in which men are more
skilled and interested. A very great loss
his country has sustained in the early
death of Inglis, whose talents and right-
mindedness promised to make him as
actively useful to Great Britain as a cele-
brated writer in the same department of
literature, Sir Francis Head, is at present
in our colonies.

We would advise all our readers who
have not read Spain in 1830, to take the
opportunity now afforded (and long called
for) by the present reprint: they will
find in its pages a union of amusement
and information.

Modern India, with Illustrations of the
Resources and Capabilities of Hin-
dustan. By H. H. Spry, M.D.;
F. G. S., &c. In two vols. Whit-
taker, 1837.

The public are greatly indebted to
Dr. Spry for the composition of these
excellent volumes. We find in their
perusal the amusement that ever arises
from the communication of observations,
made by a brilliant and highly cultivated
intellect, but their peculiar utility renders
entertainment only a secondary object
to the person who is about to leave the
shores of England for Hindustan they
are indeed inestimable, as they are in-
terpersed with valuable advice regard-
ing the temperature and localities of that
formidable climate, such advice as an
intelligent physician who has studied its
caprices can alone give attention to.
The department which Dr. Spry calls
medical topography will, we can safely
aver, be the means of saving many British
subjects. This is a feature in a work on
Hindustan which strikes us as equally new
and important. The statistical remarks
on agriculture and improvements appear
to us highly deserving of the attention
of those, in whose hands are placed the
destinies of this mighty colony; and we
cannot help remarking the fearless recti-
tude with which Dr. Spry bestows praise
or censure where it is morally due, unin-
fluenced by favour or affection for any
party. In this manifestation of high
principle, he forcibly reminds us of the
tone of feeling we have noticed in another
worthy labourer in the field of our colonies,
R. M. Martin. These gentlemen may not
view every object in the same light, but
in uncompromising sincerity they seem ac-
tuated by the same estimate of justice
and philanthropy. Dr. Spry points out
most forcibly the injury the mean and
griping measures adopted by the India
Company, are doing to this mighty ad-
 junct of the British empire; he points
out the unhealthy prisons, the neglected
improvements, the languishing state of the
army, under the unjust penance of half batta; but when truth allows him to
raise any measure emanating from the
administration of Lord William Bentinck,
no one gives him his due with more manly
candour than does Dr. Spry. Having
enumerated a few of the subjects which
will give a higher reputation to these
volumes than can be effected by any work,
whose claims rest merely on the degree
of amusement it affords to the general
reader, we hasten with pleasure to discuss
and make extracts from the portions that
are in reality more entertaining than
compositions of fiction. But for the pre-
sent we will confuse ourselves to his
account of Thuggee, reserving an extract
on “Snake Charmers,” and the “Cobra
di Capella,” until our next.

“Lord Bentinck’s resolute conduct,
therefore, in determining to suppress
Thuggee, forms a noble act in his ad-
ministration.

“Captain Sleeman was appointed by
Lord Bentinck to devote his time espe-
cially to the apprehension of Thugs;
while Mr. Smith, his lordship’s repre-
sentative in the Nerudda territories, was charged, in his official capacity as judge, with the important duty of trying and sentencing them. Saugor gaol is made the depot for the reception of these miscreants; and on my taking charge of the establishment in 1831, I found no fewer than five hundred and eighty-three already in confinement, with cart-loads of fresh ones coming in every week.

"To set at rest the question of the possibility of all the individuals convicted being Thugs, I will state the mode adopted in apprehending and convicting them. At the depot, undoubted evidence was with difficulty procurable; but that impediment was soon overcome by gaining over one or two of the most notorious as approvers; so that now, when a party are apprehended, the cry is "sauve qui peut!" and every one tries to be admitted as King’s approver, the requisite charge, and that, provided they disclose every act of their nefarious life, they shall escape hanging. This leads to a detail of different expeditions in which they have been engaged on the various great thoroughfares of India; and, among other things, to the description of the pits, in which the bodies of their victims are deposited. As soon as their stock of information is exhausted, fresh men are admitted as approvers, and their evidence also recorded. These individuals are subsequently marched, under a guard of soldiers, to the identical spots, sometimes hundreds of miles apart, in which they have described the bodies of the murdered travellers to be buried.

"The officer of the guard, and the attendant moonshoe, are directed, on reaching the place, to call upon the nearest chief village authority, to be present at the opening of the grave, to attest the correctness of the approvers’ evidence. Matters are generally found to be exactly in accordance with the previous statement, and very often the identical tool or implement which the Thug has declared that he has thrown into the pit among the dead bodies of his victims is discovered in their exhumation.

"I once accompanied a party of Thugs in a search of this kind. They pointed out with the greatest accuracy the spot in which, twelve years before, seven unfortunate travellers had been murdered by them, and the ground in the gorge of a hill, a little off the path, the men immediately turned out the skulls and other bones. On another occasion, Captain Sleeman’s tent was accidentally pitched on the very grave, and before the bodies could be exhumed the carpet had to be removed, as, then, is the convincing proof of the correctness of the evidence, and the next is equally conclusive. As soon as two or three approvers were obtained, by means of a little judicious management, the one caste was set against the other, so that however much disposed these men might be to save their own relatives or caste, the jealous opposition is now sure to prevail; and as a free confession was the stipulation on which life was to be spared, these men dare not withhold the names of any of their friends—their ostensible occupation, and residence.

"When this information is obtained, a second party is dispatched to seize their denounced companions, and to search their houses. The mounted soldiers and infantry sepoys acquit themselves most ably when on this duty. Marching in disguise, they are never suspected; and as soon as they arrive in sight of the village inhabited by the strangers, they follow a path till dark, and then move on. Under cover of the night the village is effectually surrounded by the troopers, and a part of the infantry soldiers, while the remainder make the best of their way into the interior.

"Having by this means made security doubly sure, the party is called on, and desired to point out the particular houses of the men who are named; this information is no sooner obtained than the dwellings are unceremoniously entered, and the Thugs generally secured. Should the Jemadar of the village have pointed out the wrong house, with a view to afford the culprits time to escape, they are sure to fall into the hands of the piquets, who are on the watch outside. By the time that these fellows are properly secured, the town or village community is in a pretty general uproar, at the horrifying idea that their next-door neighbours, Gunga and Sooper Sing, Hosien Ali, &c., should turn out to be Thugs, and they not know of it.

"In the houses of these miscreants, property to a considerable amount is generally found; consisting of Venetian diamonds, pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones, Spanish dollars, valuable swords, shields, Cashmere shawls, and the rich manufactures of Benares. So extensive has been the amount of this recovered booty, that after returning to the representatives of the murdered travellers, all that was justly proved to belong to them, the diamonds, pearls, Cashmere shawls, shields, swords, Venetian diamonds, and Spanish dollars, sold for the benefit of the government, have realised a sum sufficient to pay for the erection of two new prison-houses at Saugor, as well as all other incidental charges up to the end of the year 1854. These circumstantial proofs, coupled with the conflicting testi-
mony of their companions, who were present at the murders, together with the different collateral evidence, present a mass of facts too powerful to be rebutted, so that, very often, the prisoner at once voluntarily acknowledges his offence.

"George Swinton, Esq., Chief Secretary to the Supreme Government in India, to whom all the reports of the Thug trials were made by Mr. Smith, for the final decision of the Indian government, before the sentences were carried into execution, was induced, previous to his leaving Hindustan, in 1833, from the interest which he takes in phrenology, to request Mr. Smith to procure from me the skulls of a few of the Thugs. I presented him with seven heads, which I caused to be decapitated from among a party of twenty-nine, who were executed at one time. At the same time I gave him a descriptive paper was forwarded with these heads. Upon their arrival at Edinburgh, Mr. Swinton placed the skulls and paper at the service of the Scotch phrenologists; and, with a very complimentary notice, Mr. Coombe inserted the latter in the phrenological Journal, together with a supplementary paper from his nephew, Mr. Robert Cox.

"Sentence of death was pronounced in a very impressive manner, by Captain Sleeman, on different parties of Thugs, executed during my residence in Sauger. The criminals, drawn up in a semicircle round the bench on which the judge was seated, were surrounded by a strong guard of musketeers and dismounted cavalry. The warrants were placed before them, and each name, as called out by the Court, was repeated by the Sherištahdar. At the conclusion of this ceremony, Captain Sleeman addressed them in the Hindustanee language, in a few sentences, which may be rendered thus:—

"'You have all been convicted in the crime of blood; the order from the Calcutta Council therefore is, that, at to-morrow's dawn, you are all to be hung. If any of you dare to make any further communication, you may now speak.'

"'As a literal translation can only convey a very imperfect idea of the force of the expression employed, I shall make no apology for subjoining the original Hindustanee.

'Khoon men sabit khoon, Calcutta ke coun-
cil se hukam, 'Fujer ke wagt

toom phansee pawega, Jo Tomara jee men
took khino khe so kheho.' Few answered;

"those who did reply merely requested, as a dying favour, that their bodies, on being taken down, might be burnt. One hardened villain, however, as he was turning round to leave the court, turned up the solemnity of the scene, by muttering:—

'Ab, you have got it all your own way

now, but let me find you in Paradise, and then I will be revenged!' The night was passed by these men in displays of coarse and disgusting levity. Trusting in the assurance that, dying in the cause of their calling, Dhowanee would provide for them in Paradise, they evinced neither penitence nor remorse.

"Stifling their alarm with boisterous revelling, they hoped to establish in the minds of their comrades who could hear them through the wall, a reputation for courage, by means which, at once, proved their insincerity, and belied their fortune. Imagine such men on the last night of their existence on earth, not penitent for their individual errors, or impressed with a sense of the public mischief to which they had contributed, not even rendered serious by the dismal ordeal which in a few hours was to usher them into an unknown world; but, singing, singing in the condemned cell, and repeating their unhallowed carols while jolting along in the carts that conveyed them to their gibbets!

"When morning came, numerous hackeries drew up to the gaol door, taking five men in each. They looked dreadful when guarded. As one cart was laden after the other, it was driven away, surrounded by sepoyas, with fixed bayonets and loaded muskets. The place appointed for the executions was on the north side of the town of Sauger, about a mile and a half from the gaol. 'Rookshut Doctor Sakib,' 'Salam Doctor Sakib,' were the salutations which I received, as I rode by the wretched tumbrils which were jolting them to execution. The gibbets were temporary erections, forming three sides of a square. The upright posts which supported the cross-beams were firmly fixed in stone masonry five feet in height. From either side of these walls foot-boards were placed, on which the unhappy criminals were to land on reaching the top of the ladder. The cross-beams were each provided with ten running halters equidistant from one another. As each hackery load of malefactors arrived, it was taken to the foot of the respective ladders, and as one by one got out he mounted to the platform or foot-board. Their irons were not removed. All this time the air was pierced with the hoarse and hollow shoutings of these wretched men.

"Each man as he reached to the top of the ladder, stepped out on the platform and walked at once to a halter. Without loss of time he tried its strength by weighing his whole body on it. Every one having by this means proved the strength of his rope with his own hands (for none of them were handcuffed), introduced his head into the noose, drew the knot firmly home immediately behind the right ear, and amid
terrible cheers jumped off the board and launched himself into eternity! Thus in the moment of death we see a scrupulous attention paid to the preservation of caste.

To wait to be hung by the hands of a chamar, was a thought too revolting for endurance. The name would be disgraced for ever, and, therefore, rather than submit to its degradation, every man hung himself!

"The number of executions in the years 1830, 1831, and 1832, amounted to 46."

"As the reader may feel curious to know the opinion of the Scotch phrenologists regarding these heads, I shall take the liberty of extracting a part of the supplementary paper furnished by Mr. Robert Cox, the curator of the Edinburgh Museum, and nephew of Mr. Coombe.

"The peculiarity is, that destructiveness is not a predominant organ in any of them; and yet they were murderers. This fact, although it might appear to a superficial observer in opposition to their character, is in reality perfectly consistent with it.

When destructiveness is the predominant organ in the head of an individual, he delights in taking away life from 'ruffian thirst for blood,' but the Thugs murdered obviously for the sake of robbing, and under the influence of other motives immediately to be explained; and also because they had been trained to this mode of life from their infancy." The skulls show that combination of large organs of the animal propensities with comparatively moderate organs of the moral sentiments, which predispose individuals to any mode of self-gratification and indulgence, without restraining them by regard to the rights and welfare of others. The Thugs belong to the class of characters in which I would place the captains and crews of slave-ships, and also the more desperate among soldiers; that is to say, men who individually are not quite so prone to cruelty, that they would of themselves have embarked in a murderous enterprise unsolicited; but who, when temptation is presented to them, feel little or no compunction in yielding to it.

"These skulls are of smaller size than the European average. Circumstances more suitable for the cultivation of the lower feelings, and unfavourable for the strengthening of benevolence and conscientiousness, than those of the Thugs, it is impossible to conceive: even veneration and love of approbation, which, when rightly directed, serve to regulate the selfish feelings, are here rendered the prompters of destructiveness and acquisitiveness. It is not merely the size of the organs of these last two propensities that we are to regard; for in many cases the practices of Thugs are little if at all dictated by them. Dr. Spry states it as his opinion—and the opinion exactly accords with my own conclusion, drawn from the examination of the skulls—that 'many boys go on the roads as Thugs because their fathers do, and not from any inherent ferocity of disposition.'"

"The influence of the priests is great in leading to the enormities detailed by Dr. Spry. When the instructors of the people are men 'not ashamed to declare openly, that untruth and false-spwearing are virtuous and meritorious deeds when they tend to their own advantage,' it is far from wonderful that the naturally weak morality of the instructed should become still more weak.

Nor is it at all surprising, that the authority of men looked up to with awe, for their promises of eternal felicity, should be very influential in giving life and vigour to the animal propensities.

"The love of approbation is a powerful stimulant to the commission of the atrocities of the Thugs. In a letter published by Captain Sleeman in the Calcutta Literary Gazette, and reprinted in the Calcutta Magazine for September, 1832,' that officer tells us 'that after a man has passed through the different grades, and shown that he has acquired sufficient exerty, or of what we may call nerve or resolution, and which they call 'hard-breastedness,' to strangle a victim himself, the priest, on a certain day before all the gang assembled, before they set out on their criminal expeditions, presents him with the anga (or romal) (the handkerchief with which the strangling is performed)—tells him how many of his family have signalized themselves by the use of it—how much his friends expect from his courage and conduct; and implores the Goddess to vouchsafe her support to his laudable ambition, and endeavours to distinguish himself in her service. The investiture of the romal is knighthood to these monsters; it is the highest object of their ambition, not only because the man who strangles has so much a head over and above the share which falls to him in the division of the spoil, but because it implies the recognition of his comrades of the qualities of courage, strength, and dexterity, which all are anxious to be famed for.'"

"Cautiousness is strong, and marks the whole of their proceedings. Dirgpaul's head has the organ more developed than either of the others. Dr. Spry mentions that at his execution 'his caution prevented him from being too precipitate.' The leer of this man was probably the effect of self-esteem. The sexual propensities are strongly developed in the whole"
seven. Adhesiveness is fully developed. Dirgpaule, who has the largest philoprogenitiveness, spared and adopted an infant belonging to a company of whom every individual was murdered. This is a fine illustration of the independent existence of benevolence and philoprogenitiveness. The developments of individuality and locality correspond with the memory and power of observation which the Thugs manifest. Dr. Spry tells us that the accuracy with which these men will, after a lapse of several years, point out the spot where the murdered are laid, is truly surprising. ‘Conscientiousness is in most instances developed only in a moderate degree. The only large conscientiousness is that of Hosein.’

This formidable detail of the terrible nature of the cobra renders the account of the manoeuvres of the snake-charmers still more unaccountable, but we must defer entering upon this matter until our next number.

The present, Dr. Spry declares is his first publication; and such a first work is not often seen. The generality of writers gain their fame by gradual advances, by gradations of improvement that are very apparent; and others occupy at once a high place in literature, by the publication of a work which, at its first appearance, is hailed as a standard one. This is certainly the character of Dr. Spry’s Modern India: we consider it a most valuable acquisition to the libraries of all who read for amusement as well as to gain general information, but of vital importance to all those who are destined to take up a residence in Hindostan.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library. No. 22.
Life of Henry the Eighth; founded on authentic and original Documents.
By P. F. Tytler, Esq., F. S. A. Oliver and Boyd.

The deeper that historical antiquarians dig among the national records and existing autographs of the reign of Henry the Eighth, the more reason has the world to be astonished at the turpitude of the monster. Since the publication of Mrs. Thomson’s esteemed biography of this woman-killing sovereign, fresh sources of information have been laid open by the liberality of government, and the documents of the State Paper-office having illumined several dark passages in that era, a new history of this important reign was urgently needed, and when we announce one by the author of the biography of Sir Walter Raleigh, the literary world will allow that the publishers of the “Edinburgh Cabinet Library” have put it into excellent hands. The volume is a collection of facts, many of which have never been beheld by the public eye before; among these, we find a letter in Henry’s own hand, which casts some light on the obscure condemnation and accusation of Catherine Howard, by which it appears that the queen was promised her life if she would confess her youthful indiscretions, which promise, we know, availed the wretched victim nothing. Our author has promised us an unpublished letter of Sir Thomas More’s at the end of the volume, but has forgotten it. He gives a striking anecdote of Henry’s reception of the tidings of Sir Thomas More’s death, which we do not recollect seeing in any other work.

“When an account of the last scene was brought him, being at that time playing at tables with the queen (Anna Boleyn*), he cast his eyes upon her, and said, ‘Thou art the cause of this man’s death’: after which, rising up, he immediately left his play, and shut himself up in his chamber in great perturbation of mind.’

This was the first mutter of the tempest that received additional fury when Anna Boleyn displayed unbecoming levity at hearing the news of the death of the admirable Catherine of Arragon. Mr. P. F. Tytler does great justice to this most excellent princess. The historians in general, even Sir Henry Ellis, charge her with stubbornness and inflexibility. If these were serious errors, when employed in a good cause, Mr. Tytler has entirely acquitted her of them, from the perusal of the state papers which form such important features in the present work. The author assures us that her answers are marked with “great dignity, meekness, and talent.” Our author is the only modern Protestant writer who has ever depicted the rapacious and unprincipled Thomas Cromwell in his true light: in this he has not followed the opinions of any historian, but has drawn Cromwell from the evidence of his own note books, and memorandums kept by him, for the dispatch of business when prime minister.

* See this portrait and memoir, published in the “Lady’s Magazine and Museum,” Sept. 1, 1833.
"Some of these have been preserved," says Mr. Tytler, "and they exhibit him as equally tyrannical and unjust, despising the authority of the law, and unscrupulous in the use of torture."

If men will write themselves down villains, they must be judged by their own testimony. Those who swerve from the truth that need have long memories, is a well-known axiom; and to avoid this inconvenience, Cromwell, it seems, kept memorandums, the blackness of which now appears through the whitewash bestowed on his memory by Burnet and other partisans. The public will follow with an eager interest Mr. Tytler's entertaining abstract of Cavendish's memorial of the last hours of Wolsey. Cavendish, who was, in reality, the devoted adherent of Wolsey in his misfortunes, which the public have considered. Cromwell gives a scene exceedingly worth the attention of the reader, when Cromwell is preparing to decamp from his fallen master. Cromwell had the exquisite knowledge of character to be aware that to accuse or abuse the patron who had cherished him would not recommend him to a man of Henry's acute perceptiveness, who was an inexorable judge of every man's wickedness but his own, and who felt as much disgust at the display of selfishness as if he had been of more than mortal virtue.

Again, the reader is enabled to appreciate the true value of another of Burnet's popular idols, the Earl of Hertford, afterwards the Protector Somerset. Mr. Tytler, from our national documents, draws aside the veil which has hitherto shrouded the dark workings of this titled parvenu against the life of the pride of England's ancient nobility, the gifted Earl of Surrey; and his great father, the Duke of Norfolk, the hero of Flodden-field, through his father, was principal commander. Whatever were his faults as a private character, Mr. Tytler truly affirms.

"From the time he captured the celebrated Scottish seaman, Sir Andrew Barton, to his suppression of the rebellion called the pilgrimage of grace, his life had been little else than an uninterrupted series of benefits conferred upon his country."

Norfolk's life was preserved, as is well known, but his more worthy son's destroyed through the jealousy of Hertford. To his illegal trial, Mr. Tytler says "the earl was summoned from Kennington, where he was engaged in his favourite literary pursuits." Is not this a misprint for Kenninghall, in Norfolk, one of the principal seats of the Howard family? his Our readers may be assured that the biography in its compendious and convenient form, contains all that is important in other histories of this reign, and much more to which the public have not till very lately had free access; it is an admirable digest of facts, and a faithful help to the acquisition of true ideas, and as such we with great satisfaction recommend it.

The embellishments of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library" are always better chosen and better executed than those of any of its rivals: the portrait of Henry the Eighth after Holbein and Houbraken, is a capital one, with the forehead decidedly marked, seldom seen in modern engravings of this prince, but we can trust the minute drawing of Holbein, and the excellent work of the graver of Hosburgh, one of our best portrait artists of the present day.


The views in the sixth number of the Ports and Harbours are wholly marine; the vignette is a perfect piece of art in that department: it is pronounced to be critically nautical by the best judges of shipping, and we can bear witness to its picturesque beauty in the tender aerial distance, and the enchanting effect of the evening sun on the calm air and water. The design of this and its four companions is by Cooke; the engravings by E. Finden. The next in merit is the Rigging Hulk and Frigate, Portsmouth. The two ships nearest to the eye are given in a fine bold style, and the masts of the half-rigged frigate are handled in a manner exceedingly agreeable to the eye; but we do not like the work to the right, the foremost building is hard and near. Nearly the same defects occur in the plate called Gosport. On the right hand the hulks are too hard and strongly-toned for their gradation of distance, and the principal building intrudes too much on the eye for just perspective. The rest of the picture is a fine noble view of the "Victory." The old Victory, of Trafalgar celebrity, saluting her port-admiral, who is paying her a visit in his barge, accompanied by the commandant-general.
We like the distances better in the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour, but are not much in love with the handling of the sea, which is in imitation of some of Turner's freaks: our naval friends have faulted the nautical toilet of the cutter, to our eyes she looks very picturesque. We see the Victory again in the distance. The effect of the sky is not so good as we are used to in this work, the forward cloud is heavy. The view from the saluting platform, Portsmouth, is least in our esteem; the angular nature of the fortifications not being favourable to pictorial beauty, nor is the picture pleasingly illusive. These views must be extremely interesting to all those connected with the navy, presenting as they do in varied succession every grand object that appears when approaching the town by sea.


Of this work, the first plate in the eighth number is a second queen, Margaret of Anjou, by Herbert; not certainly so good as that in the last number, but still possessing considerable merit. The costume of the hair, crown, and veil, are that of the times of Margaret; but the gown is a combination of the styles of the reign of Francis the First, Henry the Fourth, and Louis the Fourteenth, mingled together for the dress of a lady of the present day. Lady Anne, from Leslie, is expressively drawn and forcibly engraved: she would, however, suit better as the ghost in the tent of Richard, than as his queen. Cook has given great power to the engraving of Lady Macbeth: the dress is magnificent and very well handled, yet the lady herself is more, in person, like what one of the witches ought to be, than the heroine of the tragedy. Chalon has given a very unfavourable likeness of Fanny Kemble to this character. There is a defect in the drawing of the throat and bust, yet it is a striking plate altogether.

Constance is in perfect costume, save and except that rich luxuriance of fair curls, which in reality would have been all closely packed under veil and wimple by a royal or noble matron of that day, however youthful she might have been: the face is most beautiful in its passionate sorrow. Arthur is in person too babyish, either for Shakspeare's character or history; but his face is full of sweet and natural concern; and the whole of the engraving is peculiarly light and delicate in tone. This group would make a charming subject for some of our fashionable tableaux vivants: we recommend the study of it to our friends for that purpose. Catherine is pictured just as she is considering the propriety of bestowing on Petruchio a box on the ears, which we really think he richly deserved; as we see no good reason why any lady, wild or tame, meek or xenish, is to be courted and married, whether she wishes for a master or not. We own we always take Catherine's part, and are grieved at the petulant cowardice which made her frightened at the blustering of Petruchio. It is a curious proof of Shakspeare's true anatomy of the human heart, that he has drawn Catherine without a single trait of mirthfulness; for if she had entered into Petruchio's character as a humourist, one hearty laugh would have dispelled all his plans. But Catherine is weak and credulous, overbearing in freedom, and servile in slavery. Stephanoff in his personification of Catherine, has entered fully into the imbecility of such a gloomy and violent disposition; the scowl of the eyes, the turning down of the corners of the small cross mouth, and the brooding look of gathering passion, are excellently well imagined; the overthrown vase of flowers, and the slight disarrangement of the hair, and very becoming dress, are all in good keeping. With all this, Catherine is, in fact, a fine woman. The engraving is a very spirited one, well-toned and powerful.

It was a pretty idea to adorn Miranda with a circle of shells, something like the pearl bandeaux now in fashion. This design has far more merit than the engraving to the hair, which is so charmingly imagined by Meadows as floating on the sea-breeze. Mote has scarcely given the requisite lightness. The left hand is too small by half—a fault we have often noticed in modern art: if extended, the hand would not cover that small face. Yet though not altogether faultless, there is much of poetry and beauty in this figure, and we look at it with pleasure.
DRURY LANE.

Melpomene has vanquished before the presence of Euterpe. We have scarcely had an attractive tragedy during the month. "La Sonnambula," "The Maid of Artois," "The Mountain Sylph," "Fair Rosamond," and "Cinderella," have been the nightly fare, and at the reduced fare: a fair sprinkling of fair faces may have been observed in the boxes of Drury Lane.

Mrs. Wood has taken poor lamented Malibran's parts of Amina and Isoline. Mrs. Wood possesses, perhaps, the greatest compass of voice of any English singer. But we must own, that in the characters Mrs. Wood has taken in "La Sonnambula" and "The Maid of Artois," we think unfavourably! We recall Malibran to the spot she so lately occupied, before that very scenery. So gentle—so beautiful!—so young! We ask,—could Mrs. Wood, could any actress now on the stage, perform the part of Amina, so as to draw down the plaudits of a crowded house, without uttering a single note? This Malibran did (in consequence of labouring under a severe cold), and thereby stamped herself one of the greatest actresses, as well as the finest singer of our day.

We have said that the legitimate drama has vanished, and opera reigns. We allude to the recent coolness between the lessee and Mr. Forrest, causing the latter to withdraw from the English stage. We know not whether the public ought not to quarrel with the lessee for this infringement on their pleasures; for although we did not admire the comedy of "Violette" as a comedy, yet we did in many things. The proprietor of the Patent Theatre Royal, seems to have taken out a patent for a new instrument to be called the Discordian! Let us recollect;—Power, Macready, Farren, Kemble, Vandenhoff, Wood, Edwin Forrest, *cun multis alitis*, have been set jiggling to the playing of the lessee's patent bagpipes. However, we must not say too much, if all's true that's printed; for Taglioni is now, or shortly will be, among us; and the exquisite German,—Schroeder Devrient,—is to take part in young Balfe's new opera. We understand she speaks our language with great fluency. We also hear that Pasta is expected! If all this be true, the prices must again ascend.

COVENT GARDEN.

The chief novelty here is a new play, written by Sheridan Knowles in his teens, and now first acted, "Brian Boruimhe, or the Maid of Erin;" the latter name certainly the more easily pronounced. The plot runs thus. *Erima* (Miss Helen Faucit), daughter of *Brian Boruimhe* (Knowles), King of Ireland, is carried off by *Tormagnus* (G. Bennett), a Danish chief: *O'Donohue* (J. Webster), her betrothed, goes to her rescue, which he effects, but is himself taken prisoner by the enemy; however, his life is preserved by *Vortimer* (Vandenhoff), a disconcerted Danish veteran. *Erima*, disguised as a minstrel, gains admission into the Danish camp, *in her turn*, to rescue her lover. *Elektha* (Mrs. West), a Danish lady of *royal* an amorous cast (but not in the eye) has cast her eye on the Irish warrior, and determines to set him at liberty, and fly with him to some green peaceful dell. She allows the minstrel to enter the prison, but discovering her to be a woman, by the softness of her hand, betrays her to Tormagnus, who very kindly, for all concerned, decides on sacrificing the prisoner *O'Donohue*, and taking the lady minstrel to himself. But, alas! for all earthly projects, when the martyrdom of *O'Donohue* is about to take place, *Brian*, the gentleman king with a long name, marches in, and vanquishes the Danes; and the curtain being united, the actors and audience are closed in by the falling curtain. Although the drama will not support Mr. Knowles's reputation as gained by "Virginiius" and "The Hunchback," yet there are some beautiful touches of poetry, every here and there, peeping out, which are evidently the work of some goosequills which had not been roasted, when our esteemed friend Knowles was fond of gooseberry-fod. Miss Helen Faucit, the author, and Vandenhoff, performed with much spirit and talent.

A new farce, entitled the "Modern Opyheus," by Webster, is a piece of considerable merit; and with the excellent acting of Farren and Mrs. Glover, nightly causes the audience to be convulsed with laughter. A new tragedy, laid in the reign of the first Charles, is in rehearsal; it is written by a friend of Macready's, and is to be produced this night (May 1st) for his benefit, but under his direction; it is called "The Earl of Strafford."

Macready has performed several of Shakspeare's heroes during the past month with much *éclat*.

KING'S THEATRE.

On the 8th ult., Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, made their first appearance this season, in Bellini's opera of "Puritani." As soon as the doors were open, the pit and gallery were crowded to excess. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria, were unexpectedly in their box before the rising of the curtain. The applause on Grisi's appearance was tremendous; and on that small man Lablache's stepping forward, it became so deafening,
and continued so long, that they must have been tired of the excitement. With such a company the most fastidious might have been satisfied, but the spirited lass is seen not to have been so, for on Tuesday, the 18th, we had a lady introduced to us, who seized upon the beautiful Guilietta Grisi. Madame Albertazzi, who on that evening made her début in Rossini's opera of "La Cenerentola," is by birth an English-woman; her father being a Mr. Howson, a gentleman of some musical talent: at little more than the age of fifteen, she married Signor Albertazzi, an Italian; and even now, when we expect she is about to become the idol of her countrymen, she can scarcely have numbered one-and-twenty years. Her fine contralto voice, which in much reminds us of Malibran's, is heard to great advantage, in "Nacqui all'affanno," and again in "Non piu mesta," and "Now". Madame Albertazzi, in person, is a little below the middle stature, and of pleasing appearance, perhaps, if any thing, she is hardly sufficiently animated. On Thursday, she took the part of Zerlina, in "Don Giovanni," for the benefit of Coulon. The charming Duverney is to be succeeded in the same department by Heberlé. The crowd was tremendous, probably fifty persons had their coats torn off from their backs. When Heberlé was acting her part in the chamber-scene of the ballet, some article on the looking-glass caught fire, and but for her great presence of mind, in instantly removing it whilst in full blaze, in all probability the scenery would have been consumed. The house was at first greatly alarmed, and when they beheld her presence of mind, the audience much and deservedly applauded her. This was last Thursday.

ST. JAMES'S.

"The Postillion" has drawn into the rear, where he still continues to be heard, laughing and chatting as he gallops along. Boy's "Village Coquettes" introduced a new tenor singer; report says he is an acquisition to the company. Morris Barnett has returned in his original character of Monsieur Jacques, which is a gem. Mrs. S. C. Hall's dramas will not add to her fame, as the writer of some of our very best Irish stories. There is however, much fun from that strange gentleman, Harley, and his grandmother, going in this fashionable region; and we cannot boast too much praise on the management, although we ourselves stand nothing indebted, even for the critic's free admission to their quarters. It is, however, the best conducted theatre in London or Westminster. We hope Braham is doing well. A new opera, "The Eagle's Nest," from the German, by Mr. Logan, is about to be produced.

ADELPHI.

Here we have a version of the Pickwick adventures, into which Buckstone has endeavoured to work the tale of "The Maniac," as a plot whereon to string Boz's inimitable beads of wit. Although we cannot help laughing, yet every attempt to drag Mr. Pickwick on to the stage has been, in a degree, a failure. "We have no hesitation in saying" this mania of the managers of the minor will, when the fized air has escaped, do nothing to Mr. Charles Dickens much harm. We have every respect for him as a writer, and can only lament his handling being stage-struck. We know not who made the gingle on his name, which appeared in his (Bentley's) Miscellany; it was scarcely fair after we had made the identical pun in prose, which he was well aware of. And the idea of the opening song for March to the tune of "March! March! see!" was entirely copied from a paper we have seen before. However, Mr. Yates's Pickwick won't do; Buckstone's single is better, but far below the real character; and John Reeve's (be it believed, or doubted, says he "never drinks anything but ale") Sam Weller, is his own entire. T. D. Rice has sprung or jumped, and is springing or jumping, the money fast into his pockets; he will have good cause to crow when he gets back to a merry-court. "The King of the Danube" is the nightly finale,—such is English taste among the unwashed! Mrs. Yates takes her benefit on 1st of May: the pieces are, Buckstone's "Victorine," and "The Man about Town." Wrench assuming his original character.

THE OLYMPIC.

There is nothing very new at this elegant little house; nevertheless, there is not a better or cheaper hour's fun to be had in the metropolis. We are sorry to see so talented an actress as Eliza Vestris in difficulties, which we find to be the case, from an appeal to the public now going the round of the papers, but which is too long for us to extract. It briefly states that her name will appear in the "Gazette" as a bankrupt; but she hopes that two reports which have been circulated will not be believed; first, that the cause of her failure consists in the failure of the Olympic; or secondly, from personal extravagance. We shall make no comments; but we fear it is but a thin veil she has tried to throw over the real cause of her misfortune.

ASTLEY'S.

The indefatigable Ducrow has astonished the town, by the exploits of a company of French wrestlers, who challenge any English amateur, who may think proper, to risk three throws with them. This is decidedly an ancient English pastime, and we hope
some of our Cumberland youth will take up the gauntlet for the honour of their country. The new melo-drama, "Ludovic, the Corsican, or the Vesper Bell," is likely to prove attractive.

NEW CITY OF LONDON.

Thespia in the east! Comus among the weavers! Fun knocking at Norton Folgate! A new theatre built by Beazely, the architect of the St. James’s and English Opera-house, has been opened for the amusement of the natives of the eastern world. (Natives in general don’t like to hear about opening.) A version of the Pickwick papers, together with the rale Jim Crow, who works double tides, are the chief attractions. Williams, so excellent in old men’s parts, is Pickwick; and Wilkinson, late of the Adelphi, Sam Veller de facto. The other pieces are among the horribles.

SURREY.

A new nautical drama, called the "Larboard Fin," affords T. P. Cooke, when he has not got the gout, a capital opportunity of displaying his talent as a British tar.

THE CONTINENTAL WORLD OF FASHION.

In addition to our usual letter (see page 344), we beg this month to present our readers with a general view of fashions at Paris, without the trouble of their going there. The following contains an account of every pronounced fashionable costume in Paris, for and after the month of May.

We beg further to state that Mr. Dobb’s, who has the exclusive publication in England of Le Follet, in which annually appear ninety engravings, has made such arrangements that any work from France can be supplied in future weekly. Specimens of each of the following, can be seen at the office of publication of the Lady’s Magazine and Museum, 104, Carey Street.

Le Novéauté. — Dress of tulle. The corsage à pointe, made plain to fit the bust, with a satin piping down the centre of the front, in which a slight whalebone is inserted to keep the corsage in situ: the back is plain. Round the bosom is a reers, or low pelerine, pointed in the centre of the back and front, and likewise on the shoulders. Short sleeves, with full tops, taken into a very broad band, and finished by a double lace ruffle, which falls over the elbow. The skirt full, with ribbons down each side of the front: these ribbons consist of two rows of lace, about a finger apart, put down each side of the dress; between the rows of lace are six bouquets, placed at distances, the flowers small towards the waist, and increasing gradually in size as they go down.

Coiffure. The front hair in smooth bands as far as the temples, where it falls into full long tufts of ringlets. The back in two very high coques (bows), retained at the base by a braid. These bows are very far back on the head: two ornamented arrows are run through the bows, a wreath of full-blown roses goes entirely round the head, and a string of pearls crosses the brow. White kid gloves. White shoes.

Walking Dress. Hat of pink figured satin. The front long at the sides, and très évasée (very much off the face): the crown of the bonnet is rather high, and not quite flat at top; the bavolet (crown) not deep, but full. A small bow satin ribbon is placed at the right side, and a second over the bavolet. The blonde border goes all round, and a wreath of roses, placed at distances and without foliage, crosses the brow. Dress made en redingote. The corsage perfectly plain to fit the bust. The sleeves full at top, in one large puff, brought very low upon the shoulder: below the puff are two very deep frills, cut the cross-way, and with very little fulness, which fall a good way below the elbow. These frills are edged with a fiseré (piping), the lower part of the sleeve is tight to the arm. The skirt, which is put on to the corsage, without any ceinture between, is full, and in plaits round the waist. A fur trimming goes round the body of the dress, marking where a low corsage might finish. The same goes down the front of the skirt, and two rows of fur retain the plaits at the top of the sleeve. Hair brought low at the sides in smooth bands, the ends falling into short ringlets. Small cambic collar, trimmed with lace. White gloves.

Le Caprice. — Toilette de spectacle — Dress of pale blue satin. The corsage is half high, and tight to fit the bust. The sleeves are remarkably low on the shoulder, and quite plain and tight at top: the next part of the sleeve, as far as just below the elbow, is very full; it is finished below by a deep plain cuff, reaching nearly to the elbow. A low pelerine fastening at back, and sloped off to a point at the centre of the waist, both at back and front, nearly conceals the corsage. This pelerine, as well as the bottom of the dress, is trimmed with swansdown; two rows of the same are upon the sleeves, above and below the full part. A small rouleau of satin, a shade or two deeper than the dress, is put round the pelerine, sleeves, and bottom of the dress, close above the swansdown trimming. A short scarf made of wide ribbon is round the neck; the outside edge is trimmed all along
with a very narrow blonde. The part of the
ribbon that goes round the neck is quilled
on to a small piping, the remainder is left
loose; the ends of the ribbon are embroidered
in floss silks. Turban à la Juive of spotted
tulle, lined with blue gauze, the ends are
fringed, and a pearl ornament is in the cen-
tre of the front.

Hair in smooth bands, the ends in ring-
lets. Turban of green gauze, ornamented
with gold fringe, and two knotted ostrich
feathers.

Half cap of blonde and lilac satin ribbon.
The frame of this half-cap is made in chip
and wire, and covered with lilac ribbon: two
rows cross the front of the head, and one
goes round the back; a deep and full half
border of blonde, which is made to sit up-
right en aile de papillon (in the style of the
wing of a butterfly) is put on at the right
side, and goes (but narrower) all round the
back of the cap, till it reaches just below
the left ear. Border of this aile de papillon,
a bow of ribbon retaining a light
bouquet is placed; a second large bow,
with two long ends, is at the left side; and
a smaller one, also, with ends at the back.

Three gold pins, with ornamented heads,
are stuck into the bow at the left side. The
strings, which are yellow, are of white
ribbon. This half-cap, showing the hair at
the top, is particularly adapted for dinner
dress.

Cap of blonde, the caul round and with-
out ornament. A deep, double, and very
full border of blonde commences at one
temple, and going round all the back of the
cap, reaches to the other. This border is
particularly deep at back, a small flower
is placed at the right side, beneath the border:
a bow of very wide, pink broche (figured)
satin ribbon, with long ends, ornaments the
back of the cap.

Hat of straw colour poux de soie. The
front excessively large and deep; the crown
round, and with the silk in folds upon it. A
bouquet of mixed flowers ornaments the
front of the hat; and a large bow, with
excessively long ends, is placed quite at the
right side; the bavolet is deep and full; a
border goes all round the bonnet.

Gazette des Salons.—Dress of striped
velontine (a material composed of Cash-
mere wool and silk), with a deep flounce at
bottom; the flounce has a very small
heading of the same; that of straw colour
satin, ornamented with two long feathers,
placed in front, and drooping in the style
of the willow feathers. The front of the
hat is lace, and the side very round to the
face. Large Cashmere shawl. Hair in
ringlets.

Journal des Dames et des Modes.—
Redingote of striped florestine (a rich
silk). The corsage made to fit quite tight
to the bust; the waist being rather longer
in front than at back, gives the appearance
of a very small point. The sleeves are
quite plain and tight; the tops ornamented
with small puffs (put on), cut of an oval
form, pointed top and bottom: very small
pelerine, round at back, and not meeting in
front. The latter, as well as the front of the
dress, is ornamented with puffs of satin,
resembling those on the sleeves, that of
white gros de Naples. The front large, and
sitting round to the face. It is ornamented
with a branch of white lilac, placed at the
left side. Hair in ringlets, intermixed with
flowers.

Dress of plaid silk, with two flounces.
White satin hat, the front excessively deep,
ornamented with white and lilac satin rib-
bon, and a plume of mixed feathers. Pur-
tle velvet shawl, with a gold torsade trim-
ing all round, and gold tassels at the
corners.

Le Caprice. — Dress of Abuchar tis-

tissue (a material resembling mousseline de
laine). The corsage is quite plain, and only
plain. Sleeves plain at the shoulder, in
two puffs (à la François Ier.), between
that and the elbow, the remainder plain.

They have besides three narrow frills, one
above and below, and the third in the cen-
tre of the taking in of the sleeve; the two
lower ones have bows of ribbon placed on
the outside of the arm. An embroidered
cambre ruffle, with a lace on each side,
ornaments the bottom of the sleeve. Leg-
horn hat; the front very large, and the
hat itself turned up at back (preventing
the necessity of a bavolet, or curtain). A
large bow of satin ribbon, retaining a
plume of feathers, is placed at the left side.
The lining and ribbons are pink. Very
small, white pelerine. Hair in ringlets.

Black lace fichu (on stand). A square
of black tulle or blonde, trimmed all round
with a lace put on very full: the lace is
deepener at back and on the shoulders, but
becomes gradually plainer towards the end.

Second Plate of Caprice.—Bust. No. 1.
Grecian coiffure, ornamented with straw
colour ribbons. Dress of spotted silk.
The corsage and sleeves perfectly plain;
depth ruffles of black blonde. Black blonde
fichu, the same as the one just described
(see description of plate, No. 3).

Bust. No. 2. Grecian coiffure, orna-
mented with pearls and silver wheat.
Dress of pink poux de soie. Short full
sleeve, fichu of white spotted tulle, trimmed
with lace. The fichu is precisely the same
as the black ones, with the exception of a
few plaits being put in the back, and re-
tained with a small piece of entredeux
(insertion).

Bust. No. 3. Coiffure, demi-Grecque,
terminated with pearls and wreaths of rose-
buds: the front in ringlets, the back twist-
ed. Dress of white satin. Corsage à
pointe, with very full draperies à la S-
The Continental World of Fashion.

Bust, No. 4. Collofure, the same as the last. Half high dress. Corsage plain; long sleeves, brought low upon the shoulders, with one single puff and two very deep frills falling over the elbow, the remainder tight. Cambric chemisette.

Bust, No. 5. Front hair in a single long ringlet at each side; back in three curls or bows; a full-blown rose is placed at the right temple. Corsage bow in the neck, with a polonaise drapery.

Head, No. 6. Hair. The front hair in double braids, à la reine Berthe, descirling at either side of the face. Collofure composed of guaze and flowers, ornamented with gold lace. A demi-circle of roses crosses the brow, and finishes at each temple with a bowknot (bow) of guaze.

Petit Courrier des Dames — Drawn capote of gros de Naples. The front larger, and sitting much off the face. The crown high and high, in the style of the crown of a cap. A bag of ribbons with long ends is placed at the right side, and a scarf over the braid at the back. Dresses of white muslin over pale lilac, the skirt ornamented with a bow frill, bordered by a rich embroidery alone on the dress. Yellow patches on the bust, in the form of a very large half-fraiser. Embroidery embroidered all round and trimmed with rose. This mixture has the effect of a shawl at the back, and of a muffler with long ends in front; it turns over at the neck, and forms a collar.

Singeur Fugire — Réglage of decor ou coton de soie embroidered to dress to the face. The cordon is made on the same as the tail of the shawl was made, with a few points at the ends to make it tie. The shawl is tied on the way down, with a short scarf and a fouta at the back. This shawl serves not only to serve the shoulder, but is three inches wide; with three flowers, each with a bow frill, which keeps their stuff and its side. The collar of the shawl is placed on the front. Made in smocking.

Second Plate. Journal des Dames et des Modes.—Planche de détails.—(1) Dress of white sat. Corsage, with a very small point, plain, full short sleeves, a bow of guaze ribbon in the centre of the front of the corsage. Collofure. Front hair en bandeau; back, a braid en couronne, ornamented with roses, and two bands of grosse (red currant colour) velvet ribbon round the head.

(1) The couture of this figure is the same as that just described. Dress of pois de mouton, muslin (straw colour) corsage, and plain sleeves in three puffs.

(2) Dress of blue silk corsage drapé en cuir. Short tight sleeves, which are entirely covered with two deep falls of blonde, Tulle of gros de camas; hair in bandana, à la Leucandie (the ends frizzed inside, and turned up with ornamental ends).

(3) The back of the same and dress. Dress of serpente (black muslin), trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbons. Collofure à la France antique, à la Grecque; hair arranged in the Grecian style.

Pompon for theatres of green satin, white, and trimmed with swansdown. Groomed to wear under a bonnet, of gros de camas velvet ribbon, and on a frame of gold and wire; a bow of wider velvet ribbon at the front, rather far—on the sides.

Le DIMANDE des Salons. — Walking dress. White dress, ornamented with a deep frill, fastened at the edge. Scallops of mortar sable, purple; the corsage of the spencer made plain to fit the bust. Sleeves an demi-pièce, that is, brought low upon the shoulder, down whence the sleeve is long, as far as just below the elbow; the remainder plain, as in the arm; a trimming of yellow satin, set plique (plique) goes round the arm of the sleeves, and down the side and back of the spencer in the style of a soutane. Fine embroidery, embroidered collar, etc.; with hat ornamented with feathers, and a half wreath of mixed flowers above the brow, crossing the brow. Deep frills on the neck.

Walking dress. Dress of green muslin, square neck. The corsage plain, and

Riglot. Sleeves quite plain and tight, double ruffles.

brow (without ends) is placed at the point of the corsage, and small detached bouquets along the ribbons. Round the bottom of the sleeves and bosom of the dress is a blue satin rouleau: to the latter is affixed a blonde tucker. Small bows and bouquets on the shoulders, and bows only at the centre of the corsage, front and back, and on the lower part of the sleeves.

Collofure; front hair in large curls; back in a single bow and high braid: a very small bouquet of blue flowers springs from the bow, and a long ostrich feather droops to the left side.
vigneté. Sleeves quite plain and tight, double ruffles.

Bust, No. 4. Coiffure, the same as the last. Half high dress. Corsage plain: long sleeves, bateau at the shoulders, with one single puff and two very deep frills falling over the elbow, the remainder tight. Cambric chemisette.

Bust, No. 5. Front hair in a single long ringlet at each side; back in three coques or bows; a full-blown rose is placed at the right temple, the Corn of a bow low in the neck, with a pelerine decolletée.

Head, No. 6. Hair. The front hair in double braids, à la reine Berthe, descending at either side of the face. Coiffure composed of gauze and flowers, ornamented with gold pins. A demi-guirlande of roses crosses the brow, and finishes at each temple with a noed (bow) of gauze.

Petit Courrier des Dames.—Drawn capote of gros de Naples. The front large, and sitting much off the face. The crown full and high, in the style of the caul of a cap. A bow of ribbon with long ends is placed at the right side, and a second over the bateau at back. Dress of white muslin over pale lilac silk: the skirt ornamented with a deep flounce, headed by a rich embroidery done on the dress. Shawl mantelet of muslin, cut in the form of a very large half handkerchief, embroidered all round and trimmed with lace. This effect is that of a shawl at back, and of a mantelet with long ends in front: it turns over at the neck, and forms a collar.

Sitting Figure.—Redingote of poux de soie, embroidered in floss silks down the front. The corseage is made en châle (in the style of the shawl waistcoats), with a few plaits at the waist to make it sit. The sleeve is tight all the way down, with a short sleeve put on at top: this upper sleeve sits in tight plaits upon the shoulder, it is then confined with a narrow band, and it terminates with three flounces, edged with liseré (piping), which keeps them stiff and sitting full. The ceinture of the redingote is à pointe in front. Hair in smooth bands.

Journal des Dames et des Modes.

—Ball dresses. Dress of blonde tulle over white satin. The corseage à pointe: the sleeves short and tight to fit the arm, with a single ruffle à la Louis the Fifteenth. A broad blue satin ribbon, trimmed with a narrow blonde at each edge, goes down each side of the front of the dress en tablier: like robings, the one goes to the bottom of the dress: that at the right, only to the knee, where it is finished with a bow and long ends of ribbon; the skirt is also looped up as far as this. A very small bow (without ends) is placed at the point of the corseage, and small detached bouquets along the ribbons. Round the bottom of the sleeves and bosom of the dress is a blue satin rouleau; to the shoulder is affixed a blonde tucker. Small bows and bouquets on the shoulders, and bows only at the centre of the corseage, front and back, and on the lower part of the sleeves.

Coiffure; front hair in large curls; back in a single bow and high braid: a very small bouquet of blue flowers springs from the bow, and a long ostrich feather droops to the left side.

Second Plate, Journal des Dames et des Modes.—Planche de détails.—(1) Dress of white satin. Corsage, with a very small point, plain, full short sleeves, a bow of gauze ribbon in centre of the front of the corseage.

Coiffure. Front hair en bandeaux; back, a braid en couronne, ornamented with roses, and two bands of grosseille (red currant colour) velvet ribbon round the head.

(1.) The coiffure of this figure is the same as that just described. Dress of poux de soie, paillé (straw colour) corseage, un (plain) sleeves in three plaits.

(2.) Dress of blue silk corseage drap en cœur. Short tight sleeves, which are entirely covered with two deep falls of blonde. Turban of gaze ecossais (plaid gauze); hair in bandeaux a la Lecaudie (the ends frizzled inside, and turned up with ornamental combs).

(2.) The back of the same turban and dress.

(3.) Dress of organdi (book muslin), trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbons. Coiffure de jeune personne à la Grecque; hair dressed in the Greek style.

Pelerine for theatres of green satin, waddled and trimmed with swansdown. Ornament to wear under a bonnet, of grosseille velvet ribbon, made on a frame of chip and wire; a bow of wider velvet ribbon at each temple; blonde border, plain in front, rather full at the sides.

Le Messager des Salons.—Walking dress. —White dress, ornamented with a deep flounce, festooned at the edge. Spencer of mauve: satin (purple); the corseage of the Spencer made plain to fit the bust. Sleeves en demi-gigot, that is, brought low upon the shoulder, from whence the sleeve is full, as far as just below the elbow; the remainder tight, to fit the arm; a trimming of satin in set plaits (tuyant) goes round the tops of the sleeves, and down the front and back of the Spencer in the style of a pelerine. Flat cambric embroidered collar. Green satin hat, ornamented with feathers, and a half wreath of mixed flowers under the front, crossing the brow. Deep cambric ruffles.

Walking dress. —Dress of green Amadis satin. The corseage plain, and
Chapeau en paille de riz orné de roses de guêtres de M. Desse, rue Richelieu.

Mantelet en soie de soie et Robe en satin Gazande des Mme. de Gogelin et Ogé, rue Richelieu.

nearly covered with a pelerine of the same, pointed at back and front. Amadis sleeves, viz. the sleeve plain and tight all the way down, with a double trimming cut the cross-way. The material, and placed in the double (two falls of this,) put on just above the elbow; a trimming, cut and plaited in the same manner, goes round the pelerine. Flat blonde collar. Lilac satin hat, with a very long ostrich feather, springing from the front of the crown. Hair in ringlets, intermixed with small detached flowers. Cambric ruffles.

Gazette des Salons. April 20th.—Dress of soie flamme (a kind of clouded silk). The corsage plain, and half high. Long tight sleeves, with two deep frills put on at top. Center at back with a panel in front. Habit shirt, frill turning over the corsage. Tulle cap à la Paysanne, the caul round and high, but very small; the border is double, quilled on, and deeper at the sides than at top; strings (brides) of tulle. Hair in very long ringlets.

La Courrier des Dames.—April 20th. No. 1334.—Hat of paille de riz, the front excessively large, and much off the face, ornamented with flowers, and a deep blonde veil. White muslin dress, with deep embroidered flounce; the flounce open in front, and rounded; a heading of open-work and embroidery, and is of the top of the flounce. Corsage half high, and quite plain. Long sleeves, taken in at distances with narrow bands. Shawl mantelet, of netting. Hair in thick ringlets.

Sitting Figure.—Redingote of broché and striped silk. Corsage plain, and half high. Sleeves, with three frills put on at top; the lower part quite tight. The dress attached down the front, with bows fastened by buckles. Yellow gloves.

Messager des Salons.—April 17th.—Bust. Coloured satin corsage, with a white gauze skirt. The corsage is half high, and en cœur in front. A revers, like that of a shawl waistcoat, turns over at top, and is trimmed with a deep lace. Tight long sleeves, with three deep and full frills of blonde, put on at top at distances. A frill of blonde goes also round the bottom of the ceinture. Front hair in plain bands, back, in two coques (bows), with blonde lappets falling from the coque. A frill of blonde goes round the head. Two full-blown roses are placed at each temple, and another at the side of the coques at back.

1. Blonde cap, ornamented with marabout and roses. The caul is rather high, and the head-piece small; the border, plain in front, is rather full at the sides.

The second cap is the same, with the exception of the head-piece being deeper, and the border going full across the front. Blue ribbons.

2. Hat of checked satin, the front very large, and setting round to the face; the crown high, and round at top: the bows, which are very full, are of satin ribbon, and placed very much towards the front. The bateau is deep and full. Underneath the front is a blonde cap.

Pink bonnet, precisely the same as the above.

3. Satin hat, edged all round with a ruche (quilling) of tulle illusion. A half wreath of full-blown roses ornaments the underneath part of the front of the cap. It is finished at the back by two bows, with ends of satin ribbon.

Second Plate, No. 4.—A bolero of satin, the front large, très evasé, rounded at the lower part, and setting close to the face. The crown is round at top, and the material in folds. A light flower springs from the centre of the front of the crown: a second, a bouquet of white lilac, droops at the right side of striped satin. The corsage, l, a poîte, both at front and back, with a revers or pelerine decolleté put on at top; the sleeves tight; the tops ornamented with two narrow frills, quilled on, and surmounted with headings of puffed satin ribbon. A garniture (trimming) of the same goes round the revers: a puffing of ribbon goes also round the lower part of the corsage, and another forms a heading for the deep flounce at the bottom of the dress. Hair in plain bands, bandeaux lisses.

Sitting Figures.—Gives the back of the cape and dress: the sleeves have three deep frills on the tops. Large round cambric collar, trimmed with cambric.

Journal des Dames et des Modes.—April 20th. No. 3457.—Riding Dresser.—Casimir riding habit: colour, bleu Haiti. The collar, cuffs, and facings of black velvet; ornaments of black silk braid, coletette and jabout (frill) of fine cambric, edged with lace, and small plaited. Toque a la "jolie fille de Perth," of black velvet, with gold tassels. Hair in large curls.

Le Bon Ton. April 20th. No. 177.—Dress of watered gros de Naples: the front of the corsage gathered across, and retained by small rouleaux of satin. Sleeves in four rather full puffs to below the elbow, the lower part tight. Skirt very full, and worn without a ceinture. Chapeau à la religieuse. The front excessively large, and off the face, ornamented with ribbons and flowers. Hair, one long ringlet at each side.

Second Figure.—Green casimir skirt. White canecouchet, with large sleeves. Riding hat.

Le Bon Ton. April 20th. No. 178.—Riding habit of dark green casimir, with
black velvet collar; the corsage buttoned down the front. Velvet toque. Hair in ringlets.

Second Figure.—Redingote of poux de soie. The corsage full, with a plain piece put in at top in the style of a blouse. Sleeves in two bouffans, separated by quiltings of ribbon; a trimming of the same goes down the front of the dress. Satin hat, ornamented with two large bunches of lilac placed at the left side. Hair in bands.

Hat on stand. The same as the others, but showing the crown.

Second Plate.—Caprice. April 20th—Dress of Bengaline tissue. The corsage half high, fitting tight to the bust, with the least possible point in front. Sleeves perfectly plain and tight, cut the cross-way of the material. Embroidered cambic ruffles, the tops cut in dents de loup sautoir, tied round the neck. Hair divided all along the centre of the head: the front in full tufts of long ringlets; the back dressed very low on the neck, in braids.

Second Figure.—High dress, with a plain corsage. Hair in ringlets, with a bow of velvet ribbon at each temple: back hair en couronne. Rich Cashmere shawl.

Second Plate.—Caprice. 1. 2, 3, and 4, models of straw bonnets: the three first are nearly alike; the fourth is rather different, on account of the bavolet (curtain) being of straw, and turning up. The fronts are excessively large, and the crowns rather high, and going small towards the top.

5. Dress cap à la Paisanne; the caul very high, particularly at back, with a double trimming of deep blonde crossing the top of the caul, and coming down at the sides. The border is also very full, and goes all round. Long lappets of blonde doubled from each side of the cap, and trimmed of blonde. A light wreath of coloured flowers goes across the front of the cap.

6. Morning Cap.—High round caul, with a very small head-piece, border deep, and double across the front. Bavolet deep and full; pink ribbons; a bow over the bavolet, and a second (but small) quite at the left side. This latter retains a small bouquet. A single flower is placed under the border at the right side.

7. That of gros de Naples, ornamented with plaid ribbons, and a branch of white roses. Tulle veil.

8. That ornamented with a plume of ostrich feathers.

9. Drawn capote of poux de soie. The front very large, ornamented at the edge with a rauche of satin ribbon. A bouquet of roses is placed rather low at the right side.

Petit Courrier des Dames. April 10th. No. 1341.—Hat of paille de riz, ornamented with a cassowary feather, drooping towards the side. Dress of mousseline de laine, the dessin (pattern) appropriated to the flounce; corsage plain. Mantelet Lamballe of black guaze, trimmed all round with a gaze taynaté (gauffred), and ran on in two places.

Second Figure (1341).—White muslin dress. Mantelet the same as the others, confined in folds on the back of the neck in five places, with small straps of satin. Hat with straw front and silk back, the crown made like the caul of a cap; ribbons to match.

Journal des Dames et des Modes. April 10th. No. 2433.—Hat with paille de riz front and satin back, the caul high and in folds, ornamented with flowers, and a veil of point d'Angleterre. Redingote of poux de soie, corsage plain, sleeves tight, with three frills put on at the elbow. Pelerine pointed in front; the latter is trimmed with a quilling of pink satin ribbon, which continues down the front of the dress; bows of satin ribbon.

Second Figure (2453).—White muslin skirt, with two flounces, embroidered and headed with open-work. Black satin Spencer, corsage tight; collar to turn over en châle; sleeves plain, with three frills cut like tabs, put on above the elbow; a small jacket at back.

Le Bon Ton. April 10th. No. 175.—Hat of paille de riz, lined and trimmed with rose colour, and ornamented with a plume nuance (a shaded feather in white, pink, and green). Dress of clouded silk, the corsage made to fasten at back, with a little fullness at the centre of the waist. Tight sleeves, ornamented at the tops with narrow frills, put on lengthways, and very close together. The trimmings at the bottom of the dress matches that upon the sleeves; it consists of three frills placed close together, and going diagonally, and being every three at distances from each other, has the appearance of a shell trimming. The liserés (pipings) are of rose colour satin.

Second Figure (175). Redingote of watered gros de Naples. The front of the skirt, made en tablier (with robings cut in dents de loup or mitres). Corsage plain; sleeves tight, cut back, till along the front of the arm, and a puffing of silk let in. A small rosette of satin ribbon is placed on each shoulder, and another to fasten the ceinture in front. Hair in ringlets.

Second Plate of Bon Ton. April 10th. No. 176.—Dress of tissu Memphis. The corsage, half high, fastens in front, and has a trimming of the bouillos kind put on in form of a pelerine. Sleeves tight, with three double frills put on at top; the skirt has two narrow flounces at bottom. Hat of satin, ornamented with feathers; the front very large, and sitting round to the face. Hair in ringlets, intermixed with blonde and flowers.
Second Figure (176.)—Dress of gros de Naples; Cashmere shawl. Hat of watered gros de Naples.

La Gazette des Salons. April 12th. No. 119.—Dress of stradella silk (a figured silk); the corsage crossed in front, and coming in folds from the shoulder to the waist. Plain tight sleeve, with a short one over, in the style of a small Venetian sleeve: this short sleeve is not open to the top, but is confined half way between the shoulder and elbow, with a narrow frill. Leghorn hat, with pink ribbons, and a bouquet of field flowers, the underneath ornamented with wild roses. Hair in long ringlets.

La Nouveaute. April 13th.—Redingote of watered gros de Naples. The corsage made à revers, with a trimming à dentis, which also goes down the front and round the bottom of the dress. Sleeves plain, with two double frills (at top) placed at a short distance from each other; a pointed cuff at the bottom of the sleeve. Hat of satin, the front very large and sitting off the face; the crown high, a bow of ribbon, retaining a rose, is placed at the right side. Hair in plain bands.

Second Figure. April 13th.—Ball dress. Dress of crapie, ornamented at the bottom with a deep blonde flounce, and flowers placed at distances; the corsage plain; sleeves short and tight. A very deep blonde goes round the bosom of the dress and the sleeves; flowers on each shoulder, sleeves square; at front and back of the corsage. Front hair brought in bands to below the temple, and then braided à la reine Berthe; the back in two coques and high braid; a long branch of flowers, to match those upon the dress, droops over the high back coiffure.

Journal des Dames et des Modes. April 15th. No. 3454.—Ball dress. Dress of pink tulle over pink satin. Corsage, à pointe, with draperies à la Sévigné. Sleeves short and plain, with very small puff of satin let in, and finished at bottom with a quilting of the same. The skirt is likewise ornamented at bottom with puffings of satin let in, and bunches of accacia. The same flower ornaments the corsage sleeves, and coiffure; the latter (coiffure) is quite in the Sévigné style.

Second Figure. 3454. Blouse décolleté (low blouse) of organdi (book muslin), with a square embroidered piece put in at the shoulders, and a sleeve with embroidered ruffles. Coiffure fastened at back, consisting of a small rosette, with two very long ends.

Petit Courrier des Dames. April 15th, 1342.—That of watered gros de Naples, ornamented with blonde and a large branch of acacia. Dress of foulard plaid silk, corsage low, sleeves tight, with two double frills put on at top, and a deep-pointed cuff turned up at bottom; the skirt of the dress ornamented down the front with a narrow frill trimming of itself. White muslin mantlet, embroidered all over, and trimmed with a deep lace or embroidered frill. The mantlet is attached at the waist with a bow of ribbon. Hair in large frizzed curls, intermixed with bunches of pink acacia, which descend low at each side of the face.

Second Figure. April 15th.—That of green watered gros de Naples, the same as that just described with a veil of spotted tulle. Dress of printed muslin with a deep flounce edged with very narrow lace. Schall en filet de soie (in netting done in rather fine black silk): this shawl is six quarters, and so made, with two corners rounded, and two corners pointed; that it forms either a shawl or a mantlet, for the latter the two rounded corners are at back. A thick fringe, likewise of netting, goes all round.

Second Plate Petit Courrier. April 15th. No. 1343.—Hat of watered gros de Naples, a large rosette bow of tulle net ribbon, and ornamented and surrounded by a quantity of rose-buds, is placed quite at the left side; the brides (strings) are likewise of spotted tulle, the ends pointed and trimmed with very narrow lace, are brought through the coiffure a thick guirlande of rose-buds crosses the brow, and finishes on the right temple with a bow of ribbon, with long ends; the front of the hat is much off the face. Dress of Cashmere muslin. The corsage plain and open at the neck, with the habit-shirt frill falling over. Sleeves tight, with three narrow double frills, placed at distances. The dress, which is open in front, is lined and bound all round with a red currant colour satin (à cheval) binding. Ceinture of the same, lierres, bows at the wrist, and the large bow fastening the skirt to match. Hair in band.

Second Figure. (1344.)—Toilette d’Intérieur. Muslin dress, embroidered pelerine canezou, with falling collar, and trimmed with lace. Cap of tulle, head-piece drawn in with narrow ribbons, crown gathered in the centre, with a rosette of gauze ribbon, and long ends. A second rosette is placed quite at the right side of the cap.
Messes J. and G. Cooke's Morning Concert.—The first of these fashionable evening entertainments took place on the 21st of April, at the Opera Concert Rooms, and we heartily congratulate the beneﬁciaries on the rich musical treat which they afforded their friends. From the high station which these gentlemen hold in the musical world, it was to be expected that the selection would be of the first order, nor were our expectations disappointed. The concert commenced with the overture to the "Siege of Rochelle," which was admirably executed by a first-rate band. The novelty of the day was "Haydn's Joy Symphony," which elicited bursts of applause. This singular production, which was composed for the amusements of Prince Esterhazy's children, consists of three movements, in which are introduced all sorts of joys, such as cuckoos, whoosles, bath bells, drums, rattles, penny trumpets, in short, every species of unsavoury musical toy; and yet so cleverly was it managed, that the effect produced was indescribably good. Mr. J. Cooke gave an excellent solo, with a most elaborate cadenza on the miriliton, which was perfect of its kind, and drew forth shouts of laughter and applause. This is the second of Haydn's extraordinary compositions which Mr. Cooke has been the medium of bringing before an English public. Last year he brought out "Du Abscheind Symphony," in which the performers leave the orchestra one by one, until at length the leader finds himself alone. The vocalists consisting of Mrs. Bishop, Miss Rainforth, Miss M. B. Hawes, Miss Novello, Mrs. A. Shaw, Misses Rubini, Hobbs, Hawkins, Allen, Balfe, Seguin, H. Phil.

lips, together with the gentlemen of the Vocal Society, exerted themselves most successfully. Please notice, being our motto, we select from the performances of the ladies, though the labours of all were good. Miss Rainforth sang "Fly, soft ideas," with a delicacy of expression, and a légère, truly fascinating. Under the excellent guidance of Mr. J. Cooke: this young lady promises to be a first-rate singer. Mrs. Bishop sang "Le montagnard écoissais," by Panselou, very beautifully, accompanied by Mr. G. Cooke on the oboe: his sweet and beautiful tones quite enchanted us; but he was, nevertheless, suffering evidently from severe indisposition. Giulio Regondi delighted us with a solo on the concertina, an instrument lately introduced from Germany: he is really a clever boy, and has done wisely in bestowing his talents on a better instrument than the guitar, which in all hands, even those of a pretty woman, is intolerable. The room was fully and fashionably attended.

Court-Suit of the Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, at the Drawing-room, on Thursday last.—A semi-transparent white dress, trimmed with Spanish lace and ribbon, united at the sides in a most tasteful manner; manteau of rich blue satin, with corsage à pointe, and jewelled in front. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones; necklace, earrings, &c. en-suite.

The Duke of Devonshire has presented to his niece, Mrs. Harcourt (late Miss Cavendish), a valuable bracelet and suit of brilliants, on the occasion of her recent marriage.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Births.
On the 7th, in Finsbury Place South, Mrs. Neil Malcolm, of a son.
On the 10th, in Newington, the Lady of Capt. Wm. M'Cnair, of a daughter.
On the 13th, in Eaton Place, the Lady of Rev. Thos. Fuller, of a son.
On the 16th, in Lincoln's Inn, Mrs. J. Evans, of a daughter.
On the 14th, at the Duke of Bedford's, Belgrave Square, Lady Claxt. Russell, of a daughter.

Marriages.
On the 6th, at St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, by the Rev. Latcombe Richards, rector of Buxby, the Rev. St. Vincent Lowe Hamnick, vicar of Milton Abbot, Devon, and second son of Sir Stephen Lowe Hamnick, Bart., to Mary second daughter of Mr. Alexander, Esq., of Gloucester Place, Portman Square.
On the 18th, by Special License at St. George's Hanover Square, by the Rev. Mr. J. Yonge, Henry Hall, Esq., of Langham Place, Lower Holbrooke House, Somerset, to the Hon. Catherine Louisa, daughter of Right Hon. Lord and Lady Hood Bridport.
On the 7th, at Maidstone Church, by the Rev. G. L. Marham, Peter Richard Hoare, Esq., Jun., of Clayton Hall, Lancashire, and of Kelley, Kent, to the Lady Sophia Marham, eldest daughter of Earl of Romney.

Deaths.
On the 10th, at her house in South Audley Street, the Hon. Mrs. Anne Vernon, aged 84.
On the 10th, at Hampstead Heath, the Rev. Hon. Lady Elizabeth Eleanor Dundas, relict of Major-General Thos. Dundas.
On the 17th, at her house Devonshire Place, Mrs. Grey, widow of the late Robert Grey, of the Duchy of Cornwall.
NINON DE L’ENCLOS.

Born 1666        Died 1705

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

VOL. X.

No. 32 of the series of ancient portraits

1837

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THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM,

A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES AND STORIES, IN PROSE AND VERSE, INCLUDING
IMPARTIAL REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c. &c.

(During the present year (1837) we promise our readers the portraits of Four English Queens, which we trust will be as well executed as that of Queen Elizabeth.—(See January last.) New subscribers may be glad to know (seeing the chain there is in the histories of most of the celebrated women whose portraits, according to the list on the wrapper of this work, have been already published), that, with some exceptions, sets, or single copies of the numbers already published, can be had of the publishers of this work, or by order of any bookseller.)

JUNE, 1837.

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

MEMOIR OF THE CELEBRATED NINON DE L'ENCLOS.
(Illustrated by a whole-length Portrait, splendidly coloured from the original at Versailles.)

The name of Ninon de l'Enclos has found its way into all collections of biography, both French and English, and in every one she is mentioned with an extraordinary degree of praise. The French savants, who, on the systematic corruption of female morals and religion, founded the basis of the French revolution, had their own motives in lauding the conduct of a female who was by premeditation and principle a free-liver and a freethinker. English writers, without perceiving their motives, have copied their panegyric, and assumed the name as the title of a work of a miscellaneous character, and we have moreover heard the name of Ninon pronounced with complacency by the lips of lovely and virtuous English women, as if it were a sound that commanded a sentiment of tenderness and respect. If our readers will give us a few minutes' attention, we will perform a duty the public have long needed, and from the testimony of her contemporaries show them what the Ninon really was, whom they have admired through the medium of the praises of the literati of the eighteenth century.

Anne de l'Enclos, commonly called Ninon, from the caressing diminutive of her Christian name, was born on the 15th of May, 1615. She was the daughter of a pair as ill matched as if they had been drawn together by that law of contrarieties which is often supposed to inspire the greatest love. Her mother was blindly bigotted to the most puerile observances of the Romish church,—her father an atheist of the voluptuous Epicurean school, who in his youthful days had hurt his health and his fortune by the mad pursuit of pleasure, until he believed that it was his want of prudence, and not his want of virtuous and religious principles, that made him miserable. Thus self-nurtured, he inculcated in the tender mind of his beautiful daughter that pleasure was the chief good, if enjoyed with a selfish regard to health and property.

It was, therefore, not the least probable that the young Ninon could imbibe any high regulating principles of
virtue from either parent. Possessed of acute percep
tiveness, and the power of reasonings on what she saw, she plainly
beheld that her mother placed her de
pendance on mere ritual observances, and had an irrational veneration for re
lics, processions, and impertinent repeti
tions of ill-directed prayers. Neverthe
evertheless, under this abuse of veneration there was, perhaps, some spiritual religion, for
the lady on her death-bed earnestly re
commended to her only child the seclu
sion of a convent as a shelter from the atheistical principles indulged in by her
father.

But Ninon preferred the world; her father's ways she deemed to be those of pleasantness and peace; she felt convinced that the misery in which the votaries of pleasure are generally plunged, arises entire
ly from their careless expenditure of health and fortune, and she set out in
life, at the early age of fifteen, with the extraordinary intention of becoming prudently vicious! Unfortunate Ninon! daughter of an atheist and a bigot, thou wert not aware that each parent had abused the high faculties of his soul, and that veneration, such as thy mother's, if guided by thine own regulating powers of mind, would have led to a happier result.

The prudential or regulating powers of the mind of Ninon were not, however, sufficiently unassisted by the Spirit of God to lead her to the conclusion,—"That virtue's ways are ways of happiness, and all her paths are peace." Ninon supposed that poverty, contempt, and ill-health, were the only evils the votaries of pleasure knew, and that if she could avoid these, she might pursue a licentious life, and enjoy the highest degree of (what she considered) happiness. She not only avoided these evils, but retained her beauty double the period which falls to the lot of other women. Before this memoir is concluded, we shall see her opinion of the result of her experiment.

Her father had begun to cultivate her mental faculties as soon as she could speak. She showed an extraordinary quickness and aptness in acquiring the first elements of education. While she was a girl of eleven years old, her father made her read the works of Montaigne and Charron, and used to reason with her on selfish philosophy. Instead of the general conventional seclusion during the period of education, he introduced her into society at Paris, of which his wit and gaiety made him an ornament. At that tender age Ninon was distinguished for her bon mots, her fine understanding, and her philosophic spirit. She cultivated music, played well on several instruments, sung with the greatest taste, and danced with inimitable grace; and her smile was either arch or soft, according to the species of witchery she chose to practise. Such was Ninon when she was left to the guidance of herself and her fortunes, at the almost infantile age of sixteen, young in years, but old, indeed, in knowledge of the world, and the worst part of human nature.

The father of this damsel was the last descendant of an ancient family of Tour
raine; he belonged to the class of the territorial nobility of France, whose rank was generally appreciated by the extent of their possessions. M. de l'Enclos had so greatly encumbered his patrimony, that if he had been the father of several children their provision would have been very scanty, but as it was all inherited by one daughter, the property was far from contemptible. Young as she was, when she lost her father, she applied herself with the greatest perseverence and in
dustry to the adjustment of his im
paired finances, and by judicious ma
nagement she found that she had ten thousand livres per annum from her estate in Touraine, and sufficient to pur
chase a life-interest in a house in the rue de Tournelles at Paris; she had likewise a beautiful country-house at Picpus, where she always retired during the autumn. The results of her free
thinking principles then began to be ap
parent; she entered life with the delibe
rate intention of becoming a woman of pleasure; she scorned the tie of matri
mony, not from a love of virtuous celib
acy, but from a detestation of the sacred ties of a wife.

The wise and good will often bestow a sigh of pity for those of their sex who have been led into error through igno
rance, weakness, and perhaps destitution; but this gratuitous wickedness ought to inspire them with none other feeling but unmixed horror. She was rich, clever, learned, lovely (in person and manner), and beloved, yet she deliberately forsok
the paths of female rectitude almost without temptation: for of the absorbing
sentiment of love which takes possession of the very soul and life of some of the most highly-gifted human beings, she spoke with scorn; her words were, that "love is a sensation, and not a sentiment."

Ninon's youth was passed in the intimate society of Marion de Lorme, a woman who was styled the Aspasia of France. Marion was a self-educated person, who had emerged from the lowest ranks of life; she had led an irregular life, but when her intellect received the blessings of cultivation, she became susceptible of a faithful and virtuous attachment; and it is said she was privately married to the Marquis Cinq Mars, the interesting and unfortunate favourite of Louis XIII. Marion was better than Ninon, for as soon as she was freed from the fetters of want and ignorance, she tried to lead a new life. But Ninon, who was born above those temptations, voluntarily became a votary of vice.

One of the most infamous of her triumphs was the seduction of the Marquis de Sevigné from his young and distinguished wife. She utterly corrupted the principles of this nobleman, and inspired him with a furious passion, which in all probability proved his destruction. The Marquis de Sevigné fell in a duel in 1650: as he and his antagonist were both left dead on the spot, no one knew the cause of the encounter, but it was supposed that Sevigné had refused to be dismissed by Ninon when she was tired of his company, and that he became jealous, and challenged a nobleman whom he thought was her favourite. What can we think of a woman who after this laid siege to the heart of the son of the marquis, on his first introduction to society, and enrolled him among the train of her lovers? And yet all this atrocious woman's biographers speak of her probity and goodness of heart. Let us see what the excellent mother† of the young Sevigné says of Ninon in her celebrated letters; she addresses her daughter, Madame de Grignan‡ —

"Your brother wears the chains of Ninon; I wish they may do him no harm. This same Ninon first corrupted the morals of his father; there are minds that would shudder at such a liaison. Let us commend him to God. A Christian, or at least one who wishes to be a Christian, cannot see these irregularities without concern. But, oh! that Ninon is a dangerous creature! if you only know how she argues upon religion, it would make you shudder. Her zeal to pervert the minds of young people is dreadful: I am greatly concerned for the harm she does my son, but do not take any notice to him about it. Madame de Fayette and I do all we can to wean him from so dangerous an attachment.

"Ninon has completely discarded him—he was miserable while she loved him; and now he knows she loves him no more, he is in perfect despair, especially as he hears she speaks slightly of him."

"It is the merest water-gruel creature," says she, "no better than a sheet of wet paper, and his heart is as cold as a pumpkin fricaseed in snow."

Madame de Sevigné goes on to detail something like a fiend's trick of this woman:—

"She got from him the other day the letters he had received from his actress. You must know she was jealous of this princess of the stage, and wanted to show them to a gallant of hers, in hopes that he would break the poor girl's bones, or at least give her a beating. When your brother told me what he had done, I represented to him how base it was to betray a poor girl who had loved him, particularly as she had returned all his letters to him again: that giving hers to any other woman was mean, unmanly, and unworthy a man of rank. He acquiesced in the justice of this remark, and ran directly to Ninon's lodging, where, partly by force, and more by cunning, he got the poor actress's letters out of her hands, and I made him burn them directly he came home."

So much for the benevolence of Ninon, so much praised by her biographers of the eighteenth century: we find, however, her contemporaries knew her better.

With what clear judgment of character does the admirable Madame de Sevigné appreciate these irregularities of conduct in her son.

"Sevigné," she says, "is not a fool in head, but a fool in heart: it is his heart, not his head, that ought to wear the cap and bells."

Notwithstanding the immoral conduct of Ninon, she was received into the best society among the French nobility. Literature seems in those days, and for some time in England as well as in France, to have given a sort of immunity for the bad conduct of women; and this is one of the causes of the unpopularity of learned
women. Madame de Sevigné quotes the sayings of Ninon as if she occasionally met her in company. She says in one of her letters,—

"I have been extremely diverted with some of our hurly-burly head-dresses; some of them looked as if they had been blown on to the wearers' heads. Ninon said that the head-dress of the Duchesse de Choiseul was like that of the flaunting hostess of an inn—a most excellent simile."

Another contemporary says—

"I have not seen Mademoiselle de l'Enclos in the first flower of her beauty—the Marquise de la Fare, so celebrated by the poets of her day, that at the age of from fifty to seventy, she had lovers who adored her. Her house, until the last hours of her life, was the point of union for all the wit and talent of France, and the only one where one could pass whole days without either gaming or ennu.

Among the women of that time, Ninon was the first that held up vice as a doctrine; she alone was the founder of that sect of enlightened women, which afterwards became so numerous. She trod with intrepidity that career which none other of her contemporaries ventured wholly to traverse. She continued to preach up deism, independence, and the law of nature; she retained her lovers even in her old age, and died in her impiety. For this reason the scâvans of the revolution paid brilliant homage to her memory, and her eulogium was publicly read in the heart of the French Academy by D'Alambert.

Ninon was the only woman to whom Christina of Sweden paid attention, or wished to see; the abdicated queen paid a visit, and entered into intimate correspondence with her. She called her the illustrious Ninon, illustrious only because she had thrown off female modesty in her time of life. Christina had gone a step further—she had divested herself of the dress, and the decorum of her sex, as well as of its moral restraints.

The following description of Ninon's manners is drawn by Madame de Genlis, who took for her guide the traditions of the French court, and the letters of Madame de Maintenon, de Sevigné and St. Evremond:—

"Like all women who, from their earliest youth, have renounced every virtue of their sex, Ninon de l'Enclos does not possess a single natural quality: what has been praised in her is but the mere result of calculation, or of a system formed by her vanity. As the heart grows corrupted, it, at the same time, becomes callous and exhausted: Ninon is, therefore, equally incapable of attaching herself to a friend as to a lover; she has imbibed all that duplicity that artful coquetry renders indispensable in a life of incessant intrigue; but she possesses great wit, and, in order to distinguish herself among that despicable class into which her natural propensities have plunged her, she has adopted certain rules of her own, from which she never swerves. She, for example, never quarrels with her lovers; as she selects such only as are elegant and accomplished, she wishes to preserve them in society under the title of friends. As long as a lover is passionately attached to her, she suffers his company, though her own illusion may be over, because a rupture, at such a time, could but be violent. She does not break with him till she perceives that his attachment is cooler, and then she proposes to reduce their intercourse to mere friendship. One of her admirers said of her, that she possessed all the virtues of an honest man. As, however, she has neither the veracity nor delicate feelings of honour of an honest man, her probity in not appropriating the goods of others is the single quality common to both; but this virtue being as requisite in the character of an honest woman, this saying means nothing after all.

"In general company, she kept up an exceedingly modest deportment, and in her behaviour to men, there was a singular mixture of coquetry and prudery. She was always rather constrained in the company of her own sex, wishing that men should treat her with the same respect they manifested to virtuous women; but this she never could obtain, for there was invariably a boldness in their mode of addressing her, looking at her, and whispering mysterious freedoms in her ear, besides a certain air of irony and fleeting familiarity which they dared not assume towards other women. She often appeared shocked at a very innocent jest which could scarcely be turned or tortured into an impropriety; yet a moment after she would incautiously utter an indecorous expression which was wholly inequitable. She never held forth openly against morality, but like all women of gallantry, loved to hold dissertations on the passions, and never talked of love but to exaggerate the power and influence of the mere passion."

Ninon was intimate with Madame de Maintenon, then the wife of Scarron, and kindly endeavoured to provide her with a lover. She herself was tired of M. de Villarceaux, a married man, to whom Ninon had been attached for the unexampled time of five years. But

* See this portrait and memoir, Sept., 1835.
Madame Scarron, though young in years, had passed an age of trials and sufferings, and had drawn from them the salutary lesson that peace of mind and vicious conduct are incompatible.

Madame de Maintenon owed her first introduction to the court of Louis XIV. to Ninon de l’Enclos. At her house she met Madame de Montespan* and her family, who being among the wits and literary amateurs of France, resorted to the soirées of Ninon. Madame de Maintenon, who then, as the Widow Scarron, was left in the utmost destitution, was glad to accept the situation of governess to the children of Madame de Montespan and Louis XIV., through the recommendation of Ninon. Madame de Maintenon never forgot the assistance she received from Ninon, which was in her earlier days of a pecuniary nature, and she wished to have her live with her at court; but the solemn confinement of such a life was as little consistent with the refined tastes and pursuits of Ninon, as it was with her culpable pleasures. Madame de Maintenon’s gratitude made her a frequent visitor to Ninon, even when she had arrived at the summit of her greatness.

Ninon may be considered a literary character, though not directly an author; her literary reputation is chiefly founded on her brilliant jeu d’esprit in society and on her letters, some of which have been published among the works of the French literati of her era. We extract some from the life of St. Evremond, a witty French nobleman, who had formerly been one of her captives: he was a libertine in principle, both religious and moral, and a voluptuary in practice. He had been banished by Cardinal Mazarine for a libel, and was supported in London by a small pension granted to him by Charles II., and afterwards augmented by William III. He continued an epistolary correspondence with Ninon till his death. He addressed to her an elaborate essay on the principles of Epicurus, under the title of the modern Leontium. The real Leontium was a Greek lady of immoral life and elegant manners, who was intimate with the philosopher Epicurus. This essay is not only evil in a moral light, but dull, heavy, and pedantic.

St. Evremond likewise wrote a qua-

* See this portrait and memoir, July, 1835. train which expresses the same sentiments—

“L’indulcente et sage nature
A formé l’âme de Ninon,
De la volupté d’Epicure,
Et de la vertu de Caton.”

In her correspondence is found this celebrated observation:—

“The poets are fools who armed Love with a quiver, a bow and a flambeau; the true power of the god resides in the fillet that blinds his eyes. Those who love do not reason, and those who reason do not love.”

We now proceed to give extracts from her correspondence with St. Evremond, which bear some historical interest. She writes in the easy style of Madame de Sévigné, but is evidently without the charm of native benevolence and cheerfulness which we see generally in the letters of that excellent woman.

The letters of Ninon are written in the year 1693, when she was at the advanced age of seventy-four.

“Monsieur de Charlevil is just dead, at which I am so much afflicted, that I endeavour to comfort myself by considering the share you will have in my grief. I visited him every day. His mind had all the charms of youth, and his heart had all the goodness and tenderness that could be desired in a true friend. We often spoke of you and of the original wits of our time. His life and that which I lead at present had a great resemblance. In fine, such a loss is worse than death itself. Pray, let me hear from you; I am as much concerned about your welfare in London as if you were here. ‘Old friends have a value, which is never so well appreciated as when they are absent.’

From Ninon to St. Evremond.

“I was all alone in my chamber, and very weary with reading, when one came and told me, ‘There is a gentleman who comes from M. de St. Evremond.’ Judge you if all my weariness was not shaken off in a moment. I had the pleasure of talking of you, and was informed of your health and occupations, particulars which your letters do not express. Your letters persuade me, that England promises you forty years more of life; for it is in England only that they talk of people who have lived beyond the age of man. I could have wished to have passed the remainder of my life with you; but you thought in the same way that I do, you would be in France now. However, it is very agreeable to remember those persons whom we have loved; and perhaps this separation of our persons has been or-
dained by destiny for the embellishment of my epitaph. I could have wished the friend who bore your letters could have found in me the glory of Niquée, where people never suffer any change: I believe you think me one of the persons enchanted, that has strayed from it. Don’t change your ideas in this matter, which have been always favourable to me; and let this communication of one thought, which some philosophers think better than intercourse by company and speech, endure while we do.

“I told your old friend, M. Turretin,* how glad I should be if I could do him any service. He has met with some of my friends here, who have thought him worthy of the praises you have given him. If he has a mind to converse with the honest abbots who remain here in the absence of the count, he shall be treated as a man whom you esteem. I read your letter before him with spectacles; but they do not ill become me, for I had always a grave mien. If he can be in love with mere mental merri, perhaps your wish may be accomplished; for people here endeavour to console me by this fine word, for the inevitable losses which I feel, which no one else perceives. I understand in England you wished for la Fontaine; we have but little of his company in Paris, the fact is, his intellect is much weakened. This is the fate of poets. Tasso and Lucrectius are instances. I do not think la Fontaine owes the depreciation of his faculties to love powder, for the women he courted could not be at the expense of it.”

St. Evremond’s answer.

“Monsieur Turretin is extremely obliged to me for making him acquainted with you, and I am not a little obliged to him, for being the occasion of the charming letter which I have now received. I don’t question but he found you with the same bright eyes that I used to dazzle myself with formerly. By those eyes, I always knew when you had made a new conquest, which was when they sparkled more than usual, and this gave rise to the ode of Malherbe—

*Cytherea neer was such.*

“You are still the same to me, and though time, which never spared any body, should have exerted its utmost power to produce some alteration in the features of your face, yet my imagination will still be for you. You will still be the glory of Niquée, and suffer no change. I am very sure that as to your eyes and teeth there is no alteration. What you stand most in need of, is my critical judgment, to understand thoroughly the value of your wit which improves every day. You are more witty as Madame de l’Enclos, than was ever the young and sprightly Ninon.”

From St. Evremond to Madame de l’Enclos.

“I have received the second letter which you sent me, which is obliging, agreeable, and witty, in which I find the playfulness of Ninon, and the good sense of Madame de l’Enclos. I know how the former lived, and I learn from you in what manner the other lives. Every thing contributes to make me regret the happy time which I have spent in your company, and to desire in vain to see you once more. I have not strength enough to transport myself to France, and you have allurements there which will prevent your coming to England. The Duchesse de Bouillon can tell you that England has its charms, and I should be ungrateful myself, if I did not own that I have met with pleasures and comforts in it."

“I am pleased to hear that the Count de Grammont has not only recovered his health, but has acquired a taste for devotion. Hitherto, I have been contented with being a plain, honest man; but I see it is expected I should become something more, and I only wait for your example to become godly. You live in a country where people have wonderful advantages, in the matter of saving their souls. There, vice is as much against the court fashion, as it is against morality—sinning is not only wickedness, but ill-breeding, and contrary to court etiquette. Formerly, it was enough to be a rake and a wild rumpole to be in fashion in France, but now it is necessary to be withal an hypocritical scoundrel.

“But enough on a subject in which the news of the conversion of Grammont has engaged me. I believe it to be sincere and honest. It well becomes a man who is not young, to forget that he has been so. This is what I could never arrive at; on the contrary, from the remembrance of my younger years, and the memory of my past vivacity, I endeavour to animate and enliven the sluggishness of my old age. What I find most troublesome at this age is, that hope is lost; hope, which is the sweetest of all the passions, and which contributes most to form our happiness. That which gives me the greatest pain is, that I shall never see you. I must sit down contented with writing to you sometimes, in order to keep up a friendship which has survived time, distance, and the usual coldness of old age. This last word only concerns myself, for nature gives an instance in you that it is possible not to grow old.”
"Pray let the Duke de Lauzun know that I am his humble servant, and inquire whether Madame la Maréchale de Crequi has paid him the five hundred crowns that he lent me; I have been told by letter a long time ago that she has, but I am not very sure of it."

This curious letter is quite an historical document, and alludes to the assumption of religious decorum prevalent in the court of Louis XIV, in his latter years. In the decline of life, the gay, the witty and the prodigal Grammont followed the fashion of the court, and professed virtue when health would no longer permit his irregularities. He married the celebrated Miss Hamilton, who was a virtuous woman and sincere Catholic, and perhaps a spiritual Christian. After her marriage she was earnest in persuading her husband to quit his state of hardened impiety. Notwithstanding his passionate love for her, he continued his former courses till old age and sickness laid a heavy hand upon him; then he began, with what benefit is doubtful, to listen to her pleadings in the midst of an illness which threatened to be mortal. Louis XIV., who had exchanged a life of sin for one of ascetic bigotry, sent the Marquis of Dangeau to him, to beg him to consider the state of his soul. Grammont, with all his former vivacity, turned to his wife, who was attending in his chamber, and said, "Take care, countess, or Dangeau will juggle you out of my conversion!"

To these circumstances St. Evremond alludes in this letter to Ninon. In her answer we find the real result of her experience of a life of prudential wickedness. She was then in possession of marvellous beauty, health, strength, and intellect. She was affluent, and she was held in far greater esteem than she deserved; she had enjoyed all the pleasures of sense and intellect, without suffering the usual pains that are the lot of human nature. Yet these are her words to her fellow free-thinker—"Could I be permitted to recommence my career under the condition that I should follow the same course of life that I have done, I would rather be hanged." Let those who are struggling with the evils of a harsh world, and bearing privations with religious resignation, mark the admissions of those votaries of pleasure, who, like the lost souls in Dante, are comming on their past and present state. Almost in the words of Dante's inscription over the gates of hell, St. Evremond, amidst the assumed levity of his epistle to Ninon, declares the awful truth—hope is lost!

But is it a natural state of mind for human creatures to suffer despair as soon as the effervescence of youth is past, at a time when the lamp of religious hope burns brightest, unruled by the gusts of passion? Surely reason alone is sufficient to inform us that in forsaking their God, these cunning voluptuaries—these worldly wise followers of expediency, had wandered far and wide from the paths of true contentment.

Perhaps, after all, the worst reflection that can be made on Ninon, is the fact that Voltaire was her pupil, and that in early youth he learned from her lips the active and ribald impiety which has in his works endangered, nay, destroyed, so many souls. She bequeathed to her apt scholar, then in his brilliant boyhood, her library and two thousand livres, for the purpose of enabling him to make additions to the collection.

It seems singular that after the admission she made to St. Evremond of her internal wretchedness, that she should persist in making proselytes to her opinions; but that she continued to do so, Voltaire is a familiar instance. The evidence of the letters of these distinguished free-thinkers, brings home to the heart the lines of Cowper, in which he draws the comparison between the acknowledged hopeless state of such, and the happiness of a humble though unlettered Christian.

The Frenchman first in literary fame, With spirit, genius, eloquence, supplied, Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and died; The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew; An infidel in health,—but when sick? Ooh! then a text would touch him to the quick.

View him at Paris, in his last career; Surrounding throns the demi-god revere, Exalted on his pedestal of pride, And fumed with frankincense on every side: He begs their flattery with his latest breath, And smothered by it at last is praised to death.

You cottager, who weaves at her own door, Pillow and bobbins all her little store, Content, though mean and cheerful, if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding and no wit,
Receives no praise, but though her lot be such
(Tolisine and indigent) she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible
true,—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew:
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
Oh, happy peasant! oh, unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers.

Before we close the biography of this
Ninon, this dangerous creature, as Madame de Sevigné, injured by her both as
wife and mother, justly calls her, we have to view her in the maternal character;
and in this capacity she played a part in
a tragedy of real life, as appalling as any
event ever commemorated by the awful
genius of the old Greek drama. Shameless as was her conduct, the unmarried
Ninon had her children brought up in
privacy. One of her sons, who had been
born and bred in ignorance of his parentage, obtained, through the interest of his
noble father, a lucrative place at court;
he was handsome, and full of wit and
genius, and, of course, as the fitting sphere
for such endowments, he was introduced
to the soirées of Ninon; he knew not the
relationship she bore to him, and yielding
to the double fascination of genius and
an unimpaired beauty, he fell in love with
her. Ninon was alarmed at the vehemence and desperation of the passion
that had taken possession of the young
man, and resolving to cure him at once,
she begged him to meet her in her boudoir,
at a particular day and hour. He did so;
hers manner was peculiarly solemn, yet
her visitor took the opportunity of pleading
his passion; she asked him, “If he knew her age; and that she had seen
her seventeenth year.” He answered her
in the species of flattering hyperbole we
have seen in St. Evremond’s letters.

“But,” said Ninon, “I have still something else to confide to you. Do you see
the hour to which the hand of the dial is
now pointing, it is this minute five-and
twenty years ago since I brought you into
the world. I am your mother! Judge
now of the horror with which your love
must inspire me.”

Without answering her, the unfortu-
nate young man drew his sword, and fail-
ing on it, expired at her feet.

This anecdote has been woven by Le
Sage into the romance of Gil Blas. It
was a real incident in the life of Ninon
de l’Enclos.

Another of Ninon’s sons distinguished
himself in the French navy under the
name of La Boissière. Who his father
was, is not quite certain; for two of her
lovers, the Admiral of France, Count
d’Estree, and the Marquis de Villarceaux,
a married man, whom Ninon had seduced
from his wife, threw dice to determine to
whom the infant should belong. La Boi-
sière fell to the lot of the Count d’Estrees,
who took him under his care, and when he
was nine years old, put him on the deck
of his flag-ship, and brought him up a
thoroughly naval character.

Her confidant and correspondent St.
Evremond died in 1708, at the advanced
age of ninety-five. Ninon did not depart
till two years after. It is declared that
her beauty even then had suffered no
diminution; but we must make all-
allowances for the exaggeration of French
compliments: her eyes and teeth remained
still handsome, and a French woman is
skillful in supplying all other beauties.
We see by her letters, too, that she had
not the affection of juvenility, which
makes old age appear ridiculous; and
still older than it really is. She deliber-
ately took out a pair of spectacles to
read St. Evremond’s letter; she had stud-
died the art of gracefulness too deeply
to affect girlish manners. Had she ap-
plied the same good sense to regulate
her conduct, according to the moral rules
of virtue and religion, we should have
had a different tale to tell of the beautiful
and highly-gifted Ninon.

There is a superstitious story connected
with her death, although that event hap-
pened so near to our own times as the
commencement of the last century. When
such stories are to be found, we never
omit them in these biographies, not be-
cause we either wish or expect them to be
believed, but because they throw a light
upon the state of the human mind at the
time when they took their rise.

“After Ninon had lost both her parents,
and she was about to commence her sin-
gular and independent career at Paris, at
the early age of sixteen, an old man craved
permission to speak to her. When he
made his appearance, she saw that he was low of stature, grey-haired, and of an ungracious and sinister aspect; he was dressed in black, and wore a calotte, or leather cap, that covered a tonsure, and he had a large black patch on his forehead. He announced himself as an astrologer, who had, by intense study, obtained great power in the necromantic art, and further told Ninon that he had sought her in order to offer her the choice of three gifts: she might either possess boundless wealth, great power, or unfading beauty. Made-moiése de l'Enclos chose the last; he then made her sign her name in a memorandum book that had black leaves and red edges. This done, he struck her on the left shoulder, saying—

"Rely now on life-long beauty, and on the subjugation of every heart, the most precious privilege that a tenant of this nether globe can enjoy. During the six thousand years which I have perambulated this earth, I have found only four women worthy of such felicity; they were Cleopatra, Semiramis, Helen, and Diane of Poictiers:* you are the fifth, and I am determined you shall be the last. In the course of your life, you will see me once again. Tremble then, for three short days shall close your existence. This visit was in the year 1631. In the year 1705, a sickly languor akin to disease, but showing no symptoms of mortality, one day invaded the centenarian beauty. She did not rise at her usual time the next day. In the morning, an aged man entered her house in the rue de Tournelles, announcing himself as a visitor to Madame de l'Enclos, on important business; and in spite of the representations of the servants, that their mistress was indisposed, he forced himself into her chamber, opened the curtains and gazed upon her face earnestly. Ninon shrieked aloud; he displayed her signature in the memorandum book with the red-edged black leaves, and vanished, saying in a hideous voice—"Tremble, for all is past, and your doom is sealed."

"Three days after this visitation, the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos expired."

We have seen that Sully relates a story of the same species as pertaining to the death of the fair Gabrielle,† and of another great lady of the court of Henry IV. It is evidently a national superstition of France which re-appears occasionally, when the last person to which it has been applied is forgotten by people in general. It is worthy of remark by the female sex, that the whole five of these women who possessed life-long beauty, were distinguished for exquisite grace and fascination of manner, and that four of them were remarkable for great abilities, and the care they had bestowed on the cultivation of their minds. Beauties in general neglect the charms of conversation, and the unfading grace of manners; and women of talent scorn the precious and unattainable gifts of personal advantages: rare, indeed, are the instances in which all are combined in one person, and when they are, the effect is so commanding over the minds of their fellow creatures, that it is attributed to miracle; and even when merely depicted as they are in our monthly periodical, the beholder exclaims at once, such beautiful women could not have been! Among celebrated women these exquisite endowments have seldom been accompanied by moral and religious excellence, although all have been seen occasionally united in private life: but true virtue in women does not seek the reputation of a Cleopatra, a Semiramis, or a Diane, and still less of a Helen or a Ninon; it sets upon all mundane possessions a proper value, and seeks only to glide noiselessly, but beneficiently, through an existence whose best certainty is that when rightly spent it progresses to a more perfect state.

Our memoirs of celebrated women are as often beacons for the avoidance of the rocks and quicksands of life, as examples to be followed by their own sex; for this reason we have deprived the celebrated Ninon of the mysterious and brilliant veil which sentimental vice has hung over her hideous and abhorrent conduct.

The long-protracted life of Mademoiselle de l'Enclos expired on the 17th of October, 1705; she had then entered her ninety-first year. She suffered no illness till three days before her death.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

Mademoiselle de l'Enclos was below the middle height, beautifully and delicately formed, her eyes were large and dark, her hair chestnut, her teeth perfectly white and even, her complexion had the brightness of bloom of a brunette, united with ivory fairness. Without any assistance from a conjurer, this peculiar complexion is the most lasting in the world: Diana of Poictiers possessed it, and Cleopatra was a clear brunette, if we may believe Lucan.

The portrait of Ninon is drawn with

* See this portrait and memoir, Oct. 1834.
† See this portrait and memoir, Dec. 1835.
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the Vandyke curls, worn at the courts of France and England, in the middle of the seventeenth century. Her hair is relieved from the plain outline at the crown of the head peculiar to that fashion, by a wreath of many coloured flowers, and a pearl star confines the clusters of curls which fell on each side. She wears an open robe of green velvet, with a corset corsage. The bust is surrounded by a fall of Brussels lace, which, according to the fashion of the times, was not fullled, but folded over: on this lace is fastened a beautiful chain of coloured gems set with gold and pears, which jewels are continued down the front of the Corsage as far as the point in a most elegant style of ornament. The open robe shows a cherry-coloured satin petticoat, trimmed round and down the front with gold coloured ribbon. The robe is trimmed down the sides with scallop shells, made of narrow ribbon the same colour as the petticoat. The sleeves, and likewise the flesh-coloured kid gloves, are finished with shells of the same ribbon. The upper part of the sleeves is formed of straps of green velvet over slashes of white satin; and then are placed falls of Brussels lace, and small puffs of white satin to the elbow. Nothing can offer a more charming pattern for full dress this season, as they give a fine fall to the shoulders, and are full as rich, without disproportionate width. Her necklace is the plain row of throat-pearls, fashionable in the seventeenth century, and which our publication of the portraits of the beauties of the court of Louis XIV. has made fashionable at the present time.

She holds a large Spanish fan. Her shoes are white satin and gold, with a ruffling of green ribbon on the insteps. Her train is not long, but it is very graceful.

SENT, WITH A BOOK, TO A LADY.

Much of her power—this lovely woman knows,
She to the poet’s magic fancy owes;
Therefore, above the race of common wights,
Poets have chartered licence, and large rights:
They may approach (whilst others distant stand)
The throne of beauty, who with graceful hand,
And summer smiles, accepts the offering
Which they, her privileged admirers, bring.
But no such privilege ‘longs of right to me:
Shall, then, this offering accepted be?
Invoked, the Muses own not my control—
A poet’s garb I wear, but not a poet’s soul.

E. DARBY, JUN.

HOPE: A SONNET.

BY MRS. C. NEALDS.

Weary and sad on sleepless couch reclin’d,
I mark the leaden footed hours steal by;
And listen to the howling gusty wind
That shakes my casement—as I thoughtless lie,
Musing on happier days, when peace and joy
Hover’d around me,—and when friends were near,
For whom I shed the unavailing tear;
But whose remembrance time can ne’er destroy—
Hope whispers to my heart her cheering lay,
And o’er me sheds her beauteous Iris ray.
She tells me in her sweetly soothing voice,
To trust her promise, and again rejoice—
For the loved friends, whose absence I deplore
Will soon return, and we shall part no more.
NISIDA, THE SCULPTOR’S DAUGHTER.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

In Florence the Fair, during the pontificate of Leo X., dwelt a sculptor without renown. He was one of those infatuated modellers who, because they possess a certain facility in chiselling and hewing, call themselves artists, and mercilessly destroy many a fine block of marble by their grotesque imitations. His studio exhibited a crowd of strange and triste looking figures, dispersed about in a state of hopeless confusion. Here a Madonna (certainly not “Mary, full of grace.”) mourned beside a gigantic Apollo, whose meagre, distorted limbs, corresponded but little with the beau ideal of the poets—there, a skeleton saint shrouded himself behind a massive grimacing Venus; little puffy angels might be discerned grinning between the huge limbs of a hideous satyr; and beside all these, there stood, in living flesh and blood, our marble cutter, with air erect, and complacent mien, wrapt in admiration of these grotesque children of his fertile genius.

This man possessed, however, a chef-d’œuvre of correctness, elegance, and virgin grace. Picture to your imagination a lovely head, half veiled by clusters of wavy tresses, reposing with matchless grace upon shoulders which Praxiteles might not have disdained to acknowledge. The profile was Grecian, slightly modified by a tendency to the Roman arch; the eyes, of the most exquisite chiselling, were marked with that tender expression which indicates that the heart has already listened to the soft emotions of love; the small and beautiful mouth, dimpled with smiles, gave evidence of the innocence and cheerfulness of youth; the sylph-like form, whose delicate and harmonious proportions were shielded by a short tunic, terminating above the ankle, and revealing the most charming little feet in Italy, all combined to render this single figure a model of perfection and elegance.

This chef-d’œuvre, however, was not cold and inanimate like the ghastly absurd phantoms which peopled the residence of the sculptor; it breathed,—it had a soul. It was Nisida, his daughter, who had just attained her seventeenth year; mild, though animated, witty and cheerful: she united all the qualities which fascinate the mind, and take captive the heart.

The élite of the Florentine youth crowded to the workshop of her father: there was an incessant struggle to obtain a look, a smile, a word, even an espièglerie, for there was an irresistible charm in every action. Could she escape such intoxicating flattery, or avoid being caught in the snare of these profaners of beauty, who praise but to corrupt? Ah! fear not for her. Love is a safeguard. If Nisida appeared to enjoy her triumph, and even sought to prolong it, it was only a passing shade of feminine coquetry: her heart was no longer her own: she had transferred it to Julio, a youth, simple, timid, poor as herself, but handsome, sincere, and ardently devoted to her. She loved him with all the fervour and tenderness of a first passion, and for his sake would have dismissed, without regret, all those butterflies of fashion whom she held captive by her fascinations.

But in this sublunary world does it suffice to love, and to be loved? No; the genius of civilisation is among us, always ready to war with the most tender feelings of nature, and to torture hearts by imposing on them its laws, its customs, its tyrannical inventions. Poor enamoured youth, what tears, what sighs, what anguish attend thy fugitive pleasures!

The father of Nisida had all the pride which usually characterises a mediocre genius; and not to derogate from his dignity, he refused to bestow his daughter on any suitor but a celebrated sculptor, or at least on a man of vast wealth, hoping by her means to retrieve his affairs, which were in a most embarrassed condition. He refused, therefore, for a son-in-law, the humble Julio, and peremptorily forbade him his house. Hope fled; for little minds, always stubborn, always exclusive, never revoke a decision, particularly if it chance to be erroneous. The young lovers were in despair: they could no longer meet but by stratagem; and when a mysterious interview permitted them to exchange a few passionate glances—a few words of fervent enthui-
Nisaida, the Sculptor's Daughter

siasm, they were compelled to subsist long upon the tender recollection.

One day Julio was passing the house of Nisaida, and found, after a careful scrutiny, that she was alone in the studio; he could not resist the temptation to enter, hoping to press her hand, and to depart unperceived by her father; he was, however, surprised by the sculptor, who demanded in a tone of fearful indignation what he did there. In such cases, this question, simple and natural as it is, becomes embarrassing. The young man, after a moment's reflection, thought himself very ingenious to make the following reply: "Do not be displeased, sir; I have been desired by my mother to buy her a mortar, and as you are so skilful, I came to entreat you would have the goodness to make one for me."

The wave, suddenly uplifted by the eruption of a volcano, does not foam with greater fury than did the wrath of the statuary when he heard this request: "What!" cried he, "do you propose this degradation to me? I make a mortar! I, who make gods! what insolence!" then seizing the unhappy Julio by the collar, he added, "look there, do you see? there, opposite my house, that mean shop—there lives a man who makes mortars; begone, and beware how you appear again in my presence."

Julio retreated, abashed and overwhelmed with sorrow; and that he might not be supposed to have uttered an untruth, he approached the shop to which he had been directed. He penetrated into a low, obscure, dilapidated apartment, in which was seated a man who supported on his knees a mass of stone which had already begun to assume the form of a mortar. The man was pale and care-worn, and his torn garments indicated his extreme misery; his only companions were the spiders who silently wove their fragile draperies in the angles of his wretched abode. Julio candidly related his misadventure, his attachment, his annoyances and griefs, the terrible fury of the sculptor, and the short colloquy which had passed between them. The man of mortars smiled as he arose and said, "Yes, yes, I make mortars, but unfortunately I have not one completed at present; however, if you will come to me a fortnight hence, I will give you one which you will like." Then conducting Julio to the door, he added with marked energy—

"Do not fail to return at the expiration of a fortnight; you will find your account in it."

Julio pondered deeply on these words during his homeward progress. He was utterly at a loss to comprehend the phrase: "You will find your account in it." What could it mean? What could there possibly be in common between his love and a mortar? Still he mused upon the expression; the shipwrecked mariner will cling to a weed. The fortnight had no sooner elapsed than he repaired to the mysterious personage, who immediately opened an old press, from whence he took a mortar, which he presented to the youth: "Take this," said he; "I give it to you; you must sell it, and you will be rich enough to marry your beloved Nisaida. One condition, however, I must impose; I wish you to take this mortar to my neighbour, the sculptor, and request him to make a pestle for it."

The young man stood entranced before the mortar: it was of the finest Carrara marble, and upon it was sculptured with the most exquisite design, the Passion of the Redeemer. The figures appeared to rise from the mass, and to group themselves as they stood at the solemn moment of this important event: there they were, absorbed in the contemplation of this divine mystery; the countenances were subdued by grief, though calm and resigned, but through that grief, beamed Christian faith, like the dawn of that exalted destiny which the Divine sufferer had just sealed to mortals by his agony. A sublime simplicity pervaded the whole. There was not even a trace of those rules of art which please by their correctness, but there was something beyond the reach of rules, which finds its way directly to the heart, and admits of no further appeal—it was perfection.

Julio hastened with his treasure to the sculptor, and explained to him the object of his mission. Nisaida was present.

—See you her not, leaning upon the marble, which however she does not examine; her tender, but furtive glances are fixed upon Julio. Observe also the sculptor, erect, important, with inflated visage, and self-sufficient air, he makes the tour of the bas-relief, exclaiming—

"Hum—ha! really that is not amiss. The man has pilfered somewhere, but no matter; he wishes me to make a pestle,
and I will do it! I think I will surmount it with a Ganymede..."

"It appears to me, father," said Nisida, "that a Ganymede with the Holy Passion..."

"Silence, child; you know nothing about the matter," replied the statuary; "as for you, Julio, you may leave the mortar there, and begone."

Obedience was imperative. Scarcely had Julio departed, when a sombre functionary presented himself: an officer of justice, who came, in the name of the creditors of the sculptor, to seize all that he possessed. Nisida, bathed in tears, begged for one hour's respite, which was with difficulty obtained. Affectionate and confiding, she hoped to save her father by having recourse to the compassion of her numerous adorers. Poor innocent maiden, little did she know the hearts of men of pleasure; ardent and generous when they encourage vice, egotists and apathetic towards suffering virtue. In vain she implores their aid; in vain she reminds them of their protestations of devotion to her service. Some did, indeed, proffer assistance, but at what a price! Blushing with indignation, hastily she fled.

Then came the black-robed functionary, and pitilessly carried off everything he could lay hands on. Gods, goddesses, saints, Madonnas, loves and graces, all were apprehended and carried to the market-place, where they were publicly sold by auction. The mortar was not exempted from this ruthless Fate, but was carelessly thrown among the heap of caricatures.

A vast crowd assembled, and the sale of statues commenced. For a few paoli a young girl bore off in her apron a stout little Cupid; an old woman trotted away with a Madonna; a huge Bacchus was appropriated by a vintner who was in want of a sign; a great lyric poet became the property of a barber at the corner of the market-place; while the "god of the silver bow" was transferred to a maker of pamphlets. The mortar was at length submitted to inspection. One of the spectators approached, and bid a hundred piastres. "A thousand piastres!" exclaimed an ecclesiastic; the voice of the crier resounded afar: "a thousand piastres for a mortar!"

Perplexity and dismay pervaded the throng: each individual cast anxious and inquiring glances upon his neighbour. Julio stood among the crowd with palpitating heart and wondering mind; he could scarcely credit his senses. The man of mortars was likewise present, ensconced among the thickest of the mass, he hoped to escape observation. His lip curled with a sardonic smile, and his pale cheek appeared to borrow a momentary excitement from the flashes of genius which sparkled in his eyes. The struggle continued; the rivals became heated, and their biddings increasing in value, in proportion to their rapidity, became mingled like two crossed lilies, each unexpected by the other. At length the mortar was adjudged to the priest for the price of five thousand piastres. "Sir," said the first bidder, "you are very fortunate in having at your disposal the treasures of the pope; I would not, under any other circumstances, have yielded to you the conquest of this chef-d'œuvre."

The ecclesiastic was, in fact, the pope's legate, and it was to enrich the museum of the Vatican that he had made this purchase. Julio was impatient to claim the five thousand piastres. He approached with timidity, and stated his claim, relating the singular incident on which it was founded.

"Your claim is just," said the legate: "young man, the money shall be instantly paid to you, if the person to whom you are indebted for your good fortune will come forward to confirm your testimony. The maker of the mortar was eagerly sought; he endeavoured to retreat, but notwithstanding his powerful resistance, he was at length secured and brought before the legate, who on being told the story testified the most marked surprise.

"How!" exclaimed he, "is it you? A fatal encounter! It is indeed a painful task for me: but you know what a serious accusation hangs over you, and that my duty compels me to secure your person."

"Fulfil your duty, sir," said the stranger, calmly; and to the astonishment of the spectators, he was conducted to prison. We must reveal the name of this mysterious personage. It was none other than Ratti, who enjoyed at that time the greatest renown as a celebrated sculptor. The Cardinals Petrucci and Sansi had been engaged in a conspiracy against Leo the Tenth; and Ratti, regardless of the noble mission of the artist, that of trans-
lating into the sublime language of genius the most memorable facts of history, the play of the human passions, and the enchanting works of nature, had imprudently involved himself in these dangerous machinations. The conspiracy was discovered; Petrucci was hanged, and Raddi compelled to save himself by flight: he took refuge in Florence, where he manufactured mortars for his subsistence.

Let us return to Julio and Nisida. It may be readily conjectured that the five thousand piastres smoothed their road to the hymeneal altar. They were united; but their happiness was incomplete, when they reflected that the sublime genius, to whose benevolence they were indebted for their felicity, was languishing in chains. Nisida, too good to nourish ingratitude, sighed bitterly at his fate, and incessantly pondered upon the means of alleviating it. “Julio,” said she one day, after a deep fit of musing, “let us go to Rome; I am determined to see the pope; I will throw myself at his feet, and will implore pardon for Raddi with such earnest supplication, that I am sure he will relent. Let us lose not an instant; every hour is an age till our benefactor is restored to liberty.” Julio resisted not her entreaties: they departed without loss of time. Nisida, arrived at Rome, is presented to Leo X.: prostrate at his feet, trembling with fear and hope. The holy mission she is fulfilling communicates to her beauty a saint-like expression: bathed in tears, the vow of gratitude falls in trembling accents from her lips.

“It is well, my daughter,” exclaimed the pontiff, “this undertaking does honour to your heart: gratitude is truly a Christian virtue: for your sake, I pardon Raddi; but tell him he must complete his work by making a pestle for the beautiful mortar which is now in my possession.”

Raddi had been recently transferred to Rome. Nisida, without a moment’s delay, flies to his prison. Oh! what a blessed moment for her! She rushes forward to meet him; she will not lose sight of him; she forces him away with her, and restores him to Cortona, his country. It was there he made the pestle which had been demanded of him; and he surmounted it, not with a Ganymede, but with a passion-flower, sculptured with all the exquisite delicacy peculiar to his chisel, and all the finished grace of his exalted talent.

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TO THE NEW MOON.

BY TRINITARIUS.

Gentle Queen of Night, I pray, Why reflect so small a ray? Why not show thy ample measure, Filling all mankind with pleasure?

Why avert that lovely face, Decked with such celestial grace; When the King of Day, retreating, Gives to other lands his greeting?

Ah! I see the reason why, 'Tis because thy Lord is nigh: Therefore, thou dost mildly throw me Only light enough to know thee.

So the Christian humbly proves, Whom his pious bosom loves; Marking by his meek behaviour, That his light is from his Saviour!

Herne Bay.
MRS. BUSBY'S FIRST BALL.

BY THOMAS EGERTON WILKS.

"Fred," inquired Edwin Melton, "shall you go to the Busbys on Tuesday?"

"Decidedly," said Fred: then adding, as an all-sufficient cause for the resolution at which he had arrived, "Julia Cribb is to be there."

"Never saw her," carelessly rejoined Melton: "is she a fine girl?"

Fred assumed an air of offended surprise, then replied, "I believe she is, indeed; Julia is a beautiful creature, and between you and I, is decidedly fond of—ahem!—somebody you know;" and then he delivered himself of another slight "ahem!" and passed his fingers through his curls with a half-conscious air, a little sentimental, and rather amusing withal.

"Really!" ejaculated Melton, throwing a powerful emphasis upon the first syllable of the word.

"Poz!" quaintly added Fred, and then the conversation ended.

But who is Fred? and who is Melton?—and who are the Busbys?—and though last, not least, who is Miss Cribb? Bear with us patiently, and anon we will enlighten thee on all these points.

Edwin Melton was a tall, slim young gentleman, boasting possession of a fine fresh-coloured plaid waistcoat, and a pair of embryo mustachios; his hours, devoted to professional duties, were spent in the office of Mr. Fitzgig, an eminent barrister of Lincoln's-inn, to whom he, indeed, officiated as clerk. His hours of relaxation were mainly spent in attending the lectures delivered at one of the cheap 'literary and scientific' societies with which London abounds, and afterwards retelling what he heard at the houses of his different friends, astonishing young ladies at tea parties by unveiling the mysteries of the "polarization of light," and amazing his fellow clerks by endeavouring to lead their wayward minds into disquisitions upon the component parts of chloride of lime.

Like his friend Melton in one respect, but differing in almost every other particular, was Frederick Harvey. Fred. was in the same profession, and in exactly the same grade thereof, as Melton; but if their pursuits in life were similar in the hours of business, nothing could be more dissimilar than the mode in which they dissipated the remaining portion of their time, seeing that Fred. was a "jolly dog," knew nothing about the moon's circumference, save what he learnt by looking at that planet as she kindly lent her light to conduct him homewards from certain nocturnal meetings, hated the very name of science, and made a point of interrupting his friend whenever that friend commenced speaking of botany, geology, meteorology, or any other ology, upon which the last lecturer had thought fit to enlighten the members of the society to which Mr. Melton belonged. Fred. loved not these things, but greatly did he patronise certain taverns adjacent to the Strand, and most heartily did he lend his countenance to the drama at half price and Cuba cigars. Besides, he was a sportsman, and occasionally shot stray pigeons at Battersea, and snipes at the Lea River; to add to his accomplishments, he was great at singing comic songs; to add to his appearance, he possessed a beautiful crop of whiskers, tolerably well attended to; to add to his happiness, he was, at least in his own opinion, an universal favourite with that sex, disliked by whom life is not worth the holding.

The Busbys resided at Hoxton, in a newly-erected building, which might be termed a narrow house, seeing that the doorways were narrow, the windows narrow, the rooms narrow, the passages (Miss S. Busby called them corridors) narrow, and the staircase narrowest of all. But very different to the prevailing spirit of the tenement they inhabited, were the minds of the Busbys! Soaring were their hopes and expectations, far more so, indeed, than considering their locality and actual situation in life might have been expected.

Mr. Busby was a coal-merchant, but his business, like his house, was not large, nevertheless, it yielded sufficient to support his narrow establishment. Mrs. Busby was a homely, good sort of a woman, with no very strongly-marked traits of character, always excepting a strong anxiety to be considered greater, richer, and of more importance generally, than reality bore out. Then there were the
"two gurls," as Mr. F. Harvey termed them,—Matilda and Sophia; and to complete the family circle, there was the son and heir, who acted as a kind of clerk, or factotum rather, to his father, and was known to all the neighbourhood by the partly abbreviated, partly elongated cognomen of "Bright Bill Busby."

Respecting Miss Julia Cribb, we have not at present much to say; suffice it that she was the chosen friend of "the two gurls"—was of a romantic disposition, and a literary turn of mind: the first being betokened by her almost constant presence at Mr. Busby's house; the second, by her talking largely of spectres dire, brave knights, beleagured castles, and imprisoned maidens; and the third being evidenced by her writing enigmas, and occasionally charades, for the pocket-books,—two copies of the said pocket-books being annually awarded her by the editors in return for her communications: her charades, in particular, were esteemed highly by her friends, and, truth to tell, very well she did them—at the price.

"All of a sudden," as Mr. Busby expressed it, Mrs. Busby resolved upon the desperate expedient of giving a ball. Whatever might have been that lady's private motives for this astounding resolution,—whether she wished to bring matters to a climax between "the gurls" and their admirers, of whom they had several,—whether she wished to please the neighbours how well-to-do they were in the world,—or whether she merely wished to annoy the Simpsons, a dashing family just settled in the neighbourhood, by a display of her taste, elegance, and lavish expenditure, matters nothing to us;—the ball was resolved upon, to the immense delight of the young ladies, and the utter consternation of their papa; the former thinking only of the "fun" resulting from the measure,—the latter having an eye to the cost of the proceeding. As to the son, he said little about it, and appeared uninterested in the matter; but had he been carefully observed, it could not have escaped observation that there was a twinkle in his light grey eyes whenever the subject was discussed, which prognosticated much from a person possessing the disposition and ingenuity of bright Bill Busby.

Duly was the furniture moved out of the little front parlour, and a communication formed, by means of unhinging and removing certain doors between that apartment and the still smaller back parlour which adjoined it. Duly were a number of snowy white notes dispatched to apprise the intended guests of Mrs. Busby's ball; and numberless were the consultations held between Sophia, Matilda, and Miss Cribb, respecting the respective dresses in which they were to attire themselves on the eventful evening; and dire was the bustle into which Mrs. Busby put herself, and her one maid servant, and her unfortunate husband, in preparing for the momentous occasion.

Bill was the only member of the family who appeared in nowise agitated or disturbed respecting the forthcoming festival; but any one who had taken the pains to study his character, and had observed him at this period, would have decided that his quietude was not the result of indifference, but more nearly resembled the stillness which precedes the convulsion of a volcano; and this the more especially, as two or three days preceding the ball he took a gentle stroll to town, and at some obscure little shop in the City-road, purchased a large quantity of squibs, crackers, Catherine-wheels, and the like.

To return to the young gentlemen with whom we have scraped an acquaintance, they were far from being idle, for having accepted engagements at Busby's, they steadily determined to exhibit their personal qualifications to the very best advantage; and with these laudable views, Mr. Edwin Melton proceeded to select and have "made up" a piece of waist-coating of a brighter complexion and more striking appearance than any, bright though they had been, that he had as yet dispored in; and having arranged this important matter, proceeded to decide with what subject he should make himself conversant, preparatory to at once amusing his partner, and showing off his own learning during the pauses in the dance: for this purpose he visited the "society" to which he belonged, and there finally fixed upon one which he deemed new, and to ladies peculiarly charming,—the subject he chose was numismatology.

Fred. Harvey upon his part indulged largely in perfumes and bear's grease, and learnt a "spick and span" new comic song, with which he proposed between the dances making the gentlemen roar
and the ladies blush; and, above all, he essayed a few lines of poetry, which he designed slipping into the hands of Miss Cribb, well assured that her poetic soul would sympathize with his in rhyme.

"Fred," said Edwin to his friend, as they chanced to meet in Chancery-lane, the day previous to the ball-night, "there is another reason now why I am resolved to go to Busby's to-morrow."

"Is there?" carelessly replied Fred.; "and pray what is that?"

"Why,—why," hesitated Edwin, with something like a blush, "I have just discovered that a—a—a young lady, for whom I have formed an attachment, will be there."

"That's lucky; what's her name?" bluntly inquired Fred.

"Why, it's a great secret; because she has acknowledged she prefers me to every other man—but I'll tell you," added Edwin, confidentially—it being exactly what he would have said to any other person with whom he was acquainted—"her name is Simplicia Montgomery."

"Don't know her," indifferently cried Fred.; then complacently stroking his whiskers, "Cribb's the girl for me!"

At this moment, who should join them but bright Bill Busby.

"Nice morning," said the latter gentleman.

"Remarkably so," answered Fred.

"Decidedly so," agreed Edwin.

"Come to-morrow night?" asked Bill Busby.

"Positively," said Fred.

"Decidedly so," repeated Edwin.

"How are the girls?" demanded Fred.

"Quite well, thank'ee; they mean to look uncommon smart to-morrow night," said Mr. Busby, junior. "I expect the thing will go off very well—it will be a regular flare-up; and having delivered this opinion in a very oracular manner, the young gentleman proceeded homewards, calling again, however, in his way, at the aforesaid little shop in the City-road, leaving Fred. to proceed to his "office," there to con over again his new song; and Edwin to call on his tailor, and ascertain how the new plaid waistcoat was progressing.

At length the important evening arrived, and all that could be done in so small a house was done, and had been done by Mrs. Busby. The conjointed parlours were turned into a ball-room,

pro tem.; the drawing-room, which was originally fixed upon for that purpose, having been given up, in consequence of Mr. Busby discovering that the lease of his domicile forbade all dancing "up stairs"—a clause inserted at the express desire of the builder, who had erected the dwelling upon a contract; the "first floor front" was, therefore, appointed as the card-room; and the confectioner having duly sent his quota of the entertainment, as per order,—the fiddler and harpist having arrived and taken their seats in a corner of the parlours,—and the candles in the rooms, passages, and narrow staircase having been properly illuminated, really every thing looked, as Mrs. Busby justly remarked, "pertickler nice and comfortable."

But the belles, especially the Misses Busby and Julia Cribb! Oh, those belles! Who can do justice to their fascinating appearance and elegant attire? Many pages would it fill were we adequately to describe the richness, and yet charming simplicity intermingled, which characterised the dresses of these three graces. We will not attempt to do so, but prefer leaving our fair readers to imagine all the taste thus displayed; suffice it for us to remark, that, according to previous arrangement, Miss Cribb wore feathers—drooping feathers she called them, but, as the elder Miss Busby remarked aside to her sister, they certainly did something more than droop; that Miss Matilda sported white flowers—she called them roses, somebody else said they were more like turnips; and that Miss Sophia displayed an elegant wreath of red roses, or rather, peonies.

"Ah, my dear Miss Cribb," said Mrs. Busby to that young lady, as soon as she made her appearance "down stairs," "how charming you look! really, my love," she added, deprecatingly, "you are determined quite to eclipse my poor little girls!"

Miss Cribb smiled and said nothing, that is, nothing aloud; but to herself she said, "I should think so!"

"Meantime, Mrs. Busby bustled across the room, and privately told Busby himself, that "if the men didn't think either Tilder or Soph worth two of that dowdy July Cribb, she should wonder where their eyes were."

Precisely at eight o'clock the company began to arrive, and from that time until
nearly half past, the elevated and authori-
tative sound of the knocker with almost
incessant din “awoke the neighbourhood
from its propriety.” Mr. Edwin Melton
was the last person who arrived, and his
being so late resulted partly from his
desiring that his new plaid waistcoat
should obtain merited and universal
notice; and partly because he had devoted
every available moment up to the very
“brink of time,” to the perfecting himself
in the subject upon which he intended to
amuse the ladies—to wit, numismatology.

And now Mrs. Busby’s ball began
in reality; the “first set” was called, and
commenced in the parlours; the dowagers
looking approvingly on, and occasionally
telegraphing to the several young ladies
whom they were chaperoning; while up-
stairs the papas began to play whist,
speculate in sixpenny points, and quarrel
with their partners; in short, all appeared
likely to proceed in regular ball-room
fashion; and, doubtless, the “thing
would have gone off well,” had it not
have been for the mischievous ingenuity
of Mr. Bill Busby, and a misfortune
which befell Miss Cribb.

For an hour or so all went right; but
shortly afterwards Miss Cribb whispered
to Matilda Busby—

“My own dear, I’m sure there’s
something dreadful a going to happen!”

“Lor!” ejaculated Mrs. Busby’s el-
dest daughter, “what can make you
think so?”

“I judge so from a circumstance which
cannot mislead me, remembering the
Castle of Otranto.” Listen, my best love,
and I will tell you how I know it;” and
here she bent close to her friend, and in
a voice trembling with agitation, she
whispered, “the lights are burning
blue!”

And so they were. “Deeply, darkly,
beautifully blue,” did every flaming can-
dle suddenly become; but as the pheno-
menon lasted but a brief period, it es-
caped the notice of a large majority of
the guests—the two young ladies having
been its principal observers, although
differing mightily respecting its cause;
Miss Cribb attributing it to the influence
of some supernatural power—Miss Bus-
by thinking it proceeded from the tallow
being bad; neither were right.

It has been said that mad people
arrive at just conclusions from false pre-
mises, and if so, why then Miss Cribb
bore some affinity to the unfortunate
tenants of Bedlam; for from a widely
remote and unconnected circumstance,

namely, the candles burning blue, did
she draw the (as it afterwards appeared)
just inference that something disagree-
able was about to happen—and some-
thing disagreeable did happen, and thus
it fell out.

When Mr. Fred. Harvey arrived, which
he did some quarter of an hour pre-
viously to Edwin Melton, he lounged
for a few moments only into the ball-
room, and then, forthwith, made his way
into the card-room, and speedily en-
sconced himself at a whist table, from
which, although repeatedly invited by
Mrs. Busby to join the dancers, he
moved not for full two hours: and to
this line of action he was impelled by
two motives; first, because, consider-
ing himself the “cynosure of bright eyes,”
he determined to keep himself aloof from
his admirers for a time, so that when
he did condescend to join them, his pre-

cence might become the more valued;

and secondly, because, being a tolerably
good and intolerably lucky whist-player,
he thought he might as well win a few
shillings previously to commencing the
more legitimate purposes of the party.

Hearing, therefore, said long enough, as
he considered, to render the ladies impa-
tient to see him, and having, likewise,
netted a trifle which he was predeter-
mined not to lose again, he rose from
the table and sauntered about the room.

It was a funny thing to notice how
desperately partners were quarrelling
about trifes.

“Pray, sir, will you allow me to ask
you, why you played trump?” in a voice
of modulated gentleness, inquired a gen-
tleman with a brow black as thunder.

“Oh, certainly, sir,” hesitatingly re-
plied his opposite friend, “I—I—played
it—that is, I played it because the spade,
I mean the diamond—I played it because
the diamond was not the spade. Was it
wrong, sir? I’m sure I’m very sorry if it
was; do we lose any thing by it, sir?”

“Only the rub, and five points, sir,”
replied the other in a voice still softer
than before, and with a look still blacker.

At another table, a slight commotion
was heard, and then suddenly a big man
with red hair rose from his seat, flung the
cards which he held in his hand suddenly
upon the table, and loudly exclaimed, “I
Mrs. Bushy’s First Ball.

won’t play another card! Not one. I’ll pay, gentlemen—I’ll pay, certainly, but not another card will I touch. When partners trump thirteenth cards, I think it’s high time for other partners to throw up the game. Mr. Griggs is a gentleman whom I esteem as a man, but he must really excuse my saying that a viler whist-player I never sat down with!”

But all these little traits of character, and the consequent field which they opened for inspection, were all lost upon Mr. F. Harvey, who noticed them not, either because his were not the gifts of observation and perception, or because his thoughts were engrossed with Miss Cribb.

Not long lingered he amid this scene, but shortly after quitting his seat and his cards, withdrew from the apartment, and transferred himself to the ball-room, where fancy had depicted numerous fair ones anxiously awaiting his appearance. A contre-danse was “progressing” as he entered, so he quietly deposited himself in a corner, for the purpose of leisurely ascertaining how many of his acquaintance were present. Had the turn of Mr. F. Harvey’s mind been reflective, he might have discovered food for consideration in the trifles passing around him. The watchful mother, the artless-looking daughter, and the beau carefully studious not by word or action to commit himself too far—occasionally would a turbaned lady beckon a young charge to her side, and address some admonition to her in a very under tone, to which the fair one would reply by a smile or a simper, or a “La! la!” If the words uttered could have reached the ear, they would probably have been found to have consisted of “Laura, my love, pray don’t flirt so much with Mr. Tomkins, I can assure you the Jenkinses have noticed it and laughed at it;” or “Jane, I must beg you will not encourage young Jones so much. Mr. Smith has been watching you all the evening, and he would be a much better match, I’m sure.”

But no investigation of the sort did it enter the heart of Mr. Fred. Harvey to dream of instituting. He devoted himself solely to the discovering of Miss Cribb, who he doubted not, drowned in sorrow at his own non-appearance, had sought an obscure seat in which to indulge her sentimental grief. Within so circumscribed a space, if she was there, he could not necessarily be long without seeing her; nor was he—but oh! how differently engaged to what his imagination had depicted! Miss Cribb was dancing away with Mr. Edwin Melton for a partner; each seemingly contented and happy, and bestowing upon one another glances expressive of that which Julia afterwards spoke of in one of her enigmas as “gentle affection.”

Mr. F. Harvey muttered to himself something which, if we may judge by the tone in which it was uttered, and the gesture by which it was accompanied, savoured far more strongly of the atmosphere of a tavern than of drawing-room suavity. Patently, or rather impatiently, did he wait the termination of the dance, and then sought out the hapless pair whom he determined to devote to his resentment; but his search was needless, for Edwin, who had noticed him enter, made his way towards him as rapidly as the crowded parlours would permit, and eagerly seizing his arm, whispered, “Congratulate me, my dear fellow, Simplicia adores me.”

“Loose my arm, sir,” said Fred, savagely, at the same time rudely shaking off his friend’s grasp. “I want to speak to you. Pray what business have you to be dancing and flirting with Miss Cribb, knowing, as you do, how I love her?”

“I shall dance and flirt with whomsoever I like,” replied Mr. Melton, doing a bit of dignity; “but as to Miss Cribb, why really I don’t know her.”

“Not know her?” reiterated Fred., then, in his fury, forgetting the nature of the place in which he stood, he added, with vehemence both of word and gesture,—“You are an utterer of falsehood!”

“And so are you,” responded Mr. Edwin Melton, whereupon Mr. F. Harvey, secure in the knowledge of possessing superior strength and “science,” (he had taken lessons of some fighting man,) forthwith proceeded to level poor Edwin Melton and his numismatology with the floor: which gymnastic feat he performed with consummate ease and dexterity, by administering a gentle tap on the left side of that gentleman’s head with his own right hand; immediately upon the receipt of which, our plaid-waistcoated hero, as we have already hinted, displayed the graces of his own proper person, by extending that person at full length on the floor.
Immense was the consternation which this unexpected and undesired display of wrath excited amongst the guests assembled at Mrs. Busby's ball. The ladies screamed, the gentlemen crowded together round the striker and the stricken; from the card-room above came the whist-players, tumbling down the narrow staircase, alarmed by the sudden tumult; and again did the candles burn blue, the transposition of colour being attended this time with a hissing sound, which to the sensitive ear appeared to forebode an approaching explosion.

"He has knocked me down!" exclaimed Mr. Melton, as some of the party helped him up.

"Yes, and I'll do it again, if——" the speaker, Mr. F. Harvey, stopped suddenly. Amongst those ladies whose curiosity to see what was going on had overcome their fears, and induced them to approach the combatants, was Miss Julia Cribb, and upon her had Mr. Harvey suddenly cast his eyes, and by that sight stopped for a moment his utterance; he started forward, caught the very unwilling lady by the hand, and led or forced her forward. "Do you know this lady, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I do," answered Mr. E. Melton.

"Then how dare you tell me you don't know Miss Cribb?"

"That's not Miss Cribb," faltered Edwin, "that's Miss Simplicia Montgomery."

"Oh, but, indeed, it is Miss Cribb," screamed Mrs. Busby, "leastways she always told us so. But we must sift this matter," continued the lady, warming as she spoke: "here, Busby, please to show yourself, sir; now, miss, what is your name?"

"My name is Julia Cribb," replied the abashed fair one.

"Julia Cribb!" shouted Mr. Edwin Melton; "why you always told me that your name was Simplicia Montgomery."

"Yes, I know I did; but I thought you understood what I meant; that is the name I write under."

"Write under? Fiddle-de-dee!" exclaimed Mrs. Busby. "I'll thank you, miss, to leave this house; I don't want people as has two names to associate with my innocent lambs!"

"And I'll thank you, sir, to explain what you meant by knocking me down; because if you intend it as an insult, I shall certainly resent it," angrily said Mr. Edwin Melton.

"Now is the time to throw a light upon the subject," said bright Bill Busby; and anon the hissing noise became louder, and then came an explosion, which, if not positively terrific in itself, became so from its being so totally unexpected: the "contract-built" house shook and shivered to its foundation; and then followed a most extraordinary scene. It really appeared that there was not a gentleman present who was not provided with a cracker in his pocket, nor one whose cracker failed to go off. The candles going simultaneously out, added to the confusion; although they were not left in total darkness, for the harper discovered, to his horror, that his fragile instrument was amply decorated with squibs, which at one and the same moment displayed their peculiar antics. The ladies screamed, the gentlemen shouted, the squibs hissed, the crackers cracked: the involuntary and unwilling bearers of the latter articles jumping in unison with the sounds which issued from their pockets, vainly sought to remove those sources of uneasiness from their persons, but could not in their fright discover the exact places where they were situated. One gentleman was seen anxiously endeavouring to extinguish the flames which had communicated themselves from divers squibs to the skirts of his coat, while a very elegantly attired young man was seen frisking fantastically about with a large Catherine-wheel firmly affixed to his back.

Mrs. Busby screamed murder—Mr. Busby shouted fire,—the Misses Busby and Julia Cribb fainted,—the neighbours brought buckets of water,—the superintendent of the division sent a large body of police to guard the premises, while little boys and idlers ran for the engines and fire-escapes which came in shoals, causing, in the first place, a multitude of people to assemble around the house of Mr. Busby, and, in the second place, proving a source of very great expense to that far from wealthy gentleman. But then bright Bill Busby had had his joke (he called it "a lark"), and what cares that most selfish of all animals—a practical jester,—what consequences his heartless actions may entail?

In this case, however, the delinquent met his deserts; for the truth having been
clearly proved against him, the hopeful youth was transferred to "the office" of one who, unbiassed by relationship, taught him to feel the difference between being "at home" and abroad.

Thus terminated the festival,—thus, in noise, confusion, din and gunpowder, in fire, fury, fretfulness and fume, ended Mrs. Busby's First Ball.

Yet not altogether destitute of other consequences, though somewhat more remote, was the evening we have spoken of; thus, for instance, Miss Julia Cribb lost one lover by trifling with another,—(ladies, beware!), and then unluckily meeting them together at a ball,—thus, Edwin and Fred. fell out for the first time in their lives, but afterwards made it up,

Fred. acknowledging that he was in the wrong, and generously offering either to shake hands or meet his antagonist "early some morning and fight it out;"

Edwin preferred the former, so there that matter ended. There were still, however, other circumstances far more important, which in a considerable measure might be traced to proceed from the ball;—eight months afterwards, "Tilder and Soph," as their mamma calls them, exchanged the name of Busby, for the more euphonous ones of Harvey and Melton; while Miss Julia Cribb remains Miss Julia Cribb to this very day, with every probability of preserving that name till the day of her death, and then—hateful idea! leading apes afterwards.

THE WANDERING HARPER'S LAYS OF WONDER.
BY J. FITZGERALD PENNIE, AUTHOR OF "BRITAIN'S HISTORICAL DRAMA."

LAY VI.—FAIRY LAND.

I too in fairy-realm have been,
And all its gorgeous wonders seen;
Where ruby flowers the halls enchased,
And changeful pearl the proud floors graced;
That like the dolphins rich eyes shone,
When sporting in the ocean sun.
I have beheld the banquet's pride
Amid those halls at eventide;
Where damsel-elves in beauty dight—
Like her who on green Ida's height,
The rival goddesses outshone,
And Discord's golden apple won,—
Met each her lover gay and free,
In that glad hour of revelry.
Then what a scene of glittering pomp!
What tones of harp, what notes of trumpet
Resounded there! and soft strains fell,
Like waters gushing through a dell,
Blent with the night-winds, low and faint,
From voices of melodious plaints.
Till came a change of sprightly glee
O'er the loud-pealing minstrelsy.
The cups were red with purple wine,
The luscious tears of Persia's vine,
While fruits and flowers of every land
Were scattered with a lavish hand,
And none went un delighted thence,
Where all was proud magnificence.
I've strayed through their delicious bowers,
Where sapphire fountains pearl like showers
Flung o'er the golden fruitful trees,
Conversing with the idle breeze,
And groves of cinnamon and pine
Upheld the purple-clustered vine,
And the pomegranate's crimson buds
Glowed richly through the myrtle woods,
Like beauty 'mid her dark locks blushing,
When love is o'er her warm cheek rushing.
There the delightful cheran-tree
Put forth its blossoms fragrantly;
And fruit ambrosial, bient with flowers.
Hung rosy on Amrita bowers;
While birds of Paradise were seen
Fluttering on wings of gold and green;
And where the clove-trees hid the plain,
The peacock spread his gorgeous train,—
Wandered along the spicy dell
The wildly beautiful gazelle,
That pines and dies if made to roam,
Far from the shades of its lov'd home.

LAY VII.—KING ARTHUR IN FAIRY LAND.

I in those Eden groves have met,
Light tripping o'er the violet,
And asphodel that prankts the green,
The fairies with their elfn queen,
Who led in radiant dance along
Arthur, the pride of bardic song.
She smiled on that famed warrior bold,
Dighted in mail of burnished gold,
And whispered passionate tales I ween,
And how, when ages had passed by,
He should on earth again be seen,
Leading his ranks of chivalry,
In battle field, 'gainst Saxon host,
And win the island crown he lost.*

* Great and many were the superstitions of our Saxon forefathers respecting fairies. Arthur, whose death took place at Glastonbury, from a wound which he received in the battle of Camla, fighting against his treacherous nephew, was privately buried in that monastery, his tomb concealed, and his fate hidden from the people, who for ages believed him to be still alive in fairy-land; from whence he was fondly expected to return, and lead again the Cymry to the conquest and recovery of Britain,
Sketches and Stories from the History of France.

On the harp thrilled wildly sweet
As came the sound of many feet
In circling dance—the enchanted bowers
Seemed all transformed to brighter flowers
Of brilliant gems, and the cascades
Fell, 'mid those soft, melodious shades,
Like showers of stars each fountain-gush
Was liquid diamond or rich flush
Of molten ruby, flashing bright,
Like splendours of a polar night!

SKETCHES AND STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. No. II.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE.†

Chap. 1.—Prognostics.—1787.

"Vrai! mot pour mot!"—ANON.

Who that has visited Versailles, and walked through the gardens of the Petit-Trianon, has not sighed over the mighty vicissitudes to which mankind is exposed in his journey through this mortal life, and as he casts a retrospective glance towards the by-gone days when those gardens, with their Swiss hamlet, their lake, and mountains, formed the delight of that most lovely and innocent of beings, the hapless Marie Antoinette, has not felt his heart swell at the recollection of her trials—her sufferings? Who, we would ask, has not felt the tear of pity start to his eye at the thought, that hurled from the proudest throne on earth, to become the prey of the common executioner, this loveliest of women—of queens, ended her days on a scaffold, surrounded by a fierce and enraged multitude, whose savage yells, and invectives, and hurlings, were unappeased until they knew the horrid sacrifice was completed; and no sooner was that fatal scene brought to its close, than, their thirst of blood still unsatiated, the infuriated wretches once more separated, by common accord, in quest of fresh victims on whom to inflict fresh horrors. The sufferings of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his family have been too frequently the theme of talented writers, for us to do more than cast a passing glance at them in this little sketch. We would allude to the nocturnal visit to the Abbey of St. Denis, and to the extraordinary predictions of Monsieur Cazotte, upon the revolution, several years before that event took place, and which it is almost needless to remark, were verified to the letter: with these exceptions, our endeavours will rather be confined to a few of the circumstances of the private history of Marie Antoinette—to those days of sunshine, alas! so brief in number, than tend to delineate the horrors of the revolution—a revolution witnessed by thousands who yet live to relate their own hair-breadth escapes (amongst them part of the family of the writer) from the dreadful fate that daily and hourly be-reaved them of some loved and valued friend or acquaintance.

We are fully sensible that by referring to the following particulars we subject ourselves to the animadversions of many persons of high merit, who may deem us thereby believers in ridiculous omens; but we say, let such persons read the various histories that have been written by writers of acknowledged veracity—let them compare them with the events that followed, and then say whether, from the moment the marriage of the Dauphin of France with the young Archduchess Marie Antoinette was fixed upon, up to the period of her death, there does not appear a predestination in every succeeding circumstance—a warning in every omen. Yes, it would seem as though each fresh event, each change of ministry, of opinion, whether public or private,—each and every trivial occurrence tended by irreversible decree to bring about that mighty revolution. It seems as though Louis XVI. and his hapless queen were selected as not only the instruments through whose means those horrors were to be wrought, but likewise as the victims upon whose devoted heads the weightiest of the burden should fall. In all human probability, had Louis XVIII. reigned in France at that period, there never would have been a revolution.

* No. 1, was published in a previous number.
† In August 1826, we published the memoir and portrait, of this beautiful queen.
in that country; and yet was he a better man than his brother? No; but a wiser ruler, and possessed of more resolution of character.

Marie Antoinette has been blamed for interfering in politics, in many instances, perhaps, not altogether unjustly. However, in one it might have been well, perhaps, that her opinions had been followed, viz. in the convocation of the States-General, which she opposed with all her might. It was a measure that France had long worked to bring about, and one which Louis XV. would never have accorded.

It was in the year 1771, at the moment of the struggle between the ministry and parliament, that this subject was discussed in presence of the king in the “Petits-appartemens.” The Prince de Soubise, addressing the sovereign, observed, “Sire, it might, perhaps, be better to grant the convocation of the States-General.”

Louis XV. arose, and approaching the prince, seized hold of the button of his coat. “I am not sanguinary,” he said, sternly, “but if I had a brother who dared to offer such an opinion, I would sacrifice him in the course of four-and-twenty hours to the safety of the monarchy and the tranquillity of the kingdom.”

Would to Heaven that Louis XVI. had had the same wise opinion as his predecessor. The States-General were convoked on the 1st of May, 1789. The advantages to be expected from this measure were being discussed in the presence of the queen, who in her non-approval turned towards the Duke de Guignes, one of its warmest advocates—“You approve of the measure, sir,” she said, sharply; “but will you do so when you, and all the other persons assembled here, will have been obliged to fly the country?—when the king, constrained at length to take up arms, will be forced to besiege Paris, as in the time of the League and of the Fronde?”

The folly, as it was termed, of this assertion, raised a general cry against the queen, so much so, that forgetting even the respect due to royalty, some laughed, others shrugged their shoulders,—all, in short, was mockery and clamour. The queen did not again refer to the subject, except in a private conversation with Madame de Polignac, and another of her ladies.

“This step,” said Marie Antoinette, “opens a gulf before us: what will be the consequence? God alone knows: as for me, I foresee nothing but horrors!”

But a truce to these matters; and now to proceed to more amusing particulars.

The Prince de Beauvau, a nobleman who held a distinguished place at court, resided at that period at Versailles. This person, though possessed of an excellent understanding, was led by some unfortunate fatality towards every system which could prove injurious to himself and to his interests. A partisan of the new sect of philosophers, he made a boast of his atheistical opinions, although it was well known that at heart the sentiments he cherished were those of real piety. The philosophers at that time formed a distinct society, having their leaders, their pass-word, their conferences, their watch-words; strangers to the society were not admitted, directors were chosen. The Prince de Beauvau was admitted into the sacred assembly, and permitted their meetings to take place in his saloons; which act of condescension obtained for him the suffrages of the whole sect. This popularity was all the prince coveted. One night amongst others, in the beginning of the year 1787, the prince invited a party of upwards of thirty persons to supper amongst the company, which was not a philosophical meeting, were many individuals of high rank and consideration. The ladies, consisting of the “flower of the French nobility,” were Madame la Maréchale de Mirepoix, one of the ladies of the queen; the Duchesses de Montmorency, de Choiseul, de Grammont; the Countesses d’Aubeterre, d’Adhimar, de Saint-Priest, and Fanny de Beauharnais. The men were more numerous, and comprised nobles, literati, financiers, and academicians: many of whom figured, both at that period and later, in the annals of French history; as, the Marquis de Condorcet, Monsieur de Malesherbes, the Duke de Crussol, the Prince de Lambesc, the Prince Guéménée, the Duke de Fronsac, the Abbé Délille, Marmontel, la Harpe, the writer, Diderot, &c. &c. In the course of the evening a Monsieur Lепelletier-
Saint-Fargeau, one of the sect of philosophers, and of the most strenuous disciples of the dangerous tenets of Voltaire, sang some couplets, entitled "Futurity" (the author of which was never known). These stanzas were received with transports of applause, and each guest had something to allege in favour of the new Voltarian system. Marmontel observed that his barber, a poor wretch whom he employed through charity, had boasted to him that his creed was atheistical. The Prince de Lambesc declared that his lackeys were studying *La Bible enfin expliquée.*

"I regret to hear it, Monsieur le Prince," observed the mild and amiable Bishop de Saint-Pons, who, having risen from table, was walking up and down the room: "I regret it, for they will not only rob you, but endeavour to cut your throat after."

The bishop was not much amiss in his prediction. The conversation now turned upon the changes likely to ensue to France. The French character, especially where liberty, and revolution, and republic were the theme, nearly resembled in 1787 what it is in 1837; each individual considered himself wiser than his neighbour,—a Lycurgus, in fact. The arguments grew warm, the clamorous guests invoked "liberty" and "equality," and sighed for the abatement of both law and authority. All, in short, was noise, and uproar, and confusion; and no one knows to what extent it might have increased, had it not been for the interference of a Monsieur Cazotte, who, seated at the lower end of the table, had hitherto remained a silent spectator of all that passed, and who now for the first time raised his voice.

But it is necessary to say a few words relative to this person. His father had held the important post of Greffier of the duchy and county of Burgundy, and inhabited Dijon, where young Cazotte was born, the 12th of March, 1720. His Christian name was Jacques, of which he was not a little proud, saying it was that of the brother of our Saviour, and that after

* "The Bible at length explained." An impious work, which had, then, lately appeared by Voltaire.

† A situation somewhat similar to that of Master of the Rolls.

Peter, Jacques (James) was the most favoured of the apostles. This young man had been brought up at the College of the Jesuits, where he had received a brilliant education. He continued his studies at Paris for some time, and then retired to Martinique, where he remained during several years, and where, in the year 1757, he signalised his bravery at the attack on Fort St. Pierre by the English. On his return to France, he gave himself up wholly to literature, composed several ballads, which are considered equal to some of the best poems of that day, and a few excellent novels, as "The Lord Impromptu," the "Diable Amoureux," "Ollivier," and the continuation of the "Arabian Nights." Whilst these productions drew upon him the public attention, a new faculty (if so it might be termed) seemed all at once to develop itself in his mind—that of an intellectual illumination. From this moment he lost all relish for what he termed "futile enjoyment," regulated with the utmost strictness his life and actions, and if such were possible, increased the purity of his general demeanour and conduct. He commenced reading and commenting upon the sacred writings, and for this abandoned all other studies. An insight into the hidden mysteries of futurity became his sole and constant aim, and thanks to his deep and unceasing efforts, his object (he said) had been fully attained.

Be this as it may, Cazotte soon acquired the reputation of being a most extraordinarily gifted person; at the same time, all unanimously agreed in rendering justice to the many excellent qualities of his heart and head. His acquaintance was sought and eagerly cultivated; he became an object of consideration and veneration in every society which he frequented, and was held up as a person worthy not only of affection, but also of imitation. His reputation as an *Illuminé,* had not failed to reach the court; and it was known as a certain fact, that Marie Antoinette had, in more instances than one, sent to ascertain from him the probable success of events, whose results were still concealed beneath the impeneetrable veil of futurity. It is certainly remarkable that his answers were always delivered with accuracy, and his foresight was beyond all possibility of denial.
"Ladies and gentlemen," said Monsieur Cazotte, "will you suffer me to say a few words?"

So sudden, so unanimous was the silence, that a pin might have been heard to drop. He continued—

"You speak of a revolution as being at hand—you desire it, and even seem to dread its delay. Set your minds at ease, a revolution is at hand—there exists no longer means to resist it."

"Bravo!" cried Monsieur de Saint-Fargeau—"we wish for it—you prophesy it to us, Heaven grant that you may not be mistaken; but when are your predictions likely to be realised?"

"Sooner than any here would wish," was the solemn reply: "for this revolution will make you recoil with horror!"

"Indeed!" was the ironical exclamation of Monsieur Bailly, Mayor of Paris.

"Yes sir," replied Cazotte, pausing and turning towards the last speaker.

"Yes sir," he continued with solemn earnestness: "fate has sent forth her irrevocable decrees—He who has studied the hidden mysteries of the future, can, if you will, show you its terrors."

"I rejoice, sir," cried the flippant Marquis de Condorcet, "to have the honour of supping in company with a prophet."

This insolent speech produced a laugh.

"Monsieur de Condorcet," inquired Cazotte, gravely, "are you aware what fate this mild and pacific revolution, which in your wisdom you so ardently desire, has in store for you?" He paused, and fixing his penetrating eye upon the countenance of the haughty marquis, continued—"Death, sir! a dreadful death—a suicide!"

The marquis started and turned pale.

Cazotte went on:

"Yes, you will anticipate the work of the executioner by swallowing poison in your dungeon; a poison you will have taken the wise and timely precaution of procuring."

"Oh! oh!" resounded on all sides: "the gloomy prophet,—what! he predicts dungeons, and poisons, and executions, in lieu of liberty and triumph—of reason and philosophy!"

The Marquis de Condorcet alone preserved a mournful silence.

"Yes," returned Cazotte, "the first will be the consequence of the second. Reason, alone, will have temples erected to her, all others will be overthrown."

"In that case," said Monsieur de Champfort, "I scarcely think the choice of the goddess will fall upon you, Monsieur Cazotte, as her priest."

"I do not imagine that it will," answered Cazotte, "but you—you will be one of her chosen ones, and you court death in order to avoid her. You, too, Monsieur de Champfort, will seek to deliver yourself from the scaffold by the infliction of wounds and gashes with your penknife, but death will be slow to come, and preceded by horrible sufferings! Monsieur le Prince de Lambesc," resumed the prophet, turning towards that personage, "you will die in exile! You, Monsieur de Saint-Mauris, will die upon the scaffold, as well as Messieurs de Nicolai and de Malesherbes. As to you, Monsieur Sylvain Bailly, the sage par excellence, that revolution you so ardently look forward to will not spare you either."

"Do you forget me, Monsieur Cazotte?" demanded Saint-Fargeau, inquiringly.

Cazotte turned towards him:

"Your fate," he said, earnestly, "is to be assassinated by the hand of a friend; you will thereby be punished for an act of condescension which will have become a crime."

This prediction is quite as extraordinary as any of the others. The death of Louis the Sixteenth had been decided upon by the Jacobins, but the majority of voices depended upon Monsieur Lepelletier-Saint-Fargeau, and twenty-one of his friends. It was well-known that a high character, who took an active part in the revolution, had much influence with Saint-Fargeau; this person was dispatched to him, who promised that if Saint-Fargeau and his friends would vote for the death of the king, that his eldest son should marry Mademoiselle de Saint-Fargeau. The hope of this alliance induced the ex parlementaire to give his own vote, and to ensnare his friends into the abyss. The opposite party had, however, no sooner succeeded in their diabolical scheme, than the personage already alluded to, sought by every means to withdraw his promise. It appears that just before the murder of the king, the Jacobins, fearing a return of public pity in favour of the unhappy monarch, resolved to inflame the minds of the populace by an act of the most infernal policy; they determined upon putting one of the conventionists to death, and attributing the act to the royalists. The
nobleman already mentioned seeing an opportunity of thus freeing himself from his promise, demanded that Saint-Par-geau should be the victim. This was agreed to, and the assassination was committed by one of the Septembriseurs. Our readers will pardon us this digression. Notwithstanding all their efforts to preserve composure, these sinister predictions seemed to freeze up every heart.

A young man of the name of Roucher, however, the author of a poem entitled “les douze mois,” who was seated opposite Cazotte, thanked him insolently for only putting the nobility and academicians to death. Cazotte cast upon him a look of deep compassion—

“Young man,” he asked emphatically, “do you expect the reign of reason to spare you, one of her votaries?—No, no,” he pursued, shaking his head, “he who has courted the goddess by his songs, must needs share in her favours—you, too, will mount the scaffold!”

Roucher, upon hearing the fatal prediction, uttered a wild shriek of terror, and nearly fainted.

The ladies regarded each other; horror and consternation painted on their countenances. The Prince de Beauvau, willing perhaps to turn the whole to a joke, cried—

“Well, Cazotte, all these predictions will be verified when the Turks, and Tartars, and Caribbees shall have invaded France!”

“Prince! those who will treat us as I have described, will be neither Turks, nor Tartars, nor Caribbees—they will be Frenchmen, philosophers, the boasted friends of humanity, the disciples of Voltaire and Diderot.”

“But this dreadful epoch is distant—far distant yet, is it not, Monsieur Cazotte?” timidly inquired the Countess Fanny de Beauharnais.

“Six—seven—eight years, and all will be accomplished,” returned Cazotte.

The Princesse de Beauvau, who had hitherto preserved an unbroken silence, desirous of putting an end to a conversation which had thrown such a gloom over the whole society, rose from the supper table, and proceeded to the saloon. Other topics were introduced, but in vain; Cazotte had fascinated his hearers. He stood with his back to the fire-place: the ladies seated themselves, the men stood in groups.

“I doubt, Monsieur de Cazotte,” said the Duchesse de Grammont, rising from her seat, “but that we shall have to thank you for a sleepless night. Our path, hither to strewn with roses, seems, according to your tenets, choked with briers and thorns; fortunately, however,” pursued the duchess, “our sex has nothing to fear from revolutions; women who meddle in state affairs are punished with exile, that is all.”

“Madam!” responded the inflexible prophet, “this time it will not be so.”

“The women, too!” cried the Marche-chale de Mirepoix, with terror in her looks.

“How—why?” interrupted the horror-stricken Countess de Choiseul.

“Because,” responded Cazotte, the friends of reason and philosophy make no distinction of sex: women will mount the scaffold as well as men.”

“You have often given us glowing descriptions of the next world, Monsieur Cazotte,” remarked the Duchesse de Montmorency.

“I do not deny it.”

“And now you preach the end of this one,” pursued the Duchesse de Grammont.

“Not yet,” was the reply. “All that I can say is, that for your part, Madame la Duchesse, you will go to the scaffold, in company with several other ladies, in a cart—your hands tied behind your back.”

A murmur ran through the company; the Prince de Beauvau arose, and attempted to approach Cazotte. Monsieur de Bauffremont hindered him. Madame de Grammont looked haughtily around, indignation flashing from her eyes. After a few moments’ silence, she turned towards the prophet—

“Man of evil omen!” she exclaimed, “you may say what you will; but my birth—my rank—my title assures me, at least, a mourning coach.”

“That will be refused to greater ladies than the Duchesse de Grammont,” mildly answered Cazotte—“equality will then have levelled all ranks.”

Here the murmurs recommenced; the duchess affected to smile, but in trembling accents continued—

“Greater ladies than I am? How now! he is going to say that the princesses of the blood will not even be spared!”

“And greater still!” rejoined Cazotte, in a faltering voice.

These last words produced a violent
agitation throughout the assembly; there were exclamations, murmurs, whispers: the prophet's phrases were commented upon, his predictions termed fanatical, his reasoning deemed fallacious. They ended at length by regarding the whole as the effect of a disorganised imagination. The Duchesse de Grammont had, meanwhile, assumed a forced appearance of composure: looking round for approbation, she again superciliously addressed Cazotte—

"I'll venture to affirm," she said, "that our excellent friend, Monsieur Cazotte, will not even allow me a confessor at my last moments!"

"A confessor, madam!" responded Cazotte, "there will be none! Reason, as I have already announced, will alone have altars and priests dedicated to her service. As to confessors, hope not for them, expect them not—the last person to whom such a favour will be accorded will be—"

Cazotte paused, there was in his manner an evident hesitation—a strife between the want of saying more, and the prudence that forbade him to proceed. At length the Bishop of Saint-Papoul said, to encourage him to continue—

"Why refuse to name the last person to whom a confessor will be granted? you hesitate, Monsieur Cazotte, lest your prediction should not be verified!"

Cazotte raised his eyes to those of the prelate—

"You wish to know it, monseigneur? Well then," he added, in a voice almost inaudible with emotion, "this last person is The King of France! Of all his prerogatives, it is the only one which will remain!"

These words caused a universal burst of horror. Several of the ladies nearly fainted. The Prince de Beauvau, no longer able to control himself, forced his way through the crowd to the spot where Cazotte stood, and rebuked him severely for an assertion not only dangerous, but treasonable. The prophet sought not to justify himself; his silence lent an additional weight to his terrible predictions. He was surrounded—questioned by twenty voices at a time. The Duchesse de Grammont once more approached, and with a kindness and condescension of manner, quite foreign to her generally reserved and haughty deportment, again inquired—

"Now, Monsieur Cazotte, that you have so well, or rather so ill prophesied for us, say, are you ignorant as to what will be your own fate? or are you so reckless of the future, that you have never taken the trouble to ascertain what it will be?"

"Have you ever read the history of the Jews, madam?" was the interrogatory reply.

"I have—but explain yourself as though I had not."

"Well, madam, the siege of Jerusalem was nearly ended, when a man was seen, for the space of seven days, running along the walls that surrounded the city, crying in mournful accents, 'Woe to Jerusalem! Woe to Jerusalem!' On the seventh he added, 'Woe to me!' and fell, crushed to death beneath an enormous fragment of rock which had been hurled upon him by the besiegers;—to the application, madam!"

Cazotte, bowing, first to the duchess, and then to the remaining guests, quitted the saloon; leaving the company in a state of stupefaction—of bewilderment—of anxiety, scarcely to be described; for the general opinion of his honour and probity was so great, that none could refrain from attaching a deep and solemn importance to his words.

Many present even, infatuated by the same spirit of illumination, acceded him the gift of prescience: but still, his predictions were so much at variance with the popular ideas of the French at that period, that before the party broke up, he was unanimously declared 'Mad to all intents and purposes.'

"Be it as it may," remarked the Prince de Beauvau, "the good man may compromise us with his fooleries. What I predict an ignominious death to greater ladies than are assembled here to-night—to greater than the princesses of the blood—and even to—Oh! I shall not meet Cazotte again with pleasure!"

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**CHAP. II.**

**The Breakfast.**

"Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn, Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn; Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen, And desolation saddens all thy green."

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Deserted Village.

Marie Antoinette, who, simple and we might add unprecedented in her tastes, had become weary of sustaining the constant fatigues of royalty, with all
its concomitant pomps and etiquette, sighed for a private retreat, where, surrounded by a few friends, she could escape from the thraldom of the court, and enjoy that freedom of conversation and action, which, though so innocent in itself, is nevertheless a boon denied to royalty. The amiable Lewis XVI., ever attentive to her slightest wish, presented her with the small palace in the park of Versailles, known by the name of the Petit-Trianon, and hither the grateful and delighted queen repaired. In order to render this lovely spot the more attractive, the gardens had been laid out in the English taste, with mossy cells and delicious caverns, forming a cool and shady retreat from the scorching rays of the mid-day sun; with artificial rocks, whence flowed crystal streams, bounding and bubbling in mock ebullition, and finally mingling with the clear smooth waters of the lake beyond. A rural bridge served at once to unite these rocks, and to conduct to a charming belvedere, situated so as to command an extensive view of the surrounding scenery. A marble temple, more lasting, it is to be believed, than his empire over the human heart, was erected to the wily god of love, and terminated an unbragged avenue of lime trees. Further on, a Swiss hamlet was constructed. On one hand, winding up the sides of a mimic mountain, which afforded pasture to a snowy flock of sheep, was a cow-house—the habitation of two pretty favourites, called Dorothy and Fanny (a black and a white cow), whose glossy hides, delicate forms, and small short horns, were worthy of being immortalized by the pencil of Paul Potter himself. At a few paces distant stood the dairy, with its white marble pilasters—its thatched roof—its verandas and lattice work, through which peered roses, and jessamines, and woodbine, clustering about the windows, and shedding their fragrance around. Inside were to be seen the bowls and vases, the pans and sieves, the pails and churns—some suspended—others ranged along the shining shelves, all bespeaking a rustic elegance, a refined coquetry that might well-warrant, and in this instance justify, the oft-repeated expression of "fit for a queen,"—for in the innocent gaiety of her heart, it was Marie Antoinette herself, who, with her own royal hands made the cheeses—churned the butter—milked the cows! Strange though it seem, the queen that graced the throne to-day, might be seen on the morrow clad in a rusted gown, and simple peasant's cap, trimmed with lilac ribbons, from beneath which flowed, in rich luxuriant curls, her long unpowdered tresses! A little to the right was the parsonage, and, close by, the little chapel; whose tiny bell, at evening, chimed the vesper hour. The high and slated building of the centre was the dwelling of the lord of the manor—and that lord no less a personage than the King of France himself, who, to please his beloved queen, would now and then lay aside the insignia of his rank, and take his part in her childish amusements. On one side, a little apart, was the thatched hut of the gamekeeper, and from whose mossy portal, the gay gallant, the lively and the witty Count d'Artois, the handsomest prince in Europe at that day might be seen to issue in the garb of his new calling: opposite stood, with its pretty mill, the miller's house—beyond, that of the bailiff or steward of the manor, a post occupied by Monsieur, whose duty it was to adjudge the archery prizes. And lastly, towering above all, stood the far-famed Marlborough tower, with its batteries, whence cannon could be launched, in case of an attack upon the hamlet.

To this spot, then, we shall conduct our readers. At an early hour on a bright morning in the month of June, in the year 1788, Marie Antoinette, accompanied by her friend, Madame Jules de Polignac, was seen directing her steps towards the above-mentioned dairy. The air was balmy and refreshing, the birds warbled upon the branches as if to welcome their lovely mistress, and one or two of her pet lambs gambolled to her side in expectation of the portion of biscuit, with which she never failed to be provided. The queen stopped to caress her favourites. Hitherto she had carried carelessly balancing upon her finger a small key, the upper part made of burnished gold, and representing a cushion of fleur-de-lis, on which stood a pair of

* Afterwards Charles X.
† Monsieur Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVI.
cooing doves. It was a perfect gem in its way, that opened the dairy, the chapel, the hut, every place; a master-key, in short, and, more, the work of Louis XVI. himself. Here we may pause to remark the predilection of the king for mechanics, an employment in which he was known to excel, particularly the locksmith's branch. The king could also take the most complicated watch to pieces, and put it together again. The singular choice evinced by sovereigns in their favourite occupations has often afforded matter of wonder. Louis XV. possessed the most decided skill in the culinary department. He could dress pigeons in various ways, could cook fowls au basilic, make fricassees and ragouts, so that it frequently happened at supper in the "petits-appartements," that half the dishes on the table had been cooked by the sovereign; and it was a known fact, that he never failed in excelling the utmost jealousy towards any artiste who was thought to season a dish better than himself.

Suddenly the queen stopped, she missed her key, and stooping, she sought for it long and eagerly amidst the grass, but in vain. At length, accompanied by her friend, she retraced her steps, though with no better success. This circumstance, trivial as it seemed, cast a momentary shade over the hitherto joyous features of Marie Antoinette: they once more returned, and entered the dairy, which had been previously unlocked by Antoine, an old and faithful Swiss, the surveillant of the hamlet; at that moment they were joined by the Princesse de Lamballe and Madame de Tourzel.

"Have you found my key?" inquired Marie Antoinette, eagerly, after the first salutations were passed, "I have lost it, and am so vexed: the king will say that I am careless!" No one had seen it.

"Antoine!" she called. "I have dropped my key, there will be a good reward for you if you seek it."

Antoine bowed, and proceeded to the cow-house, whether the party laden with pails and bowls also repaired. Marie Antoinette having milked the cows, distributed bowls of delicious new milk to her companions; while the Princesse de Lamballe handed round a small basket, containing petit pains à la crème. Having concluded their slight repast, they once more entered the dairy, where butter and cheeses were to be made, and other preparations gone through; for no time was to be lost, a small party of "exclusives" was expected to breakfast at ten o'clock, and it was then past seven.

"How very provoking to have dropped my key!" said Marie Antoinette, again referring to her loss.

"So it is!" answered the Princesse de Lamballe; "such a pretty key too."

"It is not only for the key, Chérie," returned the queen, "though I loved it, for it was the king who made it, but for the circumstance itself—I am always alarmed when I lose any thing. Did I ever tell you about my ring?" she inquired.

"I remember it," replied Madame de Tourzel, "it was 'spirited away?""

"Spirited away!" exclaimed both the ladies at once—"do tell us how, madam."

"Shortly after I was married," commenced the queen, "I perceived one day that I had lost my wedding ring: having long sought for it without success, I at length gave it up for lost, and you, it was, ma bonne amie, if I remember right," turning to Madame de Tourzel, "who had another made to resemble it for me."

Madame de Tourzel replied in the affirmative.

"This circumstance, trivial as it was," resumed the queen, "caused me much uneasiness. I had always heard it was unlucky to lose the marriage symbol; however, the ring was no where to be found, and in time I ceased to think of it. Several years elapsed, when one day, after the birth of my daughter, a priest belonging to Versailles requested an audience, which I granted. To my very great astonishment he produced the ring. Saying he had received it under the seal of confession, the person telling him that it had been abstracted for the purpose of aiding in some magical practices, undertaken with the view to prevent my having children—"

"How very strange!" interrupted Madame de Polignac.

"And how wicked?" cried the princess.

"To continue"—pursued the queen,
"the birth of my child, proving the inefficacy of these sacrilegious attempts, the penitent during a fit of illness was, it appears, stung by remorse, and had recourse to this means of restoring my ring."

"Still," said Madame de Polignac, "I should not think the key has been abstracted in like manner."

"I know it has not," answered the queen, "yet there is no knowing—whoever finds it, may make an ill use of it."

"It might be well," observed Madame de Tourzel, "to have the locks changed."

"I think it would," returned the queen, "I shall give orders to that effect. We have a good opportunity today, as the king is gone to Paris, with the Prince de Tavannes."

"Will his majesty return to-night?" inquired Madame de Lamalle.

"No," replied Marie Antoinette, "it is why I have asked you and Madame de Tourzel to remain here with me."

"We shall amuse ourselves, then!" observed the lively Princesse de Lamalle.

"I hope so, Chérie!" answered the queen, smiling. "Messieurs de Wadmaness and de Breteuil are coming to breakfast at the dairy, whence we shall return to the Petit-Trianon, and there we shall, no doubt, be joined by a party."

"If Monsieur de Wadmaness is coming," observed Madame de Polignac, "I must prepare some of my iced strawberries!"

"True," answered the queen, "the old captain is fond of them—and what shall we prepare as a treat for the baron?"

"One of your majesty's cheeses," answered the Princesse de Lamalle. "Our dear good baron will, I am certain, prefer it to anything else."

Breakfast was prepared—the village clock struck ten, and at the same moment the two guests were seen walking towards the dairy.

"We have not kept you waiting, mesdames!" observed the Baron de Breteuil, after the compliments d'usage had been gone through.

"No! no!" exclaimed the queen and Madame de Polignac, "we are only just ready, M. le Baron," continued Marie Antoinette. "Here is one of your favourite cheeses—you say you like them—though it may be only flattery—queens," she added archly, "never hear the truth, you know."

"Ah! madam," replied the baron, "I am too old to turn flatterer, so your majesty may believe me when I say that all at the Trianon is lovely—good—virtuous—exquisite!"

"M. de Wadmaness," cried Madame de Polignac, "here are some of the strawberries you found so good the last time—they are of my own icing."

"And like yourself—divine, madam," rejoined the captain, cleaning his plate with as much celebrity as if he had been on a forced march.

"Has your majesty heard of the famous duel?" inquired the Baron de Breteuil.

"The duel of the Duke de Fronsac," asked the queen: "yes, I heard of that last night; a very shocking affair it was."

"True, madam! But it is not the one I allude to."

"What duel then do you mean?" asked Marie Antoinette. "I heard of no other very lately: indeed, I wish duelling was abolished altogether," she observed; "but who has fought now?"

"Two heroines!" answered the baron, laughing.

"I thought such extravagancies were confined to the stage," remarked M. de Wadmaness; "but who are the fair combatants, Monsieur le Baron?"

"The Duchess de C—— and the Marquise de B——."

"What a scandal!" cried the queen, angrily. "And what gave rise to the duel?"

"There is, your majesty, at present in Paris," replied M. de Breteuil, "a young gentleman, whom I believe I would not misname in calling him an adventurer; who he is, nobody knows—whence he comes, nobody knows: it seems, however, that these two ladies have found him a prototype of the celebrated Adonis of old; they have mutually discovered that they are rivals; consequently challenged each other."

"And whose coif suffered the most? can you tell, M. le Baron?" asked Madame de Lamalle, laughing.

"Coif! Madame la Princesse," responded the baron, "do not talk of coifs, it was mortal combat, and fought with loaded pistols!"

* Probably Chalon and Bouillon.
All the party laughed—the queen, alone, looked serious.

"You may laugh," she said, "but I cannot, I am seriously displeased."

Madame de Lamballe, ever gay and lively, tried to suppress her mirth; however, after a vain effort, she, once more, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which she was heartily joined by the young and pretty Madame de Polignac.

"There," said the queen, "is how you destroy the reputation of our sex, you only see the folly, the mischief of the act, you do not, as I do, see the scandal—the disgrace! Is it not shocking," continued Marie Antoinette, vehemently, "that two senseless old fools should, by such shameful conduct, dishonour the court of France?"

"And for an adventurer, too!" added Madame de Tourzel.

"I shall take care," pursued the queen, "that they shall know of my displeasure. "And which of the two fell?" demanded the old captain, who appeared highly amused.

"Both!" returned the baron.

"Both!" shrieked the ladies in a breath.

"But both to rise again," resumed the baron. "The two mad creatures fired together, consequently missed each other; but both in their fright thought, as soon as they smelt the powder, that they were mortally wounded, and fell flat upon the ground."

This ludicrous scene caused a fresh burst of mirth: the queen preserved her gravity as long as possible, and at length joined in the laughter of her companions. At length, resuming her seriousness, Marie Antoinette turned to the Baron de Breteuil—

"Do you not think, M. le Baron, that such conduct deserves censure?"

The baron bowed.

"I cannot but applaud her majesty’s good sense in the view she has taken of the matter," replied the baron.

"And our giddiness and want of sense," added the Princesse de Lamballe, endeavouring to check the remaining smiles that still dimpled her lovely cheeks. "The fact is, madame," she continued, addressing the queen, "that Madame Jules and myself only saw the ridiculous side of the question; and that, your majesty will admit, was absurd enough to call forth our misplaced merriment, and your just displeasure."

This little apology served to bring smiles once more to the beautiful countenance of the queen.

"I admit it, Chérie," she said, "and in your place would perhaps have laughed too; but it concerns me more nearly. I must, on all occasions, sustain the dignity of the court."

This observation was warmly applauded by both the gentlemen. Indeed, Marie Antoinette, notwithstanding her natural playfulness of manner, and her relish for simple and rural amusements, displayed in frequent instances very high powers of reasoning, and an excellent judgment.

By this time the breakfast was ended, and the party were preparing to return to the Petit-Trianon, when a sergeant of the regiment of the Swiss Guards, of which M. de Wadmaness was captain, was seen speaking earnestly to old Antoine, who pointing, seemed to direct him to the page in waiting. Madame de Tourzel, who had observed the whole from the window of the dairy, turned to acquaint the captain, who had also perceived his sergeant; Monsieur de Wadmaness anticipated her words:

"Ay, madam," he said, "this is an ill news that comes to me, nothing less than a deserter——"

Madame de Tourzel turned pale.

The queen on hearing the word, reiterated, "A deserter!—where?"

"In my regiment, madam" was the captain’s answer: "much as I regret to admit it, one of my faithful Swiss has deserted."

"But did you know of it then?" inquired Madame de Tourzel, "or do you only surmise it, from seeing the sergeant?"

"I knew it," was the reply.

"And why not try to have prevented it?" asked the queen, anxiously. "Oh! M. de Wadmaness, is not the prevention of crime preferable to its chastisement?"

"Certainly, madam; but this could not have been prevented."

"Why not?"

"What is the punishment of a deserter?" interrupted the Princesse de Lamballe, eagerly.
"Death!" was the answer.
"Death!" exclaimed the princess—
"how dreadful! how shocking!—how
cruel!" pronounced all the ladies in a
breath.

"Why does a man desert?" said the
 captain.

"Oh! for a thousand reasons,"
answered the queen; "in fact, one can-
not tell—but so many are forced to
serve against their inclinations."

"And the laws are so strict!" ob-
 served Madame de Polignac.

"Not half strict enough, madam,"
returned the captain. "When a man
 has the honour of serving the king and
 queen of France," and he laid an
emphasis on the word, "and has, moreover,
an indulgent captain like myself, I think
his desertion is unpardonable—he de-
serves to be shot. I have," continued
M. de Wadmaness, "a nephew of mine
own in the Swiss Guards—a charming
youth, the only son of a favourite sister.
Well, madam, if he were to desert, I
would shoot him with my own hand."

"I hardly think it, monsieur l'ap-
 piâne," said the queen.

"I do not believe a word of it," cried
the Princesse de Lamballe.

"Nor I," said Madame de Polignac.

The captain put his hand in his pocket
and produced a letter.

"Here is an anonymous letter," he
said, "that I received this morning."

The queen held out her hand, and
read,—"Captain, a man will be missing
from this morning's parade; blame no
one for his desertion but himself. Heaven
protect you, the queen, and the king.—
A Swiss."

"He put the queen's name before the
king's," cried Madame de Polignac,
earnily: "he rather deserves to be
made minister if he were caught, than
to be shot: how sorry I am."

"He should be judged by a court-
martial of ladies," observed the Baron
de Breteuil.

"A delightful idea," cried Madame
de Lamballe. "Do, M. le Capitaine,
deliver your prisoner to us, if you take
him."

The inflexible captain shook his head.
"Death, death to the culprit!" he said;
and taking his cane and his hat, prepared
to leave the room. At that instant the
sergeant entered (by the queen's desire).

Having made a low obeisance to her
majesty and the ladies, he approached
the captain.

"Well, Haller, you bring me news of
a deserter," cried the latter.

"Yes, captain; and I am sorry to say
the deserter is——" He stopped, fixed
his eyes inquiringly on the captain, as if
to see the effect of his words.

"Is whom?" cried the captain,
anxiously.

"Your nephew!"

This was a shock for which the kind-
hearted though rough old soldier was ill-
prepared. He did not speak, but sat
down for a moment to recover himself.
The queen presented him with a glass of
Madeira, and made a sign to the ser-
geant to withdraw. After a few mom-
ents' silence, Marie Antoinette again
approached.

"Captain," she said, "surely this sad
business need not go beyond this room.
We are all friends, and can keep a
secret."

"Certainly, certainly," resounded on
all sides.

"Had it only been the letter—the
threat to desert," said the captain,
"something might have been done;
but to desert at the morning's parade!
Unpardonable! unpardonable! Excuse
me, madame," he said, bowing to the
queen, "I must instantly return to the
château," He bowed to the company,
and quitted the room.

This event could not fail to throw a
damp over the countenances of all the
ladies. The excellent Baron de Breteuil,
however, promised that he would in-
stantly go and make all the necessary
inquiries, and return to make his report
to the queen, who had determined to
become the advocate of the poor youth,
and save his life, if she could do no
more. Having escorted the ladies to the
Petit-Trianon, he took his leave, and
proceeded on his kindly errand.

CHAP. III.

Casseries—French Society in 1788.

"You know
What great ones do, the less will prattle of."

Shakespeare.

As the queen and her ladies had antici-
pated, they found on their return to
the saloon of the Petit-Trianon, a party
assembled to meet them, consisting of
the élite of the beau-monde of that period. Aware of the absence of the king, all were desirous of contributing to render that absence the less wearisome to the queen; for it was well known that such a kindly feeling existed between the royal couple, that a separation even for a couple of days was an event in their lives. The king, as we have previously stated, had gone to Paris, accompanied by the Prince de Tavannes, and was not expected to return until the evening of the third day. Marie Antoinette was greeted on her entrance by the Duchess de Cossé-Brissac, her dame d'atours; her friend the Countess de Grammont, who was as much liked for her amiable manners, as her namesake the duchess, whom we have already introduced to our readers, was disliked on account of her extreme pride and haughtiness. The youthful Countess de Tavannes was also present: this lady, although bearing the reputation of a wit and a coquette, was universally liked. Her coquetry was of that innocent nature that was merely confined to her own personal appearance; she was, in fact, excessively pretty, and studied with so much attention the decorating of her person, that she was never known to wear any thing unbecoming, however fashionable it might be. The Countess de Tavannes also possessed a quick and ready wit, still she was never heard to utter a sharp word; nor would she, for the sake of saying a witty thing, inflict a moment's pain: surely these are qualities, and rare ones; for wit scarcely have the credit of sparing even their most intimate friends. Her husband, to whom she was sincerely attached, was chevalier d'honneur to the queen. The Duke de Guiche, the Count de Tavannes and de Vaudreuil, and the Duke de Coigny, were all the gentlemen as yet assembled.

We think it might not be uninteresting to our readers, to make them a little more intimately acquainted with two of the bosom friends of Marie Antoinette, whom we have already introduced to, namely, the Duchess de Polignac and the Princesse de Lamballe. Madame de Polignac was not precisely what might be termed beautiful, still, the mildness of her character was so deeply reflected on her countenance, that she captivated all who approached her. The sound of her voice, the sweetness of her smile, the penetrating expression of her eye, gained her all hearts. Her skin was beautiful, her complexion delicate, her eyes sparkling. Her figure, which was rather below than above the middle size, was full of grace and elegance. Madame de Polignac was appointed governess to the "children of France," at the period of the bankruptcy of the Prince de Guéménéé, who failed for the enormous sum of thirty-five millions! The Princesse de Guéménéé had hitherto filled that important situation. It was on this occasion that the Countess Jules, the name by which she had hitherto been distinguished from the Countess Diana, received the title of duchess. The name of the Princesse de Lamballe has been often mentioned: suffice it then to say, that this unfortunate victim of the revolution, was, from the period of her being appointed to the superintendence of the queen's household up to the period of her death, one of the most devoted of the friends of Marie Antoinette. She was lively, graceful, elegant, perfectly beautiful; her complexion, one in which the roses blended with the lilies; her hair was long, fair, and luxuriant. In character, she was mild, playful, and affectionate. Marie Antoinette seated herself to her embroidery frame. This was a signal that the other ladies might equally amuse themselves with their various occupations: the Princesse de Lamballe took her embroidery, Madame de Polignac her knitting, the other ladies commenced their untwisting,* the fashionable and profitable female occupation of that day. Yes, singular as it may seem, the ladies of the French court never went any where, except into the presence of the king, without their work-bags; one filled with little pieces of stuff, brocaded in gold, with fringes, laces, tassels, &c.; the other to contain the gold thread or twist, as soon as it had been unravelled: they afterwards sold the gold to the Jews; and it is an undoubted fact, that duchesses, nay princesses, have been known to go about from Jew to Jew, in order to obtain the highest price for their gold. Dolls, and all sorts of toys, were made and covered with gold brocades; and the gentlemen

* Parfilage.
never failed to render themselves agreeable to their fair acquaintance, by presenting them with these toys! Every one knows that the court costume of the French nobleman at that period was most expensive; this absurd custom rendered it doubly—trebly so, and was carried to such an excess, that frequently the moment a gentleman appeared in a new coat, the ladies crowded round him, and soon divested it of all its gold ornaments. The following is an instance:—

The Duke de Coigny, one night, appeared in a new and most expensive coat. Suddenly, a lady in the company remarked that its gold bindings would be excellent for untwisting. In an instant he was surrounded, all the scissors in the room were at work; in short, in a few moments the coat was stripped of its laces, its galons, its tassels, its fringes, and the poor duke, notwithstanding his vexation, was forced by politeness to laugh and praise the dexterity of the fair hands that robbed him!

The Duke d’Ayen and the Baron de Bezenval were announced, and were shortly followed by the Count d’Artois, accompanied by the elegant though very unamiable Duke de Lauzun.

“Is it true that Madame de Forcalquier has been named?” inquired the Princesse de Lamballe of the Count d’Artois.

“Quite true,” returned the Prince.

“The countess has been long intriguing for a post at court,” pursued the princess.

“Very long,” rejoined Marie Antoinette; “and perhaps I might have given her one, for she appears lively and amiable, but for her intimacy with the Countess du Barri.”

“Oh!” observed the Duke de Lauzun, “the Count de St. Germain predicted that she would make her fortune by a favourite. She, therefore, turned to the countess, upon the death of the Marquise de Pompadour, whose bosom friend she had long been.—”

“And whose post she would have had no objection to have filled in her turn,” rejoined the malicious Duke d’Ayen, laughing.

“What ill-natured conclusions M. le Duc always makes,” whispered Madame de Tavannes to the Princesse de Lamballe.

The princess nodded her assent to the remark.

The Duke de Lauzun smiled. “As to that,” he said, “I can say nothing; all I know is, that the countess and the old Marquise de Mirepoix have quarrelled.”

“Really! the inseparables!” cried several voices at once.

“Is it,” asked the Count d’Artois, “in consequence of Madame de Forcalquier’s nomination as dame d’honneur to my wife?”

“Of course it must be,” answered the queen.

“I understood,” continued the Count d’Artois, “that the marquise was contented now that her pensions have been nearly doubled. Money—money, was her aim, come as it might.”

“No wonder she games so dreadfully,” observed the Countess de Grammont. “I have heard that she has more debts of honour than she will ever be able to liquidate.”

“Why does she not apply to her brother?” said the Baron de Bezenval.

“The Beuvaux have little enough for themselves,” answered the Duke de Lauzun. “I, too, have a shrewd guess that the marquise is not over particular as to how she fills her coffers, provided she does fill them.”

“You will see,” said the Duke d’Ayen, gaily, “that she will end by trafficking her birth in Paradise.”

“Aye!” said M. de Vaudreuil, “if she is not afraid of displeasing her cousin—german.”

“Who is that?” inquired Marie Antoinette.

“No less a personage, madame,” answered Vaudreuil, seriously, “than the Sainte Viére herself, with whom she claims relationship.”

“And she is not a little proud of her genealogy,” continued the Count d’Artois.

Marie Antoinette laughed.

“But how does she make out her relationship?” she asked.

“It appears,” said M. de Vaudreuil, “that the Marquis de Mirepoix is head of the house de Lévi, and the Lévis were nearly related to the Sainte Viére.”

“Theirs, then,” said the queen, highly amused, “is a family of more ancient descent than mine, or even that of the Bourbon!”

* The Virgin.
"It is surprising that Madame de Forcalquier does not marry," observed the Count de Vaudreuil.

"She is waiting for the Prince de Beauvau, but the princess has no inclination to turn her steps towards the next world," answered the Duke d'Ayen.

"Madame de Forcalquier has been already twice married, has she not?" inquired the queen.

"Yes, madam," answered the Duke d' Ayen, quickly; "according to her own account, her first husband would have beaten her had she permitted it.

"Beat her!" cried the queen, astonished, "how disgraceful!"

"And her second was such a poltroon," continued the duke, "that she might have returned the compliment upon him, had not such a step been contrary to all rules of politeness and etiquette."

The queen looked amazed.

"Is it possible!" she cried, "that people can live together in such a state?"

"Very possible, madame," replied the Duke d' Ayen and the Duke de Lauzun, at the same moment. The latter was known to detest his wife; indeed, the sentiment was reciprocal.

"I remember she told me," said Madame de Cossé-Brissac, "that one day the Marquis d'Antin had struck her. She was so enraged that she instantly ordered her carriage, and drove to her lawyer's to obtain a separation."

"She did perfectly well," observed the kind-hearted Count de Tavannes, "a man must be a sorry knave to strike his wife."

The pretty Countess de Tavannes looked towards her husband, and smiled.

"That is as she may deserve," observed the Count de Vaudreuil, who was himself remarkable for his impetuosity of temper.

"No woman deserves to be beaten," observed the queen. "But how did it end?"

"The lawyer, madame," replied Madame Cossé-Brissac, "asked, had she witnesses to produce; she had not, nothing then could be done. On her return to her hotel, the first person she met upon the stairs was her husband, who tauntingly inquired, what step her lawyer had advised.

"He told me to return what you gave me," answered the lady, "and suit to the action to the word, she gave him a tremendous box upon the ear, that sent him reeling down the stairs!"

"Bravo! bravo!" cried a dozen voices at once.

"I like her spirit!" cried M. de Vaudreuil.

"Better, perhaps, than if you had been in the admiral's place," returned the Duke d' Ayen, sneeringly.

"Why so?" demanded M. de Vaudreuil, quickly.

"It would be what we call adding fuel to flame," retorted the duke.

The Count de Vaudreuil, who was known to possess a most violent temper, was about to reply.

Monsieur de Tavannes, however, interposed: after a few moments he added: "I suppose Madame de Forcalquier is afraid to approach the altar third time?"

"Were I in her place, I should," said the queen.

"So should I," cried Madame de Lamballe. "I would detest such a husband as either of those she has had—but who comes, I wonder!" exclaimed the princess, as a carriage drove to the entrance of the Trianon.

"It is the Count de Broglie!" cried Madame de Polignac. "Now for news, and for scandal, and for——" The duchess was interrupted by the entrance of the new guest, who proceeded with all the grace imaginable to pay his respects, first to her majesty, then to the other ladies.

"Do you bring us any news, Monsieur le Comte?" inquired Madame de Polignac.

"News, madam!" answered the count, bowing gracefully. If I bring none, I must invent some—any thing to please Madame de Polignac. Have you heard of the duel?"

"Oh! yes!" answered Madame de Polignac.

"Why, I gave you credit for having forgotten that by this time, Monsieur le Comte; I know you have a short memory," cried Madame de Lamballe: "you, who have always the first news of every thing, to refer to such a bygone tale!"

* The Marquis d'Antin was vice-admiral.
"It only happened last night," observed the Duke de Lauzun, "if you refer to the two heroines."

"Ah! de Lauzun," interrupted the count, "who would have thought of seeing you here?"

"His wife is not here," whispered the Duke d'Ayen to the Countess de Tavannes, "else he would be elsewhere."

Madame de Tavannes smiled, "You always have something unkind to say," she said in a low voice.

"Ladies, has de Lauzun told you the news? the melancholy news," inquired the Count de Broglie.

The ladies answered in the negative, and inquired what it was. "De Lauzun, he has been as stupid as an owl," interrupted the Baron de Bezenvial; "he has not said three words since he has been here."

"He has been ruminating on the cruelty of the fair Caroline," observed the Duke d'Ayen.

"Not I, ma foi!" answered the duke.

"What about Caroline?" asked the queen, in a low voice, "can you tell, Madame de Tavannes?"

"It seems, madam," answered the Countess de Tavannes, "that Monsieur de Lauzun, having by some chance seen Mademoiselle Caroline de Beauvau, who, though poor, is very pretty, wrote to her, to make her an offer of his hand and title; the young lady, justly offended at this most unwarrantable proceeding, sent him back his letter open, but enclosed in a blank cover."

"Still he would have been a good match for Mademoiselle de Beauvau; she can hardly expect better than a duke, besides, his family is ancient, though not quite so ancient as that of Madame de Mirepoix," added the queen, laughing.

"If M. le Duc had proposed for her selon les règles," continued Madame de Tavannes, speaking in a low voice, "I believe she would have been very glad to have accepted him; but mademoiselle is still at her convent, and then your majesty is aware, that in France a young lady must never receive an offer of marriage herself, the gentleman must apply to the parents; if they approve, the marriage takes place; if not, the refusal comes from them, the young lady has no more to do in the acceptance or rejection than——"

"A horse that might be sold at a fair," whispered the Duke d'Ayen, who had overheard the conversation.

"This is why there is so little real happiness in the marriage state in France," observed the queen, laughing at the duke's remark.

"Your majesty will admit that Mademoiselle de Beauvau acted with a very great degree of good sense," returned Madame de Tavannes.

"Certainly, provided she did not like the Duke de Lauzun," said the queen, smiling. "But," added her majesty, "the Duke de Lauzun married since?"

"He did, madam, he was so enraged at Caroline's conduct, that he proposed the very next day for the young Countess Amélie de Boufflers."

"I hope he proposed according to etiquette," said Marie Antoinette, archly.

"He went to the fountain-head this time," answered the duke; "he applied to the Maréchal de Luxembourg himself, who, your majesty is aware, is the grandfather of the Countess Amélie; the affair was immediately concluded, and by the expiration of three days, the 'happy pair' hated each other most cordially!"

"That makes my words good," said the queen, "such marriages can never turn out happily; but hark! who does the Count de Broglie say is dead? Look at Madame de Polignac, how pale she is!"

"The duchess is nervous!" observed the Duke d'Ayen.

During this little conversation apart, the gentlemen at the other side of the room had continued talking. It was an observation of the Count de Broglie's that had caused the change of countenance in Madame de Polignac.

"I have three deaths to announce to you," were the count's words.

"Three!" exclaimed the duchess, turning pale.

"No less!" answered the count, and I have just been paying one of my visits of condolence."

The queen and her ladies listened with breathless attention.

"Madame Brillant," continued the count, "expired yesterday afternoon."

"Madame Brillant!" reiterated the
queen and several of the ladies at once.

The gentlemen smiled; some professed themselves sorry, others were glad: the Duke de Lauzun laughed outright.

"You are all very cruel and hard-hearted!" exclaimed Madame de Tavernes.

"I thought de Lauzun would have announced this intelligence," observed the count, gravely.

"I was not obliged to know it," answered the duke, half angrily, "I received no courier."

"And how does the Maréchale de Luxembourg support her loss?" inquired Marie Antoinette.

"She was in fits all night, madam," answered the count, "and is in a fever this morning: indeed, she told me she thought she never would recover it."

"I never saw Madame Brilant," remarked the queen.

"Your majesty has had a loss, then!" exclaimed three or four voices.

"A very great loss, ma sœur!" exclaimed the Count d'Artois; "for, besides being very handsome, she had certainly the most elegant, courtly manners as well as the highest society."

"Yes," continued the Duke de Lauzun; "and she always appeared at the soirées of the Maréchale; in fact, her reputation had not only extended itself over Versailles, but had even reached Paris."

"It is a certain fact," said M. de Vaudreuil, "that Madame Brilant was never at her ease except in the very highest society."

"How singular!" exclaimed the queen.

"Wonderful!" cried Madame de Lamballe.

"I never saw such a quadruped!" exclaimed the Count d'Artois.

"You have seen her, then?" said Marie Antoinette, inquiringly.

"Yes, and had the honour of being rather a favourite."

"I understand," said the Duke d'Ayen, "that Madame Brilant had a kitchen and a cook to herself."

The Princesse de Lamballe laughed.

"To cook her mice, I suppose," said she, gaily.

"Mice!" exclaimed the queen; "for shame, Chérie; surely Madame Brilant never ate a mouse."

"She was much too elegant a cat for that," said Madame de Tavernes.

"No, knowing!" Madame la Princesse, returned the witty Duke d'Ayen; "the artistes of the kitchen carry their skill so far in these enlightened days, that none of us know what we eat; besides, to a cat at least, I do not see why a suprême de souris should not be quite as good as a suprême de volaille." This speech caused much hilarity.

"Madame Brilant was fond of game," observed the Count d'Artois; "for you know, sister," he continued, addressing the queen, "that whenever his late majesty returned from coursing or shooting, he never failed sending a present of game with his compliments to Madame Brilant."

"I did hear that our grandfather did so," replied Marie Antoinette, "but I did not credit the tale."

"I can answer for its being an absolute fact," pursued the count.

"I know his majesty was in the habit of sending to inquire after her health, if she was indisposed," returned Marie Antoinette.

"The whole court did so!" exclaimed all the ladies.

"For my part, I have frequently sent," added the Count d'Artois.

"Her antipathy to the bourgeois class was extraordinary," observed M. de Vaudreuil; "it was well known she never tolerated any person who did not wear lace ruffles and a sword!"

"How very strange!" exclaimed Madame de Polignac.

"Strange, indeed!" responded Marie Antoinette.

"And still more strange," reiterated the Count d'Artois, "the sight of a common person made her swoon away!"

"Nay, that is an addition of your own, mon frère!"

"Ma parole, it is true," answered the count.

"I can vouch for it," said Monsieur de Lauzun, "for when the cat swooned away, Madame la Maréchale de Luxembourg fell into an attaque de nerfs, and
a pretty scene we had of it then, I can assure your majesty."

"How I should like to have seen her!" exclaimed the queen.

"If her food was not served to her on silver, and her milk in Sèvres porcelain," said the Baron de Bezenval, "she made the grimace, and would not touch either."

At this moment the Baron de Breteuil entered the room.

"Monsieur le Baron," asked Marie Antoinette, "did you know Madame Brilliant?"

"I had that honour, madam."

"She is dead!"

"So I have just heard," returned the baron.

"I met Madame de Clermont Tonnerre, who imparted the melancholy intelligence to me. The marquise was going to pay her visit. Poor Madame Brilliant!" continued the kind baron, "she really was an extraordinary creature. When Madame de Luxembourg went out, she quitted her velvet cushion, and took up her post near the lodge of the Suisse, and the moment the carriage returned, she bounded through the window: then there was such a scene,—such joy,—such transports; the maréchale was in ecstasies!"

"I wonder will the maréchale put on mourning?" said the Princesse de Lamballe.

"Perhaps not mourning, but certainly the pouf de circonstance," replied the Duke d'Ayen, glancing at the queen, who did not seem to notice the remark.

"It would give La Bertin, an opportunity of displaying her skill," observed the Count d'Artois.

"Oh! we husbands can answer for her skill," returned the Duke de Lauzun, peevishly.

"What a very delightful pouf the Duchesse de Lauzun wore a few nights since," exclaimed the Countess de Tavannes.

"Where?" asked the duke.

"Chez la grande Mangeuse, for I met Madame de Lauzun there," said Monsieur de Bezenval.

"Yes," answered Madame de Tavannes; "it was at Madame du Deflant's."

"Is she then a great eater?" inquired Marie Antoinette.

"Enormous, madam!" rejoined Bezenval: "if I happen to be placed next to her at dinner, she eats for us both, for her appetite completely takes away mine!"

"How very shocking," observed the ladies.

"But the pouf—tell us about the pouf, Madame de Tavannes," resumed Marie Antoinette.

"Madam," returned the countess, "I am afraid my description will be very inadequate to the beauty of the head-dress, still I will try to give an idea of it. A whole landscape was represented in relief; at top a mountain, whose base was washed by the waves of a sea in commotion, a number of ducks were swimming on its borders, and a man stationed on a rock was in the act of firing upon them: on a spot of the mountain shaded with trees, was a mill; an old abbé was outside the door making love to the miller's wife, and below on the foreground was seen the miller himself leading a donkey."

This description was hailed with a burst of mirth.

"How lovely!" exclaimed the queen.

"How lovely!" echoed the ladies.

"How vexatious!" muttered the Duke de Lauzun, "no wonder for bills to pour in upon me!"

"Madame de Muy had another extraordinary one, the same evening," remarked M. de Bezenval.

"Not so very extraordinary," answered the countess.

"What was it?" inquired the queen, eagerly.

"Nothing more than a garden, madam, with her five children playing in it, the children represented by five dolls of different sizes."

"Ah!" ejaculated Marie Antoinette.

"A pity she had not as many children to represent as Niobe," observed the Duke d'Ayen.

"How many was that?" asked the Princesse de Lamballe.

"Seven sons, and as many daughters, madam," was the reply.

"Fourteen children! good gracious, what a family!" exclaimed the princess.

"The Duke d'Ayen was godfather
to seven of them!” observed the Duke de Lauzun, still out of humour, on account of his wife’s extravagance.

“And the Duke de Lauzun, to the other seven,” retorted the former, bowing sarcastically.

Here we may take an opportunity of observing that these *poufs* were certainly amongst the most extraordinary head-dresses ever invented into France, or, we might add, any other country. The wife of a naval officer wore a *pouf* representing a frigate in full sail. The wife of a general, or other officer, one representing a fortification surmounted by a sword and cross of St. Louis.

We shall endeavour to describe the celebrated *pouf de circonstance*, worn by Marie Antoinette, on the occasion of the death of Louis XV., and her majesty’s and Louis XVI.’s succession to the throne. At the left was a tall cypress, whose numerous branching roots were represented by crapes, round the trunk of the tree was entwined a wreath of marigolds in black (this flower in French is called "*soucis*.

At the right a cornucopia, from which poured in abundance figs, grapes, melons, and other fruits. A large sheaf of wheat lay upon the cornucopia; this was to convey the notion that although the demise of the late king might be regretted, still a consolation was afforded in the anticipations always attendant upon the accession of a successor to the throne.

An English lady, the widow of an admiral, ordered a new *pouf*; all the directions she gave, were confined to these words: “I am English, and the widow of an admiral.” Two days after, her head-dress was taken home. The sea was represented in a state of commotion, and on it a fleet in full sail. The main-mast flag was lowered, and in black crape, to denote the state of widowhood of the wearer.

It is needless to say that these two head-dresses created universal admiration; the materials they were composed of, were gauzes, crapes, ribbons, beads, feathers, &c. &c.

The Baron de Breteuil, whom we left at the end of the foregoing chapter, proceeding in quest of intelligence respecting the young Walter Muller, had, as we have since noticed, returned to the saloon, and was reporting the success of his mission to the queen. The deserter had, it was thought, escaped, for he had not been seen since parade on the previous morning; the queen’s countenance grew still brighter than it had been at this intelligence, and her majesty hastened to impart the satisfactory tidings to the Princesse de Lamballe and Madame de Polignac, who were equally rejoiced at his prospect of escape.

The Baron de Breteuil had, by Marie Antoinette’s invitation, taken a seat at one side of her Majesty’s embroidery frame, next to the Princess de Lamballe’s and the Countess de Tavanne’s.

“Has your majesty heard of the death of Madame la Princesse de Talmont?” inquired the baron.

“No,” returned Marie Antoinette.

“Is the princess dead?”

“Yes, madam, and has left a curious will.”

“Did you hear that, mon frère?” cried Marie Antoinette.

“What, madam?”

“The death of Madame de Talmont.”

The reply was in the negative.

“It was the second death I had to announce to Madame de Polignac,” interrupted the Count de Broglie. “But Madame Brilliant and the *poufs* put it out of my head.”

“I am very sorry,” ejaculated the amiable duchess.

“I did not think Madame de Talmont’s illness had been so serious,” said the queen, kindly.

“It seems,” said the Count de Broglie, “that the princess told her physicians that it was their remedies which were killing her; but as they had treated her according to the rules of the faculty, she had no right to complain.”

“Our friend, d’Argenson, would hardly have given her credit for so mild a speech,” observed the Duke d’Ayen.

“The princess was very rich?” said Marie Antoinette, inquiringly.

“Very rich,” answered the baron; “your majesty’s aunt, Madame Adelaide, is named as universal legatee.”

“Indeed!” said the queen, in a tone of surprise: “the will has then been opened?”

“Her orders were to open it instantly on her decease: she died at two o’clock this morning.”
"Has she left all to Madame Adelaide?" asked the Count d'Artois.

"No, her watch set in diamonds, and all her porcelains, have been left to Monsieur de Maurepas; and a hundred thousand livres to the hospital of the Enfants Trouvés."

"I am glad of that," said Madame de Polignac, looking pleased.

"I approve of it too," said the queen, "it is a most interesting establishment."

"Have you visited it?" asked the Count d'Artois.

"Oh! yes; I went with the king, Monsieur and Madame de Provence, Babet,* and you, Chérie, were with us!" looking at Madame de Lamballe.

"Yes, and I remember how delighted we were," replied the princess.

"It is truly a most admirable establishment," resumed Madame de Polignac, eagerly, and I always rejoice when I hear of money being left to it."

"So do I," said Madame de Tavannes,

"It interests me beyond everything; I cannot visit it without shedding tears."

"I believe it has the same effect upon many," observed the queen: "I remember it had on me.

"I did not think the Princesse de Talmont had been good for so much as to give—leave, I should say—her money to a charity," remarked the Count de Tavannes.

On hearing this remark, the pretty Countess de Tavannes turned quickly round, and smilingly addressed her husband—

"I am sorry to hear you make such an observation, dear! Do you not think it possible to have defects of character and possess virtues too?"

"The defects of Madame de Talmont were so numerous and glaring," answered the count, "that one should possess very shining qualities indeed to counterbalance them. The princess had a most insuperable pride; in short, her arrogance was beyond all powers of belief; and then her passion—her violence of temper!"

"I have heard it was dreadful," observed the queen.

"But your majesty has not heard the other particulars of the 'will,'" remarked the Count de Broglie.

"What are they?"

*The Princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI.

"The Princesse de Talmont," replied the Baron de Breteuil, "gave orders that she should be interred en grand costume. A robe of blue velvet, richly embroidered in silver, a coif of point d'Angleterre, surmounted by a golden coronet, studded with brilliants."

"How very strange!" exclaimed the queen.

"She wanted, it would seem, to introduce the new fashions into the next world," observed the Duke d'Ayen.

"A capital letter of recommendation for La Bertin!" exclaimed the Count d'Artois.

"And has this strange whim been complied with?" asked the Princesse de Lamballe.

"No; the Archbishop of Paris thinking (wisely, perhaps,) that such vanities would not be tolerated in the other world, forbade any thing more than the simple winding sheet."

"Monseigneur likes to keep well with the ladies," observed the Count d'Artois, "and was afraid of drawing the ill-will of those in the next world upon him, if he permitted such finery to go amongst them. The princess would have been quite an object of envy there."

"No doubt," replied the baron.

"How much has the princess left to the Marquis d'Argenson?" inquired M. de Vaudreuil.

"Not a livre, I'll venture to say," cried the Count de Tavannes.

"Not a sous!" exclaimed the baron.

"He is completely in for the 'pots cassés,' then," said M. de Vaudreuil, laughing.

"The 'pots cassés!' what is that?" inquired Maria Antoinette.

"Does your majesty not know the story?" asked the Princesse de Lamballe, surprised.

"No, Chérie," replied the queen.

"Pray tell it to her majesty, Monsieur de Vaudreuil!" exclaimed the princess.

"One day during the Argenson ministry," commenced Vaudreuil, "the Princesse de Talmont called on the marquis, who happened to be in actual debate at the moment with the other ministers; he, therefore, sent a polite message, entreating the princess to wait a few moments in his saloon. The princess, however, no sooner received the
message, than calling up her attendants, she commanded them instantly to break the furniture of a "fellow" who dared desire her to wait his pleasure. The lacqueys commenced. Crash! crash! went the splendid mirrors, and smash! smash! the Japan and Sevres porcelains! When all were strewed around in fragments, the princess descended to her carriage, and drove away.

"What shameful conduct," cried Marie Antoinette. "Did not the princess know how she debased herself by such conduct?"

"It would seem not, madam," was M. de Vaudreuil's reply.

"And what did the Marquis d'Argenson say?"

"Say, madam," reiterated M. de Vaudreuil; "what could he say? Having dispatched his business, and flown to the salon to meet the princess, your majesty may judge of his surprise—his indignation, at the spectacle that presented itself. Furious, he instantly ordered his carriage, and waited on his majesty, Louis XV.," added the count, bowing, "to make his complaint."

"And was not the king shocked?" inquired Marie Antoinette, highly amused.

"It appears not, madam."

"How—why?—what did he say?"

"Louis XV., shrugged his shoulders, laughed heartily, as perhaps your majesty is aware was his habit when he heard anything that amused him."

"Far from complaining, Monsieur le Marquis," said the monarch, "you ought to consider yourself fortunate that the princess did not order her lacqueys to throw you out of the window. Tut, sir, it will teach you to be more polite to the ladies in future, and not keep them waiting; for which piece of rudeness on your part, I must insist that you go and apologise to Madame la Princesse."

"Oh, that was too bad," cried Marie Antoinette: "and was the marquis really obliged to do so?"

"He was, madam; else he would have been forced to have taken the benefit of the country air."

"The duke did not remain long in the ministry," remarked the queen.

"A very short time after this circumstance," was the reply.

It was now growing late, and the party separated with two or three exceptions. Some returned to the château, others to their various homes as might be; for during the absence of the king, Marie Antoinette was seldom in the habit of inviting more than two or three of her most intimate friends to join herself and Mesdames de Polignac and de Lamballe at dinner. The Baron de Breteuil, one of the most devoted friends of the royal family, was amongst those who remained; the others were the Count d'Artois, the Count and Countess de Tavannes, and the Count de Broglie.

"Do you go to the Countess de Noailles this evening?" asked Marie Antoinette, addressing the Count d'Artois.

The answer was in the affirmative. The Count de Broglie put the same question to the Duchess de Polignac, and to the princess.

"I am going," said the princess, "but Madame la Duchesse has pleaded a migraine in excuse."

"A party at Madame de Noailles is intolerable," observed the queen.

Every body present joined in the queen's opinion.

"We go to Madame de Mouchy's," said the Countess de Tavannes,—"we shall be quite en petit comité."

"Quite a small party, is it?" said the queen.

"Yes, madam; since the death of her mother-in-law, the countess has scarcely received any but intimates, nor has she gone out."

"What singular customs etiquette imposes upon us," was the observation of Marie Antoinette. "It is very well known on what bad terms these two ladies lived, still Madame de Mouchy who—the queen paused."

"Who rejoices to have freed herself from the thraldom so long exercised upon her, that is what you mean to say, ma sœur, is it not?" asked the Count d'Artois.

"Exactly," answered the queen,—"I was going to remark that etiquette, notwithstanding, forces her to a semblance of grief which she is far from feeling."

"Ainsi va le monde!" said the Baron de Breteuil.

* Head-ache.
"Oh! this reminds me, Monsieur de Broglie," said Madame de Polignac, "to ask you, whose was the third death, you said you had to announce to us?"

"It was that of the petit page, madam."

"Ah! we had heard of that," returned the duchess.

"Of what! ma belle?" inquired Marie Antoinette.

"Of the duel; and the death of our pretty page," answered Madame de Polignac, sadly.

"Ah!" sighed the queen, "what a shocking affair! I cannot tell you how I regret him."

"I detest the Duke de Fronsac," said Madame de Tavannes.

"So do I," cried Madame de Polignac.

"So do I," reiterated the Princesse de Lamballe.

"I never liked him," continued Marie Antoinette: "and I dislike him ten times more now. I make no doubt," she added, after a pause, "that the king will testify his disapprobation of M. de Fronsac's conduct."

"I am sure his majesty will," observed the Count d'Artois.

"It is his birth alone that makes him tolerated," said Madame de Tavannes.

"Nothing else!" rejoined the count.

"He passes for a wit, but all his witticisms are gross insults, or else méchanécités."

"I had almost a quarrel with the Duke de Fronsac," observed the queen, "at the time his majesty was so indulgent as to give me this palace of the Petit-Trianon for myself; the duke wanted the superintendence of the palace; he wished to regulate my expenses—my movements—all my actions, in short, to have the entire control of myself—and palace."

"What audacity!" cried the Count d'Artois.

"You may say so, indeed," cried the queen, vehemently. "And our non-conformity with his wishes, has ranked him foremost amongst our enemies—for, alas!" added Marie Antoinette, despondingly, "we have enemies, and many I fear!"

There was a silence of some moments.

"Where will your majesty find a throne that is not surrounded with enemies?" said the Baron de Breteuil feelingly.

"I sometimes fear," said the queen, "that ours has more than its wonted share." Marie Antoinette sighed deeply as she said these words.

"The enemies of such a throne must be less than men!" said the excellent baron.

Marie Antoinette looked up to thank him; a tear glistened in her eye. She smiled sweetly as she said, looking round—"I believe that, notwithstanding whatever evils fate may have in store for us, we shall always be able to count on the devotion—the friendship—the affection, of those now assembled at this table."

A burst of approbation, loudly expressed by all present, followed these words. All were, indeed, devoted friends to the angelic Marie Antoinette, with but a single exception—must we name it?—the Count de Broglie!

"What reply did your majesty make to the Duke de Fronsac?" asked Madame de Tavannes, willing, perhaps, to change a subject which evidently seemed to distress the queen.

"I told the duke," replied Marie Antoinette, "that I would dispense with his interference at the Petit-Trianon; that the king had bestowed it upon me as a retreat where I should be free from all etiquette; that there I should not even have the interference of the Countess de Noailles, and that his majesty had sufficient confidence in me, to permit that I should become perfect mistress of my own actions, which his majesty was pleased to term perfectly harmless. I added, that the king had himself condescended to say that even he would never appear at the Trianon en maître, nor otherwise than as my invited guest."

"What effect did this produce?" inquired the countess.

"The duke was going to expostulate, and even commenced with 'but our rights, madam.' I did not permit him to proceed, but calling to my aid all my pride, I waved my hand, saying, 'Enough, sir!' He bowed and withdrew, angrily, as you may imagine."

"He would have been a complete despot," said the Princesse de Lamballe.

The evening had now drawn to a
On Ballets, and Dancing in General.

close, the company took their leave, and Marie Antoinette, who loved a moonlight walk, proposed to her friend, Madame de Polignac, to accompany her as far as the hamlet. To this, the amiable duchess joyfully assented. They set out without an escort. We shall, however, accompany them in the following chapter.

L. V. F——

This historical sketch, part, indeed, of a series of papers, must be continued in our next volume, commencing July 1st, in order that we may also give, as promised, a tale of the English Chronicles.

COPY OF AN ORIGINAL LETTER BY THE LATE SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

[Sir,—I send you a copy of a letter, written by Sir Walter Scott to M. G. Lewis. I have the original in my possession. You will probably publish a copy. The one I send is an exact copy, even to the stops, words marked over, and interlineations. I am, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
E. DARBY, Jun.,
15th March, 1837.]

The Editor of the Lady’s Magazine and Museum.

Sir,

I have been a good deal interrupted by business of a less pleasant nature in my endeavours to contribute the inclosed mite to your proposed collection of horrors—I rejoice that your own compositions are so numerous and propose to myself not a little pleasure from the grim White Woman, tho’ I shall hardly wish her to leave quite the same effect upon my nerves as the Bleeding Nun her predecessor, it was a little too violent and advanced with very hasty strides into the regions of absolute fear.

I send you a free imitation of the little Romanze in Claudine Von Bella Bella agreeable to your request & I add four Scottish Ballads abundantly puerile but not without some merit especially that call’d “Willy’s Lady”—Kempion appears to be a fragment of some old metrical Romance, as the names are Romantic and not popular nor national—Clerk Colville differs considerably from the printed copy which you must have seen A good edition might be made out of both—Child Brinton has not very much merit—You will easily distinguish whether any of these may with propriety enter your collection as specimens of the ancient Scottish marvellous Ballad—I have sent you the only copies of Clerk Colville & Child Brinton which I possess to save the time for transcribing them—When you come to Edin. may I trouble you to put them in your portefeuille—I also send you a long ghostly story in which I have attempted to versify a highland (superstition laying) the scene in the Perthshire western mountains — If I have succeeded so far as to induce you to add it to your signs & wonders it will give me infinite pleasure — I made the attempt solely for your collection, so it bears the marks of haste — It will at least shew the interest I take in your undertaking — I really burn to see the Tales of terror — At the risque of anticipation I hope you will bring down the thirteen ballads—

I consider myself as honoured in the prospect of a personal acquaintance in speedy expectation of which give me leave to subscribe myself Dear Sir

Your most obedient Servant
Sir Walter Scott

Edin, 15 June 1798

I have added no glossary as I suppose you can be at no loss for Scottish phrases and Highland customs—If however in that or any thing else I can in the least assist my address is No. 50 George Street Edin.

17 June — The inclosed has been by accident delayed two posts.

[We have as far as possible followed the original; in that, however, are several interlineations and substitutions, which it is not worth while here to notice particularly.]

ON BALLETS, AND DANCING IN GENERAL.

In the decadence of what is commonly called the legitimate drama in England, another species of theatrical entertainment, the pantomimic ballet, borrowed from our neighbours, the French, has for some time past been gradually naturalizing itself upon our stage. Instead of assuming, as formerly, the modest guise and appellation of divertissement, or interlude, we have it now a full-blown drama of three acts, with plot, unities, and of a duration equal to, and sometimes exceeding, that of a five-act tragedy or comedy. Thalia and Melpomene, so long the radiant twin-stars of the histrionic hemisphere, are beginning to pale their ineffectual fires before the rising effulgence of the younger-born sisters, Polyhymnia and Terpsichore. Whether such a change of patronage among the Muses
ought to be viewed as an evidence of corruption in our dramatic taste, or, on the contrary, a step forwards in refined civilisation, is a point, the discussion of which would lead us to far greater lengths, and into more serious considerations, than comes within the province of the present sketch. The mimetic ballet, however, whatever its present condition may be, comes down to us with the highest pretensions antiquity can invest it with, incorporated as it was with the noblest productions of the Greek tragedians, and playing the most prominent part, political as well as theatrical, upon the Roman stage.

"Great is the difference," says Gallini, * between the ancient and modern dances. The ancient ones were full of sublime simplicity. But that simplicity was far from excluding the delicate, the graceful, and even the brilliant. The moderns are so accustomed to those dances from which nature is banished, and false refinements substituted in her room, that it is to be questioned whether they would relish the returning in practice to the purer principles of the art. Myself knowing better, and sensible that the principles of nature are the only true ones, have been sometimes forced to yield to the torrent of fashion, and to adopt in practice those flourishings of art, which in theory I despised, and justly; for surely the plainest imitation of nature must be the grounds from which alone the performance can be carried up to any degree of excellence. It is with our art, as in architecture, if the foundation is not right, the superstructure will be wrong. For the attaining to a just perfection in it, there are many other points required, but none so much as the close imitation of beautiful nature, and that especially in its greatest simplicity."

"And that simplicity of execution," says M. de Cabusac, "intended to produce, by means of its adherence to nature, the greatest effect, will cost him more pains, more exertion of genius, than those dances of which the false brilliants of extravagant decoration, and of agility without meaning or expression, constitute the merit. It is with the composition of dances, as with that of music, the plainest and the most striking are ever the most difficult to the composer."

The astonishing perfection to which the ancients carried the pantomimic art, appeared so extraordinary to the celebrated Abbé du Bos,* that not being able to contradict the authorities which establish the truth of it, he was tempted to consider the art of dancing in those times as something wholly different from what is at present understood by dancing.

The Chevalier Ramsey places it also among the lost arts. Both, no doubt, grounding their opinion on that deficiency of execution in the modern theatres, compared to what is incontestably transmitted to us, by history, of the excellence of the ancient pantomime dancing.

The different affections of the soul are the origin of gestures; and dancing, which is composed of the latter, is consequently the art of embodying them with grace and measure agreeably to the emotions which they seek to express.

Dancing, according to what some reckon more agreeable to the true genius of the art, is the art of expressing the sentiments of the mind or the passions, by measured steps or bounds that are made in cadence by regulated motions of the body, and by graceful gestures, all performed to the sound of musical instruments or of the voice.

There is no account of the origin of dancing amongst mankind. It is found to exist amongst all nations whatever, even the most rude and barbarous; and, indeed, however much the assistance of art may be necessary to make any one perfect in the practice, the foundation must certainly be in the human constitution itself.

The Greeks, who probably took their first ideas of this art, as they did of most others, from Egypt,† where it was in great esteem and practice, carried it up to a high pitch of refinement.

Many of them piqued themselves on rivalling, in excellence of execution, the most celebrated masters of the art. That majestic air so natural to them, while they preserved their liberty, the

* Du Bos, sur la Poesie, &c.
† A recent traveller in Egypt, Mr. St. John, describing the paintings which adorn the interior walls of a tomb at Carnae, speaks of the Aline, or dancing girls, being represented as displaying their art before some ladies of rank, who seem highly delighted with the exhibition.
On Ballets, and Dancing in General.

The Greeks, developing the element of the beautiful in every branch of the art, were also masters in the religious dance. There were no festivals nor religious assemblies but what were accompanied with songs and dances. It was not held possible to celebrate any mystery, or to be initiated, without the intervention of these two arts. In short, they were looked upon as so essential in those kind of ceremonies, that to express the crime of such as were guilty of revealing the sacred mysteries, they employed the word *kheista*, signifying to be out of the dance.

As they proceeded in civilisation they reduced dancing to a regular system, and had dances proper for exciting, by means of the sympathy above mentioned, any passion whatsoever in the minds of the beholders. In the exhibitions of the theatre, they united the dance with many other performances; and the dances of the ancients, which commemorated the adventures of Achilles, Alexander, the loves of Venus and Mars, &c., are to be understood as pantomimic performances. In this way they are said to have proceeded lengths to us absolutely incredible. At Athens it is stated that the dance of the Eumenides or Furies on the theatre had so expressive a character, as to strike the spectators with irresistible terror. Men grown old in the profession of arms trembled; the multitude ran out; the most disastrous consequences attended matrons; people imagined they saw in earnest those terrible deities commissioned with the vengeance of Heaven to pursue and punish crimes upon earth. Such effects are the more extraordinary, when we remember that these representations were carried on in full daylight, and upon unroofed stages erected in the open air.

It does not, however, appear that the Romans were at all less capable of being effected in this mechanical manner than the Greeks. When dancing was once introduced, it had the very same effects at Rome as at Athens. In this art, the former, as usual, copied from the latter; but in the reign of Augustus, they left their instructors far behind them. At that time, two very extraordinary men made their appearance, who invented a new species of entertainment, and carried it to an astonishing degree of perfection. Nothing

delicacy of their taste, and the cultivated agility of their limbs, all qualified them for making an agreeable figure in this kind of entertainment. Nothing could be more graceful than the motion of their arms. They did not so much regard the nimbleness and eagerness with the legs and feet, on which the moderns have laid so great a stress—attitude, grace, expression, were their principal objects. They executed scarce any thing in dancing, without special regard to that expression, which may be termed the life and soul of it. Their steps and motions were all distinct, clear, and neat, proceeding from a strength so supplied, as to give their joints all the requisite flexibility and obedience to command.

The operation of the principle of imitation, which led to the invention of the drama, gave birth also to the imitative dance—the pantomime. Dancing, in the course of time, took the character of an art. Grace became one of its chief objects, and it was much cultivated as an elegant amusement in the intercourse of society, and an elegant spectacle in public entertainments.

They spared neither pains nor cost towards the perfection of their dances. The figures were exquisite, and the least number of them forty or fifty. Their dresses were magnificent, and in taste; their decorations sublime.

Athenaeus, who has left us an account of many of the ancient dances, observes,* that in the earliest ages of antiquity dancing was esteemed an exercise, not only not inconsistent with decency and gravity, but practised by persons of the greatest worth and honour. Socrates himself learnt the art, when he was already advanced in years. The same author likewise tells us, that a dancer named Memphis, who was a follower of Pythagoras, expressed by his pantomimic dancing all the excellence of that philosophy with more elegance, force, and energy, than the most eloquent professor of the sect could possibly have done.

A certain bachelor duke then, recently caricatured for giving a most graceful illustration of some new step, has, it seems, the wisest philosopher of antiquity to afford him countenance in such salutary expositions.

* Book 1, ch. 17.
was talked of, but the wonderful talents and amazing performance of Pyldades and Bathylus, who were the first to introduce among the Romans what the French call the ballet d'action, in which the performer is both actor and dancer.

Pyldades undertook the difficult task of representing, with the assistance of the dance alone, strong and pathetic situations. He succeeded, perhaps beyond his own expectation, and may be called the father of that style of dancing which is known to us by the name of grave or serious pantomime. Bathylus, an Alexandrian, and a freeman of Macænas, took upon himself to represent such subjects as required a certain liveliness and agility. He was handsome in his person; and the two great scourgers of Roman follies, Persius and especially Juvenal, speak of his gallantries with the Roman fair in no measured terms.

Nature had been exceedingly partial to these two men. They were endowed with genius, and with all the exterior accomplishments which could captivate the eye. By their study, application, and the desire to establish a lasting reputation, they displayed to the greatest advantage all the resources which the art of dancing could supply. But, like two phenomena, they disappeared, and the world did not look upon their like again. Government withdrew its protection; the art gradually sunk into obscurity, and on the accession of Trajan to the empire, was even forgotten.

From the Romans, the dance, after a long desuetude, was transmitted to the national theatre of the Italians. About the fifteenth century, ballets were revived in Italy at a magnificent entertainment given by a nobleman of Lombardy, at Tortona, on account of the marriage between Galeas, Duke of Milan, and Isabella of Arragon. Every resource that poetry, music, dancing, and machinery could supply, was employed and exhausted on the occasion. The description given of so superb an entertainment excited the admiration of all Europe, and roused the emulation of several men of genius, who improved the hint by introducing amongst their countrymen a kind of spectacle equally pleasing and novel. They and the French have cultivated the modern art of dancing to the degree of perfection in which we find it; so that the ballet of the Parisian opera was long considered the highest perfection of the art of dancing, and, in many respects, still is. Of the peculiarities of the Italian ballet we shall speak by-and-bye.

It would seem, however, that at first the fair sex had no share in the public or theatrical dance; at least we do not find them mentioned in the various entertainments given at the opera in Paris till the 21st of January, 1681, when the then dauphiness, the Princess Conti, and some other ladies of the first distinction in the court of Louis XIV., performed a ballet, in the opera called "Le Triomphe de l'Amour." This union of the two sexes served to enliven and render the spectacle more pleasing and more brilliant than it ever had been at any other period: and it was received with so much applause, that on the 16th of May following, when the same opera was acted in Paris at the theatre of the Palais Royal, it was thought indispensable, for the success of that kind of entertainment, to introduce female dancers, and they have continued ever since to be the principal support of the opera.

Much is said against the modern French ballet, and no doubt it sometimes degenerates to a mere display of skill and agility, at the expense of grace and beauty, which ought always to be the chief object of dancing; yet we are to consider the French pantomimic ballet, as it exists at the present day (of which style those of La Sylphide and the Devil on Two Sticks are fair examples), in a very perfect state, and no country has probably ever had a more finished theatrical dance, the foundation of which was laid by Beauchamp, under Louis XIV. The art, however, of composing those great dances which are now so much admired, was for many years in a state of infancy, till the famous Noverre, whose writings on this subject much surpass those of d'Arbeau and Rameau, stepped forth and gave it that degree of perfection which it at present possesses.

Noverre attempted in the ballet a similar revolution, in certain points, to that which the celebrated Madame Favart had just effected in the comic opera, but infinitely more grave, important, and extensive. In Madame Favart, the latter had experienced merely a timid and
superficial innovator, but the ballet in Noverre encountered a radical reformer of the ultra stamp. Madame Favart had limited her reform to the surface of things; in other words, solely to costume, attacking the hoop, overthrowing the triple-staged head-tire, and reducing Corydon and Phyllis to the humble sabot and flat-combed hair. Noverre penetrated deeper still than the attire, to the very sinews of the ballet.

Noverre was a clever man, a clear-headed theorist, a revolutionary tactician, who comprehended how much address and savoir faire were required to emancipate those slaves (for he deemed them no less), to a costume and routine alike absurd. For, before his time, the ballet was a veritable thrall, fettered by old traditions, and oppressed down by the weight of the cumbersome perruque; but Noverre felt that ere he cut down to the roots even of that choreographic monarchy, it behoved him to prepare the public mind by a series of skilfully managed attacks. The success of a revolution is often compromised by too great abruptness, impatience, and precipitation. Conscious of this, Noverre commenced his with moderation; he contented himself at first with the more apparent and external forms of the ballet, the more securely thereby to arrive in the sequel at the essential basis of its constitution. Like Madame Favart, he waged a war of extermination upon hoops, raised his standard against the tournet,* and placed himself in open rebellion against powder, patches and perruques. Noverre, in a word, wished to begin, by an amelioration of costume, the great revolution which he meditated introducing in the choreographic art itself: a revolution that stopped at nothing short of changing the laws, and overthrowing all the antique mythology of the dance—an "organic change," as some of the actors in our political drama would phrase it.

Till then the ballet had been a simple divertissement of attitude and figure; dancing wherein the coup pied held absolute sovereignty, and the agile leg was autocrat over all; the mind and the passions went for nothing; the maîtres de ballet were nothing more than dancing masters: their art almost wholly consisted in inventing steps, just in the same manner as when, on its first importation from Italy, it was regularly installed at the gay court of the Grande Monarchie, and kings and princesses figured in minuets and sarabands. Before Noverre appeared, choreography possessed no other merit or importance; dramatic expression was utterly neglected in it; its programme and plots were entirely deficient of the essential qualities of order, keeping, interest, or imagination: pantomime, that is, properly speaking, the art of delineating the passions and sentiments by the aid of gesticulation, and expression of countenance, was held in no esteem. To execute a succession of automaton pirouettes, neat entre-chats—to poised the body as long as possible, not only upon the toes, but upon the very toe-nails, and fling the legs right and left with the greatest velocity, were, of late, the prominent qualities and functions of the ballet. Such a system it was that Noverre essayed to reform, towards the middle of the eighteenth century. He sought not to dethrone the goddess of dancing, but only to make her share her empire with pantomime: choreography and pantomime were, according to his ideas, two sisters, whom it was indispensable to reunite for achieving the highest glory of the ballet. It sufficed not that the ballet possessed only legs and arms for its chief attributes—it needed a heart, a soul: it availed but little to excel in mechanical execution, dramatic interest, correctness of attitude, eloquence of gesture and physiognomy are equally required to be blended in intimate association. Noverre, in fine, was desirous that dancing should have the power of exciting laughter or grief at pleasure; that is to say, his ambition was to endow it with the attributes of tragedy and comedy. Such audacious innovations as these stirred up every partisan of the ancient choreographic régime in battle array against him. A general outcry was raised upon the occasion of Noverre's publishing his revolutionary manifesto, under the title of Lettres sur la danse, (published in 1767). Terror spread itself throughout the kingdom of entre-chats, the champions of the pirouette unanimously denounced Noverre as a revolutionist, a disseminator of sedition,
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an atheist; the ancient Terpsichore clung resolutely to her throne, declaring that she would rather die, than permit the slightest attaint to her legitimacy, or to diminish one jot, either hoop or wig. Indignation prevailed no less among the petites duchesses, and the petits marquis of that day. "What?" exclaimed they, "Bon Dieu; wish to interest, and make them weep at the opera, instead of letting them chat in peace about their equipages, their lovers, their mistresses, their new establishments, and their petits soupes!"

In vain was it that Noverre attempted to struggle against the number and animosity of his adversaries; repulsed from the opera, as though he had been infected with the plague-spot, like an apostate, a heretic imbued with some infernal doctrine, he quitted France, and set himself about distilling his poisons among the theatres of Germany and Italy, at Milan, Vienna, and Stuttgart.

It was in the latter city that Vestris met with him, and became a convert to his choreographic doctrine on seeing his ballets; like another Felix, gazing upon the martyrdom of Polyxena. From that moment, Noverre's fame and authority took its date, and failed not rapidly to advance, for he had gained over to his faith the great Vestris, the god of the dance in person. On the return of the latter to Paris, the salutary god conducted himself like a faithful and convinced neophyte, for he promulgated the precepts of his master. The new philosophy, propagated by degrees, insinuated itself into the consciences of the most stubborn and rebellious; Noverre retraced his steps towards France, where a victorious conquest awaited him over the opera, upon the ruins of the vanquished tomelet. During the course of this dictatorship, he composed a multitude of ballets, conformable to his theory. Noverre was not one of those dancers who were disposed to abjure his opinions at the very moment of putting them into practice, and belie his doctrines and conscience for the advantage of their entre-chats. Seeking his subjects and drawing his inspirations sometimes from history, at others from mythological fable, he failed not, in all, to put in practice his theory of the inseparable fraternity of the ballet and pantomime; but, like all innovators, he pushed his doctrines to their extreme consequences; for, did he not essay to balletise all the tragedies of Corneille, and particularly the Horatii? Hence did his enemies sneeringly predict that he would end by making the characters of Labrouëre and the maxims of Rochefoutcauld dance together in pantomime.

Noverre had his disciples, and founded a school, whose influence has been severely felt from the choreographic productions of De Gardel and D'Atumer, down to those of our own time. Nina Clari, all that family of dramatic ballets, which created the fame of Milfe. Bigottini, descended directly from Noverre. Of late years, and especially since the administration of M. Veron, at the Parisian Opera, there seems to have been a disposition to overthrow the theory of Noverre, and return to the times in which the ballet merely made an appeal to the eyes, and nothing more. The Revolt of the Harem, and the greater part of the choreographic productions, which have had birth under the empire of M. Veron, have suddenly disjoined, what Noverre, at the cost of no small time and trouble, had united,—the drama with choreography; the dance with pantomime. The ballet has again fallen almost imperceptibly, under the well-nigh exclusive domination of entre-chat and pirouette, and the hackneyed routine of academic graces. La Sylphide, and last, though not least, Le Diabbe Boiteux, however, have proved that all respect for the authority and poetic licence of Noverre is not yet extinct in the corps de ballet.

Concerning the progress of choreography in England, as both its appearance among us is of comparatively recent date, and every important feature in it exhibited on our stage has, more or less, been borrowed from the French and Italian schools, little necessarily remains to be said, as connected with the British stage.

It was about the middle of the last century that ballet dancing was first introduced into this country; and a regular ballet-master, principal dancers, and figurants of both sexes were taken into salary.

Before that period we have heard of individual dancers of great abilities and attractions; but ballets héroiques, ballets historiques, ballets allégoriques, &c.
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seem to have had no existence here till about that time. "It was during this period" (the spring of 1772), says Dr. Burney, in his History of Music, "that dancing seemed first to gain the ascendancy over music, by the superior talents of Mademoiselle Heinel, whose grace and execution were so perfect, as to eclipse all other excellence. At this time, crowds assembled at the Opera-house, more for the gratification of the eye than the ear; for neither the invention of a new composer, nor the talents of the new singers, attracted the public to the theatre, which was almost abandoned till the arrival of Mademoiselle Heinel, whose extraordinary merit had an extraordinary recompense; for besides the 600l. salary allowed her by the Honourable Mr. Hobart, as manager, she was complimented with a regalio of six hundred more from the Macaroni club. "E molto particolare," says Cocchi, the composer, "mai quei Inglesi non fanno conto d'alcuna cosa se non è ben pagata:" "It is very extraordinary that the English set no value upon any thing but what they pay an exorbitant price for."

Though by far the greater part of the French ballets performed at the King's Theatre of late years have introduced pantomime merely as an adjunct, holding nearly the same subordinate relationship in the ballets of both schools, to the sparing use made of the recitative in English, contrasted with that of Italian operas, yet a great variety of rational and characteristic dances, incidental or otherwise, have been introduced.

During the opera season of 1833, the present lessee gave us for a few nights, in "Inez de Castro," a specimen of the genuine Italian ballet: it was the composition of Signor Cortesi, performed by a company of Italians, and the music consisted of a selection of favourite airs from Rossini, and other modern composers. As so few representations were given, and as the principles of this school are so little known in England, a brief sketch of its constitution and ancient fame may not be, at the present moment, unacceptable.

In the Italian ballet, contrary to the meaning of the word, the dancing is a mere accessory, whilst the important part, that of enacting the story, is done by the "Ballerini delle parte," or the "Mimici," a distinct class of performers, who neither dance nor speak. Without the aid of the voice, these have to explain the story by the expression of countenance, and power of gesticulation, directed and modulated to music. This sort of representation, though quite novel in England, is as ancient as the commencement of the empire of Rome.

The taste for it sprung up simultaneously with its introduction; it soon passed from the capital into the provinces, and was unquestionably the most popular of all the exhibitions of the Roman theatre. We find, on the authority of a succession of authors, that the "saltare fabulam," or pantomime, maintained its popularity at all times, probably until the theatres were closed throughout Italy. We have a very curious notice of it in the time of the Goths. A letter of Cassiodorus has come down to us, ordering, on the part of K. Theodoric, Pompey's theatre at Rome to be prepared for performing plays, and thus accurately describes the manners of the actors, as persons "whose hands were eloquent and fingers had tongues; whose silence was speaking, and who could discourse without opening the mouth—men, in short, whom the muse Polyhymnia had formed, to show that it was not necessary to articulate words, in order to make thoughts intelligible."

It may safely be inferred from a passage in Cicero "de Oratore," that Roscius himself was frequently, perhaps altogether in his later years, a pantomime actor. "He was accustomed," we are told, "to have the accompaniment played slower when he grew old; and caused the actor, to whose words it was his part to supply the action, also to moderate his declamation; and this he did, with the view of not impairing his strength by too rapid gesticulation."

To understand this, it is necessary to bear in mind, that on the Roman stage one actor often recited whilst another acted the part.

The delight the people of Rome of all classes took in this amusement, is attested by some of the gravest writers. The elder Seneca confesses with a sort
of apology for his weakness, that with him it amounted to a passion.* Lucian is not less enthusiastic; and Tacitus refers to a law, which it was thought expedient to enact under Tiberius, to preserve the decorum of the senatorial and equestrian orders, by forbidding them to escort in public, or frequent the houses of the pantomimic actors. In the reign of Nero, Seneca laments the closing of many schools, and the oblivion into which the very names of the philosophers were falling, whilst the names and schools of Pylades and Battylus, the comedians, and the inventors of the pantomime, were remembered, and likely to be perpetuated.

The actors whose merits divided the applause of the town, were, as was the custom in the Circensean games, distinguished by colours; and the disputes between the different parties occasionally ran so high, that, to avoid tumults, the emperors were obliged to banish all the actors from Rome, but they were invariably recalled when it was their object to please the people.

Such a prodigious influence, as these facts prove, was exercised on all classes by theatrical representation in dumb show, argues qualities in the actors and audiences of ancient Rome, which the people of the north of Europe are perhaps incapable of conceiving.

Eloquent gestures, a quick perception, and refined ear for harmony,—these qualities of the ancient Romans still distinguish the modern Italians. Those who have travelled in the south may have remarked that gestures are a language perfectly intelligible to the natives; that there are a number of conventional signs, expressive of words and even sentences, which an Englishman, after many years' residence, has great difficulty in understanding. To enter into the spirit, and interpret the meaning, of the acting in an Italian ballet, is an art in itself; and it certainly must be a source of great gratification to those who possess it, for by no other representation in Italy is such intense interest excited.

These causes, however, that operate to make these representations popular in that country, which has been called the land of expression, exist very imperfectly in England. Ours is a language remarkable for the tameness, the absence almost, of action. It may be expected then that a certain degree of exaggeration, observable in the manner of the Italian actors, will be considered as mere extravagance, whilst, in their opinion, it is necessary to explain what they wish to express, in default of words.

Again, the dulness of ear of the majority of an English audience, will prevent the fair appreciation of the great precision and justness of all their movements in harmony with the music. These, we fear, are impediments to the success of the Italian ballet in this country, and we regret it: for, without crying up the art as an old or modern Roman would do, we admit that it is more rational, and in every respect more intellectual, than the ordinary French ballet.

As an amusement of social assemblies, the dance has sunk much below the character of an art. The polite assemblies of the present day are too much crowded to leave room for graceful dancing, and one kind of dance being kept up with but little variation during a whole evening, of course tends to produce tediousness. But national dances, as those of the Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian, Italian and Spanish peasantry, still retain the expression of joyous feeling, and often exhibit much imitative power.

* Du Bos, sur la Poesie, &c.; the Abbé has fully elucidated every kind of theatrical representation of the ancients.
SONNET.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

There is no flow'ret from the lap of May,
That yieldeth to the heart such pure delight,
As that fair rose with all earth's glories bright,
Who first appeared on this benignant day.

Hail! to her advent—to her progress, hail!
Hail! to the zenith of her sparkling youth!
Oh! ne'er may sorrow's blighting breath assail
The child of honour, innocence, and truth.

Enough to know (since all some woe must share),
Her baby cheek received a widow's tear,
From that fond mother, whose unceasing care
Hath trained her to perfection year by year—

Oh! royal maid, still may thy generous breast
Enjoy the bliss of making others best.

LONDON CHARACTERS.—"BOZ" AND OTHERS.

The great and well-merited success of
Mr. Dickens (we are not partial to the
unworthy alias of Boz), in delineating
the characteristics peculiar to London,
in its inhabitants born and bred, the real
and unrivalled natives, excites our sur-
prise (now the deed is done), that no
one ever entered to good effect, or with
due pretensions, on the field before. That
it was one unparalleled in extent, and
promising infinite variety, could not be
doubted; but probably that very circum-
stance might prove appalling—like Sterne,
when he sat down to write upon slavery:
the "multitude of groups distracted" those
authors disposed to describe or analyse
them; and they did not perceive, like the
man of genius in question, the better
plan of taking a few individuals, and look-
ing, not "thro' the grated window," but
the usual walks of life, at each one in
such a manner as to present him, both in
whole and in part, for inspection.

We have, it is true, in various novels,
fat aldermen, and the wives of wealthy
cheesemongers, exhibited at civic feasts,
the vulgarity which may disgust us, or
the superfluity which may excite our
envy; but the complete character of even
the party in question, is never brought
before us in all its bearings: we hear
the v's and w's, the slang exclamation
and the obstreperous laugh; but we are
not led into the hospitable domicile, where
the toiling tradesman of the morning
becomes the liberal host of the evening,
to struggling clerks and poor relations.
We laugh at the crimson-satined and
bronze-complexioned lady, elbowing her
way to a mansion-house dinner; but we
know not the difficulties she had en-
countered in early life, nor the virtues
displayed during the struggle—we see
not the basket packed by her own hands,
which made its way up her area steps
to feed the hungry babes of a languish-
ing mother, and which helped to "put her
in a pothier." No! the good, and the
evil; the folly which we smile; the
good at which we rejoice; the fine pecu-
liar traits which at once amuse and in-
struct, are drawn out in all their bold, or
gentler lineaments by Boz alone.

Miss Mitford's "Village" (whether he
is himself aware of it or not), must have
been the primary cause of this (not
the less) original painter of life
adopting this walk of his art. Her first
admirable volume would come out just as
he entered his teens (for be it known
that Boz is a young, and, moreover, hand-
some man), and another, and another
succeed at the very time when imagination was enkindled, and all the mental faculties called into action, in combination with that ardent devotion to the true, which is felt most powerfully in conjunction with the ideal. Who shall say that the foundation of the stories confined to metropolitan subjects, evincing such close observation of circumstances, such discrimination of motives, such knowledge of life in all its grades, and the probable feelings and actions of each, had not its origin from the pleasure derived, and the habit of observation excited by such reading.

From whatever cause derived, we may all rejoice in the effect produced; for a new and almost inexhaustible mine is opened, at a time when we were ready to conclude all was exhausted. Jack Brag may perhaps be termed a novelty, and must be allowed to be one alike despicable and annoying; but with that exceptionable exception, where can we find anything new under the sun, even in that path which admits every freak of the fancy to embody the "shapes of things unseen," and every recollection furnished by books or man, to fasten persons or incidents upon the page. In the Pickwick papers, we find persons, new and yet familiar, peopling the scene to our mind's eye, and without playing any fantastic tricks before "high heaven," giving to earth sufficient of the dramatic to awaken our risibility, or perhaps, at times, enough of the pathetic to move us to tears; gently filling our best sensibilities into action, and keeping our virtues alive by the sympathy they hold with the higher characters on the stage before us.

Nevertheless, the Pickwickians must yield, in the interest they excite, to poor Oliver Twist, whose simple and sorrowful story will do more for the hungry and houseless, the workhouse fed, and the half-starved out of it, than even the true exposé offered day by day in the Times, as arising from parish examinations on the poor laws, although, in point of fact, they exhibit cases quite as pitiable. Many a one indisposed to political discussion, and from weariness or idleness, averse to exercising his mind on a serious subject, may gladly take up a book expressly devoted to amusement, and find himself somewhat in the situation of those Goldsmith describes, who came to scoff, but stayed to pray. The heart must be surprised into compassion, if it pursue a narrative, so true in circumstance, so probable in events, that every reader believes he must have seen the boy somewhere, and so full of those sufferings which are the "badge of his tribe," that every conscientious man fears lest he should, at some time or other, have aided in their infliction. Much more does the woman, especially the mother, tremble as she pursues the narrative; alike fearful that the babe nourished at her bosom may, in the changes to which all are subject, become either the wretched pauper who may be thus starved, flogged, and driven step by step, through misery to guilt; or the wicked man of power, capable of inflicting the cruelties, or neglecting the claims of his helpless brethren—who would give life to a victim, or a monster? If Oliver Twist has a sister, through how many still severer trials may a writer so skilled in all that belongs to this great city, in its high sinners and its low, its varieties of woe, and its gleams of pleasure, its minglings of honesty and cunning, of selfishness and generosity, of pure good meaning, and of wicked design, conduct her? How often will the hard heart drive her to the evil eye, and the sinner of one kind be rescued from the sinner of another; in how many tortuous paths must ignorance and innocence wander, when poverty goads or hope entices; and in youth some hope is found even in the bitterest draught of sorrow, at once the solace and seducer of life? Ah! how wonderful is the romance of lives daily consigned to oblivion; how terrible are the oppressions no law can reach, the sorrows of which no eye takes cognizance! how beautiful the soft affections, and the domestic virtues, springing like stray flowers amidst the thorns and nettles of society, never dreamt of by the parterres which bloom in high places. So truly is the "web of life a mingled yarn," that threads of pure gold may be found running parallel with coarse hemp, and the garret and cellar exhibit heroic endurance, matchless energy, and unparalleled tenderness. In one of the examinations to which I alluded, one man whose arm had been injured by a fall, was spoken of by the surgeon as being extremely emaciated. On being questioned as to the cause, it appeared, that, during his wife's confinement, he had
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given his children all the victuals usually divided by that anxious mother in due proportions. "I thought," said he, "I would let them have their belly-full."

The consequence was, that he went himself without—his eyes and his heart rejoiced in the joy of his offspring: the voice and the kiss of gratitude sufficed, but the strength failed: the father triumphed, but the labourer sank.*

Talk we of refinement?—of the sacrifices of natural love to preserve a proud name from decay; the passionate admiration with which the "beautiful and brave" of a noble house are gazed upon.

What could it be, compared with the deep-seated tenderness and glowing affection so evident in this simple, self-renouncing mode of conduct, and so indicative of a generous heart, a lightsome spirit, which, in a different situation, would have been princely in its munificence, and delicate in its sympathies. We are told, "God loveth a cheerful giver," and such unquestionably was the Sussex cotter, when day after day he cheated the wife he loved into the belief of his prudence, and his own weary bones out of due sustenance, that he might bestow on his usually pinched and craving little ones, not the feast of luxury, but the demands of hunger in all growing animals. In how sad a state must the industrious poor be placed, when the demands (the humble) demands of the young, must thus encroach on the positive demands of their parents; when the "unfed sides," dim eyes, and weak limbs, of him who is to support them all, shows that the strong man is smitten to the core, and one of the "brave peasantry, his country's pride," is left by that country to wither amidst the flowers which he has planted,—her present sorrow and her future reproach.

Whoever brings "the annals of the poor" before the eyes of the rich, or even any grade above their own, performs an essential service to both, by taking the most effectual means for bettering the situation of the former, and the mental condition of the latter. Mr. Day, in his "Sandford and Merton," was perhaps the first modest author who did it for an express purpose, and we have but little doubt that Miss Edgeworth, from her acquaintance in early life with that singular but true philanthropist, was led to in-

roduce poor children principally as the subjects of her admirable stories in the "Parent's Assistant." These little books at once became popular from their evidently excellent tendency, dramatic effect, beautiful variety, and great novelty; and they gave to poor children of every description a representative seat in the society of their country, showing that simple Susans, little Jems, and poor Franklins, were endowed with qualities it would be well for little gentrty to imitate; in short, that human nature was human nature in high and low, thereby proving that all are indissolubly knit together, and called upon to consider themselves as brethren, bound to render each other mutual service, and alike fulfil their duty in that station, wherein the great Father of all has placed them.

It is true, Fielding and Smollett had previously rendered persons in very humble life exceedingly amusing; but they were introduced for such purposes only: these writers had a higher aim; they sought to unite the great family of mankind, and make one part, even in childhood, acquainted with the other, and they effected what they designed. Mr. Day's name is forgotten; but this work, "Sandford and Merton," still sells to a great extent—Miss Edgeworth's will never cease to sell. Whatever is founded on nature and truth, amalgamated with genius, must live, let fashion go as it may. Will the "Vicar of Wakefield" ever be obsolete? will "Robinson Crusoe" lose its hold on the imagination? Never, never!

Indeed, the reign of fashion is stronger now than it has ever been, owing, probably, to the greater number of books published; for, as no party can read all, each becomes anxious to establish the character of their own favourites. The sea has long carried away the prize from the shore, yet many great efforts have been made in favour of landsmen. Love, once the staple of novels, has been discarded for politics and even religion; but Henrietta Temple has made a bold stroke for an old friend's return to his own empire. Rory O'More, though a wofully bad sailor, and no politician, "by no mane's a fine gentleman," and altogether a stranger at May-fair, will, we have a great notion, have the honour to make an impression even on the most callous hearts, seeing he is "a man for a'
The Closing Hour.

that," of very sufficient pretensions, and not to love him were to merit "being yourself unloved."

Happy shall we be to see Oliver Twist wind up his sad story to a like situation with Rory’s; but not like him, become an exile from that land which, with all its faults, can still find a home for the houseless child of want, and the means of rising above beadles and vixens, provided they can come scathless from the den of the thief, and the society of the wicked.

At this period, there appears an unusual demand for whatever comes under the class of witty and humorous writings. For many years this demand stood still; and although the poems of Whistlecraft, Bebbio, and Don Juan, obtained the approbation their wit and ability demanded, they failed to awaken the taste they gratified beyond the day. A fear to meet the coarseness of the elder dramatists, if we asked for their humour, pervaded readers of every description; those works most remarkable for their wit, were held contraband for their indelicacy; and it was universally decreed that even the wicked ought not to be the gross. It has become once more the ton to laugh, despite of Lord Chesterfield’s maxim, which has limited us to a smile for half a century, and very innocently may we enjoy our risible propensities, as awakened by Boz or Rory; but let us be careful into whose hands we commit ourselves for such purposes, if we are no longer prudish, we may yet be prudent, and remember that it is good to be merry and wise.

THE CLOSING HOUR.

Swiftly skims our bark along,
Faintly peals the boatman’s song,
Softly fades the distant shore,
The vesper bell is heard no more.

Crimson sinks the setting sun,
Now his glorious race is run,
Curtain’d by the blushing wave,
That rolls above the sailor’s grave.

Through the gloom which gathers fast,
One bright star peeps out at last
‘Mid the shrouding clouds on high,
Lighting the portal to the sky.

Waning, dying God of day,
Is it thus we glide away!
Shall we rise like thee again,
But where, there’s neither death, nor pain?

Shall we meet with those we love,
Blessed saints, in realms above;
Shall we there our Saviour see,
And near him, ever—ever be?

Then, O let us wing our flight,
Far from worlds that welcome night;
Fly to Jesu’s sheltering breast,
And fall within his arms to rest.

UMBRA.
THE CONTINENTAL WORLD OF FASHION.

In addition to our own correspondent’s monthly letter, we continue, after the plan of the past month, a more extensive survey of the newest prevailing fashions in Paris, so that every variety of taste may be satisfied. The journals to which they refer, beyond the reference to our own plates, are supplied by Mr. Dobbs weekly, and we permit persons taking out subscriptions to have the further advantage of this department of our Journal without extra charge. The Follet containing about twenty-one plates quarterly (with the Continental World of Fashion), is supplied at 10s., a quarter: Le Courrier des Dames at 12s. The works quoted can be seen by applying to Mr. Dobbs, at the office, 10½ Carey-street.

DESCRIPTION OF EVERY THING FASHIONABLE IN LONDON FOR JUNE, AND FOLLOWING MONTHS.

PARIS, May 25, 1837.

As you tell me, ma très aimable, that your London season is at its height in the month of June, I shall proceed at once to give you all the newest fashions, so that in your brilliant rasouts you may, à l’ordinaire, bear away the palm of—we shall replace the usual word “beauty” by the more appropriate one, in the present instance, of “elegance.” Without further preliminary, we shall begin with—

Ball Dresses.—The corsages are invariably made à pointe, and sometimes with a small point at back also. The draperies à la Sevigné are very deep and very full, and in plaits. Some dresses have these draperies at back (then of course less deep and less full), but not all, as they are thought to give too much breadth to the back; however, to some figures they are becoming. The waists are rather longer than they have been. The skirts for dancing dresses are full, and ornamented with flowers, marabouts, or bows of ribbon. The prettiest manner of ornamenting the skirts seems to be en tablier, the tablier formed by bouquets of flowers or plumes placed at distances, and increasing gradually in size as they go down. A very deep flounce of blonde goes sometimes round all the back of the dress, finishing at each side of the tablier in front, with a similar bouquet to the others. This flounce, however, is more appropriated to a satin dress than to that of tulle or gauze, being rather heavy for the latter. Instead of a tablier, some dresses are looped up with a bouquet (always of marabouts or flowers, or both mixed) at one or both sides. Others have bouquets at distances, going all round the bottom of the dress; some have a deep blonde flounce, and others again have the tablier marked by a bouillon, in which a coloured ribbon is inserted. The skirts of the dancing dresses are not open in front.

Velvet, satin, and satin brocèd dresses made à l’antique, with the skirts to open in front, and held back at distances with diamonds, cameos, &c. &c., are most distingué for those who do not dance.

Sleeves.—The great question of sleeves seems still undecided. The most elegant for full dress are plain, to fit the arm, tolerably short, and fully trimmed with rich blondes. Three rows are placed a little apart from each other upon the sleeve, and then at bottom a deep single or double ruffle à la Louis XV., much deeper at back than at the inside or bend of the arm, where it is quite narrow. These sleeves are infinitely more elegant than those with puffings or bouillons.

Ceintures are not worn with the corsages à pointe; sometimes a small bow is placed at the point in front, and another with long ends at back.

For walking and carriage costume, redingotes are much worn; some have high, and others only half high, corsages. Those half high are frequently à revers, with a pelerine décolletée; others are made to cross in front. The skirts fasten at the left side. Some have a facing of velvet or satin all the way down; others are cut out en dents de loup (mitres); many are trimmed with a narrow black lace, and several only retained by bows of ribbon placed at distances. These redingotes have, generally speaking, small pelerines of the same material as the dress; they are very much worn at present: they are pointed at back, and cross in front; they reach to, but not below the band, and have a trimming the same as that on the redingote, or else a frill to match those upon the sleeves. With trimming and all, the pelerine should only reach to the shoulder. The sleeves of these dresses are made tight and plain, with three frills put on above the elbow. The frills are generally cut the cross way of the material: they are not wide, nor
are they excessively narrow. A small 
frilled is at the edge, which keeps them 
rather soft. They are placed, the top of 
one reaching to the edge of the other. This is more becoming than 
with a marked separation between them. 
The sleeves for walking dresses will, it 
is thought, be made in this way. The 
frills will be edged with a narrow 
Valenciennes. The lower part of the 
sleeve is tight, and when a ruffle is not 
worn, the sleeve has a pointed cuff, which 
turns up; this cuff is trimmed, sometimes 
with a little frill; at others, with 
only an edging of Valenciennes. Many 
of our belles prefer four frills on the 
sleeves, placed two and two; but the 
place that is left between the two 
renders the sleeve rather unbecoming, and 
some even prefer two small puffs at top; 
but the first I have described are by far 
the prettiest. When the dress is silk, 
the frills look well, arranged in set 
plaits.

Hats.—No change has taken place in 
the form of the hats; the fronts are 
still large, descending low at the sides, 
are worn evasée (much off the face) the 
crowns are neither particularly high, nor 
are they low. The trimmings consist 
of rich satin ribbon, flowers, or fea-
ters. A bouquet of flowers placed in 
a drooping position, or three round os-
trich feathers (nuancées) shaded, one 
drooping, the others placed more up-
right, is the very type of elegance. Wa-
tered gros de Naples is the most fashion-
able material: en attendant, the pailles 
de riz. Drawn capotes of poux de 
sorte, crape, and even spotted tulle will 
be worn this summer: these capotes 
have a single ruche of silk tulle, all 
round the inner edge of the front, which 
has a pretty effect. Feathers, you are 
aware, are not worn in capotes. A 
simple bunch of lily of the valley, of 
violets, of Provence roses, or of jessami-
une, is the appropriate flower for a 
capote.

Flowers.—Lily of the valley, acacia, 
roses, violets, oak with acorns, cherry-
tree and apple-tree blossoms, white Span-
ish lilac, laburnum, geranium, mimosa, 
pensée (heart's-ease), willow, and a 
drooping bouquet of asparagus: this 
latter is quite a novelty.

Mantelets.—Black silk mantelets are 
worried as much as ever. 

Shawls of black silk netting are also 
coming in; these I have already de-
scribed to you, as being done upon the 
hand.

Spencers of silk, satin, and velvet, 
will, it is said, be worn with white dresses.

Pelerines of embroidered India mus-
lin with short sleeves, to put on, if re-
quired, are becoming fashionable. I 
doubt, however, if the fashion of wear-
ing the sleeves will be much adhered to; 
for, in that case, one must have dresses 
made expressly, with perfectly plain and 
tight sleeves, without any trimming upon 
them. Hitherto, these pelerines have 
only been adopted en toilette d'intérieur.

Aprons.—The aprons are made of 
silk (embroidered either in braid or 
floss silks), of broché satin, or of clear 
white muslin. They are very small and 
short, the corners rounded, the centure 
en pointe, the pockets generally on the 
inside, the pocket-holes trimmed with 
lace, and the entire apron trimmed with 
a frill of itself; this frill, which is a 
full half-finger in width, is edged with 
a narrow black lace: the muslin aprons, 
being transparent, have small rounded 
pockets on the outside.

Coloured ribbons, inserted into the 
hems of pelerines, scarfs, flounces, clear 
muslin dresses, &c., will be very much 
adopted by our fashionables this year. 
In fact, wherever a ribbon can be in-
serted, it is done.

Collars.—Small, flat, round collars 
are the most generally adopted, the large 
square ones being entirely out. There 
are new fashioned collars, or rather frills, 
which are pretty; the inside part consists 
of a bouton, through which a coloured 
ribbon is run; outside is a frill of either 
lace or embroidery. When this frill is 
tie tight round the throat, it must be 
only the breadth of the neck, of course; 
when it is worn with a dress that crosses 
in front, and which, for toilette d'intérieur 
particularly, is left open a little on the 
neck, the frill must be long enough to 
come down a little in front; it fastens 
with a rosette of ribbon, and has a very 
light and pretty effect. I advise you to 
adopt them.

Riding Habits.—Black is the colour 
at present preferred.

Colours.—For hats the prevailing 
colours are white, pink, straw, jonquille, 
and green, rather a light shade.
LE FOLLET
Courrier des Salons
1 Boulevard St. Martin. 61.

Capote en Mousseline brodée — Robe en Mousseline à larges râies mates garnie de Bouillons doublés de rubans des ateliers de M. Follet, rue Richelieu, 95.

LE FOLLET
Courrier des Salons
Boulevard St. Martin. 61.

Chapeau à la Pamela garni de follettes des Mme. de M. Lasueur, 38.
Robe en Museline des ateliers de Mme. Monton, r. St. Honoré, 536.
Guetres en Satin ture de la F. de M. Roussel fils, r. Croix des petits Champs, 36.

For Dresses.—Pearl grey, lavender, sage green, and a kind of drab.
En voilà, assez de modes, j’espère.
Wonderful preparations are making for the fêtes in honour of the marriage of the Prince Royal with the Princess Helena. The 24th is the day fixed for the arrival of the future Duchess of Orleans on the French frontier. Two tents are to be erected on the limits of France and Germany, and the young princess is to be received by the Duke de Choiseul. A salute of thirty-six discharges of cannon will announce the entry upon the French territory. Two squadrons of cavalry and a battalion of infantry are appointed to render regal honours to the illustrious stranger. After having remained a few days at Fontainebleau, the royal party will proceed to Versailles, after which, this most splendid palace will, it is said, be opened to the public. The garde nationale of Paris have engaged the Grand Opera for the purpose of giving a splendid ball to the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. Another will be given by the city of Paris at the Hotel de Ville. A general amnesty has been accorded to prisoners detained for political offences. The king has also commuted the sentence against Meunier and Boireau to ten years’ banishment.

Large sums have been destined by the prince to the military and national schools: 150,000 francs to the Royal Military School of St. Cyr; 30,000 francs have been sent to M. le Prefet of the Rhône, to procure employment for the working classes of Lyons; 10,000 francs to the Prefect of Corsieu, for the encouragement of agriculture in that country, especially for the culture of the mulberry, besides enormous sums to different charitable seminaries, &c.
Maintenant, me voilà au bout de mon papier! N’ayant guère de l’espace pour te dire, combien je t’aime mais tu le sais, n’est ce pas? Adieu, ma belle et bonne!

Toute à toi,
L. de F——.

P. S. I have not given to you any descriptions of dresses for fancy balls, although many very splendid ones are announced in England; because I cannot do better than refer you to the splendid series, now more than fifty in number, which have already appeared in the Lady’s Magazine and Museum, being the very choicest dresses worn by the greatest beauties, as well as the most celebrated women of former days.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 11.)—Drawn capote of spotted tulle or embroidered muslin, ornamented with a light ruche of coloured tulle round the edge of the front. A large branch of ivy is placed at the left side in rather a drooping position (see plate). A light pulling of ribbon goes round the top of the crown, and a small bow is placed over the bavolet, quite at the right side. Dress of striped muslin, ornamented with bouillons of thin muslin, in which a coloured ribbon is inserted (see plate). These bouillons are put on so as to give the dress the appearance of a short tunic over an under dress; viz., one row goes round the bottom of the dress, where the top of the hem should come; two rows descend en tablier from the waist to meet it. A little further back two other rows descend from the waist, and, stopping at an equal distance below, go round the bottom of the dress at back, thus giving the tunic appearance (with the assistance of the plate this can easily be understood): two rows of bouillons are also upon the tight corsage: both rows are brought to a point both at back and front, where they are finished by a small bow. The sleeves are tight all the way down, and have two rather deep frills, with a bouillon heading, put on above the elbow (see plate): a narrow trimming (at the wrist) of the same, finishes the sleeve. The dress is fastened down the front with bows of ribbon. Hair in ringlets.

Second Figure.—Silk dress, with flounce at bottom. Black silk manteleet.

(No. 12.)—Hat à la Pamela of straw-coloured watered gros de Naples, the front rather smaller than those lately worn, and rounded at the corners. A small plume of feathers is at the right side (see plate). Dress of coloured muslin; corsage made half high, to cross in front. Sleeves with three frills at top. Habit shirt with a small plaited jabot or frill visible in front. The dress has a deep flounce, headed by a narrow one.

* For the list of these portraits, see the back of the cover of this magazine.
Handkerchief trimmed with lace; pale yellow gloves; black shoes. Hair in bands.

Sitting figure gives the back of the dress. Hat of paille de riz.

**Journal des Dames et des Modes.**—Paris, April 25th. No. 3458.—Capote of watered gros de Naples, the front excessively large, and much off the face. The whalebones in the front are placed lengthways, instead of going across in the usual fashion, and the silk is gathered between. The crown is very small and round at top with two whalebones, upon which the silk sits in very full gatherings. The front is lined with white crape, and the edge ornamented with a *ruche* of quilled blonde or *tulle illusion*. A branch of lilac placed in a drooping position, or a large bow of ribbon is at the left side. Redingote of watered gros de Naples; the corsage fitting tight to the bust, and of a black throat; sleeves tight with two frills at top. The skirt of the dress open in front, and attached in folds or plaits at each side, with bows of ribbon placed at distances. Long black ribbon scarf, edged on each side with a very narrow black blonde; it is fastened in front with a brooch. White muslin under dress.

The dress of the second figure is nearly alike, with the exception of the redingote having a piece put in, in front *en tablier*; and the tops of the sleeves being decorated with ribbons in place of frills. Hair in smooth bands.

**Petit Courrier des Dames.**—Paris, April 25th. No. 1345.—Hat of watered gros de Naples, ornamented with blonde. Dress of papyrus (a kind of mousseline de laine), striped with blue; double sleeves, the underneath one plain, the top one full, only reaching to the elbow, where it is finished with two frills. Embroidered pelisse, with pointed ends crossing in front, and trimmed with three rows of *gaufred* tulle round collar.

**Standing Figure.**—Hat of *paille d'Italie* (Leghorn), ornamented with a rich plume of ostrich feathers. Dress made *en redingote* of white *broché* muslin. The corsage tight; sleeves tight with three deep frills at top; the dress open in front, and trimmed down each side with lace. Sash tied in front. Cashmere shawl. *Coiffure à la reine Berthe*, with braids at each side of the face. Blonde cap, intermixed with roses.

**Gazette des Salons.** April 26th.—Riding habit, the corsage made *en cœur* to open at the neck. Sleeves full, as far as the elbow, tight below, and buttoned outside the arm from the wrist to the elbow. Velvet riding, *toque* or *casquette*. Hair in full ringlets. Green gauze veil. Double lace frill.

**Second Figure.**—*Toilette d'Intérieur.*—Dress of gros de Naples. Corsage half high, made *en cœur*; tight inside sleeve, outside one *à la Venetienne*, attached at the elbow with a ribbon tied in a bow at the bend of the arm. The skirt of the dress opens at the side, and is attached with bows of ribbon. Apron of striped *broché* satin: the apron is excessively small, the pockets are on the outside; the corners are slightly rounded, and it is trimmed all round with rather a deep full frill of itself, into the edge of which a gauze is inserted. The back hair is in two high round braids, the front *coiffure à la reine Berthe*. A band of black velvet ribbon crosses the brow, and a large bow of rose-colour fills up the space above the braids at each temple. Parasol of watered gros de Naples, lined with white silk.

**La Nouveauté.** April 30.—Redingote de gros de Naples, the corsage high, fitting tight to the bust, and *à revers*, with a collar and pointed lapels, which turn in front; the skirt is likewise *à revers*, down both sides of the front. The sleeves are plain and tight, with two rather deep and full frills put on above the elbow, and finished by a pointed cuff. The collar of the dress (which resembles that of a man's coat), the two *revers* of the cuffs of the sleeves are all trimmed with black lace. The clopperette has a high plaited frill and a *jabot* (shirt frill), which appears through the opening of the dress in front. Cravatte of ribbon. Hair very much parted on the brow, ringlets at the sides; the back in a *coque* (bow), surrounded with two braids.

Dress of white crape, plain, crossed in front, and rather *en châle*. Sleeves excessively short, and finished with a deep single frill put on at bottom: this frill is cut out of a piece like a half handkerchief, the corner quite round, which makes it sit full. A quilling of blue satin ribbon goes round the *revers* of the corsage, down each side of the front of the dress *en tablier*, round the bottom and at top, and bottom of the frill upon the sleeves. The sash is of broad satin ribbon tied in a small bow in front, and with two long ends, an oval gold buckle is in the centre of the bow; above kid gloves, the tops trimmed with a quilling of ribbon to match the dress. Front hair in bands, back in *coques*, which are brought towards the left side of the head, and intermixed with blue flowers.

**Petit Courrier des Dames.**—April 30th. No. 1346,—*Toilette d'Intérieur.*—Dress of *ecossais* (plaid) mousseline de soie; the corsage low, and fitting tight to the bust. Sleeves short and tight, finished by two deep ruffles of the material of the dress, headed by a *chicorée* of the same. The bottom of the dress ornamented with a deep
flounce headed by a chiorée. A revers made of embroidered India muslin, with a frill of the
same on the outer edge, goes over the cor-
sage; a coloured ribbon is inserted through
the inner edge, and forms a bow with long
ends at the centre of the waist in front.
Capote à la paysanne, without a head-piece;
and with a low caul; a ribbon goes round
the crown, and ties in a small bow at back;
two immense bunches of flowers are on the
temples; the strings of the cap, in the style
of lappets, are left untied at each side,
they are of lace; long black net mittens.

Dress of mousseline de laine. The cor-
sage low and plain; black taffetas; man-
telet trimmed with black lace, and tied at
back. Capote of pink watered gros de
Naples, made in the form of an infant’s
bonnet. A branch of white roses crosses
the entire of the front of the capote.

Le Bon Ton. April 30th. No. 179.—

Bridal costume, corsage low, à la vestale, or à l’enfant; full top and
bottom of the waist. An immense deep
flounce ornaments the bottom of the dress,
a very narrow one forms the heading; the
sleeves are full, taken in at distances with
ruches of tulle. A tucker of lace goes round the bosom. Coiffure:
the front hair in smooth bands, the back
en chignon, with a roll of hair rising from
the head; a string of pearls is twisted over
this roll. The barbes (lappets) are of lace;
they pass through the chignon at back, and
fall gracefully over the shoulders. A round
wreath of roses is placed at each temple,
and a small half wreath at the neck. Flor-
soms droops over the back coiffure. A
second string of pearls crosses the brow.

Second Plate—Bon Ton. April 30th.
No. 180.—Hat of paille de riz, ornamented
with bouquets of roses and rich ribbons.

Dress of étoffe pompadour, a rich striped
silk, brune. Sleeves plain, corsage low.
Mantelet of netting done on the hand, with
long black silk fringes all round. Hair in
ringlets.

Plain white tulle dress. The skirt en corbeille (an old fashion revived); the skirt,
which is rather shorter than the underneath
dress, is cut out in large festoons or drap-
eries (four festoons go round the dress, so
they must consequently be large). The
skirt is attached to the one underneath, by
a bow of ribbon with long ends, which is
placed at each festoon. All the bottom of
the skirt is trimmed with a thick double
ruche, or trimming of tulle. Corsage quite
plain and plain, reaching to the elbow, with four frills of lace étages,
placed one above the other; a row of small
bows of ribbon goes down the front of the
sleeve: lace tucker. Cap of lace, à la
peysanne, without a head-piece in front, but
a narrow one put in at each side from the
temples; the caul rather high; a double
border of lace goes all round; a kind of
bow of lace ornaments the centre of the
front of the cap. A rose is placed on the
left temple. Hair in long ringlets falling
upon the neck. Underneath dress, blue
satin.

Journal des Dames et des Modes. April
30th. No. 3469.—Children’s dresses. Frock
of Cauchemar de laine imprimée. Corsage
à pointe, both at back and front. Sleeves
tight, with two frills put on at the elbow.
Small round pelerine, with a frill of itself.
Small plaited collar or frill round the neck.
Capote of white piqué de soie, with a full
caul put in at back.

Frock of white broché muslin. Corsage
à l’enfant, with rows of insertion let in at
distances; short plain sleeves, with two
frills at bottom. The skirt of the frock has
a flounce. A pink ribbon is inserted in all
the hems, top and bottom of the flounce,
on the sleeves, and as a lining to the insert-
tion on the corsage. Pink bows on the sleeves. Pink ceinture. Round child’s cap,
trimmed with a quilling of tulle.

Second Plate.—Journal des Dames et des
Modes. April 30th. No. 3459.—Plate of
Details.

1. Bust.—Dress of broché muslin, half
high: white lace veil over the shoulders.
Hair in long full ringlets, intermixed with
flowers; back in braids, also with flowers.

2. Bust.—Dress of pink satin. Corsage
à pointe. Sleeves quite plain. A low pele-
rine of tulle goes over the corsage, some-
thing in the style of a revers. Hair in
ringlets, with a rose on each temple: back
in two high coques and a braid.

3. Hat of paille de riz, ornamented with
a quantity of green ribbon, which nearly
covers one side of the crown, and a bavot
of the same. An immense branch of deep
red roses is placed at the front of the crown.

4. Hat of lilac (mauve) watered silk; the
front large, and nearly meeting under the
chin.

5. Bust.—Blue satin dress, corsage à
pointe, with draperies put on, of white
blonde; plain short sleeves, with blonde
ruffles. A bow (en noeur de page) is re-
tained on each shoulder, with a cameo or
other ornament. Hair the same as No. 2.

6. Bust.—Dress of tulle. Hair the same
as Nos. 2 and 5, with barbes or lappets of
blonde, fastened at the back of the head
with a cameo: this also retains a small
bouquet of orange blossoms, which shows it
is meant as a bridal dress.

Messager des Salons.—Paris, May 1st.—

Redingote of gros de Naples, the corsage
made with a revers en châle. Sleeves full at
top, confined at some distance below the
shoulder, then in one single puff that reaches
the elbow: the lower part quite plain.
The redingote fastened all the way down the
front with rossettes of ribbon. Hat of
paille de riz, with a wreath of roses, entirely encircling the lower part of the crown. A bow of ribbon is placed quite at the right side. A demi guirlande (a half wreath) is under the front of the hat, and crosses the brow. The coiffure is pointed in front, and fastened in a rosette at back. Cambric ruffles.

Child.—Bonnet of white poux de soie, with a small flower at the right side, and a quilling of tulle round the edge. Pink gros de Naples frock, embroidered at bottom. Coiffure à l'enfant. Sleeves tight, with two frills put on close to each other above the elbow and two below. White trousers.

Second Plate.—Messager des Salons.—Dress of white muslin. Mantlet of the same, trimmed with a deep embroidered frill. Drawn capote of poux de soie. On each of the whalebones is a row of open straw: the front of the capote is large, the crown high, in the style of the caul of a cap. A white blonde veil is put on at the front.

Redingote of gros de Naples. Coiffage plain, sleeves tight with two double frills tolerably deep put on above the elbow. The front of the skirt is cut out en dents de loup, and is trimmed with lace. Embroidered pelerine. Capote precisely the same as the one just described.

Gazette des Salons.—May 3d. No. 122. Low dress of gros de Naples, ornamented at bottom with a deep flounce, headed by a smaller one. Mantlet of black silk netting, trimmed with lace. Hat of paille de riz, lined with silk, and ornamented with a full branch of lilac, placed quite at the right side. The front of the hat is large, and nearly meets under the chin. Hair in long ringlets. Hanleton colour brode- quins.

Le Caprice.—May 5th.—Bust, No. 1. Sprigged muslin dress. The coiffage low, and coming down in a point in front; a frill of clear muslin made very stiff, and set in plaits in the style of the Mederic ruff, forms a kind of Tucker round the bosom of the dress; it is deep on the shoulders, and comes very narrow in front to where the bosom of the dress is pointed. Cambric guimpe or chemisette inside, with a ribbon inserted round the neck. Plain short sleeves, finished by ruffles to match the Tucker. A row of small puffs or coques, retained by little bands of coloured ribbon, goes round the sleeve. Coiffure in the Grecian style. The front hair in bands, the back in a low braid, ornamented with pearls, intermixed with flowers in imitation of coral.

Bust, No. 2.—Bridal Dress. Dress of white satin, ornamented with blonde. Coiffage tight; sleeves short and tight. Coiffure; front hair in ringlets; back in three high braids. Blonde lappets; orange blossoms and roses on each temple, and in the back hair.

Bust, No. 3.—Dress of poux de soie. Coiffage perfectly plain; sleeves short, quite plain at the shoulder, and in one small puff below. Three rows of puffed or quilled ribbon go round the sleeves; one finishes the sleeve below, the other two are close together, above the puff. Coiffure à l’antique. A turban coupé; that is, the turban merely going round the head, and the hair appearing at top. The end of the turban is brought to the left ear, where it appears at the side of the face, en éventail. A drooping feather is also placed at the left side: an aigrette in jewels in centre of the front.

Petit Courrier des Dames.—May 5th. No. 1348.—Redingote of mousseline Cache-mere; the coiffage full; sleeves tight, with three frills put on at top; no distance left between the frills. The dress opens at the side, and has a rather deep frill down the front, which is continued (but much wider) round the bottom, forming a very deep flounce. Pelerine of India muslin, embroidered and trimmed with lace; the collar of the pelerine is much open in front, and falls back. Coiffure tied in front, with long ends. Hat of paille de riz, ornamented with feathers.

Child.—White muslin frock. Stomacher coiffage, the skirt en tablier, both embroidered in open work, and with a triple ruche of tulle all round. Short plain sleeves. White trousers. Hair curled, with blue bows on the temples.

Le Bon Ton.—May 10th. No. 181.—Hat.—Leghorn hat, the front excessively large, and cut so as to form the bavolet at back likewise. The crown is rather low; three drooping ostrich feathers are placed at the right side; a wide sarsnet ribbon encircles the crown, and forms a bow with two very long ends at the left side.

Bust.—Dress of straw-coloured silk, coiffage half high, and to cross in front. Sleeves full at top, tight below. Cap of tulle illusion; the crown small and high; the border, instead of crossing the front, comes down at each side, and is put on in two separate pieces. A light branch of roses goes all along beneath the border at each side of the face.

Bust.—Low dress of spotted silk, tight sleeves; embroidered India muslin pelerine, with collar and short sleeves to button on. These sleeves (a new fashion) are made perfectly plain, and have three lace or embroidered frills put on at distances. The pelerine itself is small, round at back, and to cross in front; the ends rounded, and reaching as far as the waist; round collar, trimming of lace, or embroidery.
Cap (à cornet); the cap is small, the crown cut out a half handkerchief, rather pointed at top, with a few gathers at back. A tulle bavoi at is back; the border is a double quilling of tulle. A bow of wide ribbon, made into four puffs or coques, placed on a row; ornament the left and print the caps.

Bust.—Drawn capote of pou à soie, the front ornamented with a ruche of tulle, and three drooping ostrich feathers.

Bust.—White muslin low dress, sleeves full at top, with deep cuffs, reaching as far as the elbow, and trimmed with a little ruche at top. Fichu of rich black silk, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, and a frill of black lace. Gauze cap, in form the same as No. 2, and trimmed with ribbon; double frills of tulle or gauze, instead of flowers.

Capote.—Drawn capote of lavender poux de soie, ornamented with feathers, and a ruche turned back in

Bou Tom.—May 10. No. 182.—Low dress of mousseline de soie, white ground with green flowers. The corsage plain, with a frill in the style of that of a low pelerine. Sleeves plain, with three frills above the elbow. Hat of pink-watered gros de Naples, ornamented with (of white muslin; the corsage full; the dress fastened down the front with bows of thin embroidered muslin; the muslin carried from one to the other. Tight sleeves, with two bullions at top; large embroidered collar; round cap, with a stiff double border standing up round the face; a flouncing of ribbon placed between the border and face. The cap has a rose placed a little towards the left side of the front.

Petit Courrier des Dames.—May 15. No. 1350.—Hat of paille de riz, ornamented with feathers, or a bouquet placed on the left side. The strings have a spotted gauze twisted over them. Low dress of tissu de soie broché. The corsage has a slight point, and is in plaits across. Sleeves tight, with four frills (put on two and two) above the elbow. The dress has a deep flounce at bottom. Hair in long ringlets.

White muslin dress. Embroidered muslin pelerine, with short sleeves trimmed with lace. Hat of watered gros de Naples: the crown of the hat is completely covered with a square of blonde, which is retained by a ribbon going round the crown.

Petit Courrier.—May 13. No. 1351.—Dress hat (Arthémise) of paille de riz: the form is quite round (like the shepherdess hat), and turned up at back. A large bouquet of orange (coloured) flowers are placed in a drooping position at the left side. Underneath the front of the hat is a puffing of blonde. White blonde dress, the front of the skirt embroidered en tablier. An immensely deep flounce goes round the back of the skirt, and is finished.
with a bow of ribbon at each side of the front; tight corsage, with a revers or pelèr
ine décólette, trimmed with three rows of gaufreda blonde trimming. Hair in
bands and braids.

The hat and dress of the second figure
give the back.

**Journal des Dames et des Modes.**—May
10. No. 3463.—Open straw bonnet, lined
with poux de soie, and trimmed with straw-
colour satin ribbon. Dress of Cashmere de
laine, embroidered all over in small satí
spencer, the revers made to turn back in the style of a shawl waist-
coat. The frill of the habit-shirt turns
over the revers. Sleeves tight, with one
bouillon put on about the elbow; long sash,
tied at the left side. Hair in ringlets.

Half high dress of white Cashmere, tight
short sleeves, reaching to the elbow, and
finished by a puffing of the material of the
dress. A coloured liseré (piping) of satin
goes round the bottom of the dress and of
the sleeve. Small silk handkerchief round
the neck, knotted in front. Oraandí (book
muslin) apron, embroidered all round in
coloured worsteds; pockets on the outside.
A deep embroidered frill goes round the
apron. Hair in a knot at back, the front
in ringlets. Long black silk mantelet.

**La Gazette des Salons.**—May 17.
No. 124.—White muslin dress, adorned
with a deep embroidered flounce, put on
so as to form a heading of itself. Purple
satin Spencer, the corsage to fit tight to
the bust. The sleeves full at top, and taken
in, in two places just above the elbow, the
remainder of the sleeve rather tight; hat
of paille de riz lined with straw-colour
silk, and trimmed with ribbons to match.
A bunch of marabouts in front. Hair, à
la reine Berthe, in bands and braids at
each side of the face.

**Messager des Salons.** May 15.—1. Hat
of paille de riz, with a willow feather droop-
ing to the left side. Dress of tissu Glas-
cow, a kind of mouseline de laine. The
corset is high, with a little fulness at the
waist, both at back and front. The skirt,
en redingoute, opens at the left side; it is
cut out in dents de loup; the lower side of
each dent has three rows of shell trimming
put on. Tight long sleeves, with a trim-
ming on the tops to match that on the skirt.
Colerette of embroidered tulle or muslin;
the inside part consists of a bouillon, through
which a coloured ribbon is inserted, the
outside, of a frill rather wide at back, and
coming very narrow towards the front.
Cambric ruffles. Hair in long ringlets.

2. Hat of white watered gros de Naples,
trimmed with white ribbons; a large bou-
quet of red flowers is placed at the right
side, and a few under each with the front. The
strings are of lace. Dress of brocchié satin,
with a deep flounce at bottom. Corsage à
pointe, tight sleeves, with three rows of
trimming at top, and deep cuffs; very small
pelérible crossed in front.

**Sitting Figure.**—Cap of tulle, the head-
piece very deep, and with drawings of pink
ribbon; the crown consists of a puffing: a
rosette of ribbon, which is placed in the
centre, hides the gathers. Border of pointe
lace; another large rosette of ribbon, with
two ends, is placed close to the border at
the right side. Pink dress. Black silk
mantelet, confined in three places at the
neck, to make it sit.

**Le Bon Ton.**—May 20th. No. 184.—
Pink drawn capote, with a large branch
of apple blossoms at the left side. Pale
straw colour silk dress, corsage low, mante-
let of white spotted tulle, lined with pink
silk, and trimmed all round with deep white
lace. Hair in ringlets.

**Sitting Figure.** Drawn capote of clear
white muslin, with a ruche of tulle round
the edge, and two bunches of Parma rose
at the right side of the crown. Dress of
grey watered silk, with an immensely deep
flounce at bottom, tight corsage, rather
open on the neck, and trimmed with two
rows of black lace in form of a pelervine;
tight sleeves, with two rows of black lace,
deep at back than at front, put on at the
either.

**Journal des Dames et des Modes.**—May
20th. No. 3463.—Dress of brocchié Cirèus-
sienne, with a trimming of dents de loup at
bottom, put on between two rouleaux. Em-
bridered pelérible with short sleeves; the
pelervine is pointed at back, and just reaches
below the crinoline in front, two rows of
tuyauté or gauffered trimming go round the
pelérible; two rows are likewise on the
sleeves, which are also ornamented with a
band and bow of lilac ribbon. White poux
de soie hat, with a dropping bouquet of
Persian lilac. Hair in ringlets.

**Femme de Chambre.**—Tight corsage
Sleeves with three fillets at top. Apron with
a plaited frill all round, pockets on the
outside.

**Petit Courrier des Dames.**—May 22.
1352.—Hat of paille de riz, trimmed
with pink ribbons, and ornamented with
two ostrich feathers. White muslin dress,
with a deep flounce, black silk mantelet.

**Sitting Figure.**—Dinner or evening dress.
Low dress of pearl grey, brocchié satin, cor-
sage à pointé, and with a revers which forms
a very slight point at the top of the corset;
the revers is trimmed with a frill of the
same, put on so as to sit, in set plait, long
tight sleeves, with small bouillons at top;
two close together, just below the shoulder
and two others just above the elbow.
Cambric ruffles. Cap of blonde placed
very far back on the head, the border stan-
ding upright, and the ends descending at the sides in the style of long
lappets. A very large bouquet of ful-
blown roses, without foliage, and intermixed with pink marabouts, covers the entire right side of the head. Three single roses are placed along the left side; the hair is in smooth bands; the ends braided and turned up again.

_Le Caprice._—May 20th.—_Pardusse Pompadour_, a kind of robe de chambre—of broché satin. The back and skirt cut all in one; the fronts merely meeting at the waist. Sleeves, short and plain, and finished with immensely deep ruffles à la Louis XV.,

cap with long lace lappets, and a rosette or ribbon at each temple. Black velvet bracelets. Satin under dress, with a flounce.

Hat of paille de riz, ornamented with rich ribbons and a bouquet of wheat; dress of watered gros de Naples, with tight corset, and three very deep frills upon the sleeves, collante, a bouillon.

Willow (sparteroie) bonnet, ornamented with plaid ribbons, and a ruche of tulle round the front.

L. de F——

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**REVERIE.**

Il est des rêves dans ma vie
Qui ne doivent jamais finir;
Il est une douce harmonie,
Dont mon âme heureuse et ravie
Conservera le souvenir.

Il est des anges sur la terre
Que je ne dois jamais revoir,
Mais dont l'IMAGE triste et chère
Près de mon foyer solitaire
Reviendra trouver chaque soir.

Un surtout, dont le front candide
Ou se reflétait mon amour,
Ressimulait au cristal limpide
Ou je mire le ciel splendide,
Ou se couche le roi du jour.

Du ciel je l'avais vu descendre,
Enfant aux yeux pleins de douceur,
A la voix si pure et si tendre,
Qu'en l'écoute et je crus entendre
La voix d'une divine source.

Qu'il est beau, lorsque la lumièrê,
Pendant les heures du sommeil,
Sous ses cils longs-temps prisonnière,
Jaillit de sa blanche paupière
Comme deux rayons de soleil !

Ou lorsque voilé de tristesse,
Son regard noyé dans les pleurs,
Semble vous plaindre et vous caresser,
Comme un ami qui s'intéresse
Au long récit de vos douleurs !

C'était l'ame de ma pensée
Qui rendait mes ennui moins lourds;
C'était ma chaste fiancée ;
C'était une fleur enlacée
À la couronne de mes jours.

Sans trouver d'asile nocturne,
Je m'en vais seul par les chemins;
Pauvre voyageur taciturne,
Comme l'eau s'épance de l'urne,
Le bonheur s'enfuie de mes mains !

Il est des anges sur la terre,
Que je ne dois jamais revoir,
Mais dont l'IMAGE triste et chère
Près de mon foyer solitaire
Reviendra trouver chaque soir.

Alcide GENTY.
Since our last, Lablache’s benefit has taken place, on which occasion, the house, of course, was crowded by his numerous admirers, chiefly consisting of young ladies, who came as much to behold their favourite as to witness Cimarosa’s opera, “Il Matrimonio Segreto.” The long-looked-for opera, “Malek Adhel,” by Signor Costa, has been produced under the greatest advantages for Rubini’s benefit; the costè comprising Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, Ivanoff, Grisi, and Albertazzi, for whom the music was expressly written. The plot is based on Madame Cottin’s novel; and Count Pepoli, by whom the libretto is written, has certainly acquitted himself in such a manner as to afford a good example for some of our own opera caterers. The scene of the opera is laid in Palestine. The music in many parts is exceedingly beautiful. We will mention as some of the gems, the duet “Nei deserto dell’Arabia,” by Albertazzi and Tamburini, Grisi’s “Tu sei creato,” and Rubini’s “Tirarmo Cadria.” Albertazzi improves as she becomes more animated. We wish to see this young Englishwoman at the head of her profession, and therefore give her this gentle hint. It is not only essential for operatic effect that a person be possessed of a beautiful voice and a thorough knowledge of music, but that she study the incidents of the drama before her, and pourtray the passions lurking therein; herein concentrated the great charm of “the departed one,” whereby she carried her audience away with her even to the “burning desert,” willingly or unwillingly.

On the 13th, we were delighted by a miscellaneous concert. Grisi sang “Let the bright Seraphim” most exquisitely, and her prettily-accented English rendered it the more interesting. She was accompanied by Harper on the trumpet. Mr. Harper also accompanied Phillips’s “Light of other Days” on the cornupian, which was encored; but we do not approve of mingling English-taught singers with Italians. Mrs. Wood sang “The Horse and his Rider,” but the chorus stumbled, and both horse and rider were hissed off the stage. This ought not to have taken place at the Italian Opera-house; it looked too much like a slur on Mrs. Wood. Grisi and Albertazzi were in excellent voice; but the piece which pleased us most was the duet “Dove Voi,” between Ivanoff and Tamburini.

Grisi and Albertazzi have both been seriously indisposed.

Is crowded with novelties. First, we have Taglioni in her own creation, “La Sylphide,” “The Maid of Cashmere,” and a new piece, “A Day at the Carnival.” Then we have Schroeder Devrient in “Fidelio.” Then we do not have Pasta in Zingarelli’s opera “Romeo e Giulietta.” And as a finale, we have Ball’s new opera, “Catherine Grey.” Perhaps there is no performer living who combines, as Devrient does, the actress and the musician; her representation of “Fidelio” is nearly perfection. It is not to be wondered at that she should rival Malibran in this piece, when we recollect that the music is Beethoven’s, and the entire conception of that of her native land. Schroeder Devrient has deeply studied every note of this opera; and she has spread a greater charm over it, by uttering it in a foreign tongue. We cannot praise the translation; it is meagre indeed, and will not instil the German singer with any love for our language. Madame Devrient, we are informed, was born at Hamburg, on the 6th of December, 1805; she is consequently about thirty-two years of age; she married, at the age of seventeen, a M. Carl Devrient, an actor of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, from whom, we believe, she is now separated.

Of Taglioni, we presume, we need scarcely say a word, as she has been so often before the public at the King’s Theatre. If any one wishes to see the most accomplished dancer (by nature), they must behold the beautiful sylph. Taglioni and her relatives, we hear, receive 150l. for each night’s performance. Madame Pasta’s aria is far different from the foregoing. Although announced to appear in “Romeo e Giulietta,” on a certain day, we find the performance of Italian operas forbidden at Drury Lane, by some extraordinary order from the Lord Chamberlain’s office.
We are not going to fight Bunn's battle, therefore will merely add, we were exceedingly disappointed.

Saturday, the 27th, introduced Bale's "Catherine Grey." We do not think we ever saw an opera more enthusiastically received. The story, of course, is from Elizabeth's reign. The whole weight of the piece falls on Bale, Seguin, Miss Romer, and Mrs. Wood, who exerted themselves throughout a long three-act opera. The scenery is good, but not so very splendid as that in some pieces brought out at Drury Lane.

The music is pleasing, but not particularly striking. We were most pleased with the following, sung by Miss Romer:

O! I could love him,
With a woman's love;
Worship the light
That kindles in his eye:
Not with a passion,
Colder hearts approve,
But with a love
That could never die.

Like some rich pearl
In ocean cavern sleeping,
Deep in my breast
His image long hath lain;
O! may the treasure
Love delights in keeping,
Prove a bliss to her
Who, else, will love in vain.

The finale to the first act, a quartet and chorus, is exceedingly good. The trio in the third act "Oh! still resolved," is pretty; as is also Bale's ballad, "Torn from all I loved," and the finale sung by Mrs. Wood, "Joy's bright fountain." We think the opera is likely to have a run. We are quite right in saying the prices could be raised to the old standard.

There is some reason to think that Schroeder Devrient will withdraw from Drury Lane. A new ballet is in preparation for Taglioni, in consequence of the failure of "A Day at the Carnival."

COVENT GARDEN.

The novelities here have been Mr. Brownrigg's "Earl of Strafford," which, with the aid of Macready, is a good acting play, but too iconic for the studio. A person living in the reign of William Rufus quotes Shakespeare. It is enough to make one exclaim, "what a precocious child!" However, we have no objection to good matter from any source if well put together, neither had the audience, and it was announced on the first night for repetition by Mr. Elton (who is an acquisition to these boards) amid great applause: also "Walter Tyrrell," the incidents of which are striking, and when we saw it on Saturday (May 27th), although opera night, there was a full and very genteel auditory in the boxes, and the house generally was comfortably full. There is good room for dramatic effect; several of the scenes were upon a grand scale. Miss Vincent acted admirably. We are inclined to think that it will be a favourite with the public, for it is well acted; there has been much public comment on this piece.

ST. JAMES'S.

"The Eagle's Haunt" has been brought out with much success. The cast of the opera contains Braham, Leffer, Miss Rainforth and Miss Smith. The story has been dramatised before—the music is pleasing. We have here also a new farce from Theodore Hook's novel, "Jack Brag." Those who wish to know the plot may find it in the novel. However, Harley makes it an amusing trifle. The season is about ending.

OLYMPIC.

Liston has been in a "Peculiar Position" during the month, and so has the little widow, but they are both getting out of it, and the former takes his farewell benefit on this day (the 31st), and Eliza Vestris is pronounced correct by the worthy Commissioners of the Bankrupt Court. We are sorry Liston intends retiring from a profession to which he has been an ornament; but we cannot blame him, as we believe he has realised a handsome independence. The Olympic closes this month.

ADELPHI.

Closed on the 4th, John Reeve's benefit taking place on the 2d., when he performed in the "Rake and his Pupil," before transferring his services to the other side of the water, i.e., Surrey.

ASTLEY'S.

Has brought "The Wars of Spain" into England. We shall not enter into the plot of this interesting spectacle.
Suffice it to say, it is got up with Du-
crow’s usual splendour.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.
"Nell Gwynne, or the Prologue," by
Jerold: "The Tiger at Large," and
"Romeo and Juliet by Act of Parlia-
ment" are the novelties. They are all
laughable pieces.

FRENCH PLAYS, LYCEUM.
Jenny Verpré, the fascinating Chatte
is performing, in her favourite character.
This alone is enough to induce all lovers
of good French acting to visit the
Lyceum.

THE PRINCESS’S THEATRE.
This house is in rapid progress. Waylett,
F. Matthews, Green, and T. Ward are al-
ready engaged.

SURREY THEATRE.
For a portion of the last month, the
Adelphi company has been joined to
that of the Surrey theatre, and the ad-
dition has necessarily made the per-
formances extremely attractive. A new
piece called "Abelard and Heloise," has
been successfully produced, but a literary
contributor to our pages (Mr. Wilks),
may claim the merit of having written
and brought out an original and highly
attractive drama. It bears the name of
"The Death Token," and embodies an
old superstition, by which it is announced
"that if three knocks be heard in suc-
cession and at short intervals, at a door
on a casement, without the same being
caused by known human agency! it may
be regarded as a certain token of death
to some individual dear to the person
who hears the sound," In this piece
Mrs. Yates plays the simple-deluded
cottage girl to whom it is vouchsafed
to hear the fatal death token, announc-
ing the murder of her bridegroom;
and how she plays it may easily be im-
agined by those conversant with her pec-
culiar powers. The rustic simplicity of
Mariette, for so is the person named, gra-
dually disappearing beneath a super-
natural influence, which awakens powers
of the mind unknown before, and
which merge eventually into a thirst for
vengeance upon the assassins, was de-
picted in a masterly style. The contrast
was great between the earlier scenes ex-
citing bursts of laughter, succeeded by
terrible excitement, and finally producing
the affecting homage of tears. John
Reeve, as a rocket-maker, and O.
Smith as a drunken Russian, were highly
effective; while the clever little Mrs.
Fitzwilliam, and the lively Mr. Buck-
stone, aided the success of the piece
materially by their exertions. The scene
in which, armed with some sky-rockets,
they keep watch over a prisoner, is per-
fectly irresistible. The drama, which is
well written, was vociferously ap-
palauded, and has been repeated every
theatrical night since its production.

Capture of Slavers.—H. M.’s brig of war
Dolphin, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope,
on the 20th of January, from England,
with nearly 20,000, and the crew of a
Brazilian slaver. She had captured two
slavers, the schooner Andromeda, with 251
slaves on board (Brazilian), which with
another had sailed a few months previous
from Rio Janeiro, and were carrying the
slaves across the market, protected by
the semblance of a Portuguese flag. The
other was the Incomprehensible, a Brazi-
lian corvette, French built, of 560 tons,
and armed for 18 guns, with 700 slaves on
board, from Mozambique to Angola and
Lisbon, with the same object. The scene
on board this vessel, it is said, was truly
heart-rending (read this Mr. Borthwick).-
There were about 100 slaves lying almost
lifeless on the deck, with the remaining
600 in the most abject misery, being in a
state of nudity, and so closely packed to-
gether, that they lay as one lifeless mass,
and the consequence of the heat they had ex-
perienced in rounding the Cape. It was not
until after a great exertion that they were
ultimately brought round, and after having
been properly attended to, were placed in
a situation to exercise themselves.

The Physician and the Quacks. A
celebrated physician was attending a young
lady whom he had discharged from his sick-
list, by the following note, sent to her
mother with a present of a pair of ducks:

I've despatched my dear madam, this
scrap of a letter;
To say that Miss Mary is very much better
A regular doctor no longer she lacks;
And therefore I've sent you a couple of
quacks!
EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE.

The Irish Tourist, or the People and
Provinces of Ireland. Darton and
Harvey.

We have read and reviewed more
than one tour in Ireland, expressly
written for the information of the general
reader, without meeting so much topo-
ographical knowledge united with enter-
taining narrative, as in this juvenile work.
We have often observed that in books of
this class, the fictitious personages who
form the vehicles for the introduction of
real information, are so affected and
forced in their conversation as greatly to
disgust young readers of taste; this is not
the case with the introductory characters
in "The Irish Tourist;" the only fault
we find with them is that we lose Arthur
and his Spanish friend Vergos when we
are very loth to part with them; nor
would probability have been outraged in
the least, if Vergos had minutely surveyed
every nook and corner of Ireland, as well
as the wild and romantic Connaught, for
so many rich and intelligent youths from
the Spanish main are now flocking to the
British dominions, for the purpose
of intellectual improvement, that nothing
could have been more natural than to
have led the reader all over the green
island in company with the young signor.
Instead of this arrangement, we have
three different sets of tourists out of the
four provinces. Every thing is done
with great ease, but the writer has given
himself extra trouble in providing several
endings and beginnings, when one would
have been sufficient; the fewer fictitious
characters mingled also with this style of
writing the better.

We form an excellent idea of "Con-
naught" from this work, much better than
from any other we have opened; there
is a closeness of detail which is truly va-
luable, when thus conveyed in a pleasing,
easy style, and devoted to objects worthy
of minute discussion. The peculiarities of
the bogs of Ireland, and the probable
cause of their formation, their botanical
productions, and their capabilities of im-
provement, are, we think, of this class;
we give our readers the following speci-
mens:

"Vergos was a practised pedestrian; and
we need not tell such of our readers as have
ever traversed a new and romantic country,
how much one's strength is stimulated by
curiosity, and how little the lapse of time or
the shifting clouds are observed on such ex-
peditions. Our Spaniard mounted a breezy
hill; then, seeing the deep gorges between
the neighbouring mountains, was tempted
to explore, first one, then another, generally
finding them occupied by lakes of greater or
less magnitude, encircling wooded islands;
their clothing being chiefly yew. Excepting
on these islands, he was disappointed in
finding no wood; the country towards the
south-eastern side of Cunemara appeared
to be entirely without trees: no spreading
oaks, no beeches, no towering masses of
dark foliage broke the prospect, where it was
not confined by a mountain, or projecting
rock. The scenery of the defiles was, how-
ever, very picturesque, and the black islands
on the bosom of the lakes contrasted in a
singular manner with the bright height-
covered sides of the mountains, by which the
lakes themselves were enclosed.

"Vergos looked for plants to add to his
Herbarium, and found that Cunemara
would enrich him with many floral treasures.
There he found the bogbean, the yellow
asphodel, the pale bog-violet, the drosier
(fly-trap) gentiana, the rarer heaths, the
pink-streaked water-pimpernel, besides many
delicate and rare ferns. Eager to collect
specimens, he sprang from one knot of green
rushes to another, till far advanced in an
extensive tract of bog-land; and now, look-
ing round, found that he must retrace his
steps, or venture to cross what appeared
more perilous ground than any he had yet
passed. He decided on the latter, having
confidence in his own skill of eye and limb;
but soon found reason to distrust both, and,
after various slips and narrow escapes from
more dangerous falls, at length was obliged
to come to a halt on a little knoll, half
covered with bog-myrtle and willow-herb,
but presenting around it nothing to Vergos's
view, save a labyrinth of small, standing
pools, divided only by green tufts, which
shook in the breeze, and evidently were not
of sufficient stability to bear the tread of
even the lightest animal.

"Meanwhile the wind had arisen, and
blew first from one point, then another, till
it settled in the formidable north-west; and
then the clouds drove up, and big splashing
drops began to fall; and here was poor
Vergos in the most unfavourable of all pos-
sible positions for receiving a pelting shower.
He looked round, not in alarm, but as one
provoked and angry with his own stupidity,
in having placed himself in so uncomfort-
able and ridiculous a position, especially
after the warnings he had received. How
far he might be from the lodge he did not
know,—perhaps three or four miles—but
the half-mile of bog was the real obstacle; if he could but cross that, all the remaining part of the walk would be as nothing.

"Most happily for him, not many minutes had elapsed, while revolving in his mind the disagreeable prospect before him, when the sound of a female voice, singing one of the wild airs of the country, was borne by the wind towards him, and he saw, emerging from a hollow between two rising grounds, on the side nearest that part of the bog where he was, a woman and two children tripping along, laden with baskets. Vergos shouted loudly:—the poor people started, and seemed inclined to run away; but presently one of the children, pulling its mother's cloack, moved towards the quarter from whence the voice came. His difficulty was seen in a moment;—and it was seen too that the will to remove it in those he addressed at least, was not wanting. The children pointed and called to him in Irish; but the mother put them aside, saying, 'Whist! whist!' then setting down her basket, and throwing off her long cloak, lest it should encumber her by the way, she made signs to Vergos to remain quietly where he was, and proceeded carefully to reconnoitre the ground with a long staff. Her slow and cautious selection made him more fully aware of the danger he might have incurred. Again and again she examined and shook her head; tried a new point, and shook her head again; while her children, left on the brink, evidently alarmed at her peril, every now and then set up a shrill wail, which sounded almost like a death-song. Vergos bitterly reproached himself for having brought a-fellow-creature, a female and a mother, into manifest danger. He called to entreat her to come no further, unless she were sure of her ground; but she took no heed, excepting by reminding him to stay where he was; till, arrived within a very short distance of him, she made a dead halt, looking first at him, and then at the intervening ground, which she explored in various places with her long staff. Happily the rain had ceased; but the strength of the wind increased the difficulty of a passage where steadiness was so requisite.

"At length the adventurous Irishwoman looked up; but it was not with the look of confidence or satisfaction. "Sure I doubt an it be to be done? Is your honour a light stepper?"

"Pretty well, my good woman, I believe; are those holes yonder very deep?"

"Is it deep?" and she held up her hand in surprise. "A stranger ye will indeed be then!" She plunged her long staff into one of them, up to the head, and then, drawing it very rapidly, signified that once, twice, thrice, any such subsidence might be measured before a bottom could be found. "Ye may be a good warrant for walking, but sure an ill hand at a bog."

"A violent gust of wind came at this moment, and appeared to shake the ground on which she was standing; but she was firm. "For God's sake, my good woman," said Vergo, "don't stay here, if you are in danger! Go back to your children, and leave me to my fate: or, stay,—go as fast as you can to Mr. O'Ryans's, at the lodge, and send help to me!"

"Saints above! not all the O'Ryans in the world could do more nor Honour Joy be to draw ye out o' a bog. See now!" and she put her finger to her lips in the attitude of consideration; "it is n't right to tempt ye to try this way; we'd both be lost, maybe;—but take this" handing to him her staff. "Try that bit," pointing to a knoll; "it may be it will bear ye!"

Vergos did as she desired; the knoll was felt and sounded firm, and the woman was satisfied.

"Asy now, and tread like a fairy, if you can," said she as he sprung upon it. He was going hastily to try another leap, but she stopped him;—and we'll it was, for her staff ran though the superficial coat of mud, and sank far into the water. She then looked around, —"Try that," pointing to another spot, which Vergos thought much more doubtful:—he looked up surprised. "Try that!" she repeated in either an angry tone. He obeyed, and, found it firm; yet still it looked suspicious. "Sure ye're no Roman!" said she, "or ye'd believe, if ever!"

"I am a Roman, good woman as it happens; and I'll do your bidding!" and he leaped lightly on the spot of solid ground.

"Ay, now, asy! Osh! I see ye have the regular gift of it! And didn't my heart warm to ye the first moment ever I see ye; and didn't I see it was a Roman, though I spoke quick, may be, just now! God bless ye!"

"Thank ye! and now what must I do?"

"It is not myself can tell ye, just in a moment. See here; ye must wait a bit while I go back; the ground won't be proud of bearing us both, sure!" and as she spoke she retraced several of her own steps; but Vergos observed that she avoided these, wherever practicable; seeming to choose new ground, as far as possible. He waited till she again spoke. Much time had been spent, and the day was closing in rapidly. The woman observed this with an anxious eye, "If his light were but higher," said she, pointing to the declining luminaries. "The ill treading pitfalls in dark ness? yet for all that we may get ye out yet!"

Vergos had learned that his best policy was to submit to her guidance, and be therefore obeyed her implicitly, stepping only where she told him, and making many
an evolution to avoid the dangerous places. His gratitude to his guide when he found himself on firm ground was great, and he was not ashamed to express it strongly.

"Ye’re kindly welcome!" said she: "indeed, an’t it was but a shemara, in the reproach to Connemara to have had a stranger perish without help! Put up the white money," added she, pushing back the money he had proffered, though by no means certain of its acceptance: "sure twas only an act of mercy, and is not He above twa merciful!"

"But," continued he, "I have not nearly done with your bogs; what I observed to-day has greatly excited my curiosity.

"Ah!" observed Mr. O’Ryan, "they are interesting in every point of view: in those same bogs are preserved the records of a former race;—we have here trees and animals of antediluvian origin;—we have found Roman ships entombed in them; we have also valuable fuel; and, whenever capital is directed this way, it will be found, on a large scale, as already it has on a smaller, that there is not a finer soil for the growth of crops of corn of every species, when the proper materials are employed to correct and improve it. Of this, however, we will speak by and by. The growth of bog in itself is a very curious speculation to the naturalist: an ingenious gentleman, my neighbour, has a theory on the subject. You may see that in cutting the turf, (which is sometimes ten or twelve feet thick,) what are called bog-holes are often made. The large trunks of oak, called bog-oak, much used for furniture, and also for roofing houses, &c., are found under the turf, and when these are taken away of course a deeper chasm will be made when than there are no such bodies intervening between that and the subsoil. Well, sir, a little portion of bog-stuff will be generally left; and, on the top of this, water accumulates so as to form those pools you saw to-day: now, in the course of time, these will all be choked by the growth of the peat, but it will be l- ing before they acquire the firmness and consistency of the bog around; and many a sportsman or poor four-footed animal slips into them while they are in their soft state, when, as you may suppose, they are more numerous than at any other time. This brings me to my good neighbour’s theory;—he says he has made great observations on these chasms, in their different stages; he finds that if the water be shallow, there are a multitude of small worms constantly at work in the early stage, throwing up little cylindrical cells, reaching to its surface. These cells are composed of bog-stuff, and are from one to three or four inches in height, and thick in proportion, the largest being about the size of a quill. The smaller tubes stand separate; the larger are united, and form bundles of aggregated tubes. The little animal within is jointed like a conserva, is transparent and of a beautiful red colour. When the water from the pools is evaporated, the worms retreat low into their cells. My friend compares the labours of these animals to those of the corallines; and fancies he has found at least one great agent in the growth of bog: at the same time he allows that there is a necessity for the existence of this peculiar vegetable earth, as they have never been found at work on any other basis.

"It is, at all events curious," said Vergos, "and not at all improbable, that the animals in question may be necessary to work. And pray how large a surface of Irish ground is it believed these bogs occupy.

"Certainly more than two millions of acres.* The peat itself often extends, as I have said, from the depth of twenty to fifty feet; and though it is in itself perfectly sterile, yet by various processes it may be brought into a state of high fertility at an expense of about £7 per acre. The ashes of the peat itself, mixed with lime, have been found a very fine manure for this sort of soil; and it is very remarkable how near at hand are the remedies for all this waste of barren surface. Most of the bogs are crossed by large ridges of limestone, the requisite material for the manure. Others are near the sea, and sea-sand is also found serviceable. Then our bogs, as you see, my dear sir, lie rather high, and can readily be drained."

The sketch of Galway is interesting, we recognise a little the hand of Ingles in it:—

"Arthur had not told his friend of the trances which he would find in Galway of its Spanish origin; and it amused him, to see how involuntarily Vergos seemed to find himself at home, and how frequently he seemed to make an effort to recollect that he was in a foreign land. When they arrived at the house of Mr Connor, the gentleman by whom they had been expected for the last few days, Vergos instantly pointed out the Spanish peculiarities of the manor. They passed under a sculptured gateway to a large inner court: they entered a large....

* See a letter to the Rev. T. K. Maltby on Cultivation of Peat-Logs in Ireland, published in the Pampletion, vol. ix. The Parliamentary Reports, it is there observed, do not take into account any bogs of less extent than five hundred acres, of which last description there is an immense amount. Mr. Nimmo reckons the total extent of waste land in Ireland at not less than five million of acres.
door, and ascended a broad and heavy-looking flight of stairs. They even saw a small sliding panel or wicket, in one of the doors on the landing, cautiously withdrawn, and caught a glimpse of a pair of laughing black eyes, surveying the strangers as they mounted. By-and-bye, when they had gained the reception-room, and looked from the windows toward the market-place, they saw a host of friars, in their appropriate costume, mingled with the crowd: women, in brown jackets and red petticoats, but without shoes or stockings; their black, glossy hair, dark eyes, and bright complexions, giving them an appearance, however, of intelligence. Fishermen were there bringing up their commodity, and, as soon as sold, departing with a business-like air, and a total lack of interest in the discourse and doings of the towns-people. A few Sisters of Charity patronised the ways:—a nunnery and convent rose in view; with Catholic chapels in various directions. This was Galway. It required an effort still to think themselves in Ireland; but that effort was sided by the entrance of their host, a true-born Irishman, who made them welcome with all the gentlemanly frankness of one of the old school, introducing them to a lady-like matron, his wife, and to his only daughter, a damsel twelve years old, whose black eyes, had, as above, related, taken cognizance of them from the wicket. Of this fact her father was not aware, till he saw her conscious look, when in allusion to the resemblance of Galway to his native town of Seville, Vergos mentioned the wicket observation; but then the host glanced at his child, shook her head at her, and said, 'O, Dora, you have been at your post again! I must apologise,' continued he, 'for the impertinence of this little damsel.'

But above all, the truly conciliatory spirit which pervades the book makes it exceedingly desirable for the rising generation, and in this instance it stands unique among books on Irish subjects. Neither Protestant nor Catholic is surveyed with a sectarian feeling of exclusiveness, nor are the misdoings of either flattered; but it is the pleasure of the author to bring forward instances, where concord of a holy and beneficial description has prevailed between the Established clergy and the Catholic priesthood of a parish. Of course it must be a rare instance when two such spiritual Christians, as Bishop Jebb and his Catholic fellow labourer, happen to meet in the same field of duty. Such characters are by no means numerous, or Christianity of every denomination would be divested of all the odious features of sectarianism. Alas, for human nature, how many Protestants will read this beautiful instance of Christian charity, and blame the pious churchman for his friendly union with the Catholic, and how many zealous Catholics will anathematize their liberal priest; and yet, if this conciliatory spirit were general, no country on the earth would be more frequented, no land happier; and, with an influx of inquisitive strangers, may we not say richer. But, alas! who would travel in a cut-throat country, where murder, from whatever cause, seems to be congenial with 'the spirit' of the people. Render Ireland by repute safe for travellers, Ireland will have multitudes of visitors, but strangers are averse even from the thought of going there; and hence arise two great evils—the one, that faithful pictures cannot be brought home of the real sufferings of this people, naturally hospitable when free from excitement, and kind-hearted, except in their fury, even to one another of their own brethren, but truly so to foreigners, against whom, on certain particular points, they have no cause for aversion: the other that every penny is drained from the country, and very little carried into it. We do not think the task very difficult of becoming the grand pacificators of Ireland, and simply by a new bond of union, breathing peace and good-will to all, and discouraging all violence. It is, we rejoice, true, that notwithstanding the furious labours of sectarian professors of each mode of worship, the admirers of true Christian conduct are rapidly increasing; who can but appreciate such an anecdote as the following:—

"From scenes like these, and reflections upon them, I turned with calm pleasure to the more recent memorials of one, whose praise is among all parties, of Jebb, late Bishop of Limerick. It was delightful to think of such a man,—of his meek, unobtrusive merit, gradually winning its way to the mitre, and preserving in high places the same conciliatory spirit which had made itself so eminent in the smaller confines of a parish. I went to Abington glebe, the quiet parsonage so long the scene of his ministrations, and thought of the Sabbath when the Christian clergyman of the church of Ireland did not disdain to
enter the Catholic chapel of his neighbour, the priest, to hear an impressive exhortation from him to the people, and then to address them himself, from the same altar, in behalf of order and peace. ‘He was heard,’ says his biographer, ‘with breathless attention. Some were affected even to tears. All eyes were riveted upon him as he told the story of Abington that he lived among them without fear; that his doors were unbolted, his windows unbarred; and that they should remain so; for that the only safeguard he sought was in the hearts of his parishioners; that he had now lived among them for more than ten years, and had always found them, what he knew he should do, the Sabbath, a day of rest, affectionate, peaceable people.’ The people pressed round the altar as he spoke, all eager to subscribe to a set of resolutions framed by their clergyman, in conjunction with the priest; the purport of which was the reorganization of all secret oaths and associations, and a determined effort to prevent among themselves any proceedings which might have a tendency to endanger the peace of the country. They kept the promise of that day religiously, so that while all the surrounding country became a scene of fire and desolation, Abington parish, to the end of disturbances, remained peaceful and untainted. Abington is about nine miles from Limerick: the circumstance to which I have alluded, was afterwards alluded to in Parliament by Lord Glengall, then the Hon. Chas. Grant. ‘In the county of Limerick,’ said he, ‘there is a parish, untouched by this moment by any of the disorders which have disfigured that country. It contains a very crowded population, almost entirely Roman Catholic; yet in that parish the Protestant clergyman keeps no arms, nor has he in any respect increased the fastenings or defences of his house; and at night he sleeps in security, confiding in the protection of Providence, and the goodwill of his Roman Catholic parishioners; the neighbourhood has been visited by nightly marauders, and many excesses have been committed, but in this parish not a single outrage has taken place.’ After detailing the circumstances I before alluded to, the Sabbath address, &c. from the altar, Lord Glengall goes on to say, ‘Now, to what must we ascribe these effects? Not to any sudden burst of enthusiastic kindness, suspending, on a special occasion, habitual distrust and estrangement; not to a momentary impulse, urged by Protestant and Catholic to unite for a particular purpose. No, but to a settled and regular habit of conciliation between the Protestant and Catholic clergyman, and their parishioners, a habit formed and built up during a kindly intercourse of twelve years. It is the result, therefore, of a system silently matured in the time of peace, and at length manifesting its efficacy in time of danger.

‘When we walked round the parsonage and surveyed the neighbourhood, we could not but feel that it was no wonder Mr. Jebb’s friends, who knew his powers, should lament that he was while there ‘buried in a desert;’ but, as he beautifully says, ‘they little knew, nor was I properly conscious myself, that there was manna in the desert, and living waters from the rock. I can now look back with gratitude to my long sojourn here: and were it not that I have had such experience of a graciously protecting power, above me and around me, I should now tremble at what may await me in the new and arduous sphere on which I am about to enter. May it be ordered that the see of Limerick shall be to me but half so productive of use and of enjoyment as the quiet rectory of Abington!

We have derived pleasure and information from the perusal of this work, and we promise our readers similar delight. It is well got up, and contains a good map of the route described, and a very pretty wood-cut frontispiece. We like the second title, ‘The People and Provinces of Ireland,’ it is truly descriptive of the plan of the book.

Mortality; a Poem. To which are added Sonnets and Songs. By THOMAS CAMBRIA JONES. Fraser.

The feelings which led to the composition of a poem like that which occupies the principal part of this volume, nay, the causes of its defects, can scarcely be appreciated by the English reader without some reflection on the localities which gave birth to them. Before we blame the gloomy effervescence of religious feeling which pervades it, we must remember that the devotional bias of the Welsh has a strong tendency to enthusiasm of a morbid and mystical cast, most likely arising from an ardent but somewhat melancholy temperament. As their moral conduct is exemplary, taken as a whole, all we can say is, that the system works well, and so leave it. The proud and sensitive Celt, surrounded by the stupendous and rather monotonous scenery of his native mountains, which shut him in from our world, can scarcely be amenable at our bar of critical taste;
for, though he uses our language, his ideas, and even his idioms, are evidently formed in another. Whether it were wise to write such a poem as "Mortality," and then hurl it uncorrected with a defiance at the heads of the reviewers of the metropolis, the result will inform him. It is our opinion that if he had properly subjected his energies to the control of taste and judgment, he has ideality and power sufficient to have commanded a name which would have reached far beyond his native district. An extract will give our readers a fair idea of this singular poem: it is, indeed, a sort of epitome of the subject. We have marked in italics some deviations from taste and violations of English idiom.

Many passages of the poem are written as if by a person not wholly intimate with the inflexions of our language, but we gather from the conclusion of the poem that it has been rather translated into English than composed in our language, which accounts for various oddities and queer expressions which no English person could have adopted in poetical diction. The commencement of this extract gives a favourable specimen of the author's power in delineating natural objects, and makes us regret that he has not oftener availed himself of it, and thereby presented ideas more attractive to the general reader than the imagery of "Mortality," in which horrors abound with grotesque profusion:

I recollect once wandering, when a child, Upon the cloudy mountains blue and wild, And saw the most uplifted brow, That throughout summer kept cold winter's snow,

Night, unexpected, o'er the hills was sent—
All, all was closed in darkest element.

'Twas dreary midnight as I gained the seat,
Where oft I watch'd the bursting tempest's heat;

Distant and wide below, as though the rains,
War'd with an enemy on 'battle plains;'
But on the night I speak of, all was still,
Mute Melancholy haunted dale and hill:
The thistle waved not in the mountain breeze,
And the leaves slept upon the dreaming trees.

Whether in slumber or in waking trance,
I saw the spirit then that met my glance,
I know not: in the time that here I've been,
Nothing more real have I felt or seen—
Nothing so powerful to force the thought
'Twas something more than heated Fancy wrought:

Reality o'er every feature stood,
Claiming belief from frailty—flesh and blood.
The image of a man more wan than death—
A phantom—sickly, ill, and very wrath,
Rode on a cloud, that from the wormy tomb,
Bore him despairing, to his last, long home,
I shook with horror as he passed by,
For loudly forth he roar'd this dolorous cry:—
"Oh! where shall I rush to escape from the ire

Of a bosom, the refuge of vengeance and pain,
Whose innermost feeling is burnt with the fire
That, where once enkindled, must ever remain?
I have pass'd through the ocean—no coolness was there—
And the brine boil'd around me increasing despair!
I have passed through the winds—they augmented my flame—
They mocked my madness, my ruin and shame.
I cannot remain where the Living are longer,
The tortures of spirit wax stronger and stronger,
Hell, Hell is within me, let me plunge wheresoever—
And such is my portion for aye and for ever.
Now I drop from the skies, alas! 'tis to find
A Hell universal, like that in my mind."
Down, down, down, he fell 'midst agonies dire,
And after him follow'd grim phantoms of fire:

I saw them chase the Spirit away,
'Till they reach'd a gulph of sore dismay:
It open'd—they enter'd. I saw them no more.
Oh! grief is the mind that beheld them before.

The latter portion of the volume brings us on the neutral ground of similarity of ideas and feelings. The notes to "Mortality" contain some curious traditions and historical anecdotes, which intimate that the author is a man of learning and research. Some of his descriptive sonnets are good: this on Wrexham Church has a touch of Wordsworth in its tone.

SONNET TO

WRITTEN NEAR MINERA, NORTH WALES.

I paced on Wrexham from an eminence,
Upon the western hills which circle it,
And saw the far-famed tower* that was lit

* The "far-famed tower" of Wrexham Church is considered to be the most magnificent production of ecclesiastical architecture, not only in the Principality, of which it is justly
By the unclouded Sun's ennobling glance.
I saw,—and stood as one within a trance,—
O' ercome by beauty, that did savour nought
Of mortal things, or proud man's impotence;
And adoration fill'd my world of thought.
Glory to God, my sacred soul did cry,
That I within yon fair vale had my birth!
And then I broke from my high ecstasy,
To think of thee, my fondest hope on earth,
And sigh because thou wert far from me,
And that true love hath much uncertainty.

If our author wish for poetical celebrity in the literary world, he must choose subjects which are more pleasing than "Mortality," where the danger of taking the fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous is apparent at every page. The traditions and superstitions of his country would furnish him with numerous picturesque facts, more susceptible of poetic illustration than the hideous and monotonous subject he has chosen. He has treated the following circumstance with simplicity and pathos, and though we fear his self-esteem will scarcely admit the fact, we declare there is more true poetry in these two pages than in the whole of his longer poem.

The following verses were suggested by a circumstance which occurred lately in Scotland, thus:—A young woman, with her child not more than a year old, called at the house of a farmer, and modestly craved a lodging for the night. Her speech, manner, and appearance indicated that she had seen better days—her's was no common misery. Her request was charitably granted. Early on the morrow, the child was heard crying, and on the farmer's daughter entering the room of the wanderer, the babe lay reposing on its face fast asleep—but its mother was dead.

They knew not whence she came—she craved
A lodging for the night—
A shelter for herself and child,
Until the morrow's light
Once more o'er vale and mountain lay,
That she might trace her lonely way.
They knew not where her home, nor who
The wanderer might be;
She seemed abandoned by the world.
Perchance no home had she.
A lover's scorn, a father's rage,
Might have urged her wretched pilgrimage.
No matter from what cause she roam'd,
No matter for what end;
In woe, a friend proves stranger oft,
A stranger oft a friend.
The mother and her infant bland
Are welcomed by a stranger's hand.
Night wears away.
The sleeping child
Cling's to its mother's breast;
Oh! who can utter half the thoughts
Which break the mother's rest?
She sleeps not,—though her babe is sleeping
A change—she sleeps!—her babe is weeping
The babe hath ceased to weep. The lark
Upspringing greets the morn!
There's music in the blessed woods,
Earth seems as newly born!
Approach the wanderer's quiet bed:
The babe's asleep—the mother, dead!

ANNIVERSARY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS VICTORIA
ATTAINING HER MAJORITY.

Wednesday, the 24th of May, the Princess Victoria, having completed her eighteenth year, was kept as a general holiday, and the greatest festivity prevailed throughout the metropolis, as well as all parts of the kingdom. The maternal slumbers of her royal highness were dispelled by a carol from a party of thirty-seven gentlemen in full dress, who, under the direction of Mr. G. H. Rodwell, entered the encircled area round the palace, and stationed themselves on the terrace under the window of the princess's bedchamber, in the eastern wing of the palace, and, on the clock striking seven, commenced singing the following verses, composed by Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson, set to music by G. H. Rodwell, Esq., composer to their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria.

Wake, royal maiden, from soft repose,
As zephyr awakes the unfolding rose,
So we, like the bards of the olden day,
Would greet thee with music and minstrel lay.
Oh, fear not our numbers shall break on thy slumbers,
To sing of the graces that smiled on thy birth—
More fragrantly breathing, the flowers we are wreathing.
Princess Victoria, &c.

Shall emblem thy virtues and garland thy worth.
Like a vision-wrapt sage,
Of Time's distant page
Which thy deeds shall illumine;
And though years may pass ere the tablet of thine
Shall be bright with the records that blazon thy name,
Yet Britannia prophetic beholds the proud day,
When the sceptre of freedom Victoria shall sway—
The vision is bright as her own natal day;
Awake, Rose of England! and smile on our lay.

After the lapse of a few minutes, the choristers commenced the following piece, composed by E. Fitzball, Esq., and set to music by Mr. Rodwell:—

The Fairest Flower of May.
Spring renews its golden dreams,
Sweet birds carol 'neath each spray,
Shed, O sun! thy milder beams
On the fairest flower of May.
Hunters bring the cheering horn;
Minstrels, wake the joyous lay,
Crown with song the natal morn
Of the fairest flower of May.
Lightly o'er our early rose,
Angels pure, your wings display;
When the storm of sorrow blows,
Shield the fairest flower of May.
Minstrels of a free-born land,
Let one thrilling note repay
Her whose fond maternal hand
Reared the fairest flower of May.
Hers the toil of anxious years,
Hers the glory of this day,
Hers a nation's grateful tears
For the fairest flower of May.

Her royal highness, who, during the performance of the concert, sat at one of the windows, was, we understand, so much affected and delighted with the above allusions to her illustrous parent that she requested its repetition, which was immediately complied with, to the great delight of the persons assembled. The following glee was then sung:

Victoria's Natal Day.
Wafted on the wings of morn,
Hark, on every breeze is borne,
With the sunbeam's earliest ray,
'Tis Victoria's natal day.
Pealing bells the news proclaim,
While the cannons' voice of flame,
Through earth and air, with echoing sound,
Spread the joyous tidings round.
Wafted on the wings of morn,
Hark, on every breeze is borne,
With the sunbeam's earliest ray,
'Tis Victoria's natal day.

It was accompanied by bells. The whole performance then concluded with "God save the King," in which the assembled spectators joined in full chorus. The instrumental performers consisted of gentlemen belonging to the band of the Italian Opera, and the vocalists were Messrs. Seguin, Robinson, Wilson, E. Land, Giubilei, &c. The party then proceeded to the King's Arms Tavern, where they partook of a sumptuous breakfast which had been prepared for them. At eight o'clock the church bells commenced a merry peal, which continued at intervals during the day. The illuminations at night were more generally and splendid than we remember to have seen upon any similar occasion for many years; although, in celebration of the King's birthday, last Monday, an equal display of loyalty was evinced towards the beloved monarch, to whom, let us hope, a green and peaceful old age may be extended. On the morning of the princess's birth-day, His Majesty evinced his affection for his niece, by presenting her with a very splendid piano, by Broadwood, valued at 200 guineas. A ball was given by their Majesties, in commemoration of the same joyous occasion. It was a state ball in every point of etiquette, but the absence of their Majesties from indisposition was a source of deep regret to all.

Before ten o'clock, the principal suite of state apartments were thrown open, brilliantly illuminated. The foreign ambassadors and distinguished personages, having the privilege of the entree arrived at an early hour, and were ushered into the throne-room. Queen Anne's room was appropriated as the principal ball-room; the grand dining-room was also used for dancing. Two temporary orchestras were erected, that in the principal room containing Weipert's full band of fifty-five musicians. By half-past ten a numerous company had assembled, and at eleven her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria (the band striking up "God save the King"). accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Princess Augusta and the Duchess of Kent, entered the long gallery leading from the king's closet, the splendid assembly forming an avenue through which their royal highnesses passed, preceded by the principal officers of state, and receiving the congratulations of the noble and distinguished guests. The princess presided in the centre chair of state, the Princess Augusta on her right, and the Duchess of Kent on her left. Her royal highness was attired in a blonde dress, over a white satin slip, ornamented slightly with roses and brilliants; her royal highness wore a bouquet on the breast; a slight wreath of geraniums and jasmin, and a small bandeau of brilliants formed the
head-dress. After receiving the congratulations of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland; her royal highness opened the ball with a quadrille. Lord Fitzalan had the honour of dancing with the princess in the first set, and Prince Nicholas Esterhazi in the second. Her royal highness danced with much grace and animation.

Weipert's band admirably performed a variety of new music; amongst which the royal national galopades and quadrilles, arranged from the new operas of Malek Adel, Il Giuramento, Scaramuccia, I Quadrille di Pompei, &c.

The saloons at night presented a most gorgeous scene, from the variety of splendid costumes, the display of costly jewellery, and rich and stately rooms. Amongst the most splendid dresses were those of the Duchess of Beaufort, the Marchionesses of Salisbury and Aylesbury, Lady Ann Becket, &c.

At one o'clock, the company partook of supper in the banqueting room; and the merry dance was kept up without intermission with much spirit. All present appeared to be animated with a deep feeling of the occasion on which this grand festival was given.

The following appropriate and well-timed lines are from the forthcoming number of "Bentley's Miscellany;": they are entitled

"The Royal Rose of England," an Irish ballad, by J. A. Wade:

Within a fine old ancient pile (Where long may splendour And luck attend her)
The Royal rose of Britain's isle
Has shed her eighteenth summer's smile.
No winter's mornin'
Was at her borin':
But with the spring she did come forth,
A flow'r of beauty without guile,
Perfumin' sweet the neighb'rin' earth.

We've seen the blossom from the stem,
From early childhood,
Both in the wild wood,
And in the halls, where many a gem
Did sparkle from the diadem!
But always bloomin',
Without presumin'
On the rich cradle of her birth
Her eyes beam'd softly; while from them
All others gather'd love and mirth!

Dear offspring of a royal race!
In this dominion (It's my opinion)
There's not a soul that sees your face,
But prays for it sweet Heaven's grace.
May every birth-day
Be found a mirth-day;
No clouds or tears e'er frown or weep,
But pleasure's smile, where'er you pace,
Bless you for ever, 'wake or 'sleep.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The fabric appropriated for the exhibition of paintings, occupies a most imposing front, extending itself from the corner facing St. Martin's Church, to the end of the open square, approaching to Pall Mall, viz. the house of the College of Physicians. Pillars of atlas height bear here and there on their shoulders heavy lumping masses, as if they were brought there for the express purpose of having the pillars put under them. However, though externally there is the total absence of unique design except in general ugliness, yet we anticipated something within to repay us for our disappointed expectations. Alas! how great was our chagrin at finding that although we marched up a flight of steps in nearly the centre of the building, the finest "place" in London, it was but a more imposing way to the very rooms in which were lately exhibited the designs for the new Houses of Parliament: for small water-coloured drawings the place was fit enough, and we had then calculated (wrongly it seems) that these rooms were as ante-rooms to a splendid national gallery. Would that the architects and framers had had half the taste of the designers of the National Gallery of Practical Science, or of the coterie who planned and erected the Gallery for the Society of British Artists, in Suf-

There are, besides, several other well-executed pieces; and, on the whole, we were content with the works of art, though nothing can be more paltry than the place appropriated to the exhibition.

The stone staircase has nothing at all elegant or pretty; and it would have been well if there had been some openings at each step for the dust to pass through, there was so much collected together. We will survey the pictures nearly in the order in which they are numbered.

EAST ROOM.
18. Cupid disarmed, G. Arnold, A., from Shenstone; the spot well chosen for such doings dire. A good painting.
37. Paulo and Francesca, C. W. Cope, particularly interesting.
46. The Hindoo Girl’s Offering. W. Daniel, R. A. This is done in a very masterly manner, and must not be passed by unheeded.
61 Brothers and Sister, by W. Mulready, R. A. This is a gem which ought to be rescued from oblivion by being engraved.
67. Portrait of his Majesty, Sir D. Wilkie, greatly disappointed us.
78. Beilsten, on the Moselle, C. Stanfield, R. A. The water admirably touched, and the hue thrown over the distant mountains faithful to nature.
86. Roger and Jenny. W. Allan, R. A. Well painted, and truly illustrating the subject.
104. Raffaelle and the Fornarina. Painted in the most desirable style, the Fornarina is too massive, and conveys not the character of the original. A. W. Calcott, R. A.
112. The old Shepherd’s Chief Mourner, E. Landseer, R. A., merits all the praise bestowed upon it.
113. A scene on the Medway, Moonlight. H. Peter.
119. Mary, Queen of Scots, escaping from Lochleven Castle. Sir D. Wilkie. Much talent evinced both in conception and execution.
122. The Syrens and Ulysses. W. Etty, R. A. A lady who accompanied us wondered how he could be tempted to stay with such horrible wretches. It is a disgustingly coarse picture, though there is great tact in the ship’s crew.
123. A Jew Rabbi. Sir M. A. Skee, P. R. A. Beautifully painted. A fine intellectual countenance; but query, whether the face really betrays sufficient indications of age; we almost, however, think we once saw the individual in Paris.
132. Ave Maria. B. Fryer. Female figures, good.
154. Aurora. Painted for Sir John Soane’s museum. H. Howard, R. A. This merits particular notice; the horses are excellent, and the figures are sufficiently aerial.
171. Portrait of H. R. H. Leopold, Prince of Belgium. J. Partridge. Like his royal mother, with his father’s eyes. A pretty child, and a pleasingly original composition.
169. Portrait of Master Fitzgibbon, on his pony, Lion. A. Cooper, R. A. Very cleverly done.
176. The close of a stormy day. J. Jonger. Such a day truly as is but seldom seen.
185. Portraits of Lady Hill and child. H. W. Pickersgill. Appears to us larger in proportion with the surrounding objects than her ladyship really is; the conception is good, and, altogether, the adjuncts show great taste.
186. Return from Hawking. E. Landseer. This admirable painting possesses an interest extrinsic from the composition of its subject, in that the figures are portraits of Lord Francis Egerton, his lady, and family.
196. A child feeding rabbits. F. Woodward. So high up that it might escape notice, of which it is deserving.
211. Portrait of the late Pelham War
Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

MIDDLE ROOM.

234. Marmon borne down by the Scottish spearmen at Flodden. J. Waylen.
352. Hannah, the mother of the prophet Samuel and Eli. S. A. Hart. To be duly appreciated, approach very near. Her face and hands are lovely.
268. Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, painted for the Corporation of Dover, pleases us very much. We greatly prefer it to another in the collection.
277. Returning from the fair. J. Webster. Natural. The child, in whose ear a boy is blowing, very good.
288. The meeting of his Majesty's stag-hounds, &c. F. Grant. A very clever painting; all portraits.
320. The coast of East Lothian. F. R. Lee. Handled with great taste.
351. Portrait of a Lady. C. L. Eastlake. R. A.
358. The Cotters' Saturday Night. Sir D. Wilkie. An appropriate air of attentive seriousness pervades the party.
388. The Widow's mite. S. Bendixen. In the possession of her Majesty; intended for the German Chapel, St James's. The grouping is good: the figures in the background, and the light—she widow, and particularly the rich woman. A composition of merit.
396. King George the Third and the dying gipsy woman in Windsor Forest. W. Salter. Characteristic of the appearance and habits of our late much revered monarch.
437. Mary, Queen of Scots', escape from Lochleven Castle. E. D. Leahy.
459 is a portrait of Lord Compton Seymour Cavendish, beautifully executed, and an exceedingly interesting picture. J. Lucas.
465. Rich and rare were the gems she wore. F. Denny. Taken from an Irish legend. The damsel is airy and fairy enough to impress the superstitious with an opinion of her possessing unearthly powers. So much for the days of "Brien."
514. Mary, Queen of Scots, when a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, was forced to sign her Abdication in favour of Murray as regent. Very true to Sir Walter Scott's "Abbott" J. Haynes.
516. The Lady Caroline Turner. F. R. Say.

DRAWINGS AND MINIATURES.

588. Thekla at the tomb of Max Piccolomini. Miss M. Pickersgill. The dog is particularly good.
634. Magdalen, enamel, after Signor Hayez, of Venice. B. Valsecchi.
820. Portrait of H. R. H. the Princess Victoria, beautifully executed. We fervently hope nature will continue to clothe H. R. H. in as abundant a garb of flesh and blood—the tokens in youth of excellent health, as we see in this picture—but the fatigue of her birth, and constantly receiving visitors, had already when we had the happiness of beholding her a day or two afterwards, marked weariness in her youthful brow. H. Colen.
877. The lady of Major Pringle Taylor. S. Lener.

There are many paintings of merit that we have accidentally omitted to notice, and a great number not worthy the place they occupy, considering how small the total number is. There is a great improvement in the miniature-painting department, which is extremely good, as a whole.

ARCHITECTURE.

1015. Design for Galleries, to be dedicated to the arts and sciences, &c. B. Band. Clever, but not very intelligible.
1098. The London Amphitheatre: design for a national building to concentrate the scientific institutions of the metropolis. J. Godicutt. Clever, and appears to be suitable.

In this department are a great number of very worthless things. The models are also scarcely worthy notice, with one or two exceptions. In a word, of the exhibition, the Suffolk-street Gallery, whose place this has supplied in our pages (therefore we mention it), would, we think, give far greater pleasure to the visitor (the cost is the same) than this national Gallery of the Royal Academy; and the rooms themselves infinitely more.
COURT MOURNING.

Her Serene Highness the Duchess Dowager of Saxe Meiningen, mother of her Majesty the Queen of England, died on the 30th April. The Court went into mourning on the 11th ultimo.

The Court will change mourning on Wednesday, the 7th instant.

The Ladies to wear black silk, fringed on plain linen, white gloves, necklaces and earrings, black or white shoes, fans and tippets.

The Gentlemen, black, full trimmed, fringed or plain linen, black swords and buckles.

The Court to change the mourning further on Wednesday, the 14th instant, viz.-

The Ladies to wear black silk or velvet, coloured ribbons, fans and tippets, or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuffs, with black ribbons.

The Gentlemen, black coats, and black or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuff waistcoats, full trimmed, coloured swords and buckles.

And on Wednesday, the 21st instant, the Court to go out of mourning.

PANORAMA OF DUBLIN.—Mr. Burford, during the past month, has presented to the public a new and a very agreeable panorama. The view is taken at the distance of eight miles from Dublin, close adjoining the signal-house. This is in every respect a suitable subject, and no spot could have been more happily chosen. It possesses great pictorial merit, and the expansive ocean must of itself be an attraction for half-smoked John Bull. We are inclined to think (with the aid of the beautiful and picturesque Italian peasant, who is posing on the 'herb—an evident rival to Mr. Hurlstone's, of the Suffolk Gallery), that this exhibition will be extremely taking with the public; it will bear close and frequent inspection.

VICTORIA COMMEMORATION GIFT.—Reynolds, Strand. We perceive that his Majesty presented H. R. Highness the Princess Victoria with a splendid piano by Broadwood, on her natal day: Mr. Reynolds has provided ample use for it by the 'Victoria commemoration gift,' which, in a very small compass, contains 214,000,000, of waltzes! a thing almost incredible, though nevertheless true. A more appropriate gift could not have appeared. The price, too, must make all the lovers of harmony and the soul-inspiring waltz, anxious to possess it, the cost is only 9s., and the whole is contained in a very elegant case. It is a decided hit.

A JEW DE MOT! Somebody asked a wealthy Jew to take venison. "No," said the capitalist, "I never eat wenshan; I dont tink it is so cool ash mutton." "Oh" said his friend. "I wonder at your saying so; if venison is not better than mutton, why does venison cost so much more?" "Vy! I vill tell you vy; in dish varid de people alwaysh prefersh vat ish deer to vat ish sheep."

BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

BIRTHS.

On the 8th, in Great Cumberland Place, the Viscountess Holmsdale, of a daughter.

On the 7th, at the Green Park Hotel, Piccadilly, the Lady of Viscount Adare, of a son, still-born.

On the 13th, in Cavendish Street, Lady George Hill, of a son.

On the 23d, at Mersea Hatch, Lady Knatch-bull, of a son.

On the 25th, in Bedford Square, the wife of Edward Bellasis, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 14th of January, 1837, at St. George's Cathedral, Madras, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Madras, Captain Thomas Bowes Forster, Paymaster of the Presidency of Madras, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Sir Rowan and Lady Sarah Maitland.

On the 6th, at Chard, Somersetshire, by the Rev. Charles Woodcock, vicar of Chardstock, Dorsetshire, Mr. Jonathan Bagster, son of Mr. S. Bagster, of Paternoster Row, London, and Old Windsor, Berkshire, to Miss Nancy Horsey Toms, eldest daughter of Mr. John Toms, of Chard.

On the 22d, at Brighton, by the Rev. Dr. Shephard, Colin Sharp, Esq., of Endleigh Street, London to Anne Bowness, only child of Captain Bowman, of the former place.

On the 9th, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. Alexander Black, M.A., the Rev. John Cook, of Lawrencekirk, North Britain, to Rachael, eldest daughter of Wm. Farquhar, Esq., of Woburn Place, Russell Square.

DEATHS.

On the 6th, at Shanklin Parsonage, Isle of Wight, in the 21st year of his age, W. A. Christian, Esq., ensign in his Majesty's 37th Foot, son of Captain Hood Hanway Christian, R.N., and grandson of the late Rear-Admiral Sir Hugh Clowberry Christian, K.B., very much regretted by his family and friends.

On the 7th, at Brighton, Major Philip Stewart, aged 72.

On the 9th, in Stratford Place, the wife of Thos. John Burguine, Esq., aged 68.

On the 17th, in the Regent's Park, Charlotte Sophia, wife of J. G. Lockhart, Esq., and daughter of the late Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

On the 30th, at Hagley Hall, Lord Lytton.
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TO
THE SIXTH VOLUME
OF THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM,

IMPROVED SERIES ENLARGED.

It is particularly recommended that the Magazine be not bound for at least two months, in order that the ink may become thoroughly dry, otherwise it may be 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.

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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LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS—DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

JANUARY.
Emblematical Frontispiece to face Title-page.
Whole-length portrait of Queen Elizabeth, splendidly coloured from an original by Zuccero, painted soon after her accession to the throne of England. Dress, almost similar to the costume in which she is represented on her great seal. Born Sept. 7th, 1533, and after a long and prosperous reign, died at her palace at Richmond, March 24th, 1603. (To face memoir, page 1.)
Fashion Plates for January, 1st Plate, page 59.
1st Figure.—Walking costume.
2nd Figure.—Sitting figure gives the back view of the same dress.
New models of furniture in this plate are Porcelain vase and pillar, likewise newly invented footstool, containing receptacle for hot water for warming the feet.
Second plate, page 59.
3rd Figure.—Ball dress.
4th Figure.—Sitting figure reverse of the same.

FEBRUARY.
Michelle de Vitry, Baronne de Trainel, from a whole-length portrait by Grignonner, court painter to Charles VI. and VII., kings of France, wife to the celebrated Provost of Paris, Juvonel des Ursins. Dress correct specimen of the costume of noble widows in the middle ages. Born 1387, and died 1456. (To face page 73.)
Fashion Plates.—Costumes for Fancy Balls, 1st Plate, 154.
1st Figure.—La Marquise de Vielle, cour de Louis XV.
2nd Figure.—A Fairy.
Second plate, page 155.
3rd Figure.—Dinner or Theatre Dress.
4th Figure.—Home Evening Dress.

MARCH.
Medemoiselle des Ursins, daughter to the above, in a splendid court dress of the era of Charles VII. of France, presenting a view of the celebrated horned head-dress of the fifteen century. Illuminated and brilliantly coloured from the original in Notre Dame. (To face memoir, page 145.)
Fashion Plates.—1st Plate, page 215.
1st half Figure.—Evening dress.
2nd Figure.—Ball Dress.
3rd and 4th Figures—Varieties of Ball and Evening Dresses, which will be fashionable this season, as there are few novelties in evening dresses invented in Paris after March.
5th Figure.—Fashionable Reticule.

APRIL.
Portrait of Marie de Hainault, wife to the first Duke of Bourbon, and mother of the royal lines of France, Spain, and Naples. Splendidly coloured and illuminated from the original in a vellum heraldic MS. called the "Armoiries d'Auvergne," which represents this princess in a regal dress of the fourteenth century. Born 1301, died 1349
To face memoir, page 217.
Fashion Plates:—1st Plate, Fancy Ball Dresses, page 275.
Figure 1.—French Sailor of Dieppe in the time of Francis I., an excellent dress for fancy balls.
2nd Figure.—Female Figure, Russian Peasant
Second Plate, page 275.—Children's Dresses.
1st Figure.—Walking Dress.
2nd Figure.—Dinner or Dress for Theatre.
3rd Figure.—Dress of same.
4th Figure.—Boy's Dress.

MAY.
Portrait of Isabella of Scotland, Duchess of Brittany, mother to Constance of Brittany, celebrated by Shakespeare in the tragedy of King John. (To face memoir, page 287.)
Fashion Plates.—Spring Fashions of Longchamps.
First Plate, page 347.
1st Figure.—Walking Dress.
2nd Figure.—Sitting figure same, with some variations of sleeves, &c. On marble table the figure of a newly invented solar watch.
Second Plate page 347.
3rd Figure.—Promenade dress.
4th Figure.—Back view of the same.

JUNE.
Portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos, from an original whole-length portrait painted in the reign of Louis XIII. after the Van Dyke style of dress, celebrated for her talents, seductive manners, and retaining unimpaired beauty to the age of ninety. Born 1615, died 1703. (To face memoir, page 367.)
Fashion Plates.—First Plate.
1st Figure.
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