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& Museum of the
Belles-Lettres, Music,
Fine Arts, Dreames,
Fashions &c.
IMPROVED SERIES,
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NATION DE L'ENCRE.

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THE
LADIES' MUSEUM.

New and Improved Series.

JULY, 1832.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY.

Among the extraordinary instances recorded of wit and beauty blended in woman, Ninon de L'Enclos is, perhaps, as brilliant and as celebrated as any in the star-like galaxy. Could they be congregated together, like a group of graces, thousands of the admirers of loveliness, animated by intellect, would select Ninon de L'Enclos as the queen. We cannot help viewing her as one of the most remarkable and interesting of the many who lived in a not less remarkable and interesting time. Her's was a character as dangerous to recommend as a guide, as it would be difficult to imitate an example—dangerous to recommend, because frailty, cloud-like, dimmed the lustre of its virtues—and difficult to imitate, because fine traits surrounded it, and gave it grace, and because the many good qualities which followed in its train taught the world to view its moral impurity less as an evidence of evil, than as an exception to the rule of good.

There are few tasks that would more puzzle a metaphysician, or a poet, than a just and philosophical survey of the mind of this extraordinary woman, of the reason that convinced, the judgment that directed, and the genius that encircled her—the love that conquered, and the impulses that led her astray. Failing in the two best and most beautiful attributes and ornaments of woman's nature—chastity and religion—she yet seemed to concentrate in her focus of love and friendship whatever else it was necessary to create perfection; and she is almost the only instance we can remember of the fair, yet fallen, of her sex with whom the loss of honour has been survived by her reputation and the esteem of the world. At the same time her varied life affords a striking example of the superiority of genius over the mere fascinations of person. That she was very lovely, is an undoubted fact, but her loveliness does not appear to have been either so exquisite or so captivating as not to have been counteracted by the various emotions materially heightened by the presence of an intelligence which pervaded her countenance like a bright dream, and flung a halo round her beauty that added to its glory and its grace. There was a flood of wit, and poetry, and feeling in her nature, that poured itself out from her lips, and in her conversation, shedding a warm and winning influence on all who listened to her, and stealing imperceptibly over the senses, till it almost won the heart. Early education, which has ever so great a power over future character, did not so deeply bias that of Ninon de L'Enclos. Brought up under the eye of parents of different principles, she did not seem to have imbibed much of the disposition of either. Her mother's days were as much devoted to religion, as her father's had at one time been to pleasure; and though from the latter she gathered those high and bright accomplishments which afterwards lent so much lustre to her mind and manners, the former failed totally to instil into her those deep and severe lessons of piety which gave an almost gloomy tone to her own life.

At the age of sixteen Ninon de L'Enclos found herself an orphan, the mis-

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tress of her own actions, eager and willing to follow the impulses of her own heart. Her father’s dying injunction, to be ever less scrupulous about the number than the choice of her pleasures, was not entirely forgotten by her; and prudence—though not the prudence of morality—was still mingled with her actions, and kept her within the bounds of her moderate, but competent income, though it could not within those of Love, which seemed the element of her fervent and inconstant spirit—the fertilizing spring at which her heart loved to refresh itself, and to drink of the deepest waters!

The wit which made her a star among stars, in the circles in which she moved in Paris, took its early origin in childhood, and quickened as years gathered over her lofty brow, and stamped it with the glorious impress of beauty. At ten years of age she had read Montagne and Charon. She was a linguist, too, and early in life spoke the Italian and Spanish languages with fluency.

Her début into the circles of ton, was marked with the eclat which genius irradiating feminine loveliness wins almost everywhere, but more particularly in the capital of France. Her figure might have been called tall,—dignified,—Juno-like; and her features derived an additional grace from the exquisite purity of her complexion. “Les yeux,” says a French writer, “étoient pleins de sentiments et de vivacité, la décence et la volupté s’y disputaient l’empire.” She had a sweet and musical voice, and sang with more taste than display; but for her dancing she was almost looked upon as the Terpsichore of her time.

The writings of Ninon de L’Enclos, chiefly confined to her letters, are all on the one subject which gave life and breath to her beauty—Love! They are penned with a fluency and facility truly admirable, and there is an eloquent fervour breaking through the warm thoughts, and a sound Rochechauault-like wisdom in most of the axioms, that increase their value in the eyes of the philosopher and the literary man. Narrative in her epistles was her darling style; and she invested it with a piquancy and naiveté, that made it the more captivating. It is worthy of remark that, although she had read and studied deeply, and was perfectly conversant with the works of both ancient and modern authors, she never attempted to illustrate her sentiments, by availing herself of the privilege of quotation. The celebrated Mignard once complained to her of the short memory of his very beautiful daughter—“Then,” said Ninon, “you are happy, for she cannot quote.”

The house of Ninon de L’Enclos was almost a little court of literature, into which the wits of Paris loved to gather; all equally attracted by the splendour of her beauty, and the exhaustless resources of her delightful conversation. Molière, St. Evremont, L’Abbé Chateau-neuf, and other distinguished writers of the age, admired and respected her. The great Condé was at one time one of her suitors, and it is well known that at an advanced period of her life, the husband of the celebrated Madame de Sévigné for a long time forsook that talented recluse, for the yet more powerful attractions of Ninon de L’Enclos. Madame de Sévigné mentions this with some just pique in one or two of her letters.

It is almost impossible to say, how much the society of Ninon de L’Enclos was courted, on account of her literary acquirements. Notwithstanding the well known laxity of her moral character, she was received everywhere; and ladies of the first distinction deemed it an honour to introduce their daughters to one whose manners were a model of amiability, as her conversation was a type of mind. Ninon, however, though failing in chastity herself, evidently set a high value on the purity of heart and thought which lends so much loveliness to youthful beauty, and loved to see modesty gracing her own sex. She even feared the fascinating but dangerous influence of her own example acting upon young minds, and an anecdote is told of her, that speaks highly for the qualities of her heart. A marchioness of the court took her two daughters to visit Ninon de L’Enclos previous to their retirement into a
Ninon de l’Enclos.

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convent. Ninon received them on the stairs; after embracing them with affecting tenderness, she turned to the mother, with the following unexpected words. “Forgive me, my dear marquise, if I forbid these young ladies to enter here. Rich and beautiful as they are, they ought to aspire to a higher sphere, and I fear they will learn little of what is good and virtuous with me.” This incident tells much in favour of the truth of St. Egremond’s epigram.

“L’indulgence et sage Nature
A fornè L’Ami de Ninon,
De la volupté d’Epicure,
Et de la vertu de Caton!”

Ninon could write these sort of things herself with considerable point, and when the case required she could barb them with a severe sting. A high dignitary of the church, not finding in her sight the favour which he had hoped to gain, left in a moment of pique the following stanza upon her toilet:

“Indigne de mes feux, indigne de mes larmes,
Je renonce, sans peine, à tes faibles appas
Mon amour te prétoit des charmes,
Ingrate! que tu n’avais pas.”

To which Ninon replied, with characteristic archness and spirit:

“Insensible à tes feux, insensible à tes larmes,
Je te vois renouer à tes faibles appas,
Mais si L’Amour prête des charmes,
Pourquoi n’en empruntes, tu pas?”

It has been asserted that a few hours before her death, finding herself unable to sleep, and being quite aware of her approaching dissolution, she composed the following true and beautiful verse:

“Qu’un vain espoir, ne vienne point s’offrir
Qui puisse ébranler, mon courage
Les vais en âge de mourir
Que feros—je ici d’avantage.”

The calmness of thought and purpose which these stanzas evince were, however, merely the effect of philosophy, lending all its power to a naturally strong mind. Ninon de l’Enclos was a sceptic of the many bright and beautiful truths of Religion. Forced upon her with gloomy severity in her early years,—she had almost grown disgusted with the works which contained its precepts and revealed its light,—acting against the purity of its moral enactments, she had little relish for an examination into its pages, which teemed with censure of the principles by which she had been too long guided. Doubt has sown its seed in the lessons of her infancy, and in old age she was a disbeliever still. Rousseau wrote an epigram on the answer to Le Pere d’Orleans, on a point of faith which Ninon could not persuade herself to believe. “Well,” said the Jesuit, “even while you are waiting for conviction, offer your unbelief to God.”

Once, however, during her life, Religion had nearly gained a hold of her mind, and she retired into a convent. After a short time, she again returned to her old principles, and M. St. Evremont and other friends persuaded her to emerge once more into the gaieties and enjoyments of her former life. Previous to her death, however, she made a confession, and received the sacraments of her church with every show of piety, so that we may presume she had renounced her former errors of scepticism.

It is not our purpose here to call over the muster-roll of those high-talented, distinguished admirers, who alternately monopolized the platonie but inconstant affections of this extraordinary woman. The full power and fascination of her charms was sufficiently displayed at an advanced epoch in her brilliant life, and this one example must speak for the rest. Ninon de l’Enclos had a son by the Marquis de Gersai—the Chevalier de Villiers—whose birth had been
concealed even from himself, and whose education had transpired at a distance from his celebrated mother. When of an age to enter the world, he was, however, introduced to his mother, who was then more than sixty years of age, and who received him as if he had been any other young man of birth and talent. The chevalier immediately conceived the most violent passion for her—expressing his love at first with all the mute eloquence of earnest attention—and afterwards declaring himself with all the fervency of youth and hope. Under pain, however, of being dismissed her house, he was once more constrained to silence, but this he could not long endure, and an opportunity soon presented itself of repeating his protestations with increased warmth. He visited her villa in the outskirts of Paris—she was alone—he addressed her, and Ninon, moved by mingled grief and pity at the event, displayed less of that firmness and philosophy which had usually marked her bearing towards him. Villiers mistaking the cause, argued from this momentary weakness, that he was favourably received. His tone, his earnestness, his passion, hurried him away, and he was emboldened beyond the bounds of prudence. Ninon, with a thrill of horror, shrunk back; then, for the first time, and from her own lips, did Villiers learn that he was her son! A pause, a look, a bound—he had quitted the apartment. Villiers did not return—a shuddering suspicion crept over, and chilled the frame of Ninon de L'Enclos, as she went forth to seek him! She discovered him in the arms of death; the life-blood that flowed from his veins was of his own shedding; he had committed self-destruction. In his dying moments, Villiers sought to say a few words to his mother, but his utterance was choked by death, and his last looks upon his lovely but distracted parent, still told of the fervour of that flame which a young and ardent spirit had fed and fanned, and which the damp chill of the late horrible discovery had extinguished for ever.

The effect on Ninon de L'Enclos, while it nearly subverted her philosophy, went far to change her former habits of levity and frivolity. The inconstant and dissipated Ninon became Mademoiselle de L'Enclos—wise—estimable—attached; and the latter and brighter character was the one that followed her to the grave! Her death took place on the 17th of October, 1705, in her ninetieth year. It appears that she was as generally regretted as she had been generally beloved.

Few persons during their life-time received so large a share of honour from the hands of literary men, and the great aristocracy of genius. During a severe illness they were continually at her residence with inquiries; and on her recovery Scarron, Saint Evremont, Fontenelle, the Abbé Desmarets, and other distinguished poets, wrote to her verses of congratulation, which are now published in their works. Molière used to consult her on the merits of his comedies. When he read to her the manuscript of his Tartuffe, she narrated to him an adventure which she had once had with a rogue of the same order; and her tale was so naively told—her impostor depicted with so much striking truth and force—her character placed in so many brilliant and comic points of view, that Molière left her with the declaration, that had not his piece been written he would not have dared the enterprise, so difficult did he conceive it to attain the energy and fire of those traits which his fair friend had traced with so much fidelity in the portrait she had placed before him.

Some authors of the time regarded her good opinion as of so much value that they did every thing in their power to deserve it. M. de Torelle, of the Académie Française, not being able to obtain it for his translation of Demosthenes, revenged himself in the following epigram:

"Dans un discours Académique,
Rempli de Grec et de Latin,
Le moyen que Ninon trouve rien qui la pique,
Les figures de Rhétorique,
Sont si fades après celle de L'Arcelin!"
Voltaire was presented to her when a child, and she predicted highly of his future greatness.

One other anecdote deserves to be recorded of her. It is a rare instance of the influence of vanity blended with the good sense to turn it to a laudable account, by teaching a lesson of prudence to the young roulé of the other sex.

Being one day desirous of proving to one of her admirers to what extent a young man in love will sometimes be urged, by his weakness—to a woman wicked enough to abuse it, she extorted from him at a moment when she had intoxicated him with her wit and beauty—a written promise of marriage, with a settlement of four thousand louis-d’ors. Some time after the young nobleman was at her toilet, and observing his signature on one of her papillotes, he unfolded it, and discovered that it was the same paper on which he had written his promise. He expressed his surprise at this, which Ninon answered with this memorable sentence:—“It is in order to prove,” said she, “how light I make of foolish promises of young fellows like you, and how you compromise yourselves with a woman capable of profiting by your imprudence.”

From these anecdotes and traits of disposition our readers must form their own ideas and conclusions of the character of Ninon de L’Enclos. Her own love of liberty—the demoralizing habits of the court and city—her study of the Platonic school of philosophy—her natural constancy of heart—the admiration and flattery which she almost monopolized—and the deep flood of poetry that pervaded her spirit, and filled her heart with warm, passionate feeling, to which love was as the fertilizing spring—all these were so many palliatives, though not actual excuses, for the indiscretion of which she was guilty, in the pursuit of those numerous and ever-varying gallantries and liaisons, which we have thought it well to leave unmentioned here—because we would draw our deductions rather from virtue than from vice—and because we would not call a blush to the cheek of youth and beauty, even by exposing the intrigues of such a woman as Ninon de L’Enclos.

There can be little doubt that her talents were as extraordinary as her charms—her writings are full of the freedom of genius, and the overflowings of fancy, tempered and chastened down by the dictates of reason, judgment, and worldly experience. Her wit is as brilliant as her axioms are pointed, and her reflections full of the poetry and philosophy of thought. Kind in disposition—charitable by inclination—subject to all the mild amenities of a gentle, and the sweet influences of a warm heart—warm in love, and faithful in friendship, Ninon de L’Enclos wanted but one other quality to make her as perfect as she was renowned:—this was the chastity, which is the first great ornament of woman. Wanting this she was but the wonder—having it she would have been the example and the admiration of her sex:—wanting it we look upon her as a woman—having it we should have deemed her a goddess!

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THE MYRTLE SLIP.

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

The myrtle slip you gave to me,
Close to my heart I wear,
And while there lasts a leaf of it
Its constant home is there!

A leaf! the stem without a leaf
Were fitter far to lie
Beside the heart which hopeless love
Has stripped of every joy!
TIME'S CHANGES.

A TALE OF THE DOMINIE,

BY ANDREW PICKEN, AUTHOR OF THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY.

It was a long time ago, in my youthful days, when I was wont to envy the pleasures of my elders, that a grand assembly ball was to be held in the antiquated city of Carborough, where I was at that time studying my college humanities. The world had not, in those days, degenerated into an old rake as she is at present, unable, or ashamed, to look upon the light of the sun, and so, in that era, the balls in Scotland began at five in the afternoon, and broke up at eleven at night, in a Christian and rational manner. Not then occurring every day, as they do in many places, of late years, the whole town of Carborough was in a bustle of preparation for a week before, and a buzz of talk a month after so grand a festivity; and though it was not for such as I to aspire to such pleasures—balls and bravery, and cotillions and reels, had been running in my head for several days, from the very sound of the talk of it; and so I determined at least to have a sight of the company, and the fine ladies, as they stepped out of their sedan chairs, in at the door of the assembly room.

Accordingly, on the day I speak of, the professor's lecture being unusually proasy and tedious, I was barely enabled to take my stand among the crowd assembled, at the time the company began to arrive. It was not the fashion then for so much driving of coaches, and prancing of horses, and shouting and rattling, as now-a-days makes the noise at the door of an assembly-room, like the alarm of a fire;—for the footmen trotted along in a jaunty manner, and set down the sedans with their fair burdens as quietly as if the chair had been made of glass, and the ladies walked out like pretty peacocks, carrying their necks as high, and their colours spread out as nobly, as the paragon of birds itself; to the great disturbance of the hearts of such youngsters as I was. To tell of the beauty of the young, and the dignity of the old, (for there were old ladies in those days,) and of the powder and the curls, and the lappets, and the toupees, is beyond my power at this distance of time; but, as on such occasions there is generally some one whom the fancy singles out above the rest upon whom to fix its observation, one there certainly was, who attracted my chief attention on that night.

The approach of this lady was indicated to the crowd that surrounded the door by the number of beaux, who, with hats smartly cocked, and buckles shining with unusual brilliancy, surrounded the sedan in which she was most jauntily bobbed along. "Here comes Miss Simpson—it is Miss Simpson's chair!" whispered the crowd, and down she was set, just beside me. Up went the lid of her sedan, at the same instant as half a dozen beaux raised their cocked beavers. Open sesame went the door, and out was handed one of the most imposing figures of a woman that ever made the heart of a poor student bump against his side. Taller, even, than several of the gentlemen who surrounded her, when she stood forth on the pavement, she looked for a moment on the crowd, like the queen of the evening, and, in no haste to recede from the admiration of the people, she turned herself round, waved her hand to a suitor, to fetch her something from the chair; then, amidst the bows of the men, upon most of whom she bestowed a condescending recognition, she gathered together gracefully the wings of her drapery, and like a three-decker ship, with the admiral on board, sailed forth into the porch of the assembly-room. Never up to this time had I been so struck dumb with admiration! It was not simply her beauty that had cut me to the heart, nor yet entirely the dress or the dignity that had captivated my fancy; but whether it was the air and manner with which she had comport herself in my view, or the real admiration with which she had been received by the first gallants of the place; or the general effect of the whole, setting off her natural charms, she seemed to me, at the time, a being absolutely above the order of humanity, to whom I could willingly have bent the knee in worship! What was the real characteristic of her beauty? It was heroic, penetrating, commanding; a figure like a noble palace, reared up in perfect symmetry, a skin like the ivory of Tarshish, and a neck like the towers of Lebanon! As I thought of this vision which had passed before my eyes while I stood among the crowd, the restless pang of admiration and curiosity, came upon me; and feeling in my pocket for the white silver shilling which had kept solitary watch there for a fortnight past, I forthwith determined to disburse it to the rascally waiters, for the procuring of admission among the fiddlers of the orchestra, that I might have a further look at the lady.

I have not lived to this time of day in the world, without my share of the dancing
TIME'S CHANGES.

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...days of life; nor have I abstained from drawing on my silk stockings, and putting on my pumps when time was expedient; but never did I personally enact a part in the gentle fooleries of the fantastic toe, with so much real enjoyment as I experienced this night, while peering out a hard seat, suspended like a chandelier a little below the ceiling, my ears deafened with bassoons, and other windy music, and my eyes almost put out by the elbows of the hidders, as I watched the dancers, and particularly the lady! Then, when the music ceased, she promenaded the ample floor of the ballroom, in the midst of a crowd of admirers, like a peacock among the birds of gayest plumage; or swam in the dance, distinguished above all the rest, like the royal swan upon the moving waters! I did not regret my humble position, as the simple spectator of this scene, and as I contem- plated the lady, I thought myself too lowly to approach any nearer to so noble a being.

At length the hour of retiring approached, and it seemed to me but an instant from the commencement. Miss Simpson had carried away almost the whole admiration of the evening. I was at the door again when her chair was there. A crowd of gentlemen already surrounded it. She approached between the corridor and the gallantry of the men, as she came forward, was almost obstreporous. The emulation for her smiles was worse than wrongful to the other ladies present, and most illustrative of the corruption of the world.

The idolatry she received, however much she might have deserved it, was enough to have turned any woman's head. At length, a favoured person had the honour of handing her into her chair, several others held up the moveable head of the vehicle, while three or four hands were at the shutting of the door. Emboldened by wine, they now thrust the servants aside, and after something like a scuffle among themselves, about who should have the honour, two of the stoutest of the beaux, getting between the spokes of the vehicle, whipped it up like common chariots, and, followed by a guard of honour of less fortunate gallants, carried the lady in triumph to her home. Like a fool, as I was, I followed the troop, and going home to my student's bed, like a greater fool, I dreamt of nought but the lady. Thus to me ended the first, and the glorious part of her history.

Occupied with the idea of this fascinating lady, I now began to watch what should be the events of her life. Connected with one of the most wealthy families of the neighbourhood, and possessing for herself a respectable independence, it was not surpris-
consequence of the reasons he gave for wishing to converse with me, I consented.

"It is on account of a person, who is this day to join us at dinner," he said to me, "when I had arrived at the time appointed," that I wish more particularly to discourse to you; and have requested you to come at this hour, that we may discuss the matter before she arrives. The person whom you will meet is certainly no common character, and the circumstance I am about to relate, though it may not be interesting to you, to me is exceedingly perplexing, as tending to falsify all my notions regarding human nature, and to make me almost doubt the evidence of my senses. In order to make you understand my tale, I must go slightly into the history of my dear and unfortunate wife, dearer and lovelier than ever I deserved, and most unfortunate in being married to me!

"When Anna was a child, and during her father's prosperous days, there came to stay with the family a lady, whose career had hitherto been somewhat extraordinary, once one of the greatest beauties and toast of Carborough. With a considerable independence and a remarkable understanding, she had yet been subjected to strange reverses, in respect to her anticipated fortune, for though at one period surrounded with suitors, that from some strange cause or other, she never obtained a husband. Whether any untoward circumstance befell her character, or whether her most ardent admirers found something in her disposition that excited their apprehensions, never was clearly or authentically made out, but at the time she became an inmate of Mr. Gemmell's house, she was not only passed in respect to youth and charms, but society had ceased to remember that such a being existed. Some cause of difference had also arisen between herself and her relatives, so that a fatal influence seemed to be over her; and she that had been the queen of society, and the envied of every aspirant, was now fallen into unaccountable solitude, if not perfect neglect.

"However little merited this fate might be," continued my friend, "the admission of a woman in such circumstances to reside with a respectable and intelligent family, and the suffering for her accommodation, the caprices of a sourer spirit, which had been spoiled by flattery in youth,—was a service not to be lightly estimated. Of this the lady I speak of seemed to have been fully aware, for being unable to get this family to accept of more than a small pecuniary remuneration for her board, she seemed determined that what would not be taken by the mother, should be lavished on the daughter, if not while she lived, at least at her death. To this mode of repaying the kindness of this family, and of manifesting her own gratitude, the lady seemed to look forward with much satisfaction; at least if the interest she took in the education of my Anna, and her frequent expression of what she hoped to do for her, was true, might be taken as really indicative of her feelings. Meantime Anna's father becoming subject to unlooked for reverses, changes took place; the lady soon after left the house, friends lost sight of each other, Anna's mother died, her father fell into despondency! Why should I dwell on particulars," continued my friend, sighing; "Anna and I were united, under circumstances more creditable to our feelings than our prudence. We have suffered for it, as all are sure to do, who venture only generous purposes and individual virtues, against the maxims of the world. But my story at present refers chiefly to the lady.

"Anna's father, now a solitary widower, and a dispirited man, having gone abroad, I followed after; his death subsequently scattered us a third time, and after a lapse of several years, misfortune again croaked like a raven over our flight towards our native shores. Here we landed, however, and in this quarter I again sought to work my way into the world. "Scarcely had I set down my now large family, and had them fairly established in this cottage, when one day my wife was astonished by the visit of a stranger. I may well use the word astonishment in alluding to the exterior of the apparition who now stood before her. She threw up the tattered remains of a veil that had served to shield her face, and asked my wife if she did not know her. Anna could scarcely believe her eyes, when looking over the wasted wrinkled features and wretched dress of the female who inquired for her, she recognised the miserable remains of the once imposing figure of Miss Margaret Simpson."

"Miss Margaret Simpson!" interrupted I, repeating the name with unspeakable astonishment.

"Do you then know her?" inquired my friend, surprised at my exclamation.

"I have seen her," said I, scarcely able to speak, as I cast my thoughts back to the recollections of my youth—"Alas! what a world! but go on with your tale."

"I have sought you out, my dear Muduan," said Miss Simpson, after expressing much joy at seeing my wife again, "to reiterate the promise I made to you and your mother when a child, of leaving you something after my death, in memory of my regard.
and in testimony of gratitude to your worthy parents. Nay, do not interrupt me," she continued, "for it is but my duty, as it will be my pleasure; for my relatives, as you know, are all wealthy, and want nothing from me—besides, they and I have not been on visiting terms these many years. My property is my own, I can leave it to whom I choose; and as times seem to have changed with you, you and your pretty family will be the better of it when I am gone."

When I came home in the evening, my dear Anna flew into my arms with joy, as she communicated to me this pleasing intelligence, and, entering fully into the matter, she bid me be of good comfort, for at least at the decease of this remarkable lady, we should be saved from the terror of vicissitude. I was certainly much rejoiced, but the description she gave me of the lady's excessively old and changed appearance, filled me even then with an involuntary suspicion. Independent of what Anna told me of her, I was desirous of seeing so extraordinary a character. My wife said I should soon be gratified, for Miss Simpson, in kind concern for my family, and anxious to make my acquaintance, had invited herself to dine with us on the following Sunday.

"She came. I cannot tell you what I thought, that is, my dear friend, "still less can I tell you what I think now, for never was human nature presented to me under an aspect more extraordinary. When I looked at her forlorn appearance, and learned concerning her penurious habits, could I believe that this woman was possessed of large property? When I contemplated her shrunk frame and wrinkled features, could I believe that she had ever been, as represented, the idol of the critical admirers of beauty? When I gazed on her wretched apparel, and antiquated, broken-down dilapidation, could I believe that this being had ever been the queen of fashion in her time, and the expensive representative of tasteful magnificence; or that human nature could so change, as that a female in the possession of ample means of gratification, should now be lost to every motive that is found to affect her sex, and should with her advantages, and after her former course of life, now voluntarily choose to live so obscure, that none could tell where she resided, and make an appearance so contemptible, that even I was ashamed to see her enter my humble dwelling! Could I suspect the sanity of her mind? certainly not; if the penetrating good sense, and shrewd worldly wisdom of her conversation, might speak for any one's soundness of mental constitution. And yet I have heard and observed strange things regarding her, which I can hardly at present trust my tongue to express. But you shall see her immediately and judge for yourself, for since the day I speak of, and that is nearly two years ago, every week, once or twice, she has voluntarily came to our cottage and partake of our family dinner. Alas that I should speak of these things, but sometimes this has been an inconvenience to us, for, as sure at least as the Sunday comes, be it wet or be it dry, be my family well or ill, the moment that four o'clock strikes from the bell of the village, the tall stooping figure of Miss Simpson, wrapped in an old black velvet pelisse, which has covered her like a mortcloth for at least twenty years, may be seen moving slowly down the avenue towards my cottage, her rickety figure supported by an old clouted umbrella, and her face, that once charmed all beholders, shaded by the relics of an old black bonnet, evidently of such extreme antiquity, that one is astonished how, for the last seven years, it could possibly have held together. See, sir!" he added, pointing from the window—"there she is at this moment. Did you ever see so melancholy a ruin of a woman?"

I stood perfectly astonished as I watched at the window, while the figure before me was approaching. "I" said I to myself, "what a difference may take place in a woman in the short period of five and thirty years!"

"I see you are likely to be of my opinion regarding this strange individual," said Mr. Weir, taking me aside, as he observed the look with which I scanned the sinister expression on her face, "who has imposed, I fear, on the simple good-feeling of my wife, and hangs upon us like an incubus to the aggravation of our misfortunes. There is more than I can tell you, but do me the favour to keep an occasional eye upon her during dinner, and I will afterwards explain what I feel. Meantime, come and let me introduce you to my Anna, and my children."

"What contrasts do persons in life sometimes afford! How interesting now appeared the pretty young wife of my friend, surrounded by her flock of lovely children! Yet, the sobered look of misfortune
appeared on her countenance, and plan-
ning poverty was stamped on the neat plain-
ness and meagre gentility of everything in
the apartment, and every article on the table
now covered before us. What could I
think of this wealthy old woman, coming to
eat the scanty bread of this struggling fa-
mily, without putting her hand in her coffers
for its sake? How could a person of sub-
stance bear a scene like this, without doing
something, even independent of past grati-
tude and present promises, while her own
eyes were yet in life to see the good that
her hand might be enabled to do for the un-
fortunate and the virtuous. Was it possible
that the wretch was deceiving this pretty
young woman and her husband! If so,
could she have the heart of a human being?

We sat down to dinner, and I observed
the old lady throw a hawk’s glance at me,
as she rummaged her pocket on taking her
seat, and spread out an ample napkin on her
lap. I saw it was necessary to be on my
guard, for although I could not divine what
she meant to do, it was evident she dreaded
my observation, more than that of any one
at table. Shall I describe my astonishment,
when, as I was beginning my own dinner,
throwing my eye cautiously across, I ob-
served her slide the chief part of the meat
put upon her plate, into the napkin that lay
on her knees; the bread followed, she asked
for more, her plate was replenished, she did
the same thing again, eating at intervals
with the appetite of a starved savage, but
raking everything into her lap that lay near
her, and folding all up in the napkin, when
dinner was over, sheadroitly smuggled it
into the ample pocket that swung by her
side, under the folds of her old pelisse.
How can I forget the meaning look, and me-
lancholy smile, of the young matron who
sat by me, as she gave me to understand
that she had also been a hidden observer of
this manoeuvre of their extraordinary guest.
Alas, it had in it, notwithstanding its indul-
gent expression, a strong seasoning of that
involuntary loathing, with which we are
sometimes obliged to witness the most con-
temptible features of “poor human na-
ture.”

I was unable to sit easy all the evening
after this, yet I was almost reconciled by
the sensible conversation of the old lady sub-
sequently, and as her eye lit up with the
animation of her talk, the sinister expres-
sion which I had at first imputed to her,
seemed to vanish from her countenance, and
I was forcibly reminded of the imposing
beauty which had charmed me in her youth!
For conversation:—not a subject could I
broach but she seemed perfect master of it;
her information on everything was complete,
and when in the course of the evening she
began to quote me Latin aphorisms, and to
sport French wit, and even to chop with me
heathen Greek, and argue syllogistically by
rules of logic, surely she had got to my
weak side, for I declare I found myself per-
fectly bewitched, and forgot, for a time, the
inward wrath which had knitted against
her at what I had at first witnessed. All
doubts regarding the sanity of her intellect
were now removed, as well as all apprehen-
sion on the score of what she meant to do
for my young friends; for on every matter of
business, particularly in regard to the
conservation and management of her prop-
erty, she seemed perfectly au fait, and
her notions of these things seemed so
sound and sensible, that I could not help
being convinced, that her intentions towards
this family were worthy of entire relin-
quish. And yet, when I again thought of what I
had seen her do, I could hardly believe the
evidence of my own senses. At length she
rose to take her leave, and when I found
that she would allow no one to see her home,
strange thoughts again came into my mind,
and I remained for a time behind to discuss
with Mr. Weir the probabilities of her char-
acter.

“I am glad, sir,” said he to me, after
she was gone, “that you have been here to-
day, to notice this, and I have witnessed
actions still more mean, and still more shock-
ing, as practised upon persons in our cir-
cumstances. How she has acted in impo-
nuting on the natural hospitality of my poor
Anna, in reference to little delicacies that I
sent home to her in time of ill-health, it
would be painful and almost mean in me
to relate. Long ago, notwithstanding all
her promises, would I have dismissed her
from my house, if I could have done so
by any mode consistent with the common
courtesies of life; or, if Anna’s good-nature
and good-feeling, carried in this case, as I
apprehend, too far, had not still prevented
me; for though, as well as myself, Anna is
above the mercenary motives of legacy-hunt-
ning, self control; she has a better opinion
of Miss Simpson, for all she has observed, than
my experience of human nature leads me to
form; and, biased by early feelings, and
old recollections, is willing still to endure
her ‘eccentricities’ as she calls them, and to
divide with her the last morsel that we
have.”

“I do not wonder at your being puzzled
what to think,” said I, “for myself have
been fascinated by the ability shown in the
woman’s conversation. But has she given you
any real satisfaction as to what she means
to do for Mrs. Weir, even at her death?”
"She has said every thing," he continued, "that, coming from a person of honour, would be deemed satisfactory, even to the pointing out of the property that she intends to devise in the names of several of my children. It is perhaps, however," he added, "this very circumstance that has made me unable to endure her for a long time past; for I cannot bear the suspicion of my own heart, of countenancing ways like her's, for the sake of expectations of this nature, while in the meantime, for the want of a little present aid, in a matter I am now engaged in, I am suffering intense anxiety, being threatened at this moment with absolute ruin. This extraordinary person has seen this anxiety painted in my face, and heard it in the sighs of my drooping wife; and yet, she thinks proper to take no notice, except in the shape of boasting of the extent of her own wealth, while delicacy prevents us from speaking to her as perhaps we ought to speak." Having said this, both now entered into some further details, which determined me at once to the course I should take.

When the following day came, having commenced my inquiries, I at length fished out full information regarding the extent and nature of her property. I next went to her lawyer, with whom I chanced to have some acquaintance, and put to him some questions respecting her character and proceedings. The answers he gave me shocked me exceedingly. Still I would not believe in the full extent of my surmises; besides, a strange mystery regarding this extraordinary being and her friends, prolonged my inquiries, and increased my perplexity with my very convictions. In three weeks after the first, I again paid Mr. Weir's family a Sunday visit.

He was not at home, and the grave face of the servant girl who opened the door, told me that something was wrong. "Has anything happened?" I said, observing the woman look hesitatingly behind her. "Come in, sir," she said, "I think I may tell you, for I am sure you are my master's real friend."

"My mistress is ill, sir," she went on taking me aside, "very ill in her bed,—and—and—you'll excuse me, sir, for I must tell you," added she in a whisper,—"there are keepers in the house!"

"Heavens!" I exclaimed, "and where is Mr. Weir?"

"I know not, sir, but there will be no dinner dressed here to-day, excepting the single chicken that I am just going to set before my poor mistress, if that hard-hearted old creature, Miss Simpson, does not come in and snap it up. Aye, sir, you may look! but she must be a wretch, else she never would see my dear master come to this, and he forced to sell the very gold watch out of his pocket, after he had parted with the silver tankards and carved cups off the sideboard, that have been a decency in the family since ever my mistress was married, and long before that; and many is the hearty draught that vile old woman has drank out of them, first and last; and yet she would steal the very salt and pepper out of my kitchen, and see my master and mistress sold to the door, before she would put her hand in her great purse to the value of one farthing for them. Mercy on me, it is now four o'clock! for there she is this moment!" exclaimed the girl, looking from the window, "hirpling down the avenue in her old black pelisse!"

"What is the amount of the debt, my girl, for which this misfortune has come upon your family?"

"Two and forty pounds, sir; but oh, be cautious what you say to my mistress, for she is weak, weak; and ah, sir, try to rid us of this horrid, miserly old woman."

Scarcely had I time to inquire concerning the health of the sick lady, when the tall figure of Miss Simpson limped into the bed-chamber.

The sight now before her and myself, the anxious and desponding look of the sick lady, and the tears she shed over her crowding children, as she informed us of the state of her husband's affairs, would have melted a heart of flint. Miss Simpson received the news with evident embarrassment, and shot a glance round the apartment and at me, as if collecting her thoughts to suit the emergency. Recovering after a moment her usual composure, the fawning tone she now assumed to the sick lady, and the dry accents of hypocritical condolence, with which she affected to comfort her, filled me with astonishment. "Do not let down your spirits, my dear Mrs. Weir," she said, "it is all for the best, everything is for the best, and here is a nice little chicken that Peggy has cooked for you. Peggy, you are a good lass for fetching us so pretty a bird; now just pick a bit of it, and I will help you; here, Peggy, let me have a knife and fork."

"I was so dumbfounded with astonishment that I could not speak, but when I saw the napkin spread, and the melancholy smile of the sick woman, who could taste nothing, as morsel after morsel of every thing near was swept into the beldame's lap, my blood so boiled with indignation, that, fearing to hurt the nerves of the sick, I hurried out of the room. Resolved to bring the old woman to a point, I drew up a short paper; and Peggy, the servant, with joy received my message requesting to see Miss Simpson immediately.
The old lady was ushered in. She threw one of her sharp hawk's glance towards my face as I placed a chair for her, wondering no doubt what I was about to say.

"You are an old friend of this family," said I, taking her in the kind way, "particularly of the poor lady within, whom I understand you have known from a child, in better days, as well as her parents."

She assented with a shrill and suspicious "hem!"

"I have heard with pleasure that you take a particular interest in their welfare, as all must do who know them, and as is naturally to be expected from your long intimacy. I think you will admit that they are deserving of your friendship."

"None that I ever knew are more. I love Mrs. Weir like my own daughter, and I have often told her so. I love her even for her parents' sake, for they were true parents to me. I am sure none will doubt my warm friendship for Mrs. Weir and her family, or my regret at her present misfortune. But misfortunes must be borne with patience. Mr. Weir is a man of talents, and he will get over it, one way or other: she must not let her spirits down, that would be mere folly. As I have often told her, Nil desperandum has been fitly chosen, as it is worthy, to be the motto to a coronet."

"Excellent reasoning! and wise heads who wear coronets! but, madam, there are keepers in the house!"

"I am very sorry to hear it, I fear there has been some imprudence."

"Surely, madam, you, who have such kind intentions to this family, to be manifested upon the melancholy event of your own death, will not allow it to go to utter ruin during your life, for the sake of a little anticipation of your friendship. In short, madam, you and I surely cannot see a sick lady driven out houseless with her children; so, if you will be security for one half of this small debt, I will take upon me the payment of the other, and the present misfortune will be averted. Here, madam, will you please to join me in signing this paper?"

"I will not be forced into this," she said. "I will not be hurried into signing papers, and parting with my money. Besides, what I intend for those people, I have already remembered in my will; is not that sufficient?"

"Wretch! Impostor!"

"Wretch! Impostor!" exclaimed I, now roused to fury. "You have made no will, as your lawyer informs me, nor ever will have the heart to do so. Your money is rotting in your obscure garret, as your name and character will do hereafter. A miser of the most inhuman description, you have been deceiving this worthy family, and living upon them, and several others, until you have fichiered their last morsel to uphold your insane avarice, and to support you to your grave, the curse of your species. Did you not seek out this amiable lady, when she sought not you? Have you..."
not sought out others in the same way, and lived these twenty miserable years on the weak hopes of the human heart, and in increasing the sum of human disappointments? Are you not a beggar, to whom beggars are kings? Are you not a thief! to whom thieves that perish on the gallows are to be held in honour? Yes, madam, a thief! of the wretched morsels from off the poor man's table, of the bread out of the mouths of the poor man's children. I have seen it, I have watched you! You have in your pocket, this instant, the last sustenance of the sick and houseless. If ever money was a curse, it is cursed for your sake; to make you the monster that you are, and a reproach to humanity. Yes, quail, indeed, and anticipate your own doom. The lady within, sick and destitute as she is, is blessed to you, and the blessings of the just and the benevolent will yet wait upon her and her children, when the day of trouble is past!"

I threw myself into such an agitation that I burst into tears, as I witnessed the shameful obduracy of the monster before me. "I see you are in a passion, sir," she said, "and I never try to reason with people in a passion." Saying this, she clutched her old umbrella, and, gathering up the folds of her black pelisse, she stomped out of the room.

Remains there aught to be added to this tale? My friends, the Weirs, gradually surmounted their troubles. Some years afterwards Miss Simpson, after a fall, in which she hurt her knee, died in solitary misery; her death being ascertained by her failing to come at the quarter-day for the interest of her money: and no will being found, her large property fell entirely into the hands of a wealthy relative, who hated to hear her name mentioned while she lived, and had shut his doors against her for more than twenty years before her death. Alas! that I could say, for the sake of human nature, that this story was but a romance!

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LINES,
ON BEING ASKED BY A LADY WHETHER I SHOULD RATHER DREAM OF THE PAST, THE PRESENT, OR THE FUTURE.
BY MISS JEWSBURY.

Not of the past love! It would be
A joy too exquisite for me,
To hear (though but in dreams) again
Its far off "dim, delicious" strain.—
To feel this throbbing heart, once more
As lightly throb as heretofore;—
As pure with sinless thoughts—as glowing
With hopes for ever—ever growing:—
To see the loved and lost, my own,
(Now, mine in memory alone,)
Each silent tongue, and faded form,
Again re-animate and warm;
Eyes, radiant with the living fire
Of love that tired not, could not tire;
And every scene (since overcast)
Shining, as in the Eden vast
Of that dear blissful breathing past!
No! though I fondly picture this,
Just, lady, as it was—not is—
Or evermore on earth can be
For me or mine, for thine or thee—
I would not in a dream believe
The flattering lie—and wake to grieve!

The present—wouldst thou have me stray
Twice through the desert of the day?—
Preserving by each slumber brief
The record of some waking grief?—
LINES.

To dream of trials unsubdued,
Of toils, to be with morn renewed—
Of error—darkness—doubt and dread—
Of projects crossed—pursuits ill sped—
Associates—that when tempest-tried
Float off, like bubbles on the tide?
Or friends—who may with kindness glow,
But yet the torn heart loves not so,
As those it cherished long ago?
The future!—'Tis itself a dream!
Wait—and its promise-tinted beam,
Like those that deck a sunset sky,
And dazzle—will deceive and die.
Thy bright futurity appear,
Only a scowling present—near!
No love! a dreamless sleep for me,
Type of that last, and lasting other—
When the dry dust my bed must be—
The worm, my brother!

ENIGMA.

BY THE LATE PROFESSOR PURSON.

The highest gift bestowed on man,
When all his wondrous frame we scan;
That which we often lose with sorrow,
And often are obliged to borrow;
The lover's gift; the poet's song;
What art makes short, and nature long.

THE OPERA.

BY DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

When Mr. Monk Mason took upon
his shoulders the enormous weight of
the King's Theatre, we were rather
apprehensive that he would sink under
the overwhelming burthen; and, in-
deed, our fears were heightened by the
formidable manifesto which, under the
title of prospectus, he thought proper
to issue forth. In that curious docu-
ment the most astonishing wonders
were promised to the public. A new
epoch in music was to commence;
even the charming associations of a
Pasta and a Malibran were to be ef-
faced from our minds by the spell of
fresher and more musical phenomena.
Paganini himself was to hide his di-
minated head, and break his bow in
despair. The whole town was thrown
into a fit of wondering speculation.
A rolling fire of puffs of all sizes and
denominations were kept up by the
press with the most assiduous perti-
nacitity. You could not take up a
paper, or any other publication, whe-
ther daily, weekly, or monthly, with-
out meeting with Mr. Monk Mason
and his eternal Opera House. Mon-
sieur Morbleau was never, possibly,
more bored and perplexed by Mon-
sieur Tonson.

We were puzzled. First-rate mu-
sical abilities are very scarce com-
modities, and, simply, because they are
first-rate. Now, to judge from Mr.
Mason's manifesto, the said abilities
grew as plentiful as blackberries in
foreign lands, the peculiar soil of
which was, no doubt, favourable to
their growth. Again we repeat that
we were puzzled. The English pub-
lic had already heard Pasta, Malibran,
Sontag, Pisaroni, &c. &c. Donzelli,
Lablache, Zuchelli, Garcia, Gall, &c.
&c. To find substitutes for such
artists we considered no trifling task.
THE OPERA.

We shall cast a rapid retrospective glance on the affairs of the King's Theatre, and see how Mr. M. Mason has contrived to fight through the intricate labyrinth into which he, perhaps rather rashly, though gallantly, plunged himself.

The system pursued by the director has been that of quantity. If he could not get a whole Pasta, why he would try to give an equivalent in four-fourths of a Pasta. In an arithmetical point of view the calculation would have been strictly correct. But, unfortunately, there does not always exist agreeable harmony between numerical computations and musical.

You cannot dole out the gratification arising from the charms of music by fractions, as you might any other article of consumption; and although it is easy enough to turn four croesus into a sovereign, we consider it rather impossible to convert four Lazises, or four Puzzis—four Grandolins, or four Angelinis, into one whole bona-fide Pasta. Not that we mean any disrespect to the above ladies by the statement—they are certainly very amiable persons in their way, but, unfortunately, that way is not precisely the one to make the English public forego past recollections. But we must not anticipate—all in good time—more continuous!

Mr. Monk Mason was inflamed with the zeal of a fervent devotee in the cause of music. After publishing his manifesto, he, as Don Pedro has done after him, immediately set out on his expedition. With no less activity than industry, he ran at full career through all the approved musical cities and towns in Europe, beating up for recruits to form that formidable corps which was necessary to carry on the campaign at the King's Theatre. The director had firmly made up his mind to find out musical prodigies. He was determined to form a collection of rarities bon gré mal gré, and really, when a man resolves so desperately on a thing—But now observe what followed.

No sooner was the tremendous blast—or call it note of preparation—sounded, than the whole tribe of musical mediocrités pricked up their ears with agreeable surprize, and standing on the tiptop of expectation, exclaimed in full chorus, from one point of the musical antipodes to the other—Now is our time! A most ingenious system was organized, the result of which was, that Mr. Mason was persuaded into the belief that brass was real gold. This, indeed, is the most charitable conclusion to which we can arrive with regard to the director, for he is too much of a gentleman to attempt imposing on the public. Let us, therefore, hope that he has been the first dupe—the public the second; and, indeed, that the director has merited that rather disagreeable title will be evident to all those who have seen some of the agreements made between him and the tribe of musical mediocrités above mentioned. The hungry and greedy sons of Italian song considered Mr. Mason fair play. He ought, certainly, to pay full price for the honour of ruling the most unruly class of the community, as well as the pleasure of hearing himself called the director.*

Recruits, therefore, came in clusters—the service promised such delicious booty. Only think—a gentleman manager, instead of a regular, well experienced disciplinarian brought up to the business. Mr. Mason was quite a god-send to the sons of song tenori, bassi, barituoni, buffi, caricatti, soprani, mezzo-soprani, contralti. They all flocked like hungry geese round the devoted musician Amphitrion. Thus we find an indifferently third-rate singing company, who had been playing with no success at all in the Italian theatres, suddenly transformed into a prima donna, and her praises chanted forth in the most clamorous style previous to her début. We have seen several of the engagements entered into by Mr. Mason, and we have been astonished at the ridiculous pretensions of the singers, no less than at the exceeding bon homie of the director in acceding to their preposterous terms.

* By the bye, I suppose this is derived from le directeur; hitherto the English word was less.
But a full and critical inquiry into this question would absorb more space than what we could conveniently devote to the subject in our pages, and we must, therefore, be content to resume it in succeeding numbers, limiting ourselves for the present to some points which require more immediate attention.

Mr. Mason, we must confess, has evinced no small ambition in his musical enterprise. He has offered to the public three distinct opera companies—Italian, German, and French. The inefficiency of the first has been proved on more than one occasion. Such a list of failures has scarcely been known in the King’s Theatre. The commencement of the season was indeed ominous. Our hopes were successively raised by a new candidate, and as regularly disappointed. Thus we were tantalized with a Laiaia, an Angelina, a Grandolfi, &c. Even the Tosci, the praise of whom had been so loudly sung previous to her début, failed to realize the public expectation.

The German opera, however, came out opportunely to soothe the almost exhausted patience of the public, and also to turn the strain of favour towards the hitherto unsuccessful director. Mr. Mason, on this head, deserves the greatest praise, and whoever has seen the performance of Der Freischütz, or Fidelio, will not be slow in granting the meed of approbation. This portion of our subject is, however, too important to be treated in a summary manner, and we must postpone the consideration of the German opera to a future number.

Let us, at present, occupy ourselves with the latest novelty, the impression of which is freshest in our mind. We allude to the French opera.

But, perhaps, there is no instance in the annals of the stage of a more loudly announced and tremendously puffed affair than the production of the celebrated Robert le Diable. No sooner did it make its appearance in Paris, than the rival powers of Drury and Covent Garden sent messengers to inquire whether all the wonderful things that were related concerning the satanic opera was strictly correct. Every one knows the celebrated race undertaken by Messrs. Bishop and Lacy. On that memorable occasion bets ran high; but, as it is generally the case at Epsom and Ascot, a horse that no one thinks much about generally comes in for the price. This was precisely the case. The Adelphi was first in the field, then every other of the minor theatres, and, at last, the majors. Robert le Diable was a failure. But the most cruel part of the business was that of Meyerbeer being obliged to answer for the sins of his arrangers, or, rather, derangers. A mutilated version of the opera was given, the score of which was supplied by the arrangers. This proceeding requires little comment. Some of the critical press pronounced loudly against this unfairness towards the composer, and every one was reconciled to the fact that Robert le Diable was yet to be heard before a judgment could be passed on its merits. The public was from that moment kept in a constant thrill of anxious curiosity. The arrival of Nourrit, Levasseur, and Cinti Damoreau, were duly announced in almost every public journal. Puffs performed a laborious daily task, and, in fact, no means were neglected to excite the interest of the public to a pitch of almost painful longing.

The cholera morbus and the bill came, fortunately, to divide with his satanic majesty the attention of the people; otherwise Heaven only knows what mischief a monopoly of diabolical musical anticipation might have produced in the brains of British subjects! The preparations in getting up the opera proceeded at an extraordinary slow pace; indeed, at one time, persons began to doubt whether Robert would appear at all. The expense incurred by Mr. Mason in this instance is said to amount to seven thousand pounds; but, surely there must be great exaggeration in this. One thing, however, is sure, and that is, that he must be a great loser by the speculations. Turn we now to the first representation at the King’s Theatre of this far-famed composition.

On Monday, June the 11th, 1832, the weather being remarkably wet,
the sky gloomy, and the whole aspect of London dreary and cheerless, the harmonious demon made its first appearance in the Haymarket. We suppose that the uncomfortableness of the weather was meant to keep in accordance with the forthcoming event. We entered the theatre; the pit was crammed—crammed—but, Heaven save the mark!—with what? With loquacious Frenchmen, who were singing forth the praises of the opera in a variety of keys. It was insufferably hot—the theatre wore a remarkably dingy appearance; not above ten females were seen in the pit; the boxes were miserably thin, and, to crown all, we missed almost every one of the regular opera goers! The tailor, too, was not ready, we believe, with the dresses—the performance was an apparent scene—witnessed for the first time at the King's Theatre— took place. An incipient gale of hisses was gradually converted into a tremendous storm of cries, vociferations, and cat-calls!—Cat-calls at the King's Theatre! Oh, Grey! oh, Brougham! Oh, Russell! is this reform!

Mr. Mason came forward—said a few words—made some rather awkward bows, and retired amidst cries of bravo!—Here was a transition! Indeed the whole affair bore a decided French character. There was the impatience—the sensitiveness—the warmth—and the early deprecated indulgence which characterizes French audiences, and which gives an air of frivolous importance to their theatricals. The opera commenced at a quarter to nine, and ended at a quarter to one, not to speak of an interval. This is reform!—But the music! Really we almost hesitate to give an opinion, but we must fulfil our task courageously. The music then is, in our humble apprehension, very much overrated. It possesses, certainly, passages of great power and beauty. There is grace in the song by Alice in the third act—a good deal of spirit in the whole of the gambling scene; the music appertaining to the Diablerie is also effective from its strangeness, and the last grand trio of the opera is a masterly composition. But when we have bestowed these praises, we must add, that a sense of heaviness is perceptible throughout this drearily long composition! An opera in five acts! It is really too much. Again—there is not any remarkable portion of originality in the music, and originality was the merit on which great stress was laid by its admirers. They mistook singularity for originality; of the former there is, certainly, much in Robert, but they are very different things. The melody is often very common-place; but, like a plain woman, is allowed to pass muster by the help of art and ornament. As a proof we may mention L'or est une chimère, which was encored, and elicited great applause. The motto is essentially vulgar; it might have been produced by a third-rate composer when writing a tune for a jig, or a country dance; but then the skill and science of Meyerbeer covers the indifference of the melody with the richness of its attire.

But the great merit of Robert le Diable rests on its masterly instrumentation. Meyerbeer possesses the science of music in no ordinary degree, but he has attempted what we consider almost an impossible enterprise—that of combining solemn, profound, and severe harmony, with light, frivolous, not to say vulgar, melody. Such marriage is absurd, injudicious, and must be unfortunate, like all ill-assorted unions. Without meaning any disrespect to the celebrated composer, we think that he wants the fire, fecundity, and brilliancy of Rossini, as well as the depth, pathos, and intensity of Beethoven. Nothing less than all this it was his design to achieve, with complete success, the attempt which he has made.

The execution of the opera gave general satisfaction. Nourrit, Levasseur, Cinti Damoreau, and her husband, received great praise, and not without justice. The scenery was excellent; but we differ from the general opinion on this point. The grand scene of the resuscitation of the nuns was far better managed at Covent Garden. The scene, as a painting, may, perhaps, possess greater merit at the King's Theatre, but it assuredly is not half so effective in producing the
feelings meant to be excited. One feels admiration for the beauty of the dioramas, and the skill of the painter, at the Opera; but the same scene at Drury or Covent Garden inspired awe and a sort of religious gloom—sensations more in accordance with the nature of the piece.

In our next we shall pursue the subject of the Opera, by enumerating all the performers that have composed, or compose, its company. Due attention shall also be given to the Ballet, and we shall touch on certain abuses which, as they are growing to an unreasonable degree, it is high time they should be checked in their growth.

MADAME BRUGNOLI!

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY.

Sister of Sylphs—My heart is glad!
To see thee bound to-night—
Away, away,—like a child at play,
When it's path is smooth and bright;
And its lips of beauty warble out
Their lisplings of delight!

There is no sadness in thy smile—
That seems to banish ours!
I love to see thy fair brow wear
Its diadem of flowers!
Thy warm young cheek—that roses woo,
Whose bloom hath no alloy;
And the laughter on thy lips that breathe
An atmosphere of joy!
A thousand eyes are bent on thee,
As thou wert their Terpsichore!

At even time thou comest here,
By hand-maid Graces led;
And thy little fairy fluttering feet,
Wake music with their tread;
As tho' Space were attuned by thee
To viewless, voiceless melody!

A moment more, and thou art gone,
Like nature's pearls that melt with morn.
When Dian's echo wakes the dell,
The fleetness of the young gazelle
Is mockery to this!—

A race along some daisy field
With thee, would teach the fawn to yield!
Whose highest and whose lightest bound,
Doth leave upon the lawn-like ground
The imprint of—a kiss!

Oh, thou art Cupid's dancing bride,
And Joy sits singing by thy side!
ILLUSTRATIONS OF FEMALE INTELLECT.

BY ROBERT FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

FELICIA HEMANS.

At no period of history has female genius been so fruitful as at the present time, and no country can boast of so many talented women in existence, as those who are continually adding to the value of our modern literature. While France, with few exceptions,* produces nothing to increase her stock of female talent but an innumerable host of "Mémoires," which are in most cases made up of gossip and anecdote, of questionable authenticity, relating to Napoleon;† in almost every branch of literature we can boast of names which will be remembered by posterity as the glory of their generation.

In those days of poetry and romance, when the institutions of chivalry, wherever their influence had penetrated, bound society by their laws, women possessed an almost unbounded power; but that power was based upon too insecure a foundation, to exist for any length of time. It was founded upon an opinion then the religion of the age, that the profoundest homage should be paid to the sex, for the charm which their beauty diffused over the circle within which they moved.

Every true knight considered himself bound to maintain the superiority of the beauty of his mistress; and every troubadour tuned his lute to proclaim to his audience the divinity of womankind. Beauty was their idol, and love was their creed. Like the arch of the rainbow, female influence seemed to span the world; and its stay was equally splendid, and equally transitory.

Personal beauty always has, and always will give to its fortunate possessor a power over the human heart, as extensive as the most despotic could desire; but the error of that age lay in bestowing upon it unaccompanied by mental accomplishments, a sway, which, without them, it can only enjoy but for a season. Till the institutions of chivalry were losing ground in public opinion, there is scarcely one instance on record of any lady having distinguished herself in the world of letters. Female education was deplorably neglected; it was supposed that the soil was barren, and few attempts were made to bring it into cultivation. The talent possessed by the ladies of that age was devoted to adorn tapestry, and their studies were mostly confined to its monotonous progress. If any genius existed it was immured in a cloister, and looked upon with more surprise than respect. Women were considered to hold the same claim to estimation, as we confer on the flowers which we provide to fill our vases. While their charms seemed to throw around them the splendour of a brighter atmosphere, they were worshipped; when they failed to adorn society with their presence, they were despised. But we say with that delightful poet, Herrick,—

"What! were ye born to be
An hour or half a delight,
And so to bid good night!—
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite!"

In Italy, particularly during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the golden era of that country’s learning and literature, the education of the sex seemed to be considered of great importance, and many females obtained high and distinguished honour, for the knowledge and talent which were visible in their

* We must mention as one exception Madame Aimable Tautu, a lyric poetess of great eminence, worthy to be called the Felicia Hemans of France.
† For which see those of "P. M. l'Imperatrice Josephine," or a more recent production of the French press, entitled "Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes; ou Souvenirs historiques sur Napoléon, la Révolution, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration."
illustrations of female intellect.

The beauty of Alessandra Scala, which seemed to have been of a very high character, did not obtain such lasting admiration as her literary acquirements. Her knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages was very extensive. Some of her Greek poems may be found in the works of Politiano. Cassandra Fidelis enjoys a still higher eminence, and is considered by her countrymen as one of their proudest boasts. She lived to an advanced age, with the esteem of her contemporaries, and distinguished for her genius and learning. A lady of Sienna, with whose real name we are unacquainted, has, under the name of Cecca, had the title of the tenth muse bestowed upon her by Politiano; but to all the talented women of his time, he is so liberal of praise, that we should like to learn more of this fair incognita than we can gather from his florid expressions, before we are willing to allow her so exalted a station. Other examples might be quoted to show how much at that time the female mind was cultivated, and to prove that it was cultured with extraordinary success. The late Mr. Roscoe, who was more intimately acquainted with Italian literature than many who preceded him on the subject, gives it as his opinion that from the numerous pieces in the learned languages professedly addressed to women, such studies were then more generally diffused amongst them than they have been at any subsequent period. The study of the dead languages was also in great respect in this country about the same time. The education of many ladies of rank was deemed insufficient without a knowledge of the classics. Dr. Roger Ascham calling to take leave of Lady Jane Grey, to whom he was much attached, found all the family and household hunting in the park, and Lady Jane in her own chamber reading "Phaedon Platonis" in the original; "'and that,' he says, "with as much delite, as some gentle- men would read a merrie tale in Bocase. After salutation, and dewtie done, with some other taulke, I asked her, why she would leese such pastime in the parke! Smiling, she answered me; 'I wisse, all their sporte in the parke is but a shadoe to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folke, they never felt what trewe pleasure ment.' " But such studies did not come into general fashion, till the reign of Queen Elizabeth; her example seemed to produce an emulation in both sexes, and scholarship was esteemed of high value. Many ladies have been immortalized by the great poets of their time for their superior acquirements.

The impulse which had been given to their mental improvement languished after the reign of the first James. The civil wars was a time unfavourable for its progress, and the profligate court of Charles the Second was not likely to afford encouragement to the development of female genius. Some women there were who have obtained celebrity, but it was more for their wit than their knowledge, more for their beauty than their genius. There was still an appearance of devotion kept up, and still some remains of power exercised. But the language on one side was the grossest flattery, and the sway on the other, though brilliant, was brief. There existed but little sincerity in their mental intercourse, and less respect. Woman was looked upon in the same light as one of those glorious creations of the ancient sculptors, possessing every charm to win your admiration, but not one virtue to extort your respect.

A brighter dawn broke in upon them when the British sceptre was swayed by Anne "of glorious memory." From that time to the present period, female intellect has been rapidly progressing. It has given its share to the granary, and now continues to pour in a rich and most abundant harvest. Its strength seems to lie in the imaginative. In poetry and fiction it has

† Ed. Ald. 1496.
‡ Mnemosyne, auditio Seneusis, carmine Cecece,
Quando, inquit, decima est nata puella mihi?
|| Ascham's Scholemaster.
brought us invaluable stores. Joanna Baillie and Felicia Hemans, like two mighty planets, shine in our literary hemisphere, throwing a vision of bright-
ness and beauty over our intellectual pleasures; and Miss Jewsbury and L. E. L.,
though stars of less magnitude, over the troubled waters of our souls can
reflect images of wondrous splendour, and surpassing loneliness. Their's is a
heaven of poetry and thought, and though a galaxy of lesser stars may
throng around, they come upon our memories ever and anon, when the world
has wrapped our souls in its cloudy atmosphere of doubt and gloom, and fling
around us a shining mantle of friendly feeling, and divine consolation, till
the shadows pass from before our hearts, and leave them bathed with the
dewy influence of humanity and love.

Female writers of fiction are numerous as they are excellent; they have
many opportunities of observing the nature and character of things and per-
sons, which men do not possess; and their descriptions of society are fre-
cquently more sparkling and vivid than those of the other sex. But in every
description, the same fertility seems to exist. Look around in whatever
direction we please, we find little to blame, and much that brings from us our
sincere and liberal approbation. The influence the sex obtain by their works
is lasting and honourable. They are listened to with respect, and looked up
to with admiration. The wisest men are proud to be distinguished by their
smiles, and the most powerful in the land are gratified by their notice. How
much more to be coveted is this homage, than the passing flattery of a crowd
of coxcombs! Men of genius are ever ready to acknowledge the claims of
their female contemporaries, and women, if they rightly understood their own
value, would rather wish to stand well in their opinion, than neglect them, for
the unprofitable praise of their courtly parasites.

As the purpose of these papers is to set before our fair readers a critical
analysis of the writings of the most popular female authors, we do not think
we could begin the series better than with some slight attempt to do justice to
the merits of Felicia Hemans. The sublimest gift which can ennoble human
nature is that of poetry, which is the power of creating thought, and of
embodying forth, in the most melodious language, all the glory of intellectual
conceptions. It awakens the soul from the dust of its earthly clothing, to soar
above its prison-house in the full consciousness of its heavenly nature, and
gives to the senses, words, sights, and sounds, which have a wisdom, a beauty,
and a melody unknown to others. The poet is a prophet gifted with a know-
ledge of Nature's mysteries, and imbued with a divine instinct, through which
he becomes an associate in the universal joy which pervades all things that
form a part of the world around us. He is an interpreter of the magic lore
which he finds shut up in withered leaves, or expanded to the gaze of all,
in the mighty volume of the starry firmament; and he is an alchemist that has
within him the power of extracting from things apparently worthless a wisdom
rich with golden meanings, and changing in his laboratory the dross that
others have despised, into truths more precious than pearls, and more brilliant
than diamonds. The poet, who has a living sunshine in his soul, that throws
around him a glory and a gladness that colours all objects with rainbow hues,
gives to green leaves an everlasting verdure, and illumines the brightest
flowers with an unfading splendour. In his heart is an unfathomable ocean of
human love, with all the sweet feelings of humanity flowing in a continued
current fresh and undefiled, till frozen up in the icy channel of the grave.
His eyes are but the windows of his soul, that look out upon the atmosphere
of life, and give to the intellectual eye within, glimpses of Nature's fairest
gifts, and noblest properties. For him are all things. Beauty, is the air he
breathes, and love, the sustenance upon which he feeds. He is a searcher after
treasures, which he distributes to the world in liberal largess. He magnifies
and ennobles the humblest objects, and gives to trifles a value which they
retain for ever; and in his wanderings, and searchings, and goings to and fro,
he is supported only by the hope of being remembered in men's memories in
the after time, and of being chronicled among those great and glorious spirits who have preceded him in the same high and honourable ministry.

The most highly gifted woman of modern times, we might almost say of any times, is Felicia Hemans, for there is a masculine vigour in her genius which, save one or two exceptions, we might look for in vain among female authors. Her writing seems so completely the result of inspiration, that it is impossible for any person possessed of a taste for poetical compositions to read her poems without feeling that excitement which always follows the perusal of works of true genius. There is a freshness and vigour in her thoughts, and the strong and fervid spirit of freedom which pervades them gives them a more exalted claim to our admiration, and a firmer hold upon our love. Her poetry possesses the stirring spirit of the Greek rhapsodies, mingled with the melting sweetness of the Italian canzona. Some have endeavoured to find a similitude between her and Sappho, but although the genius of both is of the highest order, still it is of a different character. This difference is the result of education and the influence of circumstances. Had our fair countrywoman lived in the land of Homer, and in the days of its glorious supremacy in arts and arms, she would have been more honoured than Sappho, and more worshipped than Corinna.

It is generally considered that those countries possessing most claims to picturesque scenery have been most fruitful in producing poets. If such is the case, Mrs. Hemans had a source of inspiration in the wild and romantic scenery of her "Father-land," worthy of producing genius of so exalted a character as hers. She was born amidst one of the most beautiful of the mountain districts of Wales, at the family mansion Grwyth, near Abergale, Denbighshire, where her father, Sir — Browne, Bart., resided. A situation more fitted for the formation of a poetic mind can scarcely be imagined. The everlasting ocean close at hand, lofty mountains lifting their giant heads around, and the vale of Clwyd reposing in verdant beauty at their feet. There, amid the glorious records of her people, which time had hallowed in the remembrance of those with whom she associated, her soul was fed with the wild music of their mountain minstrelsy, and in the spirit-stirring songs of the bards of old—the graceful Llywarch, the fervent Ancrein, and the mighty Taliesin, she might have drank draughts of that divine Awen (poetical inspiration), with which she has proved herself so richly gifted. The fearful legends of Druid superstition, the unforgotten remembrances of Celtic bravery, and the rich harvest of fairy traditions, with which every hill and stream are hallowed, presented her with images of poetry and beauty which she has put to a good purpose. Some of the finest things of the kind are her "Welsh Melodies,"* which that talented composer and enthusiastic Cambrian, John Parry, has arranged with so much excellence and skill. The music is entirely national; the same inspiring strains with which the ancient bards stirred the hearts of the warriors, and which for melodious effect, and beauty of expression, will bear comparison with the national music of any country. The "War Song of Owain Glyndwr" is one of the best of Mrs. Hemans’ lyrical compositions. The "Address to the Comet," whose auspicious appearance was hailed by his followers as a promise of his success, is unrivalled. It begins—

"Saw you the blazing star?

The Heav’ns look down on Freedom’s war,
And light her torch on high."

At an early age, she gave evidence of that poetical genius, which future years were to mature. Her first publication, we believe, was in 1809, which was a quarto volume of Poems, dedicated by permission to the Prince Regent. We have but a faint recollection of its merits, but we have heard it well spoken

* Published by Power, Strand. The whole of the first volume and part of the second are written by herself—the rest contributed by the first lyric writers of the day.
of in a quarter from whose judgment we are not likely to differ. Afterwards followed a poem, entitled “Modern Greece;” another with the title of “Wallace’s Invocation to Bruce,” and another on “The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy,” published in 1816. The first two possess considerable merit, but have no pretensions to an exalted character. The last is a poem in heroic verse, written in congratulation of the return of those works of art, which Napoleon had robbed from the Vatican to adorn the Louvre. It contains many powerful lines, and is enriched with specimens of beautiful and melodious versification, but possesses little of the poetry of thought and action which her later works have developed.

In the year 1818, appeared “Translations from Camoens, and other Poets, with Original Poetry,”—a collection of sonnets and other short poems translated from Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, French, and German poets; among whom are Camoens, Metastasio, Lope de Vega, Torquato Tasso, Petrarch, Gesner, Chaulieu, and several others of less note. As an example of the beauty and fidelity with which she has executed her task, we quote the following sonnet, on “Rome buried in her own Ruins,” from the original of Quevedo.

**BUSCAR EN ROMA A ROMA, O PEREGRINO!**

“Amidst these scenes, O pilgrim! seek’st thou Rome?
Vain is thy search, the pomp of Rome is fled—
Her silent Aventine is glory’s tomb;
Her walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.
That hill, where Caesars dwelt in other days,
Forsaken mourns where once it towered sublime;
Each mouldering medal now far less displays
The triumphs won by Latium than by Time.
Tyber alone survives—the passing wave,
That bathed her towers, now murmurs by her grave,
Wailing with plaintive sound her fallen fames.
Rome! of thine ancient grandeur all is past,
That seemed for years eternal framed to last—
Nought but the wave, a fugitive, remains.”

But although the gems of foreign poetry may here have been very elegantly set, still we prefer the sterling work of the original compositions in the volume. “The Dirge of a Child” is remarkable for sweetness and beauty, and the thoughts it expresses, possess a simplicity and truth which must come home to the hearts of all. The “Stanzas on the Death of the Princess Charlotte” are worth more than all the translations in the volume. They possess a higher character than the others, and few can read the poem without partaking of the strong feelings and generous sympathies of the talented writer. We cannot forbear quoting one verse as a justification of our opinion.

“Oh! many a bright existence we have seen
Quenched, in the glow and fulness of its prime;
And many a cherished flower, ere now, hath been
Cropt, ere its leaves were breathed upon by Time.
We have lost heroes in their noon of pride,
Whose fields of triumph gave them but a bier;
And we have wept when soaring genius died,
Checked in the glory of his mid career!
But here our hopes were centered—all is o’er,
All thought in this absorbed—she was—and is no more!”

“Tales and Historic Scenes, in Verse,” were published in 1819; they are illustrations of historical incidents, many of which are written with great energy of thought and diction. In the following year came out “The Sceptic,” a poem containing many beautiful thoughts, inspired by a spirit of fervid piety. The following lines, addressed to the sceptic, are eminently beautiful.
ILLUSTRATIONS OF FEMALE INTELLECT.

"Gaze on a mortal form with fond delight,
Till the fair vision mingles with thy sight;
There seek thy blessings, there repose thy trust,
Lean on the willow—idolize the dust!
Then when thy treasure best repays thy care,
Think of the dread 'for ever,' and despair."

In the same year were published "Stanzas to the Memory of the late King," an elegiac poem on the death of George the Third, full of pathos and reflection, but not of such merit as those to the Princess Charlotte. The following couplet deserves to be quoted for its truth:

"The mind hath senses of its own, and powers
To people boundless worlds, in its most wandering hours."

In 1823 appeared "The Siege of Valencia," a dramatic poem; "The Last Constantine," with other poems. The first is written in the dramatic form, and possesses scenes of great power. The language is strong and eloquent, but the characters are not sufficiently characteristic for stage representation. We have often wished for a drama from the pen of Mrs. Hemans, full of the soul-stirring energies of her imaginative mind, and developing the high and lofty purposes of humanity; but dramatic composition is an art only to be acquired by laborious study. The most successful writers have either been actors, or persons who made stage effect a subject for their particular investigation, and have arrived at excellence generally by slow and painful efforts. The finest language in the world will scarcely be listened to unless there is some purpose going forward to attract the attention of the audience. This was the secret of the want of success of The Vespers of Palermo, a tragedy by our fair authoress, which was performed at Drury Lane some years since, and was afterwards published without her name. As a poem it was excellent, but as a drama it produced no effect. We can read it with rapture, but it loses its charms in the representation. "The Last Constantine" is, we believe, the longest poem she has written. It is composed in the Spenserean measure, and possesses descriptive beauty and excellence of a higher and more ennobling character. The language is imaginative and elegant, and the similies introduced are classical and appropriate. The two opening stanzas are eminently beautiful.

"The fires grew pale on Rome's deserted shrines,
In the dim grot the Pythia's voice had died;
Shout for the city of the Constantines,
The rising city of the billow side,
The city of the cross! great Ocean's bride,
Crowned from her birth she sprang!—long ages passed,
And still she looked in glory o'er the tide,
Which at her feet barbaric riches cast,
Pour'd by the burning East all joyously and fast.
Long ages pass'd—they left her porphyry halls
Still trod by kingly footsteps. Gems and gold
Broiled her mantle, and her castle walls
Frown'd in their strength; yet there were signs which told
The days were full. The pure high faith of old
Was changed; and on her silken couch of sleep
She lay, and murmured if a rose-leaft's fold
Disturbed her dreams; and call'd her slaves to keep
Their watch, that no rude sounds might reach her o'er the deep."

Of the miscellaneous poems in the volume, one entitled "Elysium" is full of pure and eloquent passion: the Greek Songs are highly poetical; and the "Songs of the Cid," romantic and characteristic.

"The Forest Sanctuary, and other Poems," followed in 1825. The name
of the poem is derived from the refuge found by a Spaniard in a North American forest from the religious persecutions existing in Spain during the 16th century. It is written in the narrative form, and is marked by all those excellencies of style and diction which we have had such frequent occasion to praise. The effect of imagination, as described in the two following stanzas, is one of those gems with which the poem abounds:—

"I looked—and lo! the clear broad river flowing
Past the old Moorish ruin on the steep,
The lone tower dark against a heaven all glowing,
Like seas of glass and fire! I saw the sweep
Of glorious woods far down the mountain side,
And their still shadows in the gleaming tide,
And the red evening on its waves asleep;
And midst the scene—oh! more than all—there smiled
My child's fair face, and her's the mother of my child.

With their soft eyes of love and gladness raised
Up to the flushing sky, as when we stood
Last by that river, and in silence gazed
On the rich world of sunset—but a flood
Of sudden tenderness my soul oppressed,
And I rushed forward with a yearning breast,
To clasp—alas! a vision!—wave and wood,
And gentle faces, lifted in the light
Of day's last hectic blush, all melted from my sight."

"The Lays of Many Lands," and other miscellaneous pieces in the same volume, are worthy the remembrance of all lovers of poetry.

Since then Mrs. Hemans has published "Songs of the Affections, with other Poems," and "Records of Woman," all bearing upon them the same stamp of lofty genius, and the same vein of high and eloquent poetry. The first volume is a collection of short pieces—of the other we should say that the subject could not have found a more appropriate poete, nor the poete a more appropriate subject. Another volume, we have heard, is preparing for publication: we hope so, as it is a great relief to turn from the meaningless nothings thrust into our notice under the title of poetry, to the freshness and vigour of her intellectual compositions. Besides the works we have mentioned of her authorship, she, for many years past, has been a liberal contributor to the most popular magazines and annuals; but her genius, however fruitful it may already have appeared, we hope may yet continue to pour in its rich and abundant harvest, for if there is anything in the world likely to make us satisfied with our nature, it is when we participate in those mental treasures with which such a mind as her's is endowed.

Felicia Hemans, independently of being able to take her stand with the finest intellects of the age, possesses some claim to a distinguished place in literature on other accounts. With the addition of those elegant accomplishments which confer upon woman a more enduring power than personal charms can of themselves bestow, she is mistress of the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and German languages, and is familiar with the literature of her own country, and with much that is excellent in the Greek and Latin classics. Her mind has been well cultivated, and the labour and attention employed upon it has been returned a thousand-fold. She was married early to Major Hemans, who with two of his sons is now in Italy. From her birthplace she afterwards removed to Bronwyfylfa, near St. Asaph, where her brother, who inherits the title, still resides. For a few years her residence was in Liverpool, but since then she has crossed the sea to the sister-island, and, we believe, is now residing in Dublin. She is still in the prime of life, and we sincerely hope that her existence may be prolonged to some very far distant period, during which she may continue delighting our hearts, and enriching our minds, with the golden fruits of poetry and thought, which her lofty and powerful

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intellect has more than once borne so abundantly. We acknowledge that this
is but a weak attempt to convey a proper conception of the lofty powers of
her mind, for her works, many of which have passed through several editions,
are, after all, the best testimonials of her genius; to which we refer our
readers, as we find it is impossible to give, within the space to which we are
limited, so satisfactory an impression of their excellence as we have gathered
from their perusal. We conclude with a slight attempt at a sonnet.

TO FELICIA HEMANS.
The same high hills, and the same joyous streams,
Bright vales, and everlasting skies have been
The birthplace of our sires,—the same glad beams
Said glory on the fearful battle scene,
Which their rich blood has left so fresh and green.
Oh! would the splendour of those glorious dreams,
The lofty purposes, and hopes divine,
The beauty and the joy thou ownest thine,
And all the unutter'd gladness born of song,
Become at once unalterably mine—
To me no prouder wealth could well belong.
But words are vain—keep the bright gifts alone,
And on thy heart and soul still let them throng,
Enriching all the world with beauty all thine own.

LINES.
BY DR. BOWRING.
How proudly on the shifting sea
The goodly ship the surges braves,
Rising and falling tranquilly
As rise and fall the yielding waves!
How beauteous on the calmer lake
The starry lotus flowers,—that, while
The sunny wavelets smile and shake,
In sweet communion shake and smile!
E'en thus—as life's capricious tide
Its waves of joy or grief may pour,
In self-possession may I ride
On to hear'n's ever tranquil shore!

THE ROSE MAIDEN.
A GERMAN STORY.
BY T. ROSECR.:

The General von Lindenkron had just
taken his leave at court, and set out for his
country estate, the seat of his ancestors,
which lay in a delightful situation. His
tenants were well treated, and remarkable
for their moral habits and decent deport-
ment. Their improvement was the work
of the village curate, a very exemplary
character, who for the space of twenty
years had faithfully devoted himself to the
education of his poorer fellow-creatures.
During much the same period of time
the general had been engaged in his cam-
paigns, in his tours, and in the pleasures of
a court. But he had a warm heart, which
the sight of the sanguinary field had neither
hardened, nor the dissipations of a court
life rendered cold. He had an eye for the
beauties of nature; and the aspect of his
native spot, as he approached it once more,
decked in all the opening charms of May,
seemed to promise him a delightful resi-
dence, to "welcome him and wish him
long;" and in high spirits he entered his
ancestral mansion. Yet he had not ar-
rived many weeks before he began to feel
languid and uneasy—he could not imagine
what was the matter with him—could give
his complaint no name, but conjectured it must be some bodily malady—and lastly sent for a physician to inquire.

"Your pulse is very good, general," said the doctor, "apparently you have only got a slight attack of a very prevailing epidemic, in the country at least, when one stays too long at once. You must contrive to get some company about you—amuse yourself—and trust me, that such medicine as you have been used to for these twenty years past, will produce the same good effects again. A man of the world like you, scarcely in your fifteth year, is not yet half ripe for the life of a solitaire."

"Neither do I wish to become a hermit, I assure you," replied the general, laughing; "no, not so bad as that, neither! In fact, doctor, I do not well see my way through the whole of the summer here, without one sight of the court."

"Not unless you busy yourself with some entertainment or other, or get something up to amuse yourself and your tenants now you are here," said the doctor; "there is no bear hunting, sheep shearing, no rose festivals; nothing!"

This last notion pleased the general. He had always praised the rose festival as a very happy invention, and made the doctor a vow to give one upon the spot. So the next day he summoned a meeting of the village magistrates and householders, and addressed them briefly as follows.

"Good people and my very good friends, it is my wish to establish amongst us a certain annual festival. It is one introduced here from France; but do not be alarmed, for it is already pretty familiar among us in Germany. Its principle is this, and a very good principle in its way, that the most virtuous young women we can find in all the village, should be publicly and ostensibly crowned with a crown of roses, and afterwards presented with more substantial gifts, as a reward for her good conduct. These last I will take upon myself, but as to the choice of the maiden who deserves to be preferred before all others of her sex, that is your affair, and I give you and your wives three days space to prepare for a decision. Then we will have a grand election, in which each householder will have right to a vote, and let him give it according to his conscience. And let me add, that it is to be decided by a majority."

So the rustic householders and magistrates hastened home, and communicated the tidings to their wives and daughters. Self-praise and detraction now began to be busy in the poorest cottage, for all were judges and electors now. Every maiden whose fair fame had never been nullified—who had never even been accused of a trip, flattered herself with the hope of being crowned queen of the day; and every mother imagined that her prettiest girl alone was deserving of the rosy wreath.

Preparations in the meantime were making by the general and the good pastor, for the ensuing election. It was opened, and the first householder tendered his vote. He had been well disciplined by his wife before he left home, and in a hen-pecked tone, his eyes cast upon the ground, he gave the name of his own daughter. Here he was informed that parental partiality could have no voice on this occasion, but he must vote for some lady wholly unconnected with his own family. This gave rise to no small confusion; for there were numbers more, in the like case, ready, as their wives' deputies, to pronounce only the names of their daughters.

The purity of election being at length restored, it was found that the schoolmaster's foster-daughter had obtained a majority of the votes. And undoubtedly she was the most excellent girl in the village; all the men held her in the highest respect, for she kept them at a distance, and yet she was at once so modest, as well as beautiful, that she seemed as if she had never seen her own face in a looking-glass in her life. The umpire on the occasion, who held the register, instantly pronounced her to be duly elected the rose maiden of the day.

"I protest against that," cried Herr Muffel, the over-wily barber and leech belonging to the village.

"Upon what grounds?" said the judge.

"Pro primo," replied Muffel. "Miss Lina is not a native."

"Who says that?" inquired the pastor, "the church register will prove the contrary."

"And suppose it did not," added the general, "how came Herr Muffel to possess skill and credit enough to pass a law to which there has been no allusion. However, it is only right and reasonable that the rose maiden should have been born and bred here, and henceforward it may as well be admitted for the law."

Now barber Muffel, whose object, or rather whose wife's object, it was to have her ugly little daughter crowned, selected another arrow out of his quiver, and shot again. "Pro secundo," he began; "be it very far from me to cast the least aspersions upon the fair young Lina, but surely she is far too attractive and pleasing to escape, amidst the many trials and temptations to which beauty is exposed, from those impositions so prevalent, owing to which we
may always detect in the brittle glass of virtue either a flaw or a crack of some kind.

"How very strange and injurious this is," cried the general; "for according to Herr Muffel's notion, there can no beauty and virtue exist together. It is very false and scandalous reasoning, indeed. Let him who can bring forward no solid grounds of complaint, hold his tongue altogether." Herr Muffel had no more to say; the other objections were all overruled, and the general fixed upon the ensuing Sunday, to celebrate the rose festival; after which the electors dispersed.

"Then who, in fact, is this lady; this Evelina?" said Lord Lindenkrone to the pastor, of whom we have just spoken.

"In respect to this question, general, I confess I have no inclination to say much:—I am acquainted with the girl's arrival here; but the matter is a secret, which was only entrusted to me under the seal of silence.

"All I at present dare say, is that Evelina's mother continued to lead the most secluded life, during seventeen years after her return here, and after delivering her daughter into the schoolmaster's and his wife's hands, along with a considerable sum for her support and education, she then left the place. Since this time they have often exchanged letters; in one of the last of which mention is made by the mother, that she intends to return hither very shortly, to take her daughter with her."

With this half information, the general confessed himself satisfied, and the holy man was glad that he had escaped so easily from the tenor of his questions, though not because he was in fault.

The preparations for the festival were carried on very briskly. The general permitted the fine lawn before the castle to be appropriated for a dancing ground, embracing a large circle, surrounded by linden trees, which were to be hung with splendid lamps, while the mansion itself was to be illuminated. The cook and scullions were by no means the least busy of the party. The whole village was to be regaled; and for about three miles distant, guests on all sides were expected,—tidings of the rose festival having spread far and wide among all ranks of the general's friends, in the neighbouring towns. He was not, however, much pleased with this: he was apprehensive lest the levity of some of the citizens might disturb the appropriate tone of his rural society, and lay siege to the simplicity and purity of habits generally prevalent among his tenantry.

Such kind of guest was met with in the prince's chamberlain, named Saloni, who arrived at the castle on the evening before the festival. The general had gone to ride out; so the chamberlain amused himself with conversing with some of his domestics, and in making particular inquiries after the rose maiden. They drew an engaging and humorous picture of Evelina, which gave him a curiosity to become further acquainted with her. He inquired the way to her residence, and, still bent upon amusing himself, he actually set out. The schoolmaster and his wife, as it happened, were both gone to the next town, to make a variety of purchases necessary to do honour to the occasion; while their foster daughter was left in care of the house alone. Saloni was enchanted at the sight of the fair Lina, her whole person and manners being such as would not have done the least discredit to a prince's drawing-room. Lina uttered an exclamation of surprise at his appearance; for, spite of the half century which had passed over his head, there was a bold expression in his eye, and in the shining light of his bald forehead, which seemed to intimate that he was the most in regard to the pretty ones of her sex.

He inquired after the schoolmaster, and added, by way of excuse, that he wished to examine the interior of the church. Lina replied that her father was from home, or he would have been most happy to attend him, but that the place contained nothing in the least calculated to gratify his curiosity.

"It depends upon you to make it deserving of my observation," said the chamberlain.

"How is that?" inquired Lina.

"Have the goodness only to accompany me," returned he; "I am an enthusiastic admirer of churches; the smallest chapel has even something attractive to me."

"But it is getting dusk," said the girl.

"Oh, your bright eyes will show us the way for that matter," retorted the chamberlain.

Lina wished to excuse herself: still she found she could not get rid of him—he did not offer to go.

At length she determined to show the unsanctified wretch the way to the sanctuary, in order to rid the house of him. She only wished she had a chapereon for the occasion, or any kind of a third person, as she did not at all conceit the old courtier's looks. But the school-house, unluckily, was far distant from any others: it was in vain to show alarm, and she was obliged to go along with him. She did not less dislike her companion on the way, and only escaped his vile attempts and impor-
tunities by promising to show him through the whole of the church. She unlocked the door—he walked in, expecting she was at his side—and the next moment it was closed, locked, secured; and the lord chamberlain was a prisoner in the church of which he was so great an admirer!

This was a terrible blow for this basest and wickedest of old courtiers, to be enclosed in the dark walls of a church, just as night was setting in. He could see nothing distinctly, but what he did see most nearly resembled the spirits of deceased bishops and curates coming out of their graves to read him a lecture. All the stony apostles along the walls grew suddenly alive: he thought he heard a noise, and he ran and thundered at the doors with all his might. But this appeal was heard by no one besides Lina, who for the soul of her, as she valued the rose-crown destined to adorn her brows the ensuing day, dared not let him out before the return of her foster-father. In the lapse of a full hour he came home; not a little alarmed, at hearing as he passed by the church, (Lina having gone back to the house,) the village ghosts so very uneasy that night in the church. His daughter ran to meet him with the key of the mystery and also of the church door; “I am not going to church, child, to-night,” said the old man, a little uneasy. But on hearing the story, he changed his mind, and proceeded to give the chamberlain his liberty. Saloni stept forth, and gave the old school-master a hearty curse for his pains, declaring he would be revenged upon the girl’s insolence, and complain of her conduct to the general.

This he did; but met with no kind of sympathy. The lord of Lindenkon had little respect for him; he laughed at his adventure, and added, “I do not pity you a jot, Saloni! You fine lords imagine that every pretty girl, in a lower rank of life than yourselves, was only made for your villainous pleasure and amusement. I am glad for once that Evelina has taught you another lesson. By this proceeding she has doubly entitled herself to the rose crown she is to wear to-morrow; and I promise in consequence to add ten more pieces to the fifty ducats which I have laid aside for her as a present.”

The chamberlain was too cunning to shew any symptoms of offence at this unexpected reception; but he very ungenerously made a vow to punish the fair Evelina for what she had done, by playing her some worse trick or other, on the following day.

The morning appeared, and the general was roused early by the sound of a trumpet before the castle. He went to his window, and beheld with astonishment a troop of soldiers upon parade, the most singular company he had ever beheld. They consisted of about twenty old shrivelled, bandy-legged little men, most fit for the body-guard of death. They had almost room to swim about in the broad trousers and wide cut of their military jackets; they had all large perukes, and cocked hats, which blew about their ears. Yet they were armed with fire-locks and sabres in a very heroic style, and their colours flourished in the grasp of an ugly hunch-backed ensign, bearing the device of ‘conquest or death;’ while in front rode their commanding officer, a fine, round, bold looking dwarf, mounted upon a richly caparisoned donkey.

The general continued to gaze upon this wonderful regiment for some time, and then sent his servant to inquire “what was the meaning of their irruption into his territories?” They were certainly an invalided corps, and their looks augured nothing good to a nervous man like the general.

“Oh, that will be explained in this letter,” said their officer, as he drew forth a despatch from his holsters. The lord of Lindenkon instantly recognized the handwriting of one of his old friends, Colonel Solmitz, and read the following: “this is brave work of yours, old comrade, is it not? I hear you are going to have a coronation; to crown the same identical virtue, which some where and some time else you will perhaps make free to trample under your feet. But as I know that you are beset with enemies, it is necessary you should be provided against any emergency, by keeping on foot a choice body of troops. They are in excellent training; all veterans who distinguished themselves greatly in the late papal army, which being disbanded, they are now wandering home. I trust they will meet with good quarters, and that you will like their military appearance, as I know you were always an admirer of fine men in your regiment. In respect to the charges of their camp and equipage, I will talk with you more fully when I meet you in the course of the next half hour.”

By the time the general had concluded the epistle, the colonel himself appeared. There was a vast deal of merriment and good humour at their meeting; the general declaring he could not think of calling out the military on such a happy and popular coronation; besides that, they would most infallibly be ridiculed, and hufted off the spot. To this, Colonel Solmitz agreed, insisting, however, that his troop, collected from some of the most decayed subjects of one of the most decayed hospitals he could find, should mount double guard at the castle gates, while he himself acted as com-
mandant of the interior. The general here acceded to his wishes, and granted the company proper allowance of rations, and the performance of their military exercise, the colonel giving the word of command from the castle window. He worked the poor wretches with a variety of rapid evolutions, "quick, march—shoulder arms—double quick time—fire, and march." In the last operation many of them fell upon their knees, and were quite unable to recover themselves again. The colonel laughed aloud; but the general, turning away, said, "Enough, my dear friend, enough! you are setting but a bad example here to my young people; you are teaching them to laugh at those infirmities of old age which they ought to respect."

At length the poor soldiers were suffered to repose, besides being handsomely rewarded. Many other guests now arrived, by no means so welcome to the good general, among whom were some dissipated characters, upon whom he resolved to keep a strict eye.

The festival was now ushered in by a fine cloudless afternoon. The fair Evelina was conducted from her residence in great pomp. A simple white muslin gown, over which her fine brown hair fell in ringlets, was her only ornament. Young girls strewed flowers along her path; the general and the pastor walked on each side of her, and both, from time to time, motioned off the young townsman who pressed too near the procession, and gave them a reproofing look. Up to the green plat selected for the place of coronation, the village pastor addressed a short, but impressive, discourse upon the superior worth and happiness of a course of virtue, contrasted with an opposite career. Many of the country people were seen to shed tears; while the young citizens, on the other hand, only laughed, and tried to get as near as possible to the prettiest girls they saw, and fixing their eyes upon them in the most impertinent manner, as a sort of comment on the pastor's address. The general next placed the crown of fragrant flowers upon the fair maiden's brow, at the same time delivering a warm eulogy upon her merits, and describing them for an example of her sex. The old village justice—a fine ancient spectacled of a former century—then handed to her the rustic gifts from off a large silver tray; after which the whole procession advanced into the castle, and the pipers and fiddlers began to play with all their might. The general himself led off the first dance with the rose-maiden; while joy and concord reigned throughout the whole assembly, if we except, indeed, Barber Musiel and his little ugly daughter.

Yet the justice of his argument, that beauty is always beset with a variety of temptations, was destined that day to be illustrated. Lina was throughout the whole of the festival to keep as near as possible to the good general, in order to avoid the approaches of the young town's people, all intent upon obtaining the most lovely girls for their acquaintance, at least for that evening. Thus all went off well during some time; Evelina felt happy, and a child only came over her fine countenance as her kind protector went into the play-room, and sat down at a card-table.

In a little while came a servant, and whispered in Evelina's ear that one of the lady-guests was desirous of being introduced to her, and was then waiting to see her in another room. Lina instantly followed, and he opened the door of a room upon the ground floor, in a remote and secluded part of the castle.

Here she found, indeed, a lady, apparently of high rank, seated on a sofa, who introduced her, in a soft hisping voice, to sit down aside of her, and not to be afraid. Lina obeyed; but the next moment two brawny arms appeared from under the female attire, and grasped her firmly round the waist. She shrieked aloud, struggled, and again cried for help; when hark! at last a fierce encounter and loud voices were heard at the door, as well as within the room. It was Erick, the young forester, a sincere admirer of Evelina's, who had followed and kept her in his eye after she left the dance. He soon overpowered the servants, and advanced into the room, crying out, "What is going on here?"

The false lady directly let go her victm, and very modestly dropped her veil. The young hunter, not half satisfied, repeated his question more loudly than before.

But he was now suddenly surrounded by a company of ten armed skeletons, whom the servants had called from the guardroom, in order to take the troublesome young forester into custody. They moved boldly up to him, while Erick contented himself with begging, for their own sakes, that they would not compel him to lay a heavy hand upon so respectable a body of old soldiers, whom, if they did not desire, he should throw one upon another, and shuffle them together like a pack of cards.

Previous to this operation, however, their commanding officer appeared, having heard the report of a riot. "What is going on here?" he inquired, in a tone of authority.

"That is what I have been asking this half-hour," replied Erick, "and can get no
THE ROSE MAIDEN.

answer: but the dumb lady on the sofa there was certainly behaving very rudely to the rose-maiden. "Is that true?" said the colonel to the masked damsel. She jumped up, and tried to make her escape by way of answer; but the colonel was too quick for her, and gave her into charge of his men, whom he led with their prisoner into another room, and stationed a guard at the door. And now the general, hearing some rumour of it, rose hastily from the card-table, followed by most of his guests, in order to ascertain the extent of the mischief, the ladies only keeping their seats at the card-table.

The impostor was by this time stripit of his disguise, and assumed the figure of Lord Chamberlain Saloni. He had contrived to purloin one of the ladies’ masquerade dresses, being very expert in such feats, as gentleman of the prince’s wardrobe. And now, with a bold laughing face, as if all had been nothing but an innocent trick, he gave his hand to welcome the general. The latter drew back, observing, with a frowning brow, "You permit yourself rather too great freedoms, lord chamberlain; they are not at all adapted to the innocent mirth of the day. And yesterday you forgot the character of a true courtier, who never oversteps the bounds of decorum, and who never exposes himself even to the imputation of blame. You have taught me to see my folly in thinking to hold an innocent rural festival within the sphere of a great city. For there are not, as is well as may Lord Saloni, well enough inclined to abuse the rights of hospitality, and who were not ashamed, even during the triumph and the praise of virtue, to surround some of my loveliest tenants, attempting to gain their confidence, and sow the seeds of future crime and suffering."

Here a domestic entered, whispered something in the general’s ear, and as quickly disappeared. "I am under the necessity of leaving you at present, my lords," continued his host; "and as to the rest of my sermon," he said, in a jocular tone, holding up his finger in a threatening manner, "it is only deferred until my return."

He had been informed that a strange lady just arrived was desirous of obtaining an interview with him. On entering the room he found a lady in a travelling dress with her veil down. He politely inquired her name, and what were her commands, when the lady, without replying a word, drew up her veil. Her features were those of a woman about five and thirty, who must once have been very beautiful, and who seemed to claim his acquaintance. He was obliged to confess that she had the advantage of him. "What!" exclaimed the lady, "have you forgotten Charlotte Walter?" and she appeared much affected as she said this.

"Charlotte!" cried the general, the blood mounting into his face, "is it indeed you, my love? My dear Charlotte, where have you concealed yourself these last seventeen years? I have never once met with you."

"Shame and sorrow," she replied, "drove me from home and country; yet I could not resist the desire to behold my daughter once more, and to see if you were still alive."

"Me!" exclaimed the general, with much warmth, "do you still love me? And where is our little girl—is she still alive?"

"She lives," answered the lady, "and is called Evelina."

We may imagine the general’s astonishment.

Charlotte had been left the orphan daughter of a poor minister, and was adopted by the general’s mother about the age of fifteen. He said he loved her, and the consequence was what we have seen. Her kind patroness died before she became acquainted with their mutual attachments, and their mutual faults. The general, then a young soldier, was called away to join his regiment, and presenting his Charlotte with two thousand dollars, he left her almost heart-broken at this brief farewell. She then went to Lindenkrum, where she had spent the previous summer in company with her benefactress, and there too became acquainted with the school-maister’s wife, a very excellent, tidy, well-to-do woman, who liked to do a poor body any good turn she could. To her she entrusted her child, and entered into the service of a travelling countess, with whom she continued for the space of sixteen years, and visited a variety of foreign courts. Becoming at length quite weary of their unsettled mode of life, she listened to the proposals of a gentleman of worth; and after explaining to him the previous circumstances of her former engagement, and that she had a daughter, she accepted him. On communicating this circumstance to the good general, he looked rather disappointed, and said, "We will converse more on this head, Charlotte, in the morning. Let us now wait until the conclusion of the festival, before you discover yourself, and we can then follow Evelina home, and introduce you to her at the schoolmaster’s. Indeed, I have a very particular
reason to wish the affair to be managed in this way; indeed, you will oblige me by yielding your kind assent."

No doubt of this; and who has not wit enough to dive into the general’s motives. He was afraid of encountering the ridicule and laughter that would be heaped upon him, when, in the very moment that he was engaged in delivering a moral lecture to his guests—which he had not yet concluded—he was to be convicted, before them all, of the very scandal which he had been so strongly reprobating in others.

On rejoining his friends, he had not courage to resume his threatened discourse; the guests looked for it in vain; the general’s tone was evidently lowered by many pegs, and he rather seemed to sympathize with the scouted and discomfited lord chamberlain than otherwise. The company grew very dull, and were, at length, very glad to take their leave, and make the best of their way back to the city.

Early on the following morning, the general surprised both mother and daughter by a visit; and embraced his lovely Evelina with great tenderness and emotion. Yet they both appeared sad, and when the general inquired affectionately into the cause, his daughter looked very serious, while her mother prepared to explain it to him. "My dear girl," she said, "cannot make up her mind to be happy with the rich and excellent father I have lately given her, and the poor child feels miserable in the thought of being compelled to renounce one of her old friends."

"And who is this old friend?" inquired the general.

"The forester Erick," answered Charlotte. "I am rejoiced to hear you pronounce that name," said Lord Lindenkrön. "Erick is a noble fellow, and quite deserving of your love, my dear daughter. Though he entered my service as a gamekeeper, he has raised himself to the rank of my friend; and he once saved my life in battle, at the imminent risk of his own."

Lina’s heart leaped for joy at those words; and the next moment Erick himself entered the room. He drew back in surprise at the sight of the general, when the latter called out to him to come forward instantly, adding, that he was come in the very nick of time; nothing could be better. "My dear Erick," he continued, "I have long been thinking of rewarding you as you deserve, for the noble manner in which you exposed your life to save mine. I am truly happy in having found an opportunity of doing this—believe, here is your reward."

He took his hand, and led him up to the blushing rose maiden. Erick appeared to doubt the evidence of his senses—more especially when the general declared that he was bestowing upon him the hand of his own daughter. After recovering from the strong emotion which such tidings were calculated to excite, he took the hand of his beautiful betrothed, and falling at her generous father’s feet, they sobbed aloud those thanks which they could not speak—while the good general, bending over them, embraced and blessed his children. He was now a happy father; though he had believed himself to be childless only yesterday.

HOMMAGE AUX DAMES!

BY ROBERT FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

The rudest states, the fairest climes,
The sagest nations of the earth,—
All ages, from the olden times,
Have owned thy worth.

Hommage aux dames!

Greece, in her glorious days of old,
Worshipped thy beauty as divine;
More precious than barbaric gold,
More bright than wine.

Hommage aux dames!

The Romans, who their weapons hurled
Against the bondman, and the free;
Though long the conquerors of the world,
Were slaves to thee.

Hommage aux dames!
HOMMAGE AUX DAMES!

While Italy's unclouded skies,
Give, in their everlasting blue,
A deeper spirit to thine eyes,
A fonder hue.

Hommage aux dames!

And Spain, in her bright olden time,
When Moorish chief, and Christian king,
With many a sweet romantic rhyme,
Thy praise would sing.

Hommage aux dames!

And gay Provence, the sunny land
Of France, who taught her courtly throng
Of troubadour, and minstrel band,
The worth of song.

Hommage aux dames!

But there are days in old romance,
Of chivalry, and England's fame;
That well upheld with sword and lance,
The honours of dame.

Hommage aux dames!

In that bright age of star-like names,
Which Shakespeare taught our hearts to bless;
Of gallant knights, and gentle dames,
And good Queen Bess.

Hommage aux dames!

'Twas then the look, the smile, the voice,
Which threw a spell on all mankind;
But now thou offerest to our choice
The charms of mind.

Hommage aux dames!

The power that cometh from the brain,
Throws o'er thy smiles unfading day; —
The golden age is come again
Of woman's sway.

Hommage aux dames!

Have not thy witcheries, and thy wiles,
Had power to stir the world to arms? —
'Twas lost for Cleopatra's smiles,
And Helen's charms.

Hommage aux dames!

The sculptor's, and the poet's skill,
Have left us forms of deep delight;
Thy beauty dwells around them still,
Divine, and bright.

Hommage aux dames!

And since the world was in its youth,
When shepherds tried to pipe thy praise;
Thou'rt been the source of love, and truth,
And poets' lays.

Hommage aux dames!

JULY, 1832.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE COMB.

There cannot be a stronger proof of littleness of mind than an affectation of vehement contempt for trifes. Pigmies are incessantly on tiptoe; while the gigantic grenadier treads the causeway of life flat-footed, disdainful of the foreign aid of military heels. We have recently heard certain of the magnets of literature—certain elders of the tribe of the Blues—attempt to magnify their own literary importance by contumelious mention of this our magazine; they are (saving their absence) blockheads!

Among the numerous lights let in upon the human race in the process of clearing the forest of prejudice, by the pioneers of the march of intellect, few have shone more luminously in the eyes of the world than the importance of the influence exercised by dress over the mind—of the immediate connexion between the outward and inward man—of the national characteristics derived from, rather than operating upon the toilet. It is now admitted, on all hands, that, were the peasants of La Vendee to abate one inch of their towering coifs, the loyalty of the Chouans, wanting its insignia, would vanish from the face of the Boccage;—that were the Austrian peasants to fling aside their ponderous caps of tinsel, and emancipate their oppressed brains, Metternich and passive obedience would be crushed, Tarpeia-like, under the mass;—that the “curtailed abbreviation” of petticoat among the Grisons forms the true home-spell, binding the Schweizzen Buh to his mountains;—that but for their necklaces made of the teeth of fallen enemies, the Indian tribes would forfeit half their animal courage;—and that the Hottentot is chiefly brutalized by his sash of entails. We therefore strive to instil Christian humility into charity-children by the round-eared cap and mittens; and to inspire our sovereigns with nobleness through the aid of ermine and minerew.

With this persuasion on our minds, we are sensible that the duty we have to perform towards the civilized community as commentators on the caps and gowns that be, is of paramount importance. We know that the operation of our editorial labours will penetrate from the log-house of the Prairies to the thatched hall of audience of his majesty of the Sandwich Islands. Places which the Reform Bill knoweth not, will be pervious to our lucubrations;—jungles that the Missionary Society has never penetrated, will become humanized by the urbane aspect of the noble physiognomies interleaved among our pages;—we shall be found side by side with Scott’s novels in the lazaretto of the pass of Rothenthurm; and the belles of Lima will let fall their artificial grandees of whalebone to assume the dainty devices revealed to their ignorance by our costumes. We are proudly conscious that our efforts are about to revolutionize the toilets of the two hemispheres; and that from the powdery fair ones of the broadway of New York to the listless fashionables of the Hooghly, we shall monopolize

“The glass of fashion and the mould of form.”

Let us not, however, be accused of seeking, like the carrier of the fable, to fortify the city with leather. We know that the Whigs, the Tories, the Utilitarians, the Travellers, the Garrickers, the St. Simonians, the Irvingites, and divers other worshipful congregations, have each their graven image to set up as the one great idol of the earth. But we refer it to any individual of liberal mind whether the wool-sack of the lords, or the pincushion of Maradan, have contributed more largely during the past month to the detestation of the human race;—whether the actual loss of Casimir Perier has produced so mighty a flow of wit in periodical literature as the mere rumour of Herboit’s death last spring;—whether the closing of the oldest bank in Lombard-street would produce as much consternation in the metropolis as the shutting up of the great house of Howell and James?

What matters it indeed to whom is delegated the helm of state—whether Grey or Wellington be the great man of the day or night? The main ques-
tion is, in whose hands are deposited the silken reins in which both kings and ministers are trammelled, and whether those reins are fashioned of Paris ecrin or Coventry gymnp—whether the golden bit be studed with jewels by Storr, or suffered to retain the uncouth massiveness of a piece of family plate. "Greece governs the world," said the ancient philosopher, "and I govern Greece. But I am governed by my wife, and my wife by her bantling; ergo, my son is the greatest person in the universe." "Great Britain dictates to Europe," might be the parallel soliloquy of many a modern premier, "and I dictate to Great Britain. But I am sadly bullied by Lady ----, and Lady ---- is the mere creature of the toilet; ergo, dress is the true autocrat of the civilized earth." Other philosophers are tempted to look on fashion rather as the fickle vane by which the frivolities of public opinion are demonstrated; but even in this point of view, the stiffest political economist must admit that minutes of its evidence ought to be enrolled among the archives of the kingdom as an important sample of "whatever is," whether right or wrong.

Having thus indicated the importance of our trust, we descend for a while into the minutiae of its duties. We have wonders to say and to infer from the attempt recently made to naturalize the Grecian style of head-dress among the beauties of the day; and can detect more mysteries in the classical outline of heads of certain illustrious ladies, than from the shaking of Lord Burleigh's. It is well known that the last introduction of this antique style of coiffure arose under the auspices of the wife of the French consul during the French Republic. Josephine and her sisterhood of incipient queens, were eager to assume the diadem and Grecian contour, so long as all men and all women were equal in the French metropolis. While still a simple republican, Madame Bonaparte chose to look like an empress; but no sooner was she invested with the imperial purple, than with admirable perspicuity she chose to relapse into a pretty coquette—imperial dignity was laid aside, and the fancy of the Rue St. Honore once more put to the torture in her service. It is unnecessary to be more explicit touching our views of the connexion between the coiffure Grecque and the republican predilections of the coteries of the city of the Graces. We trust—we sincerely trust—that a third revolution may not be effected in that mercurial region by a coup de pèigne.

We believe, indeed, that our more sober fellow-citizens are very imperfectly aware of the "imposing attitude" taken on the banks of the Seine by Figaro's confraternity. In England we are apt to fancy ourselves prodigious patrons of the arts, in bestowing a gold medal or so on a picture, or patent plough; or by setting on foot a competition for a copy of Sir Joshua's lectures among the pupils of the Royal Academy. But in Paris there is an annual "concurrence" for a comb of honour—(a comb of honour!)—among the hair-dressers of fashion; the prize being as curiously adjudged by Nardin, or Alexandre, or some other classicist of the wig-block, as any decision given in England by the Jockey Club! Plainly, the Vitruvius of capillary architecture,

"Celiu
Qui porto jusq'aux nues l'andace des coiffures,"

was, we believe, the institutor of this more than Olympic strife.

With what unctuous does a favourite French writer of the last century treat of the Philosophy of the Comb. "What," says he, "is the chief ingredient of theatrical art? in what consists half the wonder of the actor's originality? In his periwig! He is about to represent a poet—his 'eye in a fine phrenzy rolling;' but his first object is to secure a disordered and half-torn wig, bearing evidence to the ardour with which he has sought a rhyme, or penned a stanza. Or he wishes to become a painter—and a few strokes of the comb, producing the large organ of enthusiasm on the crown of his head, renders him a Guido in a moment! The character of a respectable father of a family
is far more dependent for stage effect on the formal and well-powdered arrangement of his grey hairs than on his action or delivery; and we become incautiously indignant against the excesses of his rebellious son, when the old man's white wig possesses an affecting air of decorum.

"And then the bar! Show me the judge whose decisions would be worth a farthing—the special pleader whose eloquence would bring conviction—unless exercised under the flowing banner of a grave-looking periwig! What were chancellor or archbishop bald or cropped? It is the hair-dresser to whom they are indebted for their dignity of office! Nay, there have been wigs in the legal profession which have gained more causes, and ruined more families, than there were hairs in its composition!

"More than one Roscius has been able (by a mere adjustment of his wig,) to portray the various passions of the human mind with as much accuracy as Le Brun. By dragging it over his eyes, grief becomes deepened into despair; while a single tug of the pigtail behind, displays the shining forehead, and restores sunshine to the countenance; or he draws it over one ear, and fury glares through his disordered aspect.

"How many a youth rises from his pillow in the morning with the air of an unlicked cub, who assumes, before noon, under the influence of the comb and curling irons, the graceful urbanity of an Adonis! How many a false registry of baptism does the barber's art inscribe upon the foreheads of middle-aged gentlemen! A dandy solicits a place in the administration. His youthful smiles and dishevelled locks betray a total incompetency to business; but no sooner does the hand of Figaro ensure a sober arrangement of those flowing tresses, than Necker himself appears! With such a head no minister in his senses could scruple to appoint him cashier to the treasury! An old gentleman solicits the hand of a heiress. His grey hairs, thinly scattered up to make a show, present a tacit confession of decrepitude; but no sooner does the hand of Figaro arrange around his weaened face the curls of a brown Brutus, than the god of love himself appears. No guardian in his senses would hesitate to sanction the hymeneal views of the factitious Cupid.

"From the day that the wig of Berenice was made a constellation, to that in which the fair hair of Madame de Lamballe was worn in triumph by the infamous partner of Robespierre, it were impossible to compute how largely the fair sex has been indebted to the Philosophy of the Comb. More conquests, perhaps, have been secured by the art of the hair-dresser than by any other channel of attraction; and the 'belle chevelure' of Madame de Grignan is at least as immortal as the incomparable letters of her mother."

Now, however ambitious the above assumptions may appear, we own we are scarcely inclined to attribute meaner pretensions to this department of the fine arts at the present moment. It is inconceivable the importance achieved by hair-dressing and hair-dressers since the great victory at Waterloo. Many persons are fond of attributing the decrease of her present majesty's popularity to her opposition to the Reform Bill. But the initiated know better. What, in point of fact, was the protest of the Duke of Wellington, compared with that put forth in all the public papers, last season, by the hair-dressers of the metropolis—withdrawning their allegiance from the royal Adelaide as the avowed patroness of Isidore, the antagonist of the national barbers of Great Britain.

We propose to return occasionally to this important department of the toilet; setting forth its changes and varieties, and every other particular connected with the Philosophy of the Comb.
SONG.

BY T. ROSCOE.

'Midst these hills so romantic—these landscapes so gay,
   The Pleasures the bower of my Caroline chose;
Oh, how sweet for her lover at evening to stray,
   And feed the fond flame that still fadelessly glows.
'Tis here the young tyrant holds soft in his chains
   A thousand love-birds that give mirth to the year;
If love, then, be only the source of sad pains,
   Why swells this sweet music so full on the ear?
Is't the spring-tide of youth wakes the blossoms of joy?
   Will, winter advancing, your ripe beauties slay?
Then let love at least sometimes your moments employ,
   When hours, such as these, fly so swiftly away.
Believe me, when late, o'er the far trackless deep,
   The white sail unfurled, and we whispered adieu,
You promised, as struggling you sought not to weep,
   And your lips waked the first, strange, wild tremors we knew;
   —You promised if e'er from the grave-stricken clime
I came, and brought home your same pure virgin kiss,
Untainted as these—I should name my own time—
   I come—and I claim you by this—and by this!

THE SILVER LOCKS.

BY MISS ISABEL HILL.

"My hair is grey, but not with years,
   Nor grew it white in a single night,
As men's have done, from sudden fears."—Byron.

I have been dreaming all night—
   with open eye—of a woman I never saw but once, and that nearly—teen years ago; yet, like poor Barbara's Song of Willow, which, may be, Desdemona had not thought of from the days when she heard it, till the night of her own death, "it will not from my mind." A good creature, who had married from our service, received an addition to her little flock, and, we heard, had been disappointed of a nurse. My mother sent me to inquire whether there was anything we could do for her accommodation. The husband, with hearty thanks, said that a neighbour had volunteered to stay in the house, till its mistress was restored to her wonted activity. Hearing that the new-comer was a little maid, I offered to give it my name, at the font; 'twas all I had to bestow; yet I was anxious to make acquaintance with my intended god-daughter, as soon as the mother could admit me; but, when she did so, even while admiring her, and wondering over—for I could not exactly admire—"baby," my glance frequently strayed to Mrs. Edwards, the friend in need to whom I have alluded; though she looked like neither wife nor widow, indeed like nothing but an animated statue—without a statue's beauty; yet she possessed a graceful height, and was well made, only thin; a flowing white wrapper betrayed a full, fair throat; wan, veined hands; and tiny feet. Her head was intellectually formed; a sort of lady Macbeth binder, which crossed a forehead rather broad than high, gave it a sculpturesque air. The arched brows were flexible, and not too far above the large, well set, well shaped, well parted, deep grey, liquid eyes; their somewhat heavy lids, and long lashes, lent a very stedfast look to the whole countenance; which had, indeed, a
squareness, a prominence, a breadth of cheek, a half sullen composure of mouth, such as I never observed in any other female visage. I remember even her delicate little ears; but the peculiarity which stamped ensemble on my memory, was, that, in spite of the absence of both stoop and wrinkles, the presence of a warm, soft, varying voice, the braid of hair which shaded this pale, transparent face, shone whiter than itself; brows, lashes, all silver! I had heard of Albino, but they had pink, restless eyes. She could not have been "born so;" she surely was not more than thirty, and though I thought that a great age then, it did not warrant such a wintry crown. I found her kind, cheerful, intelligent, and well-mannered; though with a provincialism of address, for which I liked her the better, nay—more pleased and proud than if I had not loved; it did him no hurt, nor no one else. I never feared nor cared about myself at all. I could have been his wife's servant with pleasure, and nursed their children, as if they had been my own. "Twas not much I wanted. I had it, and hoped it would last for ever; so all went on, pure, honest, and peaceful, till, one day, in his presence, the eldest sister asked me, 'why did I not get married.' I know now that I ought to have curte-seyed, and said demurely, "Oh, miss, I must wait till I have an offer,' or—any thing but what I did say, and in any other manner; not that I spoke boldly, but I felt my colour rise, as I answered, 'What I am I will remain till death.' I'll set no clown above me, to make evil out of good, and break my heart, by his suspicions, as farmer Joyce did by his wife." Un-lucky tongue, that girl had loved Mr. George; how did I know why, or in what fashion; such comparison must have given the young lady a hint of more than the truth in my case; for he looked so confused, so sorry on my account, so angry that his sister had heard this. I stood dismayed, and would have given my eyes to call back my few last minutes, and few last words. From that day I was invited no more to the balls. What they thought of me I needed not, but if I had taught them to doubt
him—that was my shame, my sorrow. He went to London, for three months, 'twas said; long enough, and far enough for me; but oh! what did I suffer, when I heard, abruptly, and from smiling lips, that he was going to make his fortune in India! this would take years. I said I did not believe it, and I said no more before grandmother; I pretended to be very cheerful, and though a word's unkindness hurt me then more than ever, I bore it better than I used to do, because I knew my duty, and felt that Mr. George's going ought to be nothing to me, that is, no more than 'twas to the oldest man that ever looked on him; and that would have been enough. The report was contradicted, and I hoped again; then 'twas confirmed, and I grew worse than at first. I kept in my tears, before folks, but while alone, do what I would, and I had much to do, I cried, and could not eat, nor sleep. I wonder if every body who has talked of a heart-ache knows what it is in reality? The restlessness, the weakness, the hot, swollen, sore, stiff throat; the eyes full of sand, the cold in the head, the heavy pain that stops one's breath, and takes away one's voice. If I had made a fuss I should have met more consideration; I had no pride to help concealment, but I did not wish to afflic t any body. I had no right, and yet 'twas so sudden, every thing seemed changed for ever! How I wished that I was rich enough to give him all the money he could possibly get in India, and keep him here; for I knew he'd grieve to quit his home, his friends, his love. I wondered how he bore it; to be sure, she should not lose him without a farewell; she would be cheered by letters—then I remembered that he might be well when he wrote, and dead before she got them. I had seen him for the last time, without knowing it. I might survive him in ignorance, or die of a false report that he was dead. I thought upon the thousands of miles at sea, and every mile a danger; in a house without foundation, a narrow prison, with freedom all around it, which he could only gain by death, and I thought how ill he'd be, how weary of that lone little bed, rocked, but not to rest, by the sea roaring through a thin plank, into his ear, for prey; no books, no society, no exercise; such a sameness, such privations and inconveniences; such bad fare! why even fresh bread and water is scarce, on such a voyage. Milk, fruit, honey, flowers! he loved them all; what had he done that he must lose them? Nothing on earth was good enough for Mr. George, and there was not a sight, a sound, scent of shipboard, that I could have wished my bitterest enemy; and yet, if I had but been going with him, every thing would have seemed safe and delightful, but I was to be left; he would have bustle, novelty, an object. I had nothing; then that strange land, where there would be no welcome for him; black faces, uncouth accents, new ways, bad habits, horrid storms, a burning sky, reptiles, wild beasts, diseases, that slay the strong man at a blow. Must not England have even the dust of dear Mr. George? Who should ever dare say a word against him to me? Now I might speak; he could not hear me. I prayed for him, I blest him, as if I owed him more than life could pay. I had loved him long; and, before I knew it, had trembled at his slightest illness, because I loved him. I had tried to learn, but the little knowledge I had brought no comfort. There would be six hours difference between us, in the twenty-four; nearly one day in a week; his afternoon would be my night, his sabbath my day of toil. The stars he looked on I should not see. The moon would be full with him, and waning with me. His summer would be my winter; we should have nothing in common. The air was no longer sweet, for he did not breathe it with me. I almost hated the sun, fearing it would kill him; morning after morning I awoke in suspense—for no news came of him—and at every waking 'twas a fresh shock; far from growing reconciled, I got more and more impatient, under that which I thought would never end. I starved for a sight of him! no more, never again, was I to enjoy it. Yet I could not have entered
his home, where his portrait hung; the sight of any face I had been used to see with his upset me quite; the tunes I’d heard played to him—nothing could happen that was pleasant, which did not mock me. Mr. George could not share it; he would forget England, become careless of every thing, but gold. I used to sit on Mrs. Joyce’s grave, and envy her! I could not have borne this two years. Well! one evening the young ladies sent for me, to take orders about some new dresses. I went; a beautiful girl was with them; they named her, ’twas his love; yet she looked happy, how could she? I bore up bravely. At last the eldest sister said to me, ‘the silk you are to make up, Margaret, lies on the library sofa.’ ’Twas a summer twilight. I went there, some shawls were spread, but, above them—my God! a vision of him, stretched as in death. I did not scream, I could not move, but stood gazing on the pale features, the closed eyes, I don’t know how long. I heard his sister’s voice. ‘What are ye at, all this while here?’ He started up and caught me in his arms. I did not faint, nor go into a fit; but was led home, speechless, went to bed, in a fever; my hair fell off: when it grew again, ’twas as you see, but my flesh and colour I never recovered. The truth was this—Mr. George no sooner landed in India than he met a relation of his lady’s, who, hearing of their engagement, settled his fortune upon them, and brought the lover back; he had arrived privately at home, to be married that day; and his sister, knowing him to be taking a nap in the library (of which his bride was no more aware than she was that I loved him)—’twas thought a pleasant trick—sending me to find him; he knew not what it was he clasped to his heart, on waking. I’ve never seen him since, except in my dream. I don’t wish to, yet, at any rate, though ’twas ten years ago already; he is very happy with a fine family; but now I can’t hope to serve them—my secret is betrayed—they know I did love him—I feel that I do still, and must as long as I breathe! Mrs. George’s kinsman left me a hundred a-year—my grandmother is in heaven—to you see me, a lone woman, with my time pretty nearly at the disposal of my friends.” This homely narration had not been tearlessly told, nor tearlessly heard.

Reader! thou needst not weep; thou art a gentlewoman of to-day. We are in London; yet pray excuse a little sympathy in such hearers as an ignorant invalid and a country girl of fourteen, and beware how thou experimentalizest on the feelings, even of a rustic sempstress. If they be criminal, don’t make them fatal too; if innocent, trust me they will be blessings to her, so thou wilt only spare them.

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**LINES,**
**TO A DEAR LITTLE BOY, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, WITH A GARLAND OF WOODBINE.**

**BY MISS MITFORD.**

Oh! where to deck a spotless shrine,  
A fitful wreath shall Friendship twine!  
For, well-a-day, fair Spring is flown,  
And spring-tide flowers are past and gone;  
Even primrose pale, and violet fair,  
And daffodil of presence rare,  
And cowslip with her ambient air.  
The wild rose, girl with thorns around,  
O'er-dangerous coronal were found;  
The stainless lily's wan and pale;  
The azure harebell all too frail—  
Come then, ye woodbines, flaunting free  
Around the oak's majestic tree,
Waving in fragrant garlands still,
Just where the boughs o'erhang the rill,
As if, within that mirror pure,
To view in darker portraiture,
Your yellow blossoms fully spread,
Your close-shut buds of dusky red,
And mark how passing fair ye seem,
Sleeping upon the silver stream.
Come, woodbines, from that lovely bower,
Oh, come to deck a lovelier flower!
One that, like you, 'mid Nature's charms,
Was cradled soft in Beauty's arms;
One that, like you, an English child,
Is fair, and free, and coy, and wild.
And ne'er, sweet woodbines, will ye grace
A cherub's head, or brow, or face,
So like what Reynolds loved to trace:
Where, pure and bright, the clear blue eye
Shines, as in lakes the summer sky;
Where, freshly delicate, the blood
I' th' cheek glows like the apple bud;
And where the lips of innocence
Curl dimpling into ardent sense;
And mirth, and wit, and repartee
Lurk, as in roses lurks the bee!
Fair blossoms, to that boy more fair,
The ardent wish of Friendship bear:
May wisdom, virtue, health, renown,
His lengthened years with blessings crown!
And may he, (Love would ask but this!) —
May he be all his father is!

LETTERS FROM LADY SOMEBODY IN TOWN TO NOBODY IN
THE COUNTRY ABOUT EVERY THING IN THE WORLD.

LETTER I.

Ma Belle,—You cannot imagine how much you lose by not coming to
town, and assuming a character. The marchioness declares it is quite dreadful—however, she tells me that I must not leave you quite ignorant of the horrors we perpetrate—pour passer le temps—and as she puts her veto upon all silence, I must, I suppose, begin to grow voluble. To commence then—in the true epistolary style, à tort et à travers. We went to the last May ball at Devonshire House, on the very Friday of your departure. I was introduced to a most superb creature—Madame de Rémusat—one of the most beautiful and graceful of all Frenchwomen. If you had seen her enter the room, you would not easily have forgotten it—so much grace and swan-like dignity—so lovely a representative of the elite of French society—and shedding so much lustre upon our own bright galaxy. Madame de Rémusat is the grand-daughter of that fine old veteran La Fayette—but we are all such horrid Tories that I suppose I must not praise him. Talking of Tories, I must tell you, ma mignonne, that there is no chance of getting our windows mended. The marquis does nothing but swear at that everlasting bill, and yesterday he asked Wellington where he got those dreadful iron blinds—I am sadly afraid we are going to be imprisoned! Poor Wellington—did you hear of that sad mob affair, on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo? That July, 1832.
was entirely English—John Bull thinks he is nobody until he has shown his consequence by throwing mud. "They manage these things better in France."

How I pity you when I think you were not at the Birth-day Drawing-Room, it was so well managed; and paupere Maradan almost killed herself with the dresses. We had a most beautiful display. All the diamonds of the East setting off all the stars of the West (end). Not a dowager but looked a divinity! *Apropos*, talking of dowagers, if you do not attack my loyalty, I will describe the *costume* of our gracious Queen. What think you of a net dress, embroidered in silver, the body and sleeves ornamented with a silver trimming, diamonds and blonde; a train of beautiful peach satin, richly brocaded in silver of Spitalfields' manufacture—(how I hate anything English—but this did look pretty, so I forgive its origin)—and lined with white satin. Then her *coiffure*!—a splendid diamond diadem and feathers, with necklace and earrings *en suite*.

"Was not this a pretty dress to put upon a queen?"

Really, though, *ma belle*, these Drawing-Rooms do us some credit, and fulfill the prophecy of a certain lyricist on the Queen's accession. *Ecoutez*:

"Yes, voices that were hushed,
Are raised in triumph now,
And joyous smiles are beaming forth
O'er many a lovely brow.
Ere long assembled crowds will form,
In splendour and parade,
A brilliant galaxy around,
The court of Adelaide!"

There have been more Drawing-Rooms since, but none like the Birth-day! I must tell you, however, that we are growing terrified about the unexclusiveness of the court. The marchioness is ever in fear that her train will be soiled with the imprint of the large foot of her jeweller's wife, or that her gentlemanly apothecary will condescend to make her a bow! It is too bad to give the *entrée* to people of that sort!

"Out of our own world no one lives!"

I have ventured three or four times to the Opera, but could not hear myself speak for the noise of Frenchmen talking their horrid *patois* dialect in some place below—I believe they call it the pit; and as to looking or listening to what was going on, that was quite impossible. You know, my dear, I have heard Pasta, and seen Tagioni! By the way, your charming colonel is dying for you—I never saw a poor fellow such a bore. He walked about the rooms at Alnack's, on the Wednesday after the duke's ball, like a moon-struck monster. Those tall guardsmen do look so ugly when they're dull. Do you know I had one of those Russian Poles, or Polish Russians, for my partner—Count Danniskold. *Lady Louise Fitzmaurice*, who had danced with him just before, declared that it put her *au désespoir* to pronounce his name. After all, we did not leave till four, and even then our carriages drove off under the most deliciously refreshing showers—a perfect April morning at the end of May! Our coachman, by the way, is expected to die—the rain gave him theague—

*Quel dommage!*

I went to Young's farewell, and saw Covent Garden turned into a Babel or a Bedlam—so much noise and confusion I never heard before. Poor Young played admirably, but he was never more mistaken in his life than when he addressed that audience of bears by the title of "Ladies and Gentlemen." What a beautiful play is the *Hunchback*! I never fancied any thing deformed could awaken so much interest. Fanny's acting positively made me weep; and as for Knowles, I begin to look upon him as a god! Kean has been acting the lion at the Haymarket; and Mrs. Waylett, that delightful ballad-singer, has got a beautiful little theatre in the Strand. I do not know how I ever got so far, but when there I was fairly robbed of my ennui. Quite a respectable
company: and, do you know, such a handsome man for an actor, in the Four Sisters, and clever too! They tell me his name's Forrester. It's a pity he's not in the guards! On dit—that the author of the Rent Day has been satirizing Berkeley Square in a comedy entitled the Golden Calf. How awful!

My dear creature, I dare say you marvel to hear me talk of these sort of things—but other people do the same now. Mr. Bulwer, for instance, has been quite theatrical in the House about Authors, and Theatres, and Patents, and Great Houses, and small, Olympic-like, little places. Besides, I may as well tell you all I know at once. ’Do you know, darling, rather than let you be ignorant of what passes I copy things from the newspapers; and here are a parcel of paragraphs now lying by me—_Lisez et croyez._ 1. The English Opera Company play at the Olympic. 2. Laporte has got Covent Garden, and opens with a French Company. 3. The Kembles are going to New York. 4. Wallack stays in England. There—I cannot positively write any more about these common-place, every-day matters. Let me look about me for something more interesting. Oh, now I have it! Maradan has just sent me a Statement of Fashions for the month. I shall send them for your edification—_Les voici._

Promenade and carriage dress has at last assumed an appearance suitable to the season, though, owing to the uncertainty of the weather, not yet so light as it usually is at this time of year. We observe that the ladies' dresses in Kensington Gardens have, during the last few days, been more frequently of _tissu de Chantilly_, and other half transparent materials, than of silk or chaly. The former, indeed, is still in favour, and will, probably, be adopted in outdoor dress during the whole of the summer; but the latter is now but partially worn, and will, probably, be laid aside entirely by the end of the month.

The silks most in favour are watered _gros de Napels_ for pelisses, and printed or plain _gros de Napels_ for robes. The first are made with plain high _corsages_, and sleeves of immense width at the upper part, but fitting quite tightly to the arm from above the elbow to the wrist. Some have a cuff formed of long narrow points, others are finished by two or three cords of the same material, but close together at the wrist, and many have no ornament whatever. Pelisses are always worn with pelerines, and there are three or four different forms. Some are so very large, that they resemble a small cloak, and are more calculated for winter than summer; these are not very numerous. Others are rounded, and deep behind, with pointed or square ends, which pass under the ceinture, and descend a little below it. A third sort consists of three separate falls, cut in lozenges.

Robes for the promenade are worn with half high _corsages_, which are partially covered with shawls of Paris net, flowered in very vivid patterns, or else embroidered muslin _canecous_. The latter are coming very much into favour, but we do not perceive any novelty in their form.

Carriage bonnets have not altered since last month, but we have remarked a few, recently introduced, that are trimmed in a very novel and tasteful style. One of the best is of rose-coloured _mouss_; the crown is partially covered behind with a blond lace drapery, the ends of which pass between the crown and the brim, and are lightly quilled on the ribbon that forms the bride; two flowers of the iris, placed in the style of _aigrettes_, adorn the front. Another elegant hat is of rose-coloured _gros de Napels_, shot with white, and trimmed with two sprigs of white larkspur, divided by a cherry-coloured sprig of the same flower.

We have seen some dinner dresses of a new fancy silk, of a peculiarly elegant kind; the ground is lilac, or rose, and other light colours, with a small flower in white open work; this has quite the effect of lace let in. Half transparent materials are also very fashionable.

Dinner robes have the _corsages_ variously made, some half high, and disposed in crossed drapery; others quite low, made to set close to the shape, and ornamented with quilings of gauzed _tullie_, or with four points, formed by
blond lace, one on the bust, another on the back, and one on each sleeve; this last is a very novel and remarkably pretty style of ornament for corsages. If the dress is half high, the sleeves are always long; but short, if the corsage is low; in the latter case it is ornamented either with bows and ends of ribbon, or else with long floating ends only.

Blond lace caps are very prevalent in dinner dress; they are made and ornamented in a very light style. Some have a single row of lace, disposed in round plaits, to form the front, which turns back in the usual manner, and is ornamented with light sprigs of flowers placed underneath. Others have the trimmings disposed en papillon, for which there must be two rows, one deeper than the other. Several of these last are trimmed with sprigs of rose buds placed underneath the trimming, and a full blown rose, with buds and foliage, attached by a bow of gauze ribbon on one side of the caul.

Fashionable colours are emerald green, canary colour, evening primrose, azure blue, and various shades of rose colour and brown.

REVENONS A PARIS! -- STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS IN JUNE

Silk pelisses of light colours, and for the most part open in front, begin to be very generally adopted in promenade dress; they are worn over a white under dress, which is either embroidered down the front or round the bottom, but the embroidery in front is most fashionable. The pelisse is trimmed sometimes with straps arranged on each side of the front in such a manner that each strap forms an S; these ornaments, small at the waist, increase in size as they approach the bottom. The corsage is made high, with gigot or Amadis sleeves. Pelerines are worn not only with pelisses but with dresses. Some of those worn with the first are cut like the capes of gentlemen's cloaks, that is to say, they do not meet in front, and consequently display the shape to more advantage before. They hang very low behind, and in long pointed ends, which descend nearly to the knee at the sides.

For the early morning walk, dresses of plain or striped gingham are very generally adopted; they are worn with pelerines of Scotch cambric or plain India jaconot muslin, cut round in dents de loup. Some of these pelerines have the dents edged with narrow Valenciennes lace.

Printed muslins are worn in promenade dress later in the day; they are not yet so fashionable as pelisses, but will be more so by the end of the month. These dresses are worn either with a pelerine or ceanezou of embroidered muslin, and a silk or Cachemirienne scarf twisted in the boa style round the throat.

Italian straw is coming into favour for hats, which are now more fashionable than last season. We see also a good many hats of fancy straw, and of crêpe. The brims are deeper, and not so close as they were last month. Some have the crown encircled both bottom and top by a ribbon, which terminates in a full bow behind. These hats are always ornamented with a single long frosted feather, which must be either white or straw colour. Fancy straw hats are adorned with flowers; they are arranged en gerbe in front of the crown, and a single small flower is frequently attached by a knot of ribbon inside of the brim; sometimes a knot of ribbon only is employed: these hats are not lined.

Bonnets continue of the same size as last month, and of the cottage shape. A good many are made with square brims; the brides are attached at the ends of the brims in such a manner as to bring them nearly to meet under the chin. Although flowers are still most fashionable, we see, nevertheless, a good many trimmed with ribbons only, disposed in fancy wreaths, formed by an intermixture of coques and ends.

Light materials, as gaze Tyrolienne and clear muslin, are adopted in evening dress; the first is a half transparent material of silk and wool printed in chintz patterns, the latter is white, and either embroidered in coloured worsteds, or else trimmed with gauze ribbons. A good many corsages of clear muslin dresses are now made en chemisette, that is to say, nearly plain round the top
of the bust, and with a good deal of fulness at the bottom of the waist; a band of gauze ribbon encircles the top of the corsage, and a row of lace, set on nearly plain, stands up round it. If the sleeve is long it is trimmed at the hand to correspond with the corsage; if it is short it must be of the beret form, with a band of ribbon round the bottom of the sleeve, and a knot with long ends in the centre of it.

Hats and head-dresses of hair are in equal favour in evening dress. The first are of crape or Donna Maria gauze, with small but very open brims; they are trimmed with flowers; the most fashionable are roses of a new and uncommonly light kind. The hair is dressed either in the pure Grecian style, the plaits intermixed with beads or ribbon, or else it is disposed in light curls on the forehead, and bows behind, and ornamented with a chapelet which surrounds the brows, or else a light aigrette, which is sometimes formed of ribbon, but more frequently of the tips of ostrich feathers.

The most fashionable colours are lilac of a greyish cast, apple green, nut brown, cherry red, straw colour, various shades of rose and blue, and a new colour called clair de lune; it is a most unbecoming shade of Pomona green.

Now I shall pause—Je trouve que je suis fatigué.

June 9th.

The Marchioness gave a party on Wednesday, and considering that it was an Almack’s night—and moreover that Ascot races were still pending—we did very well. You know, love, what Moliere says of these matters, “Quand on n’a pas ce que l’on aime il faut aimer ce que l’on a.”—Little T—— called on us the next morning in a furious passion with Willis’s floor. There had been two or three somersets, and amongst the rest, himself and his pretty partner. My Polish Count danced with Miss Montagu. We have been petrified with horrors for the last month—Mrs. Palmer has been burnt to death—Lady—— robbed of a diamond necklace—the Marchioness has lost her spaniel—and poor Lord Seaford is obliged to sell his house and go to Jamaica. The Earl of Mulgrave is off already; I am told his lordship intends to amuse the leisure hours of his august governorship, with writing tales and sonnets for the next “Keepsake.” Talleyrand, too, has left London, and people say he will be prime minister.

I did not go to Ascot; but we have all had our nerves horribly shaken, by the deed of that treasonable pensioner. Gracious Heaven—to throw a stone at the King!—The ladies were very near getting up an address to his Majesty, only some were out of temper because the Reform Bill had passed; and you know, in our court, the conservatives generally triumph. It is a very rare thing to meet with a radical Countess, or a Whig Maid of Honour!

June 25th.

I have not been out much; two fêtes champêtres—a few morning concerts, and the usual balls, form the extent of my sallies abroad. Public events frighten us from our propriety: as for Paris, it is perfect mystery—we do not expect people to be satisfied, but they might surely be quiet. As for the Duc de Fitz-James, if anything happens to him, I shall certainly go in mourning; and poor dear Chateaubriand—really I wonder how they dared to arrest Chateaubriand. Fancy the clever creature carrying his Gradius to prison, and writing verses on a poor girl, whose funeral he had attended only the day before—well, it proves him the same wild, fanciful, exuberant, warm-hearted person I have ever known him. By the way, I send you the stanzas, they are beautiful:

"Pour Elisa Frisel, la fille de mon ami, enterrée devant moi hier 10 Juin, au Cimetière de Passy.

"Il descend ce cercueil, et les roses sans taches
Qu’un père y depona, tribut de sa douleur!
Terre, tu les portas, et maintenant tu caches
Jeune fille et jeune fleur."
"Ah! ne les rends jamais à ce monde profane,
A ce monde de deuil, d’angoisse et de malheur,
Le vent brise et fètrit, le soleil brule et fane,
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

"Tu dors, pauvre Elisa, si légère d’années!
Tu ne crains plus du jour le poids et la chaleur!
Elles ont achevé leurs fraiches matinées,
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

"Mais ton père, Elisa, sur ta cendre s’incline,
Aux rides de son front a monté la paillasse,
Et, vieux chêne, le Temps fouche sur sa racine,
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.”

There, they are quite worthy of your Album!—Albums once on the tapis,—let me tell you that Chalon has just finished me the most divine portrait of Sir Walter Scott: I am sorry to tell you he is very ill, and I fear there is little chance of his recovery. He has been so ever since his return from Naples, and they have not yet been able to move him from the St. James’ Hotel, where he is staying, in Jermyn Street. Should he die, how will the world miss him! how regret his death! how cherish his memory! The accomplished author of “Waverley” has won the admiration of a thousand hearts—the laurels of a thousand poet-crowns; the last will flourish evergreen upon his grave—the first will weep over it!

Sir Walter’s name reminds me of the thousand and one new books, of which you so especially bind me to give you my opinion. I am a great reader, and now suppose I attempt to play the reviewer.—Fancy me, first, poring over the pages of “The Doomed,” a tale, in which the poor wandering Jew is made to go through all his ordeals again in the most alarming manner. I admire the pertinacity with which he strives and loves. The novel is full of a wild, imaginative talent, and does not want for romantic improbabilities.

I have been much amused with a little volume by Crofton Croker, entitled “Barney Mahoney.” It teems with rich racy Irish humour, and you know that all wit Irish is the most piquant and captivating, to say nothing of its grotesqueness, when put into the mouth of O’Connell’s “pisany!”

By the way, there is a novel now before me, which you must order from your library—tout de suite. It is called “Fitz-George,” and is founded upon ten thousand scenes and incidents, which will be as familiar to us, because as personal to our friends, as any in the whole range of fiction. The principal characters involved in the narrative are George the Third as Lord Fitz-George, and Queen Charlotte as his Lady. Augustus Fitz-George, the hero of the story, is described as monarch himself. Besides these we have Sheridan as Drury Borrowman, Fox as Leppard, Pitt as Mr. Graves, Colonel Hanger as Colonel Fitzmaurice, Lady Jersey as Mrs. Jennigen, Mrs. Robinson as Juliet, Mrs. Fitzherbert as Emily, Beau Brummel as Sir Nicholas Bobadil, Mr. Spenser as Mr. Percival, Lady Louisa as Queen Caroline, Dangle as Lord Malden, and last, not least, Mr. Birch as our own glorious Lord Chancellor.

By way of giving a forecast of these interesting pages, I shall send you an account of what the author considers to have been the mark of George the Fourth’s ambition.

“He aspired not to shine in the senate, or in the field; he gave not up his days or nights to the study of philosophy, or the cultivation of letters, and for one hour that he spent with any other book, he spent five with the pattern book. It is, no doubt, a very interesting and curious study, to men who have minds capable of that high reach and deep profundity, to ascertain at each changing season of the ever-various year, what colours best become the infinite variety of the human complexion and countenance, modified as they incessantly are, by a changing climate, and by the unforeseen fluctuation of interests and political movements. The people of Asia, who live beneath a cloudless sky and an unrelenting, unresisted despotism, still keep the monotony of their garb and manners, wearing the same dress at the present day, and keeping the same customs to the present hour, as were worn and kept by the father of the faithful. It is not so
with European nations, especially the English;—they are constantly changing the
shape and colour of their attire, and are progressing, in an infinite course, towards un-
attainable perfection. Seeing this peculiarity, and observing its foundation in a deep
and curious principle, Fitz-George bent all the powers of his mighty mind to modify
and regulate these changes. While common minds, and the thoughtless mass of man-
kind, carelessly, clamorously, and impatiently lend their bodies for a few minutes to the
tailor’s measures, and thus encourage or tolerate the production of ill-formed habiliments,
the glory of Fitz-George to think, that whatever was worth doing at all was worth
doing well. He received not his tailor impatiently, nor dismissed him hastily, and while
he was employed in the work of admeasurement, and in consultation and investigation of
shape and colour, his mind was not idly wandering away after matters of minor impor-
tance, but he bent his whole powers to the subject, and gave it the deepest and closest
attention. Blue, black, brown, green, pink, are words by which the indiscriminating
many express the diversity of colour, but the eye of Fitz-George was far more recondite.
Amidst the primary colours he had discernment to distinguish an infinite variety of
shades, and to ascertain which was the most beautiful and most appropriate; and of the
many artisans who were at various times employed to embody the creations of his bril-
liant imagination, not one has been found who ever detected the slightest inaccuracy in
Fitz-George’s taste. Whatever colour, or whatever shade and combination of colour he
might fix on as the most beautiful for the time being, was sure to be the very perfection of
beauty. He was

‘‘Through all the realms of beauty absolute.’’

But the book, par excellence, the dear, delightful, fascinating, irresistible,
little book—is a new volume of beautiful songs, by Barry Cornwall—songs
full of thought, passion, impulse—melody in the very verse—in short, all per-
fection. Beranger would envy them—nay, he would enrich the lyric poetry of France by a translation. And yet they are almost purely English, for they
abound in English pathos—English feeling—English influences—ay—and
sweet, mild, gentle ones, too, that almost make one in love with the author.
You must send me a garland of your freshest flowers, in return for the pretty
selection I have made from this bijou of a volume.

LOVE THE POET, PRETTY ONE!

“Love the poet, pretty one!
He unfeath’r knowledge fair,
Lessons of the earth and sun,
And of azure air!
He can teach thee how to reap
Music from the golden lyre:
He can shew thee how to steep
All thy thoughts in fire!
Heed not, though at times he seem
Dark and still, and cold as clay:
He is shadowed by his Dream!
But ‘twill pass away.
Then—bright fancies will he weave,
Caught from air and heaven above:
Some will teach thee how to grieve;
Others, how—to love!
How from sweet to sweet to rove—
How all evil things to shun:
Should I not then whisper—’Love—
Love the poet, pretty one!’”

Montgomery has published his “Messiah,” but I leave that to you and the
critics to manage between you. And now let me tell you that our immortal
poet and conjuror, Moore, has found out Heaven knows how many unpublished
poems of Byron, and been bringing them all out in the first volume of the
new edition of his works, which are so prettily illustrated with engravings, by
Mr. Murray. The author of “Darnley,” too, has produced his new novel,
LETTERS FROM LADY SOMEBODY.

"Henry Masterton," but I have hardly dipped into it yet; and after what I have just said of Byron's unpublished effusions, I know you will not be easy without a specimen. I send you his "Farewell to the Muse," with my best love.

"Thou power! who hast ruled me through infancy's days,
Young offspring of Fancy, 'tis time we should part;
Then rise on the gale, this the last of my lays,
The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,
Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing;
The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,
Are waited far distant on apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,
Yet even these themes are departed for ever;
No more beams the eyes which my dream could inspire,
My visions are flown, to return—alas, never!

When drained is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,
How vain is the effort delight to prolong!
When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,
What magic of Fancy can lengthen my song?

Can the lips sing of Love in the Desert alone,
Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign?
Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown?
Ah, no! for those hours can no longer be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived but to love?
Ah, surely affection ennobles the strain!
But how can my numbers in sympathy move,
When I scarcely can hope to behold them again?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers have done,
And raise my loud harp to the fame of my Sires?
For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone!
For Heroes' exploits how unequal my fires!

Untouch'd, then, my Lyre shall reply to the blast—
'Tis hush'd; and my feeble endeavours are o'er;
And those who have heard it will pardon the past,
When they know that its murmurs shall vibrate no more.

And soon shall its wild erring notes be forgot,
Since early affection and love is o'ercast:
Oh! blest had my fate been, and happy my lot,
Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the last.

Farewell, my young Muse! since we now can ne'er meet;
If our songs have been languid, they surely are few,
Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet—
The present—which seals our eternal Adieu."

Now, ma belle, as Don Carlos would say, adios! I have neither heart, nor pen, nor spirits to write more, and my letter is already so long that I question whether the mail will carry it. Yours

We have been obliged to leave unnoticed a great number of books—with several songs and prints—from a want of time and space necessary to do them justice. One more month shall see them righted.—Ed. L. M.
INTERIOR AND PLAN OF THE APARTMENTS
IN WHICH
MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE BERRI
WAS TAKEN PRISONER.

1. Closet concealed in the wall.
2. Steps to reach a concealed Closet.
3. The Chimney.
4. Window towards the Court.

5. An old broken Card Table, used for the Toilette.
6. Entrance Door.
8. A folding Chair used as a bed.

Scale two-eights to an Inch.
NATURE LA DUCHESS DE BERFI.

BY THE LADY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Taken from the 'Leisure Magazine and Museum' by special permission from the original artist.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM
OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.
IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.

What is the joy more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful"—Taming of the Shrew

JANUARY, 1833.

MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS DE BERRI.
(With a Portrait.)

"Care, that in convents only seals her eyes,
Whom youth calls folly, age as wisdom owns;
Fools, by not knowing her, outlive the wise;
She visits cities, but—she dwells on thrones."

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Without any particular political bias—
without entering into the grand question
of legitimate or democratic governments,
and firmly impressed with the notion that
a royal diadem is a crown of thorns, so
vexatious and heavy withal, that we mar-
vel how, in the present times, any per-
son can either be flattered, or hired, or
bribed into the annoyance of wearing one
—we, nevertheless, are desirous of pre-
senting to our female readers a sketch of
the trials of a woman and a princess, their
contemporary, who has shone in every
duty of feminine life, and who has
been proved as a devoted and affectionate
wife, a tender mother, and a faithful
widow.

It would be superstitious to dwell
on the circumstances that Caroline of
Bourbon was born in November, 1798;
that she was the only daughter of
Francis, hereditary Prince of Naples, and
Marie Amélie, Archduchess of Austria;
that she lost her mother when only three
years old; and that she was educated by,
and found a second mother in, the emi-
grant Countess of Latour, a virtuous and
high-born lady of Lorraine, who formed
the mind and language of the young
Caroline rather as an accomplished French-
woman than an Italian princess. In March,
1816, she was wedded to the Duke de
Berri, presumptive heir to the French
crown, and completely won the heart of
her somewhat wild husband, by the sweet-
ness and cheerfulness of her temper rather
than by her personal appearance, which,
even in the bloom of youth, never
could be considered more than pleasing.
This amiable temper, united with a real
benevolence of disposition, has made this
royal lady popular with every party in
France, however they may be opposed
to her family in political sentiments. In
July, 1818, she gave birth to a daughter,
who lived but two days. In September,
1819, Mademoiselle was born. The
Duchess de Berri wept when the infant
was shown to her beloved husband, be-
cause it was not a boy.

"Console yourself, my Caroline," re-
plied her husband, pressing his child to
his bosom: "if it had been a boy, my heir would have had to encounter all the machinations of the enemies of our house; but no one will be tempted to hate this dear little girl."

On the evening of February 13, 1820, her husband was murdered in her presence. The unfortunate Caroline was covered with the blood of his death-wound, and, after watching by his side during some hours of lingering agonies, she lost the husband of her youth, the father of her child and of an infant unborn. The depth of her affection could not then be fathomed, even by those who witnessed her passionate bursts of grief; but time has shown her faithfulness to his memory and her devotedness to his children.

There are many circumstances of powerful interest attending that political and domestic tragedy which our limits will not permit us to introduce, because the novelty of recent events in the historical romance of reality whose leaves are unfolding one by one before our eyes, and of which the Duchess de Berri is the living heroine, prevents us from enlarging on the well-known past, however worthy the attention of the biographer. The Parisian populace and army were alike disposed to pay the utmost respect to the bereaved princess. The following extract from the unpublished journal of an English gentleman then in Paris thus pointedly speaks:—

"In 1820 I was standing in the gardens of the Tuileries. The concourse of spectators awaiting the presence of some members of the royal family was immense. The Duchess de Berri was announced in the distance as having prepared to leave the palace. In an instant the heads of the multitude were uncovered. I awaited the actual presence or approach of royalty ere I thus gave an unmeaning or too servile homage. But the soldiery instantly struck my hat and commanded me to be uncovered. This was at least ten minutes before her Royal Highness's approach."

The royal widow gave birth to her fatherless infant, the ill-starred Duc de Bourdeaux, on the 29th of September, 1820. The event attending the birth of this unfortunate heir of Bourbon, in many instances like those of the son of James the Second of England, and Marie d'Este, were rendered still more similar by a protest published in all the English papers in the name of the Duc d'Orleans, declaring the birth of the young Bourbon to be an imposture. This document was denied by the house of Orleans; and whether it originated with Louis Philippe, or some officious friend, time will one day perhaps unveil, together with other mysterious transactions connected with the younger branch of the royal house of France. The publication seemed to produce no enmity between the then reigning family and the house of Orleans.

During the latter years of the restoration, the Duchess de Berri was the star of fashion, and the encourager of the fine arts; and under her benevolent and judicious auspices, Paris experienced a prosperity that it has since regretted. The character of the young widow was never blighted, and she united great economy with charity and liberality.

The conduct and adventures of the Duchess during the fatal three days of July, 1830—that revolution which disinherited her son,—and her subsequent exile at Holyrood, are minutely known to the public: we therefore hasten to the recital of her adventures during the summer of 1832.

Previous to this perilous undertaking, the Duchess de Berri received news of the death of her father, the King of Naples, who died November 8th, 1831. Although she had been somewhat prepared for this event, yet in the first announcement was announced in the most tender manner, she uttered a cry of anguish, and fell senseless on the ground. The death of the King of Naples had certainly been hastened by the events of the revolution of July, and by the painful circumstance of being forced to recognise the royalty of Louis Philippe to the prejudice of his grandson. An extract from one of his letters to his daughter, on this subject, will shew his feelings:—

"A king has often the most agonising duties to fulfil: mine are cruel—for I am both a father and a brother. It is my sister who dethrones my daughter, and if I take vengeance, it will be on my own blood. Ah! how different were the promises that your uncle of Orleans made me when I was in Paris, (June, 1830,) when he swore to me so solemnly that, if ever the chance should present itself, he would never profit to the disadvantage of your children; that he would never forget the pardon of the royal
family, or the affectionate welcome he received from us, when, in a state of destitution, he came and took refuge at the court of Naples.”

More than eighteen months had elapsed since the dethronement of Charles the Tenth, when his daughter-in-law, roused by the clamorous pamphlets daily issued by the Parisian press, resolved, by an undertaking of desperate courage, to prove to the world that she was really the mother of the Duc de Bordeaux,—for who but a mother would encounter the risks and the personal sufferings and privations which she has for her son? Early in the spring of 1832 she left England, in company with M. de Mesnars, an ancient friend of her husband’s, her first equerry; Mademoiselle Eulalie Kersabiec, and an attached servant or two. She was joined by the Count de Bourmont, who had resigned his command at Algiers. She landed in Holland, went up the Rhine, traversed Switzerland, Piedmont, and Italy, and, for a while, took up her residence in Massa, whence, in March, she sent her contribution to the poor of Paris, then subjected to all the horrors of the cholera, when that scourge first devastated the French capital. This donation, as might have been expected, was rejected by the government.

On the 30th of April the Carlo Alberto, a Sardinian steam-packet, was seized and searched, under suspicion of having on board the Duchess de Berry and suite. Her attendant, Mademoiselle Lebeschee, was found there, and was confined a close prisoner at Marseilles; but the Duchess de Berri had transferred herself at sea to the Sphinx, a Scotch vessel, and was finally landed on the coast of Provence. She traversed Provence in company with M. de Mesnars and M. de Bourmont. She went to Bourdeaux, walked on the public promenade of Tournay—went to the theatre, and there talked with the prefect, who little knew with whom he conversed. Then she travelled through Poitou, and finally arrived at La Vendée. She entered France, on this romantic expedition, with the staff of the pilgrim, rather than the sword of war. She declared war on a government which had an army four hundred thousand strong, a revenue of fourteen hundred millions of francs, two millions of national guards, and innumerable paid functionaries. She had no soldiers, no armed partisans—she had but a name, before which the government trembled, calling on all sides for succour. We have only space to form a slight journal of her adventures this summer whilst on her expedition to France.

The first day of June she arrived in Paris. On the 5th she assisted at the funeral of General Lamarque: she saw defile before her the long procession of citizens who followed the remains of the General to the cemetery. There she was among them in man's attire, her beautiful light hair tucked under a dark periouque, and her upper lip ornamented with a pair of sable mustachios. She finished the day at Tortoni's café, listening to the details of politicians on her expedition to the west, and their various opinions on her character and undertaking. Two days after she went to the Gymnase, the theatre she had so highly patronised. She arrived there without being preceded by her cortège in the royal livery; no royal box was open to receive her. The performance was spiritless, for it was during the reign of the cholera. The piece was “Les Jours des Charls IX.” and the admirable Leonide once more delighted her patroness with the talents she had so generously fostered, little thinking how near that patroness was to her.

After visiting every public place, either in her own habiliments, or more or less disguised, she was resolved to let the government know that she had passed eight days within the walls of their city of Paris. She wrote a visiting card, as to one of the same family, and, having enclosed it in a double envelope, she left it herself at the Tuileries. On the first of the inclosures she was forced to write “To the Queen”—on the second, “To her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans.” When the card was read, Marie Amélie saw with surprise thereon, “Madame Duchesse de Berri, Regente de France.” The very hour this freak was played, the heroine of this romance of reality departed from Paris, not by relays of post horses, but by the public diligence, in which she freely discussed the news of the day, the disturbances of the west, and other subjects connected with her own hopes and fears, with the people that chance had made her fellow-travellers.

In this manner she arrived at Nantes on the 9th June. The next day was Whit-
The conduct of this modern Judas forms a contrast to that of the faithful Breton female servants of Chateau Duguiny, who, though entrusted with the secret, and offered bribes of forty thousand francs each, nobly resisted the temptation. The names of these females, Charlotte Moreau, and Marie Bossy, will be recorded in history as an honour to their sex and country.

On the 31st of October she received letters from this Dreutz at the chateau, and appointed him to meet her again on the 6th of November. After this last interview, he gave information to the authorities of Nantes, and to General d'Hermancourt, that the Duchess de Berri was at the Chateau Duguiny, rue Haute de Chateau, and then about to sit down to table.

A strong military force of twelve hundred men, with double that number of national guards, accompanied by divers gendarmes and policemen, proceeded, at six o'clock in the evening of the 6th of November, to stop up all the approaches and avenues. The mayor, and two commissioners of police, obtained entrance into the house, after a good deal of delay and threats of having its gates forced. Search was made in every hole and corner of the premises, but though indications were met at every step that the Duchess was not far off, she was nowhere to be found. Three gendarmes, however, were stationed in each room for the night, and every precaution taken to prevent escape until morning, when a more minute inspection was to be made. The gendarmes in one of the upper rooms, finding the weather extremely cold, procured some wood, and lighted a large fire in the very fireplace in front of the closet in which the Duchess de Berri and her followers were concealed. This was in a small closet behind the chimney, the back whereof was a large plate of iron, which turned round on a pivot, and formed a double but small entrance into the closet. There was only a few feet square in that closet, and it had no window. For eight hours they resisted the heat to the utmost of their power; but finding themselves at last in danger of being suffocated, they called to the gendarmes to put out the fire immediately; and on this being done, the back of the chimney was opened, and they all crawled out, one

* See the design, accompanying this number, of the place in question, engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum;
after the other, more dead than alive from the horrid torture they had endured all night. Mademoiselle Kersabiec, in the dress of a servant, came out first: she was followed by the Duchess, then by the Count de Mesnars, and, lastly, by M. Guibourg, who very nearly fainted, and afterwards declared that he was so close against the chimney that every blow of the hammer with which the officers struck to ascertain whether it were hollow, went to his heart. The Princess, on coming into the room, immediately said, "It is unnecessary for you to continue your search,—I am the Duchess de Berri. Where is the General? I entrust myself to his known military honour. If there is a guilty person here, it is I alone: this gentleman and this lady have only obeyed my commands." The Princess was completely disfigured by the dust and dirt of the hole in which she had been so long shut up, but at the same time preserved her presence of mind: so, likewise, did Mademoiselle Kersabiec; but the Count de Mesnars and M. Guibourg were quite exhausted. The most respectful attentions were paid to the Princess, and great consideration to the other prisoners. Several places of concealment had been formed in the house, one capable of holding ten persons, which was discovered from the wall having been newly coloured. In another there were engines and tools for coating, a printing press, and a great number of proclamations, including one to the people of Nantes, in which the Duchess promises them, that if they would declare in favour of Henry V., the seat of Government should be fixed at Nantes during the whole duration of the regency. At ten the next morning they were conveyed to the fortress of Nantes, and their capture was made known by proclamation.

Under the table, in the room where the Duchess de Berri was apparently sitting when the alarm was given at the door below, a letter was found, which she had dropped in the hurry of the moment. It was from Paris, written with sympathetic ink, and it apprised the Duchess that her place of concealment had been discovered. M. Jauge, her banker, suspected as the writer, was consequently arrested at the Bourse, and no one but the gaoler allowed to see him.

Long before this fatal period had arrived, the chief of her party, seeing no chance of success, earnestly entreated the Duchess to withdraw from the perils which threatened her. Wandering in the environs of Nantes, she only escaped the active search made for her person by almost daily changing her abode and her disguise. Sometimes she wore the habit of a keeper of cows or sheep; at others, she appeared as a miller, then as the femme de chambre of some wealthy house, and afterwards as a peasant's wife. Not infrequently she eluded pursuit by being carried in a large bundle of hay upon the shoulders of some sturdy driver of a team of oxen. At length the Duchess was satisfied there was no safety for her but in large towns, but, at the same time, was ignorant of the new and rigid vigilance of the police, which ceased neither night nor day. She, consequently, determined to go to Nantes; she had several times resided there without detection, and the house of Mademoiselle Duguny was prepared for her. The police, however, had accurate information of her intentions, and posted numerous secret agents at every avenue, who discovered the Duchess coming through the town with Mademoiselle Kersabiec, of Port St. Martin, in the dresses of peasants. When the authorities entered the house, the dining-room was the first object of inspection. It had been decorated by herself with fleur-de-lis, and inscriptions bearing the words—"Navarino, Troadero, Algiers," &c. Fires were burning in several rooms.

Madame showed the holes burnt in her scorched dress to Gen. d'Hermancourt, saying, with a good-natured smile, "General, you have made war on me after the fashion of St. Lawrence;" for she and her faithful friends had nearly suffered the martyrdom of his gridiron.

All the friends taken with Madame petitioned to be allowed to share her prison. The Count de Guibourg had suffered so much during the agonising confinement of the night of their capture, that the life of the old man was despaired of for some time. The Count de Mesnars and Madame Kersabiec were allowed to embark with her, on the 9th November, on board the steamboat that conveyed her to the castle of Blaye. The unfortunate Princess was treated with the deepest respect and tenderness by the authorities of Nantes, and by the populace, at embarkation.

The castle of Blaye is noted in French history for having been the temporary resi-
Short and his Wife.

BY ANDREW PICKEN, AUTHOR OF "THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY."

All mankind, and particularly all womankind, should read the story of Sam Short and his Wife. It is full of pathos and diversion, for it is entirely about marriage, and that sort of thing; and marriage may be considered as a joke by some people, but it was no joke to Mr. Samuel Short.

In his youthful days Sam was an invertebrate joker, and grinned at his own wit like a very salamander. Other people laughed, too, when he spoke, either at the wit or at Sam, it matters little which. But these merry days are all past and gone. Sam is a married man now, and tied up," as he says himself, in a phrase that we do not at all like, seeing that it has a most ominous meaning.

I scorn to tell a story about a common plebeian. Sam, though he had a big head, that would make any candid phrenologist blush for his science, and arms that reached almost to his knees, was a born gentleman. That is to say, his papa was a gross little country squire, of a dumpling shape, with a head still bigger than Sam's, and chops that hung down like a flabby festoon, leaving beneath them a sort of wrinkle in the fat, which was sometimes out of courtesy called a neck, round which
was rolled a little round sausage-shaped string, called also by courtesy a cravat, which was regularly unwound every day when his worship sat down to dinner, for fear of a danger apprehended by his lady.

Our good friend Sam might have expected to be heir to the family estate, whenever the apoplexy might in due time carry off the old gentleman, only that he chanced to have a brother, whose name had been entered in the church books some two years before his own; which made him lament, with a grave meditation, that all brothers should not be elder brothers. So, then, the young squire, who, without any fault of Sam's, had had this invidious advantage over him, was wont to laugh at Sam, and call him an ass, and to drive him about like an old boot.

Sam, having thus irreverently been considered a sort of excrescence on his father's family, or rather, as his brother called him, a "Jack-of-nothing," his dumpling parents did not know what to make of him. Sometimes the honest people, living, as they did, in the desert parts of England, thought of making Sam a high vicar, or prebend, who should receive tithes, and make others work, in the usual way. But though the fine boy did not want for certain qualifications for high situations, such as a wholesome dulness and a reasonable share of obstinacy, he somehow could not be got to "take in" the dead languages and the learning, and so this scheme fell to the ground. Sometimes it was planned that he should be sent abroad into the West Indies, from which, via Lombard Street, some part of the old gentleman's income was half-yearly drawn. But Sam's mamma having had some broad insinuations that the West India negroes were nothing but cannibals, who kidnapped the plumpest and the fairest youths for culinary purposes, how did she know but some fine morning they might eat her Sam clean up, should she trust so tempting a morsel so far out of sight. In this way all schemes proposed for Sam were negatived, and so he was educated accordingly to learn nothing, and left of course to be good for nothing, excepting such feats of mischief in the neighbourhood as he had the genius to attempt.

However, Sam having an uncle a Member of Parliament, this gentleman soon succeeded, on a change of the ministry, in getting him a place in a government office, where his principal qualification being that he knew nothing, his chief business was to do nothing at all, but to cut down the quills and waste the paper and the ink—to fill up his time; and in this department of Government he was able to acquit himself to the entire satisfaction of his superiors. Still this was rather a new life for Sam; for his companions in the office being rather genteel fellows—the sons of lords and baronets, introduced to these employments under the old regime,—and rather waggishly inclined, his wit and his wisdom, not to speak of his patience, were often sorely put to the test; for although his skull could not be said to be above an inch thicker than the very dullest on the face of the earth, Sam's reputation for stupidity and lack of brains became soon so great that he was a constant temptation to his fun-loving companions, as a butt for whatever jokes, practical and theoretical, they were for their own diversion enabled to invent.

Notwithstanding his sufferings, however, in his new life, Sam was by this time become what is by courtesy called a man; and it being a prejudice upheld by the females in that barbarous part of the country where Sam had spent his youth, that every man should have a wife, his mother thought that it was quite proper that her Sam should get married, like other men. This step seemed to Sam's friends peculiarly prudent under all the circumstances. Here was an opportunity! a perfect bonne bouche for some anxious girl; for Sam had several hundreds a year allowed him for wasting the stationery in his office; and besides this, his old father, with the string round his neck, had given sundry obscure hints of certain hundreds more if his son Sam would consent to marry and live like a gentleman.

Nor was our friend Sam so very unlikely a fellow, when one considers his income. Although, indeed, his arms were needlessly long, and swung about so that when he walked it was rather dangerous to go near him, yet his stump figure had shot up remarkably; and if his head was so big as to be very troublesome to his father, and rather too much of the cabbage-shape for a perfect Adonis, his rising shoulders began to keep that protuberance wonderfully in countenance. The worst thing about Sam's outward appearance, if we must tell the candid
truth, was his mouth, which, particularly when it pleased him to laugh, seemed more like an awkward incision in his face, extending from the one little whisker to the other, than a mouth such as ladies love to look at in any young officer or so, especially when adorned with a soft fringing moustache. But it is wonderful what a few hundreds or thousands a year will do for the looks of either man or woman! And after all, although there were great incongruities in the several individualities of Sam's person and features, his tout ensemble was passable enough, considering the present scarcity of husbands who have any tolerable income.

The lady on whom Sam condescended to fix his eyes for a wife, or rather who fixed her eyes and her heart on Sam and the six hundred a year, was a Miss Julia Bainbridge, a clever, and indeed a sensible girl, whose father was nothing at all, only a perfect gentleman without any money; and Miss Bainbridge being also nothing at all, only a perfect lady, it could not be supposed that she should have any money whatever. Under these disconsolate circumstances, any sort of passable husband, with a sure six hundred per annum, was by no manner of means to be sneezed at in these hard times; so the lady lent a favourable ear to Sam's addresses. She was quite aware that Sam was not exactly what she could have wished, in respect of brightness, "and all that sort of thing:" but it was not for a lady without fortune to look very narrowly into such matters, with a gentleman having six hundred a year: and truly for such as her to look for a gentleman, in these times, possessed of both sense and money, may be well considered as somewhat unreasonable.

With respect to the paying of the addresses, how Sam managed the delicate little matters of the courtship—how he had the courage to speak to a clever woman at all on such a subject—in what way and manner he went about it—how he wrought himself up to the ticklish business of the question—and how he did get through with the whole affair, having to do with so smart and sly a girl as Miss Bainbridge—was a matter of great curiosity with his wagish companions in the office. When they learned, however, that it was all settled, and that Sam was to patronise the white cockade on a particular day, and that the gloves were to be forthcoming for certain, they gave Sam a piece of advice, which seemed to him so reasonable, that he was determined to profit by it. "Now," said they, "Sam, you are going to be married. Marriage is a serious affair to a man of your tender and sheepish disposition; but, in short, you must have courage."

"Courage?" said Sam, "I have courage. What do you mean?"

"We simply mean, that Miss Bainbridge is a clever girl."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, you know, Sam, the usual consequence of gentle youths like yourself marrying clever girls. In short, Sam, if you don't mind your eye, you'll be henpecked; that's as clear as moonshine."

Sam assured them most seriously that that would never be the case; but the bare idea was a staggerer, for all that.

"Take our advice," said they; "begin with her as you mean to end. Take her in time, Sam; else you'll be sure to get regularly under a system of——"

"A system of what?" said Sam, in growing consternation.

"A system of petticoat government, and to be led by the nose like a——"

"That I never will!" exclaimed Sam, thumping his fist on the desk, and feeling all the manly blood in his veins stirred up within him.

"Then you won't be a Jack-about-the-doors to Mrs. Short?"

"That I never will!" said Sam again: "my resolution is taken."

"Bravo, Sam. Give us your hand upon it. Now begin in time; the very wedding day. That's the way to manage them."

Sam majored about the office in all the pride of manly resolution, determined that no woman that ever stepped should rule and reign over him, as long as his name was Sam Short. Conformable to this wise resolve, he made up his mind that he would not only begin on the wedding day, but even before it, merely to impress Julia Bainbridge with the idea that he was a man, and would not be bamboozled by the women. Accordingly the same night an occasion unexpectedly offered, wherein Sam had opportunity of acting in the most manly manner.

It happened that Sam had agreed to take a pleasant and love-like walk with Miss Bainbridge in the evening, it being summer; and their road having been
agreed upon, away they went together. Sam spoke little, as usual, for, indeed, he had nothing to say; and Julia, thus left to think of herself, what should she be thinking of but the house that was getting ready for herself and Sam, and of the six hundred a year, of which she intended to take the chief command. While the lovers were thus pleasantly occupied, three young ladies came up, former acquaintances of the intended Mrs. Short, and as, upon explanation, it appeared they were all going the same way, Miss Bainbridge, feeling rather a paucity of conversation with Sam, proposed that her friends should join the society of her and her intended; and one of them taking her arm, they were just about setting forward together.

But was there an opportunity for Sam to show his manhood? Was he going to submit to be dragged about by a parcel of women? Not he. He would show Julia that he was not going to be henpecked. Accordingly, just as the right wing, consisting of the ladies, moved forward, Sam stood solidly still, refusing to budge one step; and when Miss Bainbridge inquired with astonishment what he meant, he merely stood looking like King Rosti-fusi in the play, and said he did not choose to go on now. The bride elect coloured up to the eyes, and the three ladies tittered; but all that his lady-love could say was of no avail: Sam would neither move nor say why; and while he now led his intended another road, the three ladies went forward, bursting with laughter.

Here was manliness and triumph in a lover! "What am I to do with such an idiot?" said Julia to herself, as she posted her way home. "But I knew he was a little eccentric, and it shall be by my part to civilise him, if I possibly can." In short, she did not like to think of the matter. She only liked to think of the six hundred a year.

The wedding day came. Ye powers, what a day! White favours and bride-cake—parsons and wedding rings—altars and vows—open books, and clergies, and amens—white gloves, and red blushes—smiling relations, and laughers behind backs. The old gentleman, with the string round his neck, attended, and coughed three times during the ceremony—(symptomatic of a legacy). Spend the honeymoon at home—wedding dinners, coos, and a bustle. The good old fashion and comfort in a family way: love and hobnobbing—toasts and aly looks: "The single married, and the married happy." But (confound all buts) symptoms—symptoms already, of—petticoat government!

It happened to have been proposed, but negatived, some time before, that the honeymoon should be spent by the happy pair at a favourite hotel, about ten miles distant. Some circumstance occasioned the subject to be spoken of to-night, when Mrs. Short happened to say that they had given up the idea, because she had objected. Sam considered this an alarming speech, and assured the company that the different arrangement had all taken place in pure obedience to his will and pleasure. Although the gentle bride did not choose to contradict her lord before company, she did not positively assent to his assertion, which made Sam become moody and meditative: he had determined to begin with Mrs. Short as she meant to end; and in order to show all concerned that he would not be under petticoat government, he resolved that they should yet spend the honeymoon in the said hotel; and, flushed with wine, and the sense of his own authority, he would even, late as it was, depart with his bride that very night.

His friends were astonished, and the whole house was turned into confusion. Some argued with him, and some laughed. The scene was altogether that of Catherine and Petruchio, only that the Catherine in this case was no shrew, and Sam had no sense; which made the Petruchio character perfectly ridiculous and bombastic. At two in the morning the carriage was at the door, which was to convey the happy pair to the hotel, only about ten miles distant. The bride was not in tears, but she burnt with shame before her visitors, who hurried off with many jeers and sneers about Sam and his domestic management.

Soon after his marriage, Sam, of course, began to experience the cares and consens of matrimony. The endless furnishings which his house required, and the no least endless dress required by Mrs. Short, left "the poor soul," as his companions called him, without one shilling to jingle against another; and his big head actually began to grow small with family anxiety. Besides this, he was dragged from house to house along with Mrs. Short, returning wedding visits and other plagues, until he had hardly time left to blow his nose, as
be used to do when he was a bachelor.

"What is the matter with you, Sam?" said his office friends, crowding round him, as he sat melancholy at his desk—

"You sit there, since your unlucky marriage, the perfect image of 'be gone, dull care;’ and your very shoulders are rising right over your head. Your voice has got a cowardly squeak in it, from habitual fear of a certain lady; and in short, Sam, petticoat government looks out of your very face."

"It's false!" said Sam—"I tell you it is!"

"You had better take warning in time, Sam," said another, shaking his head.

"You see what petticoat government has done for little Captain Squat—poor little soul, as good a fellow as ever drew a cork, before he was entangled with that big woman—but it's all up with him now."

"How? What's happened to Squat?" said Sam, interested.

"Why, ha'nt you seen the story in the newspaper? But I forgot; perhaps a certain lady won't allow you to read the newspapers. No wonder you're so ignorant."

The reproach went to Sam's conscience like a dart. Although he had no taste for newspaper literature, he had a way with him, that when he did take up the broad sheet, he would read it from end to end at a sitting, though it were the size of a mainsail; and he now remembered that his wife had one day got him coaxed to hand the newspaper to her, since which she had actually somehow contrived to keep such newssances entirely out of the house. That very afternoon, he went and subscribed for the Times, for he loved the largest paper he could find, because he thought that there she should get the most value for his money.

Next day at dinner he was duly invested with the paper, containing an additional sheet of advertisements, which he was determined he should read every word of, purely to show that he would do as he chose in his own house. This practice he continued from day to day, so that poor Mrs. Short could not get a word of his intelligent conversation; and when she ventured to object to it, this opposition not only determined him the more, but he now read some parts of the paper three times over, in order to show incontestably that he would do as he pleased, and would not be led by the nose by any woman. Mrs. Short saw that it was of no use to speak to him; so, having somewhat of a woman's tact, she thought she would try the effect of getting up an opposition hobby, which would at least serve to amuse herself. Being always fond of birds she immediately set about increasing her stock, and, in a few mornings after, had furnished herself with a long range of cages, and such an assortment of canaries and other foreign birds "as never was seen," stuck all about inside and out of their eating parlour. Then she had other parts of the house kept in a litter with blackbirds and blue-birds, and larks, and goldfinches, and bullfinches, and heaven knows what other finches, until Sam's house was turned into a perfect aviary, and the whistling and piping from the little throats of the captives was enough to have deafened the most determined reader that ever sat down to a newspaper. When this seemed to fail, Mrs. Short got a green parrot, and stuck it up directly over Sam's head, where it screeched and squalled such as no ears but his own could have stood.

Here was a glorious noisy house, and a capital revenge. Besides this, Mrs. Short having enticed Sam into saying that he was fond of birds, she managed to get the whole of this collection into the house, under the pretence of pleasing him; and, though there had been a million of them, he was too obstinate to retract or restrict his first saying. This eternal singing and screeching began, however, by degrees to be perfectly intolerable to Sam, although he was too dogged to say so; but still he stuck so determinedly over the newspaper that Mrs. Short thought she would try what a little jealousy would do, for she saw it would be impossible to lead this sort of life much longer. Mr. Sandiford, one of Sam's office friends, being now an occasional frequenter of the house, she tried a little friendly flirting with him, and got him to go completely with her into the scheme of the canary birds. Sandiford entering heartily into the joke, brought to the house birds and beasts to no end, and all, as it were, to please and gratify Sam, until the very air rung with "Nature's music"—the house became unsavoury with "Nature's fragrance"—the yard behind cackled with all manner of outlandish curiosities — and the very
Guinea pigs began to burrow in the parlour.

Sam now began to lose all patience, and to look with wrothful suspicion both upon Sandiford and the birds; for Mrs. Short seemed to have transferred all love, honour, and obedience from him, her lawful husband, to Mr. Sandiford and his beasts. And the latter, when spoken to, only laughed at his troubles, and took Mrs. Short’s part. At this juncture Sam positively began to be affected with jealousy. But he thought he could not decently “kick up a row” with Sandiford, because that polite gentleman had come to his house by his own invitation; and he, being also the very mischief for laughing and fun, was sure to bring Sam into ridicule with all his acquaintance. But “a row” must be had with some one, and that immediately.

Meanwhile, one morning he was at his newspapers as usual, when Mrs. Short begged him to lay them down for five minutes and condescend to speak to her; which he, being lord and master, and an offended lord too, did not think proper to do—it being so like yielding to petticoat government. Mrs. Short now said something rather sharp, which made Sam say something still sharper, particularly alluding to Mr. Sandiford and the birds. Mrs. Short replied that she loved the birds, because they were civil and did not read newspapers; and, as for Mr. Sandiford, she did not say that she hated him by any manner of means. This put Sam into a terrible rage, and confirmed all his suspicions. Mrs. Short having now left the room, he threw down the newspaper, and, without saying a word, he goes and opens every cage in the house, and lets off the canaries, and the bullfinches, and the other finches, who flew off every one “right away,” without ever bidding their mistress good-bye; and then going out to the back of the house, he totally revolutionised the Muscovy ducks and the Guinea pigs, and turned them off also about their business.

Having performed this feat he went to his office, frowning like General Bombastes when he returned from the wars, and glorying like Stephen Harrowby, the recruit, when he blew up the pig-sty. He now thought of nothing less than calling Mr. Sandiford to account; but on his arrival at the office he found, to his surprise, that that gentleman had gone off in haste; and to his farther inquiries he obtained no other satisfaction than sneers and strange looks. What was his astonishment in the evening, upon returning to his house, to find that the birds had not only flown, but Mrs. Short had flown too; and the servants being unable to tell any thing of her destination, but that she had taken several trunks with her, and that a gentleman had handed her into a coach, he immediately saw it must have been Mr. Sandiford, with whom his naughty wife had run off at last, and the whole business was as clear as day. Here was a catastrophe for an ill-used man!—Lawyers, and briefs, and compensations for injury—consultations, affidavits, and red tape—long speeches, and “gentlemen of the jury”—newspaper notoriety, and damages ten thousand pounds.

Sam flew everywhere to tell his sorrows. Some advised him to run and pursue the delinquents, although he had heard nothing certain concerning them, and dared not return to his office till his honour was cleared up—while others advised him to fight, as the first preliminary step in the business. This was against the law and the Gospel, yet Sam was determined to show himself a man, as he had done all along. Seconds surrounded him, who would stand by him as long as he had a button on his coat. The whole world was now in an uproar. Sending of challenges, and appointing of meetings—Chalk Farm, and five in the morning! Vindication of honour, and fight to the last! Friends in the hour of danger, and shaking of hands! Surgeons in attendance, and undertakers ready! Blood, and wounds, and sticking plaster!!

Sandiford answered the challenge with all solemnity; but his note had no signature, and he insisted on fighting at a place of his own appointing, about thirty miles distant. This was at length agreed to, and all Sam’s friends were on the qui vive. They met in an inn the night before to arrange the business, and drink a bowl to the strengthening of Sam’s courage, meaning to set off at one in the morning to be on the ground in time. They took with them an elderly Frenchman, named Quinconque, one of their acquaintances, who they averred was a connoisseur in matters of honour, and recommended Sam to put himself entirely un-
der Monsieur Quiconque's directions. On their arrival at the inn, however, Sam found so much laughter going on that he became rather restive, and even began to deny the infallibility of Monsieur Quiconque. The Frenchman, however, insisted that he was able to keep Sam from being shot in the forthcoming duel, or not, just as he pleased, and in fact said he would make Monsieur Sam do as he liked. Sam vowed that he would not move nor budge, neither for woman nor Frenchman. Monsieur Quiconque then offered to lay a bet with Sam, that if he only placed himself on a seat in that room where they were, he would make him get up from it without ever touching him, or even the seat where he sat. Sam instantly took the bet, and the delighted wags began their proceedings.

They were seated at one end of a long room, which, being occasionally used for public purposes, contained a number of forms, piled one above another at the opposite end from where our party sat. The party rising together to see this experiment upon Sam, they proceeded to the farther end of the room, when the Frenchman ordered Sam to mount to the topmost form, and there to seat himself, stating, that if he did not make him descend without doing any thing else to him but using certain words, he, Monsieur Quiconque, was willing to lose his bet. Sam clambered up the forms confidently, and seating himself firmly on the uppermost, he held it with both hands, to make sure that he might not be made to fly off by any cabalistic words that the Frenchman might utter. The party stood round, and the Frenchman began: "Monsieur Sam Short," said he, in a conjuring tone, "I call upon you to come down—once!"

"No, faith!" said Sam, firmly.

"Monsieur Sam Short, I say again to you, come down!"

"The deuce a bit I'll move for you, Mr. Frenchman," said Sam, holding on by the form.

"Monsieur Sam Short, I say to you, for de third and last time, you shall come down!"

"It's no use preaching, Mr. Frenchman," said Sam, clutching the form more firmly; "so you'll lose your bet."

"Then, Monsieur Sam Short, you don't mean to come down after my third call?"
sisted should be settled "there and then," before they left the inn, throwing out such imputations upon Sam's courage as his friends decided could not be born with the least honour; urging also that one affair of this delicate nature should be got rid of before they proceeded to another. There seemed no other possible alternative to save the honour of both but that Sam and the Frenchman should give each other "satisfaction" _sur le champ._

The customs of Monsieur Quiconque's country sanctioning the use of swords as the most honourable in the _duello_, this expedient would remove all objections to the quarrel being adjusted on the spot; and a pair of swords being accordingly procured, and seconds having been duly chosen, Sam stood up, sword in hand, to fight his blood-thirsty adversary. According, however, as the Frenchman looked fierce, Sam began to look foolish, and to wish himself fairly out of the fray; and by the time the naked swords crossed one another, and clanked together with a fearful crash, Sam's eyes began to see dimly, and the Frenchman's, he thought, seemed to flash fire, while the terrific Quiconque looked exactly as if, in the first pass, he should run him through the body. The Frenchman now stamped terrifically with his fore foot, and made his naked sword gleam in Sam's eyes in such a manner as seemed to threaten him with instant death; when, at this critical moment, the door of the room opened, and in walked Sam's father, leading forward his own dear runaway wife, Mrs. Short, accompanied by the landlord of the house, and Mr. Sandiford, and a whole company of friends and acquaintances.

"Hey-day, Sam! What's all this? What the deuce does the fool mean?" said the old gentleman; and instantly coming up between Sam and the Frenchman, he struck the sword out of his son's hand with his stick, and made it spin to the opposite side of the apartment.

"You incorrigible ass!" resumed the old gentleman, "is it not enough that you make yourself the laughing-stock of all who know you, and the worry and torment of this patient lady, your wife, but you must be bringing me up to town to get you out of your scrapes. I see how it is: these gentlemen, who cannot even now restrain their laughter, have been getting up this duel, which the landlord has told me of, to make a butt of you, as usual. Down on your knees, Sir, this instant! and ask pardon of this injured lady."

"And did she really not run away with Mr. Sandiford, after all?" said Sam, sheepishly, looking in amazement, first at his father and then at his wife.

"I never even left town since I last saw you," said Sandiford, "as all my friends there, and Monsieur Quiconque himself, can witness."

"I have the honour to swear one grand oath, that it is veritable true," said the Frenchman, laying his hand on his heart, "and that my honour is quite satisfae avec Monsieur Sam Short's grand courage."

"And I am quite satisfied, too," said the old gentleman, chuckling, and shaking his large chops with laughter; and as for Mrs. Short, she has been in my house ever since she left you. Down, Sir, and beg your amiable wife's pardon."

"I will," said Sam penitently, and going on his knees, "if Julia will consent not to bring back the birds and the screeching parrot."

"I promise that, Sam, at once," said Mrs. Short, "if you will give up the great broad newspaper."

"Well, I will—I do promise," said Sam, looking sadly round the circle of his laughing acquaintances, and observing his father's stick held threateningly over his head.

"Harkee, young man," rejoined the old gentleman, "you shan't bring me up to town again to rectify your follies; but let me tell you, once for all, that when fools like you, who cannot take care of themselves, are lucky enough to get married to sensible women that are able to guide them, it becomes them to submit to that fair good sense of which they are themselves destitute, and to go quietly and contentedly through the world as they can: so, Sam, listen no more to the waggery of those who make a laugh of you, and never let me, after this day, hear another word about petticoat government."

Sam promised every thing, being now little in conceit with his own talents; went home and did as he was bid, and finally became an excellent nurse of the young Shorts, which soon after began to gather round him. After this affair, though he was sometimes laughed at as a "Jack-about-the-doors," his wife said, truly, that that was the only office he was good for; and the only way in which such folk as themselves could live together and be reasonably happy.
THE TRAVELLER’S ADDRESS TO HIS NATIVE RIVER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE “SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.”

I marked Thamesis,* where his waves
Disport ’tween banks of flowers,
And where, in majesty, he laves
Proud palaces and towers;
But saw no beauties I could deem
So bright as thine, my native stream.

I trod the winding banks of Loire,
Vines showering grapes to earth,
And beauty, to the rustic choir
Dancing, all youth and mirth;
But still my heart from that sweet dream
Roved back to thee, my native stream.

Where Danube o’er the steep rock dashes,
Tumultuous, loud, and boiling,
And high in air the bright foam flashes,
I stood without recoiling;
But thought, o’er thee when lightnings gleam,
Thou art as grand, rock-guided stream.

On Guadalquivir’s banks I roved,
Where castles frowned of yore,
And knighthood fought, and ladye loved,
And sang the dark-eyed Moor;
But thy romance I did esteem
More sweet, my own tale-hallowed stream.

Then on thy banks I’ll rear a bower,
The morn shall fragrance bring,
The breeze waft balm at noontide hour,
At eve the glad bird sing,
And life a dream of Eden seem,
By thee, my long-loved native stream.

A LOVER’S TRIALS.

I AM the most unfortunate of mankind.
These degenerate days are ill adapted for
the display of those tremendous feelings
with which my prodigious soul is inspired.
Had I lived in the times of chivalry, when,
with my lance in rest, I could have sat
like a tower of pride upon my war-horse,
hurling defiance against all mankind, and
cherishing one only love in my heart of
hearts, then, indeed, my life would have
been something worth having — then I
might have given way to all my fancies,
and sent those knights, whom my valour
had vanquished, to plead my cause with
the princess to whom my vows were
plighted — then a single thrust of my spear
or wave of my battle-axe would have suf-
ficed to settle all the scruples of fathers
and guardians: but now, by some strange
oversight of our legislators, it is actually
considered illegal to exterminate impertin-
ent old men who talk to you about set-
tlements and jointures; and even finish-
ing a lawyer might subject you to a dis-
agreeable acquaintance with the finisher
of the law. Had my lot been cast in more
modern times, in the glorious days of the
Turpins and Duvals, I might have enjoyed

* The classical name of the river Thames.
myself after my peculiar fancy,—trotting gallantly up to a splendid carriage crossing the heath at midnight, when only the moon shed a dubious light upon the scene, and, with all the politeness of a gentleman, putting a pistol to the head of the ancient nobleman in the corner, stilling the fears of his two angelic daughters with some elegant compliments to their beauty, and then, clapping spurs to my nag, and riding off with the nobleman's purse in my pocket and the ladies' necklaces and bracelets in my bosom. Ah! that were indeed an adventure worthy of an aspiring mind; but now, even stopping an old farmer on his way home from market, might render you liable to transportation or the treadmill. Shameful degeneracy—barbarous age! Our manners are like the close-shaved hedges of the gardens of Louis the Fourteenth—one dull, dead level, extending from one end to the other; and if one sprig more aspiring than the rest soars out of the contemptible and tasteless uniformity, the hard-hearted gardener seizes it in its palmy prime and remorselessly clips it off. But what is to become of those whose hearts, like that of Coriolanus, are "too big for what contains them"—of those who, "cheated by Nature of their fair proportions," are perhaps not more than five feet high, and yet have souls large enough for a captain of grenadiers? What is to become of them in these piping times of peace, when there is no way left to them to show the magnanimity of their spirits, unless by endangering their necks? Murder, I have said, is dangerous; robbery not genteel. What resource, then, is left for our bold youth to attract observation, and open a safety valve for the fierceness of their temperament? Love. Yes, beautiful reader, whom in fancy's eye I now see weeping over my intolerable woes, love is the only method I can discover of rendering myself illustrious; and, by the soul of Hero and Leander, Petrarch and Laura, Werter and Charlotte, I swear I will render myself an illustrious lover. I will love with all my might. But, alas! even over this ennobling passion the dullness of our modern times has cast its degrading influence. Who has the courage to love now as they used to do in the golden days of that divinity, when years of tears and groans had to be passed, battles fought, castles scaled, and catacombs scended, before a single smile could be obtained; when fiery dragons had to be overcome, enchantments broken, and kings taken captive, before the lover could expect the maiden's hand? This is the manner in which love ought to be cultivated. But is it so? No. Everything is settled now as a mere matter of business. A few meetings at evening parties, a few morning calls, a few quiet dinners with the family, a few tunes on the harp, a consultation between the respective solicitors, bridecake, white dresses, traveling carriage, and next morning appears the announcement, "Married at St. George's, Hanover-square," &c. &c.

But is it impossible to break through this formal manner of conducting the most interesting, which ought also to be the most romantic, incident of a man's life? I have tried; but hitherto with no particular success. One evening, in July last, I was quietly pursuing my way along Threadneedle-street, having filled my pockets with the incomparable biscuits of Le Mann, when luckily, at the corner of Bishopsgate-street, I saw a hackney coach filled with ladies. The driver had left his horses, or fallen off the box, and the spirited animals were swinging along at a trot of four or five miles an hour. The situation of the ladies was one of imminent danger. In a moment I resolved upon my course of action. I painted to myself the dreadful fate of those interesting females, if their vehicle came in contact with a prodigious van—if their fair limbs were mangled by a brewer's dray, or their beautiful faces disfigured by the wheel of an omnibus passing over their delicate features. Anxious to shield them from such an appalling fate, I rushed towards the carriage, in the heedlessness of my anxiety forgetting to seize the horses. I opened the door: "For heaven's sake, ladies," I exclaimed, "trust yourselves to me!" They looked astonished at my appearance and language, especially as I had to run at the side of the vehicle while I addressed them. They made no answer, and I perceived they were quite unaware of their peril. "Hesitate not a moment!" I said; "throw yourselves into my arms. The jaws of destruction are open to receive you." "Jaws! jaws!" exclaimed the matron of the party, a lady of considerable age and a remarkable stoutness of configuration; "Whose jaws are open, young
man?" "Destruction's, madam," I continued, now getting a little out of breath with my exertions in keeping up with the coach: "the horses are running away—an omnibus I see is approaching—fly into my arms!" At this instant I was felled to the earth in an agony of pain. The wheel had gone over my foot and squeezed some extremely sensitive corns, and the fat lady, giving a loud scream on discovering her danger, flung her gigantic weight upon my bosom, expelling every breath from my body with the impetus of a battering ram, and, as I imagined at the time, dislocating my neck.

When I recovered my senses, the stout lady was busily applying her handkerchief to free her gown from the stains it had contracted by immersion in the mud. She looked at me with an expression of anger, for which I found it difficult to account. Writhing with pain, and still reclining in the gutter, I opened my eyes but for an instant, and closed them again, murmuring, "I have saved the young and beautiful from a terrible death, and I die contented." A crowd had now collected round us, and I was speedily raised from the ground by a gentleman of the most fascinating appearance I had ever seen. Deep dark eyes gave an expression of daring courage to his face, which was further heightened by the unassuming moustaches which enveloped his mouth. He supported me in his arms, and truly I needed all the support he could afford me when the stout lady commenced her address. "Let the good-for-nothing little wagabond souse into the mud," she began; "hoaxing decent folk against horses running off, and spoiling my new gown of best gros-de-Naples." And then she renewed her labours, endeavouring to cleanse it from its sable stains. "But, may be," she continued, "he is a thief, and took this way of picking my pocket; and really and truly I declare my ridicule is disappeared." She now waxed very loud in her complaints, and was approaching, as I imagined, to lay violent hands upon me, when the gentleman, who still allowed me to lean upon him, whispered in my ear, "I say, have you really nibbled the bag? You and I will go snacks; but bolt is the word in the mean time." I did not exactly comprehend his meaning; but guessed that he inquired whether or not the lady's accusation was well founded. I answered him indignantly, "Bag! I take the lady's bag? No; my sole effort was to save the lovely ladies from an overhanging fate." "We had better disperse," resumed my kind supporter, "or there may be a hanging fate left for ourselves. Will you share the booty?" "I have no booty to share; my foot is prodigiously sore, and I think the fat old lady has broken every bone in my skin." "Surved you right, you spooner," replied my friend, giving me a strong push from him, which sent me with inanimate force against the unfortunate lady, and squeezed her bonnet into the most frightful shape. "I thought you was one of us; but I suppose it's Bill Fitcher as has taken the old lady's ridicule." In a moment he had disappeared, and my senses nearly left me. I have a very confused recollection of the conclusion of the adventure. I remember something about a pump, and being held forcibly under it till my clothes were saturated with water, then of being kicked and thumped for a considerable period, till at last I was rescued by a body of police, and carried home and carefully put to bed. I forgot to mention that Le Mann's biscuit, my handkerchief, and my purse, containing three and sixpence, besides one of the tails of my coat, were irrecoverably lost. My handsome friend with the moustaches probably appropriated those articles to himself as a slight reward for his interference in my behalf.

This was an overwhelming disappointment. I had raised a splendid superstructure of romance from the incident I have related. I had painted the beautiful eyes of the young creatures I had heroically saved, beaming upon me with gratitude; I had pictured to myself the bewitching modesty with which I would turn away from their protestations of obligation; but it shows what a dull prosaic age we live in, that an adventure of this kind, instead of terminating in love and marriage, led only to bumps and bruises—to being ducked on suspicion of picking other people's pockets, and to giving thieves a favourable opportunity of picking one's own. Yet perseverance is certain to be rewarded with success. Though foiled in one attempt at commencing a "passion" in a manner somewhat out of the common way, I was by no means discouraged. I have tried it again and again. Having seen a beau-
A Lover's Trials.

At the drawing-room window of a house in Islington, I walked regularly before it for several weeks. At last, as I could imagine no other method of obtaining an interview with the object of my admiration, I resolved to work upon her compassion. Ladies, I exclaimed, and especially young ones, are easily susceptible of pity—and pity, the poet tells us, is a step to love. If I could only get wounded in her defence—if I could get run through the body in saving her from the sword of an assassin—if I could get tossed twenty feet into the air in saving her from the horns of a bull—then, as she watched my gradual recovery, and my restoration to my former health and strength, compassion would easily pave the way for a deeper and warmer feeling. But there are no assassins, and very few bulls, at Islington. I resolved, however, to make an attempt to get myself under her care. Surely, I said, if I am dashed off a fiery charger at her very door, it will be impossible for her to refuse me admittance. Stunned—senseless—pale—I shall be a wonderfully interesting object; and once admitted to the same house, every thing else will follow as a matter of course. I went and hired a horse: as I approached the mansion where lived "the lady of my love," I urged at the rein, and inserted the spur, and plied the whip—in vain. The insensible animal would not get out of a slow trot on any account. If I ceased the most active exertions, the animal's pace degenerated into a walk. But fired with the ingenuous plan I had discovered, I laboured with the most astonishing perseverance, and for a few yards I thought, at one time, I had inveigled it into a canter. At last I reached the door. No effort would induce the courser to kick; and looking round to be assured that nobody observed me, I let myself slip quietly off, in hopes of reaching the ground unhurt.

Alas! I scarcely reached the ground at all. I had neglected to free one of my feet from the stirrup, and though one leg touched the stones, the other was suspended high in air. The horse continued its usual pace, and I was forced to hop as fast as I could in order to keep up with it. I saw house after house disappearing in this rapid progress, and I would have given any thing I possessed to have stopped. Holding with one hand by the mane, and with the other endeavouring to ease my foot from the stirrup leather, my position was far from agreeable. I cried "woe, woe," as loud as I was able—I clutched at the rein, but unfortunately missed it. At length, worn out with my exertion, and despairing of ever coming to a stand, I gave up all efforts to support myself by the mane, and threw myself back in sheer despair. By some means or other, just at this moment my foot got disentangled, and as I lay in a vast quantity of mud, which the scavengers had gathered into one heap, I saw the insensible brute, the cause of all these misfortunes, jogging quietly on up the Great North Road as if nothing had happened. Some boys, who saw my disaster, overtook and stopped him. I got up and remounted as well as I was able, amidst tumultuous cries of "twig the tailor." "This here is the wonderful Moshy Ducrow." The crowd increased as I proceeded, and I found it more than ever impossible to urge my steed into a pace that would have freed me from their persecutions. On passing the door which I had expected to see opened to receive me in the character of an interesting invalid, I had the satisfaction to see the same beautiful face which had haunted my dreams for so long a time, apparently in an agony of laughter at my ridiculous situation. My cavalcade escorted me in grand procession to the stable at which I had hired my Bucephalus, and my progress was like a triumph in the saturnalia. "This here is the wonderful Ducrow as falls off his 'oss at a walk," was the unanimous cry. I slunk home as quietly as I could, covered about a foot thick with gray mud. I was half afraid the emissaries of M'Adam would indict me for absconding with a large portion of the road. But what are these little misfortunes when the undaunted spirit rises above them—when hope, from every new fall, receives, like the giant Antaeus, only a new stock of courage to proceed. Impossible, thought I to myself, that fortune should always delight in persecuting the aspiring. Surely there are many ladies, with souls above the miserable prejudices of the world, who would prefer an adorer, recommended to their notice by his own ingenuity in making their acquaintance, to a common-place lover, recommended to them by their sires.

I vowed, in the enthusiasm of the
moment, never to fall in love with any lady with whose name I was acquainted, or to whom I had been introduced. And yet it was impossible to exist without falling in love with some one or other. A heart without love, I cried, is a year without a spring—a garden without a flower; and I addressed myself with all possible diligence to discover some young lady with whom to fall in love. I watched all day, at the crossings of the streets, to be ready to save some unprotected damsel from the dangerous velocity of the cabs. On one occasion a lady was stepping across the Strand, while a coach was bearing down upon her with the rapidity of a thunder-bolt: I darted like a sunbeam, to apprise her of her danger, but miscalculated my impetus, and, instead of propelling her gently out of the sphere of peril, I pushed her with such amazing impetuosity that she could not resist the impulse till she had broken about a dozen panes in the opposite shop. I was making many apologies, and preparing precipitately to retire, when the tradesman and all his clerks rushed upon me with the utmost fury, accused me of maliciously knocking an old woman through their window, and concluded by handing me over to the new police. The indignation of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, and it was only by the greatest exertions of the civil force that they were prevented from sacrificing me on the spot. At last I came to the resolution to allow women to be run over as often as they pleased. However, I soon discovered a really fine opportunity of falling in love. I had occasion to go to York. I went inside the mail. Sitting opposite me, in the full flush of beauty, was a young lady of extremely interesting appearance. She did not appear to be more than eighteen years of age. What! is it possible, I thought, that fortune favours me at last? Has her malice against me ceased, and does she reward me with the company of this charming stranger for all the miseries with which she has hitherto afflicted me? My companion seemed sad. I love sad people: they are generally sentimental. I waited till we had left the city far behind us, and we were rolling along the smooth frosty road, before I entered into conversation. At last I exclaimed—"How beautiful, oh maiden, are the tints of autumn, with its seared leaves lying like withered garlands on the dead body of the year!" The lady looked at me with an expression of surprise, and only bowed in answer to my remark.—"There is something," I continued, "that has a pleasing yet melancholy tendency to rivet youthful hearts in the chains of an undying affection in the month of December. Don't you think so?"—"The young lady bowed again, and looked out of the window.—"Madam," I exclaimed, "I love that pensive melancholy which pervades your countenance, beautifying every feature, as softening moonlight pours a sombre loveliness o'er the enchanting landscape. Permit me to ask, are you sad?" My companion said a few words which I did not understand.—"Ah," I replied, "I see— you are quoting some foreign sentiment— tearful enough, I dare say, from the tone in which you speak; but unluckily I understand no language but my own. Yet, why, oh! loveliest of your sex, make such a declaration in your presence, when my heart tells me that I understand in a moment the language of those eyes? Yes, trust to me at once. I have long been anxious to discover an object worthy of my devotion; and here, without the dull forms of courtship, let me make you an offer of my heart and hand. You are silent. Bless thee, oh! best and loveliest," I continued: "I take sweet silence for consent; and Gretna Green shall render us the happiest lovers that ever hallowed earth by the glory of their perfect felicity since the good old times of Adam and Eve." In this way, enraptured with my good fortune, I continued, and poured forth a history of my thoughts and feelings for many years. My companion was still silent, or at times replied to me in the same language as before. Day flew rapidly away, evening began to deepen into night, and I was the happiest of mankind. As darkness fell upon the scene, I saw that sleep weighed upon the eyelids of the beauteous stranger, and, overcome with my own good fortune, I also surrendered myself to the poppied god. When I awoke, I heard a movement in the corner where she sat; I leant across, though it was now perfectly dark, and whispered, "Dearest, I was dreaming of the happiness of our future days. I love you with a tenderer love than ever; and, oh! if ever pity moved thy gentle heart, tell me
that my love is not unreturned, but that
you love me again.” “Take the hand
o’ thee off my shouther,” shouted a rough
voice, jerking my hand almost through the
roof of the coach: “the young French
‘oman as got out at the last stage, taud
the landlady, who understands her lingo,
as there were a crazy ugly little puppy in
the mail, an’ I suppose you be he. Go to
sleep, you miserable little curmudgeon,
and doan’t disturb my rest wi’ thy non-
sense, or I’ll fling thee out o’ the window,
I wooll.” The brute who had thus usurped
the place occupied by the adorable partner
of the first part of my journey, was a huge
north-country grazer, who had come in-
side while I was asleep. I am not yet
deterred. I shall persevere; and some
adventure may yet befall me in my pursuit,
to recompense one so thoroughly devoted,
for the painful trials of his willingly mys-
terious courtship. INFELIX.

TO CAMILLA.

BY THE VISCOUNT GLENTWORTH.

Oh! ‘tis so sweet to sigh for thee,
That all the live-long day
My pensive pleasure still would be
To pass it thus away.

’Tis soothing sad to shed the tear,
To all the world unknown,
Which flows for one, to memory dear,
And falls for her alone.

HELEN.

BY MRS. GEORGE CROOKSHANK.

* Yet, oh! ‘twas like the agony
When soul and body part,
To break the last—fond—cherished link
That bound him to my heart.

Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson.

“My Mamma, darling mamma—do not
cast that reproachful, sorrowful look on
your own Helen. Henry Dillon is not
the first, and methinks will not be the last,
who finds that the lady of his love can-
not nourish affection upon sighs and black
looks.”

Thus spoke the beautiful Helen Mont-
tague, as she shook off the black curls
from a face the Trojan beauty herself
might have wished her own, and rising,
she threw her arms around her mother.
Neither could repress the starting tear;
and the lovely girl in a moment darted
from the room, singing, with apparently
her usual lively manner,

“Il ne faut aimer que pour rire.”

Helen was the only, the idolised
daughter of Major and Mrs. Montague.
But how shall I describe this bright being
when I first knew her? Her’s was a face
a painter would have loved to dwell on,
and yet her loveliness would have pleased
but few: it was too lofty to attract the
crowd. Her’s was a noble style of beauty:
it commanded the homage of the heart;
yet, in the home circle, her joyous smile
was the point from which all others seemed
to draw their happiness. She called her-
sell cold-hearted; for truly she did not
love, nor fall in love with all she met;
but her’s was a love it were happiness to
secure.

She had a brother whom she tenderly
loved; but he was gay, and seldom at
home, and his sister occupied little of his
thoughts, beyond the hope that she might
make a splendid marriage, and so probably
furnish larger means to gratify his dissap-
pated habits. He was a fair, handsome
man, and, having wealth at command,
gratified every inclination. He was little comfort to his parents, which rendered the contrast of his conduct with the endearing joy his sister diffused the more conspicuous.

At the age of eighteen, Helen had parted her faith to Henry Dillon. He was some years older than herself, and had loved neither hastily nor easily; but his was a love which, once gained, should have been too highly prized to be cast away from levity or caprice.

Helen was deeply, forcibly attached to him; but her high temper, her indulged errors, could ill submit to control from the man who had wooed her and won her love. His was no infatuated, no transient passion, that would endure indifference or apparent contempt; and, wishing to render his beloved Helen as faultless in mind as she was lovely in person, he never allowed his attachment to blind him to those errors which in a wife would be more than tormenting. He was too noble in his nature to be jealous; yet he grieved when he saw the woman he held enthralled in his heart thrive with others and sport with his feelings.

Mrs. Montague would frequently reason with her indulged child, and warn her not to throw a shadow on a prospect of wedded happiness so bright and fair; but a fond kiss, a laughing excuse, or her own saucy winning smile, would silence the anxious mother, and again she would yield to the conviction that so sweet a disposition, creature must be all she or a husband could wish her.

Henry Dillon was the chosen and approved friend of Major Montague, and though much younger, a congeniality of sentiment and opinions united them. He was in the same regiment; and during a siege, in which he could not absent himself from the command, Henry saved his wife and child, the latter only ten years old, from the flames which were spreading desolation through the camp. He was then an ensign of eighteen, and from that hour became l'enfant de famille in Major Montague's happy circle.

The little Helen was his plaything, indulged and caressed by him, as by all who knew her, in every extravagant desire and whim, till at length she believed the earth and its inhabitants were, or ought to be, subservient to her will. She could not, would not, bear contradiction. Thus when, on an occasion now to be related, she was opposed with a severity, perhaps ill-judged, her fate was sealed.

Sir George Crowder, a gay but amiable young man, and a friend of Frank Montague, admired the lovely Helen with all the ardour of an enthusiastic nature. He danced well, sang well, talked well, mimicked well, rode well; in fact, he was the most perfect mirth-inspiring and laughter-loving being in existence. He knew no sorrow beyond a lame horse or a sick dog, and his ideas of happiness consisted in possessing fine hunters, fine dogs, and the beautiful Helen Montague for his wife. The two former he did possess, and the latter he resolved should be his also. He was warm-hearted, generous, and had one of those sunny tempers that no cloud could obscure.

Helen laughed with him, sometimes at him, danced with him, talked with him, mimicked with him, rode with him, and, truth must own, flirted with him; but she loved him not. He was too vain, too conscious of his own advantages, to suspect this mortifying truth; for he thought it impossible that Helen could prefer that "most august piece of melancholy," as he named Captain Dillon, to himself.

Henry Dillon repeatedly remonstrated with Helen upon the impropriety of encouraging Sir George's attentions; and he would silently receive sometimes her laughing excuses, at others her haughty retorts, and would then wear such an air of melancholy sadness, that the amiable girl would repent her giddiness and, by some endearing expression or conciliative promise, regain her empire over him, which frequently seemed to totter on the brink of destruction. More than once he offered to withdraw himself and his claim upon her love and compliance, when she would pour her pretty lip and endeavour proudly to smile away the tear that his manly affection and tender remonstrances would cause. But the tear was seen, the fault forgotten, and Helen was again the bright spot whence all his hopes of happiness were derived.

She was recovering from a sprained ankle, and had thoughtlessly accepted Sir George Crowder's offer to take a drive in his curricle the first morning she went out: the following day was fixed. Dillon entered the room in high spirits: "My dearest Helen," he said, "you must no
longer be an invalid; allow me to drive you to Richmond. The grounds are beautiful around the domicile I think of purchasing, and seem arranged with more than common taste: I only wish your decision; and now the time approaches when I shall claim your promise to become my own. I know few spots that can surpass this in rural loveliness.

Helen's dark star was in the ascendant, and shedding its baleful influence over her destiny: she had not had a sweet lovers' quarrel for a week—she had been free from contradiction for some time, and ca-price was taking its turn to reign.

"Really, Henry," she replied, "I should like to see this wonderfully pretty Elysium, as you think it, but I have made an engagement for to-morrow; so you may say soft things to me to-day, and I will go to Richmond some other day. Positively, it is only three weeks to our marriage, so we ought to faire l'amable to others till then, as we shall only think of ourselves, I suppose, afterwards," added she, blushing.

"Thank you, thank you, my own Helen, for that dear conclusion; but, dearest, where are you going to-morrow? Knowing you did not receive visitors, and had not been out, I had, with a certainty that you would grant my request, made the appointment. Cannot you put off your engagement to another day?"

"Why—indeed—no—I think not—I—I—Oh! do not tease me. I cannot."

Henry could not understand her confusion. "Helen," he said, "what is the matter? where are you going? what to do to-morrow?"

"You look, Henry, as astonished and horror-struck as the sudden appearance of the stocking-manufactory struck the mind of Rousseau in the lonely Valley of the Alps, when he had just congratulated himself on finding a spot where man had never been. But to convince you I am neither going to Mr. St. John Long, nor over one of the bridges, I have promised to accompany Sir George Crowder in his curricule to Outlands."

"By heavens, Helen, you shall not!" cried Henry, as determinately as indignantly.

"Shall not!" repeated Helen; "Shall not!" again she reiterated. "I may be wooed, and I may be won; but I will not, never will, be compelled: so I must omit the monosyllable not, and say, I shall go;" and then added, haughtily, "You see I am not very able to leave the room—I would be alone," and she took up a volume lying by her, repeating, in a suppressed tone, "Shall not!"

"Helen," said Henry, "hear me. I have no wish to command nor to control; but I implore you, by the love that has been my joy so long, do not trifle with me, nor drive me to madness. Prove your acknowledged affection for me, and relinquish this improper engagement. Sir George Crowder's horses are not very safe; but that is not my only objection: I do not choose (excuse my candour)—I do not wish the woman who is to be my wife to be paraded about by every frivolous strangling who has effrontery enough to ask, or vanity to expect, acquiescence with his presumptuous proposals."

Harsher words would too probably have ensued, as Helen commenced defending her favoured gay friend from Henry's certainly severe remarks, but Major Montague entering the room, the matter was referred to him. He decided in favour of Henry's wishes; and, with astonishing complacency, Helen said, "Well, as you wish it, papa, I will yield this point to Henry; but he must not imagine that in Helen Montague he will find a woman who has no will but her husband's."

"Dearest Helen," interrupted Henry, accepting her acquiescence as a favour to himself, "I—"

He was interrupted by the Major leaving the room, and saying, "Let me entreat you, my children, not to destroy happiness in useless contentions. It is a woman's duty to yield to a husband's wishes; and I know my Helen's mind, and the heart I have formed, too well to believe she will childishly sacrifice her husband's consequence to the silly fear of being suspected of being ruled and obedient to him; and it is equally inconsistent with a generous, well-regulated mind, to use the power intended for comfort as a torture to the man she has accepted as her future husband."

As the Major closed the door, Henry took Helen's hand, saying—"Well, dearest, you will act like yourself; promise me not to go with Sir George."

"Oh! yes, I must promise; but do leave me now—I am tired," and she coldly withdrew her hand.
Dillon sighed deeply, and left the room.

At dinner the subject was not renewed. In the course of the evening Helen observing Henry was thoughtful, spiritless, and silent, with her usual sweetness wished to obliterate the painful feelings her pride and levity too frequently excited, said—"Heigho! my love shines not to-night; he is as cold and cloudy as the moon on a stormy night." This was said with an irresistible smile, as she laid her hand on his, and a shade of melancholy passed over her countenance so few could resist, that certain; it was not in the power of a man like Henry Dillon, in love with the beautiful being who was thus deprecating his displeasure.

They parted that night with the conviction that each was necessary to the happiness of the other.

At the appointed hour on the following day, Sir George was announced. Helen was busy with her flowers, yet more busy thinking how she should excuse herself from accompanying him. She rose with painful confusion, and said, in a hurried voice—"I so much regret, Sir George, I am prevented accompanying you to Outlands; papa insists I shall go with Captain Dillon to Richmond."

"Rather say, my too lovely friend, that awful piece of sentimentality has forced you into compliance." It was rare that the gay and really amiable Sir George ever found his temper decomposed; but he had, avowed even to himself, thrown the chance of his success with Helen on this day's occurrences. He meant to plead with all the warmth of his ardent nature; he meant to astonish her with his skill in horsemanship; in fact he meant, he resolved to secure his point, and crush the high-raised hopes of his accepted rival.

He would not allow the thought of the dishonourable part he was in fact pursuing to interfere with his wishes. He had too much levity to reflect, and too much love to desist: thus he cast aside all troublesome, obtrusive, or inconvenient objections.

He had ceased speaking rather abruptly, and Helen remained silent, but looked as she felt, haughtily displeased. He knew her weak point, and he pursued the advantage he saw he had already gained, by adding—"Forgive, loveliest Miss Montague, the impropriety, the harshness of my expression; believe, however it may bright my proud hopes, I must admire the amiable softness that yields to a lover what a husband only should dare to command;" and a smile of contempt passed over his lips.

"You little know my nature, Sir George," indignantly replied Helen. "I should neither yield to the request of a lover, nor the command of a husband, if not consonant with my own wishes and ideas of right."

"Excusez, ma belle amie," said the irritated baronet; "it is your own inconsistency then, not your deference for Captain Dillon, that I must reproach for your broken engagement; but you must pardon me if I feel convinced that this knight of the rueful countenance was authorised to say he was secure, and that you should not accompany me to-day, as he had marked out some other plan.

"Secure! Secure of me!" exclaimed the now agitated girl, while her countenance expressed all the proud disdain she felt: "no man shall dare make so humiliating, so false a boast."

"My sweet friend," interrupted Sir George, "I have unintentionally repeated an expression that—"

"Say no more, Sir George; my mind is fixed in its purpose."

At this unpropitious moment, this moment big with Helen's fate, Sir George's beautiful Arabians were driven to the door. "Ah, my fellow sufferers," said he, "your elevated spirits, like your master's, are doomed to be humbled. We may return and brood over disappointed anticipations."

"No, no, Sir George," said Helen, "I will accompany you—I shall be ready in an instant," and she left the room. Sir George, in the exuberance of his feelings at his unexpected success, and satisfied that he should sufficiently mortify his correct and noble-minded rival, little heeded the whispers of conscience which reproached him with so misrepresented the case to Miss Montague. He had met Captain Dillon the day previously, after Henry's interview with Helen, and cried, "Ah! Captain Dillon, comment va la santé, I am practising my favourites to go a gentle pace, that Miss Montague may not be alarmed. She has promised me the honour of taking a drive with me to-morrow."
Captain Dillon’s open countenance ill concealed the contempt he felt for his boasting tormentor, and could not resist the desire be felt to mortify his arrogance. He replied coolly, “I think you may be mistaken, Sir; Miss Montague accompanies me to-morrow.”

“Nous verrons,” tauntingly answered Sir George, and he muttered “quand on n’a pas ce que l’on aime, il faut aimer ce que l’on a, and this may be proved;” then in a louder voice, he added, “au revoir,” and drove off, determined to obtain his wish, let it be at what cost it might; and he was but too successful, as we have seen.

“Consummate puppy,” said Henry to himself; “I cannot imagine how the high-minded Helen can pass even an hour with this compound of French perfumery and conceit.” Thus the irritated and annoyed Henry could only dissipate his fears and uneasiness by the remembrance of Helen’s promise; and so met her, as already described, at dinner.

Unfortunately for the self-devoted Helen, Major Montague was absent on military duty, and her mother, who was slightly indisposed, only saw her when equipped for her drive; and she said, “I will bring you, dear mamma, the beautiful flowers I ordered yesterday.” She gave no time for any remark; but hurried down stairs, forgetful or indifferent to the pain her uncle caused her. She returned to the drawing-room, and then accompanied Sir George to the carriage.

At that moment Captain Dillon drove to the door. His countenance became pale as marble, he cast a look of defiance on the exulting Sir George, and, springing forward, seized rather than took Helen by the hand, saying, “You surely will not break your promise to me, to your father?”

“To my father, Captain Dillon, I am certainly accountable for my actions; and when I give you a right to demand a promise, then I may tolerate your remonstrance: until then, excuse me questioning the propriety of your present conduct. I am engaged with Sir George Crowder.”

“Sir George,” turning to him, she added, with a forced smile, “I am ready;” and allowed him to hand her with an air of triumph to his curricle.

Helen felt she trembled at the look Henry cast upon her. It was of love, of pity, of despair; but it was one that spoke the purpose of his soul as fixed. He bowed, and the exulting Sir George dashed off with the beautiful girl, who, no longer supported by pride and offended feelings, leant back in the carriage and sunk into painful silence. It was in vain Sir George exerted all his wit and flattery, all his exquisite skill in the management of his spirited horses; all was unheeded. She spoke little; yet thought was becoming agony. Helen felt she had done wrong; she had disobeyed, deceived her father; she had insulted the man she loved, and wounded every feeling of his generous and confiding heart. The remembrance of his look chilled the blood in her veins; her heart seemed swelling, so as to render even the slight pressure of her dress painful. Still she pursued her drive, and with affected vivacity endeavoured to rally her spirits so as to conceal her sufferings from her companion.

Major Montague, as he was returning home, met Henry driving furiously. He would have passed; but the Major, seeing his countenance so haggard, so wild, cried out, “Dillon! Henry! what is the matter? speak!”

He then drew in his horses, who, little accustomed to be driven so violently, were with difficulty restrained.

“Excuse me now, Major,” said Henry; “I will see you in the morning.”

“Stop, stop!” cried the Major: “my child, my Helen, is she well—has any accident befallen her? Speak! I cannot endure this torturing suspense.”

“She is well and —— happy,” bitterly replied Henry; “and I am her victim.”

“Explain, as you value my friendship.”

“Not now, not now, dear Sir; I cannot, dare not, trust myself to speak:” and he drove hastily away.

On entering his house, the Major enquired for his daughter, and was informed she had not returned from her drive with Sir George. Major Montague’s brow assumed a frown rarely seen on his benignant countenance, desired to see her the instant she returned, and entered his library, sorely lamenting the inconsistency of his darling; but his sorrow was deeply touched with indignation, that such a man as Dillon should be so trifled with. He resolved to strongly express his resentment and anger at Helen’s conduct; but, as she entered the room, her usual brilliant expression was fled and changed to one so
full of sadness, and she looked so meekly melancholy, that the father's love quickly repressed the meditated reproof, and he said, in tender accents, "My darling child, what ails you?"

"I am only tired, dear papa. I will lie down for half-an-hour, and shall be quite myself again at dinner."

All Major Montague's angry feelings were revived on seeing Helen in extravagant spirits when they met at table, and he resolved she should mark and feel his displeasure. He remained silent and thoughtful, and took no further notice of her lively manner, than by looking sternly at her.

Mrs. Montague was also evidently depressed. She had heard the circumstance from her husband. Helen alone seemed herself; she had a part to act, and had wound up her feelings to the determination to act it consistently.

On the servants leaving the room, Helen, as if fearing a pause, said, "Papa, on what are you thinking?" He replied, in the words of Lord Falkland's ancestor, Cary, when Queen Elizabeth asked kindly on what he was thinking. He answered coldly, "On nothing, so please your highness."

"Nothing," repeated the Queen; "pray, gentle coz., what does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?"

"Please you, royal madam," rejoined he, with bitter and pointed meaning, "he thinks on a woman's promise."

So answered Major Montague to his daughter: "I am thinking on nothing—on your promise; but allow me to inform you, Miss Montague, I will not permit my friend to be insulted with impunity, nor do I expect my wishes (for, Helen, you have never received commands,) to be slighted. You have broken your faith with your father, and have deeply injured a man, whose only weakness consists in being devoted to a heartless coquette; and believe me, child, that the utmost so unmanned a character can boast is the despicable triumph of having hardened some hearts and broken others. For what and for whom do you sacrifice the bright prospect you have? For an idle gratification, and for a gay, thoughtless, young slave to fashion."

Major Montague's emotion was visible in his quivering lip, but Helen, so unaccustomed to receive aught but affection and praise, was not yet sufficiently humble to say more than—"Indeed, papa, I meant to do, and not to do, as I promised; but positively, when that accomplished whip, with his dear beautiful horses, arrived, my good intentions yielded to their prancing attractions; and (she added, colouring violently,) Henry's presumption and hauteur are insufferable, and I will let him know that no man shall think himself secure of me; but, dearest Padre, I am weary of confession, and—" but seeing the angry frown deepen upon her father's face, and her mother's eye filled with tears, she hastily continued, "but do smile again upon your own Helen, and I will behave better in future, and be obedient, and say pretty things to this Hetottle lover, if he will but be more humble," and with her own peculiar smile she expected to be forgiven; but she felt she did not entirely succeed in dispelling the displeasure from her father's brow, or the tear from her mother's eye, and she left the room, displeased with herself, vexed with her parents, and more irritated than ever with Henry, as to him she attributed all her trouble.

Things were in this state when Edward Montague returned from a sporting excursion. Helen was all heart, and possessed acute feelings. Edward was a man without a heart, the worst of all monsters, or, as was said of Attorney General N—e's, if he had one, "it was shrunk to the size and consistency of a leathern penny purse."

He wasted his time, his intellect, his power, and his fortune, to profit by the weakness, to subjugate the reason, and play upon the passions and feelings of misguided woman, merely to triumph over her fallen virtue. To pure love and its ennobling sentiments he was an utter stranger; yet, amongst the many he had ruined, there was one poor suffering creature, who had devotedly loved this heartless being. She early met her fate. When she no longer pleased his capricious fancy, no longer suited his convenience, he left her to linger out her life in sorrow, shame, and misery.

Edward Montague had no feeling in common with his family; and finding that Henry and Helen were at variance, he resolved to give every encouragement to Sir George, whose valuable stud would furnish him amusement, and would be at his command should he become Helen's husband.
Winter was now fast approaching. It was usually hailed with pleasure by Major Montague's family, as it was a season of hilarity and festivity, and of social and domestic happiness; yet its approach must awaken, in all reflective minds, emotions of a painful nature. It is the decline of another of those brief periods that mark the passing hours; and in the withered leaf, the stripped branch, the faded flower, in the sad stillness of the birds, in short, the gloom and general decay of all nature, our own fate and decline is strikingly and mournfully felt. But these were not the thoughts of the bright Helen, for bright she was. No other word can convey the idea of her sparkling, speaking smile; and had it not been for a determined look of the eye, a peculiar elevation of the head, none would have supposed her fine gipsy face could be the mirror of a tempest so proud and so positive. Her thoughts were, though she would have blushed to own it to herself, occupied in fancying the serenely blissful days that would follow her marriage with Henry; and yet this infatuated, self-willed being, was preparing very different hours than those she anticipated.

The day following her fracas with Captain Dillon he sent up his name, and requested to see her alone. The proud swelling of her heart threw a look of anything but submissive affection in her countenance; and she drew up her finely formed head and neck, and looked as if she felt the earth too mean to bear her. She resolved to show no contrition, no regret; but if Henry were kind, to treat the whole as a jest—if haughty, to retort and retaliate; but her love was too firm not to induce him, before she parted from him (as she had so frequently succeeded in doing before), to soften his reproaches and subdue his resentment, by saying something conciliatory and affectionate. But that his heart must be teased, and he punished for his arrogance, as she considered his conduct, was a fixed point.

And, alas! who ever turned Helen Montague from her own positive will?

On entering the room Henry's face perfectly expressed the bitter conflict, the sufferings of his heart. Helen's better feelings were nearly claiming their own influence, and she would have met him kindly, and asked his forgetfulness of the ill-understood past, but in an instant the humiliating reflection occurred, he "thinks himself secure of me;" and she said, with assumed indifference, "I hope I see Captain Henry Dillon in health, and in a more lover-like and less husband-like mood than he exhibited yesterday."

Her apparent heartlessness—her affected "gaîté de cœur," seemed unnoticed. He replied in an unshaken voice, and in a resolute yet mournful tone, as if her flippancy had not affected him.

"Miss Montague I would be heard—for the last time, heard. I do not intrude upon you to remonstrate; for too well I am taught to know that my influence has passed away: I am disregarded, disclaimed—but dishonoured, despised, I never will be!" and Henry proudly drew himself up, and fixed his fine penetrating eye upon her face. "Never will be," he repeated. "I also feel I am not, cannot longer be necessary, or even contributory to your happiness; but if I cannot secure your respect I will not lose my own. It is not to be my bright destiny to guard you, love you, worship you—nor will I interfere with any one you may invest with these privileges. My wishes, my hopes, my plans, all that was happy centered in you. I blessed you as my guiding star on earth, and fondly dreamed you would have been my own in time and in eternity. I would have been gentle to your errors, and patient to your defects; I would have encouraged your many virtues, and hallowed your image in my soul; but you have scorned, and wrung, and broken a heart that lived for you, and would have died for you. But Helen, with all my heart's fondest devotion, my soul is superior to giving tolerance, even to the woman I would make a wife, to make a toy of me. May your many excellences meet their reward; and may a brighter, happier love than mine sanctify and bless your union!

"Helen! I resign the proud hope of calling you mine. Yes—I resign you—and for ever."

This was uttered with so suppressed a voice, that, to one who was not prejudiced, it must have been evident the struggle was almost too agonising to endure. But the proud Helen ill could endure the humiliation of being rejected: her haughty soul was suffocating with complicated feelings; yet, fearful she should betray the anguish of her sorrow—
ing heart, she made one desperate effort. Her eyes, had Henry sought them, would have told a truer tale than her demeanour, when she suddenly started up, singing,

"Vous ne voulez m'aimez
Eh! bien ne m'aimez pas
J'en aurai du regret
Mals, je n'en mourai pas."

She then coldly and negligently added — "As it is so, Monsieur Le Capitaine, let us to dinner with what appetite we may." She could not much longer have supported her part; and she would have left the room but he grasped her wrist with a violence that made her slightly scream. For the moment his self-command was gone. She dared not look at him; she knew his eye was fixed upon her; she felt her colour vary; she dreaded the next word; she seemed bound as with a chain. At that moment Daphne's fate would have been bliss: her hands shook; she breathed with painful difficulty; she felt choking, and her agony so extreme, she was nearly fainting. She felt she was losing the man she loved, from a pride which, though it supported her now, she knew would leave her heart desolate and a wreck hereafter. The poor girl would have become insensible, had not the voice of Henry aroused her from the stupor into which she was sinking.

"Woman!" he exclaimed as he painfully wrung her little hand.

She raised not her eye. She felt his nervous grasp relax. Again he spoke.

"Helen, Helen! oh, God, is this the heart I prayed to be my own? Is this the woman I would have taken to my bosom?" Again his voice shook, his whole frame trembled; but starting, as if ashamed of his weakness, and releasing her hand, he cried, "Helen, I thank you." Again his love, the softness of his affection asserted its empire, and he clasped her in his arms, pressed her to his throbbing heart, kissed her pale cheeks and lips, and, in heartbroken accents, crying, "Bless you, bless you!" burst into tears, and wildly darted from the room, leaving almost lifeless the form of her he loved, on the sofa from which he had raised her.

Could this self-devoted, self-destroyed girl have uttered one word, one word only, it would have been to supplicate reconciliation. The pride which had succeeded his dignified resentment sunk before his manly sorrow. Tears are the natural expression of feminine grief and tenderness. The sterner mind of man disdains such indulgence of softer feelings. From the noble heart they must be wrung by the intensest agony. All this Helen felt, as a tear from his eye fell on her cheek in his farewell embrace. It was now she knew the real extent of her attachment to Henry and the power he had obtained over her; but it was too late. He was gone,—gone for ever.

Such were the occurrences which had taken place twelvemonths previous to the conversation with which this tale commences.

From the hour that Henry Dillon became a heart-broken exile, Helen's life was one continued scene of acting.

It is not immediately after we have determined on a great sacrifice or a painful effort that we feel the misery and burthen we have to bear. The first feeling is satisfaction within ourselves when resolving to do what is right, and that feeling raises us for a time above our true strength. Thus it was with poor Helen, whose only refuge now was the indulgence of that pride which had been so fatal to her.

She felt her dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its bright and blissful hours to cheer her remaining life. Her youth, her beauty, her talents, her love, were scorned and abandoned by the only heart she had ever sought to gain, and which she had lost from her own unbending pride. But she resolved to fulfil her destiny without shrinking; and well was she seconded by her heartless brother (who hated and envied Henry for his superiority) to complete her sacrifice.

Twelve months had now elapsed. Helen and her mother were sitting one morning in their favourite "pink room," when Major Montague entered. He had become an altered, a melancholy being; for grievously had he been disappointed. The child of his love had ceased to be his pride; she was no longer the bright endearing Helen, diffusing gaiety and happiness by her sweet smile; she had ceased to be the joy of her father's home.

The Major entered with his accustomed sad and slow step, and took a seat without speaking; but looked fondly, yet reproachfully, on his child.

There are in the heart recesses so deep
as to be impenetrable even to the tender searching of a parent’s eye. Helen was pale and thin, and no longer gay; but no one suspected the true state of her heart; and in the affianced bride of Sir George Crowder no one could have thought she was secretly pining, wasting, and suffering from love without hope.

After a silence of some moments, Major Montague said, “Is next Thursday really the day fixed for your nuptials, Helen?”

She bowed her head.

“My child, may you never repent the step. Your brother, alas! is not the one I would have selected—is not the person to depend on in establishing a sister’s happiness. I believe Sir George to be amiable; but has he, do you think, the properties, the stability that will secure my Helen’s happiness?”

“I may be happy enough, papa,” she answered, in a suppressed tone; “and you know, dearest father, in some societies hearts are useless things. I shall seek to move in one of them; it will not be a difficult task to find it.” The unbidden tear started to her eye.

The distressed father left the room without further remark. He that morning received a letter from the dying Henry. Yes, Henry Dillon was dying. He frequently wrote to the Major, but never mentioned Helen; and the father could not so compromise the pride of his high-minded child as to offer his once-rejected daughter again to his acceptance: yet he felt too surely that both were destroying their own hopes of happiness in this life; and Henry was returning, as he said, to make final arrangements previous to his leaving England for ever.

On the Major having quitted the apartment, Mrs. Montague addressed her daughter. “My Helen,” said she, “my heart’s comfort, do not cast away your every hope by this marriage. I fear a lingering love still exists in your bosom. Is it then like my Helen to give herself up to one and love another? Can she hope Heaven’s blessing can sanctify such a union?”

“Mother, forbear; say no more, search no further. Do you think I could bend to HIM? No, rather would I lay down this aching head and resign the life he has embittered. Yes, mother, I own it, embittered; I never shall, never can be happy: but the Henry I loved, and the Henry who cast me away when he had alarmed all a woman’s dearest pride (and that pride alone spoke), is not worth regretting.”

This conclusion was pride’s last triumphant effort. The wish to feel as she spoke, raised bitter remembrance in the mind of the poor heart-sorrowing girl: she burst into a passionate and violent flood of tears,—a rare occurrence for poor Helen, who seldom sought this relief.

Had a propitious fate brought these two self-sacrificed lovers together at that moment, they had never parted.

Helen soon recovered her usually indifferent manner, and resumed, “Mother, I will never allow Sir George to find his confidence misplaced. In all but heart I will do the duty of a wife, and he shall never have cause to repent having entrusted his honour to my care.” As Helen resolved, so she would have kept her resolution.

Had she allowed her better feelings to conquer her ruling passion, pride, she would have avoided the fatal error of giving a devoted and pre-engaged heart to a man, who, though he had many faults, so truly loved her and deserved a better fate; but her haughty spirit could not endure the humiliating thought that the world should suppose the once envied Helen Montague was sunk into a pitied love-sick girl. Thus she sealed her fate.

Brightly rose the sun on the day that was to behold the beautiful Helen a bride; yet all in seeing her, though few could surmise why, thought

“How soft is beauty’s form when touched with woe.”

She was truly one of nature’s loveliest growth; but the cankering worm of grief, of deeply hidden sorrow, of a sadness that hope could not reach, was visible in her pale countenance, and made it sadly evident that she strove, as Barry Cornwall so beautifully expresses it,

“With that unslumbering serpent, blighted love.”

And yet Helen was a bride.

Many were the guests that accompanied this lovely being to the altar on which she was sacrificed; many and bright were the glittering jewels that adorned the victim; many the smiles that graced the faces of the surrounding beauties; many the
hopes that swelled the hearts of those present.

The usual parade and pomp attended this hapless marriage. The prancing horses bore away the bride and her exulting husband, and left that blank in the desolated home of her youth which the happiest marriages never fail to produce.

A few weeks passed rapidly away. Helen was no longer the child of nature. Art held the entire command; but it could not conceal, it was not longer to be concealed, that she was very ill. Her figure daily became more fragile, and her sweet face was pale and faded. Poor Sir George, who loved more ardently than could have been expected from his volatile disposition, was distracted. He lost no time, but without announcing their intention, returned to town, that Helen might immediately consult the physicians, and Sir George Crowder’s residence not being completed, they drove to Major Montague’s.

Both he and Mrs. Montague were absent when they arrived. Helen rested in the drawing-room a few minutes, and then, leaving Sir George to visit the stable, she hurried to her former apartments to hide in solitude the tide of sorrowing emotions which were agitating her heart, and, if possible, array her face in smiles long strangers to it, to meet her beloved parents as much like her former self as might be.

She opened the door and hastily entered her former dressing-room. A sight met her gaze which transfixed her to the spot, harrowed up her very soul, and almost chilled to death every weakening faculty. On a couch, supported by pillows, lay the pale exhausted form of the dying Henry Dillon. Yes, poor proud Helen, the dying Henry!

He felt his life wasting, fast closing, and he implored and prevailed on his friend to allow him to breathe his last sighs where so many of his happiest hours had been past—in Helen’s own morning room, her favourite “pink room.”

Major Montague, not conceiving that his daughter would return for some weeks, indulged his unfortunate friend in his wishes.

Thus the two so loved by each other again most fatally met.

Nature, once again in all her force, exerted her influence over the ill-fated Helen, and she exclaimed, falling on her knees and taking his cold thin hand in her own, “Oh, Henry! dear, dear Henry, forgive; I deserve, but do not, do not curse me.”

“Curse you, Helen! Such curses as Heaven sheds on dying saints, as mothers give their infants, and happy husbands pray for their brides. Such, such, Helen, I pray for thee.” He pressed her feebly to his heart, fell back fainting, and that hue never to be mistaken spread over his wasted countenance.

Helen felt his fond pressure relax: she shrieked for help; she forgot all. Husband, father, mother, all were forgotten in Henry. Henry only was in her heart; and the Henry she so loved, he was dying, and that she herself had caused this blight of all most precious to her own soul.

Her mother at this moment burst into the room, in time to save the wretched girl from falling. Henry’s arm could no longer support even his loved Helen. She was borne from the room insensible. Happy had consciousness never again dawned; for she awoke to a horror her nature could not sustain. HENRY DILLON WAS DEAD!

Little remains to be told of my sad tale.

It was too evident Helen herself was dying. Youth, loveliness, talent, all that graces life and renders it dear and happy, were fast departing.

Her parents in fond moments called her their lily. She was now, indeed, a broken lily. A hectic tinge would occasionally revive hope, and death seemed lingering over this drooping flower as if reluctant to take so fair and lovely a blossom to his cold embrace.

She shed no tear, and her soft sighs breathed resignation. All her earthly hopes had long left her heart in desolation; and that most direful of all feelings, remorse, gave the final blow. Her hours of trial were near a close, and she humbly trusted that in heaven she should meet the being she loved.

Scarce was six weeks had elapsed since Helen had become the wife of Sir George Crowder. She was then in the full glow of youth and beauty. She, from ill-regulated feelings and ideas, as fatal as false, of high-minded pride, had prepared that cup of bitterness which now she had drained to the very dregs.

She was reclining upon the same bed
on which, in smiling youth and health, her guiltless frame had reposed. Her sorrowing parents were supporting her nearly lifeless form. Poor Sir George, whose vivacity was subdued in sorrow, was silent with real heartfelt agony. Helen was shading her dimmed eyes with her fair wasted hand, and sunk into a momentary slumber. Then, starting from her short repose, she asked to be raised; and, after several painful efforts, said—"Sir George—dear Sir George, do not regret my death; you have been kind—always kind and indulgent to me. May some happier being deserve you, and realise the hopes I never ought to have given—oh! it is bitter to think it, only gave to afflict another. Forgive me."

Sir George pressed her hands; he could not speak.

She resumed—"Dearest mother—dearest father—do not sorrow; I alone should grieve—I have brought all this misery on every one; I never had a wish ungratified. You both were too indulgent, and yet it is I, your favoured child, who has reduced you to this grief. Bless and pardon your greatly erring child. Oh! may my fate warn the many heedless, who pursue the ruinous path I have trodden, to so sad an end. I have a wish—" She faltered; a slight blush passed over her face.—"Sir George, will you grant it? I——" she hesitated painfully, "I would be laid in my own family vault; for there rest the remains of him I destroyed—of Henry Dillon."

The wretched husband started—a flush of momentary anger tinged his cheek; but he bowed assent, and a mournful silence ensued.

Helen now breathed with difficulty; her last effort seemed her last—she could add little more.

Who that now beheld this dying girl would have recognised the gay, the happy, the lovely Helen Montague, in the wasted, heart-broken Lady Crowder.

For an instant she revived.—"Mother—pity—mercy"—lingered on the quivering lip. She sighed softly, and the beautiful, the bright Helen, was as a cloud of the valley.

"She was my friend who died."

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THE NUN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE."

There are who paint the woes of Hymen’s bower,
How serpent Discord poisons every flower,
While cares, like wintry winds, arise each day,
Wither the bloom and steal each sweet away.
Let such in cold antipathy remain,
And drag through life their solitary chain;
For them no feeling, true to Nature, glows—
From mingling hearts no finer rapture flows.

The convent maid, when evening calms the sky,
Oft in her lonely cell will muse and sigh;
There, through the grate, as far away she sees
The white-walled cots, the church amid the trees,
While melts the lover’s lute along the glade,
And babes’ glad voices murmur from the shade,
How dark, how desolate her lot appears!
Regret and memory bathe her cheek with tears:
"Alas!" she sighs, "on me must never more
"Affection smile, or these cold eyes adore!"
"No cherub babe will e’er my fondness claim,
"Smile in my arms, and lisp a mother’s name;"
"But here unblest, un blessing, must I dwell,
"My couch—cold stone, my world—a dreary cell!"
REVIEW.

**Literature.**

*The Happy Week, or Holidays at Beechwood.* London: Longman, Rees, Orme, &c.

All men who, like ourselves, are beginning to fall into the "sear and yellow leaf," retain a pleasing recollection of the bonbons and sugar-plumbs of their youth. "A limber child, a dapper elf," with one cheek distended to a preternatural size by a huge lump of sugar-candy, "forms such a vision to the sight" as fills their hearts with sweet yet melancholy regrets at their being too old for such enjoyments. But if, peradventure, they renew their acquaintance with barley-sugar, they are surprised to find how pleasant it is to the taste, they wonder at their own folly in leaving it off so long, and are more envious than ever of the children to whom such luxuries are a daily food. It is with somewhat similar feelings that we look upon "The Happy Week, or Holidays at Beechwood." It is a little volume intended by the talented and benevolent authoresses for the information and amusement of young people, and we have never met with a work better adapted for the purpose. It contains the history of eight happy days, with all the thoughts, words, and actions of some of the nicest boys and girls we ever met with. We can't help thinking, so perfectly are we acquainted with the merry Charles and Lucy, and the delightful Caroline, that we were of the party ourselves. We recollect being very much pleased with the easy way in which Mr. Harbord related his "Adventures in Algiers;" and, indeed, all the stories were naturally introduced, and extremely well told. We have no room to quote any of the passages that particularly pleased us; but we cannot, we think, confer a greater obligation on our young friends than by recommending those of our readers who wish to make a very pretty and useful new year's gift, to fix upon this very excellent little work.

**Oriental Scenes.** By Emma Roberts, author of the "Memory of York and Lancaster."

The publication of Oriental Scenes will raise Emma Roberts high in literary rank. Her mind has been enlarged and improved by her absence from her native land, and the lyre that once chimed sweetly and melodiously now unites with these feminine excellences a bolder and loftier tone. But the praise of fine poetry is not the only panegyric due to the authoresses: her "Oriental Scenes" is a gallery of noble historical and topographical pictures, drawn carefully on the spot, with all the truth of nature. There is in the book the glow of Lalla Rookh, and it will be read eagerly by the admirers of that celebrated poem, who will feel in this instance a solid satisfaction unknown to the readers of mere imaginative poetry. With little to deserve condemnation, we yet pause not, to indulge in praises well deserved, for the more useful task of pleasing quotation. We unwillingly pass much that is bright and beautiful, to present to our readers some passages from the fine poem of the "Rajah's Obsequies," founded as it is on a subject deeply interesting to the female sex, who must rejoice that the "Voice of Humanity" has at length been heard by Christian rulers, and that their oriental sisters are no longer doomed to a death of fiery torture:—

"Behind a thick, promiscuous group
Of veiled and turbaned heads is seen,
And in the centre of the group,
Each in an open palanquin,
The Rajah's wives are borne—a pair
Of brighter forms have never blest
The eye of man—both are so fair,
None can say which is loveliest—
She who so stately and so proud,
With lofty mien and eyes of light,
Receives the homage of the crowd
As though it were her beauty's right;
Or the sweet trembler by her side,
Shrinking, abashed, with modest grace,
And striving all in vain to hide
The blush upon her unveiled face.
Their muslin robes are wrought with gold,
The Syah's hem beset with spangles;
And bright the Ornë's shining fold,
And richly gemmed the glittering Bangles.
Benares' far-famed webs have vied
With Persia's rarest, finest loom;
And, for the last time, each fair bride
Has gazed upon her beauty's bloom.
In fitting pomp arrayed—too soon
Their fleet career of life must fly—
Ere they have reached their summer's noon
The lovely pair are doomed to die."
And they have reached the Ganges' flood,
And heaped upon the funeral pile
Cedar, and rose, and sandal wood.
The last red kisses of the sun
Are blushing on the river's breast,
And from his amaranthine throne
The flaming orb sinks down to rest.
And all is now accomplished—save
The final and the dismal rite,
Which, on the brink of that clear wave,
Must be performed ere the pink light,
With all its rainbow-coloured dyes,
Have faded from the sapphire skies.
First from her maiden's circling arms
The youngest (and perchance the bride,
Preferred for her retiring charms,)
Has lightly sprung, and flung aside
Her ornaments; and those rich pearls
The diamonds, and the ruby studs,
She showers among the weeping girls.

She ceased, and round the funeral pile
The seven-fold circuit she has made;
And with a sweet, serene smile,
She gently droops her radiant head
Beside the ghastly corpse.—So calm,
So saint-like are those placid eyes—
So softly breathes the lips' rich balm—
So faint and indistinct her sighs—
In some blest trance she seems to be,
Or day's delicious reverie.
Darting a scornful glance on all,
And flinging down, with conscious pride,
(As if her limbs disdained their thrall)
Her costly gems—the elder bride,
Like an offended goddess, stands
With glowing cheeks and flashing eyes,
And clasping both her out-stretched hands
Revolving at the sacrifice;
The troubled spirit nearly wrought
To madness, finds relief in song:—
"Oh, better far it is to mount yon pile,
And stretch my shuddering form beside
the dead,
Than with a torturing effort strive to smile,
And hide the bitter tears in silence shed.
That state of loathed existence now is o'er,
And I shall shrink from his embrace no more.
"The tyrant sleeps death's last and endless sleep,
Yet does his power beyond the grave extend;
And I this most unholy law must keep,
And to the priest's unrighteous mandate bend;

Or live an outcast, reft of queenly state—
A beggar lost, despised, and desolate.
"Daughter and heiress of a princely line,
From my proud birthright I disdain to stoop;
Better it is to die than iny pine,
And feel the soul, the towering spirit, droop.
Beneath the cruel toil, the years of pain,
The lost degraded widow must sustain.
"But could these weak hands wield a soldier's brand,
Could these too-fragile limbs sustain the fight,
E'en to the death Mitila would withstand
This cruel custom, and uphold the right
Of woman to her share of gold and gems,
Sceptres and sway, and regal diadems."

We wish our limits would permit us to pursue this finely-drawn sketch to the end; but we have yet to notice the prose portion of the book, comprised in valuable and original notes, drawn from personal observation. From these we quote the page entitled

**INDIAN GRAVES.**

"There cannot be a stronger contrast than that between the burial-places of the Christian and Mosulmaun in India. A few of the former stand alone in picturesque spots; but they are generally crowded together in small enclosures of consecrated ground, not usually kept with the neatness and order so soothing to the spirits of the living. Few Europeans can view without horror the crowded but neglected cemetery in which they may expect to find a grave. Choked up with weeds, the resort of carrion birds and loathsome beasts, and rarely visited, except upon those melancholy occasions in which another exile is deposited in his final resting place, they present the most dismal memento mori imaginable. Mosulmaun tombs, on the contrary, afford one of the most pleasing spectacles which India produces. They are generally built in some well-frequented place, nor do the living object to make them their habitation. 'Dwellers amid the tombs' are to be found to this day in India, recalling to the memory many passages in the Scriptures. When not sufficiently commodious to afford a shelter, they are still favourite spots for the bivouac of travellers. Innumerable pictures might be made from the three objects so continually combined in India—a tree, a tomb, a well. The first and last may form the attraction; but they are seldom without a living group, who, at least one day in the week, light a lamp on the monumental stone, and strew it with flowers."

The subjoined anecdote reflects no little
honour on the Englishman who liberally made allowance for one of the most amiable feelings of human nature in the people over whom he commanded, although of a different creed:

"An officer of rank found the crumbling remains of an old tomb in close vicinity of a house he had purchased. It was an unsightly object; but knowing that, if he removed it, such an act of desecration would bring him into bad odour with his servants, he restored it to its pristine state. The native attendants were delighted by the mark of respect paid to the deceased, and instantly performed their part by furnishing the tomb with a lamp."

And this extract reminds us that the national reproach of slovenly and disgusting burial-places still remains against the English, not only in our Indian colonies, but in our very metropolis. Notwithstanding all that has been said and done, the General Cemetery Company seem to dream over the task in their hands in as absolute a state of torpor as if they were fit subjects to occupy the ground of their British Père la Chaise. How is this? Where does the great fault lie? Has not our senate sanctioned and legalised the project? And has not the public press hailed the project in terms of the highest commendation? Let those concerned in it rouse themselves from this state of inactivity; let them, by carrying into immediate execution the work for which their countrymen are eagerly looking, preserve the honoured remains of the dead in quiet, and undisturbed, and the feelings of surviving friends from those shocks and impieties, more foul than the loathsome doings of those beasts and carrion birds our authoress so forcibly describes!

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**Plays**—*Valcille, or the Prejudices of Past Times—Theodora—Hortensia—Villario—A Search after Perfection— and Constantia.* By Mrs. A. M'Taggart. 2 vols. 12mo. Valpy, 1832.

This is a production of the intelligent "gentlewoman of the old school," whose pleasant memoirs made her known farther than the immediate circle of her extensive and highly respectable acquaintance some two years ago. We would call her an old gentlewoman, if it were not a sin against good taste as well as common truth, to say that ladies ever grow old; for she tells in her memoirs that when a girl (God save the mark!) she used to dance minuets and cotillions with the late Sir Vicary Gibbs—then plain Mr. Gibbs, without gown or bands, and merely one of the flirting youths of the days of bob wigs and dress rapiers—somewhere about the time that our grandmothers were born. These were the pleasant days of biscuit and lemonade at evening entertainments, and long fun and little expense; when young ladies could dance till two in the morning, on an average cost of eighteenpence each; and when gentlewomen were not nailed to the piano for seven hours a day, in order to make a decent figure in a drawing-room on the score of common education. But this is a subject to which we must return when we have more space,—for as Hamlet says, at present "the play is the thing," or rather these dramatic pieces which this good gentlewoman has thought fit to publish.

These plays were begun but very lately,—only a little more than forty years ago, as she tells us in her preface,—when she was on a visit to some relations who, agreeable to old-fashioned habits, then not entirely gone out, retired to bed in general at eight in the evening. As Mrs. McTaggart, however, had already adopted, for retiring, the dissipated hour of ten o'clock at night, she had thus some solitary time left on her hands, and hence the first of the plays with which she has favoured the world. Naturally solicitous how her play might please, she sent this first fruit of her muse to a lady whose opinion she valued, who returned it with the following verdict, which the old lady with great candour and infinite good nature sets down in her preface:

"I do not like your play," says her friend; "it is neither a tragedy nor a comedy: it is not lively enough for the latter; and for the former no one is sufficiently miserable; the language is low and prosaic. You have disappointed my expectations, and I desire you will write a deep tragedy immediately."

Now, to us this little trait is "quite refreshing;" for if private and friendly criticism is often as severe as this, we shall think ourselves, as professional practitioners of "the ungentle craft," quite made up of the milk of human kindness, native sweetness of temper, and indulgent good nature! in what we venture to say of people's books.

But the severest criticism is seldom
without some truth, and really “Valville,” the one in question, and the first play in these volumes, is to our taste very inferior; for even the borrowed incident on which it is founded, though interesting in itself, is far from well managed. The next “deep tragedy” is much better, and several of the plays contain passages of considerable interest, though upon the whole, the gentlewoman must have found that it is a much easier task to please the world by a lively narration of her own memoirs, during a long life of four-score, than by attempting the difficult art of dramatic composition. Several of these plays were printed in Mr. Galt’s “Rejected Theatre,” and most of them were read to the late Queen Charlotte, by the Princess Elizabeth,—an honour of which this respected old lady is justly proud. The comedy called the “Search after Perfection,” it appears, greatly pleased her Majesty, more, no doubt, for the goodness of the moral intent, than for the felicity of the execution; although it contains some caustic passages, which we must wish we had space to quote, as there is no subject, perhaps, on which there is more legitimate room for satire than the follies usually committed in reference to what is termed education. “Hortensia” is a play which perhaps pleases us most; and though “Villari” is inferior to some of the others, we quote from it the following tasteful lines, on the great world versus a country life:—

Few dangers wait us; 'tis like summer seas
Unruffled by the winds, and glistening bright
With the sun's rays, which dancing on its surface
Just mark the gentle, graceful undulation;
Then lightly floats the bark, with streamers gay.

Now here, now there, it wanders at our will,
Keeping the shore in view; but the great world
Resembles the same ocean vex'd with storms,
When the loud howling equinoctial gales
Uproar its foaming billows to the skies.
So, by the passions driven, feeble minds,
In life's rough voyage are wrecked, and lost to virtue;
For rocks and quicksands lie on every side,
More to be dreaded as the more unseen.

The Library of Romance. Smith, Elder,

The Library of Romance is one of the offerings for the new year. The Ghost Hunter and his Family, by the O'Hara
Vol. II.—No. 1.

Family, opens the work, and forms the first volume. This new labour to meet, as well as gratify the public taste, is edited by the talented Leitch Ritchie; and he seems to have discharged his duties faithfully, although we confess ourselves but poor judges, having a predilection against all brogue, whether the barbarous Irish necessarily introduced into the story be really good or bad. The better to show the character and the composition of the first tale, we have chosen to ourselves a rather long, though we trust not by any means an uninterestingly or unpleasantly told portion of the story. There are particular times and seasons best adapted to each particular thing, and no fitter time could have been chosen for such a tale than the period of the Christmas holidays, when children are glad to have, and parents to find, tales of innocent wonderment. To proceed at length, however, into the early history of the Ghost-hunter and of his family, is not necessary for our purpose; and we have accordingly, and for brevity's sake, commenced our gleanings at a spot of our own choosing. But we have used our judgment, and not followed our inclination in concluding our extract. To say, in a few brief lines, how this or that was done, why it took place, and what it was about, would be spoiling, in every respect, a very good and interesting story, so intermingled with the doings of a great variety of friends, enemies, and acquaintances, who became for a while the prominent actors in the afterwards tragedy, that we found, ere we had a real knowledge of Joe Wilson and his Ghost, we were almost at the conclusion of the book.

Such ghost stories as these can amuse all, without imbuing the youthful mind, too ready to be tainted by early prejudices or fears; and there is in the whole a moral not to be lost sight of, that each of the persons brought into difficulty by connexion with this supposed spirit, or in other words, very wicked being, had, in doing so, broken some solemn pledge, and were thus, in fact, the authors of their own evil destiny.

"Much for money, and good," in a very clever preface, is stated to be the intention of the publishers; and after so long a season of violent commotion, it is not improbable that there may be soon again a return to that inclination for larger
books, or periodical literature, which, some say, has for a while so sadly slumbered, whilst the dread scourge long walking throughout the land, and tumultuous passion, eye, of the one sex as well as the other, were put forth in mutual strivings. The great extension and sale of the little publications, shows the almost simultaneous inclinations of a new race of readers; and we doubt not this year will give a zest and afford encouragement to every class of wholesome writings.

THE GHOST-HUNTER AND HIS FAMILY.

All became still within and without the house; but Morris did not sleep. The candle, which he had neglected to extinguish, was nearly expiring, occasionally sending up glares of light, and then sinking into darkness. At length, gradually, and to himself imperceptibly, his eyes began to close; slumber was just stealing over his faculties. Suddenly he bounced up in his bed and stared around him, asking, "Who calls me by my name?"

The candle gave its last strong flicker upward; and, in the (to his eyes) lurid supernatural light which it threw over the apartment, he did indeed see a pallid face looking at him through the little window at the foot of the bed. He winked his eyes, and then glared them wide open. "'Tis there still!" he cried, jumping out on the floor. The candle finally sank in the socket, leaving him in darkness. He groped to the window, flung it open, but saw nothing without, save the white gleamings of the moon, here and there contrasted with some shadows, wherever an object interrupted the sickly light. "I'll be either you," he uttered, grooping about for his clothes. He was half-dressed when he heard his brother's voice asking him what he was doing. His father's repeated commands rushed to his recollection, and he was shortly in bed again. Now, however, he did not relapse into sleep. The morning dawn found him watching the window; but there was no return of the real or fancied vision.

We all know that the desire of attaining an object is, proverbially, strong in proportion to the difficulties in our way. Morris's thirst for hunting down Joe Wilson's ghost increased from hour to hour. For many nights he slept but little, still on the watch; his pulses throbbed at the least sound; but night after night passed away, and he received no second visit.

His desire heeded to passion, of which the effects were visible in the almost trembling abruptness of his manner and utterance, and in the redness of his wild, yet fine eyes, he began to level the obstacles which lay between him and the gratification of his yearnings. Exclusively of the peculiar relish he had for the feat he burned to undertake, an encounter with the poor troubled spirit was, he argued, a good action in itself, and this he showed in the following clear manner.

It was partly the universally received creed appertaining to ghostly appearances, that their wanderings among us arise from something connected with their previous sojourn on earth—for their leaving undone, for instance, some action, upon the due performance of which depended their repose and happiness in eternity; and that they haunt their former dwelling-places in the flesh, until some daring mortal questions them, obtains from their lips instructions what to do—because no ghost can perform his own work on earth without human agency—and then faithfully goes through what is necessary to secure their rest in another world, and their departure from this.

We will not follow the wayward Morris in his arguments against his sense of duty.

The tenth night after the opening of our story, his brain whirling with uncontrollable desire, and feeblybanishing, in a fit of frenzied resolve, the better promptings of his nature, he hurried on his clothes, without, as he thought, awaking his brother; cautiously unlocked and unbared the door of the house, and bounded over the threshold. He would not pause: onward he hastened.

The nearest path to the place he sought lay through the neighbouring church-yard, to gain which he had to cross a garden slightly enclosed, and an open field. As he approached the stile leading into the burial-ground, a large dun-coloured dog, which seemed to have been crouched upon its steps, started up, and its red eyes glared into his. For an instant he paused terror-stricken; he had heard of evil spirits assuming, among other strange ones, such an appearance. But he soon sprang forward. The dog jumped into the church-yard, Morris vaulted over the stile, and stood sternly in the path, looking around him; but around him were only the tombstones, and the headstones, and the little grassy mounds which covered the dead—things to which he was by this time quite accustomed. The dog had vanished.

He paused awhile in the shade of his old friends the yew-trees, which were motionless, and black in the night, like gigantic plumes above a huge hearse. Holding his head daintily high, he sent a scrutinising glance into every familiar nook and corner of the dreary place, but not a living or a moving thing was visible.

This, after the disappearance of the dog, must be considered as only a passing repe-
tion of many former challenges to the
ghosts of the whole mass of mouldering or
moulder death in the church-yard.
Being on the spot, it was but right to give
them, all and each, a renewed chance of
availing themselves of his service. He soon
held on, in his pursuit of the individual
ghost which had lured him forth on the pre-
sent occasion.

Bounding over the graves, and, now and
then, boisterously vaulting over the head-stones,
he stood on the stile that gave entrance to
the burial-ground at the side opposite to
that by which he had approached it. The
next instant he was in Joe Wilson's
bosom.

This little green lane, lately become so
celebrated, led, with many a curve, from one
extremity of the suburbs to another. It was
altogether lonely. Its breadth might be
about four paces. Here and there it was
overshadowed by trees; and bounded, at
either hand, by hedges of sufficient growth
to cast a gloom over it, even in day-light.

When Morris Brady jumped into this deep
and solitary lane, he found that he was at
some distance from the middle, where Joe
Wilson's murdered body had been found.
The moon was on the wane; but, as the
night had more than gained its moon, she
stood high in the heavens. The sky was
frosty-clear; and the cold light struck fully
down upon the narrow way, shining bright on
the centre, and distinctly showing the
broad stone and its indents; while at either
side, under the shadow of the overhanging
hedges, although they were now nearly
leafless, nothing could be perfectly distin-
guished.

A piece of wall, inserted into the mass of
earth on which the hedges gave way, to prop it
up in that particular place, marked the spot
where murder had lately been done; and on
a broad stone in the wall was, as we already
know, a terrible memorial of the event.
Nor had old Hester Bonnette exaggerated,
when she avowed that the middle of the
road, opposite to the wall, was yet un-
cleansed of blood. The dull-red stains were
even till now distinctly visible in the line of
brilliant moonshine, which, as we have said,
ran along the centre of the bosom.

As Morris Brady approached the well-
known place he did not fail to recognise the
fatal tokens; and, notwithstanding the con-
tinued boldness of his advance, and all his
previous audacity, he felt dread and awe
stealing over his heart at the sight. Scarcely
slackening his pace, however, he stood on
the very spot—on the marks themselves. He
did not, at once, turn his regards towards
the wall. Yet a kind of stir, without the
accompaniment of noise, caught his side
vision. He jumped fully round, and con-
fronted the appearance; and there, bending
over the remarkable stone, and too visible to
leave a doubt of its presence—although,
owing to the deep shade of the hedge above,
somewhat indistinctly shaped forth—stood a
human figure.

Morris's skin crept, in spite of him, as if
in horror at the cold current now running
beneath it. He took off his hat, crossed his
forehead, and repeated aloud the names of the
Trinity. The figure slowly raised its
dooping head, and Morris saw the features
of Joe Wilson—pallid, indeed, and strangely
changed—yet still the man's well-known
features; and again did the ghost-seer
wince under the cold, unwinking, passion-
less, mindless, lifeless stare that was fixed
upon him.

Suddenly his courage returned, or rather
daring determination re-nerved him, and,
in a wild and startling tone, he exclaimed—
"In the Holy Name, this night, I,
Morris Brady, command you to tell me who
and what you are."

There was a moment's dead pause, in
which Morris heard the hollow beating of
his own heart. A deep, but low voice re-
plied to him. "The spirit of the man mur-
thered on the spot where you stand."

"In the same name, once more, tell me
what it is that puts throbble on you;" and
now Morris's own voice sunk low.

"None dared to ask before; and the dead
must be silent till they are questioned."

"I know it—can I give rest to you?"

"You can—if you have the heart to
do it."

"I have the heart," answered Morris, his
impetuosity returning; "and what's not
sinful I'll do, if living Christian has the
power."

"Listen, then;" and Morris conceived
that the figure rose to more than mortal
height: "Listen—to-morrow night, as the
clock sounds twelve, meet me in John's
Abbey Church-yard, at the head of my own
g rave; on that spot meet me, or, Morris
Brady, rue your challenge."

As the last strangely-cadenced words
died away, the figure, which had previously be-
gan to move, was no longer visible.

For a moment Morris stirred not. A great
confusion of mind, though not unmixed
with fear, chained him to the spot. Suddenly
he recovered himself and bounded after the
apparition, which had disappeared round a
turning of the bosom, a few paces from
the wall. Clear of the turn, Morris's eye
could follow a considerable portion of the
length of the lane; but he saw no object in
motion.

He became faint, and leaned against the
fence of the bosom for support, and it was
some time before he could assume sufficient
bodily strength to return home. He succeeded at length, however, in gaining his bed without discovery; but sleep was further than ever from his eyes. “To-morrow night, in John’s Abbey churchyard,” rang in his ears. He seemed to hear the words repeated in the silence of his hushed soul.

Although, during the day, his conscience did not fail to upbraid him with his disobedience to his father; although he feared to encounter his father’s look, and fancied that the old man’s mild eye was glancing severe reproach at him; still Morris would not recede from the sought adventure. A gloomy spell, a fate, seemed to his mind to bind him to go on. Nor did he forget the last words—“On that spot meet me, or, Morris Brady, rue your challenge!”

The weather had changed during the day. It was a gloomy November night: the rain fell over the bleak sky and ground, coming in gusts, heralding its approach by hollow moanings, which grew louder and louder as it advanced, until at last it swept, hissing, and whistling, and roaring through the moulder, but beautiful arches of the ruin, beside which our adventurer paused.

The seared leaves of the alders, and the other chance-sown trees that increased the gloom of the unroofed space within, rustled against each other as the gusts swept by; then their branches waved and rattled, casting the leaves in crispy showers to the ground; and then those which remained trembled under the blustering visitation passed away. The rushing river was not afar off, and the noise of its waters filled up the pauses of the blast.

The moon, which had shone out so vividly the preceding night, as if to assist in turning Morris to his doom, now refused him a beam to cheer the darkness around him, and, morally speaking, within him; for it was not surprising that a night like this, approaching its dead noon, should in such a place, have a sympathetic effect on his distempered imagination. He stood awaiting the striking of the hour of midnight, his head drawn back, his dark brows knitted together, his eyes flashing through the gloom in the interior of the old building, and his ear catching every sound, in anticipation of the appearance of the being he had come to meet.

At length the sonorous town-clock slowly began to toll twelve. Each vibration met an answering throb in Morris’s bosom. He counted the last stroke as it swung along the returning gust, and, in an instant after, started back, raising his hands before him in an attitude of intense and solemn wonder. It could not be the echoes of the ruin which returned that last clang so distinctly. No; it was a bell fixed in a mouldering steeple of the Abbey, which never tolled, save to welcome the dead to their homes within its precincts. Morris felt that the sound was produced by no mortal hand.

It had scarce died away, half suffocated by the wind, when he heard his name uttered within, in the same deep tones which had replied to his questions in the bozheem, on the previous night.

“I am here,” he answered, in a voice scarcely less thrilling than that to which he responded.

“Enter the Abbey,” continued the unseen one. Morris, collecting his firmness, bent his body to pass through a low, arched doorway, half choked up with rubbish and weeds. Standing to his full height in the interior of the building, he scowled around him, and jerked his head from side to side, as was his fashion when much excited. In those parts of the ruinous space around, which were not sunk in utter blackness, he could perceive nothing of the apparition of Joe Wilson.

“Your bidding is done,” resumed Morris, after a pause; “I am standing in the middle of the place.”

“Stand at the head of the prior’s tomb,” still commanded his invisible companion. Morris endeavoured to ascertain the spot whence the voice came, but the careering gust seemed to bear it round and round the building.

He knew the prior’s tomb well. In his early boyhood it had been one of the rallying points of his sports. Often had he and his companions contended for its possession, carrying on a small warfare as if for a fortress; and often did their youthful shout ring above the ashes of the forgotten dignitary. Nay, often had the identical Joe Wilson, whose ghost now summoned Morris to a conference at the prior’s tomb, been one of the thoughtless rioters; and he was always the last who remained with Morris, when the evening was over, seated on the crumbling and weed-hammered old monument, until the shades of night began to creep over the ruin; and here they would perseveringly excite each other’s supernatural predilections—not fears—but the recital of the most approved and authentic tales of horror.

Notwithstanding the profound darkness of the corner in which the monument stood, Morris found no difficulty in occupying at its head, the position named to him.

“Are you here with me to hold to your pledge?” resumed the voice.

“I am here to give you rest and quiet if I can.”

“The mortal man who questions the dead ought to hold a fearful heart; or woe be to him.”
"My heart is strong," said the courageous though eccentric lad; yet he uttered the words with some effort; for the voice which spoke now seemed fearfully menacing.

"The secrets of the dead must be kept as close as the grave keeps their rotting bones; or tenfold woe on the betrayer's head."

"I'll guard the silent tongue."

"He who meets the dead, and challenges the dead, must obey the dead, or tenfold woe be to him."

"Morris Brady will obey the dead."

"Swear an oath! swear it to the dead!"

Morris hesitated.

"Swear! or rue this night! Swear!" It seemed to the young man as if mingling with the dust, the tones were re-echoed, in shrieks, through every corner of the ruin.

"I will swear to you!" he, in his turn, screamed forth, as he stamped his foot on the rubbish on which he stood.

"Lay your hand upon the prior's head."

Morris grasped the figure; but instead of touching at the point where he expected to find it, the marble head of the effigy, his fingers passed over the front of a skull; he felt the eye-holes, and the nasal orifice, and that for the mouth. He recoiled an instant, but sufficiently recovered himself to replace his hand on the disagreeable object.

"Swear by the soul of him who has been murdered! swear by your own soul! swear by the darkness of the night! and swear by every spirit that hearkens to the oath—to be silent, and to obey the dead!"

"Swear!" and Morris again spoke in a shout, and as if some will other than his own had moved his tongue.

"Follow me, now," continued the voice; and, as it ceased, the figure of the bosom glided through the low archway into the burial-ground without.

Morris sprang after it. The apparition sprang into an adjacent street of the town, by a churchstile at the boundary of the churchyard, and, with noiseless steps, hurried on.


Most cheerfully do we give our aid to make this voice resound wherever our influence may extend. When we consider that, lacerating as the present details may be, not one thousandth proportion of the outrages perpetrated upon breathing and sensitive creatures can be recorded by the efforts of the humane, the good and just among mankind will unite with the excellent Society, not which this periodical is the organ, to avert from the name of man the reproach of being the torturer of his harmless brethren of the dust.

Fines Arts.


Nothing can be more prejudicial to a publication than a stolen title. Reviewers seldom expect merit when this is the case, and rarely find any; indeed, the very adoption displays a sense of conscious weakness. We regret that the proprietor of this work should have made himself liable to this censure; but nothing can have less analogy to Messrs. Smith and Elder's annual than the pretty trifle before us, which consists of three folio sheets of lithographed birds and flowers, excellently coloured and delicately engraved, accompanied by an ornamental title page. The flowers are true to nature and well designed, especially the rose-coloured marvel of Peru, the climbing rose, the nasturtium, the flowering myrtle, and the purple climatis; these are deserving notice, from their accurate delineation. The insects are very elegantly drawn, and are not overcoloured; but we regret the intrusion of the gaudy and tasteless birds, which deteriorate from the chaste beauty of the flowers. The birds are in miniature, and the flowers of their usual size, which is a sin against taste. Our fair readers will, however, find in this work much to commend, and some parts, if judiciously selected, worthy of being copied into their albums, while the whole will form a pleasing addition to their scrap-books.

Plates of the Souvenir.

How very ably the talents of C. Rolls can second the genius of Newton, a glance at the finished gem which forms the frontispiece of this year's Souvenir can show. Here is no appearance of that ostentatious labour by which industry strives to make up for the absence of higher powers, yet even the slightest auxiliaries in the piece are wrought up with Flemish minuteness, and a repose over all, which makes the eye take in the whole with high satisfaction, unfatigued by spots, or glares, or muddiness. It is well and cleanly printed,—a merit so very low, that its mention is not more dignified than to praise a beauty for having a clean face and hands; yet how often does this want of a trudging care mar the costly plates in English
books. The subject of this exquisite print is Newton’s picture of “The Prince visiting Catalina,” from Gil Blas. The figures are beautifully drawn and reduced, especially that of Catalina, who possesses perfect beauty of form, and as much beauty of face as is consistent with a very bad expression; and this peculiar expression shows the great skill both of the painter who designed it so true to the story, and the engraver who has preserved it. Indeed, handsome and youthful as the whole group are, none looks too good. We must direct the eye of the beholder to the ape on the black servant’s shoulder, playing with his enormous earring. This is an engraving worthy your first cabinet painter—one who unites true drawing with Flemish polish and Venetian magnificence of colour. This frontispiece is sufficient to make the fortune of any Annual. “Children at Prayer,” is the next engraving; it is by Sanganter—the design by Uwins. The foremost head is finely and boldly touched: the free and natural flow of the hair cannot be too much commended; the features and expression are fine and speaking. The further head is a little out of drawing: the extreme outline of the cheek and brow is somewhat distorted, which circumstance makes the face rather hard and harsh. There is fine costume and a well-told story in the next print, by Grethatch, from the grand historical sketch of Fregonard in Charles the Tenth’s gallery, yet there is a flatness and want of perspective that we are not accustomed to see in English historical compositions. The subject is “Bayard Knighting Francis the First” on the field of Marignan. “The Pledge” is a rich Flemish subject from Wattier, as richly engraved by Portbury; yet there is a mistiness over the face of the lady, a fault we believe the printer rather than the engraver has to answer for. Now comes a scene of beauty and fancy that we delight in proclaiming fault-free, clear from speck or blemish, even in our close-seeing eyes,—Miller’s lovely engraving of Danby’s lovely “Fairies on the Sea-beach.” How fine the tone and distance!—how true every light and shade!—how tender the misty air!—how brilliant the foreground shore! “The Caunois Girl” has a fine Rembrandt effect of light and shade, well preserved by the engraver; but we do protest against the head-work dots and lines on the face and hands, which never did nor ever will represent flesh. There is great beauty of expression and sentiment in the “Inundation,” from Scheiffer. The story is feelingly told: the satisfaction visible in the child’s face at having preserved her kitten from the waters contrasts with the awful thankfulness of the mother for the preservation of the infant she clasps in her arms: the engraving is by Charles Rolls, but not in his highest style. We find another plate of high finish in “Heidelberg Castle,” in which the graver of Willmore has done justice to the talents of Roberts: the difficult perspective of the façade and the effect of the light in the distance deserve great praise. A sameness has of late pervaded Frank Howard’s productions: these “Naiads” do not meet our admiration, either in design or engraving—the kneeling figure is awkward and disagreeable, the faces want clearness, and the distance is hard and near. “A Shipwreck off the Isle of Wight” is fine in design and well touched by the engraver, a name we are not familiar with, but hope to see appended to more plates,—it is J. Tomas: the turmoil of air and water, the truth of the distance, and the stormy mistiness that half envelops the scene, are highly to his credit.

From this examination, our readers will find that the present Souvenir even exceeds former volumes, published in the most prosperous times of literature. The binding, in rich green morocco, possesses durability and elegance.

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New Music.

Songs of the Serenaders, Nos. 1. and 2. Oh! Rose with Me, and Oh! think of those bright Hopes. Written and composed by Henry K. Sayers, Esq.

The first of these “Songs of the Serenaders” is a duet in F sharp, which we look upon as a mere affectation. F natural would answer the purpose quite as well, and juvenile players find great difficulty in a key containing six sharps; indeed, the very appearance of six sharps at the head of the key would terrify nine young ladies out of ten, and deter them from purchasing the music. The bass is dreadfully monotonous; and the subject meagre as a duet, though it might have
made a pleasing glee. Altogether, neither words nor music are likely to earn a name for the author.

"Oh! think of those bright Hopes' has more pretensions, and is a pleasing little ballad enough, as far as the words are concerned; but the key (E natural major) is not fitted for a pathetic subject. The accentuation is wretchedly defective:

—Thus, "These hopes like clouds up-on the blast." "Ere worldly dreams had yet bedeck'd," &c. &c. We advise Mr. Sayers to look to this in future, and banish his fondness for sharp keys, or else his works will never sell.

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Drama.

The King's Theatre.—The Italian opera bids fair to be highly attractive this season, if we may judge from the engagements which, we learn, have now been completed. Mr. Seguin returned to town late on Thursday night from Paris. Amongst those engaged for the operatic corps are—Madame Pasta, Madame De Meric, Madame Boccabadati (her first arrival in this country), Madame Cinti, Damoreau, &c. We are also to have Donzelli, Zachetti, Galli, De Bensis, and Tambourini, &c. The ballet is to be under the direction of Deshayes, who is shortly expected in town, and will comprise Mademoiselle Heberlé, Pauline Lefoux, St. Roman, and Taghioni; with Albert, Théodore, D'Aumont, and the celebrated Perrot, the principal dancer of the grand opera at Paris. The house will open on the 26th of this month, with Matilde di Chabrun, or Il Crociato, and will be succeeded by some new operas by Bellini, &c., never yet performed in this country. I Capuletti e Montuchi, and Norma, are mentioned as among the novelties.

Drury Lane.—It is hard to censure where we wish to praise; we will not, therefore, enter into a detail of Treuba's Men of Pleasure. Suffice it to say, that it has been quietly shelved, to make room for more worthy novelties. Win Her and Wear Her (an alteration of A Bold Stroke for a Wife) appears likely to share a similar fate, in spite of Braham's clever acting. The Brigand has been reproduced, with Cooper as Masseroni, and the critics have, in consequence, treated us with a lachrymose howl about Wallack's superior excellence in the part. This is sheer stuff; had Cooper played it like Wallack, they would have charged him with being an imitator; and if in avoiding an imitation, he falls rather short of excellence, he deserves commendation rather than censure. In fact, he really performs the character with much spirit. The Christmas pantomime is called Harlequin Traveller, or the World Inside Out, and is the most novel and by far the most entertaining piece ever produced at that theatre. Instead of a fixed diorama, Mr. Stanfield gives several beautiful views from the different quarters of the globe; amongst which, the Falls of Niagara (for the first time on the stage) is the most conspicuous. The character of Pierot, long a stranger to pantomime, is introduced, in addition to that of Clown, which is sustained for the first time by Mr. Wieland.

Covent-Garden has been going on, as usual, without the production of any remarkable novelty,—William Tell, The Hunchback, &c., with an occasional opera, being all that has been done during the last month. This theatre, like her rival sister, displays much splendour and novelty in its pantomime, which bears the familiar, and no doubt to all the juniors, pleasing title of Puss in Boots, or Harlequin and the Miller's Son. The Grieves, father and sons, have provided an abundance of new and splendid scenery, the most striking novelty in which is a moving panorama, representing A Trip to Antwerp in the Steam-frigate Rhadamantius,’ giving, in succession, views of the most remarkable objects on the French and English coasts, until its arrival off the coast of Holland “the Town and Citadel of Antwerp,” as they appeared on the springing of the mine at the Lunette St. Laurent, and “the burning of the barracks.” The pantomime here, as well as that of Drury Lane, was completely successful.

The New City Theatre opened on Wednesday, 26th ult., with the interesting drama of the Death Fetch, followed by the laughable entertainment of Damp Beds; and the entertainments concluded with W. L. Redé's admirable piece of The Gentleman in Black, or the Loves of the Devils. Of course we have no time either to enter into a cri-
Fashions.

Costume of Paris.

Gay colours and figured materials are so prevalent in every variety of dress, that a knowledge of the names and descriptions of the new articles of manufacture forms no trifling part in the duty of a Parisian modiste. In the course of each month there are a hundred varieties. From these we select those which are remarkable for novelty, as well as such as are adopted by the most elegant women in the French capital.

For Cloaks, many new variations of the Mandarin cachemire are fashionable. These are figured in coarse-grained silk, on dark grounded cachemire, wreaths of green, on granite, mulberry, or violet; but sometimes chocolate on orange, or cerise and violet. The magnificent Buridan mantles are produced in a constant variety of patterns and colours.

The Damasquinée cloth for cloaks is likewise in favour, in rich brown, granite, and fawn colours.

Hommé royale is a tissue of wool, so extremely thick as not to require to be lined for mantles. It is generally amaranth, figured with black.

Court Dresses are made of a splendid material adopted, called satin Pompadour, which combines all the richness of the olden times with the taste of modern dress. The most beautiful variety is an auricula-coloured ground, brocaded with columns of gold colour figured silk, which produces the effect of gold tissue, with the graceful flow of silk in all. For Full Dress, satin blonde is in high fashion; the ground is satin, lilac, blue, rose, or bright orange; over this is figured in relief, beautiful designs in blonde patterns, with white silk. This was noted last month as a new invention: it is now a reigning fashion.

For Ball Dress, gaze blonde is an elegant material, the ground is clearer than tulle, and it is clustered all over with flowers of the marguerite in satin, which seem almost sustained in the air, the intervals are so very transparent. Sometimes the ground is white, with coloured flowers; but pure white is exquisite: it is worn by young ladies in court costume.

Iris satin is the next admired novelty; it is in rainbow stripes, or rays, alternately with white, and is worn in dress hats and turbans, as well as for full and court dress.

For Evening Dress of a more simple description, the gaze perlé is fashionable. It is a manufacture of considerable firmness, semi-transparent, with little silk
squares figured on it, which are likewise semi-transparent—pale blue or mauve are the colours in which it is most seen.

For Dinner Dress, the Ernestine cachemire is very pleasing; this is a sort of thin Irish poplin, with minute lozenges or diamonds over it.

For Demi-Parure, or Home Dress, poplins, bombazins, and Abbevilles; that is to say, all materials which are made with a mixture of silk and wool, are more worn than those woven wholly of wool. Among the latter, orange cachemire, figured with black, is the most novel; together with a manufacture known under the general name of mousselines de laine, which is like a calico print, woven with wool instead of cotton, and figured in gay patterns.

Walking Dress.—Furs are now the most costly luxury required in dress. They are in complete season, and consequently in high fashion. Over dark pelisses, or cloaks of auricula-coloured velvet, the favourite taste is to wear fur of a yellow fawn colour, called the martin of Kolinsky. It is very soft and fine, and is very elegant with shades of dark velvet. It is a reigning taste that the darker the dress, the lighter the boa and muff.

The grey, the red, and the blue fox, furnish most beautiful suits of fur. The martin of Canada is much worn, and the sable of Astrakan. Likewise boas of the Prussian martin are frequently seen. In short, all light-coloured and long fur is in high request. The dark furs less fashionable, because the common imitations are very successful, and consequently depreciate the value of the real article. Dark bear, when very soft, is fashionable.

The vichyours cloaks are the most elegant and convenient walking dresses that have been seen this winter. They are of violet or auricula-coloured velvet, made always without a pelerine; a single high collar of fur, and exceedingly full sleeves. They are sometimes closed in front, and sometimes, when worn with a pelisse or redingote, are open in front. Green velvet satin or moire are most worn for pelisses, with capes sloped off at the bosom, which give a most graceful fall to the shoulders.

The Damasquiné mantles are made of the new colour, escuriel (squirrel colour), damasked all over with brown figures, and lined with brown velvet. The cape is intersected from the neck to the border with deep vandykes of brown velvet.

Muffs of embroidered velvet are worn in carriage dress, accompanied with elegant wadded capes of the same embroidery; the colours are chiefly granite, or green velvet worked in wreaths of flowers; boas, in embroidered velvet, are not worn this year.

Tout ensembles of Walking Dress.—Pelisse of squirrel-coloured satin; a cachemire shawl of dark blue, with white palms; a hat of sky-blue watered silk, lined with dark blue velvet; velvet flowers of dark and light blue; a light Isabella boa; brodequins of dark blue velvet and morocco; dark blue gloves. Another is a hat of wood-brown satin, lined with apple-green velvet; a wood-brown plume; a walking dress of black satin; a mantle of damasquiné cachemire of wood-brown, lined with apple-green velvet.

Hats and Bonnets.—Extraordinary as it may appear, orange was the colour most worn in Paris during the last days of December. Hats are frequently lined with it, and trimmings of the same shade are general: small hats, a good deal thrown up, are trimmed inside with aureoles of blonde, or with ruches of the same, and sometimes surmounted with a long drooping plume frimatée, but the bibs bonnets are decidedly more recherché, and these often ornamented with satin flowers, and butterflies of cloth or velvet, or bouquets of tips of marabuts or ostrich feathers, tinted with the colours of the lining. Velours epingle, or uncut velvet, in light colours, is much worn. Black velvet hats are scarcely seen; but black velvet is much used for linings. Emerald green moire, lined with black velvet, and passed round the crown with three rouleaus of black velvet. The hat, trimmed with black velvet flowers and butterflies, veined with green and gold colour, is a new and beautiful style. A very small hat of yellow velvet, lined with orange, with an iris-dropping plume, has been sported by a lady of high rank, in carriage costume; and also a bright green satin, lined with orange velvet, and a green plume, attracted attention. Fire-coloured velvet, lined with black velvet, ornamented with a grand plume of fire colour, edged with black, and trimmed with black gauze ribbons, is a new invention. They line bright cherry moire with deep coffee-coloured velvet,
and trim the article with a still deeper coloured plume. Dahlia colour is on the decline for hats. Granite, green of rich and bright shades, auricula, squirrel, and scabious, are used for walking hats. Crimson, orange, fire, and cherry colour, for carriage costume. Silver grey satin, lined with green velvet, and green and silver ribbons of satin, has an elegant effect. Never were black hats and bonnets so little worn. The crowns of both hats and bibis approach to the cone form, and lean forward both in shape and trimmings. White satin, lined with auricula velvet, has been seen in some carriage hats, with which very deep demi-veils of blonde are also used. Some bibis are of rose-coloured satin, lined with black velvet, and trimmed with three rouleaux of black velvet. These rouleaux often supersede all other trimmings.

**Evening Dress.**—When the dresses are made whole, the most approved form is very deep mantillas behind, and folds on the chest; but tunic robes of lace, of satin, and dark-coloured velvet, are the favourite style for full dress. Cerise, or vert luisant tunics, are often seen over white watered silk. When the robes are of white, English lace, or Chantilly black lace. The dress beneath is of mauve yellow, or, even, orange watered silk. All sleeves, though still stiffened, are made to fall very much from the shoulder. Knots of ribbon on the shoulders continue in vogue. For evening dress we must quote one very seasonable parure:—A robe ponceau barege mousseline de laine over a petticoat of ponceau satin; the corsage draped, and a deep lace mantilla on the back and shoulders. Madonna bands and hair without ornament, save a few ponceau velvet bows, and a pearl agraffe. Dog-collar necklace round the throat of very large pearls.

**Camezons.**—These are worn in dinner dress and demi-parure. The most novel are with mantilla capes at the back, and continued with epaulettes on the shoulders. The fronts are edged with lace, and wrap in front, so as to show the corsage of the dress with which this camezon is worn.

**Dress Caps.**—The flowers worn in caps are very light and feathery, and seldom have a mixture of green leaves. The pyramidal style of Louis the Fourteenth’s era is adopted, and promises to supersede every other. These caps are made with tiers of puffs or bows high on the forehead, and with lappets on the cheeks. Very elegant toques are made in the helmet form, of white blonde, and bands of braided cords. Toques of shells of gold gauze and auricula velvet, placed alternately, are used in full dress, and cherry-coloured velvet and silver gauze.

**Hair.**—The hair is dressed higher than ever, with wreaths round the brow and plumes of the same flowers by the side of the high bows and braids. Pink convolvulus, without foliage, are beautiful in this fashion. Likewise sweet peas, of every hue, without foliage, and with rich brown calyces; marguerites, in wreaths of this kind, are beautiful. The leaves and calyces must be brown or tawny colour. Light-coloured velvet hats, with dark linings, are worn at the opera.

**Colours.**—The dahlia colours are rather pâsée. Squirrel-colour, both the purple and Egyptian auricula hues—bright dark green, emerald, acanthus, and apple-green—all the granite shades—bright orange and fire colour, for linings and trimmings, will be in vogue this month.

**Description of Plates.**

(1.)—**Evening Dress.**—Sultana turban of gold-coloured cachemire. The hair banded on the left brow, the right is concealed by a lappet; the robe is of apple-green Turkish satin, figured with oriental scrolls; the sleeves are very full, and fall below the elbows, directly slanting from the shoulders; they are finished with long necks des page of satin ribbon, the ends of which reach the tops of the long gloves. There are three ends of ribbon to each sleeve. The corsage is draped croisées; the waist very long and skirt full, but perfectly plain. A gold-coloured Zoébe scarf is tied about the waist. The chemisette is white satin, trimmed with blonde shells. The earrings, necklace, and buckle, silver, enamelled with green. Long white kid gloves, finished with dents. White satin shoes.

(2.)—**Ball Dress.**—Berret of blonde and braided ribbon, of the helmet shape, and surmounted with white plumes.

The dress is a tunic robe of oiseau moire (watered silk), over a slip of white satin. The tunic is cut with a pointed stomacher front, and deep
pointed shoulder pieces on the corsage; two pieces are gathered in front of the bust, and fasten under a pearl and topaz Sevigné. The short sleeves of the white satin dress are exceedingly full and very falling; the tunic is two inches shorter than the other dress, and the hem two hands deep, and slightly defined by a cord. The earrings, necklace, and buckle, are topaz and pearls; the shoes a pale yellow moire. The boa is blue-fox fur.

(3.) — Proménaude Dress. — Bibis bonnet of auricula-coloured satin, lined with white or pale pink velvet; pink gauze ribbons, spotted or tigré with auricula colour; a bouquet of pink plumes, tinted with a fuller shade of rose. Pelisse of blue green watered silk. Cape cut to show the bosom, and to fall deep on the shoulders. The sleeves are very full, but fall low to the elbows, and then take a slanting direction, which has a very graceful appearance; the skirt and corsage is trimmed with a series of velvet triangles, having a bow and tassels of silk cord between each; and the cape is bordered with slanting dents of velvet, and tied at the throat with a cord and tassels. The belt is ribbon, with two broad satin stripes, and watered silk between; it is fastened with a green enamelled buckle. Ruff of English lace. Boots of green morocco and green velvet.

Miscellaneies of the Month.

Memoir of General Chasse. — David Henry, Baron de Chassé, is descended from a French family, who settled in Holland after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The general was born at Thiel (Gueldre) on the 18th March, 1765. He entered the service of the United Provinces, as a cadet, in 1775, was created a lieutenant in 1781, a captain in 1787, a lieutenant-colonel in 1793, a colonel in 1803, a major-general in 1806, and a lieutenant-general in 1814. After the Dutch revolution in 1787, in which he espoused the cause of the patriots, he left Holland, entered the French army, where, in 1793, he obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He distinguished himself at the battles of Mont, pueron, Stad, and Hoogkle. In 1795 he returned to his country with the army of Pichegru, and in 1796 again departed, to serve in the campaign of Germany, under the command of the Dutch General Daendels. When the English, in 1790, made a descent on the coast of Holland, Colonel Chassé commanded a corps of Dutch Chasseurs, and for several hours maintained an obstinate engagement with the English force, which had the advantage in point of numbers. On the termination of this campaign he departed for Germany. He assisted at the siege of Wurzburg, retook a battery from the Austrians, and made 400 prisoners in the affair of the 27th of December, 1800. He served in the war against Prussia in 1805-6, under the command of the Belgian General, Dumonceau. But Chassé chiefly distinguished himself in the war in Spain, where he afforded repeated proofs of military skill and courage. In Spain his troops gave him the name of General Bayonet, on account of the frequent and successful use he made of that weapon. As the reward of his services, King Louis Buonaparte created him a Baron, with an endowment of 5,000 florins on his domains, and appointed him Commander of the Royal Order of the Union.

General Chassé remained in Spain during the whole of the sanguinary war in that country. He was at the battles of Durango, Missa, Ibor, Talavera de la Reyna, Almonacid, Ocana, and Cid de Maja in the Pyrenees, where he saved the army-corps of Count d'Erlon, at the head of the 8th, 28th, and 54th regiments of the line, and the 16th Light Infantry. The reward of this latter service was the decoration of the Legion of Honour; and the Duke of Dalmatia (Soult) solicited for Chassé the rank of lieutenant-general, which he obtained on quitting the service of France. Napoleon created him a baron of the empire, by the decree of the 30th June, 1811. In January, 1813, Chassé received orders to depart with his four regiments, to rejoin the grand army in the environs of Paris. On the 27th of February he attacked, with the wrecks of those regiments, a column of 6,000 Prussians, supported by a battery of six pieces of artillery, in position on a plateau, near Bar-sur-Aube; and after the retreat of the infantry he defended himself against three repeated and very obstinate attacks of the cavalry. In this affair he was wounded, and in the two campaigns of 1813 and 1814 he had three horses killed and two wounded. He returned to his native country after the first capitulation of Paris, and the
Sovereign Prince of Holland granted him permission to enter his army, with the rank of lieutenant-general, on the 21st of April, 1814. At the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, the French Old Guard was advancing on an English battery which had suspended its fire for want of ammunition; General Chassé observing this, sent forward the flying artillery at full gallop, under the command of General Vandemarsen, in consequence of which the assailants were forced to retire in disorder, leaving the plateau of Mont St. Jean covered with killed and wounded. Profiting by this advantage, he executed, with some Belgian and Dutch battalions, a bayonet charge, which, coinciding with the general movement of the English army, was attended by the most successful result. The Duke of Wellington acknowledged, by a letter published in July following, the important service rendered by General Chassé on that occasion.

Chassé was subsequently made Commander of the Fourth Grand Military Division, the head-quarters of which are at Antwerp. He is now a general of infantry, the highest rank next to that of field-marshal, Grand Cross of the Order of William, and an officer of the Legion of Honour.—On the 23d day of December the City of Antwerp surrendered.

FREEMASONS.—St. Alban, the first martyr for Christianity in England, was a supporter of the mystery; among the subsequent superintendents we find the names of St. Swithin, King Alfred, and Athelstan. The first grand lodge of England met at York, in 926, according to a charter from Athelstan. From the year 1155 to 1199 the fraternity was under the command of the grand master of the Knights Templars, whose mysteries and titles are still continued. We have still extant records of a lodge held in the reign of Henry the Fifth, at Canterbury, when Chicheley, the Archbishop of that see, presided, where the names of the master wardens and other brethren are given. This was in 1439; the King himself was instituted.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.—A brilliant meteor was observed at Dorchester, last Thursday week, a few minutes before six o’clock, which, in its passage from north to south over the town, left a train resembling the coma, or tail of a comet, that remained visible for several seconds. The meteoric matter exhibited a fine blue light, whilst the train appeared to be composed of innumerable ignited particles.

FRENCH DRAMA.—There is rather a curious history attached to the piece in which Taglioni is playing, to the captivation of the Parisians. It is announced as Natalie, or La Latiere Suisse; a Ballet of two acts, written by M. Taglioni, the brother of the Sylphide; the music by Gyrowitz and M. Carafa. Now this same Swiss milkmaid, to which M. Taglioni has given the name of Natalie, was played in 1823, at the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin. Not the slightest alteration has been made, excepting that the heroine Natalie was called Lida; and it was brought out by the original author, M. Titus, under the simple appellation of La Latiere Suisse. The story is rather singular. A beautiful Swiss peasant captivates the affections of a wild English lord, who, in the first act, carries her off, and induces her to a lonely chateau; here she is wholly in his power: but she is so terrified at her situation, that tears, and palingness, and swoonings, are the only greetings with which she receives his visits. Her wily seducer, finding that he cannot overcome the mortal fear inspired by his presence, tries another plan to reconcile his unwilling prize to the sight of him. He has a wax figure, made the exact counterpart of himself, clothed precisely in the same dress; and this he has placed in her chamber. At first Natalie is scared at the sight of this fac-simile of her persecutor, but finding it a very quiet, well-behaved gentleman, she becomes reconciled to its presence, and finds out by degrees that it is very handsome, and, according to female perversity, falls in love with it, and talks to it all day long, of course without gaining a reply; at last she ventures to give it a kiss, and to her horror and consternation discovers it is her tyrant himself, who has, for the last two scenes, introduced himself in the place of his statue; fortunately her brother and parents enter in time to save the poor girl from being frightened to death; and, after a scene full of reproaches, tears, and many caperings, according to the true taste of a Ballet, it ends with the marriage of Natalie, not to the statue she is in love with, but to a much more troublesome personage—her artful persecutor.

This slight sketch, the graceful Sylphide fills up to admiration; nothing can be more bewitching than her gradual transition from timidity to passionate love. The music of the original piece was formerly composed by Alexandre, and the want of success in 1823 may be attributed to the monotonous of the harmony. Mons. Taglioni, when he conceived the idea of adopting the ballet of M. Titus to the talents of his sister, was at Vienna. He had there recourse to Gyrowitz, an old Bohemian composer of great merit, whose talents (par parenthése) have not reached England, but were highly appreciated by Taglioni, who
found many beautiful original symphonies and sonatas for the piano, at Vienna, composed by Gyrowitz. All the bewitching simple mountain melodies in Natalie flow from the original genius of this Bohemian, while the dances and more scientific music are arranged by Carafa. Altogether, it is an enchanting production, which may readily be imagined when it is considered how truly fascinating a ballet must be, in which Taglioni performs through two acts, and is scarcely ever off the stage.

In the higher cast of the Italian drama Signora Judith Grisi has made her début with great success. Her voice is not considered first rate, yet improveable; it is the young lady's great talents as an actress which call down thunders of applause. Her beauty is much admired. La Straniera is the opera performed for the first time in Paris, in which Judith Grisi has distinguished herself at the Theatre Italien. The music is by Bellini. Tamburini has been received with favour in the same piece. An exquisite trio is performed by Judith Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini. Aïda is the part performed by the young débütante.

For the last month a stupid piece has had something of popularity at the Comic Opera, called Le Passage du Régiment. It was formed to chime in with events passing on the great Theatre of the World; and, like all such forced compositions, is affected, cold, and common, and the music much of the same grade as the literature. Indeed, it were pitiful to such original airs to utter verbiage.

**Anecdote of Talma.**—Talma was extremely sensitive in regard to ridicule: nothing annoyed him so much as those odd little accidents that sometimes happen on the stage, which provoke an involuntary laugh from the spectators, in the midst of deep tragedy. He was one night performing the part of Jacques Molay, in the tragedy of the Templars, at a provincial town. In the most pathetic scene, when, as the Grand Master, he is about to lead the Templars to the scaffold, being condemned to a death of torture by the unjust sentence of Philippe le Bel, the King of France, the great actor thus exclaims them:

"It is not to the torture, it is to the glory of martyrdom—
Let us thank heaven, who has thus crowned us!"

At that moment Talma perceived, close at his elbow, a Templar of the most ridiculous appearance that could be imagined. He had a wide mouth, and long teeth his lips could not cover, a huge red nose, and eyes that squinted two ways at once. Talma was in an agony lest the sight of such an odd-looking monster should destroy the effect of his acting. Without lowering his arm, or altering the calm heroism of his features, he said to the manager, M. Bernard, in a low voice, "Who is that wretched animal at my right hand, why did you put him next me?" M. Bernard, who was kneeling to the left, his arms partly crossed on his breast, preparing himself to be burned alive, replied in a penitent tone—"M. Talma, I am much concerned!" The great actor went on:

"Let the torturing fires be kindled around us!
Let the deadly steel be aimed at our lives!
I am ready to meet them, brothers—are you prepared?
Yes, I see you are!"

"M. Bernard, I say, who is this hideous wretch?"—M. Bernard glanced at him, without raising his head, and replied—"He is very ugly, it is true; he is a rich dyer of this town, called M. Flamand; he will perform, out of love to the art, and we are very poor and are glad—Talma resumed his part:

"Heaven resolves that the world shall receive a grand example
From these defenders of the Temple—these soldiers of the faith."

"Can't you tell him to get farther off?"—Bernard, addressing the dyer, without looking at him—"Fall back a little."—But the whole company crowded round M. Talma, so that they impeded his action—the red nose always in the front ranks—when, full of fervour, the Grand Master addressed them with

"Oh, worthy chevaliers of the Temple—"
then added in an aside, "Monsieur Flamand, I wish you would keep your distance from me, and retire behind the others in the background." But the dyer replied sturdily—"Get behind the others, indeed! I shall do no such thing! I am the best dressed in the troop, and shall continue to show myself to advantage."

"Ought I to be afflicted when I see your constancy?" resumed Talma, in his tragic tone. "I will certainly kick you down stairs when I have done," observed the French Roscius, embracing the dyer, as his part required.

"Oh, consolatory hope, glorious torture!
My friends, the scaffold is the path to heaven!"

"And if you do any such thing I will break your head, although you are such a great actor," replied the undaunted dyer. During this colloquy Talma kept up his part so well that the audience was dissolved in tears.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Births.

On the 28th of Nov., at the Chateau de Maffes, near Ath, in the Netherlands, the Countess Alexandre Van der Burch, of a son.

— At Birling, in Kent, the Hon. Mrs. Nevill, wife of the Hon. and Rev. W. Nevill, of a son.

— Dec. 2, at Treguntry, the Lady of Major Gwenny Holford, of a daughter. — Dec. 3, at Brighton, Mrs. Henry Fitzroy, of a daughter.

— Dec. 3, in High Street, Stowe Newsington, the Lady of Henry de la Chaumette, Esq., of a daughter. — Dec. 17, in Hertford Street, the Lady Georgiana Nevill, of a son. — Dec. 16, in Lower Grosvenor-street, Mrs. C. Sotheby, of a son.


Deaths.


Evening Dress.

Turban en cachemire des Mme. de Mme. Beauxvais, Rue St. Anne.

Robe en satin tisse des Mme. de Mme. Vivette, Marcher, Couturière de la Reine, Rue Vivienne.

Published by J. Page, no. 132 Pettet lane. London.
1833.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.
Lady's Magazine.

The Ball Dresses.
Robe en blonde de Mme. de M. rue de Cler, 6.
Excuse en soie Robe en satin.

Published by J.Page, 82 Fleet lane, London.
1833.
Walking Dress.

Cappé en satin ornée de deux bouquets de plumes, des M. de M. Ansel Depands, Rue N. L'aligne à l'Hôtel, en toile de l'atelier de M. Neave (Vernet, 7e Rue-Vive). L'administration du Journal Rue Sobre-Pone de Nazareth, N° 23.

Published by Fage, Fetter lane London.

1832.
I should be insensible even to great kindness were I to enter any other feelings than those of respect and gratitude towards the citizens of the United States. This sentiment may perhaps influence my opinion of their character, in a comparison with that of other people; but it ought not to render me unfit to compare their merits with those of my own countrymen, to whom, with whatever freedom I may have spoken, it cannot be alleged that I have been wanting in affection, even to indulgence for foibles and prejudices. I therefore gladly avail myself of the opportunity afforded me of describing the impression made upon me by the Americans; and when I venture to trace the characteristics of the two nations, I trust it will not be imputed to me that I am actuated by any lighter motive than a desire to see a better union in their respective opinions of each other.

Undoubtedly the British and the Americans do not rightly understand one another; and the fault is quite as strong on the part of the former as on that of the latter—at least, such is my opinion. This, I am aware, will be thought by many to be admitting too much; but, in a question of comparison, it is as well to state a broad, I had almost said a brave, opinion, and let those who question its propriety controvert its justness by fact and argument, and refute the statement by reasoning rather than by denial.

It will not, in the first place, be refused to me, that the British, particularly the English, are a people of strong sympathies and antipathies—they are cordial haters and fervent friends. For ages they have maintained unchanged this character; and such have been its effects on foreigners, that, without begetting their love, it has never failed to command their esteem. They are less liked and more esteemed than their rivals by third parties; and it is among their national foibles that they pride themselves on the distinction, often endeavouring to be distinguished for a rough and haughty demeanor, when more gentleness would not detract from their virtues. Still, however, it has always been found that, notwithstanding this affectation, they have uniformly been discovered to possess a rich fund of worth, more than sufficient to compensate for all the arrogance of their front and aspect. I am sure, therefore, that no disparagement can be thought intended when I assert that those who form an idea of our national
manners by the cold and reserved deportment of individuals, only view the surface of the national character.

In like manner, it should be borne in mind that the Americans have an hereditary tendency to feel and to imitate that repulsive pride, acknowledged to be among some of our defects. It is not as strong, however, among them; for they are a more recently mingled race; and, situated apart from the European community, they have greater obligations of interest, had they none of hospitality, to bear towards the rest of the world a blander demeanor than the circumstances of situation and political connexion impose upon the British. It is not, therefore, drawing a far-fetched inference, to maintain that the British, towards them, will naturally have an adverse feeling, and that they will respond to it with similar apparent pride, although the unconscious constraint arising from their separated situations will no doubt repress the indulgence of that pride, and seemingly give them an appearance of less sincerity. The British are less likely to be pleased with a people so much of their own sort, as with others who are less; and observing how much of natural constraint influences the manners of the Americans, will be apt to ascribe what is only civility to design.

It would be unfair towards the Americans not to trace the effect of the same cause. They cannot but regard our reserved manners as forbidding, and feel often resentment in return, especially as we are a little too apt to ascribe their endeavours in conciliation to sourd-motives. Were both parties to consider this seriously, they would think more correctly of one another. The Americans would discern that the British are less in earnest with their insolence than they appear to be, and the British that the Americans are at least as little actuated by a design to overreach in their fairest and smoothest speeches. Our distasteful insolence is a national habit, not a disposition, and the familiarity of the Americans is equally so. Could it once be understood among our transatlantic kinsmen that we are as unconscious of our national arrogance as they are of that plausibility which is no less one of their attributes, juster allowances would be made for the faults of each other, and things which are objected to reciprocally between them would cease to be considered as predetermined effects of hostile feeling.

The misconception which both the British and the Americans entertain, with regard to that hostile feeling, is one of the great causes which interfere with the mutuality of sentiment which would otherwise prevail between them. Were they severally to comprehend the principles and considerations by which they are insensibly affected, a great desideratum to the political and moral importance of both would be supplied. In every conflict of interests which may arise in Europe, the United States must be always secondary, join whomsoever they may; and it is hardly possible to imagine them actuated by a more dignified feeling than accountable spleen, when they are not the allies of Britain. In the same manner, in every controversy which may arise between them and the new American nations, the European states must be ever subordinate; but it seems almost unnatural to suppose that Britain should not be found by the side of her own offspring, the United States. The naturalness of this policy both nations should have always before them: it should be held to be a vital maxim with each; and those occasional interruptions which may for a time subject it to occultation, should be counteracted on principle by both. By adhering to it as a leading star in their policy, the Americans would become sensible how far it may guide them to national distinction; and viewed with the same eyes by us, we should see that it will give us a weight in the new States, to which none of the European continental nations can ever hope to aspire.

It is not, however, my present purpose to urge the advantages which would arise, both to the United States and to the British kingdom, were the cultivation of friendly feelings an object of their state policy; but only to show that the existing misconception of their respective sentiments towards each other is detrimental to the glory of both. What equivalent can they hope, by rivalry, to acquire, that will endure to be put in competition with that transcendental wreath which it is alike the ambition of individuals and nations to attain? I do not measure it by power, the capacity to harm, but by the boons which it may enable them to bestow on mankind, and by which they may acquire the veneration that is only given to the
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benefactors of the human race. Adverse, they can only injure one another; united in sentiments and language, they may become the arbiters of the destiny of the world; and, blending their influence to promote intelligence and peace, how easily they may spare themselves from the hazards and bloody trophies of victory and war.

While the motives are so obvious for the British and the Americans to unite their policy, it must, nevertheless, be acknowledged that there is a strongly marked difference between the two people, of which they are equally insensible as of their habitual and hereditary foibles. Indeed, I suspect that difference lies much of the chagrin in which our writers, who have treated of the United States, have appeared to indulge.

A great deal of the conversation and ideas of every people is derived from their traditions. As a nation, we are singularly rich in such topics. We have vast popular stores in the recollections of feudal times, local romances and ballads concerning the transactions of olden manners and remote ages. These have furnished an immense magazine of interesting topics. They have become, as it were, part and parcel of our minds, and, in their infinite ramifications, elevate even our most common conversation into history and poetry. The Americans have nothing of this. Their traditions are all recent facts, within the remembrance of the living, and some of them are not very pleasant to us. The consequence is, that what we deem agreeable conversation among ourselves, is uninteresting, unfelt, and obscure to them; and that which may be compared as similar from them to us, is not only also obscure, but such as we would rather not hear. Accordingly, I may venture to assert that, unless the conversation between the British and the Americans turn on general literature, which, among the educated, it generally does, no topics can be less calculated to conciliate than those to which they are respectively prone. It can afford no pleasure to the Americans to hear of our national anecdotes, the times and language of which they can only guess at; and certainly it can give none to us to hear of the exploits and enterprises of the war for their independence, almost their only source of national traditions, and which many among us are far from regarding as a period honourable either to our wisdom or our policy.

In this, however, the Americans will admit that the advantage is on the side of the British. Our topics are derived from ancient times, from historical events, which have been adorned, in many instances, with the noblest poetry! We may, therefore, be pardoned for the enthusiasm with which we speak of them. Seldom, however, are they spoken of by us with more eulogy than the heroic exploits of the ancient Greeks and Romans are by all civilised nations; and yet who would objects to that ardour with which their achievements are celebrated: on the contrary, all respect it as the effusion of amiable feeling and the index of high-mindedness. We have proud causes, in our historical incidents, for an eloquence that no just mind can do otherwise than admire; but the Americans have, as yet, only one class of triumphs, which, however honourable to them, cannot be pleasant to the British—at least they ought to think so, and the well-bred among them always do.

Besides, there is another conversational superiority, which no just-dealing American citizen will deny.—Before the very American continent itself was known, we had conferred, both by example and high deeds, boons upon the world, and their own subsequent existence is a proof of it. Their laws and institutions are but a reflex of ours, purified, it may be, from feudal customs, and adapted to a more judicious distribution of property than rude antiquity had in its habits taught our forefathers. The Americans have only yet shown the world an example of a magnanimous and successful resistance of an aggressive political principle. They have not increased the pleasures nor comforts, nor accelerated the intellectual advancement of man. Their continent has, it is true, furnished materials which have contributed to the enjoyments of the world, but they themselves are not distinguished among those who have improved the human race. They have produced no work of art than can be called of the first class—no invention is theirs which has augmented the physical powers of the human being—their literature is but imitation—their legislation but a modification of European jurisprudence: in all that constitutes the ascendancy and glory of civilisa-
tion they are far behind. But why should this indisputable truth be unpleasant? In many things, even now, we do not hesitate to admit that the Italians are our masters and teachers. Why, then, should the Americans be dissatisfied when it is but supposed that they are still comparatively behind the people with whom they are the most intimate and the nearest connected? Moreover, the arts are the ornaments of nations in maturity, and the United States are still young.

There can be no injury to them in speaking of this circumstance—certainly no offence. It is not a question of capacity, but of time. England enjoys a rich inheritance from antiquity, to which the United States, as a nation, can have no equivalent claim. The face of the two countries bears ample testimony to this fact in their respective monuments and cultivation; but there is neither fault nor error which can be imputed to the Americans that it is so. All the wealth, the ingenuity, and the power of commanding either, could not, for example, erect a Westminster Abbey in America, simply because time is essential. There is, therefore, no brag in the alleged arrogance with which the British boast of their national edifices: it is but the result of that simple feeling which the possessor of a rarity enjoys that another cannot possess. No doubt, in seven hundred years hence, America may boast a nobler mausoleum of her illustrious dead than even Westminster Abbey. But the Americans have not yet that veneration, which is the growth of time and associations, for

"The patient offspring of immortal art."

Nor are we doing them any injustice. As well might we feel ourselves humbled by reflecting that the whole British empire, with all its wealth and artists, could not construct so fine a building as the Parthenon of Athens, and, above all, so old.

Perhaps it may be regarded as truisms to state such things: it is, however, not so. I have heard discussions on this very subject; and, although the argument was so obvious, something was felt as if it implied an inability and defect of capacity in the Americans. Indeed, I once heard heard a lady, of considerable accomplishments, wonder why the family of the Barings were not considered a national family, like the Persies; as if birth, pedigrees, and historic deeds were things which wealth could bring with it.

In those things, therefore, which are derived from antiquity, the Americans do not shew their usual good sense, in thinking a comparison between our and their condition can be fairly instituted; still less, when they fancy that, in alluding to them and their national achievements, we have the slightest idea of disparaging their country. Judicious men—and it is especially necessary on the part of the Americans—should endeavour to appease the morbid sensibility of their countrymen on this subject, and instruct them rather to point to those things in which they have made decided progress, as evidences shewing that in an equal time they may stand proudly in comparison with the European nations.

Were the Americans to reflect, as the wise among them rightly do, that it is only in their progress since their independence that they can justly and fairly put themselves in comparison with what has since been the progress of Great Britain, more correct notions of what they really are would soon prevail. Prior to that event, how little they possessed to be put into competition with England; and yet all that England then possessed she still possesses, and her progress in arts and arms, and all the branches of science and civilisation, have undoubtedly been greater and more rapid than that of America, arising solely from one single cause, which every judicious American will allow—a more opulent and closer concentrated population. No doubt greater capital has contributed a part; but had the capital of both been similar in amount, the single cause—a denser population—would have produced a superiority in effect.

I should be loth, in a paper of this kind, to minister in any way to the false notions of the vulgar in either country, even when confident that my argument could not be impeached. I therefore reject entirely every idea of comparing the physical power of either; but I am anxious to shew that, in many of those things at which the Americans are supposed to take umbrage, a little consideration would make them pleased to find the British not unjust. That their progress as a people has been great and rapid, comparative to their means; we only show ourselves fools when
we deny, and they know little of America who do so. But with our own means, and with the troublesome restrictions on property, the remnants of the feudal system, which has not embarrassed them, we are quite as much entitled to their respect.

Besides the respective misunderstanding which has arisen from the suspicion of being undervalued on the one side, and a like unworthy repulse of pretension on the other, there is another point of difference between the two, and which, though I may be able to show it to ourselves, I doubt if it will be easy to make the Americans rightly comprehend it. They have only a middle class, as compared with ours, in their society. They have no "quality," as it is called here—no rank, that either in circumstances, taste, or personal habits can be compared with our aristocracy,—the proudest and most exclusive class of persons on the earth. The utmost that American society can produce is far under this haughty and peculiar race: it does not rise beyond our merchants and manufacturers, and, even of these, only the secondary class. Now, although the members of our aristocracy do but rarely visit America, still sometimes they do, and they can meet with no company in the United States more accustomed to seek only for amusement than that of their own opulent tradesmen—a worthy respectable class—but who are never permitted to be guests in their saloons. The endeavours at elegance in the hospitality of American opulence will, therefore, seem always to those scions of pride a sort of high life below stairs. I am not aware that the Americans should be offended at this, and certainly they ought not to ascribe it to any other feelings than a diseased habit. It is an effect as disagreeable among us in this country as to them; and those who practice the fastidiousness are as little aware of its impression, as they are of the secret dislike which their condescension inspires, even when most respectfully acknowledged by their own dependants.

Between the manners and usages of the American citizens, and British subjects in the same lines of life and business, the difference is not obviously discernible. It would be positive flattery to represent the Americans as in any degree superior, and as gross partiality to claim the same thing for the British—save only in the unconscious advantage which has grown up with them, and is a consequence of that inheritance of more various topics which belongs to the inhabitants of an old country. In fine, it must be conceded—and in yielding the point, the Americans will only do homage to truth—the first class of American society is only equal to the second class of the British, and they have none to compare with the aristocracy at all. Whether this can be regarded as a national inferiority I shall not attempt to ascertain. I only state it as a fact, and that it is not the best virtue of the wealthier citizens who conceive themselves to be on a par (I allude not to worth, but to manners,) with the lordly patricians of England; and yet it would be difficult to say in what the difference consists, farther than that it is something resembling the flavour of fruit, decidedly distinct, and of a different aroma.

Perhaps it would not be difficult to illustrate, by example, the difference to which I allude; but it might be construed to imply that I had observed more curiously than kindly, even while I acknowledge that I ever must deeply feel myself a great debtor for politeness and hospitality. This much, however, I may say, and surely it cannot be deemed invicious, that their young gentlemen have formed themselves a little too much on what may be called the George the Fourth style of manners, an equanimity of style in which there is more of courtesy than of heart. Our own gentry are, in many instances, not free from this defect—for, with all its graciousness, it seems a defect to me.

There is, beyond all question, much less consideration paid in the United States than in this country to relationship. Many regard this as an effect of their republican institutions; but if we reflect on the attention paid to it in the ancient republics, and how much it is even interesting to all men, even among the savage Indians, it seems to be more owing to some other than a political cause. I am myself of opinion that it arises from the newness of the society, and the necessity induced by that circumstance not to be over-scrupulous of the profession by which money is to be mode. The affections, in America, are certainly not feebler than among us; but the pride which here induces the different members of a family to assist each other,
National Characters.

has little comparative influence in a society composed so generally of adventurers. Want of success is not there so embarrassing as where caste is deteriorated by the taint of poverty. There is, indeed, less affectation on this subject among the Americans than with us. Poverty seems by them to be estimated more correctly, and as a casualty incident to human life, arising from the accidents of commercial enterprise. They have no motive to conceal their origin. Indeed, success has a tendency to make them proud of showing the lowness of the level from which they have sprung. With us it is different: gentility is a mighty important status in British society, and so much so, even among men of no common understanding, that it betrays them often into ludicrous pretensions. Similar weakness does not prevail in the United States, and the citizens are not insensible to the value of rank in foreigners and of the advantages which fortune confers on themselves. There is no doubt examples of republican familiarity, a presuming upon that equality with which the law regards all alike; and perhaps instances now and then may be met with where vulgarity presumes, in consequence, to rank itself with intelligence: but these must be rare indeed, and will always be properly rebuffed by the tact and temperament of those whom unconsciously they venture to annoy.

Another feature in the American character appears unseemly to some of our sensitive travellers, and I notice it because I have heard it more than once complained of by the fastidious. There are citizens who, if they do not actually regard the representatives and senators of the different States as on a par with our Members and Peers of Parliament, certainly consider those of Congress as quite so; and in a political point of view they doubtless are. But it is not on account of their political functions that Peers and Members of Parliament hold that consideration in British society which the Americans, who make the comparison, imagine. It is because they belong to the aristocracy, inherit its advantages, and, with few exceptions, are selected for their connexions from a class which the whole nation has for ages regarded with peculiar respect. Their political importance is derived from these circumstances, and it only makes them publicly known, rather than adds to their private importance. When, therefore, the Americans observe the deference which the British pay ostensibly to their political men, they should discriminate between what is paid to their rank as officers, and to personal and private character. Towards Lords and Members of Parliament, merely as such, our sentiments are probably similar to those with which the Americans regard their senators and representatives; and when we seem to respect them more, they may be assured it arises from other than political causes.

There is also another peculiarity, much more discernible than the one just mentioned, and still more loudly objected to by our travellers. I allude to the boastfulness of the Americans respecting the progress of their country. This is commonly attributed to a persuasion that there is some conceit of superiority about them, and undoubtedly it has occasionally that effect; but in many journeys, and in all varieties of society, from the common wayfarers in steam-boats and stagecoaches, to persons of the highest consideration, I have carefully watched this national peculiarity, and with confidence I venture, in opposition to most of my countrymen, to maintain that it has its origin in a modest feeling. It is not the brag andegotism of an imagined superiority, but arising from a wish to ascertain if strangers be sensible of the difficulties they are overcoming, and whether we consider them at all yet resembling ourselves. With the educated and judicious, I have never discerned any pretension to more than this. As for the talk that seems to countenance the commoner notion, due weight should be allowed to the insufficient opportunities and unformed capacities of those who assert higher pretensions. There is as much error in the distaste with which they are listened to as in the ignorance of their loquacity. Between the well educated of the Americans and those of Great Britain, there is no difference, as I think, on this point; and the vulgar of both nations are still more similar to each other in their misconceptions and prejudices.

We have given the name of Yankees generally to the Americans, as if all the citizens were of New England. We fancy they all speak "obstropolous," with a nasal twang, as I heard a New Englander once call it. But nothing can be more
Elle est à moi.

Elle est une femme charmante,  
Belle de grâce et de savoir,  
Dont la figure seduisante  
Plait ausilié qu’on peut la voir;  
Son regard langoureux inspire  
Un doux émoi  
Heureux celui qui pourra dire;  
Elle est à moi.

Lorsque sa voix mélodieuse  
Prête son charme à quelque chant,  
Mon âme attention et rêveuse  
L’écoute avec ravissement;  
Est-il mortel qui ne soupire  
Après sa foi?  
Heureux celui qui pourra dire:  
Elle est à moi.

J’aime sa belle chevelure,  
El de sa taille le contour;  
Tout en elle, je vous le jure,  
Est fait pour donner de l’ançour.  
Mon cœur connaïl de son empire  
La douce loi,  
El pourtant je ne puis pas dire  
Elle est à moi!
CHESS PLAYING.

(Vide Embellishment.)

Chess is a game of forecast and reflection. In Spain, more than in any other country in Europe, it seems, as it were, indigenous, and admirably adapted to the grave and silent temperament of the people. There it is the relaxation and amusement of all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the camaristas and postilions, up to the aged hidalgo, the young cavalier, the graceful senorita, and the majestic dona, all of whom it is equally familiar. In our own country, however, the case is completely altered: the game is known to a very limited number of persons, nor is it played with that ease and comfort which would remove it from the class of a study, rather than an amusement; so that even a fair knowledge of it may be considered an over-valued accomplishment. The accompanying illustration, which is engraved from a design by a continental artist, who has most successfully studied the rich style of Murillo, displays one of these domestic Spanish scenes, and recalls to the mind of the beholder, with a slight variation of the persons, the fourth act of Shakespeare's beautiful play of the Tempest. The long continuance of the Arab dynasties in Spain, and the consequent interweaving of eastern habits and customs into the very constitutions and language of the Spaniards, has made this eastern game thus national in the Peninsula. It is there an amusement, while in northern Europe it is a pedantry; and strange as it seems, all other pedantries have been visited by the lash of the satirist, excepting that of chess. And yet were ever such outrageous affectations tolerated in any other pursuit? The literary pedant has been a mark for ridicule from the earliest ages of the world; the musical pedant, the mannerist in dress and conversation, have each been assailed without mercy; the exquisite Elia has sketched the whims pedant, in the person of Mrs. Sarah Battle, and the rigour of the game; but the vagaries of chess-players have hitherto been held sacred: and yet what can be more exquisitely ridiculous than a game of chess continued for years, and carried on by letter in distant countries—the horn of the postman or courier anunci-
CHECK MATE

(See article Chefs playing Page 47)

Engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum.

Published by J. Leyp. No Taper Lane. 17th Dec. 1838.
of relaxation which the ethereal part of our mysterious nature yields to the infirmities of its fleshly partner. Therefore, if a real standard of intellect be adjudged to a chess-player, it is the equanimity and temper with which he bears defeat, and not the successful result of a game which often depends on the clearness of the retina of the eye, that embraces the positions of all the pieces on the chessboard at one glance, rather than a premeditated plan. Truly, a ready and lucky solver of riddles brings more of mind into exercise than a good chess-player.

Chess, thus considered, will no longer be entered into by society by two clever people as a sort of gladiatorial mental combat, to show to a host of impertinent lookers-on whose is the master mind of the two, to the infinite hazard of loss of temper by the losing party.

Children, if properly managed, play at this game without any false parade, and therefore enjoy it more truly than their elders. With a little watchfulness on the part of those to whom they are entrusted, it forms a valuable assistant to modern education, chaining for a while the constitutional restlessness of children to habits of observation and quiet; and if undue importance is not suffered to be connected with the winning or losing a game, it is both amusement and improvement: yet we would advise those who have the care of children to keep the chessboard in their own possession, and only grant the use of it now and then as a favour, if they would wish the young players to retain a relish for a relaxation so beneficial to them.

As quickness of eye is necessary for excellence in this game, it is not surprising that many great generals have been skilful chess-players; for how many battles have been decided by mere quickness of eye, coupled, of course, with quickness of action? But, excepting this point, there is no real analogy between a field of battle and a chessboard. Although we may, therefore, allow that great generals are, very generally, good players at chess, it by no means follows that all good chess-players would show warlike talents, since the accidents of variation of weather, position, numbers, the health of the troops, their physical strength, form no part of the arduous mental considerations requisite for a chess-player, who always commences on an equality with his antagonist; and so we humbly aver that these several important considerations must enter into the brains of great commanders, and, in a great measure, determine the plan of operations and the manœuvres necessary to ensure success, which would have been, in all probability, completely different had the parties started on an equality. The absence of all feeling, and recklessness of human life, so thoroughly shown in Wallenstein and Napoleon, have been attributed to their over-fondness for chess-playing; and their habits of sacrificing a calculated number of breathing and sensitive fellow-creatures for a position on the battle-field to the manner they had been accustomed to sacrifice a given number of insensible chessmen for a place on the chessboard. In Schiller's noble play of the Death of Wallenstein, Butler, when enumerating his bad qualities, observes,

"His men were like the figures on his chessboard."

Louis the Twelfth of France, whose warlike qualities, great as they were, have been thrown into the shade by the superior beauty of his temper and the benevolence of his heart, was passionately fond of chess; and, in order to enjoy his game, when forced by ill health to travel on a litter or in a carriage, in order to prevent the pieces from falling about, played on a cushion figured like a chessboard. Each chessman was finished with a long sharp point or prong, so that when a piece was moved, it was stuck into its place, like a pin on a pincushion.

The great antiquity of chess in our country may be gathered from the circumstance that two words of very general use, a substantive and verb, a chek and to check, have been adopted into our language from the most important part of this game. Likewise, armorial bearings are not only often charged with the board in the heraldic term checky, but the various pieces are seen figured on divers shields. In the last century generally, and even now not unfrequently, it may be seen painted on the door or windows of low inns, as a sort of supernumerary sign, of which the use is totally forgotten, excepting to the antiquary; but it signified that chess, or, in later days, draughts, might be
played within, as the hostel was furnished with a board of chequers.

Our old poets are full of allusions to this game. The most ancient copy of the ballad of *Child Walther* has this line:—

"Four-and-twenty ladies playing at the chess."

The well-known fact that Baron Kempelen constructed an automaton, capable of maintaining a game of chess with the most celebrated players, not one of whom were able to defeat it, has, we suppose, given rise to the following tale, for the verity of which we are far from vouching:—

Two centuries ago, a gentleman, who dwelt at Bordeaux, had made himself remarkable for his great skill in the game of chess. There was no one in Gascony who could compete with him. He had defeated every rival: his decisions on games were considered oracular, and he could not even move a pawn without eliciting cries of admiration from all the bystanders. Every one gave him the surname of Chevalier de l'Échiquier.

One day a certain Spanish cavalier, who had landed at Bordeaux, happened to see the Gascon gentleman play in public. "I perceive," said he to him when the game was over, "that fame has not overrated your ability, and I think you almost a match for our Don Gabriel de Roquas."

"Who is Don Gabriel de Roquas?" asked the French gentleman in an off-hand tone.

"How!" exclaimed the Spaniard; "is it possible that you can be ignorant of his name? He is the first chess-player in Spain. He lives at Cordova, and every day the most skilful players arrive from every corner of Europe to contend with him; but they all depart defeated, and freely confess that no one in the world can contest a game with Don Gabriel de Roquas."

"You inspire me with a wish to have a trial of skill with him," said the Gascon; "and, however victorious he may prove with others, I trust that I shall maintain the honour of the Garonne."

After this conversation, the French chevalier knew neither repose nor happiness. The thought that he had a rival, perhaps a master, poisoned all his triumphs, as the laurels of Miltiades prevented the sleep of Themistocles. At last he resolved to put an end to this uncertainty, and one fine day set sail for Cordova. Arrived in Spain, after a prosperous voyage, he hastened to the place of abode of Don Gabriel de Roquas, and found the great man playing a game of chess very gravely with his ape.

"Signor Don Gabriel," said the Gascon gentleman, "I have undertaken a journey to Spain, attracted solely by the renown of your skill in the game of chess, and I hope I shall be found worthy of a trial of your ability. I am held in some esteem at Bordeaux, and I will venture to say that I do not think I shall find my match in this town."

"We shall see," replied the Spanish cavalier, smiling at the gasconade. "Seat yourself, and we will decide the question on the spot."

Our two champions placed the chess-board between them, and began to play; but they had not made ten moves before Don Gabriel rose suddenly, saying, "I see, Sir, it is useless to play any longer with you; you are not fit to play with me; I do not think you are able to defeat my ape!"

"How!" cried the Gascon gentleman, "is it your intention to insult me?"

"Not at all," replied the Spaniard; "my ape possesses wonderful skill at chess. I have sometimes a difficulty myself in contending against him."

"Since you insist on it," said the Frenchman, "I will play with him, if it were only to gratify my astonishment that such an animal can know the use of the pieces; of this, however, I have, I confess, my doubts."

The ape, on a sign from Don Gabriel, seated himself in his master's place, and continued the game that had been relinquished, and so effectually, that in a few moves his adversary received checkmate; at which the Gascon was so incensed, that, in the first ebullitions of his rage, he gave the poor ape so sound a box on the ear, as that the blow knocked him into the middle of the apartment. Don Gabriel warmly reproached his guest for such brutal conduct. The Gascon owned his fault, but demanded another game, that he might have his revenge.

"I do not know," observed Don Ga-
briel, gravely, "Whether my ape will play again with you after being so cruelly maltreated."

The Spaniard, after some soothing, induced the ape to come out of a corner, where he sat chattering with indignation, and rubbing his ear. Don Gabriel placed him before the chess-board, and gave him assurances that he had nothing to fear, and the ape recommenced playing; but he trembled, and put on a look of defiance at every move. After some masterly strokes, the ape moved a pawn, and then, escaping from his seat, jumped on the top of a high press, at the other end of the room, from whence he viewed his adversary with looks of great trepidation. The Gascon was astonished at his sudden flight, and demanded the reason of Don Gabriel de Roquas.

"Do not you see," he replied, "that in two moves you will be checkmated, and that my ape, being aware of it, retreats in time from the consequences which he has every reason to expect will follow your defeat?"

Our Gascon, finding it useless to prolong his stay at Cordova, returned sorrowfully to the banks of the Garonne; and on being questioned by his friends whether he had beat Don Gabriel de Roquas, he replied, with a sigh, "Alas! no, I was not able even to overcome his ape!"

Whether deservedly or no, some superior mental power is attributed to the successful issue of a game at chess; and most writers upon the subject conclude by recommending that the conqueror exhibit no signs of triumph over his less fortunate adversary; but, on the contrary, that he frame for him every possible excuse, at one time attributing the advantage he has gained to the carelessness and want of attention of his opponent, or that he himself was in particular tact for success, or, as in the case of our embellishment, that some fair damsel disturbed his opponent's thoughts, and yielded him an easy victory. In short, that the game was, in some shape or other, won by accident, and not by science or skill; that falsehood may, as a balsam, heal the otherwise torn and afflicted bosom of his companion, and checkmated playmate.

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WOMAN.

TO ———

Oh! do not thus deceive her! Could'st thou tell
How chaste and bright a gem is woman's heart,
How fond and how confiding—could'st thou learn
The delicate fabric of her maiden love,
Thou would'st not rudely break the hallowed tie,
Or aught so pure and sacred dare profane.
A careless world may smile upon the deed—
Society may ope' her arms to thee—
And, 'mid the tumults of a busy life,
Thou may'st forget the being thou hast wronged.
But will she, too, sit coldly, calmly by?
And will the bright affection of her heart
As transient prove as thy too fleeting truth?
Believe it not: the silver chord once loosed
The harp's melodious song is hushed for ay!—
Look at that faded form, that fevered cheek,
That melancholy gaze, that altered mien.
That fretful and impatient bearing, where
All erst was kindness, gentleness, and love.
Or, if a prouder spirit lead her on,
See how she struggles with her shipwrecked hopes,
The Last of the Burnings.

And strives to smile revenge; and then perchance,
As if to pierce more deeply to the heart
The faithless one, she flings away her hand
On some ungentle, worthless wooer——thus
Ending, in desperation, love despised.
Oh! for the wrath of heav’n, deceive her not:
For heav’n is love, and heav’n will sure avenge
The blight of aught so holy——aught so pure.
Once won, it knows no change: cold man may fly,
Like the gay bee, from sweet to sweet, and rob
The flow’r of all its honey as he passes:
But woman’s heart, dear woman’s, like the ivy
So closely clings, so sacredly holds fast
When once it fixes, that, ’mid weal or woe,
Bleak storms or summer sunshine, changeless still——
The skies alone its kindred truth can claim.

THE LAST OF THE BURNINGS.

A Norwich Record.

BY EDWARD LANCASTER.

"Revenge should follow injury,
Which never reached so far as thought in me
Towards you."

BEAUMONT.

"He hath out-villain’d villainy so far
That the rarity redeems him."

SHAKESPEARE.

[One lovely evening I was seated gazing
with a friend through an old-fashioned
window of a quiet inn, in the ancient city
of Norwich. Our view opened down an
avenue of trees, whence we could mark
the sun gradually running his course to
the nethermost heavens. The one likened
the appearance to a funereal blaze, such as
is prepared for an eastern sacrifice, or as
a punishment of death, in days of old, upon
some votary of superstition or some mi-
serable culprit. We had scarcely, how-
ever, entered upon this theme, when a
stranger present offered to narrate to us
the last of the burnings in Norwich. The
account he had received from his father,
who had been an eye-witness of the scene.
Gratified by this wish to afford us ent-
ertainment, we readily acceded to the
proposal, and, attentively listening, he
began as follows.]

On the summit of a gently rising ground,
whose foot was kissed by the great river
Ouse, there stood, in the year 17——, a
small cottage of a wild and romantic ap-
pearance, almost covered by a variety
of wild creeping plants, so that little of
the primitive structure remained open to
view, and, but for the smoke which tranqu-
quilly ascended from the chimney, few
persons would have discovered its ex-
istence. The occupants were an aged
and widowed female, and her son, in his
twenty-second year, a fisherman. His
father, Luke Dangerfield, had been in to-
lerably wealthy circumstances, and Paul,
the son, received an education which
might have fitted him for a higher station
in life; but sad reverses reduced the old
man’s finances very low, and entering
the navy, he was slain in the wars. Paul
Dangerfield, by the most unflinching
industry as a labourer, gathered together
a sufficient sum of money to purchase
a fishing-boat, in conjunction with an
old schoolfellow and companion, Mark
Inderling. He formed the resolution of
toiling night and day until his mother
was placed beyond the blighting influence
of poverty, and he determined to soothe
her declining years by all the affection
which a son could bestow. A steady ad-
hherence to these principles made Paul be-
The Last of the Burnings.

come a great favourite with the inhabitants of Lynn, his neighbouring town, and no fish was deemed half so good as that which came from his net.

Mark Inderling was a mild good-humoured young man, similarly circumstanced with Paul, having to support his parents, who were prevented by age from pursuing any laborious avocation. His was an every-day character. His good qualities were dormant, unless stimulated by an example, and he might then persevere in a good course; whilst Paul, although generally the first in forming resolves, was of a vacillating turn.

The friends were one evening returning with the produce of their day's labour, and the wind being leeward they hoisted sail and tranquilly watched the sun sinking in crimson glory below the waters. Paul was, nevertheless, soon weary of this magnificent sight, and though he might have taken a transient pleasure in gazing on the scene before him, yet he would gladly have left it for a more bustling occupation.

"You seem vexed, brother Paul," remarked Inderling, observing the impatience which sat upon his brow.

"Like enough," returned Dangerfield; "I'm tired of this humdrum work." Then, with a sudden transition of manner which frequently characterised his conversation, he added, in a cheerful tone, "There'll be choice sport in town to-morrow."

"All the better for those who can enjoy it; but what do you allude to?" said Mark.

"Why, what else but the fair, to be sure. Wont to-morrow be the feast of St. Margaret, the day appointed as one of fun and jollity?"

"True; I recollect now," rejoined Mark: "but what is that to us, Paul, who cannot spare a day from labour?"

"Ill tell you what, Mark," returned Dangerfield, "to-day's draught will put a few bright shillings into my pouch, and if that won't carry me through a few hours without work, I'll never cast net more."

"I should say spend it and be jolly, if no one depended upon you; but what will your mother do? She must not starve, and the next day Sunday, you will lose two days by not attending the nets to-morrow."

"If the whole town starve, I'll not miss the fair to-morrow," said Paul decisively; and wishing for Mark's countenancing his idleness, he drew a forcible picture of the pleasure to be enjoyed in going, and concluded with an artful insinuation that, if his more prudent companion remained behind, he should consider meanness and avarice the cause of his absence.

Inderling, a little nettled, mused for some moments, and said, "To speak the truth, Paul, I'm as eager to be there as yourself; yet I can't, with a good conscience, without leaving something to make the old folks at home comfortable: so I'll go to Master Anderson, the sailmaker, and if he will give me a job, I will sit up all night, and take my pleasure to-morrow instead."

Paul, thus outshone in filial piety, bit his lip; but false pride prevented him from following the good precept, and he carelessly closed the conversation by laughingly designating Inderling "a steady old file." Dangerfield's faults and excellences sprang alike from a thirst after pre-eminence. He was one of those daring spirits which ever love to be foremost; but the basis of his feelings was self-gratification, and that which contributed most towards it became for a time his darling passion. When his father died, he heard so many instances of acts performed by sons for their widowed mothers' sakes, that he became ambitious to excel them all, in order to hear the pleasing notes of flattery sounded in his ears. Hence a sudden transition from inactivity to action. The novelty of commendation wearing off, Paul's restless mind sought some other field wherein to display his pre-eminence, and none appeared more available than that of wrestling and other athletic exercises, which the forthcoming fair would afford.

With these views, Paul Dangerfield, accompanied by his friend Mark Inderling, proceeded to the fair; and after the companions had successfully displayed their prowess in several trials of strength, accident led them to a marquee, where the two prettiest girls in Lynn were dancing, in company with their rustic swains and relatives. Our heroes dearly loved a beautiful face; and it was not long ere they secured the hands of the attractive creatures for the next set. Dangerfield's partner was a lovely girl, two years his
junior in age, and daughter to a respectable widow, named Howard, who kept an inn in the town. She had hitherto passed through life as a butterfly does a summer's day, and had never yet experienced ranking care. Surrounded by none but friends, and nurtured by a cheerful and indulgent mother, not only was she perfectly happy, but possessed the fascinating art of imparting a portion of such happiness to all who shared her society, how melancholy soever they might previously be. No miracle, then, that Paul soon became animated with reciprocal sensations; and, as he marked the arch yet innocent glances that shot mirthfully from her light blue eye, and listened to the notes of a voice which breathed not but melody, he thought she would form a companion ten thousand times preferable to his lone, grief-worn, and, alas! neglected mother. On the other hand, Lucy, for that was her name, suffered a smile of gratification to play unrepressed upon her vermeil lip, whilst attending to the little expressions of gallantry whispered by her partner; and she permitted him to lead her to a seat when they had gone through the prescribed number of dances together, rather than dance with any other partner.

Inderling, too, found his an equally attractive choice, and in some respects superior. Cecilia Bentley, the charming creature in question, belonged to that order of beauties emphatically termed angelic; and a dignity of soul, an acuteness of observation, softened by a purity of sentiment, were so forcibly depicted upon each lovely feature, that she might have equally served as a model for Juno, Pallas, or Diana. She had been reared and educated by a maiden lady of considerable property, who always expressed an intention of providing handsomely for her protege, until a young fortune-hunting adventurer was lucky enough to persuade the old lady to change her name, upon which Miss Bentley was restored, without any ceremony, to her parents.

With none of accomplishments to ensure her, by exercising them, a moderate independence, and sufficient girlish good humour to enjoy the harmless amusements of the middle classes, Cecilia rejoiced rather than repined at her emancipation from the formalities that had hitherto restrained her natural flow of spirits, and she hailed her entrance into the arena of life with an enthusiasm equal to that displayed by a traveller returning from the ice-bound regions of the north, when first he bursts upon the enchanting beauties of a verdure-clad landscape. The father of Cecilia Bentley had been master of a king's ship; but, owing to wounds which disabled him, he retired on a pension to his native town, where, with the assistance of his wife's needle, he contrived to support existence, until his daughter was once more with him to add to his comforts.

But to return. Dancing continued until nearly ten o'clock, when, by some accident, a part of the tent caught fire; and, although the flames were immediately extinguished, it gave our heroes an opportunity of displaying their zeal in providing for the safety of their partners, who, becoming separated, by this means, from those who had accompanied them to the fair, gladly accepted the young men's offer of seeing them home in safety. This circumstance speedily led to a friendship between the parties, and, in another year, that intimacy ripened into love. The estimation in which Dangerfield was held, induced Mrs. Howard to give a ready assent to his petition for her daughter's hand; nor was Inderling less successful, as his father had been mate in the same vessel in which Bentley had served, and the veterans rejoiced in the prospect of cementing their old friendship by an union between their children. Mark was thus rendered as happy as he could wish to be: his days were, as heretofore, spent on the deep; but at evening he delighted in devoting a part of that time, which he had usually allotted for rest, to the service of his affectionate Cecilia. Paul, on the contrary, soon forsook his industrious courses: the prospect of succeeding to the possession of the widow Howard's inn rendered him careless of the present, and too confident in the future. Much of his time was spent in habits of dissipation; and taking advantage of his good repute with the townspeople, he borrowed several sums of money, which he squandered in vicious pursuits. His benefactors, not long blind to these circumstances, became rigorous in their demands for repayment: and, in consequence, the frankness which formerly gained him golden opinions, now became audacity; his courage, brutality; so that he daily lost that esteem more and
more, which it had been so much his ambition to endeavour to acquire.

Amid all this, the fond confiding Lucy still remained faithful. Her own innocence prevented her from suspecting the absence of it in Dangerfield, and she listened to his vows of love with sensations of unmingled delight. 'Tis true, she perceived many of his irregularities, and deeply deplored them; but where is the girl who will not find excuses for a lover? She reflected upon his youth—upon the loneliness of his situation, and indulged the fond delusive hope, that when they were united he would again become an ornament to the sphere in which he moved. "He will, then," she inwardly exclaimed, "redeem his promise to sacrifice every fancied enjoyment for my happiness, and, in so doing, permanently secure his own!" Mrs. Howard, however, who knew more of human nature than Lucy, marked with strong dissatisfaction Paul's gradual degeneracy, and determined to rescue her much-loved child from the dreadful lot which seemed to await her should she become his wife. He was one evening seated near Lucy, filling her ear with delusive promises of amendment, when Mrs. Howard entered the room unperceived, and paused awhile before she advanced.

"But why not, dear Paul," said Lucy, "why not at once break the trammels which your own misdirected ambition has imposed upon you, and content yourself with being what you once were, rather than be the admired and feared leader of a dissolved society?"

"Sweet!" replied Paul, gently, "These things must be effected by degrees. The moral man may affect to despise my present pursuits; yet, were I suddenly to abandon them, I should be scorned as a half-repentant driveller, who was only sorry for the distinguished eminence he had attained in—in folly, because his talents were insufficient to maintain it. No, no, Lucy—all will be well, but we must await its own good time first."

"All must be well, and that instantly, or Lucy shall never be yours," said Mrs. Howard, advancing.

Paul's eye flashed fire; but suddenly assuming a milder deportment, he replied, "So be it then, Madam; for Lucy's sake I submit, and bid at once good night to all riotous enjoyments."

"And return to your usual avocations?" added Mrs. Howard, with a searching look.

"Oh yes, certainly—by all means!" replied Dangerfield quickly, in evident confusion.

"Of course, in continued partnership with Mark Inderling?"

"To be sure I will, Madam," said Paul, peevishly.

"Dangerfield, you would deceive me," said Mrs. Howard, calmly but indignantly—"Have you not sold your share of the boat to Mark; and, in addition, wrung from the young man's generosity a considerable portion of his hard-earned gains? How then can you expect—"

"No more questions!" interrupted Paul, with impatience: "if I am his debtor he shall be faithfully repaid. But enough of this nonsense! Lucy, my love, fill me a glass of brandy."

"Lucy, retire immediately to bed!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard. "Paul needs no liquor, and you shall no longer converse with him."

"Oh mother, I can't leave you thus!" cried Lucy, bursting into tears: "he will reclaim his errors,—I am sure he will! Say so, Paul; my mother cannot disbelieve you." The sobs which had impeded her utterance would not permit her to say more, and Dangerfield was about to speak, when Mrs. Howard, taking Lucy's hand, gently led her to the door, and said, in a placid yet resolute tone, "I can easily forgive this disobedience, because it is your first offence of the kind, but be careful not to repeat it. Go to your own room, my child, and depend upon it that I am only considering your future peace. God bless you, Lucy! Good night." With these words, she imprinted an affectionate kiss upon her cheek, and closed the door ere further remonstrance could be offered.

"Am I to look upon this as a premeditated insult, madam?" said Paul, starting from his seat as Lucy departed.

"Look upon it as a sign of my altered opinion concerning you, sir," returned Mrs. Howard: "your own wickedness has occasioned this; and to your own reflections I leave you to find out the remedy."

"Stay, Mrs. Howard!" cried Dangerfield, catching her hand; "stay but for one moment, I implore you, and tell me that this separation from Lucy is not intended to be final."
"It is final," said Mrs. Howard. "You surely cannot imagine me so lost to the duties of a mother, as to suffer her to marry a man whose misconduct in every way proves him so unworthy of a virtuous girl?"

"And is there no way—none in the world, to turn aside your resolve?" asked the agitated young man.

"Yes; I will propose one.—From the profits of my business I have saved five hundred pounds for Lucy: reform your conduct, amass an equal sum, and she is still yours."

"Five hundred pounds!" vociferated Paul: "as well bid a coal-pit yield the produce of an Indian mine. 'How, in the name of Heaven, am I to raise such a sum?' But he spoke to the walls, for Mrs. Howard had left the room. The feelings with which he also quitted it were those of anger, hatred, and revenge.

What little of remorse Dangerfield might have felt now vanished, like a sand hiloock in a brisk breeze. He plunged nearer than ever into the whirlpool of destruction, and, in the delirium which its eddies occasioned, lost all reflection upon consequences. In vain did his widowed mother represent her distressed state to him; in vain did recollections of Lucy flit across his brain; and in vain did his bosom friend, Mark Inderling, urge him to resist the further inroads of Vice. Paul vauntingly exclaimed that he would brave every danger, and he hastened to support the empty bravado with large quantities of ardent spirits. Yet it was rather amongst his dissolute companions, than to those who once respected him, that these boasts were made; and it was not until by repeated and desperate efforts he repressed every latent germ of better feeling, that he stood forth the uncloaked—the naked villain, who professed to pursue crime for the sole purpose of proving himself a master in her ways!

Having one evening committed a breach of the peace, Dangerfield was confined in the cage with several of his associates, and in the morning carried before a magistrate. After a long examination most of the young men were committed, for different terms, to prison. On account of previous good character Paul was suffered to depart, upon paying a trifling fine. Instead of soothing, this galled him to the quick; his proud spirit could not brook submitting to any punishment, however lenient, and he vowed a bitter and deep revenge by outraging still further those laws against which he had been the first aggressor. To effect this he joined a gang of poachers, and soon signalised himself by the same success which attended him in all he undertook; and so fascinated was he with his new way of living that he used every persuasion to induce Inderling to adopt it also. His friend, however, was proof against his wiles: a sense of duty served as an effectual safeguard; and, although he had too often allowed Paul to lead him into trifling irregularities, yet he never lost sight of the path of rectitude. Still he could not summon fortitude entirely to forsake his friend's society. There was a certain blanishment in Dangerfield's manners which, had it received the polish of high life, would have rendered him one of those accomplished villains who can "smile, and murder while they smile." As it was, he was enabled to cast a spell over his associates difficult to be shaken off; and—but for his inclinations—his talents would have enabled him to achieve more, in the cause of virtue, than many of those whose profession it is to teach it.

It seems surprising that a man, possessing so many natural advantages as Dangerfield, should pursue so ignoble a course. But whether he served heaven or hell he cared not, so long as his fellows placed him at their head. We now proceed with our narrative.

Lurking cautiously, one evening, near the residence of a confederate, to whom he always sold his game, a slender form hastily passed by, which Paul instantly recognised to be that of Lucy Howard. "Lucy, Lucy!" he exclaimed, following and catching her hand; "have you not one word of comfort for the heart-broken outcast, Paul?"

"Oh, heavens, Dangerfield! is it you?" cried the gentle girl. "This is indeed cruel;—you might at least have suffered my sorrows to destroy my peace, without further aggravation."

"Unkind Lucy, thus to reproach one who has so long been unable to see you," said Paul, with a tenderness which he well knew how to assume. "But I fear that I am already forgotten, and that the arbitrary counsels of your mother have had their effect."
"You wrong me, Paul—indeed you do: I think of you every moment of the day, and when I sleep, it is but to dream that you are present," returned Lucy, in that tone of confiding gentleness ever used by the innocent in breathing the secrets of affection.

"Is it truly so? Ah, how undeserving am I of this kindness!" said Paul, with a sigh.

"Undeserving, indeed," rejoined Lucy; "and I tremble to think of the consequences of your wicked life—I do, indeed, Paul!" Then giving vent to her tears, she buried her face in her hands, and sobbed forth, "Oh, Paul! why did you not try to deserve me, instead of utterly casting yourself away?"

"Lucy, you madden me!" exclaimed Dangerfield, with a mixture of desperation and ferocity; "but," he added, in a calmer voice, "I know you mean it for my good. Follow, then, the task you have begun—consent to be mine—for once, be deaf to your tyrannical parent, and your intentions will be answered. I will then study to deserve you—will forsake every evil habit, so prosper me, heaven!"

"It is too late, and that very proposal convinces me of its impossibility," exclaimed Lucy, with peculiar energy; and starting from his touch, she added, "Paul! when you tempt me to forget a daughter's duty, you break for ever the tie which binds us: farewell, till you know me better;" and bounding forward, she was lost in the darkness.

Dangerfield remained for some moments transfixed; every had passion he possessed took possession of his heart; and with parched mouth, and burning eye, he rushed furiously down the street. On reaching the end, he was met by Mark Inderling, who, cordially extending his hand to greet him, said, "Whither bound in such haste?"

"In quest of a friend," said Paul, exerting himself to appear calm. "Suffer me to return your question—whither bound?"

"To my own dear Cecilia," replied Mark, "I am rather late to night; but the wind blew a cap-full, and I found some trouble in steering safely."

"By the bye," observed Dangerfield, "we have of late been so much asunder, that I don't think I've ever put eyes upon your sweetheart since I first saw her at the dance."

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regarded him as the author almost of Mark's defection. To carry her off, therefore, was Dangerfield's only remaining plan; but this would require accomplices more to be relied upon than any of his associates, and he pondered to discover those likely to suit his purpose. He at length recollected that a knot of smugglers (who had witnessed his prowess in various trials of strength, and were attracted by the daring hardihood of his character,) had some time before requested him to become one of their number; and his only reason for refusal was, because he could not be received as their leader. This was now a thing of minor importance; and he determined to join them on any terms, provided they would give him help.

The smugglers received Dangerfield with open arms, and readily promised him assistance on the following evening; but in the interim Paul was to assist them in running a very valuable cargo ashore. The night came, and every thing wore a favourable aspect, until suddenly a body of custom-house officers made their appearance, and a sharp conflict ensued, which ended in a seizure of the contraband goods.

When the smugglers, after their retreat, had in some measure recovered themselves, they seized Dangerfield, and, with bitter imprecations, accused him of having betrayed them. For some time it was in vain that he denied the charge; but at length they listened with patience, and then declared that the only way to prove the truth of his assertions, and escape their vengeance, was to procure a sum—no matter how—sufficient to defray the loss they had sustained, otherwise his death should be the consequence. Although hopeless of succeeding, Paul gladly acceded to their conditions for granting him his life, and he was thereupon permitted to depart.

Paul hastened instantly into the town, with a determination of doing something decisive at once, although uncertain what plan he had best follow. Impulse, or perhaps a vague hope, guided his footsteps to the inn kept by Mrs. Howard. At the moment of reaching it, he saw a horse stop near the gateway, on which were mounted Lucy and the head ostler. This did not surprise Paul, who knew well that she was in the habit of visiting her relations for two or three days together, on which occasions the man he saw was generally sent to bring her safely home.

"I hope you aren't tired, Miss," said the ostler, as he assisted Lucy to dismount.

"Not in the least, I thank you, James," she replied; and, after bidding him put the animal into its stable, Lucy was preparing to enter her home, when the well-known image of Paul stepped before her. He arrested her arm with a quivering grasp—he passed the other hand across his eyes, as if to wipe away a tear, although tearless—he bent his head, as if he were not worthy to look up before her, and, in an earnest but low tone, conjured her to grant him a single minute's converse. Lucy's confusion at his sudden appearance was so great, that she was for some moments deprived of power either to stir or speak; and Dangerfield, constraining her silence into consent, once more pleaded her to cast a favourable eye upon him, and snatch him from the gullets of despair.

"I cannot, Paul Dangerfield—I will not!" she replied, in a voice whose trembling intonation too plainly told how dear the reprobate still was to the maiden.

"I have solemnly promised never to be yours,—my mother has charged me to observe the vow, and my disobedience would stab her to the heart."

"But suppose she consented to revoke the promise; would you not, then, bless me, Lucy?" asked Paul—with difficulty suppressing his agitation.

"How could I, Dangerfield? Knowing what you have been, and what you are, the sacrifice would fall little short of murdering my own peace for ever!"

"And will you not, Lucy, for the sake of restoring me to what I first was—for the sake of my repose hereafter—consent to that murder?"

"I consent—" here an approaching footstep interrupted Lucy, and she shrunk close to Paul. The intruder proved to be a man named Anderson, and well known to Dangerfield, from having frequently employed the latter in various branches of the sail-making trade: he had been smoking his evening pipe at the inn, and was returning homeward.

"A black night, Master Anderson," observed Paul as he passed.

"Aye!—'tis one which makes a white conscience comfortable. Good night, boy," returned Anderson, pursuing his way.
"And now, my girl, conclude your kind sentence, and I will then unfold all my designs for the future," said Dangerfield, pressing Lucy to his bosom.

"You seem to have mistaken me, Paul," returned Lucy, "I was about to declare that I consent to nothing without my mother's approbation; and, till you again raise yourself in her estimation, I must see you no more." With these words, she extricated herself from his arms and flew to her home.

But when Lucy sought the support of her pillow, a feeling of regret and compassion stole over her: she reflected that her lover had been condemned without a hearing, and that, too, by herself. "I might," thought she, "have listened to his plans; perhaps he had arranged to adopt some honourable calling, which my cruelty may counteract; and if, through me, he commit further crime, I may have the destruction of a human soul to answer for!" Shuddering at the imaginary precipice on which she stood, Lucy encountered but little difficulty in persuading herself that there would be no harm in meeting him once again, to afford him an opportunity of reforming; and having thus silenced all scruples of conscience, she, in the morning, wrote a letter to Paul, which she contrived to forward by Inderling, who well knew where to find him. The epistle ran as follows:—

Dear Paul, for you are still dear to me—
When all our people have retired to rest, and the lights are out, throw a pebble against my window. My heart cannot consent to deprive you of all hope: I am therefore induced, though with much reluctance, to grant one more interview, to convince you that I am not unwilling to assist in the designs at which you hinted last night.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Paul, on reading these lines. "The dove flies half way to meet the falcon! Little need now of tampering longer with her affections for her portion's sake. The house is thrown open for me to help myself, and the widow's boards shall be my plunder." His schemes were speedily arranged. The smugglers were to be in readiness with a boat, and the weak-minded Inderling was to accompany him to the inn. "That done," thought he, "I will rob the place; and, as all cats are grey in the dark, leave Mark to be secured as the thief, whilst I hasten to bear off his 'own dear Cecilia'!"

All being thus settled, he quitted the smugglers, and once more departed for the town.

Traversing with hurried steps the seashore, Paul came unawares in sight of his humble cottage, and was about to strike into another path, when his mother stood before him. "Paul," said she, mournfully, "why would you avoid your home? Why have you been so long absent from me?"

"Because I have other means of employing my time: so good night, mother—
I have no leisure for parleying."

"Paul, my son!" faltered the aged woman, "I am in sore need of help. Food this day has not passed my lips, and I am sinking from want. Do not, then—abandoned as you are—pass by without sparing a little pittance out of what you will, no doubt, shortly squander in wastefulness."

"Woman, let me pass!" cried Paul, with a crimsoned brow, "I am rife with evil, and may, par hazard, cause you to feel its effects."

"Ungrateful boy!" said his anguished parent, grasping his arm. "Reflect, but for a moment, how often I have given thee nourishment—consider who it is that asks, and then refuse thy famished mother's appeal if thou can'st."

"I shall be belated!" shouted Paul, struggling to release himself; and, to disengage himself, he struck his decrepit parent with his clenched fist. "My curses on you—let me go, or—"

"Enough, enough!" shrieked his mother, recoiling in horror. "I will detain you no longer; but may heaven so prosper this night's work, as my prayer has prospered with thee." Uttering these words, she retired into the cottage, whilst Paul, after a struggle with his conscience, unconcernedly pursued his way. In a few days afterwards the wretched woman was found in her cot, cold and dead,—the victim of filial ingratitude and want of sustenance.

The unsuspicous Mark met Paul at the appointed place, and they proceeded together to the inn, where, after reconnoitring for some time, and ascertaining that all was quiet, Dangerfield gave the desired signal. On being admitted by Lucy, he contrived to extinguish her light; and, whilst she was procuring another, Mark slipped in and concealed himself."
"Now, Paul," said Lucy on her return, "let us not waste the few moments which my disobedience has procured you; but tell me without delay how I can serve you, and what are your future intentions?"

"What they are, matters not," replied Paul, in a tone of bitterness. "Stung by your unkindness last night, I have ruined my every good prospect, and enlisted as a soldier!"

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Lucy. "But may we not yet be enabled to procure your discharge?"

"Impossible!" said Paul, gloomily.

"Impossible?"

"Utterly! Our regiment is ordered for immediate service, and unless, indeed, I could raise fifty pounds for a substitute, I must take my departure with it."

"And cannot that sum be borrowed?" asked Lucy, hopefully.

"Who do you suppose would lend to a bankrupt, already deep in debt?" said Paul, in a tone of blended derision and despair.

"And is there no method of averting this calamity?" cried Lucy, in an agony of tears.

"There certainly are means," said Paul, "but, before I name them, let me ask if I am still secure in your affections, should I re-establish myself as an honourable man?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Be what I wish you—be what nature designed you, and my love shall remain unalterable, let what will betide."

"Then, Lucy," said Paul, in a treacherous whisper, "such have I an opportunity of becoming if I can gain my discharge; and, to effect so desirable a consummation, suppose, I say, that we borrow the necessary sum from your mother's cash-box!"

"Dangerfield! Do I hear you right?" faltered Lucy.

"Listen, my girl—my own bonny bride!" cried Paul, eagerly. "Mrs. Howard has saved a bag of gold for your portion on marriage. No one but myself is entitled to your hand; what great harm, then, can there be in employing a part before the ceremony, when there is so much at stake?"

"Villain! tempt me no further!" exclaimed Lucy. "Dare but to harbour another evil thought against my mother, and you shall die like a dog!"

"Credit me, the dog will bark as he dies," muttered Paul. Then catching her hand, he added, "Lucy, remember our early loves, remember your former vows: you swore to be mine through good and ill—through security and danger. You have just affirmed that your affection remains unchanged, and that you would save me, if possible, from my impending fate. I now point out the means—I now declare that my very salvation hangs upon you—and it now rests with you to establish me as an honest upright man for life, or to be answerable for the shortening of it! Reflect, and be speedy in your decision."

Lucy was terrified by this violent language; she knew not what to do: her senses were bewildered, and her confusion, combined with a dread of incurring some dreadful responsibility should she refuse to yield, caused such a total prostration of her mental energies, that she suffered a fatal assent to escape her. The keys of the chest containing Mrs. Howard's little hoard were always carefully placed under her pillow at night for security, and Paul now ascended towards her chamber to gain possession of them.

Now he was engaged in a new species of crime. His hair stiffened, his hand shook as he grasped the bannister for support, and his foot trembled while mounting the stairs, which creaked beneath his weight. What whisper was that? Should he go back? No, no! "Twas the sighing of the night wind, and he went on. All was dark and still in the chamber which he entered, and, with noiseless step, he approached the bed and groped beneath the pillow. It happened that the keys were folded in one of Mrs. Howard's pockets; but this was securely tied to its fellow, on which her head pressed rather heavily; and, as Dangerfield feared to wake her by the jingling sound, should he take them out, he opened his knife to cut the string. So great, however, was his trepidation, that he shook the bed, and aroused its occupant. "Paul Dangerfield! is that you?" cried the poor woman with astonishment, as a sudden ray of moonlight revealed the villain's form to her opening eyes.

"Yes! Paul Dangerfield; but you shall not live to babble of his being here!" exclaimed the ruffian in a smothered tone, more alarmed than his victim, and at the same time, with a mixture of despair, rage,
and disappointment, plunging his knife
into her throat.

The blow was sure; the steel cut deep,
and formed a fearful gash, which, to
Paul's excited imagination, seemed like
the lips of a fiend writhed into a horrible
smile; a stream of blood gushed in a
crimson tide upon the hapless woman's
bosom, and, with a stifled groan, she
expired. At that moment Lucy, who, ap-
prehensively of evil, had followed Paul,
rushed into the room, and witnessing this
confirmation of her forebodings, she threw
open the casement, and loudly screamed
"Murder, murder!" In the frenzy of
terror she sprang from the window to the
ground, on which she fell insensible.
Meanwhile, the servants awoke in alarm;
a hue and cry was raised, and before
Dangerfield could recover from the stupor
into which he had fallen, he was seized
with the instrument of death yet dripping
with gore in his hand. "Ha!" he ex-
claimed, in the sudden and futile hope of
saving himself, "secure Lucy Howard;
I charge her with this deed. Secure her,
I say." That unhappy girl was, however,
already in custody, together with Mark
Inderling, and the wretched party were
removed, without loss of time, into close
confinement.

To describe the state of Lucy's feel-
ings during the remainder of the night,
would be a work of complete superero-
gation. To be accused of murdering one
she so loved, and by one whom she so
loved, without any foundation, plunged
her into inconceivable affliction, far worse
to endure than the bruises which she re-
ceived in jumping out of the window. In
the morning she was summoned before
the magistrates for examination, where
Paul told a tale deeply implicating her,
and the result of the hearing was a com-
mittal of all the prisoners to take their trial
at the assizes then being held at Norwich,
and they were instantly placed in a cart
to be conveyed thither.

At this town many of Lucy's relations
resided, and, during the sunshine of her
childhood, she had paid them frequent
visits, on which occasions she deemed the
road from Lynn the pleasantest in the
world. Now, (how sad the contrast!) in-
stead of permitting imagination, as for-
merly, to outstrip the vehicle in which
she rode, her mind shrank with horror at
a retrospect of the late awful events, until
madness well nigh overpowered her rea-
son. Not a word was spoken by the pri-
oners during the forty-four miles they
had to travel. Inderling was terror-struck
and melancholy; Lucy, like a lily weeping
with the morning dew; and Paul was
stern and hardened. In this state they
reached the city of Norwich, and at length
arrived at Bigod's Tower, an ancient and
massive Norman structure, then used as a
prison, and crossing the stone bridge, they
entered the frowning edifice. Horror-
struck, Lucy laid herself that night upon
a straw pallet. Earth and all its pleasures
seemed shut out from her for ever, and a
dreadful sensation threatened to burst her
heart. "Surely," she mournfully ex-
claimed, "surely all this is some frightful
dream; no reality can be half so terrible.
But my mother murdered—murdered, and
by my means!" The gush of sudden re-
collection was too powerful for her frame:
she drew one deep and convulsive sob,
and sank insensible upon her couch.

Next day the prisoners were brought to
the bar for trial. There was little altera-
tion in their appearance, save in Paul:
he had vainly hoped, by accusing Lucy,
to escape himself, and his countenance
bore strong marks of disappointment. To
recapitulate briefly the evidence affecting
the men,—Paul had been discovered near
the murdered body of Mrs. Howard with
a blood-stained knife in his hand, and
Mark was found concealed near the room.

Against Lucy the testimony was equally
conclusive. In the first place, several wit-
esses deposed to her known attachment
to Dangerfield, and to her having fre-
cently affirmed she would forego all the
world for him. Stephen Anderson, tackle
and sail-maker, of Lynn, another witness,
gave evidence of having heard Lucy How-
ard, on the night previous to the murder,
exclaim, in an under-tone to Paul, as if
fearful of being overheard, "Stab my mo-
ther to the heart." "The wind being
very high," continued Anderson, "I was
prevented from catching the succeeding
sentence; but, immediately after, Dan-
gerfield said, 'Will you, for my sake,
consent to the murder?' and she distinctly
replied, 'I consent.'"

"Almighty Creator! what a perversion
of my meaning!" interrupted Lucy wildly.
"Paul, Paul! you can, if you will, explain
this;" but Paul remained silent, and the
trial continued.
The letter written by Lucy, appointing Dangerfield to meet her when the family was at rest, and assuring him that she was not unwilling to assist him in the designs at which he hinted, was next produced.

Lastly, two men, who had been found skulking near the inn on the night of the murder, deposed to having been employed by Dangerfield to convey a young woman and himself in safety from the kingdom. These men were the smugglers to whom Paul had entrusted his scheme, but without saying who the female would be by whom he was to be accompanied.

The case closed—the Judge proceeded to sum up. He strongly commented upon the apparently vile conduct of Lucy. "With that incautiousness which mostly accompanies guilt," he said, "she is heard to prompt her profligate lover to this deed, and explicitly consents to its performance; not yet, however, satisfied, she also writes to remind him of his work, and instigates him to prepare the means of flight. It remains, gentlemen, for you to weigh these matters." The Jury retired. All sounds were hushed, and the prisoners became objects of intense interest, but none more so than Lucy. Her languid eye wandered fitfully round the place, and her parched lips quivered in agony. After some moments, her recollection seemed to return. At this instant the Jury entered: every ear was bent to catch the verdict.

"How say ye, gentlemen of the Jury," interrogated the Clerk of Arraigns, "is the prisoner, Paul Dangerfield, guilty or not guilty of the murder of Margaret Howard?"

"Guilty," was the solemn reply.

"Is Mark Inderling guilty or not guilty of aiding and abetting in the same?"

"Guilty."

"And how say ye, is Lucy Howard guilty or not guilty of petty treason in conspiring with the other prisoners to execute the said murder?"

Lucy, with a convulsive effort, threw herself forward. One hand was pressed against her temple and the other to her heart, whilst her lips seemed to entreat rather than hope a favourable verdict.

The foreman sternly replied "Guilty."

"Mother, mother! your daughter is also murdered!" shrieked Lucy, sinking into a seat which had been humanely provided for her.

The customary formalities were now gone through. The Judge put on his black cap; and, after touching upon the most signal circumstances of the case, proceeded to pass sentence of death upon all the prisoners. Dangerfield and Inderling were adjudged to be hanged. "But from you, Lucy Howard," said the Judge, in continuation—"from you—who have exerted those fascinations to induce a fellow creature to destroy your own parent, which Nature gave you for other and for better purposes—the law requires a more terrible atonement; and its sentence is, that you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence be removed upon a hurdle to the place of execution, and there, being first tied to a stake, be burned until your sinful body be consumed; and may the Almighty Disposer of events, in His infinite goodness, vouchsafe to have mercy upon your soul!" These words fell with the monotonous sound of a funeral knell upon the ears of the condemned, but their import acted like a startling roll of thunder, and Lucy wildly flung herself upon her knees.—"My lord, my lord judge!" she exclaimed, "I am innocent—indeed I am! Recal, for mercy's sake, your words! I never—no, never—harboured the slightest ill-will towards my mother, and God knows the bitter agony of my heart at her death!—Paul Dangerfield will be my witness!—Speak, Paul, and declare my innocence!"

"Paul listened to this frenzied exhortation with the same indifference that is displayed by a theatrical supernumerary when a scene of distress is acting on the stage. When she had finished, all the demon rose within him, and he muttered in her ear, "Said I not that the dog would bark as he died? Why, then, tempt him to whine instead?" and he passed on to the condemned cell.

Lucy was reconveyed to prison more dead than alive. Awakened from her torpor, the dreadful reality of her situation burst upon her mind. She was a cipher—a nonentity amongst her fellow creatures. The violet had lost its perfume; and the flower of promise, now a being charged with crime, was doomed to wither ere it had scarcely lived. As a last resource, Lucy implored to be allowed one more interview with Dangerfield; and, in compliance with the request, he was ushered
into her cell. She was seated before a prayer-book when he entered, and reading aloud this verse of the twenty-fifth Psalm—"Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and in misery."

Paul heard the words; and, crooking his lip with scorn, burst into a bitter laugh.

"Oh, do not laugh!" cried Lucy, "or I shall think my 'wilder fancy has conjured up some fiend to lure me onwards to destruction!—Oh, Paul, Paul! save me!"

"Life's a jest, and all things show it: I thought so once—but now I know it!"

Replied Paul, sarcastically, at this instance of attachment to life in one who had so little to live for.

"For mercy's sake, forbear! and, if you have one spark of pity in your breast, save me from destruction. Oh, Paul!" continued Lucy, throwing herself upon her knees in agony, "As you would that God should be merciful unto you, so be merciful to me! I know I deserve death for my disobedience, and my sinful consent to your robbing my widowed parent; yet not so dreadful a death as the one to which I am doomed. You know, Paul—you know I am guiltless of murder. It is hard for one so young as I am to die with resignation. Save me—save me, then, and my future life shall be spent in prayer for your felicity. Do not abandon my name to posterity with the foul accompaniment of matricide. Remember how I suffered myself to be persuaded by your entreaties, and show some little lenity towards mine, or I shall expire at your feet!"

Paul remained unmoved. That ambitious feeling which had prompted him to excel as a good son, an expert wrestler, and a daring offender of the laws, now fired him with the desire of proving himself the greatest of all villains, by permitting an innocent person to die, when a word from him might save her. He therefore calmly drew his clothes from Lucy's convulsive grasp, and malignantly repeating, "Dogs bark as they die!" slowly left the cell.

The morning arrived for the execution. Two gibbets had been erected side by side; and in front a stake had been driven into the ground, surrounded by faggots, Scarcely an inhabitant of either Lynn or Norwich was absent, on account of the culprits being so well known, and the crowd extended far and wide. It had been settled that Lucy was first to suffer, and in the presence of "her confederates."

As Paul passed, loud excreations marked the indignation of the multitude; but when Lucy was led forth, the people were silent, from commiseration excited by her youth, and a partial belief in her innocence in spite of the strong circumstantial evidence against her.

"Alas!" she exclaimed internally, "had I the treasures of the world I would give all to be the meanest individual amongst yonder throng, and at liberty." A butterfly flew past her as she spoke, and she burst into tears. —"The insect of a day is an object of my envy!"

Having repeated the last prayer she advanced to the stake, more like an ingenuous piece of mechanism than an animated creature, and extended her arm to the executioner, when there arose a confused murmur amongst the assembled spectators. She raised her eyes, and saw, at some distance from the eminence on which she stood, a man on horseback, scouring the outward plain in full gallop. On he came, like an eagle in rapid flight; and, as he approached, the words "A reprieve!—stop the execution—a reprieve!" burst from his lips. The cry was caught by the multitude; the air was rent with acclamations; and "a reprieve!—a reprieve!" resounded on every side. "Great God of justice, I am saved!" cried Lucy, clapping her hands with delight, "my innocence is known, and I am saved!" Meanwhile the horseman advanced—the crowd made way with cheers—he reached the scaffold—and, leaping upon the platform, he breathlessly exclaimed—"The King has granted a free pardon to Mark Inderling—he is free!"

It was now made apparent that Inderling had been totally unconscious of Dangerfield's real intentions, and that he was merely to give him assistance in eloping with Lucy; and, aware of Mrs. Howard's objections to the match, he naturally believed the tale. The real circumstances becoming known to Cecilia Bentley, she flew, on the wings of hope, to the Mayor of Norwich, and laid the matters before him. The Mayor, a worthy, humane man, immediately visited Mark, to as-
certain if his statement corresponded with Cecilia’s; and satisfying himself, he dispatched a trusty messenger with an account to London. We have seen the result. In another moment Mark found himself clasped in Cecilia’s arms.

“'I know not,’” he falteringly said, “to whom my thanks are due for this; but may eternal happiness be theirs in return — although, I fear me, I shall never again be so fit to die!’”

“Ever indulge that fear,” cried his Cecilia, “and none will be more ready to meet the final doom.”

Mark was restored to liberty, and Lucy once more led to the stake. This sudden destruction of her just hope benumbed her remaining faculties, and she could only murmur—“God grant that some sign of my innocence may appear!” At this moment Inderling, who had not quitted the stage, stepped tremulously towards her, and, bending upon his knee, pressed her hand to his lips, whilst he sadly said—“Poor cropt flower!—would that it had been your innocence revealed instead of mine. I fear that I have been an unknowing assistant in bringing you here, and I shall never rest in my bed without hearing the words of pardon from your mouth.”

Lucy, for an instant, seemed restored to recollection. She smiled, with the ineffable expression of an angel, upon Mark, and said, in a low yet melodious voice, “Peace be unto thee. God bless thee!” These were her last mournful yet consolatory words.

Meanwhile the executioner proceeded in his revolting duty. A dark smile gathered upon the livid and swarthy features of Dangerfield as he viewed the tender shrinking limbs of Lucy fastened to the stake, and the fatal pile ignited. His eyes, so remarkable for the wild ferocity of their expression, and his elevated brows, gave him an appearance scarcely human. Meantime the fire gradually approached the person of Lucy; and a shriek, that pierced the hearts of all, save the unmoved cause of her untimely fate, marked her first emotion of pain. A thick smoke then for a few seconds shrouded her from view. Suddenly the faggots crackled, and the flames burst brightly forth, and mens’ hearts quailed as the extremity of corporal anguish extorted frightful and unearthly screams from the victim; then were heard low plaintive wailings, till at length all was hushed, and deep silence announced that the soul of Lucy was separated from her tortured body to wing its way to a Judge whose judgments are just. Thus did this poor hapless victim add one more practical illustration of the importance to be attached to the commandments of God; for, had she “honoured and obeyed her parent,” her days might have been “long in the land.”

When she was no more, the noose was placed round Dangerfield’s neck; but, previously to the cap being drawn over his face, he said to the attendant clergyman, and a sneer of malicious triumph sat upon his countenance while he spoke—“I believe, Sir, that the request of a dying man is usually complied with.”

“Always,” replied the divine, drawing near the criminal.

“Then, Reverend Sir,” returned Paul, “I desire that a letter, which you will find in my pocket, may not be opened until this day month.” The chaplain promised to observe his directions, upon which Dangerfield kicked off his shoes and exclaimed—“That’s to prove my old mother a liar, as she always foretold that I should die with my shoes on!” Then, leaping from the scaffold, he launched himself into eternity,—in this manner dying, as he had lived, a hardened and consummate ruffian. The letter alluded to contained a full confession of the preceding particulars, and set the ill-fated Lucy’s innocence in the strongest light; by which piece of demoniacal treachery he attained, with his last breath, that altitude which he had spent a life to acquire,—a mastership in crime! The contents of the letter aroused the popular indignation so much that Paul’s body was exhumed, although it had lain the stipulated month, and it was then again buried in a cross-road, with a stake driven through it.

To conclude. Past follies had taught Mark Inderling wisdom: he married Cecilia, and once more became a useful member of society. Shortly afterwards the punishment of death by fire was abolished, consequently no more executions of that description took place at Norwich; and, whenever Inderling had occasion to visit the city, he never failed dropping a tear to the memory of her who was the victim of THE LAST OF THE BURNINGS.
LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A WALLFLOWER UPON THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT FORTRESS IN WALES.

I.
Wild flower!—that o'er the ruin grey
   Bloomest when all are gone—
Since power and pride have passed away,
   Why lingerest thou alone,
The only thing the eye can see
That speaks not of inconstancy?

II.
Where once the harp's sweet tones were heard
   The passing wind blows high,
Or there, perchance, some wandering bird
   Sings its wild melody;
And here, where Beauty used to lead
The joyous dance, I mark the weed.

III.
The busy crowd will never come
   Thy ruddy leaves to view,
Swept by the breeze upon a dome
   Where once the banner flew:
No! they have fled, with changing times,
To gayer scenes—to other climes.

IV.
The ivy here hath long grown wild,
   Where olden records say
The laurel lived—the rose-bud smiled:
   But these have passed away,
And thou alone dost now remain
Contending with its silent reign.

V.
The flower of the gay parterre
   Is sown and shelter'd too;
But where's the hand that placed thee there,
   Or saved when tempests blew?
We see it not—but yet can tell
That thou hast bloom'd and braved them well.

VI.
Then can it be accounted strange,
   Regard for thee to feel?
No! in a world, where friends will change
   As changeth Fortune's wheel,
'Tis even happiness to see
A flower that emblems constancy.

C. O.

VOL. II.—NO. 2.
BIOGRAPHY OF FLOWERS.

CAMBRIA JAPONICA—THEA—THE TEA PLANT.

"Beautiful light of the wintry hour,
Fairer than rose after summer shower!
Born in the dark and stormy day,
Shining without the sun’s bright ray;
Thou hast been near us, a light within,
Ever the cheerful smile to win.
Come the dull morning’s misty light,
Come over the landscape the rapid night,
Gloomy as ever the scene might be,
Beautiful blossom! we still had thee!"—Emily Taylor.

There is a very close alliance between the camellia and tea tree. Many botanists consider them as varieties of the same species—certainly they are natives of the same latitudes; for no person has ever discovered either the tea tree or the camellia growing in a state of nature, excepting in China and Japan. Our knowledge of their indigenous habits must necessarily be very limited, from the extreme jealousy and mystery with which the narrow-minded and bigoted inhabitants of Eastern Asia withhold all information relating not only to their political government, but the natural productions of their countries. Thunberg, who gives the only reference on which we can rely, declares that the camellia grows in the greatest profusion in the gardens and groves of Japan, where it becomes a lofty and stately tree, remarkable for the elegance of its large and varied blossoms and its bright evergreen leaves. It is found there with single and double blossoms; but, doubtless, the latter have been produced by art. The varieties are the red, white, and the purple; they blow in their native country from April to October. There is something a little singular in this account; because the camellia in England and France, always the inhabitant of the greenhouse, and sometimes of the stove, begins to blossom in December, and continues in beauty through March, and even April. From this circumstance we may reasonably conclude that the plant is kept by us far warmer than its nature requires, and is, therefore, forced forward into a precocious blossoming. Although we should be grieved to be deprived of the most “beautiful light of the wintry hour,” yet this observation may encourage those who hope to see the camellia naturalised, like the Magnolia and Laurustinus, in our gardens. We must not, however, forget that the latter beautiful shrub, now growing so wild and free on every side, and braving, in floral loveliness, the black wind-frost brought by the bitter north, was, when Miller published the first edition of his Gardener’s Dictionary, the guarded inhabitant of the conservatory; and when, at length, the Laurustinus was trusted to spend a winter abroad, it was duly clothed in mats by our careful forefathers. It is possible that this solicitude did not wholly arise from ignorance of the habits of exotic plants; but that, on their first introduction into a foreign atmosphere, such care was requisite for them, and that their progeny, afterwards raised from seed, became, by degrees, gradually naturalised in their adopted country. We are led into this train of thought by reading the narrative that M. Hector, a naturalist of Nantes, has published of his success in rearing a new double white camellia from seed ripened in France. He boasts that this is the first camellia ever raised in that manner in Europe. We shall see whether our horticulturists will allow him to bear away that palm undisputed. This is the narrative he submitted to the Horticultural Society of Nantes:—"In the summer of 1827, a fruit about the size of the red apple, called, in France, the pomme d’api, was perceived on a branch of a very strong camellia plant that bore red and white mottled flowers. This fruit was of a triangular form, but obtuse at the angles; its colour, a reddish green. In order that the fruit might ripen, the plant was taken from the open air, where it had stood the whole summer, and placed in a sunny part of the greenhouse in September. A few days after, the fruit lost its colour, one of its compartments burst, and a ripe seed escaped, which was lost through want of care. Lest the same accident should again occur, the fruit was gathered, and
found to contain two other ripe seeds about the size of small chestnuts. The outward coat of one of these had burst, and disclosed a white farinaceous substance, and there was, of course, little hope of that seed germinating. However, they were both sown in April, in a pot full of light sandy earth, almost dry, and the pot placed in a greenhouse window, in rather a cold situation, where it remained till April, 1828, when it was lightly watered; and at the end of that month one plant made its appearance. The other seed had perished. At first the infant camellia had four leaves, and, at the end of that year, it had attained six inches of height; and, from the appearance of its leaves, every one judged it to be a new sort. In 1829 it grew seven inches more; in 1830 it was in flourishing health, and sent forth two branches—one in the spring, the other in the autumn: on the last, two flower-buds were formed. It is right here to observe, that this young plant had not been potted in the greenhouse, but inured to the open air during the whole summer, and vegetation had in no instance been pushed by artificial heat. Its whole appearance denoted great vigour and robustness, and it endured in health a variety of temperature sufficient to have destroyed any other of its species. It passed the severe winter of 1829 opposite to the door of the greenhouse which it inhabited, and this door was frequently opened, and the earth of the box that contained it was often frozen very hard; but all this it bore without sustaining the least injury. Its florescence commenced the 26th of March, 1831, the leaves much thicker and greener than those of the variegated camellia from which it was bred; its blossoms, double flowers of the most pure and silvery white, and it was unlike its parent plant or any species of its tribe. We may notice that its time of florescence approaches to the season which Thunberg mentions as the natural period of the camellia blossoms appearing in their native country; from which we may infer that the hot-house camellias receive a far greater degree of heat than is necessary for their existence in European countries, and are therefore forced into their bloom three months earlier than nature has ordained. It is likewise a fact deserving of remark, that the seedlings of the camellia vary from their parent plant. Every seedling, therefore, reared in Europe may be expected to produce a beautiful change in form or colour."

It is nearly forty years since the single red camellia was imported into Europe. It was then considered the most beautiful shrub ever seen. Since that time, thirty-five or forty varieties have been introduced, the most esteemed of which are the double white.

Nothing can be imagined more fair and lovely than the double white camellia. From the time that her beautiful calyx first expands, the blossom is in the highest perfection for fifteen days, and it continues to be a very pleasing object during the whole of its blooming time, which, in hot-houses, continues from December till March.

The next in esteem is the variegated double camellia. It scarcely yields to the white, and by some is greatly preferred. The flowers are very regular, in the form of the most perfect rose, and are at least four inches in diameter; they are veined and mottled of the most lively red, on a white ground, or the reverse; they are exceedingly splendid and delicate, and, perhaps, unite these two qualities more completely than any other production of nature. These fine colours are further augmented by a regular foliage of a deep shining green. The calyx of the flower-bud is well deserving admiration: it is formed with numerous scales, elegantly shaded with light green and red brown, and it resembles the cone of the fir tree. The only defect to be found in this beautiful plant, is a peculiarity that distinguishes it from most others: the flowers open first from the buds formed at the extremities of the branches; the buds lower on the bough are later and inferior. In drawing the camellia from nature, this peculiarity appears more unpleasantly than when growing on the tree, as a branch does not give so pleasing a design as if the bud appeared beyond the blossom, as in the rose and most other flowers. Some ladies, when sketching, will gather the blossom, and group it near the lower part of a branch, whose extreme bud has not yet opened, for the sake of a more elegant picture: but it is better, in botanical drawing, to give the true character of the plant. And here it may be acceptable to hint, that the red and white camellia is an easy flower to
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colour, and with most beautiful effect. Some of the tints may be produced with French carmine, drawn with harthorn; and the flame-coloured red, with a preparation of alkanet, drawn with some kind of acid. This last is to be purchased at the colour shops in Soho Square: it is a troublesome colour to use, being nearly as long in drying as an oil colour, and must be laid on after the shading and finishing are complete, as it disagrees with every other colour that approaches it for the purpose of working up, particularly with the harthorn extract: nevertheless, the hue is invaluable. The use of this brilliant preparation is not generally known. Perhaps the art of rendering the beautiful dye of alkanet more amenable to water colours in flower painting, is a trial remaining for the skill of Mr. Hume, and our other great colour chemists.

The red camellia bears double blossoms, of the most vivid flame-colour; it is relieved by a group of yellow stamens in the centre. It is a most splendid variety, and can scarcely be contemplated, when in bloom, without the beholder giving it the preference to its more delicate sisters.

The shelled camellia is very pretty; its flowers are extremely regular, and the tintings those of a pale pink shell. The foliage is not, as in the other species, of a deep green, but its delicate shade harmonises admirably with the blossoms. The elegant camellia pompon produces little rose-coloured flowers, which do not expand so much as those of the other varieties. The outer petals are of a tender pink, and larger than the inner, which are collected in the centre, and are thick in substance, and striped with a rich crimson.

The camellia pink, whose flowers bear a likeness to pinks, has this great singularity: it bears blossoms perfectly white, and wholly red, on the same plant, and often on the same branch.

The camellia anemoneflora is white, and her elegantly formed blossoms have a resemblance to the anemone. She likewise deserves attention from her analogy to her useful cousin, the tea, or tea plant.

The camellia myrtifolia is altogether very small: its foliage is of the most verdant green, regularly indented, and growing on branches far more flexible and waving than any other of the tribe. Among the various plants of this minia-

ture species, may be found almost every variety of blossom already enumerated.

Those florists who declare the beauty of the camellia to be perfect, sometimes condemn these plants for being utterly scentless; but even this defect has its convenience, as they may be placed in the boudoir, and even the bed-chamber, without the danger of being deleterious to health, as some flowers of strong perfume are known to be.

The culture of the camellia is difficult, and is effected by layers, though slips have been known to succeed. By experiments made in the Low Countries (from whose Journal of Horticulture our account is enriched), camellias are found to bear cold very well until the third degree. They flourish in a very light earth, and equally dislike the action of an ardent sun or constant humidity. In winter they ought to have, in the greenhouse, a moderate temperature, and as elevated a station as possible; in summer, rather a shady situation, but accessible to refreshing breezes. When in bloom, their flowers are liable to fall off before they have lost their beauty. It is then, generally, one of the cares of the fair mistress of the greenhouse (if the plants are so blessed as to have a "lady bright to hand their house in order") to gather up the fallen blooms, and place them again on the tree, and they will continue beautiful for more than a fortnight; for the thickness of the texture of the blossoms gives a lasting supply of moisture, even after that drawn from the sap has ceased to nourish it.

It is necessary to keep the leaves of the camellia perfectly bright and clean, both of the upper and under surface, or the plant will languish and quickly lose its health, as these plants are among the loftiest and least accessible in the conservatory. This has been, hitherto, a matter of no little difficulty, especially as regards the under side or reverse of the leaves; but every lady who delights in a greenhouse ought to be acquainted with the elegant invention of Edward Jordan, a clever machinist of Norwich, whose name, although well known to men of science in his department, is not so much to our fair florists as it ought to be. Edward Jordan has lately invented a vase of beautiful form, for the greenhouse or conservatory, perfectly portable, and ca-
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pable of being rendered a very pleasing ornament when not in action. This vase, on touching a valve, sends forth on all sides a sheaf of dew or rain, which, without making any unpleasant pools of moisture in the greenhouse, refreshes and washes the reverses of the leaves of the plants beneath which it is placed. It is a most beautiful object when in action; and, although the flow of water may be stopped at pleasure, it continues to send forth its soft showers while any water remains in the reservoir. The utility of this invention becomes manifest when we consider that, in a state of nature, the earth constantly sends up a supply of dew to wash and refrigerate the under surfaces of plants; and hitherto these parts, when in a greenhouse, in the usual mode of watering, can only by accident receive this supply. This vase of rain forms part of a more complicated garden machine, whose principles, although not so new as the vase, are much improved. This machine, which is not more than three feet in height, has the force of a fire-engine; and will, in case of fire breaking out in a country-house, direct a considerable body of water to a spot at a great height, if all its force is propelled on one point. Its every day use, however, is only to wash the higher tiers of greenhouse plants, among which the camellias are conspicuous members; and we must here note, that its volume of water may be aimed at the under as well as the upper leaves.

In regard to the botanical structure of the flowers under review, we must examine the single camellia to judge correctly. The corolla, or flower-cup, is whole; the petals seven in number, three within and four without, are all joined at the bottom, and fall off together; the consistency thick, succulent, and velvety on the surface. The class is monadelphia, or one brotherhood, the anthers being fixed to the bottom of the flower-cup on the ends of filaments, something like a comb bent round. The order, monogyenia; but the petal is divided in three, so that the camellia and tea tree are sometimes classed trigynia, as some variation is perceptible. The buds are exquisitely beautiful, being like a fire cone of green, rich brown, and white. The first-blown flowers come at the end of the branches, and the buds that are not mature lower down, contrary to what occurs in the rose and most other shrubs. Pink, fire colour, and pure white, without any clouding or mixture of each other, are the colours of the three original single species of camellias. The flower is succeeded by a three-cornered berry.

The thea, or tea plant, bears a striking resemblance to the single white camellia; and, if it does not rival the more specious varieties of the camellia in splendour of appearance, it surpasses them in fragrance and in inestimable utility. To the delicious perfume of its leaves there is not, perhaps, a person in Europe but can do justice; but its white rosaceous flowers are seldom seen. These send forth an odour more delicious than the finest orange or lemon blossoms.

There are three varieties of the tea known in Europe. The green tea plant was first cultivated in an English conservatory, in 1768, by Mr. John Ellis, an officer in the service of the East India Company. The flowers resemble a single white rose, the colour of the leaves a bright strong green.

Bohea tea was first cultivated in the Duke of Northumberland’s greenhouse, at Sion House. The plant grows higher and branches more than the green tea; it produces a greater number of flowers, and they expand a month later. The green of the leaves is much darker, and the whole plant has a very marked and distinct character, and is certainly a separate species, which it is desirable to point out, because a mistaken idea is prevalent, that green tea is produced from the same plant as black—the sole difference being the age of the leaves.

The third species is the tea Euryoides. It was accidentally introduced into this country in 1822, by the Society of Horticulture, who were, as they supposed, importing a new variety of the camellia Japonica. However, the grafted branch of the new camellia perished on the voyage; the stock remained alive and vigorous, and proved to be the tea Euryoides. It is supposed to be of this tea plant that Lecomte speaks in his Voyage to China:

"It grows to the vast height of two hundred feet. I have seen it with a trunk of such dimensions that two men, joining their hands, could not encircle it." China is so little known to Europeans, that we can with difficulty detect misrepresent-
WHAT IS DEATH?

BY MISS SUSANNA STRICKLAND, NOW MRS. DUNBAR MOODIE.

"What is death, my sister, say?"
"Ask not kindred breathing clay;
Ask the earth on which we tread,
That silent empire of the dead;
Or yon pale extended form,
Unconscious of the coming worm,
That breathed and spoke an hour ago,
Of heavenly bliss and penal woe;
Within yon shrouded figure "lies
"The mystery of mysteries!"

THE ARCH OF TITUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FATAL TRICK."

Lo! the proud eagle floats on Salem's wall,
And Sion's towers are tottering to their fall;—
The hour has come, foretold by many a sign,
When Israel's God "strips Judah like a vine,"
And they—the children of Jehovah's smile—
Are yielded up a ransom and a spoil:
Powerless and faint, they feel the withering blast,
Which, long withheld, sweeps terribly at last.

As in the arena glares the desert-born,
On some pale slave with fear and anguish worn,
And all relentless springs, with savage roar,
To glut his vengeance in the victim's gore,—
So glares young Titus on the prostrate foe
Who sink unnerved, nor shun the impending blow,
And, pleased with slaughter, knows not how to spare
Youth's tearful cries, or Beauty's suppliant prayer.

Is it for him, in shame and carnage dyed,
Yon stately fabric rears its arch of pride,
Whose graceful mould and stately form betray
The chastened charm of Art's most glorious day?
Oh! not alone its sculptured beauties tell,
How Syria yielded, or how Salem fell:
From every stone a mightier boast appears—
It speaks a triumph unprofaned by tears,
Imperial Titus! Earth was all thine own!
And humbled nations bent before thy throne.
Yet nobly virtuous, thou thyself subdued,
And spurned the joys thy lawless youth had wooed;
By this thou gain'st a chaplet, nobler far
Than ever Victory twined for ruthless War,
And Rome, rejoicing, blessed the genial hour
When Virtue nestled 'neath the wings of Power.

Pure arch of Beauty! who can gaze on thee,
So firmly massive, yet so lightly free,
Nor sigh to think that she who gave thee birth,
Whose serpent-folds entwined the struggling Earth,—
The mistress of the World,—whose breath was fame,
Has left her sons no birthright, save a name.
Romans no more—are Rome's fall'n children slaves?
Do bondsmen footsteps spurn the Scipio's graves?
By fettered hands are Pestum's roses wreathed?
Can cowards breathe the air that Marcus breathed?
Yes! But though darkness lowers on Tiber's stream,
(Bright to young hearts, with many a glittering dream,)
And o'er the lyre, though Rome may melt in sighs,
And her soft sons be softer than her skies,
Still, o'er her charms with reverent awe we pause,
What now she is, half lost in what she was;
And still we feel—though fallen, and lowly laid—
A mighty spirit slumbers in her shade.

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Literature.

Golden Legends. Saunders and Otley. 1833.

Sir Walter Scott, in his admirable introduction to "Waverley," recounts the difficulties under which an author labours in choosing a name for his work. He was afraid that the title-page gave an index to the nature and quality of the story—that the mention of a castle involved the necessity of a robber or a ghost, and that such a title as "The Cave of Anselmo" prepared the reader, at once, for a hermit's cell and a skeleton with a roll of manuscript. He lived long enough to see how groundless were his fears. The name of a book is no greater guide to its contents than that of a man to his character. The "Bandit's Cavern" may now be a tale of Grosvenor-square, and "Almacks" be an interesting shipwreck on the coast of Nova Zembla. This desultory mode of naming a book has many advantages. The author is not tied down to an especial subject, but runs through his three volumes in the most pleasant and miscellaneous manner imaginable. His dialogues are easy, shining, and extremely natural; and being clogged by no particular object, he is enabled

"Happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe:"
while the reader is delighted to listen to such spirited conversations, though he is sometimes inclined to wonder what they all can be about. There is now almost as little connexion between the title of a novel and its story, as between a book and the notice of it in the "Quarterly Review." In both, the author endeavours to show his own wit or wisdom, and has a sovereign disregard of the person whose name fills the principal place in the title-page. But this independence has its limits. One is sometimes seriously disappointed, on taking up a volume delicately bound, and of so pleasing a title as "The Bower of Elis," to find it an improved edition of "Cocker's Arithmetic;" or to discover that the "Diversions of Purley," instead of containing comical adventures, is a deep, dry disquisition into the meaning of particles and adverbs. It was with some vague fears of
this sort that we took up three trim-looking volumes, which excited our curiosity by the winning title of the "Golden Legends." "Now, if this, after all"—such was our soliloquy—"turns out to be some abominable essay on the price of metal, or the state of the currency, or a political attack on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we shall never more give credit to a name." But before we had gone far in our perusal, we found that the "Legends" were really golden—that the "Bracelet" was a real bracelet, with a very extraordinary story—that the "Signet Ring" was also a real romance about a signet ring, and that the "Locket" was a veritable history of a bonâ fide locket. We have put this story last in our notice, because it is the worst of the trio. The incidents in it are absurdly unnatural, and the whole idea of it overdrawn and incredible. Gentlemen who have knocked out other gentlemen's brains with pokers are disagreeable scoundrels, and not at all heroic. The swell mob are not admitted, we believe, at Almacks; and people, when they meet at Chalk Farm to fight a duel, don't threaten to kick each other before they begin. The author, however, is more at home when he gets abroad. In France he has the air of a native; and, in short, we feel surprised that the same individual should have written two such opposite stories as the "Locket" and the "Bracelet." By way of making up to him for our harshness in condemning the one, we will state an extremely favourable opinion of the other. The "Bracelet" is a good story, well told. The interest is well sustained, and some of the incidents are fresh and powerful. We shall not attempt to analyse it, as we have already devoted more space to it than we could well afford. The story ought to be read through to be properly appreciated.

The Mother's Book. By Mrs. Child.
Seventh Edition.
Hints to a Fashionable Mother. By an Eminent Physician.

Our feudal ancestors carried their contempt of the unwarlike sex to that height, that they even made it a legal doubt whether the mother was related to her son. After some centuries of woful experience, we have arrived at the discovery that on the excellence of character and mental discernment of the mother depend the future happiness of her children; nay, in many instances, the eternal welfare of a son's immortal soul depends on the wisdom of the female parent. The proper culture of his principles and temper, in early childhood, will, at least, spare him the infinite woe in this world which seems the only means of taming the perversities of a child of evil, and purifying him for the life to come. What might not Lord Byron have become if he had not had a foolish, ignorant mother? Yet he knew the source of all his sorrows, and his bitter reproaches, although they alleviated not his own internal agonies, may serve as beacons for the warning of living mothers and living sons. With such full conviction of their awful responsibility, we would recommend to the attention of mothers those books which may best aid them in the happy fulfilment of their duties. Within the last fifty years a species of writing has commenced which we may name maternal literature. At first this merely consisted in laying down the law in a number of dry precepts, the knowledge of which alone, it was supposed, would be sufficient to ensure their adoption as soon as mother and child were convinced they were right. But attention on this important subject being fully awakened, further discoveries are every day made in the intricacies of the wayward human temper: these have shown that we must go deeper than mere precept to do good. It is no easy thing for frail mortality to do what is right, because they merely intend it; and as great a number of human minds must be skillfully dissected by the able pens of writers of genius before a mental cancer or gangrene can be cured—as subjects by Cooper or Brodie, before their pupils can venture to cure a bodily torment. For this reason we do not complain of the multiplication of books on this important subject, provided the observations are original, that is, founded on actual observation and experience. Such, we consider, are the works to which our attention is now directed, and our extracts will convince our readers not only of the clear and pleasant style in which that valuable writer, Mrs. Child, has communicated her information, but the extreme importance of her observations. Hers is not a book that multiplies line upon line, and precept upon precept.
She simply tells a mother what is right, and then enforces it by examples. Here is one instance, which no mother can read without feeling its force and truth:

INFANT INSTRUCTION.—THE WEAK AND TOO INDULGENT MOTHER; AND THE KIND YET FIRM MOTHER.

"But gentleness, important as it is, is not all that is required in education. There should be united with it firmness—great firmness. Commands should be reasonable, and given in perfect kindness; but once given, it should be known that they must be obeyed. I heard a lady once say, 'For my part, I cannot be so very strict with my children. I love them too much to punish them every time they disobey me.' I will relate a scene which took place in her family. She had but one domestic, and, at the time to which I allude, she was very busy preparing for company. Her children knew by experience that when she was in a hurry she would indulge them in anything for the sake of having them out of the way. George began, 'Mother, I want a piece of mince-pie.' The answer was, 'It is nearly bedtime, and mince-pie will hurt you. You shall have a piece of cake, if you will sit down and be still.' The boy ate his cake; and, liking the system of being hired to sit still, he soon began again, 'Mother, I want a piece of mince-pie.' The old answer was repeated. The child stood his ground, 'Mother, I want a piece of mince-pie—I want a piece—I want a piece,' was repeated incessantly. 'Will you leave off teasing, if I give you a piece?' 'Yes, I will.' A small piece was given, and soon devoured. With his mouth half full, he began again, 'I want another piece—I want another piece.' 'No George, I shall not give you another mouthful. Go, sit down, you naughty boy. You always act the worst when I am going to have company.' George continued his teasing, and at last said, 'If you don't give me another piece, I'll roar.' This threat not being attended to, he kept his word. Upon this, the mother seized him by the shoulder, shook him angrily, saying, 'Hold your tongue, you naughty boy!' 'I will, if you will give me another piece of pie,' said he. Another small piece was given him, after he had promised that he certainly would not tease her any more. As soon as he had eaten it, he, of course, began again; and with the additional threat, 'If you don't give me a piece, I will roar after the company comes, so loud that they can all hear me.' The end of all this was, that the boy had a sound whipping, was put to bed, and could not sleep all night, because the mince-pie made his stomach ache. What an accumulation of evils in this little scene! His health injured—his promises broken with impunity—his mother's promises broken—the knowledge gained that he could always vex her when she was in a hurry—and that he could gain what he would by teasing. He always acted upon the same plan afterward; for he only once in a while (when he made his mother very angry) got a whipping; but he was always sure to obtain what he asked for, if he teased her long enough. His mother told him the plain truth, when she said the mince-pie would hurt him; but he did not know whether it was the truth, or whether she only said it to put him off; for he knew that she did sometimes deceive. She was the woman who said the cat had eaten the cake. When she gave him the pie, he had reason to suppose it was not true it would hurt him—else why should a kind mother give it to her child? Had she told him that if he asked a second time, she should put him to bed directly—and had she kept her promise, in spite of entreaties—she would have saved him a whipping, and herself a great deal of unnecessary trouble. And who can calculate all the whippings, and all the trouble, she would have spared herself and him? I do not remember ever being in her house half a day without witnessing some scene of contention with the children. Now let me introduce to you another acquaintance. She was in precisely the same situation, having a comfortable income, and one domestic; but her children were much more numerous, and she had very limited advantages for education. Yet she managed her family better than any woman I ever saw, or ever expect to see again. I will relate a scene I witnessed there, by way of contrast to the one I have just described. Myself, and several friends once entered her parlour unexpectedly, just as the family were seated at the supper-table. A little girl, about four years old, was obliged to be removed, to make room for us. Her mother assured her she should have her supper in a very little while, if she was a good girl. The child cried; and the guests insisted that room should be made for her at the table. 'No,' said the mother; 'I have told her she must wait; and if she cry, I shall be obliged to send her to bed. If she be a good little girl, she shall have her supper directly.' The child could not make up her mind to obey; and her mother led her out of the room, and gave orders that she should be put to bed without supper. When my friend returned, her husband said, 'Hannah, that was a hard case. The poor child lost her supper, and was agitated by the presence of strangers. I could hardly keep from taking her on my knee and giving her some supper. Poor little thing! But I will never interfere with your management; and much as it went against my feelings, I entirely approve of
what you have done.' 'It cost me a struggle,' replied his wife; 'but I know it is for the good of the child to be taught that I mean exactly what I say.'

'This family was the most harmonious, affectionate, happy family I ever knew. The children were managed as easily as a flock of lambs. After a few unsuccessful attempts at disobedience, when very young, they gave it up entirely; and always cheerfully acted from the conviction that their mother knew best. This family was governed with great strictness; firmness was united with gentleness. The indulgent mother, who said she loved her children too much to punish them, was actually obliged to punish them ten times as much as the strict mother did.'

We wish we could extract the whole of the beautiful chapter on religion, because we see with pleasure that Mrs. Child would inculcate a cheerful worship, and induce well-meaning people to render the Sabbath any thing but a day of penance to their little ones.

**QUIET AMUSEMENTS ON THE SABBATH.**

'Quiet is the first idea which a young child can receive of the Sabbath; therefore I would take no notice of his playing with his kitten, or his blocks, so long as he kept still. If he grew noisy, I should then say to him, 'You must not make a noise to-day; for it is the Sabbath-day, and I wish to be quiet, and read good books. If you run about, it disturbs me.'

'I make these remarks with regard to very young children. As soon as they are old enough to read and take an interest in religious instruction, I would have playthings put away; but I would not compel them to refrain from play before I gave them something else to interest their minds. I would make a difference in their playthings. The noisy rattle and the cart, which have amused them during the week, should give place to picture-books, the kitten, little blocks, or any quiet amusement.

'If the heads of a family keep the Sabbath with sobriety and stillness, the spirit of the day enters into the hearts of the children. I have seen children of three or four years old, who were habitually more quiet on Sunday than any other day, merely from the soothing influence of example.'

'An early habit of prayer is a blessed thing. I would teach it to a child as soon as he could lip the words. At first, some simple form must be used, like, 'Now I lay me down to sleep; but as children grow older, it is well to express themselves just as they feel. A little daughter of one of my friends, when undressed to go to bed, knelt down of her own accord, and said, 'Our Father, who art in heaven, forgive me for striking my little brother to-day, and help me not to strike him again; for, oh! if he should die, how sorry I should be that I struck him!' Another, in her evening prayer, thanked God for a little sugar dog that had been given her in the course of the day. Let it not be thought for a moment that there is any irreverence in such prayers as these coming from little innocent hearts. It has a blessed influence to look to God as the source of all our enjoyments; and as the enjoyments of a child must necessarily be childish, it is sincere and proper for them to express gratitude in this way.'

**RELIGION NEVER TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH ANY THING DISAGREEABLE.**

'At no period of life should people hear the Bible spoken lightly of, or any passage quoted in jest; thoughtlessness in this respect does great mischief to ourselves and others. There cannot be a worse practice than that of making a child commit a chapter of the Scriptures as a punishment for any offence. At some schools, the Bible, being the heaviest book to be found, is held at arm's length till the little culprit gets so weary, that he would gladly throw the volume across the room. This is very injudicious. In no way whatever should the Bible be associated with any thing disagreeable.'

'To catechisms in general I have an aversion. I think portions of the Bible itself are the best things to be learned; and something may be found there to interest all ages.'

'To these remarks, I will add an anecdote that came under the observation of one of my friends. A little girl saw a beloved aunt die. The child was very young—she had no ideas at all about death—it was her first lesson on the subject. She was much affected, and wept bitterly. Her mother led her to the bed, kissed the cheek of the corpse, and observed how smiling and happy the countenance looked. 'We must not weep for dear aunt Betsy,' said she; 'she is living now with the angels; and though she cannot come to see us, she loves us, and will rejoice when we are good. If we be good, like her, we shall go to heaven where she is; and to go to heaven is like going to a happy home.'

'This conversation soothed the child's mind; she felt the cold hand, kissed the cold cheek, and felt sure that her aunt was still alive and loved her.'

'A year or two afterwards, this child was very ill, and they told her the doctor said she would die. She looked up, smiling in her mother's face, and said, with joyful simplicity, 'I shall see dear aunt Betsy before you do, mother.' What a beautiful lesson!
GARDEN CEMETERIES.

"So important do I consider cheerful associations with death, that I wish to see our grave-yards laid out with walks, and trees, and beautiful shrubs, as places of public promenade. We ought not to draw such a line of separation between those who are living in this world, and those who are alive in another. A cherished feeling of tenderness for the dead is a beautiful feature of the Catholic religion. The prayers that continue to be offered for the departed, the offering of flowers upon the tomb, the little fragrant wreath held in the cold hand of the dead infant—all these things are beautiful and salutary. It may be thought such customs are merely poetic; but I think they perform a much higher service than merely pleasing the fancy; I believe they help to give permanently cheerful impressions of our last great change. It is difficult for us to tell out of what trifles our prejudices and opinions have been gradually composed."

With reluctance we curtail our further extracts; yet the great importance of the last chapter, to young ladies, induces us to trench upon our limits:—

MARRIAGES.

"I believe men more frequently marry for love than women, because they have a freer choice. I am afraid to conjecture how large a proportion of women marry because they think they shall not have a better chance, and dread being dependant. Such marriages, no doubt, sometimes prove tolerably comfortable; but great numbers would have been far happier single. If I may judge by my own observation of such matches, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living."

"The great difficulty at the present day is, that marriage is made a subject of pride, vanity, or expediency; whereas it ought to be a matter of free choice and honest preference. A woman educated with proper views on the subject, could not be excessively troubled at not being married, when in fact she had never seen a person for whom she entertained particular affection; but one taught to regard it as a matter of pride, is inevitably wretched, discontented, and envious under the prospect of being an old maid, though she regards no human being with any thing like love."

"I once heard a girl, accustomed to such remarks, say, with apparent sincerity, 'I should like of all things to be married, if I could be sure my husband would die in a fortnight; then I should avoid the disgrace of being an old maid, and get rid of the restraint and trouble of a married life.' Strange and unnatural as such a sentiment may appear, it was just what might have been expect-

ed from one accustomed to such selfish views of a relation so holy and blessed in its nature. It is all-important that charming pictures of domestic life should be presented to the young. It should be described as—what it really is—the home of woman's affections, and her pleasantest sphere of duty. Your daughter should never hear her own marriage speculated or jeered upon; but the subject in general should be associated in her mind with every thing pure, bright, and cheerful.

"I shall be asked if I do not think it extremely desirable that daughters should marry well; and whether the secluded, domestic education I have recommended is not very unfavourable to the completion of such wishes—for how can they be admired when they are not seen? It certainly is very desirable that daughters should marry well, because it wonderfully increases their chance of happiness. The unchangeable laws of God have made reciprocated affection necessary to the human heart; and marriage formed with proper views is a powerful means of improving our better nature. But I would not say nor do any thing to promote a union of this sort. I would have no scheming, no managing, no hinting."

The second work under consideration, entitled "Hints to a Fashionable Mother," is well suited to be an appendix to the first. It is perhaps still more original in plan than the former, being an attempt to trace many of the various maladies of body and reason, to which human nature is liable, to a mental and moral cause—to defects in education or imprudent sacrifices—to dissipation, fashion, or vanity. And our physician gives many cases of this kind that occurred in his professional practice—histories which are "'er true tales," and not the less interesting as tales, because "in the breathing book of life he found them writ." An instructive lesson is given to ladies in the following detail:—

"Perhaps you will ask me whether I would readily advise you to allow your daughters to grow up without using any of the ordinary means for improving their forms; an act at once in direct violation of all modern customs and refined taste. Simply and plainly I answer, no. If you would allow them while young to wear tight stays, and their heads to be filled with the absurd notions of 'slender waists,' and 'pretty forms,' you may be sure they will make a bad use of them. You know they have little or no discretion, and though you may tell them a thousand times not to lace themselves too tight, unless you look to it yourself, depend
upon it nine times out of ten they will do so, and that, perhaps, without the least intention of disobeying you.

"Cases are frequently occurring which show the dreadful effects of too tight lacing. Not long since a girl of eighteen was under the care of M. Breschet, at the Hotel Dieu, at Paris, who had on the right side of her throat a tumour, which at times was nearly as large as one's fist. It reached from the collar bone high up the neck, and could be entirely pushed into the chest. It was soft and elastic, and largest when the chest was tightly laced in corsets. By applying the ear to it, respiration could be distinctly heard in it, and it proved to be a portion of the lungs, which, by being powerfully compressed, had forced its way from the chest up into the neck.

"How this unfortunate being could have endured the lacing which thus forced a passage for the lungs through the upper part of the chest, can scarcely be conceived by those who know nothing of the all-powerful influence of fashion. That her delicate frame could have borne such long without such violence, proves how much nature will sometimes sustain.

"One morning in the spring of 1829, Mr. Everington, whom I had occasionally seen, called on me, accompanied by a young lady, whose personal appearance immediately arrested my attention. Her features were regular, her complexion fair, and her figure what the fashionable world would term exquisitely beautiful. She appeared to be about two or three-and-twenty, and notwithstanding a considerable emaciation, a pearly whiteness of the eye, and an unnatural transparency of the skin, she had an insatiable appetite, and was more pronounced by most judges a fine-looking woman. Mr. Everington introduced her as his daughter, Mrs. Cole, and added, we have come to consult you about her health."

"She conversed with ease, and her manners were graceful and pleasing, and she soon lost the slight perturbation which our first meeting had occasioned. She did not cough, nor was her breathing perceptibly affected; and yet the appearance of her eyes and skin, and the colour of her cheek, which many would have mistaken for the carmine of health, plainly told that the destroying worm was already revelling at her vitals.

"I now made the necessary inquiries respecting her health, and the account she gave of herself fully confirmed the opinion I had at first formed. She spoke of having suffered much from mental anxiety, and said something about domestic troubles, which, of course, I did not comprehend, and did not feel myself at liberty to inquire into at that time. I advised such remedies as I thought applicable to her case, and promised to see her again soon; but her person, her manners, and the ease and propriety of her conversation, interested me so much, that I determined, when they had left me, to embrace the first opportunity of learning more about her, and soon after obtained her history in full from an acquaintance. It was simply this:—

"Her parents were of humble origin, and had commenced the world without education, and penniless. By industry and good management they had acquired sufficient property to render them quite independent, and were desirous that their children should have advantages which they themselves had never enjoyed.

"From an early period she had paid great attention to improving the delicacy of her form, and employed all the usual methods of diminishing the size of the waist. By a regular system of tight dressing she had, indeed, wonderfully succeeded in this respect, but the sculptor or painter would not have admired her proportions. Even those who cannot boast of the artist's discernment, but who are not blinded by the false lustre of fashion, would immediately have discovered a want of symmetry in the shoulders, waist, and tout ensemble.

"From the age of sixteen she was quite the belle, and had a great number of suitors, among whom were several young men of highly respectable families; but she did not bestow herself upon any one until between nineteen and twenty, when she became acquainted with a dashing young fellow, of rather profligate habits, but pleasing exterior, to whom she was married after a very short courtship, and soon removed with him to a neighbouring town where he resided."

"Her husband, as I intimately knew him, was a man of loose morals, not in the least degree susceptible of fine feelings, or capable of forming a delicate attachment. He had married her for her personal charms alone, with little or no attention to her mental qualifications; of course, after the novelty had ceased, was just as likely to be displeased as pleased with her, to say the least.

"He possessed but limited means for indulging her fondness for dress and fashionable life, which, to her, was soon a cause of complaint; and not long after their marriage, he began to exhibit his real character, first, by inattention, and then by unkindness. The consequences may be anticipated. A woman who had always been accustomed to indulgence and easiness would not tamely brook such a change of conduct; and not possessing herself those mild and amiable virtues which would lead her to yield and condescend when she could not govern, dissensions and broils soon took place, and increased so much in frequency and violence, that at the end of two years she was one of the most unhappy beings in existence."
"She found herself tied to a man she did not love, and by whom she was not loved; and instead of endeavouring to make the best of a bad bargain, she gave herself up to the extravagance of her undisciplined passions; passing alternately from taunts and reproaches to lamentations and tears.

Her health now began to fail, and her father seeing no prospect of a favourable change in her situation, determined to take her home again."

"She was really a spoiled child, and incapable of controlling her passions. She was naturally amiable, but her temper was not at all improved by education, and had been soured by constant vexations since her marriage; yet she bore her bad health with more patience than might have been expected, and usually appeared cheerful, and sanguine of an entire recovery. As is common with lingering complaints, she was alternately better and worse; and though she was often observed to complain, her spirits always brightened with the least alleviation of her sufferings, and were not materially abated by any little aggravation of them. If comfortable to-day, she would talk of being well; and if more ill than yesterday, she was sure of being better to-morrow. Yet copious expectorations indicated the progress of the destructive process in the lungs, and a peculiar irritability of the stomach afforded grounds for suspicion that that organ also was implicated in diseased action."

"As soon as my strength would permit, I visited her; but alas, how changed! She was literally reduced to a skeleton, and her features were those of death itself, with the exception of her eye, which had not yet lost all its animation. She was lying bolstered up in bed, with a rapid, low pulse, difficult breathing, a cough which at times almost choked her, and an entire loss of the gift of retaining, even for a few minutes, the blandest nutriment upon the stomach."

"Her countenance lighted up as I entered the room, and I fancied from its expression that the fond hope of recovery had not entirely forsaken her."

"I took her hand, which she feebly raised from the bed, and inquired how she was. 'Very low,' said she, 'very low.' At the same time, her eyes rested upon my wasted features, for a violent fever had left its pallid traces there. She paused for a moment, and then continued: 'you have been very ill— are you quite recovered?' 'Quite recovered,' I replied. She paused again, and her countenance brightened. I saw the cause. Hope still flattered her that she too might yet recover. 'You do not know how anxious I have been to see you,' she said, 'for I have fancied that you perhaps might help me. I am very ill, but others have recovered who have been as low as I am.'"

"Though our science possesses great power in preserving life, while every part of the animal machine retains its integrity, we cannot, like the machinist, when a wheel is broken, substitute another in its place. No. Whenever the silver cord is loosed, or the golden bowl broken, or the pitcher broken, at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern, then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

"She did not survive many days after this, but paid the last debt of nature in the perfect possession of her faculties, and with entire composure and resignation.

"In examining the body after death, (which some peculiarities in her symptoms rendered desirable) the shape of the chest appeared very remarkable. As has heretofore been explained, the chest of a well-formed person is conical; that is, the ribs, which form the principal portion of its walls, do not reach themselves to the breast bone, but are eked out by pliable cartilages which are joined to the breast bone.

"In this instance however, the lower part of the chest was surprisingly narrow, and the cartilages of which I have spoken were bent in, in a peculiar manner, so as to allow the ends of the ribs in front to approximate towards each other. By this conformation the stomach must have been pressed by the ribs and their cartilages, and the lungs forced into the upper part of the chest, and greatly confined in their action. Both the lungs and stomach were extensively diseased.

"The question may arise, whether this alteration in the natural formation of the chest, was the entire cause of disease and death? May not mental causes, during the time she resided with her husband, have had much to do in bringing on the fatal malady? These are questions that cannot be positively answered; but the anatomist will tell you, that a chest thus artificially narrowed, is quite sufficient to produce the most melancholy consequences; and if it is not the only cause of death, is unquestionably the most powerful in its operation, and materially assists the action of all other causes."

"If the eastern notions, that women are not accountable beings, and that their lives and health are at their own disposal, were correct, still what fools they must be to subject themselves to disease and suffering for fashion's sake, or the pitiful vanity of attracting the gaze of stupid admiration. That it is their principal desire to render themselves interesting, in every sense of the word they all admit; and that it is no small part
of their study to merit the approbation of the other sex, we all know; and I am bold to assert, that if they suspected even the half of the contempt and pity with which men of sense look upon a female who has tortured herself into the resemblance of a wasp, or otherwise marred the symmetry and loveliness of nature's chef d'œuvre, by her dress, they would be effectually prevented from extravagances of this sort."

The Bas Bleus, or La Ninon improved.
Conducted by Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson.

This is a very elegant periodical, of a novel kind, printed in a chaste and splendidly varied style by Whiting, in gold-coloured letters, upon two sheets of card paper; and although the space devoted to literature is extremely circumscribed, Mrs. Wilson has taken care to fill it with excellent poetry, of which we give a very charming extract, by Miss Agnes Strickland. The "First Brief," the only prose contribution, does not approach the poetical department in merit. Our valued contributor, Mrs. Hofland, has furnished some excellent lines, which we are sorry we cannot transcribe. We wish Mrs. Wilson success in her undertaking:—

LINES BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.
(From the Italian of Metastasio).
Behold, the pale moon's silver light
Marks the deep azure of the night:
No murmuring breeze is heard to sigh,
No trembling star is in the sky:
Alone, on hill or wooded plain,
The nightingale in pensive strain
Pours sweetly through the silent grove
A summons to his absent love;
And scarce she hears that distant note
Through the embowering foliage float,
Ere she has framed the soft reply,
"Mourn not, beloved, for I am nigh."
What sweet effects of mutual love,
In sighs like these fond bosoms move;
Ah! when was it e'er known of thee,
Irene, thus to answer me?

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia. Spain and Portugal. Vol. V.

The fifth volume of this useful work is chiefly occupied by the continuation of the history of Spain and Portugal. We find a considerable body of information condensed in small space, and passages of history, obscurely or partially related by other authors, brought out in strong and true lights. The erroneous estimate by which romance has valued the characrer of Don Carlos, is here, we think, shown justly. Again, the dreadful provocations which led to the much-reprobated measure of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, is brought from the lumber and darkness in which most modern historians are pleased to leave it, though the details are not a little agonising to the nerves of those who shudder at recitals of cruelty. Our author seems to be a queller of prejudices, and to be inexorable to all the pretty romances that have crept into the records of the Peninsula. Don Sebastian finds no revival after the battle of Alcanda here, we may be sure. We have two faults to find with this volume. One, a series of misprints, most provoking, as all misprints contrive to be, but important as leading the juvenile reader into a most ridiculous mistake in quotation. The warlike Duke of Savoy and King of Sardinia, Victor Amadeus, surnamed the Great, is constantly, both in text and index, printed Victor Asmodeus—a cognomen diabolical enough to startle the right catholic potentate, and his orthodox godfathers and godmothers, from the repos in which they have been lying since the stirring era of the Grande Monarque. Our other fault is a more serious one. Indexes and chronological tables are printed at the end of this volume which have no connexion with the history of the Peninsula, and ought, in all propriety, to have accompanied those to which they refer, whether considered as a matter of convenience or honesty.

The fact that Charles the Fifth only reigned in Spain one year, but swayed that powerful sceptre as regent for his distracted mother, is not generally known; and, in the present crisis of the Spanish monarchy, it may be interesting to our readers to note how truly constitutional in Spain is female succession to the crown regnant:—

"A letter of congratulation was next addressed to Carlos, who was invited to visit his new inheritance. In his reply he confirmed the cardinal in the regency. Soon afterwards he assumed the title of king; an assumption which gave considerable dissatisfaction to some members of the council. They justly contended, that during the life of his mother, 'la reyna proprietaria,' the crown was strictly hers, and that the only thing he could expect, even on reaching his twentieth year, was to rule as her lieutenant. The majority, with the cardinal at their
head, considering the utter incompetency of that princess to govern, decided differently; and orders were despatched to proclaim the king without delay. To save the rights of the mother, however, she was proclaimed at the same time, and her name even preceded her son's.—Donna Juana y don Carlos, regia y rey de Castilla, s.e."

Notwithstanding this precedence given to the imbecile Queen, her subjects now and then flew to arms, and placed her in possession of her rights; and it was only the deepest conviction of her insanity that made them submit to be governed by her heir.

The Daughter's Own Book; or, Practical Hints from a Father to his Daughter.  

There are many valuable precepts contained in this little book, the truth of which no living creature can gainsay, and with which we should be happy that the minds of our fair countrywomen were entirely imbued.

Ten Minutes' Advice on Colds and Coughs.  
Advice in season becomes doubly valuable; and we declare that these rules, properly conned over in February and March, will save many a fair human blossom from blight.

Fine Arts.

Finden's Gallery of the Graces.—Part I  
With Poetical Illustrations by T. K. Hervey, Esq.

This elegant publication is nearly similar in plan to Heath's "Book of Beauty:" the portraits are larger in size, and, we must candidly acknowledge, of superior merit in style and execution. The first portrait in the present number is a gem of beauty and expression: nothing can exceed the delicacy and clearness of Finden's touch in this face, the fairness of which is richly contrasted by the brilliant darkness of the hair: the only fault, which may be considered general among English artists, is the want of correct drawing and finish of the hands. The second portrait is very similar in attitude and expression to a smaller one in Heath's "Book of Beauty:" to our minds, the smile is inane and forced. The third, again, is nearly perfect—full of tenderness and loveliness; perhaps the extremities of the hair require a little more break-

ing in the masses—there is a want of finish and polish in the curls that lie on the shoulder. The face is engraved with much softness and harmony. The artist is Artlett; the design by Wright.

The illustrations deserve our notice: they are by Hervey, and are worthy of the engravings. The following extract contains true poetry:

The stillness of a spirit lies  
Upon her hushed and happy heart;  
And on her brow, and in her eyes,  
Are thoughts that play a prophet's part.  
And look, with power, upon the skies,  
To read their lofty mysteries!  
Before her rests the scroll, unravelled,  
Where every tale of every star  
That, on its wheels of molten gold,  
Majestically moves afar—  
The language of each flower that blows—  
The song of every breeze that sings—  
The meteor's mission, as it goes  
By, on its burning wings—  
And all creation's secrets, stand  
Translated, by the self-same hand  
That hung the oracles on high,  
And wrote the legends in the sky,  
In letters both too dark and bright  
For earthly skill or earthly sight;—  
Till all the truths by angels sung,  
His mercy told in mortal tongue;  
And light along his riddles smiled,  
That solves them for this almost child!  
How beautiful she looks:—as flowers,  
When newly touched with heaven's dew,  
Upon her soul the sacred showers  
Of truth have fallen anew!  
She to the fountain of life has gone,  
To draw forth "water from its wells,"  
And bathed in Jordan, where alone  
The charm of healing dwells!  
The hallowed dove within her breast  
Looks through her soft and serious eyes,  
And on her forehead glimpses rest  
Of glory from the skies!

The Byron Gallery.—Part IV. Historical Embellishments of the Poetical Works of Lord Byron.

Messrs. Smith and Elder have hopefully filled up the field left unoccupied by Finden's beautiful publication; and scenes from Byron's poems are perhaps as acceptable as the embellishments illustrative of the poet's own life and adventures. Never was there a more spiritual and lovely Medora than the polished engraving that forms the opening to the present number—it is the most successful, in design and execution, of any thing that has appeared this season: it is by Richter, engraved by Dean. Jeptha's Daughter is too like
the features and expression of the Medora, which gives us the idea of mannerism in Richter. None of the other plates are without various degrees of merit.

Architecture.

We are happy to see the restoration of Crosby House promoted by a long list of spirited subscribers, among whom we note the names of the most liberal patrons of the arts, who are following in the steps of those who saved the elegant Ladye Chapelle from the barbarians who longed to demolish it. We hope the latter beautiful specimen of our national architecture is now out of danger; but there are still funds needed to complete it, and we earnestly entreat the ladies of the metropolis to patronise a series of Zoological Lectures now commencing near the spot in Southwark, for the aid of funds to complete the restoration of this exquisite monument of ancient art. Our accomplished females may thus, with their families, contribute to a public benefit, and derive, at the same time, useful and pleasing information. That such object is a national benefit, people of refined taste will certainly allow; for if such miserable imitations, such caricatures of Gothic architecture, as wound the eye in the pretended groined roof of Tavistock Chapel—if these deformities are suffered to perplex themselves on the face of the earth, while pure and exquisite specimens of Gothic still exist, what will be the case if such buildings as the Ladye Chapelle and Crosby House are permitted to fall before the scythe of Time?

New Music.

When Young Leaves are Springing (2d edition). A Song, by Miss Jewsbury, composed by Mrs. J. B. Thompson.

Love and Time. Composed by Mrs. J. B. Thompson.

The Song of a Bird (2d edition). Words by Miss Jewsbury, Music by Mrs. J. B. Thompson.

At length we have met with good poetry, accompanied with very pleasing and appropriate music; and this is a matter of so much importance in these days of nonsensical song writing, that we lose no time in imparting the information to our fair countrywomen. We are sure they must be completely tired of singing about "helm's," and "spears," and "bowers," and "butterflies," and we verily believe that they will no longer purchase such downright nonsense. Mrs. Thompson evidently feels the power of the poetry whilst she is composing her accompaniments to it; and there is scarcely a line which does not produce some very exquisite strains. The music to the following is as varied as the ideas which Miss Jewsbury has combined:

When young leaves are springing in forest and lea,
And swallows are winging home over the sea,
When gray rocks are blushing with barebell and heath,
And small rills are gushing in music beneath—
Oh then for blithe meetings beneath the fair sky!
Oh then for fond greetings with lip, lute, and eye!

When winter comes riding to waste and deform,
A grim king bestriding his steeds of the storm,
And fierce waves are prowling round ships in the bay,
And wild winds are howling like wolves for their prey,—
Oh then for blithe meetings within the loved home!
Oh then for fond greetings where no storm may come!

When life's long day, chequered with shadow and beam,
Hath fled like the record that's left by a dream,
When bright flowers are weeping their leaves o'er our tomb,
Or brighter stars keeping kind watch o'er its gloom,—
Oh then for blithe meetings where grief din's not love!
Oh then for fond greetings in calm spheres above!

Drama.

Drury-Lane.—The theatres, during the last month, seem to have experienced a degree of prosperity to which they have long been strangers. At this house no new piece has been produced. A son of Mr. Dowton's, however, made his début before a London audience in the character of Tangent, in The Way to get Married, which was revived for the purpose of introducing him. He was far from successful; but whether owing to the ill-chosen part assigned to him, or to a deficiency of talent, we shall, in justice, suspend our opinion until he has further opportunity, in a new character, of showing
his perhaps latent genius. Dowton, the elder, was excellent in Caustic, and Farren's Toby Allace was a treat. Mrs. Glover's Clementina Allace was very droll. She was a very queen in her character—all flounces, feathers, pertness, and pride. The pantomime continues to go off well; and we are promised a great treat in the production of Don Juan, with the whole of Mozart's splendid music to Don Giovanni.

Covent-Garden has made another effort towards restoring the drama to its original excellence, in the production of a new comedy, in two acts, called Nell Gwynne, or the Prologue, written by Jerrold, author of the Rent Day, &c. This piece, whether we consider the variety of the incidents, the spirit of the dialogue, the interest excited by one event for the development of that which follows, or the humour, as well as pathos, displayed throughout, may safely be pronounced as the most successful that has for a long time been exhibited on the stage. The principal characters are represented by Mr. Jones (Charles II.), Mr. Blanchard (John Brewer), Mr. Kean (Orange Moll), and Miss Taylor (Nell Gwynne). The first scene is in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, and opens with a dialogue between Joe Haines (Mr. Meadows), late of that theatre, and Mr. Snowdrop (Mr. Daly), relating chiefly to Nell Gwynne, and her expected appearance as an actress. The next exhibits the room of Madame Charrette, a French milliner, attached to the theatre, in which Counsellor Crossfoot and Nell Gwynne meet; and while the former is on his knees to Nell, the King, in plain clothes, and his attendant, Sir Charles Barkeley (Mr. Forrester), enter, and with shouts of laughter rally the old man on his spirit and gallantry. Nell was, at that instant, declaring that she had given her hand to a mercer of Bishopsgate-without, and the frolic-loving Charles, to her astonishment, immediately announces himself to have three millions with an action at Doctors' Commons, and bears the orange girl away. The sub-sequent incidents now turn upon the stratagems employed by the counsellor to regain Nell, in which he is assisted by Joe Haines, who ultimately carries off Orange Moll, mistaking her for the young orange girl. During this time, the king, his attendant, and Nell, had had a meeting at the tavern, but unluckily without money to pay the reckoning; the two former are, consequently, locked up, while Nell was left at liberty to procure means of releasing them. This she is enabled to do through meeting with the Counsellor; and here occurs one of the best scenes in the piece. Crossfoot makes love to Orange Moll, still believing her to be the object of his affections, whilst Nell stands behind, and answers for Moll, to keep up the deception, and at length obtains money enough to pay the royal reckoning. After this we are led to the theatre, at which all parties are assembled to hear Nell recite the famous prologue to the Conquest of Grenada, in the midst of which she recognises the King, and stepping forward, breaks into an epilogue applicable to the piece, and the curtain falls.

We cannot too highly praise the style in which the piece is performed throughout. Miss Taylor was arch, lively, and captivating; and—where suitable to the character generally drawn of the heroine—so natural and so modest that the most fastidious critic could hardly find a blemish. In one scene particularly, where she recounted a dream to the king, to induce him to found Chelsea Hospital, her performance was in the best style of acting, and made a deep impression. Keeley was admirable as Orange Moll, and excited great laughter; in fact, he acted with real humour: his scene with Crossfoot we shall never forget. Jones was clever as the gay monarch; and Forrester, in the little he had to do, reminded us of his best days at the Strand Theatre. The play flags a little towards the close; but this can be easily remedied; and we have no doubt but that, supported as it is, and possessing so much intrinsic merit, it will long be a favourite with the public. Miss Taylor, in her coach-wheel hat, announced it for repetition amidst deafening applause; and it is nightly repeated with undiminished success. The pantomime follows every evening, and is really one of the best we have witnessed for years. Grieve's scenery is enchanting.

New City Theatre.—We would advise all our City friends who are oppressed with ennui, and wish for rational amusement, to visit this well conducted and commodious little theatre. Several new pieces have been produced since our last. The grand novelty was a drama from the prolific and masterly pen of Mr. W. L. Rede, entitled The Rake's Progress. We have seldom witnessed a finer assemblage of scenes from nature than is presented in this piece: it is entirely free from the vulgarities which disgraced the Tom and Jerry buffooneries, so much the rage some time back; yet it presents us with vivid and striking scenes from high and low life. The story is simply this:—A young country squire becomes possessed of property—is lured to London—Recced—cast into prison—detects his supposed friend in an endeavour to gain the affections of the girl of his heart—shoots him—and ends his days in a madhouse. Mr. W. L. Rede proved himself an artist well able to fill up with beauty and effect the graphic sketch he had made. His performance throughout was a piece of excellence. His mad scene was affecting and terrible. Mr. Gratton played very effectively. Mr. Lejeune sang a good song. Mr. Chapman, as Tom, displayed
The style in which she has sung Bishop’s popular compositions of Bid me Discourse and Lo! hear the gentle Lark! was melody itself, and drew the most rapturous plaudits from her audience. In addition to this, her person is graceful, and her features strictly beautiful. We understand that she will make her debut at Drury Lane when the Oratorios commence, and we doubt not her meeting the success she so eminently deserves.

Coruba.—Mr. Davidge, having concluded his Liverpool campaign, is once more in his old quarters with a most effective company, amongst whom we recognise many old favourites. But Mr. Crofton, we must say, forms an exception, as he is but a poor actor; and the Wife’s First Error but a so-so piece. However, The Golden Farmer, The Hebrew Husband, and the pantomime, amply compensate for this trifling drawback. We must not omit to make honourable mention of Miss Macarthy, who is a very clever actress.

Fashions.

Costume of Paris.

The Parisian balls have regularly commenced for the season; and fashion having, for the last months, directed the attention of the fair chiefly to the adoption of graceful novelties for winter walking dress and carriage costume, seems disposed to leave them in a settled state, and to issue her present edicts exclusively for the embellishment of evening and full dress.

Walking Dress.—In the forms of pelisses and cloaks there is no variation worthy much note this month. The diaphanous cloaks are most general, made in rich materials, for carriage costume. Hats are nearly stationary, and are often superseded by the small bibs cottage bonnets. One long, drooping plume, frimâtre, is still the most common ornament to the chapeau. It is usually the same shade as the hat; but to be ornamented with bouquets of velvet or satin flowers is not so. These are the only flowers worn in out-door dress. Bears’ ears, dahlias, and marguerites of rich colours, are the favourite flowers, imitated in velvet.

Orange and fire-colour linings to winter hats are still more prevalent in Paris than in December. Indeed, orange and black is frequently seen in articles of walking dress, as the most modern adoptions.

The rigour of the season has made an article of dress, called bouts de manches, very acceptable. These are velvet cuffs, lined and turned up with fur; they draw over the wrists, and exclude the cold from the opening between the glove and the sleeve. Fur boots are worn, made of velvet or Spanish leather; for carriage costume they are of brocaded silk or satin. Mantles of great width are worn; and the most novel adoption in their form is fur-lined sleeves, of amazing amplitude, tied down with knots of ribbon, in the style of Marino Faliero. This species of mantle is bordered with ermine, and is made of materials of great richness. Mantles of orange cachemire, lined and turned up with dark-coloured velvet, with a falling collar of the same, have been seen since the 20th of January, in carriage and opera dress. The severity of the weather has induced the fashionable of both sexes, in Paris, to adopt what they call cache nez. These are pieces of chali or cachemire, lined with fur, which nearly hide the face, and give to the figure a grotesque appearance. They envelop the fair ones who adopt them almost as much as the Arabian and Turkish yachmash. The ladies who have any regard for their personal charms, wind a cachemire scarf, or a thick boa, round the lower part of the face; nevertheless the above ugly things are the rage of the moment.

Demi-parure.—Chali is still in high
favour for this difficult but most becoming of all costumes, worn with canesons or pelerines. Châlly has a delightful appearance, as it is consistent with elegance, without the assumption of rich dress. A charming ensemble is this for a young married lady. A gown of maize-coloured châlly, made high enough in corsage to be worn without chemisette or pelerine; the folds meet in a point on the chest, and turn back with epaulettes, which finish in a cape at the back; the lower corsage is pointed in front, and trimmed with a cord at the edge; the skirt gathered very full all round, and quite plain at the bottom; long falling full sleeves, tight to the lower arm; manchettes of black velvet. With this dress is worn a necklace-collar of black velvet, cut en bias, passed à la cravate round the throat, and a velvet bow behind, with long ends brought round the neck and fastened with another black velvet bow in front of the corsage. The hair dressed with three bows on the crown of the head, and curls and bands on each side of the face. This parure is sometimes in pink châlly or cachemire, or in châlly, printed in minute patterns. Orange cachemire, figured with black designs, are often worn in at-home costume. Likewise merinos, printed with pretty designs in black on cherry-coloured, green, orange, or granite grounds; but we beg leave to warn our fair readers that the adoption of these violent and cutting figures and colours is a trial of elegance of person which the most distinguished can hardly encounter, and that they often convert a pleasing person into a vulgar and tawdry object. But it is not for us to raise a voice against what is so decidedly the fashion; but some warning is needful in a branch of dress so difficult, and so much neglected in England, as demi-parure.

The Parisienne is so solicitous in all the minor arrangements of the toilet, that even when arrayed in the least promising materials, the effect of the tout ensemble is good; and attention to tournure, proportion, and outline, gives her a pleasing and finished appearance.

We have to add to the list of materials for demi-parure, or home dress, foulards richly bariole, and green cachemires figured with palms.

**BALL DRESS.**—A new and becoming style has been adopted for young persons as dancing costume. It is a dress of plain gauze, either rose or jonquille, with a corsage, ceinture of black velvet. These ceintures vary in their forms: they have epaulettes cut in points, which descend low on the arm, and sometimes finish with an acorn or tassel. Sometimes the belt is a little pointed in front; sometimes it fastens under an enamelled buckle, and the shoulder pieces are continued, à la pelerine, with ends under the belt. The hair dressed à la Madonna, banded plainly on the brow, and drawn up at the back à la Chinoise. Round the brow was worn a wreath of black velvet roses, without foliage. No necklace or ear-rings.

At one of the late balls at Paris, a distinguished belle of rank wore the following parure. A robe of gros de Tours; the ground white, scattered over with bouquets of natural flowers, painted by the hand most exquisitely; the corsage was shaped into a point at the belt, and was ornamented with knots of rose-coloured ribbon—one as a breast-bow, one between the arms and shoulders, the other at the point of the corsage. The hair braided at the back in the Grecian style, a bandeau of pearls in the front, and two roses placed among the clusters of curls on each side. This is a revival of an ancient costume, and was considered to have a charming effect.

Another dress attracted great admiration. It was composed of plain black gauze over black satin. The gauze was painted in scattered bouquets of natural roses. The long sleeves were gathered together, from the wrist to the shoulder, with knots of rose-coloured ribbon. The corsage, pointed in front, was adorned with three knots of rose ribbon, placed from the bust to the waist. For the hair two creped tresses were as bows on each brow, and above them knots of rose-coloured ribbon fell with long ends on each side of the head to the neck. Pointed corsages and immensely full skirts are worn in the newest modes. These, at least, vary the Grecian folds lately so general.

For full dress, in matronly toilets, the satin Pompadour supersedes velvet. For court dress, it is figured in alternate gold or silver stripes of brocade, and some full richly-coloured striped satinée, or with gold-coloured satin brocade.

We are diffuse on the subject of ball dress, as we make it a point always to be on novelties that are in season. A tout ensemble as follows was airy and graceful, as a dancing costume should be:—

A robe of rose-coloured gauze, having a
great number of large plaits round the waist, from every side, parting from the ceinture, descended to the hem—a chain of bows of rose-coloured gauze, trimmed with blonde edging: these were arranged en tablier. A beautiful mantilla of blonde was attached by similar knots to the shoulders, and fell behind lower than the waist. The berret sleeves assumed the amadés form, and fell to the elbows. For head-dress, a rose-coloured plume was put on the top of the head, from which long ends of rose-coloured ribbon floated in lappets on the neck.

Every shade of mauve, pink, and rose colour, mixed with black, is universal, almost to sameness, in ball-rooms. The following dress was lately adopted:—Tunic robe of mauve satin, with reverses of black velvet on the shoulders, and robings of the same on the skirt; these are cut in points, and each point fastened with a jet stud or tassel; the waist of the corsage, without belt or band, cut to the shape, à la corset; a girdle and chain of tassels of jet beads, fastened with studs, hung to the knees. The under dress of white blonde gauze; mauve satin long sleeves, slashed à la Marino Fatier, and caught with jet studs, show blonde gauze sleeves beneath. The chapeau is à la Francois Premier, with a long rose-coloured plume across the front, and bows and lappets of rose-coloured gauze ribbons. Necklace and ear-rings of jet, and black satin shoes.

Caps and Head Dresses.—The turbans may be considered large in proportion to the hats and bonnets, particularly if they assume the oriental character. When this is the case, they are often formed of rich cachemires, with palms. One of these, a white cachemire palmed scarf, intermixed with one of ponceau, was most distinguished in appearance. Bird of paradise plumes are very general: they are always double, and the newest style is to have the tails dyed of three colours—white, brown, and finished with azure blue. Many dress-caps and berrets are simply a circle of white lisse, regularly plaited in little flutes. The hair is much dressed with jardiniere garlands of natural flowers; a great profusion is used, but they are of the most delicate workmanship.

High crests* of marabouts, composed of ten or twelve, one above the other, are worn in very full dress; and, in court dress, ostrich feathers, arranged in the same manner. High gallery combs are never seen in full dress, but as much as ever worn in morning costume and demi-pature.

There are little blonde caps worn this winter, that have a charming lightness of appearance. They are made of blonde, of an open work sort, called blonde à jour, and are trimmed with the most delicate flowers: for instance, with a wreath of lilies of the valley, terminated by a rose, which raises a blonde ruche on one side. Another, with a wreath of rose noisettes very close together, without foliage, but terminated on one side by a bunch with foliage. Dress hats of white satin, with a long rich plume laid across the front, are great favourites. A cordeliere of gold, with ruby tassels, is often wound round this chapeau, which assumes the form of those of Henry Quatre or Francois. The ruby ends fall on one shoulder. For morning caps the open-work, long disused, called Catherine-wheels, have come in fashion in worked muslin or net, and is very light and pretty.

Fancy Balls.—The richest costumes that have lately been seen were displayed at a fancy ball lately given in Paris. The most admired costumes were those of the time of Francis the First, and the earlier French monarchy. The historical correctness of the costumes were a proof of the refined tastes of the wearers. The present age has been so much enlightened by writers of genius, as to the manners and customs of past eras, that a smile of derision would pursue the lady who mingled the ornaments and style of the age of Charles the Sixth with that of Louis the Twelfth, or those of Francis the First with the widely different habits of the court of Henry Quatre.

Colours.—Various shades of green, for cloaks and pelisses, are worn. Of these, the olive tints, as the epinard and acanthurus, are favourites. Likewise every shade of emerald green have their shares of favour. Granite is highly fashionable, and ruby and cerise for bonnets. Flame-coloured and orange are often seen.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(4.) Ball Dress.—The hair is arranged in the new fashion, à la Floride.

* See Evening Dress for this month.
with garlands and bouquets of various flowers. One garland is put on the left side, and continued round the base of some light bows of hair, which are surmounted by feathery sprigs. A bouquet is placed above the curls on the right temple. The dress is of white crape over white satin; the corsage plain to the shape, with a full blonde mantilla and breast-knot, in place of a Sevigné. The sleeves are full-falling berrets, sloping towards the elbow. The skirt is ornamented in a very novel mode: five rouleaus of white satin or gauze ribbon descend from the belt, and fasten at the head of the hem, under five bouquets of black and red roses, with foliage and buds; and knots of ribbon, similar to the rouleaus, finish the bouquets, and occupy the whole front of the skirt, as the rouleaus spread towards the bottom of the dress. Necklace and earrings are of emeralds, surrounded with enamelled chasings. White kid long gloves, finished with dents at the tops. White satin shoes and sandals.

Second Figure.—Dress of gauze sylphide. The hair differently arranged from the above, in the demi-grecque style. A garland of white or yellow tree primroses on the brow, and another garland of smaller flowers surmounts the knot of hair. The hair is plain on the brows, with a few ringlets behind the ears. Thick boa of swansdown or blue fox fur. Large fan.

5. Evening Dress.—Casque head-dress of ostrich feather tips, or of marabouts, arranged round bows and braids of hair, dressed unusually high; a festooned feronnieres, with a drop jewel in front. It is likewise festooned at the back of the head-dress. Full curls on each temple. The dress is of satin blonde, a material of the richest and most novel description. It is made in great variety of patterns and colours, in white, rose, blue, and oiseau; and represents, in brocaded figuring, white blonde patterns over a coloured or white satin ground, the meshes of the lace being brocaded in white between the designs. The corsage of the dress is a reverse of the pelerine form; the mantilla of rich blonde points, trimmed in the pelerine style, wraps on the left side; it is trimmed above the reverse with a ruche of cut ribbons. A sash of broad ribbon, of the same manufacture as the dress, ties in a bow where the corsage wraps, and hangs in long scarf-ends to the hem of the dress; the ends are finished by pearl knobs. Lozenge-shaped necklace of amethysts, and purple and silver enamel; earrings and feronnieres of the same. White satin shoes and white kid gloves.


—Dress of satin chachemirreine, white ground, figured with lilac palms; berret sleeves of the same; corsage of violet velvet, embroidered with gold; belt of violet velvet, likewise figured with gold. Hair in the demi-grecque style, ornamented with a rope of pearls as a bandeau, with pearl flowers, intermixed with gold sprigs and marabouts. Necklace and ear-rings of opal tablets, set in purple and gold enamel. White kid long gloves, and white satin shoes.

2. At Home.—Dress of rose-coloured cachemire; corsage with a point at the waist, and numerous folds on the chest, finishing with deep shoulder robings; double cravat of black velvet. Hair in curls and treble bows, without ornament.

3. Opera Dress.—Gown of white chint, made à la vierge, and embroidered with green floss silk at the bottom of the skirt and round the neck. Hair in Madonna folds, and a braided knot on the crown of the head, finished with a gold comb. Vitchoura pelisse of mandarin cachemire, loosely tied round the waist with a thick silk cordeiliere. Green satin shoes.

4. Dinner Dress.—Blonde cap, trimmed with apple-green ribbons of gauze satinée, with silver colours, and sprigs of feather flowers with white satin foliage. Silver-coloured cachemire dress; the corsage with a mantilla of satin points, a shade darker than the dress. Pale lilac gauze scarf.

5. Full Dress.—Robe of white crape; corsage and epaulettes of white satin, finished with little points round the bust. Hair dressed in high folded bows, ornamented with a gold agrafe, feather-flower plumes, and rich gold cordons. Necklace of large pearls, and pearl earrings.

Child's Dress.—Frock of acanthus green cachemire; the corsage in full gather, à la vierge, and cut in points round the neck; the skirt trimmed with sable fur. White jean trousers, worked with cord. Shoes of dove-coloured Morocco.
Miscellaneous of the Month.

Her Majesty’s drawing-rooms have been fixed for the following days:—Monday, February 25, her Majesty’s birth-day; Thursday, March, 21; April 19; May 16; Tuesday, May 28, being his Majesty’s birth-day; Thursday, June 20.

The Frankfort papers state that, at Darmstadt, a proposal has been determined upon to be made to the States, to abolish the law of celibacy amongst the clergy.

PAGANINI.—This celebrated musician has just been created a Baron and Commander of Westphalia. The title is to be hereditary, descending to his male heirs.—La Nouvelliste.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Of Sons.—On Jan. 10, at Tottenham, the lady of the Rev. H. W. G. Armstrong.—Jan. 5, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Cardwell, Principal of St. Alban Hall.—Jan. 5, at Begbroke House, the lady of the Rev. F. Robinson, of Corpus Christi College.—Jan. 9, at Reighton, the lady of the Rev. J. Dymoke.—Jan. 3, at Slough, the lady of Sir J. Herschel, K. H.—Jan. 8, at Eton, the lady of the Rev. W. G. Cookesley.—Jan. 12, the lady of Dr. Bartlet, Benvenue Street.—Lateley, at Camberwell Grove, the lady of Captain A. Nairne.

Of Daughters.—Dec. 24, at Mauldside Castle, Lanarkshire, Mrs. Archibald Douglas; the infant survived only one hour.—Madame Mallan, of Half-Moon Street.—January 12, at North Bank, Regent’s Park, the lady of Commissary-General Cumming.—Jan. 9, at Kenilworth, the lady of the Honourable C. T. Clifford.—Jan. 5, at Banister, Southport, the lady of the Rev. W. Fitzhugh.—Jan. 13, at the Vicarage, Arlsey, the lady of the Rev. G. Perry.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 8, at Islington, Rear-Admiral Barker, to Mary Anne, daughter of Mr. J. Hunter, Compton Terrace.—Jan. 9, J. Ackers, Esq., of the Heath, Selop, to Mary, daughter of B. Williams, Esq., of Newton Lodge, near Middlewich, Cheshire.—Jan. 9, at Layton, C. F. Martin, Esq., of Stapleton, Gloucestershire, to Frances, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Stubbs, Rector of Fryerning, Essex.—Jan. 8, S. Lettsom, Esq., 60th Regiment, to Mercy, daughter of the late J. Ormerod, Esq., of Chamber Hall, Lancahire.—Nov. 3, at St. James’s Church, York, Upper Canada, T. M. Jones, Esq., one of the Commissioners of the Canada Company, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Honourable and Venerable John Strachan, D.D. LL.D., Archdeacon of York, Canada.—Jan. 14, at St. Mary’s, G. Knight, Esq., of Mary-la-bonne Street, to Caroline, widow of Captain Giveen, late of the Royal 10th Hussars.

DEATHS.

Dec. 24, at Mauldside Castle, Harriet, wife of Archibald Douglas, Esq., and daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir James Hay.—Jan. 9, Mrs. Ann Phillips, sister of Joseph C. Carpent, Esq., Surgeon, Dean Street.—Jan. 16, at Lambeth Palace, William Howley, Esq., of New College, Oxford, only son of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.—Jan. 10, at Eaton Place, aged thirteen months, Granville Theodore, son of the Hon. G. Godolphin Osborne.—Jan. 8, at Kingston Square, Bath, in the 55th year of his age, R. Tindal, Esq., father of the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.—Dec. 20, at Crowtht, St. Petersburgh, Mrs. Booker, wife of John Booker, Esq., British Vice-Consul.—Jan. 6, at Cahir, south of Ireland, from an attack of cholera, Lieutenant-Colonel E. Greswoode, of the Enniskillen Dragoons.—Jan. 7, at Eltham Place, Foxley Road, Kennington, Elizabeth, wife of Captain H. C. Coxen, R. N.—Jan. 10, suddenly, at his residence in Great Portland Street, aged 73, J. Brooks, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. &c., forty years professor of anatomy in Blemheim Street, during which time he educated upwards of 7,000 students.—Lately, at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, Captain Chadwick, Riding-master.—Lately, at the Admiralty House, High Street, Portmouth, aged 76, Admiral Sir Thomas Foley, G.C.B., Rear-Admiral of England, and Commander-in-Chief at that port. Jan. 12, at Netherfield House, W. H. Field, Esq., formerly of the 17th regiment of infantry, and one of the Deputy-Lieutenants for the county of Herts.—Jan. 17, at Edinburgh, Mr. Ballantyne, the celebrated printer.—Jan. 23, at his house at Teignmouth, Lord Exmouth, Vice-Admiral of England, in the 67th year of his age.—At Bath, aged 77, Viscount Fitzwilliam, of the kingdom of Ireland. By his Lordship’s demise the title is extinct.—In the 90th year of her age, Ellen, the widow of the late William Woodfall, Esq., to whom we are indebted for the first public reports of the proceedings in Parliament.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.
Lady's Magazine.

Petit Déjeuner.

Coiffeure exécutée par Marion breveté, Coiffeur de l'Amiral l'Imperatrice Amélie.
Duchesse de Braganç et de dona Maria.
Robe en crêpe facon de Mme. Notte & Fils, Rue Vivienne.

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NATIONAL CHARACTERS, No. II.

THE DUTCH AND BELGISANS.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

In 1814, when the allies entered Paris, after visiting the French metropolis, I made a short tour on the continent. By my note-book the excursion was not very agreeable; but the memory of a traveller extracts pleasures from incidents, that at the time of their advent were very un-}

toward.

My impressions of the Belgian character were not favourable, but of Holland they were the reverse; perhaps I did not form a correct opinion of either, but events have since tended to confirm my judgment. In my opinion of the Dutch, there is perhaps partiality, but I will endeavour to state what I thought of the two people. The reader must not accuse me of wilful misrepresentation, because I have no motive to sway me one way or the other.

The Belgians seemed lax in their principles and loose in their morals. The vices of a frontier people abounded among them; they appeared sordid—perhaps owing to their habit of never giving credit to strangers; and they indulged an animal licentiousness to an offensive degree: no doubt they were more open in the practice of these errors without being actually worse than their neighbours, for their country has been long the scene of war-like conflicts between contending powers.

It struck me that I had never seen a people so generally destitute of patriotic feeling. Their sole object was to make money of the stranger whom chance or choice led into their country; a mercenary feeling seemed predominant, and that must be dear indeed to their affections which they would not have sold.

This is, perhaps, too harsh a description, but it is a true record of what I felt at the time. In all that dignifies a nation they were greatly inferior to others I had visited. Their leaning was undoubtedly towards France, and it was natural, on account of their religion, that it should be so. Compared with the French, who have been disordered in their faith by the revolution, the Belgians are, perhaps, a religious people; but it was only in comparison with the French. The Belgians are, perhaps, not popish, but they are Roman Catholic and, on a subject the most important to man, religion, there can be no doubt that they are diametrically opposed to the Dutch.

Whether the effect of their late virtual union with France has produced a relaxa-
tion in the reverence which they were accustomed formerly to pay to the Roman religion. I am not competent to judge; but their religion makes them inclined to France. Their animosity against Protestantism is virulent and venomous; indeed, if I did not trust that the Roman Catholic church encourages Christian maxims, I should be inclined to think that the antipathy to heresy, as it is called, which is cherished by many of the low Catholic priesthood, is the best argument that could be employed to revive in this age, the spirit of the Reformation.

Belgium, when I went through the country, presented a melancholy scene. It had declined from better days; every thing about it had a commercial air, but it was a bankrupt one. On every side conveniences might be seen to facilitate the objects of trade, but they were in a dilapidated state. The busy look of prosperity was never met with in the streets. Industry was haggard and languid, and idleness mingled with begging was common, not only in the great towns, but throughout the country. “It requires the coercion of an iron sceptre to chastise back this disorderly people into the rule by law.”

The stagnation of all wholesome activity may at that time have been an effect of the war. It was spoken of then, that the destiny of the country was to undergo some change, and, indeed, a great change is necessary to make the Belgians not disposed to tumult, and to follow any faction leader. Like all border people, they are fond of expedients to procrastinate the evil hour. They may not be individually cowardly, but I thought them so little in the habit of respecting any authority not actually before them, that I was forced to conclude much could not be trusted to their collective exertions. Their discourse was never of any thing national: they have no national feeling. When the allies might have trampled them like husks beneath the hoofs of swine, they spoke of what they owed to Napoleon; but when required to show the good he had done them, they could only relate his grand intentions. The highway to hell, moralists say, is paved with good intentions. Whatever Napoleon may have done, he did for the sake of some future war. They cannot point out one monument of benevolence, but only here and there a fulcrum for hostility.

The Belgians have restless habits. It was not so always with them; but their commerce is gone, and their manufactures are withered. At Antwerp, the impression received at Brussels wore off in some degree, but still, though better, it was at the same mintage, and it was impossible to resist the whispered representations of the local genius. Around the citadel Carnot had made some preparations to endure a siege, and he had felled many trees. The aspect of the contiguous country was therefore raw and unpleasant; altogether, my recollections of Belgium are disagreeable.

Between Antwerp and Rotterdam man at least appeared to improve. At Bergen-op-Zoom, where I witnessed the celebration of the peace, it seemed to me curious to observe the soldiers shrieking and flying from the squibs, although accustomed so recently to the real hurly-burly of war. On entering Holland, a visible change of a more sober cast than the air of Belgium was evident. The prostitute tawdriness of the latter country gave way to a more homely appearance. By the time I reached Rotterdam, every thing around bore evidence that I was in another country. The houses were more equal, and nearer in their appearance, and there was a plainness about them and the inhabitants that to me was very agreeable. The inns had a domestic character; the cookery and service in them were simple and unassuming. Surely it was an error, and manifested great ignorance of the habits of the Dutch people, when Napoleon saddled them with a monarchial government. It was doing violence to their national character. The Dutch are too sedate and frugal a people to be ever much attached to the glare and pageants of a court. It was an absurd disregard of the spirit of the times to set up a King among this people, republican in all his circumstances though he seems to be.

The Dutch are certainly a public-spirited people; one cannot move about in their country without meeting with works that deserve the name of national. In these, no doubt, there is often little taste exhibited, but utility is obvious in them all. They are unquestionably a religious people, and one would not require an instructor to guess that they are Presbyterians. On one occasion I took shelter in a canal-side public-house; while waiting for a track-boat, dinner was prepar-
A Village Sketch.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

They were Boy and Girl together
In the rosy morn of youth:
Love waved his wing o’er Childhood’s hours,
And Time hath proved his truth.
O’er the daisied mead they gambol’d,
To chase the butterfly;
Or the forest’s mazes rambled,
For the squirrel’s nest on high!

They were Youth and Maid together,
In the sports upon the green,
When his foot was swiftest in the race,
And she was May-Day’s Queen!
Then, joyous and light-hearted,
They trod Life’s fairy maze;
For no bitter tear had started
To o’ercast those sunny days!

They were Bride and Groom together,
In Life’s maturer hour;
And Fortune shed her brightest smile
Upon their nuptial bower!
All loved the honest yeoman’s glee;
All priz’d the modest wife,
From whose hearts and hearth alike did flee
Domestic jars and strife!

Now—they calmly rest together,
And slumber side by side,
Where the cypress in the church-yard waves
Its branches green and wide!
They were not severed in their death,
Whose lives together pass’d;
And the sigh that took their parting breath
Was mingled at the last!
THE MANIAC KING.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.

BY MADAME JUNOT, DUCHESS OF ABRANTES.*

Among the mountains that separate the two Castilles, is situated the royal monastery of the Escorial. After having traversed a desert and arid country, one enters on a road shaded by lofty pines, whose heads seem lost among the mists that float over the valleys. Enormous blocks of dark granite, spotted with short black lichens, are scattered here and there, and the traveller may fancy he is passing over the battle-field of the Titans. At last, on a sandy plain, at the termination of the mountainous chain, is perceived the extraordinary monument of the superstitious piety of Philip II. Every one is aware that the Escorial was founded in consequence of a vow made by that monarch on the day of the battle of St. Quentin. The Spanish arms were victorious on the 10th of August, and that day being sacred to St. Laurence, the Escorial was dedicated to him, and built in the form of a gridiron.

The parched and desolate situation of the Escorial is in complete accordance with the sombre and ferocious character that history has given to the tyrant of Spain who founded it. Around the edifice all is savage and barren. Immediately behind the Escorial, rises a mountain formed of heaps of broken rocks, which, beaten by the winds and rains, constantly scatters from its height showers of small stones and sand: these fragments cover the plains below, and occasion that abomination of desolation that reigns at all seasons in the vicinity of the Escorial, or of San Lorenzo, as the royal seat is called in the "noble Spanish tongue."

The day was closing in, when Carlos II. and his royal suite arrived before the gates of the Escorial. The court of the monastery already reposed in deep shadow, which made appear in bolder relief the gigantic statues of six kings of Israel that adorned the façade of the church and, which at this moment were strongly illuminated by the red light of the setting sun. The troubled glances of Carlos rested on one of these statues, which was designed to represent Solomon. It appeared to him that it threw back its arms, and assumed a gesture of repulsion.† The wretched prince recoiled, and his disordered fancy caused him to hear a voice that thundered from the height of the church—

"Thou, the possessed, the reprobate—darest thou enter into the courts of the Lord!"

Ever since the morning the weather had been lowering and stormy; at this instant black thick clouds spread themselves over the face of the heavens with electrical rapidity, and the west wind bellowed among the mountain defiles with a violence only known in these desert regions. Everything announced the approach of one of those hurricanes which so frequently ravage these solitudes.

The unhappy Carlos felt the powerful effect which electricity always inflicts on delicate and irritable constitutions, and added bodily sufferings to his mental calamity. To him every thing was an omen,—a presage, and the most natural occurrences were surveyed by him with maniacal terror.

When the royal party descended from the carriage, he refused at first to advance a step; and at last he was drawn almost by force to the entrance of the church: arrived there, he somewhat recovered himself, and paused as if he would watch the progress of the tempest with a fixed attention, according to the cunning of those disordered in their intellects, who in their lucid intervals know well how to give an object to their wanderings when

* An extract from this historical romance, the new department of literature in which Madame D'Abrantes is eminently successful, was published in French, with this Magazine, in "La Follet" attached to it, in the months of May and June, 1862. The romance was then unpublished in Paris; but the great celebrity that "L'Amirante de Castille" has since acquired, has induced the Editor to suppose that a translation, with historical notes, may be valued by his readers.

† This is actually the attitude of that statue. The costume and scenery of this historical sketch is exceedingly fine, being drawn from observation and study on the actual spot, when Madame Junot was ambassadress in the Peninsula.
they think they are observed by others. The queen, who was instructed by his physicians and confessor never to lose sight of the wretched Carlos, at this instant approached him, and laying her hand tenderly on the arm of the poor maniac, "Carlos," said she, "see how rapidly the storm advances; the day shuts in, and the wind rises awfully! You will take cold; come away from the church, and let me conduct you to your apartment."

Then, passing her hand under the arm of the king, she tried softly to draw him away. He repulsed her with an air of impatience, and glancing at her a wild look, he cried—

"Oh! oh, my reina!* you would guide me—lead me—would you? No, no; that must not be, my reina. Leave me, leave me! My apartment—ah, ah! my apartment! Yes, indeed, I shall have time enough to repose myself in my apartment;" and he leant a drawling, affected accent on this last word. Then his head fell on his breast, and he murmured a few unintelligible words to himself. All of a sudden he raised his head, and taking the two arms of the queen, drew her towards him affectionately, and continued:—

"Mariana,† it is you who need repose; go directly to your chamber, and take some refreshment; I will very soon meet you there; at present duty calls me everywhere. Duchess d'Albuquerque," said he, turning towards the camarera mayor, "follow the queen. Santistain, I resign my place to you." So saying, he gave the hand of the queen of Spain to his grand equerry. Then seizing the arm of the cardinal Porto Carrero, after whispering a few words in his ear, he drew him with him into the body of the church, through one of the side entrances.

"My father," said the king to the Cardinal, when they had withdrawn from the court, "I have not before mentioned to you my intention, because I am determined to listen to no objection." Here Carlos stopped to heave for breath, being visibly deeply agitated. "But go, my father, and tell the prior to send the brother sacristan with the keys of the royal vaults."

"Sire," cried the Cardinal, "what are you about to do?"
"Silence!" said the king. Then, in a softer tone, "Go, my good father; go and obey thy sovereign;" and he passed his emaciated hand over the old man's silvered tourse.

"Sire," remonstrated the Cardinal, "I cannot—must not, leave you alone in this vast church. Then the keys—where is it that your majesty means to go?"

"Old man," said the king in a severe voice, and rearing his lofty figure (usually bowed with bodily sufferings) to its full height, "who am I? Is it not my part to command, and yours to obey?" Then, in a subdued tone, he added, "It is the will of God, and the command of Père Diaz."

At the dreading name of the king's confessor the cardinal bowed, and prepared to execute the orders of the unhappy monarch.

The church was sombre and solitary; the immense dome was feebly illuminated by the rays of the waxen tapers that burnt before the images of St. Laurence and St. Jerome. Although it was not yet night, the departing day cast mystical shadows from the vast pillars, spreading around a vague obscurity, which, joined to the deep silence of the place, would have inspired the most tranquil bosoms with awe. For some days Carlos had been susceptible of the most violent impressions: terror and anguish divided his soul.

"Am I not accursed," he cried; "a miserable, possessed wretch—a breathing receptacle for the evil one?"

His horror now became extreme, and the fearful struggle he commenced between reason and insanity, in order to calm himself, augmented his agitation. He wished to pray—prayer alone had power to compose him: he called aloud on God, and rapidly bent his steps towards the high altar. As he turned one of the vast pillars, which divided a chapel from the rest of the church, his steps were arrested by a bier, resting on two tresses. According to the Spanish custom, the dead lay there extended, the visage bare, the hands crossed on the breast,‡ seeming as

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* My queen.
† Mariana of Bavaria, his second wife.
‡ See the embellishment published in the Lady's Magazine for June 1832, entitled "L'Entree des Valigie," illustrative of the French tale.
if they consciously retained the crucifix placed between them. On the head and at the feet were two garlands, composed of natural violets and white hyacinths; tufts of the same flowers were strewn over the corpse, which was that of a young monk of the abbey, who had died that very morning. The visage was calm, the features unaltered, the whole expression was peaceful and solemn, and on it might plainly be read, "that death had lost its sting!" Near the bier knelt an old monk: his trembling hands scarcely retained the beads from which he was repeating orisons for the soul of the deceased. He prayed low but fervently, as if for one beloved, and the tears rolled down his aged cheeks.

This startling appearance at first made a strong impression on the king: he turned pale and staggered; but he overcame his weakness, knelt before the bier, and recited a prayer for the dead; and, after sprinkling the corpse from the vase of holy water, trembling with emotion he pursued his route.

"Yes," said he, "this young man is like one who has finished his voyage before he left the port; and when the moment of death arrives to me, I shall, like this young religious, go to repose in the happy conviction of a life passed in innocence, free from care and storms." And the unhappy maniac paused and listened; then he appeared to hear a voice that replied with an anathema. At this moment he arrived at the foot of the high altar, but hesitated ere he ascended the twenty steps that led to the tabernacle. He shivered, and stood fixed, like a statue of ice. The wind sobbed in wayward fits through the arches of the church, and the moon, which had dissipated the twilight, sent some wandering rays through the painted glass, which fell on the bronze statue of Philippe II., to the right of the altar. This brilliant figure concentrated all the light in the church, and appeared to detach itself from the dense mass of darkness by which it was surrounded. To the distempered imagination of Carlos his ancestor seemed to glance indignantly towards him; and, for the second time since his arrival at the Escorial, the shade of his progenitor pronounced him reprobate and rejected.

He fell on his knees, and joining his hands in prayer, implored that this terrible vision might be averted from him. "Mercy!" he gasped. His forehead was bathed with a cold sweat, and he fell on the steps of the sanctuary, more chill, more pale than the effigies of his ancestors by which he was surrounded.

At this moment the Cardinal returned, accompanied by the sacristan, bearing the keys. He found the king motionless, and in a state which made him bitterly repent having obeyed his commands by leaving him alone in the church. He knelt before his master; he chafed his cold hands; he called on his name endearingly; and when he found that he revived and understood him, he implored him to leave the place, and give up his design, at least for that evening. The king replied, but by raising himself with an effort of surprising strength, after all he had suffered. Then prostrating himself before the altar, he again prayed fervently; he arose composed, and, turning to the sacristan, demanded whether he had forgotten the keys of the vaults.

"They are here, Sire, on this bunch, with the rest," replied the monk.

"Let us go, then;" and while the monk prepared the resinous torches which were to enlighten their descent, the king addressed the cardinal in a tone of composure which declared that reason had regained its sway.

"You see where I am about to descend; will your friendship carry you so far as to accompany me?"

"I would, Sire," he replied, "that this friendship had sufficient power to prevail on you to relinquish this mournful visit, from which nothing good can arise to you."

"Not a word more on this subject," replied the king vehemently; "I will go there; it cannot be avoided—it is a vow—it is a command!"

The cardinal remonstrated no longer; a vow was in his eyes a sacred thing, and still more obligatory was a command from a confessor. He prepared to follow in silence, and descended the marble staircase, accompanied by the king, while the red glare of the torches, held by the monk, cast a glaring and supernatural light on the body of darkness into which they were entering. At the foot of the staircase stood the gate which gave entrance to this senate of
The Maniac King.

sovereigns, whom death had rendered motionless. Its name was the Porto il Podridero.* Within was extended the corpse of the founder of this regal place of sepulture, stretched in his gilded coffin. In one particular niche, of more stately sculpture than the rest, was always placed the coffin of the last-reigning monarch, and this place was called, by distinction, il Podridero. On the arrival of a new regal corpse, the former occupier was dispossessed, to make way for him who had worn the same purple, and was now to give pasture to the same worms. The corpse of Philippe IV.† was still in the Podridero. Carlos shuddered at the thought of the next entry: he had neither physical strength nor moral energy to meet the crowd of horrible thoughts suggested by his superstitious visit to this fetid vault. Carlos was a devotee, without a right idea of piety; his religion was founded on ill precepts, still more perverted by his faulty conception of them.

The mind of Carlos had been cruelly and wilfully shattered by the wickedness of his ambitious mother, who had been willing to prolong the sway she held while he was a minor, by weakening his intellect, and rendering him the slave of superstitious fears; and thus perished every noble faculty in the too irritable and sensitive mind of the wretched heir of Spain. The grand blow was struck during the visit of the inquisitor-general;‡ when that evil ecclesiastic, in a sonorous and terrible voice, pronounced an anathema on the head of his hapless sovereign. Since that dreadful day, for ever were the words on the lips of the royal victim—"possessed, accursed of God!"—His reason then received a final shock; his soul was invaded by the bitterest grief; he believed himself in a state of the most utter reprobation, since the inquisitor had pronounced him to be the living receptacle of an evil spirit. Nor, with the weakness of infancy, dared he glance to a dark corner in his apartment, lest Satan should glare on his sight in some terrible and material form. Those about him followed up this hideous impression with the most merciless arts;

and, lest his reason should regain its balance, his confessor had planned for him this terrible visit to the royal vault. He was to pray in the abodes of death, near the coffin of his father: yet prayer, however encumbered with superstition, brought its usual result of peace. Even there, he asked himself what he had done? Was not his conscience pure? Had he ever invoked the spirit of darkness? Far from it; he had ever defied him as the enemy of God. And was it not in the bosom of that God that he should finally find an asylum of repose? Ought death, then, to be a terror to him? The thought penetrated his soul: he approached an altar of black marble, and, grasping the crucifix thereon, prayed as ardently for death as others do for life and health. At that moment a plaintive chant met his ear—it was a requiem.

"What is that?" asked the king, starting on his feet.

"It is for brother Claros, a young monk, who died this morning," replied the sacristan.

The king smote his brow, and stood for some moments immovable, listening to the mortuary chant, that seemed like an answer from heaven to his own petition.

The king turned to advance into the middle of the vault, from which hung a lustre, ornamented with precious stones, and full of tapers, which were lighted on great occasions. The monk prepared to lower it, to kindle the tapers.

"Let it be, let it be," said the king; "we have no need of more light at present; have patience, and it will very shortly be illumined for the reception of a new guest!"

Again the choral harmony swelled in the distance; a hundred voices chanted for the repose of the dead; a hundred voices joined to implore grace for him, who perhaps at that moment interceded at the throne of the Eternal for those who were then praying. The sweet and solemn cadence, after resounding through the lofty arches of the nave, rolled along the marble passages, and seemed to die away as it reached the silent courts of departed

* The Spanish literally means putrefaction.
† The sovereign celebrated by "Gil Bias," the father of Carlos II., who, dying childless, closed the direct line of Charles the Great.
‡ This alludes to a preceding portion of this fine historical romance, of which "La Follet, Courrier des Dames," accompanying its English partner, the "Lady's Magazine," gives the specimen in its native language.
royalty, while the melancholy wail of the organ was fitfully heard. Suddenly the king snatched a torch from the hand of the monk, and raising it above his head, cast a wild, anxious glance around. Then seizing the monk by the arm, he shook him rudely, asking in an abrupt tone,

"Where is the Queen Marie Louise?"*

The poor monk, who took the king’s aberration for anger, instead of replying, cast a troubled look at the cardinal, to know what he was to do.

"Do you mean to answer or no?" asked the king imperatively. The monk laid his trembling hand on a coif that stood over an empty niche to the left of the altar, and said, in a low voice, "She is here."

The king flung himself before it; he joined his hands, he clasped them frantically over the bier that contained the relics of the only woman he had ever loved. He wept, he sobbed, he sent forth cries that seemed torn from the very depths of a suffering soul; he called on his sweet Louise, his Louise who had paid with her life for the soothing friendship she bore him. Passionate grief made him eloquent, and he poured forth a torrent of words that brought tears into the eyes of those who witnessed this scene. At length the cardinal approached the wretched king, and supplicated him to quit a place which was equally agonising both to his body and soul. The king heard him not: remembrances of past bliss had rushed like an arrow of fire through a heart already lacerated. The cardinal reiterated his petition: he took the king’s hand in his; it was parched and burning; an ardent fever was preying on him. At last he turned a sad look on the cardinal, and replied,

"Yes, father, yes, we will leave this place; for, oh! it is dark, it is gloomy; and, more than all, it is cold!" And, notwithstanding the burning fever that consumed him, his teeth chattered, and he shivered violently. He folded round him his velvet mantle, whose deep colour contrasted with the pallid hue of his features, which now were tinted with the livid blue of the grave. He suddenly awoke from this stupor of exhaustion with a shout of maniacal laughter.

"Truly," he said, "it is foolish enough for me to spend my time any longer in this place, which is so soon to be my lasting abode." Then glancing round him one of his wild hurried looks, as if a sudden idea struck him, "A knife!" he exclaimed. "Give me a knife! and let its point be sharp!"

The cardinal signed to the sacristan to say that he had not one about him; but he could scarcely stammer a word of denial before the king fiercely interrupted him—

"Thou liest!" he shrieked. "I am sure thou hast a knife—give it to me this instant!"

The monk dared no longer resist his will, but gave him a penknife. The king snatched it violently from him, and darting towards the vacant place, close to his beloved queen’s coifin, he wrote his name with the point on the blank tablet above, which had been destined to receive it when his successor occupied his place in the Podridero.

"There," said he in a satisfied tone, "now let death come when it will; Louise is informed of my expected arrival, and will await me!"

Then throwing the knife at the feet of the monk, he rushed towards the staircase, and called the cardinal to follow him.†

* This beautiful and unfortunate princess was one of the two daughters of the Due d’Orleans brother to Louis XIV. and Henrietta of England, daughter to our Charles I. She was in love with the Dauphin; but Louis, who adored her, dared not marry her to his son, for he had reason to believe she were brother and sister. She was married, at sixteen, to the young King of Spain. She passionately bewailed her departure from Paris, and clinging to the arm of her royal uncle, besought him not to send her away.

† You will be Queen of Spain," said the king in remonstrance; "and what more, my dear girl, could I do for my own daughter?"

"Al! Sire," cried the weeping beauty, alluding to the love between her and the Dauphin, "you might do much more for your niece!"

Louis, who could not tell her how criminally he had loved her beautiful mother, hastened her departure. Her fascinations completely captivated the melancholy and enthusiastic King of Spain. But the beneficial influence she was obtaining over his mind, by her splendid talents, did not accord with the atrocious plans of his mother and her priests, and they poisoned her, two years after her marriage, in an ecl-pie; at least so say the scandalous chronicles of Paris of that day.

† Charles II. of Spain died at the age of thirty-two; yet, early as that death was, he had been all his life dying. His whole reign was a continued scene of contention among the diverse factions.
THE FISHERMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE," &c.

The skiff was launched, the kind adieu was giv'n,
The white sail woed the balmy breath of heav'n;
So calm her course, the shallop seemed to rest,
Lulled like a babe on Ocean's fondling breast;
The sun with glory fired the horizon's brim,
Like Faith in death, more bright as all grows dim;
The sea-bird's note, the splash of billows near,
The fisher's song, were all that met the ear;
Peace, like a halycon, mantled earth and sky,
And bade in man each warring passion die.

And Edith watched her consort's distant sail
Till lost in clouds—then sought the broomwood vale;
There, as she decked her cot with busy care,
Oft for his safety rose the heart-felt prayer;
Yet nought she feared, so calm the twilight deep,
But wove a song, then rocked her babe to sleep.
Behold that flash! more bright than falling star:
And hark! hoarse thunder murmurs from afar;
Trembling she casts tow'rd Rowton's* peak her eye,
Clouds ranked on clouds career along the sky,
Massy, fire-charged, and sullen as the grave—
Alas! for him who toils upon the wave!

She seeks the shore, and now, 'mid gathering night,
The tempest bursts in awfulness and might;
The winds like fiends from heaven's black chambers sweep,
Howl through the caves, and rock the echoing deep;
Roused element meets element in ire,
Cloud darts to cloud the bolt of living fire.

With streaming hair and pale uplifted hands
'Twixt woe and terror trembling, Edith stands;
Oh, for a glimpse of Arnold's fragile bark!
Wide o'er the wave she looks, but all is dark;
Now on the cliff she wakes the beacon's blaze,
Bends o'er the dizzy height to weep and gaze:
He comes not yet—will heaven neglect to save
The father, spouse—the constant and the brave?
The thunders peal, the torrents drench her limb,
She hears not—feels not—only thinks of him.

* One of the highest hills in Cornwall, situated on the north coast.
The Three Humpbacks; or, the Bridge of Bagdad.

And is he lost? the sun 'round which her love,
Her hopes, her joys, harmonious planets move?
Hark! to that shout—and see! the lightning's glare
Reveals a bark—'tis Arnold, Arnold, there!

The skiff sweeps on, with broken mast and oar,
Struggling like Hope, when Misery's billows roar;
Tossed like a feather on the maddening foam,
It rides, it bounds, as true to love and home—
Oh! why, as near it drew, thou ruthless wave,
And joyful Edith stretched her arms to save,
Plunged'st thou that bark to dreary gulfs below,
And left'st one soul to darkness and to woe?

The lightnings glare, the winds more wildly sweep—
Still the strong swimmer breasts the raging deep;
His eye is tow'rds that blazing beacon cast,
He hears his consort's shrill upon the blast;
Love, thoughts of death, uphold him like a charm,
Inspire his soul, invigorate his arm;
But, lo! the breakers boil, his strength is o'er,
A groan—a splash—a struggle—and no more.

And Edith saw, and wrung her pallid hands,
And beat her breast, and sank upon the sands:—
But tracing now those wailings of despair,
The hamlet sires with torches gather there;
And whilst they gaze, the surges swept on shore
The form of him who loves and breathes no more.
Slow-paced and sad they bear him up the vale,
Where his white cottage fronts the western gale,
Ply every art to animate that frame,
Where yet may linger life's suspended flame.

But who is she, though terror, woe enthral
Her sinking heart, more active than they all?
Chafes that dear form, so pale and powerless now,
Breathes on his lips, and warms his icy brow?
Oh, woman! Nature gave thee for thy dower,
Skill, patience, hope, in dark affliction's hour.
Hark to that sigh—he breathes—life's purple streak
Dies his white lip and flutters on his cheek,
And, like pale flowers long closed by chilling skies,
Ops on his anxious spouse his wondering eyes.

And Arnold sinks in Edith's rapturous arms,
Blesses her care and calms her wild alarms.
She asks no thanks for all her toil and love,
But offers prayers of gratitude above!

THE THREE HUMPBACKS; OR, THE BRIDGE OF BAGDAD.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

In the reign of the Caliph Vathek Billah, the grandson of the great Haroun, there lived at Damascus a noted cutler called Bohemirillah, who was much celebrated for his skill in polishing and preparing all sorts of daggers, swords, sabres, and knife blades. He had had twenty children by one wife, ten of whom died in one year, and seven the next, leaving him with only three sons, after having had such a great number, and these three were twins, born at one birth, and were
the oddeast looking little people in the world: they were all dwarfish humpbacks, crooked both behind and before, each blind of the left eye and lame of the right foot, and so ridiculously like each other, that even their parents did not know them apart. These brothers never worked together in the same shop, but the lattice was surrounded by all the troublesome boys in the city, mocking and jeering at them, as the extraordinary resemblance between the brethren made their deformity more notable. The name of the eldest was Ibad; that of the second Syahouk; and the third was called Babekan.

One day the son of a rich merchant amused himself so long with mocking these queer little people at their shop door, that Babekan, incensed beyond all bounds of patience, flew out with a damasked blade he was in the act of polishing, and wounded the youth severely. The populace rose, and hurried the three humpbacks before the Cadi, but so wonderful was the resemblance between the brethren, that, although the young man swore that one only of them gave him his death-wound, he could not point out the man who did it. The Cadi was perplexed how to select the real criminal from the three, as they all denied the fact. He therefore had them each severely bastinadoed, in order to induce the criminal to declare himself. Now, neither Syahouk or Ibad, though they individually knew themselves innocent, could tell whether the assassin was Babekan or the other; therefore the Cadi got little information from either, and Babekan kept his own counsel, and endured the torture with all the constancy of a man in dread of his life. Thus the Cadi could not punish one guilty without murdering two innocent men; he therefore let them go without further punishment than banishing the whole three from Damascus.

Ibad, Syahouk, and Babekan, departed forthwith from the city, glad amidst all their pains and disgrace, to escape so easily. The two elder brethren wished for the whole to remain together, but Babekan, who was the shrewdest of the trio, represented to the others, that, if they remained in company, derision would pursue them in a three-fold degree, while, separate, they would only encounter the mockery that the injustice and cruelty of mankind commonly bestows on unfortunate like themselves. Babekan, after this determination, parted from his brothers and took the road to Bagdad. Directly he arrived there, he enquired the way to a shop where knives and sabres were sold; and he informed the master that he was of Damascus, and was versed in the peculiar art of tempering and polishing steel, for which that city is so renowned. The cutler thought it worth while to give him a trial, and, finding him a most finished master of his craft, he hired him immediately at good wages, and took him to reside in his house, where he and his wife treated him with great friendship and kindness.

It was not surprising that the cutler so conducted himself; for, from the moment he employed this Damascus workman, the customers found out that his blades were twice as hard and sharp as before. He sold his bows and sabres at any price he chose to name, and had more orders than the crump little Babekan could execute; and if the master cutler had not been an habitual sot, he would have become very rich; but he was perpetually drinking date brandy, as the Mussulmans do not consider it forbidden by their prophet, though few venture in hot countries to indulge in a habit that brings certain death in a short time.

Thus it was with Babekan's master, who died in the course of a few months, leaving a flourishing trade to his widow. Now Reiza was by no means unconscious of the ugliness and deformity of Babekan, but her eye had been accustomed to his form for some time, and she knew all the prosperity that she had ever known had entered her house with him, and would depart at the same time. She therefore smiled graciously on his suit, when he was encouraged to make it, and soon after made him master of herself and shop. It is here necessary to remark, that her first husband contracted the fatal habit of swallowing date brandy because he sold that article in conjunction with his other trade, and though Babekan continued the same business, he showed no inclination to indulge in the evil customs of his predecessor; on the contrary, he was a sober, industrious man, but very parsimonious and careful to hoard every dinar he gained.

The affairs of Babekan at last became so flourishing, that, having many merce-
tile correspondents in distant cities, the fame of his prosperity reached the ears of his two brothers, who had lived for some years in the most miserable state of starvation at Derbent. These two poor unhappy humpbacks therefore set out on a begging progress to Bagdad, for they had no other way of travelling. A poor woman (the night they arrived in that city) gave them shelter in an outhouse, and a mess of lentil pottage, which they craved in the name of Alla and his prophet; and furthermore, she went at their request to the house of their prosperous brother, to inform him of their arrival in Bagdad.

It is not easy to express how very unwelcome this news was to Babekan. He followed the old woman to the place where his fellow-humps were waiting impatiently to see him, and, instead of embracing them like a kind relation, he began to hate them for coming to the same city as himself. "Do you want," he said, "to render ourselves as ridiculous at Bagdad as we were at Damascus? Here, take these ten pieces of gold—depart, and never let us breathe the same air again;" and, in despite of all remonstrances, he left them forthwith, and, going home, warned his wife never to admit two worthless brothers of his, should they apply for aid in his absence.

In a little time Ibad and Syahouk, who had never quitted Bagdad, exhausted the store of money that had been wrung from their unnatural brother; after enduring the pangs of hunger some time, they took the resolution of venturing one evening to inquire the way to their brother's shop. Babekan was absent on business at some distance from Bagdad, but they pleaded their miserable case with such pertinacity to his wife, that she, greatly struck by their extraordinary resemblance to her husband, took compassion on them, and prepared for them a comfortable meal. The likeness between the brethren was so complete, that if either had presented himself singly, Reiza would have taken him for her husband.

In the midst of supper, a thundering knocking was heard at the door. Reiza knew it was her husband, who had come back a day before his usual time. Remembering his warning, she was in a terrible fright that he should discover the hospi-

table entertainment she had given to his brother crumps; therefore, before she opened to Babekan, she hid Syahouk and Ibad in the cellar, where the stock in trade of date brandy was kept. She stowed the little men cleverly away in a corner behind a pile of skins of the liquor, and then went and let the impatient Babekan into the house—not before he had almost battered the door down.

The little evil-minded wretch had taken it into his head that his wife was entertaining some gallant. The moment he entered, he flew at Reiza, and beat her unmercifully, then searched the house, as he thought completely, to ascertain if any one was concealed; but he omitted to look behind the goat-skins of date brandy in the cellar. Nevertheless, his suspicions being aroused, he did not stir from the house for a night and a day, keeping all the time the most jealous watch on Reiza. At last he was forced to go to receive some money of a creditor who had promised payment on the second evening from his return. Nothing but avarice could have led Babekan forth; as it was, he charged Reiza to be ready to admit him without delay, as he should return directly.

The moment the mis-shapen churl was fairly departed, Reiza flew to the cellar to relieve her unhappy prisoners, whom she thought must be half famished. She called to them when she entered the cellar. No answer. She leaned over the hole where they crouched. They were there indeed, but stiff and stark—both were dead!

Poor Reiza was almost frantic at this catastrophe. She drew them out of their lair; there were no marks of blood or violence, or she would have suspected that her husband had discovered their hiding place and killed them where they sat. Presently, concern for her own safety made her remember that her husband would be back speedily, and that she must find some way of disposing of the bodies. A woman has only to be thrown on her own invention, and she is seldom long at a loss. Thus Reiza took a sudden thought how to get rid of these two mysterious corpses. She shut up her shop forthwith, and saddled out to the bridge of Bagdad, where plied a foolish porter of her acquaintance, a native of Sivrihisar, of a

* A town of Serran, in Persia, near the Mountain Caucasus.
tribe of people remarkable for the strength of their limbs, and the obtuseness of their intellects. She told this man that a little humpbacked stranger had come into her shop to buy some knives, and while he was talking, he fell down suddenly and gave up the ghost, but she was afraid of the Bagdad police being troublesome in their inquiries, and would give her good friend the porter four sequins if he would put the corpse in his sack and shoot it over the bridge into the Tigris. The porter accepted the offer, and Reiza took him home with her, and gave him two sequins in earnest of his bargain, and, after he had quaffed an overflowing bowl of date brandy, she then put one of the dead crumps into his sack, and, without letting him see the other, she helped him up with his load, and lighted him out of the house, wishing him luck.

The porter, with the lifeless humpback on his shoulder, went on at a good round trot till he reached the bridge of Bagdad; he then opened his sack, and pitched the corpse into the river, and ran back to receive the rest of his hire.

"It is done," said he, laughing; "Your man sleeps with the fishes of the Tigris by this time; give me, I pray you, the remainder of my hire."

Reiza went into the inner division of the shop, on pretence of fetching the other two sequins, but started back with a fearful shriek, made as if she was about to swoon. The porter, in a great fright, got water and every thing he could find of restoratives. At last, when she came to herself, he demanded the cause of her terror. "Ah," cried the cunning creature, "go into that inner shop, and you will soon know the reason." The porter did as he was directed, and was struck with amazement at beholding the same little humpback he had a few minutes before sent into the river from the height of the bridge of Bagdad.

"Upon my life, and by the soul of the Prophet," cried he to Reiza, "I did throw that crooked little monster from the bridge; there must be magic in the whole matter; however, I will try whether he gets back to plague you again.

He then shouldered poor Syahouk, and speedily sent him after his brother, choosing, as he did so, the deepest part of the river.

Having got rid of his burden, our Sivrihisssir simpleton was returning merely to his employer to claim his protracted reward, when he was almost scared out of his scanty wits by seeing Babekan turning an angle of the street with a lantern in his hand, which showed to advantage the strong resemblance he bore to his unfortunate brethren in deformity. The porter was exasperated at the sight of what he supposed was a perverse resurrection from the bosom of the Tigris, for the purpose of cheating him of his just dues for his fare.

He followed the steps of Babekan a little way, and finding they were bent towards the house from which he had twice carried forth a dead humpback, he became convinced that this was a spiteful magician who meant to amuse by walking all night between Reiza's shop and the bridge of Bagdad. In a pestilential rage at this thought, he flew at the little man, and seized him by the collar, crying, "Ah, deceiver, how many times do you think I am to fling you from the bridge to-night? I am worthy of my hire, and will try you at least another plunge!"

With these words, he muffled the head of the amazed Babekan in his sack, and, being a man of prodigious strength, in spite of all the kickings and struggling of the unhappy humpback, he tied him up tight in his sack, and flounced him plump into the Tigris.

While Reiza was preparing to pay him in truth the money she had promised, the foolish porter began to boast of the treble duty he had done in his vocation.

"I overtook the cunning enchanter," he said, "at the turn of the street, risen for the third time out of the Tigris, and posting back by lantern-light to his old haunt, that he might pretend to be dead against my return; however, I flung my sack over his head, and tied him down so close, that if he were Daggial* he cannot get up again."

Babekan's wife, who knew the mystery of the resemblance, though the porter did not, began to raise a most pitiful outcry at these words; lifting up her voice in the cry after the dead, she proclaimed herself

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* Daggial is the Anti-Mahomet, who is to assume his likeness at the end of the world, to tempt the faith of Islam.
The Three Humpbacks; or, the Bridge of Bagdad.

a wretched widow, and accusing the porter of murdering her dear husband, she refused to reward him by the payment of the remaining sequins, and she talked withal of carrying him before the caliph.

The porter had just sense enough to perceive that, if there was murder done, the woman had somehow made him an accomplice, and that it was not a desirable circumstance for cadis to intermeddle in a matter that related to pitching the caliph's subjects into the Tigris; he therefore departed accordingly, dissatisfied and disappointed.

As he was returning home grumbling, he met near the bridge three men following cautiously the steps of each other in the dark, each, as far as he could discern, with a large bundle on his head.

As he passed the first, the man caught him by the arm, saying, "Porter, where are you going at this time of night?"

"What is that to you?" answered he, surlily; "I am going just where I please."

"You are mistaken there," said the stranger, "you are going just where I please, and I order you to take this bundle on your head and follow me."

The porter had been so much disgusted by his labours of the night that he would have refused compliance, but the fierce stranger threatened to cut off his head with a sabre of enormous size, which glanced bright in the star-light as he drew it from its sheath; therefore, however it might be against his will, the porter took up his load and bore it after his companions, till the first, who still carried the unsheathed sabre, rapped with the handle against a low, obscure wicket, in a high wall, by which they had walked some time. The wicket opened at the signal as if by magic, and the four traversed a dark, mysterious passage, which suddenly merged into a magnificent hall, brilliant with lights. Here the porter cast an inquiring glance on his companions; one was in the dress of a slave, the other seemed a fisherman; but what was his terror and amaze when he saw them deposit on the carpet the burdens they bore, which were two fac-similes of the humpbacks he had flung from the Bagdad bridge; then looking at the burden imposed on him, he beheld with consternation his own sack, which he doubted not held another little monster of the same kind.

"Mighty Alla," he soliloquised aloud; "the whole of this blessed night shall I have to throw humpbacked vermin into the river, for here is the crump in my sack again, and not only he but two others not an asper better than himself!

"But I pray you, friend," said he to him with the sabre, "lend me that weapon of yours, and before I throw them into the Tigris, once more I will cut off all their mis-shapen heads, and see whether they can find their way from the bottom again!"

The caliph, for it was Vathek himself, who, after the example of his grandfather Haroun, often walked Bagdad by night in search of adventures, was infinitely diverted by this speech and the droll manner in which it was delivered; he then commanded the porter to recount without delay all he knew of these three extraordinary corpses.

The porter obeyed, and in the course of the narration made it apparent, even to his stupid self, that he had flung from the bridge of Bagdad three little crumps instead of one three times; but how the two dead and one living humpback came connected with the woman who hired the porter, was a mystery no person present could divine.

The caliph then took his turn at narrative, in hopes of throwing some light on this unaccountable adventure. He had dressed himself that night in the habit of a merchant, and accompanied by his grand vizier, in the habit of a slave, had for some time perambulated the streets of Bagdad without finding any amusement; at last he met a fisherman who was descending to the water's edge, near the bridge of Bagdad: the caliph asked him whether he went?

"I am," said he, "about to draw up my large nets, which I have left all the evening spread across the deepest part of the stream that flows under the centre of the bridge."

"Will you sell me your whole draught tonight, unseen, for two sequins?" asked Caliph Vathek.

"Most willingly!" returned the fisher, and having secured the money, the caliph and his companion entered his boat, and aided him to draw the nets, which were very heavy; they contained the bodies of the two humpbacks, and the sack in which the third was closely tied. The caliph was much surprised at the adventure, and
taking the sack on his head, commanded his companions to carry the others; but being speedily tired of his unusual burden he transferred it to the porter in the manner related.

While this relation was going on, it had been interrupted once or twice by a faint gurgling sound like some one choking; this noise had made all the parties look around them, and on the deformed corpuses with some terror, and at last they plainly perceived that the sack moved in which Babekan was still enveloped: the caliph first regained his presence of mind, and released the unhappy humpback from his durance, for he had only been immersed in the Tigris a few moments, and now fairly came to life, and stood as uprightly as he ever had done on his short legs. The caliph questioned him, but he could give little information further than his violent seizure by the assassin, who, he suspected, had been hired by his wife to drown him; he, however, expressed great astonishment and no little remorse at the sight of the corpuses of his unfortunate brethren, and accused himself of his unnatural heartlessness in wishing to drive them from Bagdad, when he, by the homicide he had committed at Damascus, had been the cause of their banishment from their native place, and subsequent misfortunes.

"Alas, alas!" he said, "Ibad and Syahouk were forced by destiny to share my miseries—in all justice I ought to have permitted them to partake of my good fortune."

While he was thus lamenting and accusing himself, the impatience of the caliph to know the development of this strange adventure became boundless; and as none but Babekan's wife could tell why she wished the bodies thrown over the bridge, or how they came by their death, the caliph dispatched some of his guard with the porter, who knew her, to bring Reiza before him. While they were gone, Babekan, who still continued his bewailings over the bodies, suddenly declared that he perceived signs of life in Ibad, and before Reiza had arrived, the caliph had sent for his physicians, who, by means of rubbing and volatiles, restored the unfortunate brethren to life.

When Ibad had sufficiently recovered his recollection he informed the impatient caliph that he attributed the apparent death of himself and his brother Syahouk to intoxication; for, unable to resist the temptation while they laid ensconced behind the skins of date brandy, they had tapped one, and never ceased swallowing the liquor till they were in a state of insensibility, and that they would most likely have never recovered if the sudden plunge into the cold bath of the Tigris from the bridge had not roused the dormant springs of life, and by degrees unchained their torpor, till the charity of the caliph, and the aid of his physicians, restored them to consciousness.

The caliph was highly gratified by this winding up of a curious chain of adventures: he further diverted himself by causing all the humpbacked brothers to be clothed in similar turbans and caftans, and presented to Reiza, who was told by him to claim her husband from the group; this the poor woman was unable to do so great was the similarity between the fraternal crumps. She expressed her surprise and delight at seeing the dead alive, and she explained to the caliph the cause of the deceit she had practised on the foolish porter, in order to rid herself of the two mysterious corpses, and which, unwittingly, had nearly procured the death of her husband.

But a new scene awaited the caliph that he had not expected: these brothers, when dressed alike were so amazingly similar, that none but themselves could tell which they were; and the caliph, who could not distinguish the rich cutler of Damascus from his poor brethren, was forced to tell him to step forth and embrace his wife as his own, when to his astonishment all three rushed forward, flung their arms round the neck of Reiza, and claimed the name and riches of Babekan, thus reminding them of the trick Babekan had played them at Damascus. The rage and fury of the latter, in finding himself deprived of his identity, plainly distinguished him, but the caliph interposed, saying—

"There would be no such dispute for the name of Babekan, if it were known that I only want to distinguish him in order to give him a thousand bastinados for his cruelty to his brothers."

Upon which Ibad and Syahouk threw themselves at the feet of Vathek, crying:

"If there are any blows to be given, oh, commander of the faithful, let Babekan have them all, since we received more than our due on his account at Damascus."
"Well, said the caliph, looking at the right Babekan, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Dread monarch," replied Babekan, prostrating himself, "whatever punishment your justice may award me, I am in reality the husband of this woman. I repent me of my sins against my brethren, and am willing to share with them all the money I have earned since my residence in Bagdad, if they will forgive me."

The caliph, who never really intended to punish Babekan, assured him of his mercy, and said that he should himself provide for Ibad and Syahouk, as a reward for the diversion they had given him. The next day he caused to be proclaimed in Bagdad, that any two women willing to marry Ibad and Syahouk should each receive as dowry the sum of ten thousand sequins. There was no difficulty in finding spouses to accept this good fortune: the two single humpbacks were happily wedded; and as they were as good workmen in Damascus steel as Babekan, they joined him in trade, and the caliph granting them his custom, they became in time the wealthiest merchants in Bagdad.*

TO ________.
And is it so? And must we part
And never, never meet again?
"Tis well: I will not ask thy heart
Affection for me to retain.
Yet calmly think on what thou dost,
Bethink thee for one moment yet;
"Tis not too late—ere all is lost,
Pause ere thou speak'st the word "forget."
I was thine own in early years,
In joy, in grief, for ever thine;
I smiled with thee, and for thy tears—
Oh! they were always met by mine.
And canst thou calmly, coldly, break
From ev'ry tie that then was ours,
And send me forth alone to seek
Another friend for winter hours?
I will not chide thee: well I know
What anguish in thy heart will be,
When, 'mid the world's deceitful glow,
That heart turns back to infancy.
Or when, within thy lonely bow'r,
Shut from the world's delusive blaze,
Thy mem'ry paints some peaceful hour
Spent with the friend of early days.
Oh! for the sake of those who sleep
Where hearts shall bleed, shall break no more,
And who, to see us now, would weep
Tears that they never wept of yore,
Forget each idle thoughtless word,
That ere had power thy soul to grieve;
They were not meant—both, both have err'd,
Let both then mutually forgive. M. H. J.

* It is to be noted that the skill in working steel goods, for which Damascus was once famous under the Arab dynasties, and on which this curious tale is founded, is in the present day utterly lost under the destructive influence of the Tartar or Turkish government. Nor is there a vestige left of the manufactories of damask linens, purple silks, and other richly figured brocades, for which this beautiful Syrian city has been famed since the time of the patriarchs. Tartar tyranny, stupidity, and brutality sweeps away whatever the highly gifted Greeks or Arabs have built, invented, or founded; but the sway of the incorrigible and destroying Tartar savages draws to a close.
ISABELLE OF BAVARIA
QUEEN OF FRANCE.

An authentic portrait from the Portfolio of Gascuines, a celebrated Antiquary and Physician to Louis the 11th, with a memoir.

Engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum.

Published by J. Rogers, 11th Fleet Lane, Mar 6th.
ISABEAU OF BAVARIA, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

(With a beautiful and authentic Portrait, from the Portfolio of Gaignières.)

This princess was daughter of Louis of Bavaria and Theodora of Milan. In the year 1385 she was married, at the age of fourteen, to the insane Charles the Sixth of France. Jean le Labourer, the chronicler, has recorded that her father and mother, under the pretext of visiting a holy man, the chief of the Abbey of St. John the Baptist, took her to Amiens. But the truth is, that her future partner was at that time in the city, and the parents wisely calculated that the monarch might become deeply interested in their young and beautiful daughter. The season of doubt was very short, and Charles and Isabeau were united without delay. History records Isabeau's fatal passion for the Duke d'Orléans, the king's brother, his calamitous death, and her intrigues against her husband's son, both of whom she persecuted with the malice of an abandoned woman, lost to every sense of duty and moral obligation.

The portrait accompanying this memoir is authentic. It came from the portfolio of Gaignières, a financier under Louis the 14th, a great antiquary and lover of the arts: he travelled through France for the purpose of collecting true portraits from enamelled tombs and illuminated MSS., and from the painted glass of public edifices; his portfolios, to the number of ten, were deposited as invaluable treasures in the King of France's library, in 1715. This of Isabeau, and another of her maid, are among its precious contents.

The queen is here depicted in her wedding dress, in her diadem, which was then, like all female head-dress, of an amazing height, in her royal mantle, and the close dress beneath, called sur côte. Some faint resemblance may be traced between her robe and those of the queen's printed on cards; and it will be remembered that cards were invented in her husband's reign to divert his melancholy aberration of mind.

Brantome accuses this queen of the most unbounded and expensive luxury in dress, and from her day is dated the rise of fashion and taste in dress so peculiar to the French ladies. Isabeau was grandmother of Henry the Sixth of England: she gave the hand of the beautiful Catherine, her daughter, to Henry the Fifth, whose cause she unnaturally espoused against her own son, the Dauphin Charles, whose struggles to free his country she impeded by every means in her power. Her character is a notable instance of the evil influence a bad woman, possessed of talents and beauty, may exercise on all around her.

ISABEAU OF BAVARIA, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

FROM THE SCENES HISTORIQUE OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.*

CHAPTER I.

"Le roi le veut."

It is a noble, exciting, and a bold task to re-animate the mouldering history of a great nation, to call into a new existence centuries long gone by, and to interrogate defunct generations, as Dante followed and interrogated Virgil, giving a premature resurrection to the illustrious dead, and forcing them to pass in review before us, from the ages of chivalry to the era of Napoleon—the modern Charlemagne. With such an exordium Alexander Dumas begins his fine historic sketches,
of which the following is the title,—"Le Roi le veut."

One morning early, in the month of May, in the year 1817, the portcullis of Porte St. Antoine was raised, to allow the egress of a little troop of horsemen, headed by two cavaliers, who rode a little in advance. The party immediately directed their course towards Vincennes.

The chief captain was mounted on a Spanish mule, which seemed instinctively alive to the infirmities of his master, by its ready obedience to his capricious hand, and a soft and steady pace when without any guidance at all. Suddenly he abandoned the reins, and clasped his head between his hands with violent emotion. Although the morning air was cool, his chaperon hung at his saddle-bow, and nought protected his brow from the falling dew but the scattered curls of his long white hair, which floated over his pale cheeks, and down even upon his shoulders. It was evident that his burning forehead welcomed with pleasure the cool drops that fell at times from the branches that overhung the road, mitigating in some measure the burning heat which tormented him, and caused him involuntarily to yield himself up to this action, which long custom had rendered habitual. Scarcely in his forty-ninth year, he assumed a costume worn by the aged of that epoch. It was a robe of black velvet, lined with grey ermine, spotted with black, called fourteurs mouchette; the sleeves were large and flowing, and turned up with cuffs of fur, to show straight sleeves of gold brocade beneath. His boots were spurred, with long points at the toes; his spurs, distinguishing appurtenances of knightly and noble rank, were apparently fastened upon them, but had they not been carefully disarmed of their rowels, the habitual movement of his feet to and fro would have been too much even for the patience of his quiet mule.

In this portrait there will be no difficulty in recognising the King of France himself, the unhappy Charles the Sixth, who was scared into madness by the black apparition that seized his bridle rein in the woods of Bretagne, in the year 1392; or upon whom this malady first manifested itself by the phrenzied notion of its reality. Since that hour, however, his reason revisited him but for a moment, and at distant intervals. He was at the present time journeying to visit Isabeau de Bavaria, his consort, who, in spite of her ruinous extravagance and repeated infidelities, retained a powerful influence over his clouded mind.

On his left rode a cavalier of colossal stature, clothed in steel as if then proceeding to combat, but the flexibility with which he moved his limbs in their complete panoply, attested the skill of the Milan armurer that wrought it. He advanced nearly in a line, with difficulty restraining his ardent battle-steed from taking the lead. On the right of his saddle-bow hung a mighty mace, notched and dentellated to make the blow the fiercer: it had originally been richly damasked with gold, but frequent contacts with the casques of enemies had impaired its embellishments. On the other side hung, as if intended as a suitable companion to the mace, a long and heavy broad sword, but sharp as a poignard, while the gold fleur-de-lis embossed on its sheath showed that this tremendous weapon, albeit no mere insignium of state by the side of him who at that time bore it, was the sword of France, appertaining to the high office of constable. Thus formidable armed, the man glanced beneath his deep visor a look of occasional inquietude, as if the assumption of proof paraphernalia was not altogether such a ceremony as it might appear to be. He was a middle-aged man, with marked features, and a complexion bronzed in the wars of Milan, in which he had been severely wounded, and his face exhibited a scar from one bushy moustache up to the black arch of the left eyebrow. The body of this warrior, Bernard, Count of Armagnac, Rovergue, and Fezensac, Constable of France, Governor-General of the City of Paris, and Captain by right of all the strongholds in the kingdom, was as unyielding as the steel that enveloped his person. An eye skilled in heraldry, the science so well known in those days, and now-a-days so much forgotten, would, in the middle of the troop, have discerned his squire in a green doublet, marked with a white cross, bearing the shield of his master, on which was emblazoned the four lions of Armagnac, surmounted by a Count’s coronet.

The two cavaliers had not exchanged one word since they passed out of the gate of the Bastile, until the road branch-
ed in two directions, one leading towards the convent of St. Antoine, and the other to the Croix Faubin; here the King's mule, left as usual to her own discretion, made a dead halt, for she as frequently carried her master to that convent, where he usually performed his devotions, as to Vincennes. The sagacious animal accordingly stood stock still, awaiting some indication from her rider which road she should take; but the King was in a state of mental aberration which prevented him from giving the required signal, and both the animal and her master remained immovable, and the whole troop of course halted. In this dilemma Count d'Armagnac addressed a few persuasive words to the King, in the hope of awakening his attention,—yet the King still remained abstracted. The Count then ventured to take the lead, and rode forward, hoping the mule would follow him, but the animal looked after him, shook her head, and still remained motionless. Out of patience at this delay, Count Bernard made a sign to his squire, and, flinging him his own rein, dismounted hastily; he then advanced on foot to the King, for in no other fashion might royalty be approached in those days. In order to give the mule the right direction, the Count took his bridle respectfully, but no sooner did the Royal mania behold a man at his bridle rein, than he sent forth a piercing cry, and searching for his dagger, or rather in the place where it ought to have been, he exclaimed, in a voice hoarse and broken with terror,—

"The phantom—the phantom—help, help, my brother of Orleans!"

"My lord king," replied Bernard d'Armagnac, softening to the utmost of his power his naturally harsh utterance, "it was the pleasure of God, and our patron St. Jacques, that your brother of Orleans should be no longer living to come to your aid; moreover, I am no phantom, but your loyal constable of France, and I am here willing to encounter any danger for your sake, and to make good a defence both with sword and counsel against your foes the English and the Burgundians."

"My brother, my brother!" repeated the poor harassed monarch, gazing at the count with haggard eyes and hair standing on end with terror; "My brother Louis!"

"Recollect yourself, my royal lord," said Bernard, "ten years have passed away since your well-beloved brother was slain in the street Barbette, by Duke John of Burgundy, who at this hour advances his disloyal banner against his rightful suzerain—and as to me, I am, as of old, your devoted defender, which I will prove at proper time and place with the aid of St. Bernard and my good sword."

The wandering gaze of the king at length settled slowly on d'Armagnac; but of every thing the constable had said to him, one subject alone came within his comprehension. After a moment's reflection he reined his mule to take the road to Vincennes, and, moving forwards, he asked in an altered tone,

"Said you, my cousin, that the English had landed on our French coasts?"

"Yes, Sire," answered Bernard, leaping on his steed, and riding near the king before; "they have made a descent at Touques, in Normandy, and the Duke of Burgundy has delivered up to them Abbeville, Amiens, Montdideir, and Beauvais."

"I am very unhappy, my cousin," said the king, heaving a sigh, and pressing his burning forehead between his hands.

The constable gave him a moment for reflection, hoping his faculties would return to him, and permit him to pursue a conversation of so much importance to the kingdom.

"Yes, very unhappy!" repeated the king a second time, hanging his hands despondingly by his side, whilst his head drooped on his breast: "and what is it in your power to do to repulse both these enemies, my cousin? As to me, I am too weak to help you."

"Sire, I have already taken measures which have been authorised by you: the Dauphin Charles has been named by yourself lieutenant-general of your kingdom."

"But you must have observed, my cousin, that he is very young—scarcely fifteen: why did you not make me name his elder brother John?"

The constable regarded the king with astonishment: a sigh distended his capacious chest, he shook his head sorrowfully, and the king repeated the question.

"Sire," replied Bernard at last, "is it possible that human suffering can be carried to such extremity that the father can forget the death of his eldest son?"

The king shuddered, and pressed anew his aching head between his hands, and
when he removed them from his face, the constable saw tears rolling down the pale cheek of the unhappy Charles, who in a broken voice resumed.

"Yes, yes, I remember it now—he died in our town of Compiègne;" then he added in a lower tone, "and Isabeau told me he was poisoned. But, hush! it must not be talked of! My cousin, think you it is true?"

"The enemies of the Duke of Anjou have accused him of the murder, Sire, because it called to the heirship the Dauphin Charles, his son-in-law; but if this crime were ever committed, God did not suffer him long to enjoy the fruits, for the duke, six months afterwards, died at Angers."

"Yes—dead, dead!—thus does echo ever reply when I call around me my children, my brothers, and my relatives: the air that breathes around thrones is mortal, my cousin, and of all my fair family of princes there remains but one young shoot and the old scathed trunk. Where is my beloved Charles?"

"Sharing with me the command of the troops; and if we had but money to raise levies—"

"Money, my cousin! have we not funds reserved for the exigencies of the state?"

"It has all been made away with."

"And by whom?"

"Respect prevents my accusation."

"My cousin, no person has a right to appropriate these funds without my sign manual and my royal seal."

"Sire, the person who carried them off had in effect your seal, and your sign manual was regarded as useless."

"Yes, yes, they already consider me as dead. The English and Burgundians divide my kingdom, and my wife and sons appropriate my goods—for it is one or the other that has done this great wrong, is it not my cousin?—a robbery to the state, since the state needs the money, my cousin?"

"Sire, the Dauphin Charles is too respectful, too dutiful, and in all things too regardful of the interests of his lord and father."

"Then, count, it is the queen!" he sighed profoundly, and continued—"The queen! ah well, when I see her presently I will ask her to give some back."

"Sire, it is all spent and dissipated."

"What, then, are we to do, mon pauvre Bernard? We must put on new taxes."

"Alas, the people are already crushed to the earth! Sire, you are too weak in regard to the queen: she ruins the kingdom, and before God you are responsible for it. The people suffer, and her ladies and damsels, and the young cavaliers that surround her, such as the Lords of Gyac and Graville, and the Chevalier de Bourbon, increase their luxury and extravagance."

"Constable," resumed the king in the tone of a man who feels that he has chosen the worst moment possible to announce a request, but whose infirmity of mind urges him to utter whatever comes first in his recollection. "Constable, I promised the queen yesterday to name that Chevalier de Bourbon captain of the Castle of Vincennes; you will confirm my nomination forthwith."

"Can you have promised such a thing, Sire?" asked the count, and his eyes lit up with rage.

The king murmured an unintelligible affirmative, after the manner of a child who knows he has done wrong and fears chiding. At that critical moment the royal cortège arrived at the height of the Croix Faubin, where the road ceased to wind, and they were enabled to take a view of some extent. At a distance they perceived the approach of a young cavalier, gaily dressed in the extreme of the fashion of the day. His chap?er was blue (of that peculiar hue which was famed as the favourite colour of the queen); round it was tied a rich scarf, which fell carelessly over his left shoulder; his only defence was a small light sword or rapier, of bronzed steel, which hung by his side, and appeared to be placed there more for ornament than use; he wore a short doublet of red velvet, which sat close to his elegant shape, which was tied by a cord round his waist, but the upper part was open, and showed a blue velvet waistcoat glittering with rich embroidery; he had pantaloons of the same red velvet of the colour sang de boeuf: his boots were of black velvet, with such long points at the toes that he with difficulty put his feet in the stirrups: this completed the costume of one whom the noblest at the court of France took for their model in dress. He had a face perfectly handsome, fair long floating curly hair, hands as white and delicately formed as those of a woman, a
Isabeau of Bavaria, Queen of France.

mein careless and joyous; and this is the exact portrait of the Chevalier de Bourdon, the favourite and favoured lover of the Queen Isabeau of Bavaria, the most beautiful and turbulent woman of her times.

The moment he appeared the constable recognised him; he knew that Charles could be made madly jealous of this gay paramour, and he resolved, if possible, to profit by the occasion, and bring about the exile of the queen, whom he hated on account of her pernicious influence on the affairs of the kingdom. He saw at a glance that Charles's countenance fell upon the approach of Bourdon.

In a few moments the gay chevalier galloped so close to the party that they could distinguish the words of the virelay he was chanting—a song composed by Alain Chartier in honour of the queen's beauty. The presence of the king and his train did not appear to be of sufficient moment to interrupt him in this melodious occupation, and he merely made, in passing, a slight inclination of his head.

Anger and jealousy restored the unhappy king to all the energy of a young man: he raised his voice, and shouted after Bourdon—"Alight, contemptuous boy! Is this the manner in which royalty should be passed? Alight instantly!"

The chevalier, instead of obeying this order, set spurs to his steed, and was in a moment twenty paces from the king. At the same time he resumed, in the highest key of his voice, the obnoxious virelay that had moved Charles's wrath and jealousy.

The king addressed some hurried words to the constable, who, turning to his little troop—"Tannequy," cried he, to the Prevost of Paris, who generally commanded the gens d'armes that composed the train, "send two of your men to arrest this young man;" and he enforced the command by that noted sentence once so powerful in France—"Le roi le veut"—the king wills it.

Two of Tannequy's guards instantly pursued Bourdon, who was then at a considerable distance.

The young chevalier, suspecting that some punishment was considered due for his audacity, yet nothing daunted, faced about, and cried aloud—

"Holloa, my masters! Not one step further, if your intent be, as I guess, to detain me—that is, if you have not recommended your souls to Heaven this morning!"

Without heeding this warning, the two guards advanced.

"Ah, ah! messieurs of the prevost," continued Bourdon, "it seems that our lord the king loves tournays on his highways!"

The guards were now so near the chevalier that they each extended a hand to seize him.

"Very fine, messieurs! Very fine!" said he, causing at the instant his well-trained steed to make a side leap that distanced their grasp. "We must take a fair field, and then have at you!"

With these words, he put his horse to a gallop so rapidly, that the heavily-armed guards, who believed that he fled from apprehension, stood stupidly gazing, knowing they might as well attempt to follow a bird; but their astonishment redoubled when they beheld him make a volte face, and return in an instant on his steps.

A moment had sufficed for his hostile preparations, and when he faced the prevost's guards again, the floating scarf, which before hung like a pennon from his chaperon, was wound round his left arm as a species of buckler. In his right hand he grasped his sharp and highly-tempered rapier, on which might be perceived certain gilded channelings, made for the purpose of suffering the blood to run off. He had reined up his horse to the pommel of his saddle, while the gallant creature obeyed the pressure of his master's knee, and the sound of his voice, as if he had been gifted with intelligence. His cavalier was thus left with both arms at liberty.

The men-at-arms hesitated a moment to accept the proffered combat; for they had been ordered to arrest the chevalier, and not kill him. He saw their indecision, and his audacity augmented.

"Come on! Come on, my masters!" he cried. "Sus—sus! (a note of urgent haste) the hilt to the fist, and with the help of God and the Archangel St. Michael, blood, red and hot, will forthwith be flowing on the paved highway!"

The prevost's guards slowly drew their swords, and spurred their horses to the chevalier, who dexterously spurred his horse between them both, stooped to his saddle-
bow as he passed under their raised swords, and seizing the left leg of one of them with his right hand, and, by a dextrous sleight, and active strength combined, he hurled his formidable opponent fairly out of the saddle. With a mighty clatter he fell on the other side of his horse, his right foot still hanging in the stirrup, and the spur galling his charger, already terrified at the clang of the armour and the reverse of his rider, he set off at full speed, dragging the fallen man over the roughly-paved road. The soldier’s armour bounded frighefully on the pavement, as he was hurried here and there, throwing out sparks of fire against the flints. Presently the rivets gave way with the violent friction, and the mail, piece by piece, flew off. Then, to the horror of the breathless spectators, blood began to flow, and the unhappy man’s flesh was torn from his bones as he was dragged along. Before the horse could be stopped, the wretched guard had perished miserably.

Scarcely had this melancholy catastrophe taken place, when the deep voice of the constable was heard predominant, saying, “Tannequy Duchatel, arrest this man—the king wills it!”

At this order the comrade of the fallen man rushed upon Bourdon with all the fury which the sight of his companion’s most miserable death could inspire. But while he was whirling aloft in the air his heavy two-handed sword, his lightly-armed and agile adversary espied a crevice in his mail, under his left arm, and, with the speed of lightning, darted in his rapier with a mortal wound; a stifled sigh in the soldier’s casque announced he had ceased to live, and his corpse fell backward over the croup of his battle-steed.

Bourdon, who had engaged in this unequal combat with the recklessness of a boy, who heeds not the termination of an adventure, and does not calculate on the mischiefs that may accrue, was, however, elated beyond all bounds by his success; he kept his ground in the midst of the highway, mocking and defying the king’s party. Tannequy hesitated to renew the order of arrest, seeing how dear it had cost his troop, and was preparing to go himself to perform the king’s bidding, when the Count de Armagnac rode slowly forward, and fronting Bourdon, he hailed at ten paces distant, crying, in an authoritative but passionless voice, “Chevalier de Bourdon, in the name of the king—your sword? If you have refused to yield it to two obscure men-at-arms, you cannot object to surrender it to the Constable of France!”

“I shall only yield it,” replied Bourdon haughtily, “to him who dare wrest it from me!”

“Madman!” murmured the constable.

At the same moment he detached from his saddle-bow the heavy mace of which we have spoken; he swung the ponderous weapon like a thunderbolt round his casque; it hissed through the air as it left his hand with the rapidity of a cast from a battering-engine, and crashed on the head of Bourdon’s gallant steed. The poor animal, wounded to death, reared bleeding on his hind feet, and stood staggering for an instant; then horse and rider both fell down, and remained senseless on the paved road.

“Go, pick up that mad-headed boy,” said the constable to his squire, while he tranquilly resumed his place by the king’s side.

“Is he killed?” asked Charles eagerly.

“No, Sire, he is but stunned.”

Tannequy searched the person of the fainting chevalier, and brought to the king, among other papers, a letter in the handwriting of the Queen Isabeau of Bavaria: Charles seized it convulsively; many times, while he read it, he wiped away the drops that gathered on his brow; and, when he finished it, he tore it into a thousand fragments, exclaiming, with a voice deep-toned and hollow, as if it issued from the breast of a corpse—

“The chevalier to the prison of the Grand Châtelet—the queen, under guards, to Tours—and I—I—to the Abbey of St. Antoine. I feel I have not strength to return to Paris!”

In effect, he remained cold and shuddering, with features that wore the livid hues of death.

An instant after, the suite of the king separated into three bands. Dupuy, the squire of d’Armagnac the constable, (who had got the cognomen, in France, of l’ame damnée,) took charge of the queen’s route; Tannequy Duchatel carried the still fainting Bourdon to the Châtelet; and the constable conducted the unhappy king to the monks of St. Antoine, to demand of them a peaceful asylum, and to be comforted by their prayers.

(To be succeeded by another chapter.)
MY FATHER'S NAME.

(ON HEARING IT UNEXPECTEDLY AND HONOURABLY MENTIONED AT A
PUBLIC MEETING.)

My Father's name—my Father's name—how hallowed and how dear!
That sound—it fell like melody upon my list'ning ear!
What though a stranger spoke his praise—so exquisite it came,
At once I lov'd him as a friend—it was my father's name!

There was a fulness of the heart, a glist'ning of the eye,
A sudden flushing of the cheek—I cannot tell ye why!
I prob'd not then the mighty throb that shook my trembling frame—
I only knew, I only felt—it was my father's name!

And cloudless will I keep that name, while God my life shall spare;
It never yet confessed a blot—nor stain shall enter there:
In woe or weal, unsullied still by shadow or by shame,
Proudly my heart shall beat to tell—"it is my father's name!"

And when at length they lay me down within the peaceful grave,
And He, the mighty Lord of all, shall claim the breath He gave,
Let but one line above my tomb, one sculptured line proclaim—
"He found it spotless, and unstained is still his father's name!"

J. S. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE COUNTESS HARCOURT,
WHO DIED JANUARY 15, AGED 83.

When the very aged drop like a shock of corn that is fully ripe into the garner of time, and
"Quit a worn being without pain,
In hopes to blossom soon again;"
it may, in general, be truly said that survivors have nothing to lament. They have outlived those who knew them in the spring and the maturity of life, when their affections and their virtues were so exercised as to awaken love and ensure esteem. The winter of existence has fallen upon them as to their feelings, energies, and attachments; and, even when devoid of those errors to which such a state naturally conducts the best natures, seldom can they awaken a warmer sentiment than regard and habitual reverence.

But it was not thus with the excellent and extraordinary woman whom we feel it a duty to place before her sex, and more especially the younger ladies of the aristocracy, as an example of all that was virtuous, benevolent, kind, and dignified, and, perhaps, as near perfection as human nature admits. That it is always weak and insufficient, she was the first to assert, for she was a humble, sincere, and devout Christian, and far be it from the writer of this honest but imperfect tribute, to offend the principles of Lady Harcourt by indulging improperly the eulogium dictated by recollections of her goodness.

Religion was in her an active principle, influencing her conduct alike in the great and smaller concerns of life and inspiring her with a cheerfulness of spirit and kindness of disposition that preserved all the energies of compassion, generosity, friendship, and consideration for others, to the latest period of her protracted existence. Her heart and her understanding flourished in the green vigour of an early period, long after the infirmities of age and the loss of sight induced her to hold existence as a gift that might be called for at any hour; and the last action of her life was that of dictating a letter, in which she conveyed considerable pecuniary help to a distressed person whom she had very frequently assisted before.

To soothe the sorrows and assist the counsels of her equals, and to give aid of every description to every grade below her, was the great business and pleasure of her life, but this virtue was not practised to the detriment of any other duty. For upwards of fifty years she was not only an affectionate,
but tender and attentive wife, deeply sensible of the happiness she enjoyed as such, and showing by those thousand grateful kindnesses which married life demand, that she really lived in the honour and happiness of her husband. Although she had no children, she was a mother to many in the best sense of the word, and two happy married ladies can vouch that from early infancy her love and care for them could not be excelled by themselves towards their offspring.

As the mistress of a large establishment, and the manager of that most difficult charge, the servants of a nobleman's house, Lady Harcourt shone pre-eminently. At once liberal and economic, her eye was on everything, and she understood so perfectly the nature of every department in her household, that negligence, extravagance, and deficiency were alike unknown, and the whole moved like a well-ordered machine. In the management of the Earl's delightful mansion the hospitalities of the Earl's delightful mansion were far more extensive than might have been deemed compatible with his fortune, even whilst his charities, and hers, far exceeded in private what they could have been expected to give: such were the advantages of a well-ordered expenditure, as conducted by a mistress who was yet beloved to enthusiasm—to whom every one looked confidently for encouragement, reproof, or justice, as it was called for—who educated the ignorant, supported the feeble, nursed the sick, and prayed with the dying.

For upwards of forty years the Countess Harcourt was the constant attendant, or rather friend, of the late Queen Charlotte, and truly might they be said to "take sweet counsel together" in many a deed of mercy—the extraordinary personal activity of the former enabled her and the views of her Majesty, whilst her knowledge of life and soundness of understanding were not less useful in the distribution of royal bounty. No one knew the Queen so well as Lady Harcourt, since, even during her travels, she constantly corresponded with both her and the King (her consort), and to her latest hour she spoke of her in terms of unmixed admiration, affection, and regret.

Nature had been lavish to Lady Harcourt: her person was fine, her constitution excellent, and her abilities of the first order. She wrote admirably, and when obliged to employ an amanuensis, dictated an immense number of letters, either with the brevity demanded by business, or the diffuseness called for by friendly inquiries, in a free excellent style. As the daughter of a country gentleman who spent his large fortune in town (whilst his children lived in strict retirement), she had no opportunity of cultivating her taste for drawing by the aid of masters, yet she became such a proficient that one of the rooms in Strawberry Hill remains ornamented by "Miss Mary Danby's drawings," placed there by the fastidious judge, Lord Orford. These specimens of her talents were, however, far excelled by drawings made afterwards on the Continent, from nature, and which remain indubitable proofs, not only of genius and taste, but of an intense application and laborious industry seldom equalled and never excelled by the professional artist.

Her fortitude in personal suffering, her perseverance in effecting any noble or charitable purpose, the independence and rectitude of her mind, cannot be dilated upon in a short memoir, but have been proved in innumerable instances during a long and busy life. To say that it was spent in courts, yet that she retained her integrity unsullied, and her religion unimpaired, is saying much; but this may be added the warmth and constancy of her conjugal attachment, her paternal cares for many, her steady friendship, her tender attachment to her beloved husband's relations, the family De Harcourt, who succeed her at St. Leonard's, the wisdom and kindness she displayed to all her dependents, and how unceasingly she sought to help the poor and afflicted: well may we accord her heartfelt love and veneration, saying "we have lost a mother in Israel."

Although it did not happen that any of her few relatives were with the Countess at the last, the companion of more than twenty years was enabled to supply all the aid "the closing eye requires," and from her we learn that her mind was active to the last, fully sensible of the impending change, and happy in the prospect. She died as she had lived, an example to all, and a proof that her faith was well founded, not less than her morals pure.

Countess Harcourt was known and loved by numbers so capable of appreciating the value of her character, and the beauty of her conduct, that we trust many women of rank and wealth will recall to mind the virtues they honoured in her, and form themselves on the model they admired so justly, in which we may still find her living amongst us in her benefits. But never more may we hope to meet the union of talents and goodness like hers in so advanced a period of life, and long will a silent tear glisten in the eyes of those who recall to memory the endeared and honoured old Lady Harcourt, for when the eye saw her it blessed her, and when the ear heard her it gave witness unto her.

B. H.
ALPHONSO'S LAMENT ON THE NIGHT OF THE CONQUEST OF NAPLES.

BY G. R. CARTER.

Triumphantly the banner stream'd
Upon the palace tower,
And festal song and revelry
Grew loud at midnight's hour;
The trumpets' voice responded
To the cymbal's ringing tone,
But, oh! one royal warrior felt
Amid the guests alone.

He looked around the gorgeous hall
On which the moonbeam fell,
But sorrow's gloom upon his brow
His secret woes could tell;
The shouts of thousands floated up
From the citron groves beneath,
They wildly thrilled upon his ear,
And spoke to him of death!

And he said—"Thou city of the sea!
At length thou art mine own;
The sword hath won a lovely bride,
To grace the victor's throne.
I hear the soft winds murmur past,
I see my banner wave;
But can they break the sleep which seals
The eyelids of the brave?

Bereft is many a mountain home
Of all it prized the most,
And many a dark-eyed maid will mourn
For youth and valour lost!
The moon shone brightly o'er the ranks
Where stood the bold and brave,
The night unfolds its starry robe
In silence o'er their grave.

The marble piles on which the moon
A stream of glory throws,
The stately domes that in the tide
Their imaged forms disclose,
Will mark my kingly name float down
Time's dark and silent flood,
But peace shall shun my victories,
Whose price was tears and blood!"

And thus, amid the joyful shouts
That rent the balmy air,
The victor poured his sorrow forth
In accents of despair.
There was a burden at his heart,
His tears flowed fast and free,
Grant, Lord, a flood so pure as this
May win his peace with thee.
CONVERSATIONS OF THE DAY.

BY MRS. HOPLAND.

Dramatis Personae.
Lady Elmington.
Emily Elmington.
The Hon. Annabel D’Esterre.

Anna. I am quite grieved to find you, dear madam, confined with your cold, now the weather is so fine: the approach to Valentine day had all the softness of April, and nearly the sunshine of May. People begin to look like human beings again, whereas a week or two since the men all looked like the blue-faced baboon in Cross’s menagerie, and the women might have passed for the ghosts of those who died last year of blue choler.

Lady El. Don’t speak lightly, my love, of that awful scourge; we now find that a great number of our fellow-creatures fell prematurely by its visit, and who can say how soon it may return?

Anna. But they were all “steep’d to the lips in poverty” and its concomitants.

Lady El. The greater number were so, undoubtedly; but you know every rank supplied sufficient victims to prove that the disease was no respecter of persons. I cannot recollect its ravages (limited as they were) without an earnest depreciation of its return.

Anna. Why, truly, the last year was (take it altogether) far the most triste of the nineteen it has been my lot to look at. What a number of great men died in the course of it; and dear Sir Walter, the most mourned of all. Indeed I was very glad to dance it fairly out and welcome the present, on whose more healthy brow I trust no fear of revolution will hang a cloud, seeing that reformation seems likely to do without it. The new members seem very eloquent, very lengthy (as the Americans say), and very violent withal, but I hope they will agree sufficiently for the purpose of making this same bill efficient, or it will be a pity it was made. What do you think about it, Emily?

Lady El. You have asked a very puzzling question, I rather think, my dear Annabel.

Emily. I scarcely have thought about it at all, save in so far as I dreaded any commotion connected with it. I dare say there is a great deal of good designed by it, which I hope will be also connected with it, but I am not the less certain that, like all other human contrivances, it will be subject to faults and failings; but I am no politician, my dear.

Anna. Nor I: but as all one’s acquaintances have been busy with elections, and one has really been frightened to death least the radicals should carry all before them, some kind of opinion will creep even into the head of a girl, in consequence of which I have been a staunch reformer, at least ever since the bill was carried.

Lady El. Had you been so before, there had been nothing to surprise us, as we know that both your father and brother have been always considered whigs.

Anna. Oh! that could be no reason surely, seeing that a little opposition is as desirable in a domestic circle as in the senate-house. What in nature could be more stupid than half a dozen people all thinking the same thought and saying the same thing—each poor soul vainly seeking to clothe the same idea in a little variety of language, but bringing all to the same point? Like the old catches, in which one singer says one word and another another, papa, mamma, Edward, and myself, might make a quartet of reform—as I sing just, you sing necessary—I say wise, you say glorious—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lady El. So far as a little badinage goes, dear Annabel, opposition may be, as you say, very amusing, but serious disputes about political matters in families are such great evils that I question whether the most glorious reformations and revolutions the great men of the earth ever made have balanced the private misery and wickedness they occasioned. I rejoice very much that, on the whole, Englishwomen meddle very little with a subject few of their sex interfere with to advantage.

Anna. Really, dear Lady Elmington, I cannot be made to believe that women are inferior to men in their understandings, and therefore can see no reason why they should not occasionally interfere in the affairs of state. If a woman may be a Queen, (which, thank God, is an English feature of government,) surely she must be deemed adequate to her duties as such, which includes a knowledge of politics, legislature, and what not. Besides, we know that all Frenchwomen dabble in these matters, and they are allowed to be the most charming women in the world; and I believe you will grant that during the horrors of the great revolution (which you probably remember), numerous instances occurred in which the
virtues of the women of that country shone
pre-eminent. I don't suppose the history
of human existence furnishes more brilliant
examples of generous attachment, unshaken
fortitude, patient endurance, and heroic re-
solution, than that eventful period pro-
duced.

Lady El. Indeed, my dear, I believe with
you that many women of that day "sur-
passed all Greek, surpassed all Roman
fame." But all great occasions call forth
great characteristics: far happier, and not
less virtuous, is the woman who escapes the
tumults of political contention, and confines
the heroic part of her nature to the exercise
of active duty in her family, patient en-
durance of her private afflictions, and de-
vo ted attachment to her immediate con-
nexions.

Anna. Yet surely you will grant that no
merely good kind of woman, however
correct she may be in the performance of
her own domestic concerns, in her own per-
can compete with her who, for the sake of
husband, child, or friend, has submitted to
the horrors of a prison, or braved death upon
the scaffold, which was the case in numerous
instances during that terrible period? The
noble energy, the unshrinking resolution, in
short the grandeur of character displayed
by females then, makes the whole race around
us (however amiable and prettily behaved
some of them may be) mere "little stars,"
who must hide their diminished rays.

Emily. I do not think so, I confess, for I
am certain that the same attachment which
leads a woman to sacrifice health, fortune,
or any other good for the object of her affec-
tion, might induce her, under the pressure
of circumstances, to offer life also, or rather
to disregard death, when it could only be
escaped by treachery towards such object.
Besides, you must remember that many of
those heroines of death so nobly and heroically,
had already lost all that rendered life valu-
able, and, in the agony and utter self-aban-
donment of their hearts, were reckless of the
future.

Lady El. Alas! too many of them had
renounced those hopes of immortality which
alone render life, under circumstances of
severe affliction, endurable; but some un-
questionably derived support from their
religion, and were thence enabled to meet
violent death with resignation, which, in my
own opinion, is a more suitable spirit in such
a case than triumph.

Anna. I cannot think so—resignation
may be as much as a poor tame spirit can
afford, but a courageous spirit, an ardent
mind, goes far beyond so humble a sacrifice.
It may be a good thing to waste away life,
for aught I know, in watching a sick infant's
cradle, but a far higher temperament of soul
is called for in woman when she is placed
at the bar to be arraigned as a criminal, or
hurried to the scaffold to be immolated as a
victim.

Lady El. Yet the meekest and gentlest
spirits have been the most fearless martyrs;
witness Anne Askew, and many others.
The more meek and quiet qualities, which
in general are demanded in female life, are
perfectly compatible with the highest daring
and the firmest suffering when these virtues
are called for, and it is, therefore, more
necessary that woman should cultivate that
which she is sure to require in her walk
through life, than the kind of quality she is
little likely to want, but which these very
virtues are likely to inspire if she should.

Anna. Surely the cultivation of quiet
obedience towards men is not the way to
gain spirit to oppose them? Look at Mrs.
Ferrers, for instance, a poor creature that
literally trembles when her tyrant of a
husband raps at his door (don't look so in-
credulous, Emily, 'tis true upon my honour);
now I just ask you, Lady Elmington, entre
nous, what proof of mind, what sacrifice to
principle, could you expect from such a
woman? One may call her interesting,
one may know her to be amiable, but who
could wish to have a mother, sister, or friend
who had allowed herself to sink into such
degrading cowardice?

Lady El. You have entirely mistaken her
character; she is, in fact, the most courage-
ous woman I have ever known; for she has
now for several years endured ill-usage
which has destroyed her constitution not
less than her happiness, because she cannot,
on principle, resign the fortune of her or-
phan nephews into the hands of her hus-
band, she being personally appointed their
sole guardian. For this exalted conduct
she endures daily contumely, violent rep-
roach, and such privations as no other
woman in her station in life ever submitted
to. She bears all in patience, knowing that
every day brings the hour of her reward
more near; and, being a truly pious Chris-
tian, may be said to drink continually from
that Fountain of Life which enables her to
perform her task.

Anna. How could I dare to think lightly
of such a woman! She is, indeed, a perfect
picture of that female heroism which I have
so often heard you praise; she is self-
governed, and, in her integrity, disobedient
even to him whom she permits to trample
upon her!

Lady El. There cannot exist, as you
know, a more complying wife, save in the
point where it is her misfortune to be con-
cerned for others, and where her duty is
imperative.

Anna. Well, if I were married to such a
wretch, I too would oppose him; but it
should neither be by pale complexion, wild
Conversations of the Day.

words, nor deep sighs. No Petruccio should make a tame Catherine of me, I promise him!

Emily. You could not stoop to becoming a virago, Annabel. I am sure I could not, even if I had the necessary spirit for it.

Anna. Yes, I could; for as I find within myself the power of changing my tastes, habits, nature, to please a good husband,—so should I, to a bad one, be a perfect xiven!

Emily. I am less flexible; I could not alter my nature—I should sink into a mere nothing, and eventually find a premature grave, if I were treated with unkindness—should I not, mamma?

Lady El. You would suffer much, but not therefore die, my love; on the contrary, Annabel, I think, would die under such treatment.

Anna. Not I, indeed—no valiant piece of flesh and blood should kill me with loud words or black looks!

Lady El. God forbid that either of you should be tried! And, in order to guard against such a fate, examine the lover long and well ere you consent to give him the power of a husband.

Anna. I don't think I shall marry at all. To be sure, most people do play the fool once in their lives, so there is no saying—but 'tis a hateful subject, with that sweet woman in one's head. Emily, have you never been out since I was here last?

Emily. I have been to see the Gallery of Paintings, in Suffolk-street, and was exceedingly amused, for the collection is fine, and the day was bright. I also left mamma, one evening, to visit the theatre—not, as you will suppose, to see the pantomime, but the Falls of Niagara, by Stanfield, with which you, may be certain, I was delighted. So, indeed, I was with the winter exhibition, in which there are many fine pictures of Wilson and Gainsborough: a most interesting portrait of Pope, with Martha Blount (the beauty of her day) standing behind him, and looking any thing but handsome or elegant. By the way, there is a very pleasing portrait of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by himself, when very young.

Lady El. There are also portraits of Sheridan, taken at different periods of life. I should have liked to see them, though the contemplation, arising from marking the changes of time and dissipation, are melancholy, especially in a man of genius.

Anna. Well, commend me to the British Galleries, where you have no portraits at all, but many beautiful fancy subjects, and landscapes that really make one feel as if spring and summer were come again. I was particularly struck by a picture of the Veiled Prophet, from "Lalla Rookh," it makes one tremble for the poor girl; I think the painter had better have shown us less of him. The rooms were crowded to excess. You, Emily, must go very early; for you go only to see—not to be seen.

Emily. To that I confess; and really it is as much a part of wisdom as taste; the fair creations on the walls allow the gazers very little power of competition.

Anna. I don't think so; on the contrary, in the large rooms of the other two exhibitions, women always look well; but in these crowded ones they cannot be seen to any advantage, except at night. I am very fond of the lounge one has there, more especially when the walls are hung with Vandyke's and Reynolds's portraits. You seem removed into a new world, yet one where you meet with acquaintance made in dreams or in books. Apropos of the latter, have you read the "Buccaneers?"

Emily. I have, and been exceedingly pleased with it. Mrs. Hall has managed a very difficult subject, for a female pen, with great ability: her characters have a distinctness of delineation that is admirable; and there are short touches of pathos that are really touching: but as you will read it, I shall not say a word of the plot.

Anna. I will get it immediately: town is filling so rapidly folk must read whilst they have time. I have been charmed with "Contarini Fleming," though I am angry with D'Ishraeli for not finishing "Vivian Grey." By the way, Godwin's new novel is out, I hear. What a very extraordinary thing it is that a man of his age should produce a novel.

Lady El. Less extraordinary in him than any other man; for all his works, published under that form, may be considered philosophical inquiries or developments of principles; and though time may have affected his imaginative powers, we may conclude that it has improved his reasoning faculties. I have a great curiosity about it, and still more as to poor Banham's health, and the relief afforded him by the subscription. Have you heard anything on the subject?

Anna. Nothing beyond my brother's observing "that every thing was going on well," which I hope signifies that he will be made easy in his affairs, and enabled to renew his health in Italy. It is quite shocking to think of those to whom we are indebted for our most innocent pleasures (to say nothing of our most agreeable instructions), being reduced to such painful situations.

Emily. It strikes me that, partial as I am to my own country, there is something "rotten in the state," so far as relates to our management of that class of society who are its greatest ornament, and who, notwithstanding the high gifts with which they are


A Descent into the Hartz Mines.

A DESCENT INTO THE HARTZ MINES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.*

The city of Gottingen, celebrated for its sausages and for its university, belongs to the King of Hanover. It contains nine hundred and ninety-nine hearths, divers churches, a lying-in hospital, an observatory, a prison, a library, and a tavern whose cellar of beer is renowned over the known world. A little river runs close to the town: it is named the Line, and is convenient for summer bathing. The city is a fine one; the houses are truly ancient, and so substantial, that some years ago, when I took my degree, I remember they wore precisely the same appearance as now; perhaps there has been no difference perceived for some centuries in its antique aspect. As for the inhabitants and their occupations, we may presume they are much the same as at the present day: the town always swarmed with students and laundresses, professors and dancers, chevaliers of the Guelphic order and aulic councillors, counsellors of legislation, and counsellors of justice; and compendiums, theses, and dissertations were always rife therein ever since Gottingen was Gottingen, and that must have been at an early period of the world, for its learned men do not scruple to affirm that it was founded somewhere about the era of the confusion of tongues, when the tribes of Noah were dispersed over the earth: then, say these learned authorities, every German race established a specimen of one of its families at Gottingen, and you may trace at this day the descendants of the Goths, Vandals, and other biblicose Teutons, members of whose hordes may be seen wrangling in the streets of Gottingen—distinct races, who may be known by the colour of their bonnets, the form of their pipes—who infest public places, and quarrel openly therein at every possible cause of giving or taking offence.

The population of Gottingen is divided into students, professors, philistines,† and canaille, in which last class are considered every living soul that does not belong to the three first. It would be a curious detail, but too long to repeat here, to give the reader an account of all the nicknames, ordinary and extraordinary, by which the professorships, and divisions, and sub-divisions of the students are designated. There is an odd name

* Like most of the great German writers of the present day, Heine is unknown in English literature; yet the liveliness of his style, and the acuteness of his remarks, render him justly popular as a tourist, and he enjoys, in Germany, celebrity equal to that of Prince Muslan Puckler, whose writings are so well known in England. We shall probably translate for our readers, at some future day, Heine's Visit to London, for it is pleasant to see what foreigners think of our manners and customs.
† The philistines are a class of students who are distinguished by their pretending and brutal manners.
for every thing and every one; and, in the interior of the community, people are scarcely known by their rightful appellation.

The number of the philistines seems, at Gottingen, to vie with the grains of sand on the sea-shore. They plant themselves in crowds at the doors of the academical tribunal, and wonder aloud at the appearance of the passengers, asking one another wherefore it pleased God to create emaiile in the same world with their worthy selves?

It was early in the morning when I quitted Gottingen on foot, to take my projected tour to the heights of the Blocksberg: as I passed through the gate of Veend, I met two little urchins of schoolboys, one of whom said to the other, "I do not care ever to speak to Theodore again, for he is a little dunce, that did not know yesterday even the genitive of mensa." These words were insignificant in themselves, but they ought to be inscribed over the gate of the town, as a motto to express the manners within, for as the children whistle, so the men sing, and it is a real specimen of the pedantic pride, high, dry, and stiff-necked, that pervades the learned community of Georgia Augusta.‡

I have thus, reader, given you a sketch of the sort of den from which I issued, that stable of Augseas, whose litter was the Pandects. The syllogisms of the Roman law hung over my brain like a thick cloud, which was scarcely dissipated by the joyous breath of the morning air. In sooth, my mind required the relaxation of this vacancy, being half crazed by the egotistical systems of jurisconsults. Methought, when I looked back at the gates through which I had escaped into the free air, the town seemed to open them like mouths, and thunder after me the names of Tribonian, Justinian, Hermogenous, and Dummejahn. However, these hypothcondriacal fantasies soon gave place to the joyous images that presented themselves at every step; milk-maids, flower girls, vegetable venders, and ass drivers began to throng the road; now and then hired carriages, crammed with students hastening out to spend their vacations gaily in the country, over which they hastened to disperse themselves. The way was really lined with students. In the inn of Norten I found at table as great gourmands and as pompous men as if they had been professors. At Nordehm another auberge full of students. Beyond this place the population began to vary, and I perceived that the ground began to ascend, and was here and there broken into picturesque eminences, that gave token of a mountainous neighbourhood. Now I marched in company with numerous pedestrian merchants, all bound for the approaching fair of Brunswick. Many females, likewise, of the pedlar species, flocked along the same route, bearing on their backs huge structures of singular lightness, but almost as high as a house, which were mysteriously enveloped in an immense white cloth. These I found, on inquiry, were wicker cages full of birds, who whistled, sung, and fluttered, as they travelled to the fair of Brunswick.

I arrived at Osterode, just as night fell around me, as black as pitch. I threw myself into the first bed I could secure, slept soundly, and woke joyously. The flocks were going forth to pasture, and I heard the pleasant sound of the bells as the creatures passed beneath my windows; the rays of the sun traversed my curtains, and showed the prints with which my apartment was hung. These were scenes from the war of deliverance in 1814, when, Germans as we were, we started from our dreamy state of existence at once into ready-made heroes. These loyal pictures were contrasted by scenes from the French revolution: there stood the unfortunate Louis on the scaffold; and near him hung so many prints of head-cuttings, in such vast variety, that I could not look upon them without praising God that I was lying peacefully in bed, drinking coffee, and feeling my caput very comfortably fixed on my shoulders. After my coffee I dressed myself, read all the inscriptions written on the squares of glass in my room window, and, having paid my reckoning, I quitted Osterode.

This town has a good many habitations and divers inhabitants, some of whom seem to have souls; others walk about and perform all the functions of existence, to their life's end, without giving any particular indication of possessing any. As for the rest, regarding Osterode, you will find all about it, reader, in the Tra-

‡ The Latin name of Gottingen.
traveller's Guide. Before resuming my direct way I made a digression to visit the antique castle of Osterode, which consists of half a tower of immense extent and thickness, at which the tooth of time has been gnawing. My way now rose very perceptibly, and I got a view of the town of Clausthal; and casting back my eyes from the elevation I had gained, Osterode appeared in a valley, and its bright red roofs, peeping from among the verdure of the pine woods, looked like scarlet roses appearing from green moss.

I had not taken many steps before I overtook a traveller, like myself a pedestrian, but bound to Brunswick: he was a communicative little person, and told me all the news of the day, according to his own version. The young Duke of Brunswick, he said, had taken a journey to Palestine, where he had been captured by the Turks, who demanded a very heavy ransom for his liberation. The freakish voyages and whims of this duke greatly occupy the heads and fancies of the good people of Brunswick, who, since the death of their famous Duke Ernest, have always some romantic tales or other to tell of their princes; and truly the present seems inclined to furnish them with subjects in abundance. My new companion was a travelling tailor, a mere shadow of a little man, whose person seemed so slender and transparent, that at night I should not have wondered to have seen the stars shine through him, as they did through the ghosts of Osian's heroes. A curious malady my little man was of sprightliness and melancholy. This double sentiment pervaded all his songs. I admired all I heard, and slackened my pace that we might keep together as wayfarers. It is one of the beauties of the German character, that there cannot be a fool but he can speedily meet another fool that can comprehend him. Among other sallies my tailor sung with admirable spirit the famous national song, beginning with

"A lady-bird sat on the hedge,
And it hummed—and it hummed—and it hummed!"

Where is the German that is not excited by this extraordinary song. We laugh when we hear it till we weep, and cry till we laugh again. How many times have I noticed that the poetical spirit of Goethe is imbued into the very life of his countrymen. My little fellow traveller presently began to sing a song, in which Charlotte is represented weeping at the tomb of Werter, and pitifully did the tailor weep as he sung it. I thought he seemed discontented at the little sensibility I manifested. Presently he began to tell me of a fellow workman of his; a Prussian, who could not sew a stitch without making such songs. "He would take in hand a sky-blue waistcoat, begin by comparing it to the hue of the heavens, and then compose a strain of double poetry, so that it was divine to hear him." I begged my small man of stitch to explain what he meant by double poetry, but he only cut an enthusiastic caper, and exclaimed, "Double poetry is double poetry!" At last, by means of cross-questioning, I drew from him that the double poetry he spoke of was composed in reiterated rhymes,—that is to say, in stanzas. A brisk wind blew in our faces as we pursued our up-hill course; my little tailor complained of fatigue, and said his feet were blistered; he lamented that the world was too vast for people to move about from one place to another without sorely tiring themselves, and declared his intention of climbing a tree that grew by the road side, and sitting thereon to rest his feet and meditate; and in the said tree I left him perched.

As I proceeded, the mountainous elevations became more and more abrupt, and the woods of pines were agitated beneath my eyes like a sea of verdure. With these pleasant sights I arrived at Clausthal, where I took up my rest at the Crown, and was fed with excellent smoked herrings, which are called, in Germany, Backings, from the name of Wilhelm Backing, the inventor of this mode of curing herrings. He died in 1447. Charles the Fifth held him in great honour for a discovery so useful to mankind: the great monarch travelled on purpose, from Middleburg to Zealand, in order to visit his tomb at Boedlidi, in 1556.

There was no one in the coffee-room but a young man who travelled for some commercial house; he wore at least six waistcoats, of different colours, together with a multitude of seals, rings, pins, and trinkets of all kinds; he had learned by heart a vast collection of charades, puns, and riddles, which he brought into con-
A Descent into the Hartz Mines.

conversation, apropos or not, just as it happened. He asked me the news of Gottingen, and I gave him a valuable piece of information—that the academic senate had ordered the tails of all the dogs to be cut off, because mad dogs usually carried their tails between their legs; now if they had no tails they could not commit this act of insanity, and therefore, according to logical proof, would remain in their senses. I saw that my friend with the waistcoats was impressed with an exalted opinion of my wisdom from this discourse, and I hope he laid up the apothegm among his mental stories. After dinner I went to visit the mines, and the stamping of money. In the mines the sight of silver failed me, as it has often done before in the course of my life. As to the money, I succeeded in obtaining a view of that. They showed me beautiful new dollars that just issued from under the stamp. I took one in my hand, and, as I contemplated the new-born money, I thus addressed it:—

"Young coin, what good and evil art thou now going to produce in the world. With what rapidity art thou about to pass from hand to hand—from dirty hands to clean hands, and to dirty ones again. How thou wilt be cherished, how thou wilt be execrated, according to thy agency in promoting good or ill. Sometimes thou wilt be the agent of charity and thrice blessed mercy, and anon the aid of murder and the cause of false witness, till, charged with sins, thou wilt fall sooner or later into the hands of the Israelites, who will clip and file thee till thy maimed state will lead thee once more into the melting pot, from whence thou wilt commence a new existence."

The two principal mines are named Caroline and Dorothea. Half an hour's walk from the town along the road led me to two great blackened edifices, where I was received by the miners. These men are dressed in large jackets of an iron grey coloured cloth, trousers of the same, leathern aprons knotted behind, and green felt caps without brims. They dress their visitors who wish to descend in a similar costume, with the exception of the apron. After this change of apparel, a miner lighted his lamp and ran before me to an obscure opening that resembled the top of a chimney: here he disappeared, but called on me to follow without fear, as there was no danger if I clung fast to the ladder. I then entered the darksome hole, and began to descend an interminable ladder. In the course of time I perceived it was not one, but many ladders, we had to descend before we reached the depths of this black immensity. Ever and anon we alighted on a little landing, where we found a new aperture which conducted us to a new ladder. It was the Caroline mine that I explored first; and surely, of all the Carolines I ever met with, this was the most dirty and repulsive. The ladders were humid to the touch. Meantime I went down step by step, ladder by ladder, the miner gliding and disappearing before my feet, continually telling me there was no danger, directing me to cling fast with my hands and not to heed my feet, which would take care of themselves by instinct I suppose, and, above all, to hold by the steps and not by the edges of the ladder. From the depths of the abyss arose confused sounds, and a dismal murmur, the incessant hurrying of the cordage and machinery in motion, from time to time. We arrived at open galleries, where the laborious miner sat all day long in solitude, extracting the ore with his pick or chisel. At last we descended to the lowest excavations, which are, however, not quite so deep as the natives believe: they fancy the cavities of the Caroline mine nearly reach to the outward crusts of the American continent, piercing to the antipodes, so that the story goes among the old miners, that, during the war of independence, they distinctly heard the American armies on the other side, cry "Hurra, La Fayette!"

I felt as if interred alive. I heard the rushing of the subterranean springs, heard the thundering of the machines, and felt the noxious vapours of the mines, which seem to rise in eddying whirls, and saw the doleful light cast by the dim lanterns of the miners, who glided silently, looking deadly pale in the darkness visible. I respired with difficulty, and was forced to support myself against the last ladder, at whose foot I was standing. In the bottom of this mine the remembrance occurred to me, that precisely that day twelve months I had been overtaken by a tempest on the German Ocean; and I thought how preferable were the freeboundings of the vessel, the trumpet melodies ex-
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cated by the winds, the clamours and cries of the active mariners, and all the disorder of the elements, acted beneath the blessed light of heaven in the boundless air. Yes, the free pure air it was that I needed. Impatient to respire I mounted two dozen ladders with greater rapidity than I descended, and my guide led me through a strait and lengthy way, cut in the side of the mountain, to the mine called Dorothea. This is more fresh, more airy than the Caroline; the ladders are more convenient, but a great deal longer than those of the other mine. Here my spirits were cheered by the sound of the human voice. In the distance I perceived wandering shadows; and, as we passed the miners at work in their holes, they lifted up their lamps, and half raised themselves, hailing me with the word "welcome;" they then crouched down and disappeared, and I continued my route, greeted every instant by these friendly but mysterious apparitions. My cicerone was a pious and honest German. He showed me with great satisfaction the platform where the Duke of Cambridge, viceroy of Hanover, had dined with all his suite when he visited the mine, and where yet remained the long wooden table, and the great arm chair in which he sat. "He left behind him an eternal remembrance," said my honest miner. He related to me with much vivacity the description of the fêtes that took place on the occasion of the royal visit, how the gallery was illuminated, and hung with garlands of flowers, how a miner had played on the cittern and sung, and how the dear fat duke drank all their healths, and how not only my miner, but all his comrades, had determined to die willingly if there was occasion to defend the dear fat duke and all the house of Hanover. Here was a fine specimen of German loyalty.

Our lamp just lasted till we had threaded all the labyrinths of galleries and platforms, till we emerged into the more joyful light of the lamps of day, and then I also cried "welcome."

Most of the miners dwell at Clausthal, and the little town of Zellerfield which joins it. I visited many of these brave men in their homes: they sung to me their most popular songs, some of which are highly poetical, and they accompanied themselves very pleasingly on the cistra or cittern, an instrument that seems naturalised in the mining district. I made them recount to me their local legends, and I listened to, and repeated with them, the prayers which these single-hearted people always make to God before they descend the gulf, into which, however, they enter every day. They are good and dutiful to their aged parents, who lead a comfortable life of profound repose. The old grandmother of the house where I paid my longest visit, was seated in the place she had occupied for the last quarter of a century, behind the stove, and opposite to a huge wardrobe or press; her thoughts and sensations were doubtless almost identified with the angles of that iron stove and the grotesque carve work of the press. The stove and the press could not wholly have been without life, for had not a living creature been given them part of her soul.

It is from this species of solitary meditation that is born the marvellous poetry of the north, which endows with consciousness, not only plants and animals, but objects entirely inanimate. In the dreams of our children, and the contemplations of our men, are mixed up a union of fantastic humour and pure and profound philosophy. In the first we find the pin* and needle who escape from the tailor's shop, and set out on the most amusing travels that ever were undertaken; then there is the blade of straw and the little bough that take a voyage down the rivulet, and all that happens to them; and the tale of how the shovel and the brush encountered on the staircase, and fell to quarrelling and kicking each other; of the mirror and the reflection, how they questioned each other, and how they replied: these are the vagaries of German boyhood, while the reveries of manhood largely partake of the same fanciful bias of poetry, mixed with lofty and profound thought.

My old woman who sat behind the stove was dressed in a gown of some durable fabric, unknown in the era of modern garments; perhaps it had been the wedding robe of her grandmother; it was brocaded with huge bunches of flowers. Her grandson, a child in the garb of a little miner, who had white curls, and bright blue eyes, was sitting at her feet, ear-

* See the Popular Stories from the German of Grimm, so delightfully translated by Mrs. Taylor and Roscoe.

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nearly counting the flowers of this gown.
No doubt the old lady had regaled him
with many a tale relating to these flowers,
and the stories of occasions: these will never
leave his memory; they will recur to his
mind when a solitary labourer in the
gloomy galleries of the Caroline; and
when he, in his turn an aged grandsire,
takes his place opposite to the carved
press behind the iron stove, he will tell
them all to his fair-haired descendants.

I passed the night at the Crown auberge.
I inscribed my name among the book of
strangers presented to me for that purpose.
I saw there a name dear to my soul, that
of Adalbert de Chamisso, the biographer
of the immortal Peter Schlemihl, the un-
fortunate individual who lost his shadow.
The host told me that Adalbert arrived in
the most uproarious tempest, and departed
in similar weather.

REVIEW.

Literature.

Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine.
Smith, Elder, and Co.

This deeply interesting tale forms the se-
cond volume of Mr. Leitch Ritchie's pro-
posed Library of Romance, and we candi-
dly confess that the pleasing amusement we
experienced in the perusal of the "Ghost
Hunter and his Family," which consti-
tuted the first volume, made us eager for
the enjoyment of a similar relaxation on
the coming out of the second volume, the
very title of which inspired strong ex-
pectation of entertainment. Nor have we
been disappointed—for the story so
abounds with extraordinary incident, pec-
culiar adventure, and daring achievement,
that a lively interest is preserved through-
out, and the attention, far from being wea-
ried, is the more excited as we proceed.

It cannot be said of this, as too justly of
the works of some eminent writers, that
the brand of curiosity is burned out ere
the tale be finished—for in this our feel-
ings were excited to the very close of the
volume.

This is one of those works which, hav-
ing its foundation in historic facts, the
more readily captivates the mind; and
the explanatory notes which are at the
end of the volume are extremely inter-
esting. The following is a specimen:—

"Towards the close of the French revolu-
tion, the banks of the Rhine, and the sur-
rounding country, were the theatre of ex-
ploration strange and wild, and the haunts of
men as extraordinary, as any that are ex-
lubited in history. The French laws were
not yet in full operation in Belgium—every
thing being in confusion. The very elements
of society seemed to have been broken up
and disorganised by the moral earthquake
that had occurred; a lawless and reckless
spirit pervaded all ranks.

"From Belgium a criminal could easily
pass into Holland, if pursued, or into the
countries bordering the Rhine, and there
the minute subdivisions of the Germanic
corporation, in which each petty prince
maintained a jealous independence of the
rest, rendered pursuit almost useless. The
policy, therefore, of great criminals, in their
choice of localities, will be easily compre-
hended."

From these notes we further collect the
history of the robbers of that time: they
consisted of men who, to use a common
phrase, having seen better days, were de-
cayed in their circumstances; or, being
ruined by their vices and extravagances,
formed the nucleus of a banditti: these
associated with chosen spirits, and formed
powerful bands and confederacies—es-
stablished rules and laws, in the obser-
vance of which they were most strict, and
in the execution most severe—that besides
the acting body of admitted members,
they enlisted and trained up numerous
subsidaries under the title of appren-
tices, who were bound to render their se-
cret aid on all occasions, but, in case of
attack by the military on the main body
of the robbers, then to unite generally for
their protection. Travelling merchants,
quiet traders, farmers, and peasants, all of
apparent respectability, were often, from
hope of gain or fear of attack, intimately
connected with these gangs; nay, it is
alleged that even the functionaries of
police were sometimes enrolled members,
and in the pay of these bandit associa-
tions.

"An important expedition was rarely un-
dertaken except by the advice and agency
of one of the Jewish spies, called baldovis,
in the slang of the freebooters. The persons no sooner became acquainted with the existence and locality of a booty, than they opened negotiations with a robber-chief; and if he came into their terms, which were usually exorbitant, made the necessary disclosures. An enterprise so conducted was sure to end in bloodshed and cruelty, for the Jew, in order to justify the extravagance of his demands, lied and cheated, as Jews have done habitually. The robbers, seduced by their avarice, were only too ready to believe their tale to its full extent, and their miserable victims paid in blood and torture the deficiency in their expected hoards. When the pillage was at length effected, the balderer usually offered to act also as the scherenspieler, or receiver; and in this character bought the spoils—no doubt a dead bargain. He thus made a double profit—robbed the robbers, and spoiled the Egyptians twice.

Such a state of society is well calculated to furnish wondrous tales; and the author, in his lucid notes, relates as actual occurrences, what might almost be considered as appertaining to the region of romance; and adverting to the robber, whose name is the title of his work, he says—

"At this time he was so well known on the banks of the Rhine, that mothers terrified their children with the name of the young and handsome Schinderhannes. In his own immediate neighbourhood he was beloved by the peasantry, who would have died rather than have betrayed him; and one of the most beautiful girls in Germany ran off from her parents to join his fortunes in the forest, and accompanied him afterwards in some of his most daring expeditions, dressed in boy's clothes. Gay, brave, gallant, generous, and humane, there was a high romance about his character which attracted even those who most abhorred his crimes. He was fond of music, and even poetry; and to this day there is a song sung on the banks of the Rhine, which he composed to his sweetheart. He was addicted to pleasure, and a worshipper of the fair sex; but the charms of Julia Blasius, the young girl alluded to before, at length concentrated his wandering desires, and converted him from a general lover into an affectionate and devoted husband."

The foregoing description of this young bandit strongly recalls to our mind a remark most justly and properly made by Dr. Johnson, in one of his essays, and we should have been well pleased if the excellent precept had been observed by Mr. Ritchie. Speaking of works of fiction, he says—"I cannot discover why there should not be exhibited the most perfect idea of virtue.—of virtue not angelical, nor above probability—for what we cannot credit we shall never imitate—but the highest and purest that humanity can reach, which, exercised in such trials as the various revolutions of things shall bring upon it, may, by conquering some calamities, and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform. Vice, for vice is necessary to be shown, should always disgust, nor should the graces of gaiety, or the dignity of courage, be so united with it as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears, it should raise hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanness of its stratagems; for while it is supported by either parts or spirit, it will be seldom heartily abhorred. The Roman tyrant was content to be hated if he was but feared, and there are thousands of the readers of romances willing to be thought wicked if they may be allowed to be wits. It is therefore to be steadily inculcated, that virtue is the highest proof of understanding and the only solid basis of greatness, and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake, and ends in ignominy."

But, returning to the author before us, we must certainly admit that he excels in force of delineation; his style is so clear, and his description so vivid, that the imagination is at once possessed of the subject, and we behold the whole as a living scene before us. Take the following:

"Carl retraced his steps to the town, his head reeling, and his heart burning with the torture of Tantalus. After threading some obscure streets, he at length reached a spacious mansion, which, although completely dark without, was brilliantly lighted up within.

"He paused in an anti-chamber, and looked with a sinking heart into the interior, which was full of company, clustering eagerly round the table. There seemed to be a repulsive property in the very atmosphere, which prevented him from entering; and, as he thought of the "good angel," whose protection he had rejected, a feeling approaching to faintness came over him, and he leaned for support against the door-post.

"'Thunder of heaven!' cried one of the gamesters, rushing past him; 'it is of no use, I will play no more. What, Benzol, art thou asleep, or ruined?' The speaker
was a young man about Carl's own age, and possessing equal advantages of person. There was, however, in his manner, particularly when he laboured under any excitement, a dash of the vulgar ferocity affected to this moment by many of the youth of Germany; and at such times a foreigner could hardly have believed him to be a man accustomed to good society. His dress was half military, half civilian; and instead of wearing his sword concealed, like that of Carl, it hung ostentatiously from his girdle, in which was stuck a brace of handsomely mounted pistols.

"'Wolfenstein,' said Benzel sternly; 'I have an account to settle with you.'

'I pray heaven then,' replied the baron, 'that you are due me a balance, for I have not twenty dollars left to carry me to the Black Forest.'

'Be satisfied, Sir, that I shall pay you what I owe. Meet me at the Ketschenbourg as soon as it is light enough to see the point of your sword.'

'You mean coffee, then.'

'Blood!'

'Indeed! Will not candle-light do as well, and a private room where we are?'

'Not at present; I am pledged to another game. In a single hour I shall either be a beggar or——'

'The son-in-law elect of Madame Dallheimer.'

'You are insolent.'

'That is enough, I shall not fail you.'

'The Baron left the house whistling a popular air; and Benzel, whose courage was restored by the prospect of physical danger, walked into the gaming-room.'

And again:—

'Is it needless to conceal it,' said he; 'the respectable friends of my family have abandoned me, and my comrades were merely associates in folly, who possess neither the power, nor perhaps the will to assist me.' Liese was silent for some moments.

'Were I a man,' said she at last, while her glad eye flashed with enthusiasm; 'were I a man such as you, I would care neither for the favour of friends, nor the malice of foes. I would hang my sword by my side, and sling my guitar upon my shoulder, and, with a high heart and lightsome look, go forth to follow my mistress over hill and heath, through wood and valley. There is no peasant in all our father-land so churlish as to shut his door against the minstrel, and no cottage maid so insensible that her heart may not be touched by the twang of the wandering guitar.'

'Ve also select the following description of scenery, at once correct and natural, and appropriately interwoven with the story:—

"The country soon became wilder and more solitary. Lofty hills, covered with forests that seemed eternal, gave a dreary magnificence to the scene; and in such places, for instance, as the narrow valley of the Roer, it was with surprise that he saw a congregation of human dwellings, deserving the name of a town, set down in the deepest recess of the ravine. This was Monjoye. From hence to Kaltangenberg, the route lay through a succession of marshes and mountains, the most dismal that can be imagined, in the midst of which is placed a bell, to be rung during the dangerous mists which sometimes descend, like the shadow of death, upon the traveller's path. Carl rung his way through every thing, and leaving the mountains of the Schneefel to the left, the most sterile district in all the Eifel, arrived at the little town of Prum, founded before the days of King Pepin. It was in the convent here that the son of Charlemagne did penance for his rebellion, and that the Emperor Lothaire laid down the sceptre for the crucifix, and died a monk.'

We further quote the following specimen of the author's great powers of accurate description:

"The scene of the muster was well suited to the men; the hoary ruin, from which the spectators looked, flung its shadow upon the array; while now and then, in the back ground, a small cultivated field, dotting the unclaimed and irreclaimable wastes of nature, conferred by the contrast a still more dreary and savage aspect upon the country than if it all had been wilderness. In the distance the view was shut in by the forest-crowned steepes of the Hohewald."

"Among the men, individually were seen many figures which might have been chosen with advantage for studies, by Salvator Rosa; but even these who, in ordinary circumstances, might have attracted notice by their characters, (and of such is formed the majority, even in ranks of banditti,) were elevated to the poetical by the mere fact of association. All were armed with sword, carbine, and pistols, and some had two or even three pairs of the last-mentioned weapons disposed about their breast, in addition to those that were stuck in the belt. Peter Schwartz was in the line, at the head of the troop, mounted. He was taller by the head than any of his comrades, and with his bare neck and breast, his coat-sleeves turned up to the elbows, and his matted hair, and long black beard, he looked like some giant of the old romance."

It is a commendable feature in this tale, that the thread of the narrative continues to excite a stirring interest throughout, and is occasionally interspersed with historic
anecdote and amusing episode, illustrative of the characters of the principal persons introduced to the reader's notice. But with every respect for the high order of talent exhibited by the author, we cannot but deplore that he has used some language which is not congenial with our notions of that strict delicacy which should be sedulously preserved in all works which are intended for the polite circles of society. To us it is astonishing how minds susceptible of the most refined sentiments, and with capacities of the highest order of intellect, abounding with knowledge and intelligence, and endowed with powers to unfold their acquirements to the instruction and delight of their readers, should ever deviate from that higher and brighter path of polished erudition which ever dictates a style of the purest delicacy. We rejoice to add, that, as British society is now happily constituted, whatever is coarse, vulgar, or obscene is at once rejected; and if the future volumes of the Library of Romance are to fill the shelves of well selected libraries, there should be no more such ideas introduced as we find in the story of Peter Schwartz.

Maternal Sketches, and other Poems.
By Eliza Rutherford.

It is a long time since we took up a volume which has pleased us more than this. The principal poem, which is, in every respect, not only the longest, but the best, consists of four cantos, descriptive of the tenderness, the duties, and the influence of mothers, in various stations of life, and is followed by very interesting notes, containing historical anecdotes of the facts referred to. The other poems are pleasing, and are principally addressed to the writer's brothers, and display those warm affections and early-nurtured attachments of which the "Maternal Sketches" bespeak the writer capable. She thus touchingly describes the feelings of a young mother:—

The new-born feeling every thought pervades,
Heights her joys, her softer moments shades
With more endearing tenderness, and pours
Sweeter communion on the lovely hours.
No trifling cares inflict a transient wound,
Unless they touch this consecrated ground,
His joy, his comfort, all to him allied,
Inspires delight, and all is cold beside;

From him her weakness gathers its supply,
Her pleasures ask the sanction of his eye,
Life without him, the fruit deprived of bloom,
The day of glow, the zephyr of perfume,
The glade of freshness, evening's dew of balm,
And night's sweet slumbers of their wonted calm.

The following domestic picture has been painted a thousand times, but never with more freshness and beauty:—

Freed from the busy turmoil of the day,
The happy father cheers his homeward way,
Though winter may extend its dreary reign,
And snowy garments clothe the silent plain.
How sweet the contrast of the scene within!
He reaches home, and then his joys begin:
The tiptoe child there watches his return,
And on the hearth the flickering embers burn,
The barking spaniel bounds at that foot fall,
Nor waits the music of his master's call,
While infancy delighted nails the sound
That sends the gentle thrill of pleasure round,
Spreads forth the little arms its joy to speak,
And breathes its balmy welcome on the cheek.

Sweet, 'mid the pleasures of that evening scene,
To catch a glimpse the curtain's folds between;
There, on the mirror's surface, while the blaze
Of the bright heath in streamy lustre plays,
The glowing picture sparkles on the view
To every changing form and feature true,
Tost on his father's knee, the playful boy
In mimic horsemanship displays his joy;
While sportive infancy, on hands and feet,
Moves o'er the carpet to enjoy the treat,
Lifts up the winning brow, and presses near,
Her turn to share in frolic's gay career:
Soft move the moments, till, with play oppress,
Once more they sink to childhood's placid rest.

Then comes the hour to social friendship due,
Thought's tender interchange, for ever new!
Say—do the spirits sink oppressed with care?
Sweet home! thy scenes of tenderness how fair!
How cheering then thy magic taper throws Its beam of beauty, innocence, repose,
Sheds o'er the drooping heart its softened ray,
And care's pale train of spectres flies away.

We could offer many other passages well worthy attention, but prefer referring our readers to the volume itself, as calculated to awaken the best emotions of the
female heart, and agreeably diversify their
hours of amusement at the same time.
The book is got up extremely well, and de-
dicated to the Hon. Mrs. Hope (now Lady
Beresford), to whom, with great propriety,
a sonnet is also addressed; and from this
presentation we find that the poems were
distinguished by the unqualified praises of
the late author of "Anastasius," which in
itself was (in our estimation) fame.

A Compendium of Modern Geography.
By the Rev. Alex. Stewart.
A very useful and instructive school
book, in its third edition, illustrated with
ten maps, and containing an excellent set
of exercises, by way of question and
answer. It may be said to contain multum
in parvo, in every sense of the words;
and any young lady or gentleman who
becomes mistress or master of the contents
of this book, is almost fit to be the secre-
tary of state for foreign affairs; except,
indeed, that they would not find much
mention of Syria and Egypt, two coun-
tries which are now the scenes of diplo-
macy and intrigue. However, we doubt not but
that the pages are filled with descriptions of
other more important countries, and that
this is not a proper objection to take, and
we therefore withdraw it, declaring that
we think the book is a good one.

Edith of Graystock: a Poem. By
Eleanor M.
This is a sad attempt to imitate Byron.
The poem is entirely destitute of talent
and interest, and we were sorry to see so
much fine paper wasted. A couplet we
met with in Canto I. is no bad description
of any person's situation who may chance
to have attempted to read this poem:—
"He looked upon the words it bore
As one whose mind had wandered
thence;
As though the lines had sought of power
To fix their meaning on his sense."

The Chameleon. Second Series. By
Thomas Atkinson.
This is an elegant and pleasing work,
well calculated for the drawing-room. The
reader may pass from the grave to the gay,
and find ample instruction or amusement.
The whole of the papers are the produc-
tion of the Editor, and they do him the
highest credit. Indeed, the variety of
style which he adopts is quite surprising;
and we scarcely know whether his poetry
or prose is the most entitled to praise. At
all events, we are well pleased with both,
and declare the literary contents to be
equal to those of any album of the past
years. This gem is also adorned with
twelve ballads, and music very neatly en-
graved, which forms a good substitute for
egravings.

A Treatise on Heat. By the Rev. Dr.
Lardner, LL.D., &c. Longman and
Co.
This is the thirty-ninth volume of the
"Cabinet Cyclopaedia," and we are
bound in justice to say that it fully sup-
ports the high character we have already
given to this spirited publication.
The department of Natural Philosophy
is perhaps better conducted than any
other; nor is this to be wondered at,
when we recollect that the learning of
Dr. Lardner is there displayed with pecu-
liar effect. It may be supposed that
the "Treatise on Heat" contains nothing
which is not too scientific for ladies; but
to prove the contrary, we will extract a
few passages, which will prove most useful
and entertaining to all our readers:—

To cool Wine.—When ice cannot be ob-
obtained, wine may be cooled in various
ways by the process of evaporation. If a
moist towel be wrapped round a decanter
of wine, and exposed to the sun, the towel, in
the process of drying, will cool the wine; for
the wine must supply a part of the latent
heat carried off by the vapour in the process
of drying the towel. Wine-coolers con-
bstructed of porous earthenware act on a
similar principle. The evaporation of water
from the porous material reduces the tem-
perature of the liquid immediately sur-
rounding the wine. Travellers in the Arabi-
an deserts keep the water cool by wrapping
the jars with linen cloths, which are kept
constantly moist.

Historians mention, that the Egyptians
applied the same principle to cool water for
domestic purposes. Pitches containing the
water were kept constantly wet on the ex-
terior surface during the night, and in the
morning were surrounded by straw, to in-
tercept the communication of heat from the
external air.

In India, the curtains which surround
beds are sprinkled with water, by the eva-
paporation of which the air within the curtains
is cooled.

Cold from Damp Clothes.—If the clothes
which cover the body are damp, the moisture
which they contain has a tendency to eva-
porate by the heat communicated to it by the body. The heat absorbed in the evaporation of the moisture contained in clothes must be, in part, supplied by the body, and will have a tendency to reduce the temperature of the body in an undue degree, and thereby to produce cold. The effect of violent labour or exercise is to cause the body to generate heat much faster than it would do in a state of rest. Hence we see why, when the clothes have been rendered wet by rain or by perspiration, the taking of cold may be avoided by keeping the body in a state of exercise or labour until the clothes can be changed, or till they dry on the person; for in this case, the heat carried off by the moisture in evaporating is amply supplied by the redundant heat generated by labour or exercise.

Damp Beds.—The object of bed-clothes being to check the escape of heat from the body, so as to supply at night that warmth which may be obtained by exercise or labour during the day, this end is not only defeated, but the contrary effect produced, when the clothes by which the body is surrounded contain moisture in them. The heat supplied by the body is immediately absorbed by this moisture, and passes off in vapour; and this effect would continue until the clothes were actually dried by the heat of the body.

A damp bed may be frequently detected by the use of a warming-pan. The introduction of the hot metal causes the moisture of the bed-clothes to be immediately converted into steam, which issues into the open space in which the warming-pan is introduced. When the warming-pan is withdrawn, this vapour is again partially condensed, and deposited on the surface of the sheets. If the hand be introduced between the sheets, the dampness will be then distinctly felt, a film of water being in fact deposited on their surface.

Danger of Drying Clothes in an Inhabited Room.—The danger of leaving clothes to dry in an inhabited apartment, and more especially in a sleeping-room, will be readily understood. The evaporation which takes place in the process of drying causes an absorption of heat, and produces a corresponding depression of temperature in the apartment.

Hints to Housewives.—Vessels intended to contain a liquid at a higher temperature than the surrounding medium, and to keep that liquid as long as possible at the highest temperature, should be constructed of materials which are the worst radiators of heat. Thus, tea-urns and tea-pots are best adapted for their purpose when constructed of polished metal, and worst when constructed of black porcelain. A black porcelain tea-pot is the worst conceivable material for that vessel, for both its material and colour are good radiators of heat, and the liquid contained in it cools with the greatest possible rapidity. On the other hand, a bright metal tea-pot is best adapted for the purpose, because it is the worst radiator of heat, and therefore cools as slowly as possible. A polished silver or brass tea-urn is better adapted to retain the heat of the water than one of a dull brown colour, such as is most commonly used.

A tin kettle retains the heat of water boiled in it more effectually, if it be kept clean and polished, than if it be allowed to collect the smoke and soot, to which it is exposed from the action of the fire. When coated with this, its surface becomes rough and black, and is a powerful radiator of heat.

A set of polished fire-irons may remain for a long time in front of a hot fire without receiving from it any increase of temperature beyond that of the chamber, because the heat radiated by the fire is all reflected by the polished surface of the irons, and none of it is absorbed; but if a set of rough, unpolished irons were similarly placed, they would become speedily hot, so that they could not be used without inconvenience. The polish of fire-irons is, therefore, not merely a matter of ornament, but of use and convenience. The rough, unpolished poker, sometimes used in a kitchen, becomes speedily so hot that it cannot be held without pain.

A close stove, intended to warm an apartment, should not have a polished surface, for in that case it is one of the worst radiators of heat, and nothing could be contrived more unfit for the purpose to which it is applied. On the other hand, a rough, unpolished surface of cast iron is favourable to radiation, and a fire in such a stove will always produce a most powerful effect.

Fine Arts.

Finden's Gallery of the Graces.

The second number of this elegant publication presents us with three portraits, exquisitely engraved. They are touched in a light and free style, not often seen in the present era of laborious illustration. With the designs we are not altogether so well pleased. The beauty of the first is marred, in our opinion, by the forced expression of the eyes; there is nothing destroys female beauty so much as tricks of affectation in eyes, which want nothing but absence of artifice to recommend them, whether in pictures or originals. In the second design the eyes are raised rather too much for the other features, which have the smoothness of
stone. In the Greek Girl, a great deal of expensive engraving and beautiful finish have been thrown away upon a tasteless and clumsy design.

Some of Hervey's happiest stanzas are found in these numbers. We expect thousands will agree in our admiration of these lines:

Home! home!—I would go home!—me-thinks I hear
The long-hushed voices singing far away!
The eyes that made earth's very deserts dear
Shed o'er my night a portion of their day!
The lost are found—the vanished are returned—
And they were angels whom I wildly mourned!

How has my soul sat down amid its glooms,
A wounded captive, counting o'er its scars,
And lingered, weeping, 'mid the shade of toms,
For those whose dwelling was the light of stars!

How have I come to earth—and missed replies
That should have reached me from the farbright places!

Till, here with its grief, my spirit slept,
And as a dream, like his of Bethel,
An habitation, with its path by angels kept,
And pointing upward to the gate of heaven,
On whose bright summit visions were revealed—
That hushed its throbings, and its achings healed!

What portion have I on this low, dim earth,
Where grief is nourished by the hand of joy?
Where love is as a font of tears—and mirth
Grows pale to find her echo is a sigh;—
Where time wrecks something with its smoothest waves,
And every year sets up memorial graves?

Where they who smile must weep because they smiled;
Where partings make it mournful that we meet;
And memory weaves her shrouds for some lost child
Of hope, laid daily at her silent feet?

My country lies beneath a deathless air—
And all that loved me here awaits me there!

I would go home! Ye bright and starry lands,
That shine on heaven's pathway of the skies
Like the winged cherubim, whose flaming brands
Kept watch along the walls of Paradise—

Oh! for a pinion, swifter than your flight,
To bear me to the land beyond your light!

Home would I go—my hopes have gone before!
There—where my treasure is, my heart would be!
The voices that the earth shall hear no more
Are calling, with their spirit-tones, for me!

Immortal longings stir within my breast—
Oh! let me flee away, and be at rest!"

New Music.

We have visited the establishment of Messrs. Rolfe and Sons, 112, Cheapside, to witness the reported excellences of a new invention of self-acting and keyed pianos. We heard two instruments perform, each capable of executing airs with the utmost precision, accurately marking the pianos and fortés, as well as the crescendos and diminuendos, in which were also produced the effect of soft and loud pedals. One (possessing the whole of the three sections of the patentees' improvements, as advertised in our last number,) gave us Nell Silenzio, with Hertz's difficult variations. We can scarcely describe the effect produced on us by this perfect performance. The most difficult variations were executed with the utmost precision and with remarkable expression.

The relentando, accelerando, and ad libita are executed with most surprising effect. In short, were a person to close his eyes, he would imagine he was hearing these variations, in his best manner, from the touch of one of the most celebrated pianists. It is almost impossible to describe the whole merits of the invention with sufficient justice or fidelity. The instrument must be heard to be appreciated.

Although the machinery is partially formed on the principle of the barrel organ, yet it differs from it in many respects. It contains a barrel which executes eight airs; but the difficulty and uncertainty inseparably connected with the old mode of changing the tunes is now entirely obviated by the introduction of an inclined plane or wedge, forming a buttment for the axis of the cylinder. This plane is divided into eight distinct portions, and is moved by a revolving centre, acted upon by a radial arm. A circular plate is placed on the outside, similar to a dial, on which is engraved the eight figures. If, therefore, we require the pianoforte to play No. 1, we place the hand of the dial
on the figure 1, and the instrument performs the air until it is stopped. If the air No. 2 or 3 is required to be played, it only needs the hand of the dial to be placed on either of those numbers, and it performs at once without further trouble. From a variety of minor inventions, which act as guardians against accident, it appears utterly impossible to cause any injury by mismanagement in changing the tunes. Independently of this, the piano-forte, which is one of superior manufacture, may be played just the same as any instrument of the usual kind, not having machinery. The invention is well worthy public attention.

Drama.

Drury-Lane.—Covent-Garden.—The Adelphi, &c. &c. &c.—We are not quite determined whether we ought not to cease taking further pains in reporting the proceedings of the theatres, partly because they are now so seldom visited by the better portions of the community, and partly because the present system of puffing and speculating has entirely altered the character of the English stage. We now look in vain for the true purpose of playing, which is to hold as were the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, and scorn her own image.

This sentiment was expressed in an age when there were far less pretensions to virtue than we are in the habit of hearing claimed at the present time; and yet, if such an idea is now expressed, the whole tribe of hireling writers rise up in enmity, and say it is a doctrine of cant which is the offspring of hypocrisy. But we choose to have an opinion of our own upon this subject, and we assert that the state of the theatres is now so low and depraved, that no lady can be certain, if she visit them, that her feelings will not be shocked, her sight offended, and her delicacy wounded. The consequence is, that the theatres are deserted by all who still bear up against the profligacy of the age; for none of these will seek for amusement where vice is openly encouraged, and depravity meets with a welcome asylum. We need not be more minute in our objections to the state of the theatres, for no judicious person can visit them without lamenting over the scenes he must witness, rife as they are with the instruction of destruction. It is a fearful and a terrible lesson; and the more so, because the shameless conduct of those who are the objects of our pity is but too perceptible, and we are thus taught what it is to have a heart hardened in iniquity.

What wonder, then, that we hear of the decay of the drama! Deplorable, indeed, would the state of society be, if the theatres, in their present condition, met with general support; for we must still consider that the players are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time.

We think, then, that the drama does not shew virtue her own feature, or scorn her own image—the once lucid mirror is shattered into a thousand pieces, and its place is substituted by a pedlar’s looking-glass, which reflects distorted images and frightful countenances. We dare say the substituted mirror is well adapted to the complexions of those who resort to it, but we are sure it will not suit the lively aspect of virtue, or the bewitching smile of innocence. In short, then, high-minded and virtuous ladies will not patronise the theatres until they are conducted with a greater regard for the interests of unaffected morality.

Strand Theatre, conducted by Miss Kelly.—We should be sorry if the foregoing observations could be applied to this establishment, but we are happy to give our testimony in favour of Miss Kelly’s exertions and management, and we believe that crowded houses of good company give ample proofs that a theatre conducted with some little attention to decorum will meet with very considerable success. If Miss Kelly’s license should permit of musical exhibitions, a few concerts would probably be well attended at this season of the year.

Fashions.

The present style of evening dress in Paris will occasion some surprise to those who are unaccustomed to watch the fluctuations of fashion. The corsages of evening robes, with a length and tightness fitting like corsets, the richness of the brocades and velvets, and—how can we

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announce such an enormity in these days of romance and imaginativeness?—the recent introduction of hair powder! ! !—are all enough to alarm the tastes of the nineteenth century. We may trace them to the carnival, with its masked balls, where it is the delight of the beau-monde of Paris to personate historical character, from the era of Louis the Thirteenth up to that of Charles the Sixth; and happy are the fair who can obtain the correct costumes of one of those historical characters whose form has been celebrated by the magic pen of Dumas-Janin, the acknowledged master of the historical school of France, the Duchess d’Abrantes, or Sir Walter Scott. These dresses, admired for the sake of wearers who support historical character in fancy balls or tableaux, have insensibly given a tone to general female dress this season; and we may trace from them the modern adoption of the tight and pointed corseage—the graceful cordelière belts—the Maintenon pyramidal cap—the Pompadour satins, and even the adoption of barbarous hair powder, worn made use of at soirees and balls, as well as at the opera. It is to be hoped that none but grey or grizzled locks will be disguised under so uncleanly an adoption.

Walking Dress.—The first days of early spring, when the sun is bright enough to allow pelisses and walking gowns to appear without these disguising wraps, will be the signal for casting off mantles and heavy fur. The new pelisses are chiefly made very tight to the form, and exceedingly long in the waist, and the belts or corseges, cut in a point in front, have mostly superseded the Grecian wraps so long prevalent; they are cut with lapels trimmed with small points, and trimmed with velvet en tablier, or robing down the skirt. All the trimmings are longitudinal, and none round the skirts of walking dresses. The material is cachemere, printed in columns; watered silk, separated by satin columns, plain cachemere or dark velvets, robed with satin of the same hue; they are also of satin, trimmed and faced with velvet a shade darker.

Greens, from the darkest *hulan* or Polish green to the lightest sea-green tint, are the most general colours: pale sea or bud greens are usually printed or brocaded in columns of black, and are of a very dark tint.

Hats and Bonnets.—Plush and velvet have been laid aside by all fashionables, ere the approach of March. Long feathers, *frimées*, are esteemed to be vulgar in the last degree in Paris, and bibis are in more esteem than hats, when ornamented with early spring flowers. Primrose-coloured satin bibis, trimmed with violet gauze ribands, and surrounded with a full wreath of white and purple violets, with foliage, may be considered as exquisitely novel and tasteful in carriage dress for the month of March. This charming invention may be announced as in preparation, though it is as yet not made public; but it is submitted by the Parisian modistes for the approval of the initiated few.

The brims of some bibis and hats are surrounded with wreaths of feathers of various colours; no flowers are worn when this trimming is used. A rich material for early spring bonnets has been approved: the ground is of verdant green moire, with lozenges of green velvet; the lining of the bibis made of this material was of white satin; a wreath of white and green marabout tips surrounded the brim, and the bouquet of plumes crowning the top were white and green marabouts, the ribands white gauze satinée, mixed, with blond fans. The velour springléé, heavy and dull as it is when plain, and figured but a successful imitation of Brussels carpeting, has departed with the deep winter months, never, it is hoped, to return, and brilliant and glossy figured satin and moiré of various patterns, has taken its place.

Evening Dress.—Much variety and fancy has been introduced into evening dress during the month of February, and much has been invented for the present month of March. We proceed to select the most admired and elegant of each. In court, or grand evening dress, the ancient costume is perfectly the rage: the full tournoure that sustains the plaitings round the waist supplies the place of a hoop, and the open robe and tight pointed corset bodies, so much contrasting with the fulness of the hips, gives us the most graceful part of dress of the last century, uniting with it the elegant flow of the full Vandyke sleeves. This style is in general adopted in full dress in Paris, and may be considered exceedingly becoming to tall slender figures. A very attractive ensemble in this style was as follows:—A close-fitting
dress of jonquils satin, over which a robe of white gauze satinée, with jonquils coloured marguerites, a mantilla, and elbow ruffles of deep black blonde, cordelière of gold and jet beads, and acorns at the ends set with diamonds, neck-lace, earrings, and sesseigne of jet, gold, and diamonds; stockings of white silk, the clocks worked in jonquils colour; black satin shoes with buckles to suit the jewels; the head-dress was a bandeau like the belt, surmounted by two paradise plumes.

Another of the same form for dinner dress was chafel, with broad orange satined stripes, a robe and petticoat, pointed corset corsage, finished with a cordelière of orange and white twisted silk, very thick, and finished with tassels.

Another elegant parure for ball dress was as follows:—A white satin gown, ornamented with two wreaths of cut white crape, like the ancient furbelow trimmings. Over this was worn a tunic robe of white crape, bordered with similar furbelows of cut white satin; bouquet of white and blue hyacinths looped back the robe, and at the same time attached it to the white satin under-dress. The corsage of white satin cut with three points; at the extremity of each point were bows and ends, and a bouquet of hyacinths, the corsage simply cut, tight to the bust, and trimmed round the bosom with a row of large pearls. Neck-lace, a collier de chien of seven or eight rows of pearls round the throat, clasped with a diamond snap.

The hair in curls, a la Ninon, with a bandeau of pearls and diamond ferroine, and a knot on the crown wreathed with pearls, and several plumes of white and blue hyacinths waved gracefully on each side. The sleeves were of white crape, parted in two full bouffants, with knots of riband and flowers on the shoulder. Long white gloves worked at the top and ornamented with knots of riband, as in old portraits. It is scarcely possible to imagine, without seeing it, the elegance and finish of this parure.

Another ball dress was in this style: rose-coloured satin blond, corsage in a point, with three bows in front, the lowest continued with ends prolonged to the bottom of the dress, where they were fastened by a bouquet of flowers. The garland worn with this dress is of pale pink roses, or white jonquils, placed close together, without foliage, put on lowest on the brow, and brought up high on the bows on the crown of the head.

Boss are now only used in out-door costume—scarfs take their place in full dress. There are likewise a species of short mantles worn, of India muslin, lined with jonquils, blue or mauve, or of silk tulle or blonde; these hang from the back of the dress, and are not laid aside even in dancing. Scarfs are worn gathered up at the ends, and terminated with tassels or acorns.

At a ball given by M. Rothschild, of Paris, a pretty woman was dressed in an antique robe of rose-coloured satin, covered with crape; the corsage was laced behind and before, with silver cord. A cordelière of thick silver cord was knotted before, and again at the knees, and fell with rich tassels to the feet. The hair was flat on the brow, and braided with small pearls, and brought behind the ears, and the bands were retained by knots of rose-coloured ribands; a bandeau of six roses was put in front, and half the back hair was arranged in a large creped bow, and half in ringlets, falling on the side. The ear-rings and necklace were en Gibouleaux, which the most elegant women prefer to diamonds.

Old lace is searched for with a degree of earnestness that seems to amount to mania; black lace is worn with every sort of material whose colour and ground is not white.

A charming parure was noted lately, which consisted of a lemon-coloured châl robe, worked in columns, with silk a shade deeper than the corsage a la Tyrolienne, that is to say, the plaits of the skirt, in front, very small, and confined into a little point; each sleeve divided into three parts by a cordelière and tassels wound around them, and the ends falling lower than the elbows. For head-dress, a double crown of roses, half red, half white.

A dress of blue crape, lined with white satin, was worn at the Opera since the 20th of February; it was pointed at the waist in the manner above described, but the cordelière was of pearls, connected by stars of bright and dead silver, with pearls and turquoise in the centres. These agaffres are placed at intervals—one on the top of the corsage, one on the chest, a larger at the point of the bodice; round the waist pass two rows of pearl beads, marking the union of it.
with the skirts; two rows of beads hang nearly to the feet, connected by two stars of silver, at equal distances; and two rich tassels of turquoise, silver, and pear-shaped pearls, finish the cordelière, which is really magnificent; two smaller cordelières are twisted among the sleeves, which have elbow-ruffles. The hair is braided in two loops behind, which hang to the back of the neck. The ferronière is of similar jewels to the belt. In evening dress it is observed, that ladies dance in richly brocaded silks and satins, when made in fanciful antique robes.

AT HOME AND DINNER DRESS.—For demi-parure, the newest fashion is a high dress of fawn-coloured gros Africain, the sleeves exceedingly wide, and cut full down to the wrists, where they are confined by a band, wristbands, and further confined by gagings at the middle of the arms. An elegant bust pelerine, with long cords of white or black lace, is worn with this dress. The cap is simply of several rows of lace-tulle, made en couronne, and worked to imitate British pillow-lace.

In Dinner-Dress there is great variety: the most novel is of chamois gros de Naples, cut moderately low round the bust, and a mantilla pelerine of black blonde, continued under the belt, with long ends, covers the corsage entirely; bows of coral-coloured satin riband, mixed with chamois satin, ornament the bust and sleeves, from the waist to the bend of the arm; the sleeves are long, and decidedly of the gigot form. The cap is composed entirely of bows and fans of coral-coloured and chamois riband, with one end longer than the other, on the left side, à la pan.

HAIR.—Bows of velvet, either black or coloured, fastened in the centre by a gold or enamel agrafe, are much worn; a narrow velvet crosses the brow, clasped à la ferronière, with a gem on the forehead. Wreaths of small flowers, daisies or primroses, or periwinkles, without foliage, are worn as ferronieres, and woven among the bows and braids of the back-hair.

In dark hair, ferroniere of brilliant silver thread, passed round the brow, have a charming effect.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(6.) BALL DRESS.—The hair arranged in a chou, or round bow; on the crown of the head, in the centre, is placed a rich agrafe pin, of pearls and enamel. This surmounts a thick braid en couronne. The back of the head, and the sides of the face, are covered with a fleecy of ringlets; and high on the left side, and low on the right, are placed sprigs of blush-roses. The skirt of the dress is of white crape, over white satin of the same shade. The corsage is of the corset antique form, and is laced behind with silver cord; the lower part, fitting tight to the shape with points, is of satin; but the bouffants on the bust are of gathered crape. The centre of the corsage, and the point, is ornamented by bows of riband. The sleeves are of the jabot form, consisting of puffs, separated by ruffles and bows; there are also ruffles at the elbow. A robe-skirt of crape flies off on each side, trimmed with bows and ornaments of white and silver, and these are connected by crossings of the same, so as to give the tablier form. Necklace of large pearls. Long gloves, with points at the elbow. Shoes of white satin.

(7.) BALL DRESS.—Wreath of heath and harebells, continued high amongst three bows of hair; and among the curls, on the right side, very long ringlets. Dress of mauve satin, with a tight pointed corsage, cut tight to the bosom, but with folds from the shoulder to the chest, where they are confined under a riband bow of the same shade as the satin dress. The point of the corsage is finished by a bow of satin riband, with long sash-ends, which nearly reach the feet. The sleeves are falling berets, with a bow and five ends, which are spread over the sleeve, and fall to the elbow. The skirt is of satin, full, rich, and plain, without the least ornament; the plaits do not quite meet round the waist; a plain space is left where the corsage finishes in a point. The necklace is composed of gold, jet, and small brilliants; the earrings of the same; and the shoes are black satin, with ornaments in front of the same jewels as the necklace and earrings. The gloves are sometimes ornamented on the tops with embroidery and bows of ribbon à la Vaillere.

Colours.—Every shade of green and purple, and brown and green auricula colours, likewise primrose and lilac, for spring bonnets, mixed with dark ribands and black blonde. Full colours are fashionable for evening dress—orange, coral, and cerise, in rich materials.
The celebrated Madame Mara died, last month, abroad, at the advanced age of 84.

The Portuguese Cause, and the Battle of the 24th of January.—As the state of Don Pedro’s cause is a bone of contention, growled over by the periodical press, and, as usual in such cases, discussed, not according to simple facts, but by party prejudice, we are glad to avail ourselves of the kind permission to publish a private letter from a young British officer in the Queen’s Lancers, written without the slightest political bias. It is written in the very spirit of a gay young soldier, willing to make love and war in the same breath:—“Oporto, Jan. 29, 1833.—My dear Richard,—I received your letter yesterday, and many thanks for it. I have also got the packet you mention. I began to think you had forgotten me, as you were so long in writing. I will attempt to describe a battle we fought on the 24th. The army under the command of General Solignac, a Frenchman who has lately come out. I told you before that it was impossible for any ship to enter the Douro, on account of the battery the enemy have got on the other side. We have a castle on this side the Douro, and, until lately, we were able to land provisions a little to the left of it, but the enemy now have got a small castle still more to the left, on which they have planted several pieces of cannon, which makes it almost impossible for us to land any thing, unless under a heavy fire from the enemy. It was the General’s intention that we should take this castle. The attack commenced on our left by three English regiments, and the French Regiment, and four squadrons of our Lancers; on our right were stationed two Portuguese regiments, and one squadron of Lancers to support the left; and the General gave orders, that when our troops on the left advanced, and drove the enemy back (which they did in gallant style), the right was to advance to support them; but the Portuguese General, who had the command of the right, did not do so, and our troops, when they had driven the enemy slay through their camp, and burned it, and were advancing to the castle, found no one to support them, and the enemy getting a large reinforcements, drove them back with great loss, and we hardly got a decided thrashing. It was a very well planned thing, but badly executed. If we had taken the castle, we could have landed any thing without being molested by the enemy. We did not gain an inch of ground, or do the slightest good. Our loss was very great; upwards of two hundred killed and wounded. Our regiment had not an opportunity to charge. The country being so enclosed, we were within a hundred yards of the enemy, and the shot came about us as thick as hail; it was nothing but whiz, whiz, for about three hours. We had thirteen horses wounded and five men. I was out from 11 o’clock in the morning till 11 at night. When I got home I had nothing but a little broth and a potato to eat. You may fancy that we get lots of work, but still I think I get fat on it. We buried two English officers yesterday, who died of their wounds, and a very affecting sight it was. I am billeted on a Portuguese family, and they make me very comfortable. I am extremely polite to them, and keep very good hours. A young lady of the family brings me in a beautiful nosegay every morning, and I flatter myself she is rather swelled with pride. We are very happy in Oporto, and long to commence our march to Lisbon, which I am afraid will be a long time first, if we ever do set about it. I would rather you would not attempt to send me any thing, as it is a great chance if I get it; now I will conclude my unusually long letter, and remain, J. Y. W.”

General Cemetery.—This grand national work was last month made available for the public, by the consecration of the ground by the Bishop of London. The space enclosed and so consecrated embraces forty-two acres. There is as yet very little to be seen on the ground in the way of preparation. The chapel built is merely a small temporary erection, as the very clever designs of the architect to whom the premium was awarded nearly a year ago, have not been yet adopted, owing to that system of unfair and attempted favoritism which has tended so greatly to delay the progress of the work. It is also a subject of general regret that the general cemetery should, after all, turn out to be a particular burial-ground for the members of the Church of England alone, although the Company professed to start on a more enlarged and liberal principle, which, however, is injurious alone to the subscribers, as a wide door is left open for the Dissenters to establish one for themselves. The Act of Parliament encouraged the Company to have a cemetery, whereof part should be consecrated, part not, which plan, had it been acted upon, would have rendered this a truly national work. Pere la Chaise boasts of containing the remains of members of every communion; and shall Protestant England be less liberal on such a subject than Catholic France? We consider this act of excluding the Dissenters, strong, numerous, and respectable as they are, an insult to their body, and shamefully at variance with the present enlarged and liberal sentiment of the public.

However, the grand principle of cemeteries out of the metropolis, which we have so long and earnestly advocated, is now working its way, not only in London, but in many great towns in the country; and if the General Cemetery Company have not the wit to profit by their privileges, other persons, to their detriment, will perhaps render them by no means a profitable assistance. Some funerals have taken place, and vaults purchased in the ground. The cemetery is two miles on the Harrow-road, from Paddington Church.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Births.

Of sons:—Feb. 1, at King-street, Bishopswearmouth, the wife of Robert Burdon Cay, Esq., solicitor.—Feb. 6, at the Vicarage Home, Wandsworth, the wife of the Rev. W. Borradale.—Feb. 5, in Gower-street, Bedford-square, Mrs. R. C. Griffith.—Feb. 3, Mrs. Spencer Perceval.—Feb. 9, at Colverleigh Court, Devonshire, lady of the late Colonel Chichester.—Feb. 20, at his house in Upper Harley-street, the lady of Richard Jenkins, Esq.—Feb. 23, in John-street, Bedford-row, Mrs. T. Styan.—Feb. 29, at Spencer Farm, the lady of the Rev. Lewis Way.

Of daughters:—Feb. 3, at St. German's-place, Blackheath, Mrs. Charles R. Parker.—Feb. 4, in Torrington-square, Mrs. Henry R. Bishop, Esq.—Feb. 7, at Oriel, Pembroke-shire, the lady of Sir John Owen, Bart.—Feb. 19, at Farmington Lodge, the lady of H. Waller, Esq.—Feb. 22, at Kingsley, Bucks, the lady of the Rev. J. G. Coplestone.

Marriages.


Deaths.

Le Follet, Courrier des Salons.
Lady's Magazine.

Ball-Dresses.

Coiffure exécutée par M. Martin, Coiffeur de L. M. M. l'Impératrice Amélie Duchesse de Boulogne et de dona Maria, 11 Rue St. Honoré. 444.
Robe en crin des ateliers de Mme. Beaucaze, Rue St. Anne 77.

L'administration du Journal, Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth, N° 25.

Published by J. Page, 112, Fetter lane, London.
1833.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.

Ball dress.

On s'abonne au Magasin de Musique, Boulevard des Italiens, Passage de l'Opéra N° 2.
Crêpe exécutée par M. H. Bornand, Passage Choisy.
L'administration du Journal Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth N° 25.

Published by J. Pape, 112 Fetter Lane London.
All was at first strange and confused: I saw things, as through a glass, indistinctly, and felt so bewildered in mind withal, that I, for a short space, imagined that my cabalistic studies had created fancies to mine own deceiving; but, when my first fit of admiration was past, I looked around me, and began to consider the place to which I had been so suddenly transported. It appeared to be an apartment of interminable dimensions: on all sides lofty arches, gloomy recesses, and passages innumerable, did open into the same, and through these passed incecessantly men, women, and children, attired in an astonishing variety of costume. Many of these personages were of such an extraordinary presence, that I could not behold them without awe and wonder. The very air of this chamber had in it something so chilling and unearthly, that I fell into a dread of spirit and a bodily trembling very unusual to me; but, after a short term of abstraction, I recollected myself, and compelled my guide to answer my questions as to the nature of the place whither he had so instantaneously conveyed me. Although marvellously malign and evilly inclined, he durst not resist the power by which I adjured him to answer truly to my several demands.

"This vast and almost boundless apartment (replied he) is the receptacle for disembodied spirits, and is called the antechamber to futurity, because it is here that the souls, both of the just and unjust, remain until the last day. The immortal spirit breathed into living man (pursued he) is of too active a nature to sleep in the grave with the decaying body; neither does it receive its doom till the end of the world, when both the quick and the dead shall appear for sentence; but, in the intermediate space between death and judgment, the shades of the departed are permitted to wander here, and hold converse with each other. In this intercourse, each is compelled (what possibly few did in their mortal career) to answer truly to all questions, even if those demands be put by a former enemy or opponent."

This detail filled me incontinently with admiration; nor was it without feelings of profound awe that I gazed around me,
and beheld the mighty dead of all ages. Here met deceased sages and jesters, martyrs and persecutors, tyrants and rebels, patriots and traitors, saints and coquettes, heroes and foplings, mingled together; the worthy and unworthy of ancient and modern times encountered and held familiar and unrestrained converse together. I was enraptured at the thought that I should be enabled, on my return to mine earthly sojourn, to do justice to the merits of some traduced characters, and unveil the hidden baseness of others who had acquired the praises of historians; and this recalled to my memory certain lines from the famous poem of Gondibert, by my late worthy friend Sir William Davenant.

"And next, as if their business ruled mankind,
Histories stand, big as their living looks,
Who thought swift time they could in letters bind,
Till his confession they had ta’en in books.
But time oft ‘scaped them in the shades of night,
And was in princes’ closets oft concealed,
And hid in battail smoke; so what they write
Of camps and courts is oft by guess revealed."

Whilst I stood at gaze, many were the wonders that presented themselves; but mine exclusive attention was speedily captivated by a dispute which I witnessed between the shades of divers personages who had all in their past lives, at different periods, figured in the world under the title of Earl of Leicester; and having, it should seem, carried with them to this shadowy abode much of their turbulent and ambitious qualities, were entering into a fierce dispute which of them was entitled to the appellation of the Great Earl of Leicester. Now, as one or two of the said Earls have been remarkably celebrated in history, I listened with great attention to a discussion which was begun by a quarrel for precedence between my late Lord Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, and his immediate predecessor. I had the good fortune to become a bystander at the moment when the vehement tone of the two Earls had attracted the attention of several other shades, who appeared mightily interested in the discussion.

The competitor with my Lord Robert Sidney was distinguished by a bold, haughty, yet courtier-like demeanour, noble figure, and commanding line of features, and by the mannerism of his costume withal, which was after the demi-military fashion, peculiar to the magnificent court of Elizabeth—all proclaimed him to be that splendid relic of feudal grandeur, that minion of fortune, and no less spoilt favourite of female royalty, well known, in the zenith of his prosperity, by the appellation of the "Heart of the Court." It needed not the information of my guide to assure me that this was the spirit of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

A little in the background, but apparently very attentive to the point of discussion, were three knightly looking shades. The foremost was a grave majestic soldier-statesman, whose dress and demeanour bore decidedly the impress of the earlier Norman reigns.

"This," said my guide, "is the spirit of Robert de Bellomonte, Earl of Leicester, in the reigns of Stephen and Henry II." He, to whom I next directed mine eyes, wore the shortest mantle of the Angerins, and was distinguished by a more free and gallant bearing than his predecessor. Indeed, his deportment showed that he belonged to the bright age of chivalry, which never shone with more glory in England than under the auspices of the renowned Richard Cœur de Lion. This was Robert Blanchmain, Earl of Leicester, the bosom friend and companion in arms of that prince. The last was of a still more heroic and commanding presence than any of the other competitors, whose claims to the title of great he seemed to consider with infinite contempt. He was sheathed in complete armour; belted, plumed, and spurred like a champion of proof; yet was he more lofty in demeanour than either knight or general, and looked more like a crowned monarch's master than any thing of mortal mould that ever met mine eyes. Grand, majestic, but melancholy withal, he stood with folded arms silent for a while, and I intuitively knew him to be the famous Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, whose aspiring and turbulent disposition caused him to obtain, in chronicle, the surname of the British Cataline."

Having thus denoted the disputants, it only remains for me to record faithfully the dialogue which took place in the anti-chamber of Futurity between all the Earls of Leicester.
DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER.

I am, indeed, astonished, my Lord, to find that you can persist in a dispute so idle! As if any one but myself had the slightest claim to the title of the Great Earl, which is considered, both by history and biography, "as my exclusive right."

SIDNEY.

I admit that you were so styled by flatterers, at the court of an infatuated woman, whose ears were no less tickled than your own by the pompous epithet bestowed upon her some-time favourite; but I beg your lordship to consider that was before my time.

DUDLEY (in a heat).

Ridiculous! You are the most insignificant of all the Earls of Leicester—to persist in contending for the honour of being styled the great Earl. You—who will be remembered for nothing but unprovoked disloyalty to your prince—for being a republican aristocrat—to which most extraordinary classes of persons you do undoubtedly belong! And had you not been a nephew of mine, who inherited a title that I had rendered illustrious, your memory would but have survived in a few musty heraldic records, only brought to light in the periodical visitations of the heralds. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that any one will be found to distinguish you by the title of the Great Earl, which belongs but to one.

BELLOMONTE.

And that one now appears to claim his indubitable right to be considered as the great Earl of Leicester.

BOTH THE EARLS.

You, my lord! We have not even the honour of knowing which Earl you were.

BELLOMONTE.

Then, it is plain, that ye are strangely unacquainted with English chronicle, or ye would have known that I, Robert de Belkamante, Earl of Leicester, filled the important post of Grand Justiciary of England in the stormy reign of Stephen, and during the first years of Henry II.

SIDNEY.

Truly, my lord, we are surprised that you should attempt to speak in this matter, since your only claim to distinction springs from your having many centuries ago filled a now-forgotten office of state.

BELLOMONTE.

By the soul of the Conqueror, I stand amazed at the partiality of your judgements. Oh, England, England! the sons of little men are in the seats of your barons, and the glory of the land is for ever departed! The office of Grand Justiciary forgotten and treated with contempt! I marvel not now at such as ye are exalting yourselves, when these things can come to pass. Yet would I have ye to know, that the great Earl of Leicester deems his heretofore glorious earldom degraded in having been possessed by men like ye.

SIDNEY.

There spoke the surpassing insolence of the feudal system, and the pride and darkness of the twelfth century; but we, who have had the happiness and privilege of living in enlightened times, would be glad to know how you, though Grand Justiciary, can, with any show of justice, usurp the title of the Great Earl of Leicester.

BELLOMONTE.

By St. Michael and all angels, I never thought to hear my claim to that distinction for a moment questioned, but, since your real or pretended ignorance of the annals of your country forces me to sound my own praises, I will no longer hesitate to say, that never did any other Earl of Leicester fill so important a post as that of Grand Justiciary, and never did Grand Justiciary acquit himself more honourably, by which means I acquired the respect of all men, and was the only person in Europe who ever meditated successfully between those proud and jarring spirits, Henry the Second and Thomas à Becket; and, had I lived, I may affirm that my royal master would never have incurred the stain which the sacrilegious murder of the Archbishop has left on his memory.

DUDLEY.

And is this all you can bring forward in defence of your arrogating to yourself a distinction that no one else ever dreamt of bestowing on you.

SIDNEY.

You are to be styled the great Earl of Leicester. God wot merely because you prevented a tyrant and a hypocrite from falling perpetually to loggerheads, and from calling each other by their right names, whereby the people would have seen the folly of submitting either to priestcraft or despotic government.

BELLOMONTE.

It is to no purpose that ye unite in treating with contempt my laudable exertions
to preserve the peace of England, by
maintaining unity between church and
state,—a trouble that I deem was never
taken by either of your lordships.

**DUDLEY.**

We are not a little astonished that you
should endeavour to extricate yourself
from the oblivion in which you have so
long been lying, by raking up such for-
gotten actions and services so totally out
of date, for the vain purpose of making
yourself out worthy of this distinction.

**BLANCHMAIN.**

[Earl of Leicester advancing.]

A distinction which I, Robert Blanch-
main, Earl of Leicester, do claim as my
undoubted right, and thereby challenge all
the world, the past, the present, and the
future, to deny the same.

**ALL THE EARDS.**

Heyday! are we about to have a tour-
nament proclaimed in the shades?

**BLANCHMAIN.**

St. George! I should desire no better,
my lords; and if such a divertissement
were permitted us, I would there main-
tain, to the peril of all who should attempt
to disprove it, that I alone have any right
to be called the great Earl of Leicester.

**SIDNEY.**

That we will deny without any fear of
being periled by the wrath of any ghostly
knight errant. A pass of arms in the anti-

cimmer to futurity would be too immat-
terial, all things considered. So, if you
cannot make good your claim by any
other mode than by force of arms, your
cause is in a fair way of falling to the
ground.

**BLANCHMAIN.**

Under favour, fair sirs, I chose that
method as a right chivalric way of prov-
ing my assertions, because it is most un-
becoming in a knight to condescend to the
use of reason when he can have recourse
to arms.

**DUDLEY.**

After a remark so truly baronial, which
indeed is worthy of the august Elizabethan
age, I cannot deny you my respect, nor
will I refuse to listen complacently to the
arguments you may please to bring
forward.

**BLANCHMAIN.**

Since you have addressed me with that
courtesy which every knight, noble or
gentle, is bound to answer in kind, I will
not hesitate to satisfy you and these other

**SIDNEY.**

The very idea is absurd: you who are
to the full as much forgotten as your im-
mEDIATE predecessor, will never be allowed
a title due only to my patriotism.

**BLANCHMAIN.**

If the title of great belongs only to
patriotism, and patriotism consists in being
malcontent, it must be allowed, my lord,
that I surpassed you, even on that point—
seeing that I was in actual rebellion against
King Henry the Second, commanding a
patriot army of discontented nobles in
the name of Prince Richard, with which I
gained many battles, took the city of Nor-
wich, and besieged that of Dunwich—
though to the honour of the Suffolk men,
be it confessed, they were too stout for the
success of my cause—as King Henry,
being strengthened by the delay, de-
feated me and took me prisoner, toge-
other with the King of Scots, my friend.
I suffered imprisonment and confiscation
of some of my castles by way of punish-
ment. I trust I have done enough on the
score of patriotism to make good my
claims.

**DUDLEY.**

I never will admit that such treasons
entitle any one to honourable distinction,
which belongs only to unstained loyalty
and services performed for a legitimate
sovereign.

**BLANCHMAIN.**

If loyalty be the test, then do I appeal
to my unshaken fidelity to the flower of
chivalry, and glory of royalty, Sir Richard
Plantagenet, the lion-hearted King of
England, my warlike exploits in battle
by his side, and my firm allegiance to his
cause, when assailed by all the seduc-
ments of Prince John, while my beloved,
my glorious master was languishing in
hopeless captivity. How say ye, lords,
has not Blanchmain made his claim
to be deemed the Great Earl of Leic-
ester?

**DE MONTFORT, EARL OF LEICESTER,**

(Coming forward.)

Mine honoured grandsire,* no! Too
dear a price was paid by me for that
proud, yet melancholy, distinction, for me
to resign it even to thee.

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* Amicia, daughter of Blanchmain, was mother to de Montfort.
The Earls of Leicester.

Heaven and earth! Have we, then, another competitor?

DE MONTFORT.

Not so, my lords, for which of your actions will bear comparison with those of de Montfort. That ye have been glittering orbs in your respective hemispheres I deny not: neither have ye wanted flatterers to hail ye, severally, by the sirname of great; but it cost me more to obtain that envious distinction, which was purchased by a life of warlike toil and signal public services, and sealed, at my death, in my blood. Yet am I doomed to hear,—as a punishment for my many errors, peradventure,—my rights questioned by every man that ever bore mine earldom,

DUDLEY.

So! you are the man of Evesham, so famous for ingratitude to Henry the Third! A notable traitor in your day, it must be confessed. Yet have you strangely mistaken your sirname, which is that of the British Cataline—that of the great Earl of Leicester belongs solely to me!

DE MONTFORT.

And can you, Robert Dudley, have carried so much of the vanities and self-delusion of the world with you to the shades, so to think, and even to declare it in my presence?

DUDLEY.

It requires no such mighty stretch of vanity, methinks, to declare that I, the favourite of the great Elizabeth,—the heart of her court—whose acknowledged influence over her surpassed that of every subject in the realm, and every Prince in Europe, consider it my just right to be called by posterity the Great Earl of Leicester.

DE MONTFORT.

The title of the most magnificent Earl I acknowledge to be your due. Favoritism, pageants, feasts, mock tournaments, princely splendours, may indeed win such appellation. Be assured such baubles can never purchase the name of great, which was gained by me in the storms of battle, where captive kings and princes graced my conquests; in a nation's councils, where I controlled royalty and its minions; and, making myself the voice of the great mass of the people, I vindicated their rights and obtained for them the first regular representation they had ever enjoyed, by appointing the Commons, a lower House of Parliament; which, had not my intentions been traversed by the intrigues of mine own party, would have had double the rights it now enjoys. True it is, that after successfully labouring to reform the abuses of the state, I suffered myself to be transported, by a fatal ambition, to aim at a crown to which I had not the slightest right; I stained my glory, and lost the name of a patriot, from the moment that my conduct ceased to be disinterested: but, as greatness is not inseparable from virtue in the eyes of the world, and in those of politicians, I still aver that my errors, which met with their punishment in the fatal day of Evesham, and in the downfall of my house, will be no obstacle to my being considered, both by history and posterity, as the Great Earl of Leicester.

Thus spoke the famous Simon de Montfort, but the other Earls, if inwardly convinced, were so far from silenced, that I saw some chance of the discussion lasting till the day of doom, had not Dudley and Sidney, who were the most eager disputants, appealed, the one to the shade of his son, the late Col. Algernon Sidney, the other to King Henry the Sixth, to decide the matter, as those spirits happened to be standing by, most attentive auditors, from the first to the last of the dispute.

"Certes," said the royal shade, "ye were a most troublesome set of nobles as ever succeeded to one title; and methinks it was fitting that a double portion of purgatory were allotted to each of you, in order to purge away some part of your turbulent and aspiring qualities. By St. Edmund, Martyr and King, I do protest that ye resemble too closely some of mine own wayward and unruly barons, for me to be a fitting judge of your merits: therefore, I will leave you to ye grim-looking soldier, who may be umpire in your unhallowed contest if it likes him.

Here, Sidney Earl of Leicester, looked triumphantly at the other competitors, in the full certainty that his son would decide in his favour, whilst every other Earl began to protest against this decision, when, to their general surprise, Algernon Sidney evinced his impartiality by treating his father's claims with the same contempt that he did those of Dudley, Blanchmain, and Bellomonte, and in a rapture of parliamentary enthusiasm, pro-
nounced de Montfort to be the only truly
great Earl of Leicester, as having defied
his king, established a regular House of
Commons, advocated the cause of the
people, and fallen on the field of battle
contending against legitimate authority;
and when he remembered that he would
have caused every county to return to
parliament four knights of the shire in-
stead of two, he could scarcely express
his veneration, though he confessed it
would have been still further excited had
de Montfort fallen on the scaffold, rather
than in the field; but as it was, he de-
sired the honour of being better acquainted
with him, and these two illustrious shades
glided away arm in arm.

At their departure, the other Earls
raised such a clamour of disapprobation,
that I, being a person of quiet habits,
was glad to make mine escape quickly
as I could, though I protest that mine
ears continued to tingle and my head re-
mained in a pitiable state of confusion for
a full hour after I was seated by mine own
fire-side in my chambers at Oxford.

ANTHONY à WOOD,
Merton College, Oxford.

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SONNET.

ON MR. HOLLINS' GROUPE OF "AURORA AND ZEPHYRUS."

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

Oh! for some old Promethean art, to wake
These sweet creations into life and light;
Some spell—like that of poetry—to make
These glorious forms of youth and beauty take
Life’s hearted beam, and be supremely bright!

By her own Zephyrus, glad Aurora lies;
There, half supported on her snowy hand,
She gazes on him, delicately fond,
And watches till he opes those radiant eyes,
Full, soft, and dark, now sealed by sleep’s wand—
Beaming at once his love and his surprise!
Amid his clustering curls her fingers stray,
The night-mists fade, earth languishes for day;
Aurora lingers—who can chide her stay?

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THE ASCENT OF THE BROCKEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.

The morning after my visit to the Ca-
rolina and Dorothea mines, I took the
road for Goslar, of which, from the per-
rusal of the old imperial histories, I had
formed an imposing idea. I found it a
miserable nook, with narrow winding
streets, dark and dirty; and these are
traversed by some drops of water they
call a river, named, I believe, the
Gose. The pavement of this place is as
rude and rugged as the hexameters of the
Berlin poets. The towers and ramparts
are alone worthy of note, and certainly
give the outside of the town a venerable
appearance. One of these towers, named
the Zwinger, has walls of such amazing
solidity, that large chambers have been
excavated in its thickness. The market-
place is very small; in the midst is a
copper fountain, whose waters fall into a
huge basin of the same metal. When a
fire breaks out in the town, they strike
blows on this tub, which resounds loud
enough to rouse the whole population.
The people pretend the devil dropped this
vessel one night when he was flying with
it on his back over the town. The people
are stupid enough, but the devil much
stupider, according to their account.

I had read in Gottschalk a long de-
Ascent of the Brocken.

scription of an antique dome, and a celebrated throne, to be seen at Goslar. On inquiry I found that the dome had been battered to pieces in the imperial siege, and the throne had been carried off to Berlin. A pretty age we live in, when thrones are transferred from one place to another like household furniture!

My inn was near the market-place. I had scarcely tasted my dinner when my host posted himself by my side, under pretence of waiting on me, but, in reality, to pester me with impertinent questions. Fortunately, I was delivered from this persecution by the arrival of another guest, and to him were the interrogatories of mine host speedily transferred. He could not have met with a better subject, for this person was an old gentleman who had travelled all over the world,—had dwelt in the East,—made a great deal of money, and was now returning, after an absence of thirty years, to Quedlimburg, his native place, where he meant to pass the evening of his days, and be buried in the family sepulchre. Our host, who was a man of enlarged mind, observed that it mattered little to the soul where the body was interred. "Are you sure of that?" replied the stranger; "most nations think otherwise, and, perhaps, with reason; we are sure they have reason in the effect a beautiful place of sepulture has on the living. The Turks inter the dead in a much less repulsive manner than we do; their turban-tombs, of white stone, are raised in the midst of beautiful gardens, and the Turks sit beneath the shade of their cypress trees, smoking tranquilly their long pipes, and meditating on the impressive scene around them. Then the Chinese—their cemeteries are the most lovely Edens of trees and blossoms that can be conceived. They dance in these gardens to the honour of their dead, drink tea, play on the violon, and decorate the tombs with gilded ornaments, piles of porcelain, and the most fanciful crockery ware; wreath them with artificial flowers, and light them up on festivals with painted lanterns."

"All this is very pretty. But how far is it yet to Quedlimburg?"

The sun was high when I left Goslar. I continued at intervals to ascend over rugged ground, on whose picturesque beauties the sun was shedding splendour. The Spirit of the Mountain evidently favoured me; he knew without doubt that I was a pilgrim poet, and that it was in my power to say many fine things of him, if he permitted me to see his Hartz in perfection. Meantime I traversed the gorges of this noble elevation with a thrilling sensation of early-founded superstition; I advanced among the pine forests, whose tops, agitated by the wind, seemed to discourse in mysterious voices, and I listened to the belfies of the flocks which, in the pure rarified air of the Hartz, sounded through the distance very melodiously. An hour or two past noon I met with the shepherd of one of these flocks. He was a pleasing, courteous young man, with fair hair. He told me that the high mountain before me was the Old Brocken, celebrated throughout the world. He informed me that it would be some hours' walk before I met with any habitation, and invited me hospitably to partake of his repast, which consisted of bread and cheese. I accepted this kind offer, seated myself by him, and after a rest, much refreshed by the meal, I proceeded joyfully to climb the Brocken. Over the mountain are scattered immense blocks of granite, among which the roots of the lofty pine-trees wind, and seem thirstily to crave for more nourishment than the rugged soil affords. Yet the altitude of these ancient trees is prodigious. Among their tops sported a great number of little squirrels, while red deer shily glanced at me from behind their trunks. The roots of the trees form a sort of natural staircase up the sides of the mountain; by the sides of this pleasant ascent are stones placed by the hand of nature, which has likewise clothed them with the softest, and greenest moss ever seen—they look like cushions of velvet. A delicious freshness responded around, and I heard the murmurous sounds of the mountain springs, as they wound their silver threads round the mossy stones; sometimes they dived down to unite in subterranean rivulets, and I now and then heard the heavy beating of these arteries of the mountain. One of them rushed suddenly into daylight, and flung itself from a prodigious height: and before it reached the bottom it seemed to fall in white rain.

As I gained the height of the Brocken, the pines diminished in stature, and the vegetation was reduced to blackberry and wild gooseberry bushes. The cold perceptibly augmented. The blocks of granite formed the most curious groups, and often
were seen of an extraordinary size. This was the spot where the witches’ carnival is held, in the night of Walpurgis, when sorcerers and sorceresses arrive, sailing through the air on broomsticks and pitchforks; chartered by evil spirits, and ushered in by imps; then commences their sabbat, where their fun speedily waxes fast and furious, such as is represented in our Retzeh’s fine illustration of Faust.

The tales of my credulous old nurse began to creep over my mind as I made the lonely ascent of the Hartz: the remembrance of our grand and mystic tragedy of Faust took such hold upon me, that I was half inclined to look behind for the fearful cloven-foot climbing the mountain after me. I think Mephistophiles must have paused to take breath when ascending his favourite mountain. At last I gained the sight of the house of the Brocken, for which I had looked some time.

This house, known through Europe by many descriptions and designs, consists but of one story. It is situate on the very summit of the mountain, and was built in 1800 by Count de Stolberg Wernigerode, on whose account it is let as an auberge. The walls are excessively thick, for defence against the general cold, which is truly inclement in winter; the roof is very low; it is surmounted by a little tower, and there are two contiguous buildings, which serve as lodging-houses when there is a greater influx of company than the inn can accommodate.

It seems odd, on entering this house of the Brocken,—a building reared among the clouds, where one seems to have arrived at the very solitudes of heaven, with woods, trees, towns, and human nature left far beneath one’s feet,—suddenly to be surrounded by a numerous and noisy society. I found the place full of travellers, chiefly students from the university of Halle; and I thought myself fortunate in securing a little apartment, which I had to share with a young clerk.

After I had taken a survey of the company in the general room, I ascended the tower to view the scene below. Here I found a gentleman with two ladies—one old, the other young—and the young lady extremely pretty, with light curls, over which she wore an elegant black satin hat and white feathers; her form was beautiful, and her large calm blue eyes contemplated with reflective serenity the immensity that lay mapped beneath them.

I entered into conversation with this lovely girl; she had an excellent knowledge of geography, and appeared familiar with every town and city that lay at our feet; but this beautiful person, though so well qualified to speak, seemed more disposed to listen, which she did very graciously to all I said on the subject of the Brocken. She had made the tour of Italy with her mother. Presently the tower was filled with students, journeymen tradesmen, and their families, who crowded there to see the sun set. Soon after this magnificent spectacle was passed, my interesting companions withdrew.

I wandered forth on the Brocken till dark night, and contemplated through the gloom the outlines of the two hills which are named "The Altar of the Sorcerers," and the "Chancery of the Devil." I discharged my pistols, but there responded no echo. At my return to the inn I found supper set out in the large hall, and a long table surrounded by famished students. The conversation, as usual with German students, turned entirely on duels; and as the present worthies were Halle students, they discussed nothing but the local news of that place.

In the morning they brought us, after breakfast, the book of Brocken, in which all travellers were requested to inscribe their names, and some sentences descriptive of their sensations at the ascent. Never was there congregated together so many specimens of bad taste. Here we saw the effusions of patriots; revolutionary dilettanti, with their inflated common place flights; clerks full pathetic sentimentalities; false philosophers, with frothy phrases; and Berlin professors, with their malcontent admiration. Here was a flourish on the rising sun—there a bewailment of bad weather; here an anathema on a fog—there a complaint of mist that obscured the view.

The book smelt excessively of beer, cheese, and tobacco. The best sentence I saw in it was as follows:—

"Ascended in the midst of clouds—descended in the midst of clouds."

Our Halle students had laced their gaiters, and taken a tender leave of the damsels in waiting at the Brocken house, who had, according to the custom of the place, fastened on the hats of the guests pretty bouquets of mountain flowers as souvenirs of the Hartz. Some of our
company took the road to Schirke, and those of Halle, to the number of twenty, joined me in my route. They galloped down the mountain at as quick a march as the Austrian landwehr, making the valleys and pine woods ring with their noisy shouts.

As we descended, the vegetation became very beautiful. We found a thousand little springs and sources, which, gathering together into a strong and sparkling rivulet, began to roll rapidly down the mountain, visibly increasing at every step we took. This is the Ilse—the sweet and charming Ilse—which rises in the western side of the mountain, and, traversing the valley of the Ilse between two high mountains, passes the town of Ilsenstein, to which it gives name; and on its banks we saw that, instead of arid pines, grew noble oaks and lofty beeches. The western side of the Brocken is called the Low Hartz, in opposition to the eastern, which is called the High Hartz. It is impossible to describe the grace with which the Ilse bounds from rock to rock, smiling on her course like a young girl. This side of the Hartz is not without its legends; and tradition speaks of a beautiful princess, who used to amuse herself with laughing and dancing here—that this lovely princess Ilse is the fairy of the waters—and that in ancient times Henry the Saxon, one of our emperors, used to retire here to enjoy her company; and Gottschalk talks of an enchanted castle in the neighbourhood, where still resides, with all her riches, the lovely princess Ilse.

On the most elevated point of the rock of Ilsenstein is planted an enormous iron cross; and I counsel those who climb this projection, not to let their heads be full of the Emperor Henry, the beautiful Princess Ilse, or any other poetical vagary, but look well to their feet; for suddenly I became giddy, the mountains seemed reversed—the red roofs of Ilsenstein began to dance—the green trees to mingle with the blue of the heavens—and had I not instinctively grasped the iron cross, I should have fallen down the precipice.

My tour terminated at Ilsenstein, which is boldly seated on an enormous block of granite. On three sides, the lofty heights of the mountain, crowned with woods, environ the town. It is open to the north, and commands a majestic view of the plain below, enlivened by the serpentining of the silver Ilse.

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THE DREAM.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

I saw her in the visions of the night,
Young, fair, and beautiful:—as when she first,

Like some bright meteor, on my dazzled sight
In all the freshness of her beauty burst!

Not, as when last, 'neath slow and pale decay—
Like evening's sunset hues, I watch'd her fade away.

I saw her, as she stood amid the dance,
The idol of its circle:—as she turn'd

Her glowing cheek from many an ardent glance,
That all too fierce for maiden meekness burn'd;

I heard her melting tones the silence break,
As from her parted lips the soul of Music spoke!

Where is she now—the lovely and the low'd,
The young and envied?—In Death's cold embrace:

From the glad circle of that world removed,
Where once she held the first and fairest place!

And, for the jewell'd robe and lighted hall,
Her's is the snowy shroud, beneath the fun'ral pall.

Now, but in visions of the night—in dreams
Whose angel visits soothe the mourner's doom,

Can I behold her beauty!—In those gleams
Of Heav'n-lit hope, that shoot athwart the gloom,

And point like beacons to a brighter sphere,
Guiding us thro' the vale of sin and suff'ring here!

VOL. II.—No. 4.
THE VETERAN'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

BY THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

Bright and glancing as the features of early morning, when the summer smiles upon all nature's works, and when a pure sky and glittering sun bespangle fresh flowers with dewdrops, now reflecting the majesty of the great orb, and shining like gems on the expanding rose, was the face of Marie Joseph, the bewitching daughter of an old officer retired from the Imperial service, whose only care and comfort she was. In her soft eyes of friendliness and benevolence, the aged man contemplated her impressive and perfected likeness of a lost wife, lovely and constant, but whose passage through life was brief and fraught with sickness, and whose dream of love and conjugal felicity was transient as an airy vision: so that his only child was to him his world of happiness, his pride, his companion, and his friend. If ever daughter lived for a parent, Marie Joseph was that being; she read his will and wishes in his eyes—she prevented every want—she watched him day and night, and her last orison was breathed out on her knees by his chair, when she would take his hand, and, pressing it to her rich carnation lips, beg a blessing from him: this was often given with enthusiasm, ushered in by a tear, and, not unfrequently, with the remark that he was too happy in such a child.

The Captain's means were few, but he had taken great care of Marie's education, and, above all, grounded her in those religious and moral principles, without which all the acquirements and accomplishments of high breeding form but a thin and valueless varnish. Far from the world, the historic page was familiar to his young pupil, together with French and music, both of which he taught her himself. On the rich and romantic banks of the proud Rhine (near which they both were born), did this father and daughter live in blessed harmony, and there they were the admiration of the few who knew them. It was delightful to see the fine figure of the maid, straight and faultless as the lily, and alike immaculate and sweet, supporting the veteran's bent stature, and folding her arm round his, like a fragrant woodbine clinging to a decayed tree. It was captivating to behold them, seated in an antique bower near their cottage, which bower had been reared by the hardy soldier's hands in youthful days, and to listen to little Marie's accompaniment to her beloved sire's harp; for her voice was melodious, and she had good natural taste, directed judiciously by the ancient musician who had often and long been quartered in Italy. It was in one of these interesting situations that the Prince Ernest Verdenberg first saw her. He was returning from an arduous and fatiguing hunt, with his comrade the young Baron Wadenfelt, both courtiers, and very handsome cavaliers. Each was struck by so unexpected a blaze of beauty, enhanced by such a picture of filial piety—a picture which, to use the emphatic expression of Pope,—

"Saints might kiss, and infidels adore."

The accents of mutual admiration burst from these young noblemen's lips, when Prince Ernest, by way of warning his friend not to become a rival, exclaimed, "By all that is dear to me, she shall be mine." The Baron blushed, bowed, and bit his lip; then, after pausing a moment, said, "Well, Ernest, I fear no rival, nor bend in submission to being born; but I am too firm a friend, and too loyal a comrade, to thwart you in your choice, even had I the power to do so." The Prince grasped his hand, and now he set about forming some ruse de guerre to gain him admission to the cottage. At length, breaking his horse's reins, he alighted, and led his superb Arab steed by the mane. Approaching the rural retreat, he requested to be allowed to rest for a few minutes, to repair the fracture. This was readily agreed to, the Captain receiving the strangers in the most courteous manner, whilst the lovely maid blushed and retired. This was a great defeat to the Prince of Naples, who expressed himself in sorrow and regret that he should have frightened away one so gentle and fair. "The lion," said he, "might not spare the lamb, nor the eagle respect the dove; but a brave soldier, my dear comrade (addressing the captain directly), knows that his dearest and most sacred duty is to protect and pay submission to the softer sex, and that the remotest violation of this imperative law dishonors him for ever." These words sounded quite mellifluous to the brave man; they were so conformable...
to his own chivalrous feelings, the blood seemed to mantle with the tide of youth, and to rise on his withered cheek. He thanked his Highness, and called Marie Joseph to welcome him. Now was the struggle of rivalry dreadful in the Baron’s bosom, and now were the eyes and the affections of Prince Ernest rivetted to the animated statue of loneliness’s perfection. He gazed and trembled. The word bent in obeisance, and hung down her head. The father was confused, and silence, for a few seconds, prevailed: but the veteran rallied, and a general conversation followed, each cavalier looking unutterable things on her who had now become the object of their undivided interest. Refreshments were provided, of which little was tasted: but they served to enable the love-struck swains to prolong their visit: — and when the repast was ended, Prince Ernest, casting a glance upon the harp, entreated again to listen to its sounds, accompanied, as he said, “by the voice of a seraph.” This, after some modest apologies, was complied with. The work of enchantment was now completed, and the noble comrades took their leave, the last glance of the prince being overpowering to the veteran’s child—a child of maid-bent— who had never, until then, beheld such dazzling advantages as her ardent admirer possessed. She retired as usual, and usual received a parent’s blessing. She sighed at quitting him for her chamber, and now, for the first and only time, was her bosom’s peace invaded by a love which never changed. There are, in America, snakes, the bewildering eyes of which have the power of captivation over the poor harmless birds, which lures them from the protective branch to fall into their destructive snare. Thus was it with this tender virgin. She appeared to herself spell-bound in her lover’s presence—wretched when she ceased to see and hear him—for he had a silvery voice, most destructive to ungirded hearts. She slept not; and when she went forth to breathe the refreshing air, her looks were disordered,—her pulse was feverish. No more did her enlivening smile and peace-inspiring presence call her dear parent into new life and hope. He saw the cause, and his heart was wrung to its centre; but he wisely concealed it from her, and strove to divert her by every means in his power, but to no effect. The captivator very soon repeated his call alone, having received his comrade’s promise not to return there again until he should allow him so to do. This was to command the field himself, and to make the victory more certain. He motived his visit on the debt of gratitude which he owed, and brought, as an humble offering, a quantity of game, with which his jager preceded him. His attentions were warm and assiduous, and his visits were repeated, when the wily warrior perceived that it was prudent to avert the painful circumstances which might arise from growing attachment, where the distance betwixt his humility and the pride of courts placed an insuperable bar to a happy and honourable conclusion. On one occasion, when the prince alighted at his cottage, he sent his daughter out of the way, and, receiving him alone, addressed him with the manly caudour of a soldier, informing him that he was aware of the impression which his poor child (as he styled her) had made on him, and of the powerful attractions of rank, manly beauty, and accomplishments which his highness possessed; and that, therefore, it would be cruel and ungenerous to sport with a heart which could not reasonably cherish a hope of mutual sentiment on his part, sanctioned by virtue, prudence, and propriety; and thereupon reminding his highness that he must feel bound to relinquish his attentions, and to remove the cause which might embitter a sensitive being’s future life, and bring a father’s grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Prince Ernest pondered; he was agitated—he was dismayed; he balanced awhile betwixt love and pride—ambition and affection. At length, calling in dissimulation to his aid, under the deceitful mask of ingenuity he avowed his passion to the worthy veteran, and protested that his views were pure and honourable—that he never would dispose of his hand where his heart was not; and that, although dependent on imperial patronage, and awed by the tyranny of a father, and the prospect of succession to a rich uncle, as also by the prejudices of worldly men, he would keep himself free, and, watching contingencies and events, would wait for a happier time, when he might call Marie Joseph by that title which would raise her to his own rank. The father heard, but he was a tactician;—he felt, but he dared not trust his belief. To the request to be allowed to continue his visit, he turned a deaf ear—to that of
The Veteran's Daughter; or, the Triumph of Woman.

corresponding through himself, he assented; and now a last interview, until prospects improved, was urged with all the energy of an intrepid lover, but carried with all the skill of an experienced general. The priest was abandoned, and Ernest disappeared: but he could not thus relinquish the object of his desires. He contrived to throw himself in the way of Marie Joseph as she returned from the next distant village church, at a time when the Captain was confined by illness, and he then vowed an everlasting love for the maid, entreat her to meet him secretly, and to consent to a clandestine marriage. She deliberated—and danger lurks under that word. As promptness and decision lead to victory, so do doubts and deliberation conduct to defeat. This was the first time that filial piety ever grew cold, or vacillated; this would be the first secret which she could keep from a parent. She wept, the prince kissed off her tears. She was silent. He implored her on his knees not to render him wretched for life. He not only promised to have the nuptial ceremony performed privately, but assured her that if he survived his father, his uncle and he would make their union public, and, despising all worldly ambition, would pass the remainder of his days in splendour with his bride. Here was powerful temptation; and she at length consented to become his under the stipulated conditions. The summer wore away amidst love tales and moonlight walks—short stolen meetings, and tender partings to meet again. The autumn now stole upon them, and their gilded prospects were declining with it; for the opening of a campaign called the Prince into the field. Impatient love had often importuned her to celebrate the hymeneal rites, but virgin timidity procrastinated the day from week to week. No time was now to be lost: he urged his suit with increased ardour, observing, that should the fate of war cut him off in his youth, he should wish to leave her the name of wife, and to make provision for her. A trembling tear, wavering, as it were, betwixt gratitude and sadness, filled her full and brilliant eye; she bowed assent, and the arrangements of the wedding-day were all made. Autumn had progressed, and the leaf had fallen; so had the maid's felicity. She was met by Prince Ernest in the forest—borne in his carriage full speed to a secluded hunting seat, where the marriage knot was tied, the priest and one servant being the only witnesses. She was then driven back to her father's, and their after meetings were secretly by night. Marie Joseph watching the approach and signal of her lord. War's brazen trumpet called the lover from her arms. They parted in despair by moonlight, as they had often met. Alas! that changeable planet has shown on many a vow as varying as herself! The Prince joined the army; and the fixed melancholy in which the wife of a few days was plunged, was evident to her father. To the loss of her lover he naturally imputed the cause, but further he knew not. His peace was broken, and the voice of innocent mirth no more resounded in the once happy cottage. The measure of Marie Joseph's sufferings was not yet filled, for, to the bitter regrets which the absence of all she held dear occasioned, were added the visits of the Baron and his offensive overtures. On one occasion, when he contrived to cross her path, he pressed her so vehemently, that she was obliged to tell him that this language to a married woman was intolerable, and that if he ever dared again to repeat it, she would sooner divulge all to her father, and draw his just indignation on him, than submit to his impertinence. "Married woman!" contemptuously repeated the Baron; "yes, a pretty marriage, and a fit bride for so illustrious a mate: learn, then, Miss," laying great stress upon the word, "that it was a sham wedding, and that I was the priest; I wondered that you did not detect me in my disguise—but love is blind." Words could the wretched girl not utter, further than—"Monster of iniquity!" and with these, flying to her father's roof, she sunk senseless at the door. The Baron dared not follow, so that the wretched parent alone raised up and strove to comfort his child. The secret of her bosom nearly choked her. She, however, was restored to respiration, and in an agony of grief poured her sorrows into her loved father's breast. "I pardon thee, my child," said he; "but this will kill me—I will be avenged on the infernal Baron; but my lamp will be out ere I can reach the principal destroyer of your peace: may his sword fail him in the hour of danger, and death and disgrace come on him together." In weak health, and weaker spirits, and exhausting all he had to defray the expences.
The Veteran's Daughter; or, the Triumph of Woman.

of his journey, he set off for the Baron's castle; but he was too late—he, too, was summoned to the war, and the old man returned, penniless and dispirited; and soon after his darling child became an orphan. About this time a parcel, containing a considerable sum of money, and a letter from the Prince, were left at the cottage, the messenger galloping off the moment it was delivered. The sum was thrown down with contempt, but the letter she could not help reading: it was written in the most affectionate conjugal language; on the signature of husband the dews of feeling dropped profusely, and efficac’d the word; she fell back for a few seconds, and then the warm blood of female indignation mounted to her face, and covered it with a crimson hue. Alone, dishonoured, yet guiltless, her’s was a wretched state; madness almost assumed the seat of reason, when, at last, she conceived the desperate project of going, in disguise, to the seat of war, and of there upbraiding her undoer, and of seeking death or reparation to end her sufferings.

Whilst she was carrying into execution this bold and hazardous enterprise, the Prince was a prey to the most agonising reflections. Sleep he had none; his spirits and appetite forsook him together, and the weak state of mind and body into which he was thrown unfitted him for the duties which he had to perform; his courage even was giving way, when, bitterly accusing himself, and executing the companion and adviser of his guilt (the Baron), he made a solemn vow, if the destructive steel and murderous shot should spare his life, that he would return to the banks of the Rhine, and there make her his lawful wife whom he had deceived and ruined. With this his troubled spirit felt some repose, and he rushed boldly to the battle-field. There he met with his comrade, to whom he communicated his intentions, and to whom he gave a will and jewels, to be delivered to Marie Joseph, should he fall on the plains of honour. The Baron treated all this with great levity, but was soon after dreadfully mangled with wounds, and met a wretched end. In the interim the lost orphan arrived at the head-quarters of the army in male attire: her beauty, her youth, and her unprotected appearance, electrified the commander-in-chief; he questioned her closely, and was convinced that so tender a plant must come

from a noble stock, and therefore had every care and respectful attention paid to the volunteer. She dared not directly inquire after Prince Ernest, but learned by accident that he was at a remote point from the general’s cantonments, but that they should meet the next day, in an attack on the enemy’s lines. More dead than alive, she joined her company in the morning, and actually marched, almost fainting with fatigue, to the scene of action. The roaring of the cannon, the trampling of war-horses, the rattling of warlike steel, together with the sulphurous canopy which surrounded her, overcame her weak nature, and, in the first charge, she fell back, and was picked up in the act of attempting to desert. What a scene was now open to her view! She was led a prisoner from that field which had covered the troops with glory, she only being an object of disgrace! And she was to be tried for cowardice, and must disclose the secret of her heart, to escape punishment, or else meet death in a frightful shape! The general was actually dismayed; for he knew not how to act, and felt deeply interested for this poor youth, as he conceived him to be. Nevertheless, his duty imposed upon him the assembling of a court-martial, which was accordingly done. The volunteer was visited in his dungeon by the general himself, and questioned as to his conduct with gentleness; in reply to which the prisoner pleaded youth, and weakness, which arose from a weight upon the mind, and produced such fear which was a dishonour to a soldier. The brave man wept; for the bravest men are always the best. He in vain sought to learn the secret sorrow of the prisoner’s bosom, and concluded by asking if there was any one whom the prisoner wished to see, or any request which he had to make? A heavy sigh preceded a desire to see Prince Ernest: but this was denied—motivated on his being the president of the military tribunal. “Then,” said the prisoner, “I am lost!” The general withdrew, leaving the orphan bathed in tears. It is impossible to describe the sufferings of the captive, nor the various thoughts which rushed in succession on her mind. A thousand stratagems assailed her, in order to obtain an interview with her undoer. All, all were fruitless! and she could only leave a paper for him, to be given after her sentence was passed, in which her just
reproaches were most energetically conveyed. The day arrived, the court assembled, the beautiful boy (as the soldiers named her) was brought forth, and there was not a manly heart which did not ache; but the suffering was short: the instant that the culprit was ordered to look up, the president started from his chair, and, flying to her, exclaimed "It is a woman! It is my love! It is her whom I ought to call my wife!" A scene of great confusion followed, until the court was dissolved. The proceedings were, of course, delayed, and the instant the release of the prisoner took place, the air was rent with shouts of joy, and the really guilty one sued for pardon at his lady's feet. The Prince's good intentions were carried into effect, and the nuptial ceremony was publicly performed. The campaign being successfully terminated, the prince felt very indifferent as to the succession of his uncle, or the opinion of the world; well aware that a conscience disburdened of guilt was of more value than a diadem. He accordingly withdrew from court, to live in perfect happiness and seclusion with the veteran's daughter.

FRENCH BULLS.

TAKING CARE OF ONE'S-SELF.—A man once laid a wager that he would walk through the great basin in the gardens of the Tuileries during a rigorous season of cold. He walked to the middle, and then gave up the undertaking, and returned the way he came, saying, "it is far better to lose a wager of twenty-five louis than to catch one's death of cold."

A HUNDRED ONLY DAUGHTERS.—A man quarreled with his intended son-in-law, who was about to marry his only daughter, and finally rejected him by observing, "No, Monsieur, no! you shall be no son-in-law of mine; if I had a hundred only daughters, you should not have one of them."

LETTER FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.—A merchant, while in the act of writing to one of his correspondents, fell down dead. His partner dispatched the letter, adding, by way of postscript,—"Monday evening; since writing my letter, I died suddenly this morning."

MODERATE CHARGE FOR A VISIT.—Napoleon has noticed the proximity of the sublime to the ridiculous, and it so happens that his aphorism was never more forcibly verified than in a recent posthumous tribute to himself. An ingenious print, entitled "L'Ombre de Napoleon visitant son tombeau," was lately published in Paris, and copied in London immediately afterwards, to be cried about the streets as "The shade of Napoleon visiting his tomb at the moderate charge of one ha'penny." For sluicing with vulgarity the sublime idea that imagination ever conceived, we would pit an illiterate Cockney against all the world.—Blackwood's Magazine.

TO ANNA.

Haste, my Anna, haste, arise,
Lo! the sun is in the skies:
Gently falls its genial ray,
Warm as in delightful May.
Winter's hoary reign is o'er;
Vapours, mists, prevail no more;
Neither doth the cutting gale
Spread its terrors in the vale.
Timid Spring resumes her sway,
Mistress of the glowing day,
And the sap's ascending flood
Cherishes the teeming bud.
Now the morn is fresh and clear,
Come and breathe the balmy air;
Come and taste its sweet delights
While the sunny beam invites.
Now are all the dewy beads
Covered o'er with crystal beads,
And on every little spray,
Glist'ning in the sunny ray,
Hangs a lucid drop so clear,
Not a star that's in the sphere,
Twinkling in the cloudless night,
Yields a pearly ray more bright.
Now each little songster's lay
Loudly greets the rising day;
Every little straining throat
Carols forth its sprightly note;
Gaily now the linnet sings,
Fluttering on expanded wings;
Blackbird sweet and twitting thrush
Warble in the leafless bush;
E'en the redbreast, so forlorn,
Chirps upon the naked thorn;
Every bush and every tree
Echoes in sweet harmony.
Then, my Anna, haste, arise,
For, behold, the azure skies
May with clouds be overcast
Ere the fleeting hour is past:
Wintry winds may blow again,
Drifting snows may whiten the plain.

E. G.
"Do not weep for me, dearest mother,
I am young and have health, and spirits
too, when you seem easy; and I assure
you the toil of the day makes me more
enjoy the repose of the evening, when I
return from the gloomy back room, shin-
ing ink, blue-looking paper, the hunch-
back pen, * compositors, printers, review-
ers, cross critics, and all the other etceteras
of a publisher’s office, to our own dear
cosy room, with its bright hearth, clear
fire, and our landlady’s gay china. Be-
lieve me, my dear mother, when I return
to these enjoyments, and see you, the
brightest of all my home comforts, look-
ing pleased, I cast toil and sorrow far from
my thoughts; and then, who so merry
or content? Sophy, darling, ring, and
we will have coffee."

The coffee came. Miss Mowbrey would
be cheerful; her mother was calm and re-
flexive; and little Sophia, the pet of both,
full of play. As Mrs. Mowbrey gazed
on her grandchild, her eyes filled, and she
said, almost in a whisper, "How far
from our thoughts, when this child’s father
left her to our care, and how little did he
surmise, that we should have to labour for
her support, as well as watch her infant
years. Alas! poor Edward."

Mrs. Mowbrey ceased speaking; her
eyes filled; and her daughter, exhausted
by the exertions of the day, wearied of her
assumed spirits, and wretched from the
disconsolateness of her mother, felt her
health and strength failing her; she threw
herself upon the sofa, while her mother,
alarmed at her pale, wasting looks, sunk
on her knees beside her, crying, "Father
of mercy! spare my child—this child."

This family of love and suffering con-
sisted of the three persons already men-
tioned; Mrs. Mowbrey, her daughter, and
little Sophia, the only child of her only
son Edward, who, two years previous to
the commencement of this little narrative,
had quitted England on a speculative plan
to the East Indies. When there, he went
up the country, where he was supposed to
have died, as no tidings of him had
reached the family. Mrs. Mowbrey was
far advanced in life; but years had not
driven from her benevolent brow and mild
eye the lustre that talent invariably im-
presses on the countenance; yet it was
evident that sorrow had visited this am-
iable family in all its varied forms. She
had been left a young and lovely widow
with a large family. She was born in a
castle, nursed in a cottage, and bred at
court; yet, at the age of twenty-eight,
she found herself, with her children, de-
pendant for support on her own exertions.
Her youth had appeared as an enchanted
dream, and she wandered as among roses.
Then, love was faithful, friendship firm
and sincere; hope smiled brightly, but it
was only to deceive, for sorrow soon
blighted her anticipations; her affections
were chilled and buried; and the young
mourner’s heart was withered if not
broken.

Her high connexions, her titled friends,
all regarded, all commiserated her un-
happy condition. But how could one so
bred, so descended, be assisted? Rela-
tives could not, would not, importune any
friends of their own: consequently, the
young and lovely Mrs. Mowbrey was left
to want, and struggle for herself and family.
It would too much lengthen this little re-
lation to detail what were her struggles,
her privations, her temptations, or the
insults and rejections she was destined to
counter. But worth and exertion will
eventually find their reward; and when
this deserted being employed her talents
in works of moral fiction and moral in-
struction, He who never forsakes the vir-
tuous in their honest and honourable ex-
ertions for support, raised up in strangers
powerful friends, and she was enabled to
give her children a superior and highly
finished education. But, one by one, she

* Who will deny the appropriateness of the appellation to Mr. Mordan’s "Patent Obliques?"
watched them, and beheld them sink by slow decay, like broken flowers, to the grave. Each was a fond hope torn from the warm heart and consigned to the cold tomb. The loss of each was a link in the chain of affliction rent rudely in twain, another prop taken from her; a darkness was over her days, and she felt that nothing could fill the void,

"The void of a mother’s heart, that
mourns each hope destroyed."

She sorrowed as a mother. Few can pourtray a mother’s love, still fewer the mother’s grief; but Mrs. Mowbray, in her sadness, as a bruised reed, bent to God!

Edward and Eliza alone remained, the sole partners of her misery, and upon them the mother built the fabric of her earthly happiness.

Often had the little Eliza, when a child, awoke from sleep, risen in her bed, and, seeing her mother writing, exclaimed, "Mamma, do come to bed. How fond you are of writing, to sit up all night: come, I am very sleepy, and I want you to love me, to kiss me."

This mother concealed from her children her sorrows and her sacrifices, till they were of an age to appreciate them, when she hoped they would return her labour and care by their devotedness and kindness in her declining years. Thus, in the simpleness of their innocent hearts, they could conceive nothing but the love of writing induced her to waste the night at her desk. Alas! she was not even toiling for that fame, so prized by many, that a breath may wither, but for the daily support of her children; but this they knew not. They saw not the many tears that fell on the paper. To them she was ever smiling and indulgent.

Weeks, months, years, rolled on. The son married, became a widower, went to India, and left his infant Sophia to the care of his mother and sister, with directions for them to apply quarterly to his banker. One morning Miss Mowbray, at the usual period, took her mother’s draft, but it was refused. The banker had received no further remittance, the fund vested in his hands was exhausted, and thus they lost what they had deemed a certain support. Distresses, wants, sorrows, multiplied; little valuables disappeared: they lived secluded from the world, lived unknown, and avoided that pity low-minded pride would only deal to the unfortunate. Mrs. Mowbray had never recovered the death or uncertain fate of her last son; yet her feelings were regulated if not subdued, and pious resignation governed her well tempered spirit. Soon, very soon, the misfortunes of this family were approaching a sad climax. A family of rank had engaged Miss Mowbray as a morning preceptress, when illness obliged her to resign her occupation; and, on her partial recovery, she found they had left England for the Continent. Thus another resource failed. What was now left for this family of affliction! Property they had none; efforts failed; exertion, even, was nearly over. They had no refuge, no resource, no hope. They could now no longer provide the bread of the day. The little gentle Sophia, even, mourned the loss of her usual comforts and indulgences. At length a publisher of some eminence, but much more benevolence, gave Miss Mowbray some literary employment; and upon each day’s return from her wearying occupation this amiable girl, nearly exhausted by fatigue and sorrow, before her mother yet assumed spirits and inspired hopes which had long been strangers to her own bosom. For some time she persevered in her pursuit; but misery, which keeps incessant watch over its victims, seemed to this family an unwearied sentinel, and visited them in a new form.

The mother was seized with a severe and dangerous illness; the daughter, to attend her, was obliged to resign her occupation; night and day she watched and prayed, and strained every effort to mitigate the sufferings of her idolised mother. They were destitute of necessaries: every attempt, every hope, now failed. The bitterness of want and death stood in agonising array before the almost distracted girl, and despair was about to close the scene for ever.

It was evening—the mother was extended on the sofa, the last remnant of their worldly possessions! Night was creeping on with noiseless tread, as if unwilling to disturb the dying; the golden sun had run his pilgrimage, and the glory of his parting brilliance irradiated the cloud;—but here all was wrapt in deepening shadow, the daughter was hanging over the dying mother, wiping the cold dew from her palid brow, and watching to catch the last trembling sigh.
Conversations of the Day.

The author of this sketch was witness to many of the scenes here delineated, and adds that, notwithstanding the sorrowing daughter laments the death of a beloved mother, she has her well-merited reward for persevering virtue.

The unhappy fate of the mother, the forlornness of the deserving daughter, the piercing wants of the little innocent Sophia, were soon afterwards represented to the Literary Fund, and from the noble, the beneficent members, immediate relief was granted. Friends of distress! generous beings! your best fame is the homage, the gratitude of the many aching hearts ye raise, and have saved from breaking in the darkest despair.

Alas! it will be found that genius and talent, when united in the great and wealthy, may exult in the pride, the glory, the homage of the world, and success follows; but when found in the desolate abodes of penury and misery, the possessors are too often crushed, or left to perish unheeded and neglected. But from this glorious institution the sons and daughters of unpatronised genius, of disregarded talent, of unrewarded and unnoticed exertion, will find remuneration for their labours when desolate. Here they find sympathy; here anguish finds mercy; sorrow, relief; and suffering, alleviation: here the timid need fear no galling insult to their honest pride, for the delicacy and benevolent attentions of all connected with this glorious institution is above all praise.

Generous and beneficent patrons! accept the homage so richly merited—the homage of those you have preserved, the homage of the gifted but ill-fortuned ones of the earth!—May the blessing of the Most High descend upon you, and may the fabric which beneficence has raised continue throughout all generations an honour to the country.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE DAY.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

(The Conversation of a former Day will be found at p. 117.)

Dramatis Persona.

LADY ELMINGTON.
EMILY ELMINGTON.
THE HON. ANNABEL D'ESTERRE.

Lady El. Welcome at all times, my dear young friend, you are doubly so now, when engagements are so numerous, and society so attractive.

Anna. Too attractive to me pleasure undoubtedly is, in every shape; but you know, my dear madam, we are only young once in our lives—it is my good mamma's constant apology for me, therefore no wonder I use it for myself.

Lady El. Yet your mamma, herself, offers a proof that the "once young," in some subjects, lasts a long time, since she retains all the activity, and, I trust, much of the enjoyment, of her early life, without, therefore, being a votary to dissipation. I wonder she should approve that conduct in you, which she never practised herself, in a case, too, where forbearance has been so productive of good.

Anna. I do not believe she approves: no, she permits and apologises, which is somewhat distinct from approbation. She is all kindness, but to praise her is not exactly laudatory of her daughter, so we will say no more of it. How sorry I was to find you were unable to go to the drawing room on the Queen's birthday; it was a glorious crowd. Emily, there, looked charmingly, notwithstanding her English habiliments; they were such, I think?

Emily. Unquestionably; I hope you had not much that was foreign about you?

Anna. Only every thing, my dear, from feathers to shoes, and it mortifying that you did not see it.

Emily. My mortification is greater than yours. I grieve to think you have so little patriotism, so little of the Frenchwoman about you except in her habiliments. There cannot be found a single marchand des moises in London, no, not a fille de chambre, who ever loses sight of the interest of her country, even during the time she is making a fortune in this; yet you, a woman of family and fashion, whose person and taste might
and does induce many to imitate you, can forget all the claims of your country—your suffering country, and—

Emily. Hush... hush, dear Emmy! You have no idea how ill preaching becomes you. I could bear it very well from your good lady mother, but really you are too hard upon me, and still worse so far as yourself is concerned, for we have been so accustomed to hold you meek and charitable, that to fly off in this way, on the strength of blonde and satin, is absolutely alarming! Besides, I really did not know that the Spitalfields people were again starving; if they are, surely I will not refuse my mite.

Emily. You will not refuse to give money, dear Annabel, to those whose immediate distress is pressed upon you. Not only does the generosity of your nature prompt this, but the selfishness also—such, at least, is the case with myself, the cravings of compassion compel me to be charitable without the intervention of reason. But surely a higher motive ought to influence you: and you have too good an understanding not to be aware that it is far better to give employment than money, in every possible case of distress, save that of sickness.

Anna. Of that I am fully aware where the positively poor is concerned, but surely it is immaterial whether I give an order to an English milliner in Bond street or a French one in Albemarle street, neither of whom, so far as I can see, are in want of anything?

Emily. The French milliner is amassing a large fortune, which she will spend in her own country; and in the mean time, by making up only the materials, and employing only the natives of that country, she deprives this which fosters her of its due share of profits. The English milliner, on the contrary, bears her down as long as she is able, in the hope that some lingering spark of good feeling in the rank and wealth of the country may yet arise to save her. Really, if I were a nobleman’s darling daughter, like you, I should be proud to help her—as an English gentlewoman, I will do my best.

Anna. But yet one cannot make themselves frights; one cannot be pointed at for bad taste.

Emily. Certainly not; but since it does so happen that I can point out, myself, several of the very best dressed persons present, who both taste and virtue enough to be completely a l’Anglaise, and you have considered my own appearance to be respectable, surely you, who are allowed to be a beauty, pér excellence, might venture to set, not follow, a blameable fashion. Lady Bereford, for instance, was always praised.

Anna. Don’t name her, I beseech you; she looked so very well, I have no patience with her. What is to become of us girls if the beauties of twenty years’ standing are to continue charming? Dear Lady Elmington, I will appeal to you, in preference to our patriotic and political censor here; is it not an abomination?

Lady El. At least an encroachment: but Lady Bereford must be borne with; she has mind and temper, not less than personal beauty, and those ingredients have a very cosmetic power. When I first went to court, I was presented by my grandmother, the Countess of H—; and, although my mother, then an acknowledged belle, was present, both she, and my far humbler self, were eclipsed by the woman who stepped from a retirement of twenty-five years, for the first time on this occasion: so, you see, we must all submit to these things at times.

Anna. How very strange, for at that time you must have been singularly lovely. Do tell me how you were all dressed—especially yourself?

Lady El. At that time very light and, in truth, indecent drapery was the fashion, but as hoops were worn, the general style had little effect in court costume. I had a white satin dress covered with lace, and was merely a tall slender girl, with dark hair, and regular features; but my mother—my beloved mother, was indeed, as the phrase goes, "a splendid creature." She was then just thirty-eight, and her figure might be termed perfect, whilst her fine oval face realised all we look for of intelligence and moral worth, revealed in their most attractive form. She wore a train of purple velvet, with a bodice of the same, modestly embroidered in silver, and a petticoat of white satin, over which floated an embroidered drapery of cyrus gauze. My grandmother was dressed in the costume she had worn some thirty years before, and which was the more remarkable, because she was even then a handsome woman. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair, her eyes blue and animated; she had not one wrinkle on her forehead, which was completely seen, because her milk-white and profuse hair was combed over a high roll, over which she wore a cap constructed of the finest point lace, from which descended two broad lappets, which fell over her bosom, and were singularly rich and becoming.

Anna. Dear old Countess!—Well! what was her dress?

Lady El. The petticoat and train were alike of purple satin, the latter lined with white satin edged with swansdown; the sleeves were finished with triple ruffles of the finest Dresden work, and her neck covered with a tippet of the same, so small as to lie on the robings of her gown, which were laced by strings of brilliants, which had a beautiful effect. Her waist, in length and form, resembled your own; but
as excessively short-bodied dresses were then worn, it looked singularly out of fashion; yet she was admired by all, and I well remember the good old king complimenting her on her good looks, and protesting she looked younger than himself, though he recollected (indeed he never forgot any thing) that she was sixteen years his senior, and that the daughter by her side was the youngest of her fourteen children.

Anna. That was about the number of his majesty's own olive branches at the time in question perhaps?

Lady El. There were at least twelve of the royal offspring at that time surrounding their parents, all of whom were possessed of strikingly handsome or graceful persons, and one of whom was decidedly beautiful—the Duchess of Gloucester; yet even she was less interesting than the Princess Amelia, whose exquisite complexion, light hair, and, more than all, her expression, realised our idea ofanger. There was certainly no court in Europe that could offer anything so interesting as the British royal family at that period; and, I question whether any mother in the empire could boast of eight such noble sons as those I saw standing round Queen Charlotte.

Anna. Had it not happened to be seen as fine a woman as the Duchess of Cambridge, it would have been indeed a fine spectacle.

Lady El. Yet perhaps not the more calculated to excite our best sensibilities. The queen was not handsome, but she was singularly happy in the expression of her features; she had a fine neck, most delicate hands and arms, and, in the smallness and feminineness of her person, you were led to consider the value of her warrior-like sons to one so feeble by nature, so strong by consanguinity. There was also, in both her countenance and manners, proof of more than ordinary intelligence. You felt aware that she was a mother capable of giving instruction to those sons who held the destinies of others. She was not the beautiful Sultana whose fascinations might direct the good or evil of the hour, but the sober Christian mother, whose high station increased responsibility and was sustained with solicitude.

Anna. That is just the idea my mother gives me of her, when she speaks of her present majesty as following in her path; but she goes farther and declares the queen in question was a woman of genius.—Apropos of that rare quality, have you seen Miss Kelly, Emily?

Emily. No wonder you think of her when that magical word genius is mentioned. She has it as decidedly as Byron or Elliot. Notwithstanding all I hear about Mrs. Siddons, I cannot help thinking her equal (at least in talent) to that wonderful woman. All other excellence appears to me tame and prosaic in comparison with her's: she unites at once an intuition which is perfectly original, and a knowledge which only unbiassed observation and a peculiar tact for discovery could have bestowed.

Anna. I admire her quite as much as you do. I only wish she were quite beautiful, and would remain young for ever.

Emily. On the contrary, I rejoice in the circumstance which bounds both qualities so far as to prove her mental powers superior to these usual demands made on her profession.

"Before true genius all exceptions fly,
Pritchards genteel, and Garricks six feet high."

Anna. Very true, but if Miss Kelly had not a very beautiful figure, she could not produce the effect she does as a distinguished actress, since it not only gives grace but youth in so far as it is required—she is also the most perfect gentlewoman on the stage.

Lady El. And what is better, a very worthy woman off the stage. Do not be surprised at the assertion: I do not mean to undervalue talent, my dear Annabel, inferior as I deem it to virtue, but I do assert, that where a woman engaged in that most slippery of all life's paths maintains a character unimpeached, either as regards impropriety of conduct, presumption of manners, the avarice of a narrow mind, or the extravagance arising from defective principle, she is a very extraordinary and meritorious person, since she has avoided those rocks and quicksands in her voyage where thousands have been wrecked, and from which nearly every one has been injured more or less, who sought fame or ventured to become attractive, through a meridian so full of danger.

Anna. Yet it is no wonder women venture; for surely an actress, in all the pride of youth, beauty, and talents, is one of the most enviable of human beings: she has all the honours of the conqueror, without his recollection of the blood he has shed, the misery he has inflicted; and all the powers of the orator without his nights of study and days of languishment. She gives temporary relief to many an acting heart, inspires many a dull one with new ideas, and if she persists in—

Emily. Ah! that if, that fatal, fatal if!—if she falls, the wide world knows it; if she resists, it is silent—happy, thrice happy, is the poor girl who by any mode of quiet industry secures the means of life, and in that time unites herself with an equal mate, rather than the most admired and even fortunate of those who appear before the world as objects of surprise and admiration. Do they not tremble while they shine as stars? Are they not marked for the shafts of calumny, even if they escape with innocence, whilst walking through the fiery ordeal of public
life? And if married, who may say how many pangs arise from the caprice of husbands who repent at loose the choice they have made in haste? And how dull and lifeless must the common course of married life become to one habituated to excitement, flattered to excess, living but in the eye of the many, yet continually dreading the caprice of the rich? To her the few appear all censors, and she fears to mingle with them least she should seem to be what she has been—she will have a thousand fears and feelings unknown and unsympathised in by those around her, and, as a mother, regrets and anxieties innumerable. I would not be so situated for the wide wide world.

Anna. You "reason too curiously," dear Emily, because you have these thousand delicacies you think others have, which by no means follows. I never heard of an actress in your rank of life, at least not in early life.

Emily. If you give a woman the talent necessary for winning fame, you allow her nature's gifts, which ought to outstrip fortunes; therefore, I consider her to possess sensibility, imagination, and discrimination. Will not all these qualities militate against her happiness? Yes, yes: depend upon it, though she has rank, ease, gratitude, and love in her lot, she has yet bitters which infect it grievously. Far better had she remained simple, as some of the cleverest and best of the sisterhood seem determined to do.

Anna. Have you heard any thing new in music lately? By the way, I was certainly charmed with the new mystery, for what else can we call it? "the Departure from Egypt."

Emily. I have not seen it, nor shall I do so at present, for I fear that I ought not to do so. I never liked oratorios at the theatres; and although the subject is full of capabilities, there are recollections which, as such, demand representation as worthy of all possible memorial, yet they are so immediately blended with all that is sacred, so inevitably combined with the foundation of our religion, and with the name and worship of God himself, that the more I think of it the more I feel that I dare not go.

Anna. Well, now, I think it will make hundreds of people read their Bibles who else would never have looked into them.

Lady El. Probably; but you do not therefore think that they will profit by what they read, beyond attaining some point of knowledge on the passing scene?

Anna. There is no saying—but surely it is a good thing to put a good book into a man's hands: he may be led to read, to examine, and to approve that to which he has never given due attention before.

Lady El. That is true, so far as regards the wilfully careless; but it cannot justify any reflecting person in doing a thing about which his conscience is dubious. "Happy he that condemneth not himself in the thing which he alloweth," says the Apostle; and I believe every person's hours of self-examination and recollection will second the assertion.

Anna. Yet, since the Catholic Church deems it right to employ whatever can fascinate the senses, in aid of that which demands the heart, I apprehend she has good reason for so doing, since her experience must be allowed to be the most extensive.

Lady El. The most extensive, certainly, in external captivation and adaptation to the wishes of those who substitute splendid ceremonial and temporary excitement for simplicity, sincerity, and consistency—but we will not argue the matter theologically, dear Annabel. There are shades of opinion on many things which may be called indifferent, in which persons do not think alike exactly, yet each may have good reason for what he adopts. The great matter of consideration is that of obedience to the impression received on principle. If you yield a point of conscience to your love of pleasure, to the persuasions of a friend, or to the prevailing fashion, you commit a sin, were the matter in question the colour of a riband: you exhibit, also, a deficiency in that firmness which is required in every one's character, and called for by every one's experience.

Anna. You are perfectly right, dear Lady Elmington, but—"Since women have no character at all," we must allow them to fall into little errors, and submit to be led into false conclusions occasionally, forgiving the fault on account of the amiability which led to it;—one cannot quarrel with the world continually!

Lady El. True; neither are you called upon to follow it continually, even in that season of life when we are most apt to forget that this is not our continuing city. At all events, you, dear Annabel, should not take this view of the thing, because you acknowledge having a spirit of self-will in most things, and surely such a spirit might be turned to good account? Emily is naturally timid and complying, apt to follow the first guide, and obey the first mandate of those around her; but you are differently inclined, and have both will and power to examine for yourself, and assert your own rights. I must therefore hold you the less excusable if, in any particular, you should be found to "follow the multitude" when they lead to evil.

Anna. I confess to this kind of temper, but I have lately been striving against it, and thought myself in the high road to goodness through the pathway of meekness—in short, I determined to imitate Emily, less (to speak frankly) because I approved
her character than because I wished for your esteem. Now, I am quite at fault. It appears to me that Emily is changing from what I thought tameness, yet sweetness, into something far more determinate and positive.

Lady El. I trust my dear girl is adding the virtues which belong to a good woman, to the gentleness and obedience which have made her the pleasantest of children as well as the most affectionate.

Emily. Say not most affectionate, dear mother, for I do not, cannot, love you more than my young friend loves both her parents.

Anna. Love them—oh! yes—I do love them; but, alas! my obedience, my care for them, my observation of their will, has been very, very defective.

Lady El. Then try to add to your character those virtues so necessary for your own happiness and theirs—talk not of imitating any one, but form yourself, so far as you can (with all humility be it spoken), on the precepts and examples offered by the New Testament. Nature has given us all different tempers, and therefore subjected us to different trials; for if pride and passion tempt us to one kind of sin, so does timidity and piability to another. In the Gospel, and there alone, is found a remedy for our dispositions, not less than an atonement for our actual transgressions.

Anna. I am sure you are right, dear madam, but——

Lady El. I hope the but only means you must leave us;—go then, my love, and think of what I have said, for I will not pay you so poor a compliment as to suppose that you deem me too serious. There are times when we all are compelled to be so, and the young and gay will do well to hold themselves ready to meet them. Our happiest hours generally succeed our most serious ones.

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THE MARCH SNOW AND THE BLOSSOM.

A Fable.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

(From the Italian of Bertola.)

"Ha! rash thing! what dost thou here? Why would'st thou so soon appear? Know'st thou not a hasty doom Must follow thy untimely bloom?" To a tender flower one day, Thus the snow of March did say.

Then to the bleak descending shower Replied the meek and modest flower— "I feel the sun's warm rays awhile, And looked for April's genial smile, And in that error ventured forth To meet the tempests of the north, And if thou hast my death decreed, 'Tis but my thoughtless folly's meed.

A shepherd who had marked the blossom, Felt soft compassion fill his bosom, And with kind hand approached to throw Far from its gentle breast the snow; Then from the chill inclement air He sheltered it with tender care; And thus, though whirlwind, storm, and shower Were beating round—the fragile flower Was saved, through pity's grace divine, To see the suns of April shine.

Though virtue oft be doomed to bear The chilling blights of grief and care For many an hour; Yet shall we doubt that it may find, To soothe its woes, by heaven assign'd, Some heart compassionate and kind, Like this meek flower.
CHARLOTTE,
THE ATTENDANT OR SUIVANTE OF ISABEAU OF BAVARIA, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

(With an authentic Portrait.)

This curious and faithful specimen of the style of dress in the era of Henry the Fifth of England, and Charles the Sixth of France, was copied from an ancient illuminated manuscript of Froissart, by an artist in the service of the illustrious French antiquary Gaignières, to whom we owe the preservation of some of the most precious specimens of past times. We are thus able to see exactly how the personages looked and appeared, who interest us in history.

The present figure of Isabeau’s maid is detached from a group of portraits; she bears the train of her royal mistress.

Her dress shows the style that had been worn for the last three centuries. The most remarkable feature of it is the high bonnet, which, under various modifications, had been worn ever since the fashion was brought from the Crusades. Some were of a sugar-loaf form, three feet in height, and some of brocade, like Charlotte’s, of a cylindrical form, but still of a great height; she has a veil of a species of gold gauze pinned at the top. The French modistes of that day, called this formidable head-gear bonnet à la Syrienne. The hair is entirely concealed, excepting a braided ring on the brow. A fine head of hair was useless in those days, as the priesthood took St. Paul’s prohibition in Corinthians so literally, that they preached down all tiring and braiding of the hair, and if a stray curl or tress peeped out coquetishly, the thunders of the church mercilessly drove it in. But if female vanity be violently restrained in one point it is sure to break out in another; and Komish anathemas having abolished curls from shading fair brows, so much the more attention was paid to head-gear, that the bonnets and caps increased every year most awfully in height and size, and were made in the form of crescents, pyramids, and horns of such tremendous dimensions, that the old chronicler Juvenal des Ursins, makes this pathetic lamentation in his History of Charles VI.: — “Et avoit les dames et damoyelles de chacun costé, deux grandes oreilles si larges, que quand elles vou-

* So called, as an abbreviation from the word ghninin, which means inconvenient.
CHARLOTTE THE ATTENDANT OF QUEEN ISABEAU

An authentic Portrait ANNO 1389 with Personal Narrative Engd exclusively for the Lady's Mag & Museum.
Isabeau of Bavaria, Queen of France. 161

trlements on the heads of the ladies. It was a portentous time, for some carried huge towers on their foreheads, an ell high; others still higher caps, with sharp points, like steeples, from the top of which streamed long crapes, fringed with gold, like banners. Alas, alas! ladies, dames, and demoiselles were of importance in those days. When do we hear, in the present times, of church and state interfering to regulate the patterns of their bonnets.

"The Lady's Magazine," and its conso- liate, La Follet Courrier des Salons, may fix what fashions they will, without eliciting a single Act of Parliament, or even being noticed in a sermon, yet, we nevertheless hope, not without some measure guiding the public taste towards the adoption of those fashions which are modest, elegant, and becoming.

The form of Charlotte's gown extremely resembles the short-waistcd scanty dresses worn at the beginning of the present century; the sleeves, like that portion of the dress, are close and narrow; the materiel appears crimson damask; the belt of gold tissue; the kerchief, white lawn; the necklace, like those in fashion at the present day, of black velvet; and an ornament in front of the corsage, like what our modern modistes call Sevigné, being of the shape of fleur de lis. Above the forehead is a belt or band of pearls or beads.

The pointed shoes deserve to be noticed, as bearing some analogy to the pointed boots of the knights and nobles of that time, which were likewise subjected to the prohibitions of the church. They were called poulaines, from the shape of a very long pointed ship thus named; they were likewise brought from the east, and had been in fashion since the eighth century. The knights and gentlest tied the ends of their boots up to their knees; these ends and tails were called pignaces. The ladies' poulaines were about eighteen inches long. We have now the complete idea of the appearance of the damsel that acts a conspicuous figure in the following historical romance from the pen of Dumas.

CHAPTER II.

"Laissez passer la justice du roi."

[This is a continuation of the narrative of Isabeau of Bavaria, Queen of Charles the Sixth of France, from page 109, entitled "Le Roi le Veut," chap. I.]

Whilst Dupuy halted within a mile of Vincennes, awaiting the arrival of Tanne- guy du Chatel with a reinforcement of three companies of guards, and the gates of the Abbey St. Antoine are opened for the King, and the hapless de Bourbon is consigned to the great castle prison, we intend giving our readers a peep within the castle itself, inhabited by the Queen.

There was a chamber with lofty gothic windows; through the small panes of painted glass, and the thick crimson curtains, brocaded with golden fleurs de lis, the beams of the morning sun penetrated with difficulty; but the eye could not fail to perceive a state bed of huge dimensions, with massive chiselled columns, whereon reposed a female, evidently not in her earliest youth, but conspicuous for beauty.

The crimson twilight revealed to the beholder the outline of a beautiful form; and he would gaze in rapture upon an arm perfect in roundness and of snowy whiteness which hung suspended from the bed, partly veiled by the loosened tresses of silken hair which, flowing over it, then spread itself upon the ground. In broad daylight, perhaps, those lips, which now opened with a warm and quick respiration, would have lost half their beauty, by assuming their usually fierce and imperious expression. To complete the picture, pale gold was the colour of the hair, the eyes and eyebrows as black as jet; and this sleeping beauty, whom we need scarcely designate as the Queen Isabeau, daughter of Louis of Bavaria and Theodora of Milan, thus unconsciously set forth the real feel-

* We have printed this portrait upon paper fit for colouring; we could not venture ourselves upon the office, but we have given such a description as would enable our readers to colour the dress, &c. The original may be seen at the office of publication, by any one desirous of forming a more correct notion of the style in which this print should be coloured.
ings of her heart, burning with the ardent passion of an Italian lineage, and enshrined, in its thoughtful moments, with the disdainful hauteur of the German princess.

Scarcely for an instant had the invisible historian gazed upon this picture, ere the beautiful sleeper opened her large black eyes, and gazed slowly, and with more than usual languor, around her apartment. The light, although so feeble, appeared to be too strong for her delicate frame, and again she closed her eyes for a moment. Then she raised herself upon one arm, and with the other sought for something amongst the bed cushions. Now she held to her face a small polished mirror of steel, and, after gazing at herself in it for a few minutes, with a complacent smile, she laid it upon a small table by her bedside. Then she took up a small whistle of silver, and, sounding it twice, sunk down, overcome by the effort, amongst her downy cushions.

The tapestry was shortly after raised, and the face of a young and pretty girl of nineteen appeared at the door way.

"Would madame the Queen," she asked, in a sweet and plaintive voice, "now please arise?"

"Charlotte, I would talk awhile," was the reply.

The countenance of Charlotte beamed with blushes of delight, for she had a favour to request of her beautiful and imperious mistress, now evidently in that happy mood when the mighty rulers of the earthy rant, hesitatingly and without reserve, every thing in their power.

"Has nothing new, Charlotte, disturbed the tranquillity of the castle last night?"

"Nothing, madame, except that one of the sentinels saw a shadow glide beneath the walls, and he cried "qui vive!" and then a man, for it was a man, sprang into the moat and escaped, notwithstanding the guard drew his arblaste at him."

The colour completely left the Queen's cheeks. "Well?" she said, breathlessly, "Raymond is a vile marksmen; he failed of his aim, and the arrow was found sticking in one of the oaks growing out of the moat."

"Madman!" murmured the Queen, communing with her own recollections of the visitor of the night. "Well, Charlotte," she continued, "there will be none of these alarms when the Chevalier de Bourdon is Captain of Vincennes."

An almost imperceptible smile played on the features of the Queen, and her pale cheeks were now flushed with the deepest crimson.

"Ah!" cried Charlotte, "a brave chevalier is that Lord of Bourdon. I have a favour to ask of him when he has the command of the castle, if I can venture to do so."

"Speak, Charlotte, what may it be?"

"I would beg of him the post of a squire."

"For yourself?" asked the Queen.

"Oh, no!" cried Charlotte, blushing, with downcast eyes.

"Your eagerness makes me almost think so. Speak quickly; who is it for?"

"Mon Dieu! madame, I never dare tell you."

"Tell me this moment," said the Queen, impatiently, "who is it for?"

"A young man—my betrothed," stammered Charlotte, and two tears watered her long black eyelashes.

"Thou lovest, then, my child?" asked the Queen, in the softest tone. "Ah! it is sweet to be always near him one loves: I will charge myself with thy request; I will ask of Bourdon this place for thy lover."

Charlotte threw herself at the feet of the Queen and kissed her hands.

"Oh!" she cried, "you are too good, my royal lady. May God and our lord St. Charles ever have you in their holy keeping. Thanks—thanks. What happiness. Will you permit me to tell him this good news?"

"Is he here, then?"

"He is at the door in the antichamber, and—"

The black eyes of Isabeau darted looks of indignation. "And have you thus dared," she began—

Poor Charlotte fell at her feet again, "Oh, pardon, pardon!" she cried.

The Queen, having reflected for a few moments, then resumed in a milder tone, "And this man, will he be devoted to our interests?"

"After what you have promised, madame, he would venture through burning coals to serve you."

"Let him enter, Charlotte; I would speak with him."

"Here?" cried the poor girl, passing
Isabeau of Bavaria, Queen of France.

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from the extreme of terror to that of astonishment.

"Here, I say, I would speak to him here."

The Queen rose from the bed, whereon she had hitherto so voluptuously reclined, and hastily donned a flowing robe of yellow and gold, covered with rich brocades, lined with ermine, her own rounded and polished arms her only cincture. The rich waves of her unconfined hair fell, at the same time, in profusion about her shoulders and waist. This hasty toilette was scarcely adjusted ere Charlotte raised the tapestry that veiled the doorway, and introduced her lover, a fine young man, about four and twenty years of age, with chestnut hair and a pale complexion; lovely blue eyes sparkled from beneath a broad open forehead, and strongly marked eyebrows. He was dressed in a jacket of green cloth, with slashes at the arm-joints, through which appeared his shirt sleeves, fastened with ribands. He wore pantaloons of the same cloth as the jacket. A broad belt of yellow leather sustained a broad sharp dagger of the finest steel; and in his left hand was a small cap of wolfskin.

The astonished swain scarcely advanced more than two steps into the apartment. The Queen cast on him a searching glance. We are not prepared to say whether the Queen saw that an historical character stood before her—one of those destined by a bold and sudden stroke to change the affairs of a kingdom; or whether, in her prolonged regard, the imagination of the Queen had figured to itself such an one as at the moment stood before her—a fine young man, pale and timid with an engaging passion.

"Your name?" demanded the Queen.

"Ferrinet Leclerc," he replied bluntly.

"Whose son are you?"

"Son of the locksmith Leclerc, keeper of the keys of the gate St. Germain."

"And what are you?"

"I am an armurer, and keep a cutler's shop at the Petit Pont."

"Why do you wish to quit your settled occupation to enter the service of the Chevalier de Bourdon?"

"I would give up not only my trade, but life itself, to be near Charlotte."

"Bred as an artisan, are you capable of fulfilling the duties of a knight's follower?"

"There are no species of arms that I sell in my shop, or fabricate by my craft, from the mace to the dagger, from the arblaste to the lance, I cannot wield and manage as well as the best chevalier."

"And if I obtain this post will you serve me devotedly, Leclerc?"

The young man fixed his eyes on her with the assurance of integrity, and replied—

"Yes, gracious lady, in all that accords with the duty I owe to God and our lord King Charles."

The Queen slightly knit her brow, but replied, "Well, then, you may consider the affair concluded."

The two lovers exchanged glances of ineffable joy.

A moment after a violent tumult was heard in the court. Charlotte flew to a window.

"Oh, madame, the court is full of men-at-arms who attack the garrison. The lords of Gyac and Graville are prisoners."

"Is it a surprise of the Burgundians?" asked the Queen.

"No," replied Leclerc, "they are the Armagnacs; they hear the white cross.

"Ah!" cried Charlotte, "I now see their chief; it is M. Dupuy, surnamed Fama damnée, of the Constable. There are two other captains with him: they inquire for the Queen's apartment; it is pointed out to them; they come this way; they ascend; they are entering."

"Must they be opposed?" asked Leclerc, half drawing his dagger.

"No, no," cried the Queen, "but, young man, hide you in this cabinet: perhaps you may be useful; and, if you are not, I would not throw away your life."

Charlotte pushed Leclerc into a small dark closet, near the bed of Isabeau. Almost in the same instant Dupuy and his two captains lifted the door tapestry, and entered abruptly.

Without raising his chaperon, Dupuy said roughly to the Queen—

"Madame, you are my prisoner!"

Isabeau sent forth a cry, in which feelings of rage were more powerful than those of astonishment. She felt her limbs fail her, and sunk on the bed. After a moment's struggle with herself for this feminine weakness, she replied—

"You are mad, Maître Dupuy."

"It is our lord the King who is thus afflicted, unhappily," answered Dupuy, brutally, "and if such had not been his
case he would long ago have sent me to say what I am now saying.

"I may be your prisoner," said Isabeau, with dignity, "but I am still your Queen, — and if I were not a Queen, I am still a woman : speak, then, with your hat off, Maitre Dupuy, with at least as much respect as you do to your master the Constable ; for I presume it is he that has sent you?"

"You are not wrong in that: I come by his order," said Dupuy, not a little abashed; and he slowly pulled off his chaperon as if he did it of his own will, and not by the Queen's order.

"It is my pleasure to wait the King's arrival," returned the Queen, "we shall see then which is to have the mastery, myself or the Constable."

"The King will never come."

"I tell you he is now coming."

"Ah! he met the Chevalier de Bourdon returning from Vincennes, after spending the night there."

The Queen shuddered, and started with terror; Dupuy, on the other hand, smiled in malicious triumph at the powerful emotions which his words had produced.

"Well," exclaimed Isabeau, in almost breathless utterance.

"Well," replied Dupuy, "this rencontre altered the King's whole intentions, and, doubtless, those of the Chevalier de Bourdon. The gallant chevalier expected, in secret and alone, to pass the barriers of Paris; but he proceeds escorted by a numerous guard, not of his own retainers: he intended to take up his residence in his own apartments in the Hotel St. Pol, instead of which safe lodging has been provided for him in the prison of the Grand Chateau."

"The chevalier in prison! And wherefore?"

M. Dupuy smiled as he answered, "No one knows the reason better than yourself, Madame."

"His life is not in danger, I trust," said the Queen.

"The Chateaulet is not far from la Grave," bluntly responded Dupuy.

"Will they dare assassinate him?" the Queen haughtily interrogated.

"Madame," replied Dupuy, turning at the same time towards the Queen an eye peculiarly fierce and searching in its expression, "we will not question aught of the matter what dare be done. Remember you not Monseigneur Duc d'Orleans? He was the highest personage of the kingdom, next to our lord the King. He quitted the apartments of your Majesty one dark night, after partaking of supper with you, accompanied by four valets bearing flambeaux, two stout squires armed with lances, and two pages wearing sword and dagger; yet scarcely had he quitted the confines of your royal residence ere he was a corpse.

"There is some difference, I trow, between that royal and puissant prince and a petty chevalier; yet, as they both committed similar crimes, is it not fitting that they should both meet with similar punishments?"

The Queen could no longer restrain her passion; the blood rushed violently to her temples, and bounding from her seat with impetuous haste, she stretched out her hand to the doorway, uttering, with a resolute voice but stifled utterance, "Go out."

Dupuy, for a moment intimidated, recoiled a few steps, and then stammered out, "Before I go, I must, nevertheless, add one word—that it is the express will of the King, and my lord the Constable, that you accompany me instantly to Tours. When will you be ready, Madame?"

"I will let you know, when it is my pleasure."

"Recollect, Madame," he rejoined, "my time is short!"

"Recollect, Sir, that I am Queen, and that I have commanded you to go out."

Dupuy gnashed his teeth with suppressed rage; but he remembered Isabeau's great power over the imbecile monarch, and he knew by the mere accident of a moment she had lost her influence; and the thought struck him that the hour might come in which she would as suddenly regain it. With this prudent mental reserve, he apparently yielded implicit obedience to the command of his royal but unfortunate mistress.

The tapestry had scarcely fallen upon the departing footsteps of this unwelcome intruder, ere the Queen, no longer stimulated by the presence of the hateful messenger, and deprived of that energy which had borne her through this trying occasion, sunk, exhausted, into her arm-chair. Her faithful Charlotte, too, gave open vent to her feelings, and their consolate, Perrinet, an eye-witness of the whole scene, rushed forth from his place of concealment.

The suppressed workings of anger had raised upon his usually pale countenance
a more than ordinary whiteness—he was a stranger to fear.

"Shall I kill this man for you, my lady the Queen?" he hastily cried: his teeth were set with passion, and his hand was clasped fervently upon his poignard.

The Queen graciously smiled, though in very bitterness of soul.

"Kill him?" re-echoed the Queen; "what good will that accomplish? Behold the court-yard full of his soldiers. Kill him (again she repeated)—that would cause your own death; but will that save the life of Bourdon?"

The heart of Charlotte was bursting with grief, and she threw herself at the feet of her mistress: the Queen, it was true, had lost a lover, but the fond expectations she herself had cherished now seemed crushed for ever; hope itself had fled, and, greatly as she commiserated the situation of her royal mistress, the loss she sustained by this adventure seemed, in the eyes of Charlotte, to be comparatively nothing in comparison with her own.

The Queen, who was alive to the real occasion of Charlotte’s acute distress, in language the most plaintive and beautiful poured forth the genuine sentiments of her heart, and opened at once to her attendant the innermost recesses of her soul.

"Thou weepest, Charlotte, thou weepest! and yet him thou lovest remainest near thee! Thou weepest! and yet would I exchange my queenly destiny for thine. I, who cannot weep—yet I love Bourdon as thou loveth this young man at this moment; peradventure he calls on me—be struggles in his blood, and writhes in agony—and I—I am here, and can do nothing. Yet am I Queen of France—Queen of France, and helpless, and yet I weep not."

The Queen then wrung her hands and beat her forehead and her breast in a paroxysm of anguish, and Charlotte and her lover felt more for the Queen’s grief than for their own.

"Oh! what can we do?" exclaimed Charlotte.

"Your commands, Madame?" said Leclere.

"Nothing—nothing. Oh! all hell is in that word. To be ready to give one’s life, one’s blood, to save him one loves and yet I can do nothing. Oh! that Constable! How many times it was in my power to have obtained the King’s warrant for his death! and yet I neglected it; and now—now—it is this Armagnac who holds my lover in his dungeons. Ah! they will kill him, as they did Louis d’Orleans! They tear from me every thing I love! him, too, so young, so beautiful, so ardent in his affection! And the mad King, the stupid King—he it is who authorizes all these murders!"

"Madame," said Leclere, "I have friends in Paris; I will enlist them, and we will storm the Chatelet."

"Aye, aye," rejoined Isabeau bitterly, "and that will but assure thine own death; and should you indeed succeed in forcing the Chatelet, what will you find there but a warm and bleeding corpse? for they will find time to plunge a dagger into his breast while your friends are breaking the bars of ten gates—ten gates of iron. No, no; no force! It will but hasten his fate. Yet go; pass the remainder of the day and the night near the gates of the Chatelet: if they drag him living to another prison, let me know; if they carry out his corpse, follow it, and let me know in what tomb they bury it: living or dead, send me intelligence whether they have conveyed him."

Leclere prepared to depart. "Not the way you came," cried the Queen. She opened the cabinet in which he had been hid, pushed back one of the carved panels, and displayed a winding-stair cut from the thickness of the wall.

"Follow me, t’ eclerc," cried the Queen. And the impertious Isabeau, trembling with feminine feelings, took the hand of the humble cutler, who at this moment was her only hope; after many turns round the angles of the tower, she conducted him to a concealed wicket, which displaced a stone at the foot of one of the bastions, and Leclere found himself at the side of the moat under the walls, on the same spot whence Bourdon had the night before issued after his imprudent visit to the Queen.

Perrinet made one obeisance of respectful farewell to the Queen, and then plunged into the moat and swam without being observed by the garrison, whose state of confusion caused them to keep a very inefficient watch.

The Queen then returned to her apartment, and, with more composure than her guards had expected, submitted to the fate that was about to send her an exile to Tours. Meantime, Leclere paused not on his journey till he gained sight of the Bastille. Without stopping at the gate
St. Antoine, he entered and passed on to the Grève, and, casting a troubled glance on the gibbet that extended its gaunt arm by the water side, he took breath for a moment on the bridge of Notre Dame. At an angle of the Grande Boucherie, Perrin sat down and perceived with satisfaction that no one could either go into or come from the Chatelet without being seen by him. Soon after, some bourgeois near him were parleying upon the arrest of the Chevalier de Bourdon, and Leclerc took advantage of so favourable an opportunity of commencing his mission.

"I assure you, Master Boucher," said an old woman, who seemed to be the most eager of the party, "the gaoler's daughter of the Chatelet, who is my intimate friend, told me that he had but one bruise on his head, and that that was not enough to prevent him from what he would have to endure to-night."

"I tell you, Mother Jehanne, replied the butcher, he was brought in half dead, and my brother is one of Tannequy's men at arms."

"Place, place; here is the tormentor," exclaimed another of the crowd: "Mother Jehanne is right—she always tells us the truth in these things."

A man dressed in red advanced through the throng, who all fell back, as if instinctively dreading contact with him. The gate of the Chatelet, apparently without his knocking, opened at his approach, as if yielding obedience to its lawful master; and it was not visible by what power the gates in solemn silence closed their doors behind him. All eyes followed him, and it was some minutes before the conversation was continued, which had been interrupted by his presence.

"Who knows," cried Mother Jehanne, "whether we cannot see the question put to him? I will ask my friend, the gaoler's daughter." And, without more ado, she knocked at the gate with the air of a person familiar with the place. A wicket opened, and a girl's round and smiling face, surrounded by light curls, made its appearance in the dismal opening; a little colloquy ensued, and though Mother Jehanne did not gain from her acquaintance all she expected, the gaoler's daughter made her at parting a silent sign towards a low grate, which was the air-hole of a dungeon, and then the wicket closed, and the face of the fair speaker disappeared.

The old woman knelt down under the wall, as near as she could to the bars, which were sunk in the thickness of the massy wall, considerably below the surface; she then called to those who were approaching her. "My children, this looks into the entrance of the dungeon; I cannot see what is going on, but we can hear his cries, and that is something!"

They all crowded round the opening, which seemed like one of the vents of hell, for they could see the red light of fire, and hear the clank of chains and the cries of rage and pain.

"Oh! I can see the tormentor is blowing his charcoal fire," said Mother Jehanne with great satisfaction; and at every puff of the bellows the dungeon depths were filled with a bright light.

"Now," cried Jehanne, "he takes out the pincers—they are red; now he goes to the inner dungeon; I can only see his legs. Chut! chut! you shall hear!"

A sharp cry at this instant issued forth through the bars of the low dungeon, and all the bystanders crowded down as near them as possible.

"Ah! now the judge interrogates him," exclaimed the female cicerone, who, in quality of first comer, kept possession of the most advantageous place, clinging to the bars like a bat, and stooping almost on her head to catch a glimpse of the horrible transactions below. "He will not answer," she continued. "Reply, brigand! reply traitor! reply, then, assassin, and avow thy crimes."

It appeared that the unfortunate Bourdon answered never a word, for his redoubled cries and groans were followed by a deep silence of tongues: this continued so long, that the little party, overcome by ennui, in the absence of novelty dispersed themselves—even Mother Jehanne felt with regret that no more business was to be done that night, and hobbled off as fast as two legs of an unequal length would carry her. One young man alone remained—it was Perrin Leclerc. Soon afterwards the tormentor himself came out and heedlessly went his way.

Towards the evening, a priest entered the prison. Perrin sat in a corner of the bridge gazing upon the grey walls and black gates of the Chatelet. He had not uttered a word, and he had neither eaten nor drank since he commenced his watchings. The night closed dim and obscure around him; but he still sat unobserved by the sentinels, with his hand on the hilt of his dagger.
Eleven o'clock sounded. The last stroke was yet vibrating, when the gate of the Chatelot opened; two soldiers, holding torches in their left and swords in their right hands, appeared on the threshold; then followed after them other four men, bearing a burden between them; these were followed by a person wearing a red hat. They all took the way to the bridge.

As they passed Perrinet, he saw they carried a sack of leather that appeared to contain the body of a man; a deep groan issued from it.

In a moment two of the bearers were suddenly struck to the earth, the sack fell to the ground, and a man appeared from out of it.

"Save yourself, Chevalier, and follow me to the shore," cried Leclerc; and, profiting by the confusion into which his unexpected attack had thrown the little troop, he led the way to the river, and was lost among the arches of the bridge. Bourdon tried to rise, but the severity of the torture had been too much for him; with a cry of pain and despair he sunk upon the earth.

The man in the red chaperon made a sign: the two porters who had not been wounded then raised the sack, and carried it to the middle of the bridge.

"It is well," said he, "throw it in there."

An object without form was seen for an instant in the air between the bridge and the river, and the noise of a heavy fall was heard in the water.

At the same instant, a boat, with two men in it, was rowed to the spot where the object had been thrown, and when it rose to the surface, one, with a boat-hook, was seen endeavouring to draw it into the little vessel, when the man who had commanded the execution mounted on the highest parapet, and thundered from the height these awful words,—

"Laissez passer la justice du roi."—
"Question not the King's will."

The fisherman trembled, and, in spite of the entreaties of Leclerc, threw back into the river the body of the luckless Chevalier de Bourdon.

With this fatal termination of his mission, it was evident that his presence could be of no further benefit, and Perrinet hastened back to the queen to give an account of the exertions he had used to rescue the object whose life was so dear to her.

It was vain to attempt to give a picture of the bitter agony of Isabeau when she heard of the cruel death of Bourdon; suffice it to say, in conclusion, that she rewarded the faithful service of Perrinet Leclerc, for his bold but unsuccessful attempt, by bestowing upon him the hand of Charlotte, and that he became in time a mighty leader in the convulsive struggles which ultimately rescued his country from the English yoke.

And Isabeau, too, every feeling of her heart was turned to gall; she became alike a friend to her husband, her children, and her country. The further momentous events of her life are recorded in the blacked pages which befoul history, and cast a stigma upon her sex.

THE MOTHER.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Beautiful is a Mother's love,
Pure as that angels feel above,
When leaning from their sapphire skies,
To catch the first faint prayers that rise
In broken murmurs from the tongue
Where curses have too frequent hung!
(As Virtue, with its dawning ray,
Dispels the mists of guilt away
From the repentant sinner's breast,
Where sorrow is for crime confess'd!)
And waft them swift on seraph's wing
To Heaven!—its best lov'd offering!

View her beside her Infant's bed,
What holy drops those dark eyes shed—
What fervent prayers are offered there,
To guard—to bless—her earthly care!
A Mother's Prayer.

And, as his ripening mind expands,
See! how she trains his little hands,
(As youthful tendrils of the vine
Are early taught to link and twine,
To fold at morn and evening there,
While lisping forth his artless prayer!

When sickness clouds his laughing eye,
Who silent sits the sufferer's sigh?
Watching untired the midnight lamp,
Her sleepless lids with tear-drops damp,
And cheek that hath no pillow press'd
(Telling of lost or broken rest!)
On which the morning's herald pale
Hath glanced thro' dawning twilight's veil,
Ere she hath sought in brief repose
An opiate for the mourner's woes!
Who? need the cold inquirer ask?
The Mother, at her destin'd task,
Of every lighter care beguil'd—
The guardian genie of her child!

And, when in life's matutuer hour,
The bud has blossom'd to the flower,
When many a light that led astray,
Has vanished from youth's summer way;
Sick of the false world's fatal wiles,
Weared of pleasure's syren smiles,
Homeward the Prodigal returns;
Whose bosom first to meet him burns?
Whose but a Mother's? In her eye
Trembles the love that cannot die!
The love that glows with steady flame
Unquenched—unquenchable;—the same,
Through e'er change of good or ill,
Within the breast that nurs'd him still!
Aye! hath fate frown'd or falsely smil'd,
The Mother ne'er forsakes her child;
Still, mid earth's tumults, or its charms,
He'll find within her sheltering arms,
When folly's blandishments shall cease,
A Home of sunshine and of Peace!

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

In the year 1793, Major Monteith left
his family, (with whom he had retired to a
romantic cottage, on the banks of the
Lynher, a short distance from the village of
St. Neots,) to take part in the conflicts which
were at that time raging on the Continent.
Devotedly attached to them, the struggle be-
tween his affection and his patriotism was
a painful one, but the love of his country
prevailed—her welfare had ever been with
him a paramount consideration, and he
could not remain inactive while she required
his services. The sorrowful mournings of
his children and the care of his wife, com-
pletely unnerved him when the time of his
departure arrived, and he gazed upon them
in silence, unable to suppress the melts.
choly thoughts which crowded upon his
mind; at length, by a painful effort he
assumed an air of cheerfulness, and endeav-
oured to soothe their agonised feelings: then,
fearing lest he might himself be overcome,
he tore himself from their arms, and hastily
mounting his horse, exclaimed, “farewell
Emily: remember you are a soldier's wife;
be courageous, and look forward to the hour
when I shall lay my laurels at your feet.”
—The laurels were gathered, but the how
they should have adorned was laid low with
many a brave companion in arms: Major
Monteith fell, covered with honour—a lamented and self-devoted victim to the Moloch of war.

From the time of her husband’s death, Frederick, the eldest of his two orphan children, became the darling object of Mrs. Monteith’s affection and solicitude, for his sister Margaret shared little either of the one or the other. Deprived of her first support, she clung to this feeble branch with a fondness injurious to both, for while it impeded his growth in virtue, she found by painful experience the danger of leaning too confidently upon that which hath its foundation only in the dust. As he inherited his father’s personal attractions, she weakly imagined he would also inherit his virtues; and regarding him by the deceptive light of a mother’s love, believed that he was all she wished he should be. Frederick, reality, in possessed few, if any, of the good qualities for which Major Monteith had been universally beloved: the seeds of selfishness were plentifully sown in his heart, and his mother’s partiality tended to encourage their growth: the pernicious weed soon over-ran the soil, and choked the fairer flowers which might otherwise have adorned it: he saw himself adored, and it was not surprising that he suffered from the idolatry: accustomed to the indulgence of every desire, his passions became ungovernable, and the slightest opposition raised a storm which never abated until his wishes were obtained; but as this, in Mrs. Monteith’s opinion, was a proof of a fine and independent spirit, it was encouraged rather than checked, and he grew up a tyrant to others, and a slave to himself. His sister’s character was widely different: she was generous and warm-hearted, almost to enthusiasm. With a mind very superior, she resembled her mother in disposition: from childhood her most cherished wish had been to love and be beloved; and, when she found she had no place either in her mother’s or her brother’s affection, the world seemed a blank to her, and she would weep for hours in a solitude which no one cared to disturb. The flame of piety had been kindled early in her susceptible heart, and the situation in which she was placed, afflicting as it then seemed, in all probability saved her from striking against the rock upon which her mother’s happiness was wrecked. She listened in vain for the language of kindness from kindred lips, but it breathed in almost every page of the holy book, which was the treasured companion of her solitary hours. “Some one has loved me,” she would say, as, with a soothed and grateful spirit, she passed over the records of her Saviour’s sufferings, or felt his parting words sink down into her heart; “some one has loved, and will ever love me; why should I feel so lonely and neglected, when I know all that my God has done for me? Can I be so cold-hearted as to look in vain for an object on which to bestow its best affections? Can I, I ought I, to be unhappy, when they have a resting-place in the ark of my Saviour’s love—a home in the mansions of my heavenly Father?”

Frederick had chosen the army for his profession, not, as his father had done, from patriotic motives, but to gratify his taste for show and admiration. Vain of his person, he concluded that, with military decorations, it would be irresistible. Mrs. Monteith purchased his commission in the life-guards, which at that time was not expected to be destined to foreign service—a point on which they were agreed; for Frederick did not over-value himself for his personal bravery. Full of his own joyful anticipations, and wholly regardless of the feelings of others, time seemed to move slowly until the period arrived when he was to join his regiment, or, to use his own expression, he should “begin to exist.” He left the home and companions of his boyhood without one pang of regret, and, with a light step and still lighter heart, sprung into the vehicle which was to convey him from them. The slight, cold pressure of his hand struck chill into the warm and affectionate heart of Margaret; but her mother was too much agitated to observe the heartlessness of his farewell. The long-past melancholy hour of separation from her husband returned to her mind with the freshness of yesterday, and with it the bitter reflection, that this too might be a final one. She looked forward impatiently to the arrival of his first letter, and it soon came, filled with accounts of the flattering reception he had met with, the eclat and admiration which had attended his first appearance, and the gaiety and pleasure of his new career. His fond mother was satisfied, for it was of himself only she wished to hear; but Margaret, as she read the letter aloud, glanced hastily over it, in the hope that there might be some kind expressions of sympathy with her mother’s feelings; but descriptions of parades and balls alone met her eye, and she might well have concluded her search with the observation of the preacher—“All is vanity.” For some time letters of the same description reached them punctually, but they soon followed each other in less rapid succession, and in a style more constrained and studied; at length they ceased entirely: post after post came, but brought with them nothing but disappointment. Mrs. Monteith’s constitution, naturally delicate, sunk under the alarm and anxiety she suffered, and with a feeble hand she wrote and told her son of her declining health: but he was still silent. “My boy is ill, or something dreadful has happened—he would have hastened to me, now that he knows I am ill,” she exclaimed, as the ser-
Upon the Decline and Fall of the English Language.

Among the various changes continually occurring in this "breathing world," one of the most striking is the gradual disappearance of the English language, and the introduction of French which seems to be taking its place. Addison tells us of an old gentleman who was greatly flustered by some French and technical words, in his son's letter from the seat of war, and who felt quite confounded at a "saucy trumpet," and "a drum that spoke." Had he lived to our time, his "frustration" might possibly have caused him an apoplectic fit, for upon taking up a novel, or even a newspaper, he would have found it as necessary to recur to a dictionary as if he were literally translating a French work into English. Some of the characters, in many of the so-called fashionable novels, are represented speaking French for pages together, whence we may, not unfairly, infer that the author is incapable of expressing his meaning in plain English. A lady
never gives a party now—it is a soirée or
a réunion—the said party is no longer
select, but recherché, nor are the choicest
guests sought, nor in request, but répan-
dus. Does a young lady marry? she
would scorn wedding clothes, but has a
trousseau. A reward or recompense for
any service rendered, is probably revolting
to the delicacy of modern refinement—a
donner fortunately is not liable to any
such objection. I am a little jealous of
the prerogatives of the English language,
and having been brought up with an idea
that it was sufficiently copious and ex-
pressive for all wants and occasions, I
feel the same sort of regret at its displace-
ment which I should experience if a fine
venerable castle, in perfect repair, were
taken down to make way for a dapper
villa. Some words, by their long resi-
dence among us, and actual insertion in
English dictionaries, may claim the rights
of naturalisation. Ennui, for instance.
The disease, too, (though the word be
foreign) is so peculiarly English, that it
would be cruel to deprive the fashionable
world of the term which expresses its
sufferings. Milliners and their tribe may
claim a prescriptive right for the words
they use; for fashion, like gold, be-
longs to no age or country, and is grief to
a language of its own. Every one is aware,
too, that the incomprehensibility of her
dress charms many a lady, and benefits
her mantua-maker accordingly: a rouleau
conveys an idea of much greater elegance
than a piping; and there can be no com-
parison between the splendor of a ruche,
and the insignificance of a quilling. I am
not sure whether an intrigue being called
a liaison be quite disadvantageous, for
scandal is such a very disgusting topic,
that the more unintelligible to the com-
monalty the better: when true, it is un-
charitable—when false, infamous; though,
at the same time, if it be interpreted by
the use of a foreign word to lessen the odum
of depravity, I enter a protest against it.
I would have vice shown in its own
hideous colours, so that the most unwary
may be cautioned and the thoughtless re-
pelled: to apply emollients, when caustics
are required, is just as dangerous in morals
as in physics. But why so many English
words should be daily displaced for French
ones, not a jot more expressive, I cannot
imagine. I own with all humility that it
would give me quite as much pleasure to
have a distinguished or elegant appear-
ance, as un air distingué; nor do I see
why ambassadors and other persons of
note about the Court should not be as well
satisfied with the privilege of the entry or
entrance into the King’s private apart-
ments, as with the entrée. I particularly
regret the disuse of those highly elegant,
expressive, and energetic words (the
alliteration is irresistible) Gentleman,
gentlemanny, and all their derivations, for
the more attractive claims of comme il faut;
it really reminds one of those men who
prefer a neighbour’s wife to their own,
though not possessed of half the charms
and virtues. But, indeed, since the peace
of 1814, everybody seems determined to
think in French, even when using an
English word. We are perpetually hear-
ing of a superb woman, a magnificent
woman, without any reference to majesty
or dignity (very good English words in
their way). To my thinking, these high-
sounding epithets do not convey half the
rapturous emotions as “a lovely, or a beau-
tiful woman” the very meaning deterio-
rates from that softness and delicacy which
have ever been thought to enhance the
waxhery of beauty. I do not, however,
imagine that the efforts of an obscure in-
dividual can oppose this innovation—for
so many fashionable and unfashionable
writers substitute French for English, that
we ought to conclude that they know best.
All I would humbly propose is, that we be
not compelled to use the two languages
at once, lest we be reduced to a sort of
Lingua Franca, similar to that spoken in
the Levant, and which all persons agree
in calling a sad jargon, very inferior to
either of the original languages. It is
possible that a reformed Parliament may,
among other improvements, abolish Eng-
lish, and lead us back to the happy days
of the Normans; but as mercy is the cha-
acteristic of the present age, I trust that
if any of his Majesty’s liege subjects should
obstinately persevere in not understanding
French, they will be treated with leniency,
and not be visited too severely for the
offence. As precedents are generally con-
sidered desirable, I am happy to be able
to furnish an illustrious one. The present
King of Holland, while reigning in the
Netherlands also, was paternally resolved
that all his subjects should talk Dutch:
even English schools at Brussels were
obliged to engage a Dutch master, though
perhaps not one pupil might learn. The
Belgians, however, with that contumary
The Composer of Poetry.

One day, in the spring of 1831, as I was returning from the British Museum, I passed through Wych-street, Drury-lane, in which—as all the world knows—stands the Olympic Theatre. Immediately opposite this Vestris’ hair, a print-shop reared its most unpretending front, and I should have passed it by, if my attention had not been attracted by a very fine lithograph (French) likeness of Lord Byron. I immediately crossed the street, and found myself close to the shop. A few books were arranged outside the window, after the fashion of old bookshops, on a single shelf: the whole of these volumes did not exceed some twenty or thirty. Curiosity tempted me—as it has tempted all of us from Eve downward—and I examined the books: the first was “Dallas’s Recollections of Lord Byron”—the next was “Sir Egerton Bridges’ Character of Byron”—the third was Leigh Hunt’s unfortunate quarto, “Lord Byron and his Contemporaries”—“Medwin’s Conversations” lay side by side with “Parry’s Last Days of Lord Byron”—“Byron’s Works,” (the Paris Edition) in one volume, were vis à vis with six of Murray’s Collection—this was ere the new series had appeared.—Colonel Leicester Stanhope’s “Work on Greece,” Count Gamba’s “Narrative”—Dr. Kennedy’s “Conversations on Religion, with Lord Byron”—Grant’s “Notes on Cain”—Moore’s “Letters and Journals of Lord Byron”—Miltenberg’s Account of Byron’s last Illness and Death—in short, it was quite a Byronic bookstall; there was no book there that was not either written by or about the author of “Childe Harold.”

I confess that this exclusiveness did a little surprise me. I looked through the shop window, and could not see any body inside. The books were left exposed to public view, as if the Byronic bookseller had a proud consciousness that no one would steal them! I stood by the window for nearly half an hour; many persons passed by, some took up the books, one or two seemed half-inclined to purchase, but went off when no salesman was forthcoming; no one, unprotected as was this library stock in trade, took any part of it away. After some time spent in viewing the books, and vainly expecting the advent of the chapman, I, too, “homeward sped my solitary way.”

Day after day, I passed by this mysterious dwelling; and day after day was I disappointed in my expectation of seeing its inhabitant. Truth to say, there was a touch of mystery in this—a kin to that which enveloped the goodly person of Washington Irving’s “Stout Gentleman”—which put me into a sort of literary fever. Who could this Byron-book collector be? I passed through Wych-street at all hours of the day, but the door of that shop never opened. There the books invariably were visible, and there the bookseller was not. I thought often, amid severe and much-engrossing studies, on the little bookstall in Wych-street, and its invisible owner. Who could he be? Where was he?

 Fortune.—like the rest of her soft-hearted sex—does not always frown on those who are patient enough to entreat her earnestly; and so I found—when, one day, as it rained tremendously while I was passing by the Olympic, a door lay open on the other side of the street, and, as I was cloakless and umbrellaless, I rushed across to that portal, for shelter.
The Composer of Poetry.

from the ‘pelting of the pitiless storm.’ It was the most lucky shower in the world. It was the front door of the mysterious bookshop which I found open! I had gained the haven of my hopes!—I resolved not to quit the premises until I had solved the riddle. Between me and the sanctum sanctorum of the shop there still remained an intervening obstacle—but what was that to the adventurous?—I stood in a hall, common to two shops: but that of the bibliopole (on the right hand side) was closed. Patiently did I wait for some kind genius to open it; at last the door creaked on its hinges, and I boldly walked into the penetralia.

The shop was, without exception, the smallest that mortal man ever put foot into. A cobbler’s bulk was a palace to it, as far as dimensions went. But if, as Dr. Watts said, “the mind’s the stature of the man,” by which standard he is to be measured, he may fairly reckon that the size of a bookseller’s shop may also be estimated—not by cubic but by mental measure. If so, although this shop was not larger than the inside of a mail coach, its moral dimensions were far from contemptible.

I entered the shop, it was already half filled by the presence of another person, and so contracted was its space that it was utterly impossible to stand in it, without coming into bodily contact with him. He was a young man somewhat below the middle stature, and, truth compels me to admit, as unlike a hero of romance or mystery as possible. His head was covered with curly negro-like hair:—the blemish of a red stain, evidently coincident with his birth, extended over the whole of one cheek. He had a bluff, bold, yeoman-like, country air. I wondered how such a man could be a bookseller, and in London too. He seemed fitter to follow the deer and hound” over the woodlands, than to have his free spirit fret itself against the prisoning bars of a London life.

Not in the least embarrassed by my sudden entry into his little place, he announced himself with some ostentation—as owner of the shop; and informed me that all his stock in trade consisted of the books that lay outside the window. The walls of his four-feet square domicile were literally covered with engravings, illustrative of Lord Byron’s poems and travels. As I looked at them, he, with evident pride, quoted passages from the poems—and really, his recitation, albeit a little theatrical, was exceedingly spirited, and did not lack feeling. It was evident that he was very familiar with the writings of his favourite bard. I took occasion to remark this; his reply was, “Why, Sir, I have cause to love Lord Byron: I am his son.” At this naïve admission, I felt some wonder, but, most discretely, made no remark. “Yes,” continued he, “I am his god-son. I am the son of his valet, Mr. Fletcher, whose name so often occurs in these volumes,” pointing with his “red right hand” to the books outside.

—On further inquiry, I found no reason to doubt that he was Fletcher’s eldest son, and the namesake and grandson of the celebrated poet. He told me that he had been born near Hucknall, where Lord Byron is interred; and it was not of the routine of every day coldness, to see the tears stream down his cheeks, as he, most gratefully, enumerated the favours his family had received from the poet. He added, that as Lord Byron’s will had not left any provision for his oldest and most faithful servant, Mrs. Leigh—(his sister Augusta, to whom he bequeathed the bulk of his property)—had pensioned him off with a handsome provision. The bibliopole wrote his address for us—“Mr. Fletcher, 31, Charles-street, Berkeley-square,” where he sells vermicelli, and other culinary nick-nacks.

By this time the rain had ceased, and, my curiosity partially gratified, although disappointed on the whole, I was quitting the shop, having made a purchase of Hobhouse’s “Illustrations of Childe Harold,” when Fletcher, soliciting “future favours,” placed in my hands one of his own cards. By accident I happened to glance my eye over at the moment: it ran thus,

George Fletcher, Bookseller, print-seller, stationer, and Composer of Poetry, 55, Wych Street, Drury Lane, opposite the Olympic.

“Composer of Poetry” was a title I had never before heard of, although it

* * * After all his adventures by flood and field, short commons included, this humble Achates of the poet has now established himself as the keeper of an Italian warehouse, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, where, if he does not thrive, every one who knows any thing of his character will say he deserves to do so.”—Works of Lord Byron, (new edit.) Vol. VIII. p. 19.
Miscellanea.

surely is as correct as "Composer of Music;" and I asked to see some of his productions. He opened a drawer—the place was too small for a desk—and handed out a pamphlet containing some rhymes, printed on white-brown paper. The subject was no less than "Reform"—a stirring question at that period. He had but one copy left (having sold off no less than two sixpenny editions!) and therefore I was not able to obtain such a literary gem. I have regretted, ever since, that I had not leisure then to read the poem through. I remember that one of its verses ran thus—Ex uno disce omnes: "And when the nations came for to see What a great reform there would be, They were as glad as any thing, And blessed the Queen and the glorious King!"

It was evident that the perusal of Lord Byron’s works had not made a poet of his valet’s son.

On calling, a day or two after, at the residence of this "Composer of Poetry," the shop was closed. Fletcher had given up business—a great luminary had departed from Wych-street. Who can tell whether he may not be taking a "Poet’s Pilgrimage" to Missolonghi, to see the cenotaph where they had enshrined the heart of Byron? or rather where they intended to enshrine it?

R. S. M.

Miscellanea.

Antiquities.—In making an excavation at Athens, one of the most beautiful statues ever seen has lately been discovered. It is supposed to be that of Theseus. It is in the finest style of sculpture, and has the heroic bearing of the Apollo Belvidere. It was found perfect, excepting the head, which was soon dug up at a little distance. The fracture of the neck fits exactly, therefore it may be restored, without additions, by the hands of modern artists. It was found on the site of the ancient city, where it is supposed many treasures of antiquity lie hidden, and are lost from the want of enterprise to bring them to light.

Extraordinary Anecdotes of Somnambulism.—The celebrated author, La Fontaine, invited two friends to supper, but forgot to tell his wife of the circumstance. When evening came, he appeared sleepy and heavy, and expressed a wish to retire to rest: and he went to bed without supper or bidding his family good night.

At the appointed hour the two friends came, and Madame La Fontaine was surprised to find that they stayed hour after hour with the air of invited guests. At last, an explanation took place, and they all laughed heartily at La Fontaine’s absence of mind, and sat down to partake of the meal Madame La Fontaine provided on the emergency. "As he is in bed," they said, "there let him rest; we will sup without him."

But they had scarcely begun supper when the door opened, and La Fontaine entered in his nightcap, without shoes or stockings, just as he had risen from bed. His eyes were half open, but he evidently saw no object; he crossed the dining-room where the party were sitting, went into a little closet or cabinet that served him for a study, and shut himself up in the dark. Some time after, he came out, rubbing his hands, and testifying much satisfaction, but still asleep; he then went through the dining-room, quite unconscious of the presence of any one, and retired to bed.

His wife and friends were very curious to know what he had been about in the dark. They all went into his study, and found there a fable newly written, the ink being still wet, which brought conviction that he had written and composed it during his dream. The admirer of this most original author may wish to know which fable was composed under these extraordinary circumstances. It is one that is replete with the most natural and touching language—it is that which unites the utmost grace of expression language is capable of—in a word, it is the celebrated fable of the Two Pigeons. This extraordinary anecdote is not related for mere amusement; it is a fact founded on tradition, and declared on the solemn protestations of those who witnessed it—men of honour and consideration in the world.

That the human mind is capable of the most singular exertion in somnambulism, can be attested by a host of witnesses; that the operations of both reading and writing have been effected by a person in this state, has been often proved; and that a somnambulist can read in the dark a book never before seen by him, has often been solemnly asserted; but it cannot be expected to be believed by any person who has not witnessed such a phenomenon. That the minds of persons of genius are often in a high state of exaltation in sleep, and capable of producing the most finished specimens of their talents, is evident from another
Review.

An Essay on Woman.—By Nicholas Michell, Author of "The Siege of Constantinople," &c.

This is a work which most especially demands our notice, because we find that Mr. Michell has, with great ability, performed the delightful task of sketching the brightest shades which adorn the character of woman. It is a glowing subject; for we do not say too much when we assert, that it is in the power of the softer sex to exercise a mighty influence over the conduct of men. Stern, indeed, must he be whose mind cannot be touched by the contemplation of the character of an amiable woman. What, for instance, can be more endearing than the kind affection shown by a sister? where can a man look for more happiness than he will find in her enthusiastic fondness? But we need not descant in our poor prose upon this subject, for Mr. Michell shall speak for us, and most eloquently too. Here is an extract, full of beauty and tenderness:

In sickness' dim and melancholy hour,
When droops the frame, and mind hath lost
her power—
Who by her brother tender vigil keeps,
Cheers him like her, yet o'er his sufferings
weeps;
Tends all his wants, ere speaks his lip or
eye,
A guardian angel 'midst infirmity?
Oh, thou! who sharedst each early joy and
woe,
Dear to my heart where'er life's currents
flow;
Dear as when wreathing lilies by the rill,
Or with small steps we climbed the steeped
hill.
Can I, my sister, e'er forget thy care,
When sickness' lingering pangs 'twas mine
to bear?

Pale on his couch thy listless brother lay,
Drooped his dim eye, and weakened day by
day;
No more for him he deemed the vales would
bloom,
The birds pour song, the breezes waft perfumefume;
But thou didst watch with tireless love and
zeal!
And all he suffered fondly seemed to feel!
With Shakespeare's lore would'st charm the
hour along,
Now murmur sweet a spirit-soothing song.
What joy was thine, when health returning
slow,
Woke in his eye the long forgotten glow!
Warm flowed thy tears 'mid kisses softly
giv'n,
Thy glad heart breathing gratitude to
heav'n.—
Still wan and frail, when pacing on the lea,
Thou sought'st his side, his sweet support to
be,
Wouldst show, 't amuse, bright stream and
spangled bower,
Or pluck to cheer him spring's unfolding
flower:—
In pain and dawning bliss, 'twas thine to
prove
How deep a sister's sympathy and love.

There are several other passages in the poem which we should like to lay before our readers; we shall, however, content ourselves with those which appear most deserving of notice. But there are a few lines upon Matrimony which we cannot omit, because that is a subject which demands very considerable attention from all young ladies. Mr. Michell has not, however, made any particular discovery, for he merely represents the difference between a vicious town and a virtuous country life. With all the enthusiasm of a poet, our author plants the habitation of virtue amidst "crushing crowds," whilst virtue blooms in "rural harmony."
this is a new poetical license; for, we believe that, even in this dissipated city, there dwells virtue most estimable, abounding in such deeds of love and charity as adorn and exalt the character of mankind.

How oft the path do Hymen's votaries miss, Who seek in cities matrimonial bliss! There, crushing crowds bid genial quiet fly, And Dead Sea fruits lure woman's mind and eye;
Too oft she listens pleasure's syren lay, And flings for meteors star-born joys away, Till folly chills, and flattery warps her heart, And social virtues slumber and depart. — Her lord more darkly wanders e'en than she,
And Hope's fair planet sets in Sorrow's sea.

But lo! removed from strife and folly's snare, Faith, virtue, joy, shall crown the wedded pair.

How sweet the picture truth presents the eye Of calm content and rural harmony! At morn, the thrrostles' carol on the tree, Shall sweetly bid their balmy slumber flee; The dewy rose that wreathes the window's slip, Is not more fresh than Flora's cheek and lip; Sweet cares are her's, whilst he o'er hill and mead,
Drinks th' pure gale, or curbs his bounding steed. Again they meet at noontide's fervid hour, Pace in the shade, or seek the woodland bower:

There, as the infant climbs the mother's knee, Sports with her hair, and frolics in its glee, He composes page the lightsome hour to suit, Or with soft breath awakes his mellow flute. 'Tis evening — cool the fragrant breezes play, Now for the ramble down the hawthorn way! The gold-tipped hills, the purple-gleaming sky, The vocal woods, enchant their ear and eye. They reach the hamlet — there the swain and maid
Resign their toils, and dance beneath the shade.

How sweet to bless with alms, with hope inspire, The armless veteran, and the sightless sire! The churchyard next attracts their pensive feet, Where oft their sportive childhood loved to meet;
In yonder shrine their nuptial faiths were sworn, Blithe peal the bells, ason that happy morn. But now in ether rides the silver star, And twilight's curfew tolls on hills afar: Slow as they homeward wend beside the stream,
That sleeps in shade, now sparkles in the beam,

While peers their dome above the forest spray, And on the gale resounds their watch-dog's bay, What rapturous feelings warm each virtuous breast, That fondly asks — are others half so blest? It is unnecessary to make many observations upon the foregoing extracts; the subjects are pleasing and the style is graceful and harmonious; and if we here close our notice of the "Essay on Woman," we think the samples we have given would tempt many persons to purchase the work. But there is a third extract which we cannot withhold from our readers, for it has touched our heart, and constrains us now to declare, that our best living poets would suffer no loss of reputation if they claimed the following lines:

But witness her, whose life hath flown a dream In quiet's bower, by virtue's holy stream; Who feels no ties to bind her spirit here Save misery's lot, and friendship's hallowed tear. Morn's trembling beam shines softly in the room, Through the ope'd casement lilies breathe perfume: They emblem her who lies expiring there, Her soul so pure, her brow as meekly fair. Her friends so cherished mourning round her stand,
She blesses each, to each extends her hand: How fondly sad she lingers yet awhile, To clasp each sorrowing child, and weep and smile! But where is he, of feeling, life, a part, Fount of her hopes, and sunshine of her heart? The last caressing, and the last caress'd, He now draws near and weeps upon her breast; How meekly droops her languid eye on him, Where fondness shines, though all beside is dim! Love melts her heart — no thought of death alarms, Around his neck are wretched her pallid arms. "Grieve not!" — she cries — "although our days have pass'd All faith and love, and blissful to the last; He who bestowed, again my life demands, Death only bursts the spirit's galling bands! A little while my babes and thou may mourn, And wretch at evening flowers around my urn; A little while may those, my helpless care, Old age and penury, weep o'er Ellen there; But oh! 'twill be more rapturous for the sigh Of parting here, to meet in yonder sky!
Then in thy heart let woe no longer dwell,
But wipe thy tears, and smile like me farewell."

We do not say that this poem is very complete in its design, or that it is free from those defects which a more minute criticism could perhaps point out; but, on the whole, we consider this essay is the best poetical effusion which has made its appearance for a considerable period, and it will give us much satisfaction if Mr. Michell receives that share of public approbation which is most assuredly due to him.

Recollections of a Chaperon. Edited by Lady Dacre.

Those who expect, from the title of this work, to be regaled with the strange hash of personality and chatter commonly found in fashionable novels, will be much disappointed. We freely own they will find something better, and yet we are inclined seriously to quarrel with the name of the book. It is a catch title, linked with an aristocratic name, to make the book sell; and we are surprised that Mrs. Sullivan and her mother (who bears one of the noblest names which has graced our northern chivalry of old) could lend themselves to such a bookseller’s trick—so that modern misses and mammas, who degrade themselves by husband-seeking, are induced to read the novel in hopes of learning the whole art and mystery of chaperonage, taught by—the Lady Dacre. They will not, however, find a single tale in unison with the title.

But, considering it is a work sailing into the world under false colours, we must say the book is better than might be expected. The style is, in general, simple even to childishness: now and then there is an affectation of the language in which the authoress of “Pin-money” and “Mothers and Daughters” has clothed her narratives. The French word gêne is used so frequently, that the reader nauseates and tires of the repetition. The tale of “Milly and Lucy” is completely borrowed, in characters, story, and situation, from the first published and most admired work of the above-mentioned authoress—we mean “The Manners of the Day.” It is true that “Milly and Lucy” is an improved copy, but still it is a copy, and a copy from a bad model. Most of the other tales are pretty home sketches, but possessing little incident, in which we recognise with pleasure, traces, though faint ones, of the long lost domestic novel, a field once so ably entered upon by Miss Austen, Miss Ferris, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Brunton, and Mrs. Opie. The best story in the work before us is “Ellen Wareham;” it is the only one that has the least pretence to strength or originality. It is founded on the following circumstances:

—A beautiful girl, who lives in the country in a state of genteel poverty, as the daughters of half-pay officers are wont to do, without any great hopes of a splendid alliance, receives an offer from a Mr. Cressford, a handsome young man, in good circumstances, but of impetuous character, to whom, with a very sober sort of liking, she is afterwards married. He, on the contrary, loves her with almost insane passion. It does not appear in evidence that Cressford teases Ellen more than it is usual for men to plague their wives; nevertheless, she is so worried by his exacting temper, that it is real relief to her when he is detained by Napoleon on the Continent, and fairly consigned to the safe keeping of the fortress of Verdun. While she is enjoying the quietude of his absence, he contrives to send her word that he is dead and buried. After a decent time of outward mourning and inward thanksgiving at being relieved from the companionship of her restless partner, Ellen resigns herself and Cressford’s two children to a new husband—a most regular piece of perfection—who has the most perfect parks, conservatories, houses, furniture, and gardens, with which the late Mrs. Cressford is this time quite enraptured.

By the time she has lived two years as Mrs. Hamilton, and has become the mother of another baby, she receives a most portentous letter from Cressford, setting forth that he is not dead, and never was buried. Mrs. Hamilton returns half broken-hearted to her father, and the tale here acquires great interest; not, indeed, in the distresses of the heroine and her second husband, but in the agonies of the unhappy Cressford at his cold reception, and the loss of the affections of the wife of his youth. By a well-managed equivocate, we find that the report of his death was not, as we first imagined, a romantic prank of his mad jealousy, but a contrivance to facilitate his escape from Verdun, of which he had written a confiden-
tial account to his wife, which never reached her, owing, during the war, to the difficulty of communication with France. Exasperated by Ellen's ill-concealed aversion, Cressford takes his children from her, and, mad with jealousy and disappointment, prosecutes, or rather persecutes her according to law, for bigamy, and she escapes with some difficulty from undergoing condign punishment. Cressford, stung by disappointed affection, and wounded at heart by other sorrows, many of which had been the result of his own unfortunate stratagem and impetuousity of temper, of which he nevertheless seemed to be wholly unconscious, finally, to the great joy of all parties, becomes really destitute. Ellen, indeed, attended him on his death-bed, for the double convenience of forgiving him his mad vagaries, and seeing him this time safely shrouded and coffin'd. The tale then finishes by the reunion of Mrs. Cressford with her beloved second husband, his park, hall, carriages, and greenhouses.

It is apparent enough that we are not altogether pleased with the tendency of this story, and think that Ellen's character would have shone brighter in bearing patiently the faulty temper of her first husband. We think Cressford, too, an ill-used person, for he was loving, disinterested, and true, and never committed any wrong against her to deserve her unlimited aversion. Perhaps, too, we should esteem our heroine the more, if the man of her second choice had less worldly refinement and advantages. The tale has the taint of worldliness apparent in most fashionable novels and fashionable persons of the present day.

A Short Account of Intellectual Toys.
By Francis West, Optician. Price 6d.

It gives us much pleasure to quote the following remarks on Rational Toys, in the work above-named, and to give our support to the easy methods pointed out for a higher class of, nevertheless very easily-managed, experiments, upon the admirable principles laid down by Miss Edgeworth in her "Practical Education." This is the species of early education which we consider to be extremely profitable, and which we are at all times delighted in having the opportunity of recommending:

"It is surprising how much children may learn from playthings, when they are judiciously chosen, and when the habit of reflection and observation is associated with the ideas of amusement. A little boy, nine years old, who had a hoop to play with, asked, 'Why a hoop or a plate, if rolled upon its edge, keeps up as it rolls, but falls as soon as it stops, and will not stand if you try to make it stand upon its edge.' Was not the boy's understanding as well employed whilst he was thinking of this phenomenon which he observed whilst he was beating his hoop, as it could possibly have been by the most learned preceptor?

"Chemical toys will be more difficult to manage than mechanical, because the materials requisite to try many chemical experiments are such as cannot be safely put into the hands of children.

"But a list of experiments, and of the things necessary to try them, might easily be drawn out by a chemist who would condescend to such a task; and if these materials, with proper directions, were to be found at a rational toy-shop, parents would not be afraid of burning or poisoning their children in their first chemical lessons.

"To direct children in their choice of fossils, and to give them some idea of the general arrangements of minerals, toy-shops should be provided with specimens of ores, &c., properly labelled and arranged in drawers, so that they may be kept in order; children should have empty drawers in their cabinets, to be filled with their own collections. They would then know how to direct their researches, and how to dispose their treasures.

"With the little cabinets which we have mentioned, should be sold cheap microscopes, which will unfold a world of new delights to children; and, it is very probable, that children will not only be entertained with looking at objects through a microscope, but they will consider the nature of the magnifying glass. They should not be rebuffed with the answer, 'Oh, it's only a common magnifying glass;' but they should be encouraged in their laudable curiosity: they may easily be led to try slight experiments in optics, which will at least give the habits of observation and attention. In Dr. Priestley's History of Vision, many experiments may be found which are not above the comprehension of children of ten or eleven years old. We do not imagine that any science can be taught by desultory experiments, but we think that a taste for science may early be given, by making it entertaining, and by exciting young people to exercise their reasoning faculties upon every object that surrounds them. We may point out that great discoveries have often been made by attention to slight circumstances. The blowing of soap bubbles, as it was first performed as a scientific experiment by the celebrated Dr. Hook, before the Royal Society, makes a conspicuous figure in Dr. Priestley's chap-
ter on the reflection of light; this may be read to children, and they will be pleased when they observe, that what at first appeared only a trifling amusement, has occupied the understanding and excited the admiration of some great philosophers."

If the young mind can be thus interested, Mr. West has increased the stock of domestic felicity. We have elsewhere given his catalogue of views, among which will be found many objects of interest.

The Voice of Humanity. March, 1833.

Those who entertain a feeling of humanity towards the animal creation cannot more appropriately dispose of a few shillings than in aiding the exertion of the society whose proceedings are recorded in the above work. We have no space for any remarks of our own at present; but we earnestly call the attention of our readers to the following extract:

The pages of this periodical reflect but a melancholy and humiliating picture of the nineteenth century with respect to the duties of humanity. First, let us point to the condition of those animals whose lives are daily sacrificed to support our own; for they, it will be admitted, have the strongest claim; and, if no reformation take place in our treatment of them, there is but little hope for those to which we are not in so high a degree indebted. How many are the centuries during which the barbarity of our metropolitan cattle market has been suffered to continue and to increase, until it has grown into a proverb of reproach? How long has the miserable spectacle been witnessed of foot-sore and drooping animals goaded and beaten through our streets, and panting under the weight of their cumbersome flesh, which every hour was becoming more unfit for the purposes of human food? How long have these abominations appealed in vain to the unfeeling breast of man? In what new dress of speech shall we attire those dens of systematic torture the slaughter-houses? or, how shall we more forcibly describe the process of the manufacture of white meat—so white, that it may vie with the delicate damask cloth upon which it is placed? Are cruelties like these become such common-place affairs, that the simple recital of them in plain language is not sufficient to impress the minds of British Christians with a due sense of their enormity, and to inspire them with a determination to rescue themselves and their country from the opprobrium of conniving at evils so directly opposed, not to Christianity alone, but to the first principles of pagan ethics? But must the heavy artillery of high-wrought description and the aggravated epithets of laboured invective be united to batter down the bomb-proof casemates in which our recalcitrant pities have concealed themselves? Why are not the dog-pits and the bull baits suppressed? Why are the Knacker's Yards, or the Horses' last Home, for the reformation of which we have already, in our fourth number, made a faithful, an earnest, but hitherto an ineffectual appeal—why are they still tolerated? We have revisited these legalized pandemoniums, where all species of cruelties concentrate; but to what end? If you summon a knacker on a charge of cruelty within his yard, you render yourself liable to a charge of trespass for entering and interfering with him on his own private property. We have, again, and again, witnessed that invaluable but ill-requited servant of man, the horse—from some form or other received benefit—at his last home—consigned to the remorseless knacker, and shut out from the possibility of humane interposition—licking the very dirt for hunger, and left to perish by starvation, or to linger in misery till a demand for the scantly remains of his flesh procures him a release from his misery. This painful sight we have endured, and also the inspection of the slaughter-houses, as essential to the right performance of our duty in conducting this periodical, which rests its claim to public attention, not upon theoretical speculations, but upon practical suggestions, deduced from incontrovertible facts.


This contains a series of conversations between a Mamma and her little Willy, who is described in p. 1, as "an intelligent child." Our readers who are blessed with little Willy's will find that this book contains a very judicious selection of elementary information, sufficiently entertaining to amuse the idliest little student that ever dreaded his daily task.


In the irlsome performance of our duty, we have waded through this crude and undigested tale, though often, in very weariness, tempted to lay it down.

Its only claim to be entitled a Romance consists in the utter improbability of the story; and so, in accordance with the vulgar notion, to state a palpable falsehood is "to romance." Now we beg leave
to cite, for the recollection of the worthy Editor of "The Library of Romance," the signification of that term, as given by our great Lexicographer.

"Romance, derived from roman in the French and romanza in the Italian—"a military tale of the middle ages; a tale of the middle ages; a tale of wild adventures in war and love.""

The Editor has proposed to cater an intellectual banquet, which was to consist of sundry courses of pleasant and varied repast, suited to the tastes and adapted to the discriminating palates of the partakers of his feast. But we earnestly recommend Mr. Leitch Ritchie to be more careful hereafter in the selection of the viands; or, in plain language, by the vigilant and dependent exercise of his editorial powers, to exclude such absurd tales as that of "Waltham" from the "Library of Romance."


We have not seen any number of the "Cabinet Cyclopaedia" which we prize more highly than the above; and our preference is not to be wondered at when it is recollected that the volume is penned by the first writer of the day—a man who has suffered much from the impudent pretensions of inferior minds; but whose works will only be duly appreciated when the productions of his opponents are sinking into utter forgetfulness. We have no space to transcribe any extracts from the volume, which brings the maritime history of England down to the year 1835; but we should be sorry to omit the following nervous and appropriate remarks which precede the introduction:—

"According to the Welsh Triads, the earliest name by which Britain was known was Clas Meridian, the sea-defended green spot. Such an appellation may seem to have been prophetic; but the sea defends no people who cannot defend themselves: and it was with this feeling that Wordsworth, the great poet of his age, poured forth a lofty strain, when, looking from a valley near Dover, towards the coast of France, and the "spun of waters" which separated us from that then most formidable neighbour (for it was while Bonaparte was in the plenitude of his power), he said—

"Even so doth God protect us, if we be Vicious and wise! Winds blow, and waters roll,

Strength to the brave, and power, and Deity: Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree Spake laws to them, and said, that by the soul Only, the nations should be great and free."

With all the ports of the continent in his possession, and all its navies at his command, that narrow channel was found impassable to the most ambitious, the most powerful, the most enterprising, and the most inveterate enemy with whom this nation ever was engaged in war; for Great Britain had manfully won and victoriously maintained the dominion of the sea. It will be neither an unworthy nor a useless task for an Englishman who loves his country, and who, doing his duty towards it in his station, trusts that he may deserve to be held in remembrance to posterity, to record the actions of those brave men by whom that dominion was acquired; and a series of their lives ("wherein," to use the words of a wise and good man, "I intend to do them right with the truth thereof, and myself with the freedom," will be the most convenient form for a compendious naval history of England. It is, however, no wish of the writer that the work he has thus undertaken should be the cause of inducing any hopeful youth, who otherwise might not have been so inclined, to enter the naval service: the ways of that service are as little ways of pleasantness as its paths are paths of peace; and rather would he that his right hand should forget its cunning than that his writings should produce such an effect. Nevertheless, as for that profession, with all its deterrents and its moral dangers, adventurers never will be wanting, so long as, in the order of Providence, such means of national defence are needful. It is good that they should be provided with a manual of this kind, wherein, as in a chart, they may discern what they are to seek and what they are to shun, by perceiving what things in the conduct of their predecessors ought to be regarded as a warning, and what as examples; and as every way of life, from the highest to the humblest, has its besetting sins, so let it be remembered each may have its appropriate virtues, and those which the seamen are called upon to practise are of a high order. He lives in a course of privations, self-denial, and strict obedience, always in insecurity, often in danger, not seldom in the face of death. Through such discipline, no man can pass unchanged; he must be brutalized by it, or exalted; it will either call forth the noble qualities of his nature, or worsen a bad disposition, and harden an evil heart. The more necessary is it, therefore, that he should be taught where to look for examples, and where for assistance and support; the former are afforded him by history, which is always most useful when it is related with most fidelity; for the latter he must
look to that Heavenly Father who has created and preserved him, and in His infinite mercy has given him the means of grace. Sailors are taught in their part of our incomparable Liturgy, to pray that they may be a safeguard to the sovereign and dominions, and a security to such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions; they are required, before a battle, to call upon the Lord, and entreat Him "who sitteth upon the throne judging right," to "take the cause into his own hand, and judge between them and their enemies," and they are enjoined, after the victory has been given them, to acknowledge that he has been their strength, and to pray "that the mercies which they have received at His hands may be improved to his glory, to the advancement of his Gospel, the honour of their Sovereign, and, as far as in them lieth, to the good of all mankind." Thus solemnly are they instructed; and it is not presumption to believe that while the service is carried on in this spirit, and in this faith, the protection which hitherto has been vouchsafed it, and which is thus improved, will never be withdrawn.

One page of Dr. Southey's writings is worth a hundred of the productions of those writers who now thrust forward their conceits with so much effrontery and presumption. We dare say the Béthamites, for instance, would deride the pious reflections which are to be found in this extract; but, truly, "that which they deride good men esteem."

Drama.

DRURY LANE.—A new ballet-opera has been introduced at Drury Lane Theatre, entitled The Maid of Cashmere, a literal translation almost of M. Scribe's Le Dréuet la Bayadère, performed at Paris with great success. The original music by Auber, is prettily arranged by Bishop. The plot is too extravagant and meagre to warrant a description, being evidently got up in order to introduce some very excellent dancing.

The supply of scenery is scanty, there being only three scenes in the piece. The opening scene is not so good as might have been expected, considering it is before the spectators during the whole of the first act. The second scene exhibits the Hut of the Bayadère, very well painted, with the sentence of the Maid of Cashmere, doomed to be burnt on the funeral pile made from the rafters of her own cottage; Zelica is bound to the stake, and immediately upon the fire being kindled it becomes a bank of flowers, and Brauma (for whose concealment she has been condemned, up to that time known to her only as mortal,) appears in divine character, supporting his devoted mistress (Zelica,) and ascends to the Indian paradise in the presence of the humble and astonished crowd of assembled devotees. The scenery here is very beautiful and effective, and exceedingly well managed. There is nothing extraordinary in the music, and it will not add much to the name of Auber. A long solo by Mr. Wood was encored, for which it would be difficult to assign a reason, unless for the purpose of favouring the half-price visitors with the sight of the magnificent scene at the conclusion of the opera.

The dances are numerous and pleasing, particularly the shawl dance, which is novel as well as elegant. We cannot bestow upon Mademoiselle Duverney greater praise than by stating that at times she reminds us of Taglioni; her countenance is inexpressive; notwithstanding which in dumb-show she almost speaks: in figure she is light and graceful. The dresses are very fanciful and pretty. Upon the whole the piece was successful, but we are of opinion the public have a right to expect something more substantially attractive for a first presentation.

New Music.

We have received some new vocal music, which we cannot pass over without making a few slight observations. The song of "Lovely May" is very pretty, both as regards the words and air; the music, composed by Mrs. S. Millard, author of "Alice Gray," is alone sufficient to recommend it to the notice of the musical world. "A Thousand and a Year," adapted also to the same air as the former, with the exception of its being played rather faster, is a good song. "The Warrior's Bride," a ballad arranged by E. F. Elwin, to a melody of Beethoven's, is also deserving of attention; and "The Evening Salutation," arranged, from "Airs of the Rhine," for four voices, the poetry translated by Edward Taylor, and the accompaniment by W. Horsley, M.B., Oxon, is very pretty and excellent in harmony.

A Hint to Perfectionists.—The finest specimens of human nature we have ever known in real life have been those whom sorrow, study, and religious principle have rescued from the over-domination of imaginative feeling—those whose minds have worked themselves clear; not such as possessed no tumultuary elements from which to emerge.

Madame Malibran is engaged at the King's Theatre, at 50,000 francs for twelve nights. She is daily expected in London.
Fashions.

Costume of Paris.

The revival of the ancient style of costume in robes and coiffures, has naturally brought with it a taste for splendid and profuse decorations of jewellery, little known in the present century. With this extravagance, however, a more than ordinary benefit is likely to accrue, if the public be guided by good taste, to adopt only the most approved and characteristic dress of ancient days, and to take pains in the selections, by making themselves acquainted not only with the style and fashion of those garbs, but with the records of the period, and the names and history of the most admired and celebrated wearers. In furtherance of this plan, it is our intention to call into a new existence the historical treasures of the past, in presenting our readers with a succession of heroines in the costumes of remote centuries.

In the days of our great grandmother's rubies and diamonds of the most costly kind were set in dull and heavy moulds, with nothing to render them attractive except their intrinsic value; but now-a-days, our modern antiques, with false jewels, can shine with far greater splendour, by the decided improvement in the art of setting, now so brilliant and tasteful, than the high dames of ancient times. A very few words, in former seasons, sufficed in the discussion of jewellery; now, however, the beautiful novelties in that department of dress render it worthy almost to be the subject of a leading article.

The feronniere that has long been an elegant auxiliary of full dress, is now enlarged into a diadem. Bandeaux of richly wrought bronzed gold are worn over the brow, and recall to mind ancient baronesses, duchesses, and dames. We must observe, that it is only the slavish taste of a few fashionists, who choose to adopt the full costumes of the reign of Lewis the Fifteenth and George the Second—and in Paris, to make the tout ensemble complete, disguise the hair with powder and pomatum. The mode now adopted differs indeed from the former style, as only the hair in front is powdered, and the whole of the back of the head is left in its natural state, leaving the wearer to cut a sort of jug appearance. The lady of real taste and refinement, whose elegant pursuits render her familiar with the costumes and manners of past ages, and who is acquainted with rare engravings and other marvels of pictorial art, if she adopt antique dress, will select the most graceful parts of the style of different eras, and thus obtain one beautiful whole; for instance, if the tight corset-corsets and fur belted robes of the last century show off to advantage the stately figure, the slender rounded waist and well-formed throat and bust, it is equally certain that the pinched tight sleeves of the same times, which give breadth to the elbows, and narrowness to the shoulders, are in vogue; yet let the rich flowing sleeves which fall with such graceful drapery, in portraits of Titian and Vandyck, be united with the robes of our great grandmothers, and we have a charming mode of dress. True taste, nevertheless, would assert as an accompaniment the powdered horns of the head-dress of Pompadour or du Barry, and prefer the arrangement of the belle chevelure of Madame de Grignon, the still more graceful flow of the hair of Marion Delorme, or the ringlets of Henrietta Maria. Nay, the smoothly bound or braided tresses of the
Fashions.

They are bordered in a diamond pattern of black twist, and button or lace behind; the skirt meets behind, and is made like a child's open frock, and is rather lower than the knees. In place of pockets are two cords worked lengthways in a diamond pattern, with two little tassels at the bottom.

Walking Dress.—Spring dress is as yet in a state of indecision, till the parures of Longchamps determine the costumes for May. The fickle month of April shows a modification of winter dress one day, while the fluctuations of the climate of Paris and London forces the fair one to envelope herself in the folds of shawl and boa the next, so sudden are the transitions from moderately warm weather to snow.

A great variation is expected in sleeves for promenade and carriage dress. Those preparing for Longchamps are slashed in the fashion of Henri Quatre, tied up the arm with knots of riband, or are retained in their places by fancy buttons. For morning walking dress they are likewise made with full bouffants, separated with rosettes or fully plaited into a straight poinet, ornamented with enamelled buttons. The bels are cut in a point, and the corsage also, which is tied with a rich silk cord and tassels a la cordelette. This will be the style for spring pelisses. Full brilliant green satin is the material at present most sought for. A pelisse or redingote, at present the reigning fashion, is made of Parma blue satin, with an open standing collar, small lapels a point in front, finished with a silk and chenille ornament of the same colour, with a blue enamel button in the centre, the skirt closed in front with similar ornaments down to the feet, and a Spanish ruff of the new English thread blonde. With this is worn a small cottage bibis of straw. We purpose next month furnishing our fair readers with a description of the choicest patterns. The crown of the bonnet is a mixture of straw and gros de Naples, the colour of the dress, sown together, trimmed with cut ribands of Parma blue, and bunches of the white narcissus. These pretty straw bibis are preparing for the spring of the shape called the Caroline. For present wear, there are pretty hats of white satin, lined with rose-coloured velvet or satin; some of pensée satin or bear's ear colour, lined with velvet or satin of meadow green, white satin, or primrose with wreaths of violets, and violet coloured satin or gros de Naples, with a rich close chaplet of white narcissus, without foliage; the chaplet is placed a little sideways on a plain crown, and the simplicity of the outline is merely broken by a few knots of green and white riband, cut in form of a feather; the inside is lined with an aureole of blonde, ornamented by two bunches of white narcissus, and pale green and white riband. Stripped ribands of meadow green

dies of the ages of chivalry, though closely confined under a tiara or bandelette, were yet left undisguised in their natural colour and glossiness, and were therefore, after a fashion, less barbarous than the cushioned and powdered heads of the last century, surmounted by vile little fly caps. When some elegant leader of taste has thus chosen the robe, the sleeves, and the coiffure, she may adopt the splendid cordelière, or belt and tassels of jewels, which was the pride of the beauties of Anna Boleyn's court. To this may be added, the figured carnets necklaces and bracelets, fashionable in the era of Francis the First, but originally brought home by the crusaders from the imperial and gorgeous court of Constantinople.

It would be a violation of taste and truth, to cull the ornaments of various centuries to deck an historical character at a fancy ball, or so to describe a costume in a tale of past times; but when the leaders of the mode are adopting fashions, they ought not servilely to follow one particular era: nevertheless, considering themselves at liberty to form a beautiful whole, from the most choice of the decorations which have, from time to time, been invented to set off female beauty to the best advantage.

After this dissertation of what ought to be worn, we proceed to describe new inventions in jewellery.

New Jewellery.—Stars of diamonds, mounted on spiral stalks, and set round the head as a coronet, which vibrate with every movement of the individual, are adopted in court and full dress; likewise bandelettes of rich bronzed gold, set with rubies or emeralds a la cabochon, which is, that the stones are polished without being cut in facades, and the bezel set. This is a recent fashion. Necklaces of opals or turquoise are encased in rich settings of gold open work, called a la jour. They are splendidly enamelled, and clasped in front by a superb antique cameo, while the bandelette for the hair, wrought in a similar fashion, is clasped a la fermonuere on the forehead, with a cameo, or, in place of a cameo, one large choice stone a la cabochon, surrounded with a setting of smaller stones like the necklace. Brooches and agrauss, or clasps of the most exquisite patterns, are used to fasten the sleeves on the shoulders, and to loop back the robes in the antique style. Ornaments for the hair are made in the form of bunches of grapes, with foliage also; the latter are either enamelled green, or set in emeralds; the grapes are either aqua marina polished a la cabochon, or amethysts set in a like fashion. Ear-rings and agnoles are made to match the ornaments for the hair.

Aprons.—Aprons made of light coloured gros de Naples, in a regular corsage en cœur, with cleft jockies on the shoulders, pointed corset bodice, with a cordelette of dark cord.
riband with flowing ends, looped with an
agraffe of diamonds; long neuds des pages
are on the shoulders, likewise clasped with
diamond studs; a bow and diamonds in
front of the corsage, and at the ecarteure.
The hair is raised a la chinoise, but long
ringlets fall on each side of the face from
the crown of the head; a garland of jonquils
with a diamond star pin placed alternately
with each bunch surrounds the head, and
similar ornaments are mixed with the choux
of hair on the crown.

Meantime the toilettes à la Du Barry, à
la Maintenon, à la Ninon, and Montespan
become more general each day, with new
and appropriate materials. Among these
we may mention gros de Naples chiné, which
is clouded with pink and parrot green, or
more elegantly with lilac and parrot green.
satin Brinvillees and gaze ninon, and a
new tissu Pompadoeur, which last is a rich
black silk, embroidered with bouquets of
natural flowers. Hoops, patches, and high
heels, are expected every day to appear in
the fashionable circles. The modern monce-
lets of black blonde or Chantilly, which have
taken the place, for the present, of white
pelerines and canezous in demi parure, are
precisely of the form of the black scarf
cloaks worn by all ranks of females at the
end of the last century and the beginning
of the present, and are drawn in the same
manner round the throat. Black blonde is
likewise worn in flounces and cups for
dinner dress, and chiefly with bright co-
loured silks, as rose, or vert, perroquet, prim-
rose, or jonquille.

Robes made of white watered silk, with
broad satin stripes on which are braided
columns and sprigs of flowers, are very
much in fashion. They are made with pointed
corsages, large slanting plaits that fall back
on each side; robings en tablier, and tied
down with ribands.

At the ball given for the assistance of the
Polish patriots, various new dresses were
noted. One was of apple green crape, with
a green and cherry-coloured cordelette belt,
a turban à la Juive, and pearl earrings and
necklace.

Another was a riband-gaunce robe and one
stripe of cerise gaunce noire, and one of
white satin, diamonded with vert colibri
gauze; the under dress of white satin,
corsage made of the antique form, the corde-
léire a braid of riband of the shades of the
robe.

The richest cordelettes are of diamond
stars, connected with little diamond or pearl
chains; there are likewise star épignales for
the bosom, chest, and shoulders. This set of
jewels is called à la Agnes Sorrel.* Genuine
portraits of ancient historical characters
are the rage of the day, as the ladies search

* An authentic portrait of Agnes Sorrel, the first beauty of her time, was published in the Ladies Magazine for June, 1831. Copies can still be had at our publisher's.
the costumes of past times in hopes of eliciting some bewitching novelty.  

CAPS, HATS, AND HAIR.—Very interesting morning caps are made in coloured velvet or satin, exceedingly small, and shaped to the face, a la Marie Stuart. They are simply trimmed with blonde or pointed lace; the lace, somewhat narrowed, fastens under the chin with a brooch. With this cap is worn in a morning a pretty cravat of the same velvet or satin, attached by an enamelled brooch. turbans à la Fontange are among the revivals of the antique. Velvet caps of the reign of Charles the Ninth, looped up on one side with aigrette of precious stones, and Moabitte and Odalisque turbans, are extremely fashionable. They are made of rich cachemire, and are frequently worn with gummed brooches and exceedingly long paradise plumes, and an esprit of the same material as the plume springing from the base. As for hair, it is arranged in every variety of mode that is to be found in the three last centuries. The tour des Fontanges is now often seen, and may be quoted as the most elegant of all. This is merely a satin riband knotted among a profusion of ringlets, some of which are permitted to fall down the back; the riband is tied in a bow behind the left ear. Another coiffure is with the hair banded in front and turned behind each ear, where it is knotted with orange and green ribands, the back hair arranged high in a chou or round bow. Another has the hair braided with pearls on each side of the face; the ends of the braids are turned up to the top of the crown, and the loops hang down on each side of the face like the clubbed hair of old soldiers: the head of the head has some pyramidal bows with sprigs of pearl. This mode is likewise arranged with diamond sprigs and chains, and with gold beads. It is an unbecoming fashion, adopted in France with the revived barbarism of powder, the reigning mode here at the coronation of Queen Charlotte.

Juive or Moabitte turbans are very large, and tied with one or two straps under the chin. They are chiefly made of beautiful cachemire scarfs, printed with gold palms: the long ends with rich fringes hang down as lappets: the paradise plumes which often decorate these turbans are of immense length and height.

SHOES, AND STOCKINGS, AND GLOVES.—White silk stockings, figured in open work on the insteps, and clocks, are further ornamented by bunches of coloured flowers being embroidered on each ancle. Brilliant buckles are seen now and then upon black satin shoes; and high heels are every day expected to be introduced. Long gloves are now elaborately ornamented with bows of

riband, embroidery, and ruches of tulle, of lace or blonde, at the tops.

HANDKERCHIEFS.—A double row of Mecklin or Valenciennes lace, is now used for trimming round pocket-handkerchiefs, one row at the edge and the other beneath the hem, and on them is wrought fine Moravian work of minute pattern, in a deep border.

Colours.—Parma blue, silvery ardoise or light slate colour, emerald, meadow, Polish green, vert perroquet, or parrot green, pouce and oreille d’ours, are the reigning colours. Fiery colours, orange and dahila shades, are unfashionable.

Added to these, the new April colours are vert colibri, or humming-bird green. Maintenon, a new colour, lapis blue, and Lilac of Sevugal.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(8)—BALL DRESS.—beret of white gauze embroidered in gold lama, ornamented with three ostrich feathers. Dress of crape, over white satin, with a white satin corsege of the corset shape cut with three points in front and one at the back in the shape of the figure, which laces behind, is finished round the waist with plain cording, which follows the shape of the points; the seams are stiffened with whale-bone. The full beret sleeves are of white crape, over white satin, with broad epaulettes trimmed with a mantille of blonde. The skirt is of white crape, exceedingly full, the hem turned up and cut in points of half a yard deep; in each point is embroidered a bouquet of flowers, and from each of the three points in front is continued an elegant column of embroidery, which appears en tablier. Necklace and earrings of turquoises in an elegant setting. Black satin shoes, and white kid gloves. The satin corselet is often of a different colour from the skirt, as pink or blue satin with a white skirt, velvet with satin or crape skirts.

(9)—WALKING DRESS.—Hat of white satin, lined with white or mauve crape, surrounded by a ruche of tulle, and trimmed with satin edged with ruches of tulle and cut gauze ribands. The front much thrown up, and the crown high and pointed. The pelisse of emerald green satin, is cut with a reverse, turned back with velvet of a darker shade; the reverse is formed into lappets, and is edged with dents. The sleeves are very full: they slope from the shoulders, and the plats are gathered under a pipe which forms an epaulette. The corsage is cut slightly en point, but finished with a pointed band and enamelled lozenge buckle. The skirt is closed in front with triple dents interchanged; they are edged with velvet. This dress is worn with a chemisette, finished at the throat with two double rows of tulle.

* We are preparing a succession of ancient historical portraits.

† See plate of Ball Dress for January.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Births.

Of Sons.—On the 12th ult., at Connaught-place, the lady of William J. Hamilton, Esq.—12th ult., at Grosvenor-house, the lady of John Rey, Esq.—10th ult., at Peckham, the lady of Captain Denny, of the ship Roxburgh Castle.—23rd ult. at Hampton Court, the lady of John Davidson, Esq.—25th ult., in Cumberland street, by a servant.—21st ult., at Hampden Middlesex, the lady of T. H. Holberton, Esq., of twin sons.—Feb. 27, at his residence, near Chesham, Bucks, the lady of Benjamin Fullen, Esq.—Feb. 23, at Lightham Court Lodge, the lady of D. Grevis James, Esq., High Sheriff for the county of Kent.—Feb. 27, at Ham Common, the lady of Gordon Forbes, Esq.—10th ult., in Brunswick-square, by a servant.—19th ult., at Peckham, the lady of Captain Edward Kingsley.—20th ult., at the Priory, Wandsworth-road, Surrey, Mrs. Samuel Page.

Of Daughters.—On the 12th ult., at Michael's-grove, Brompton, the lady of E. E. Deacon Esq.—12th ult., at Beckenham, Kent, the lady of Major Dickson.—Feb. 25, at Eastdale, Yorkshire, the lady of Robert Raikes, Jun., Esq.—Feb. 27, at Avignon, the lady of John Mitchell, Esq.—19th ult., at Peckham, the lady of Captain Edward Kingsley.—20th ult., at the Priory, Wandsworth-road, Surrey, Mrs. Samuel Page.

MARRIAGES.

On the 14th Jan. 1832, by special license, at St. David's Church, Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, George Anthony Kemp, Esq., eldest son of Anthony Penn Kemp, Esq., to Helena Maria Morison Midwood, daughter of the late Thomas Haigh Midwood, Esq.—14th ult., at St. Martin's in the Fields, Captain John Simmons, of the 41st or Welsh Regiment, to Miss Anna, youngest sister of John Rose Baker, Esq., of Chalk, in the county of Kent.—7th ult., at Frankfurt on the Maine, Robert Koch, Esq., His Britannic Majesty's Consul, to Miss C. Gontard.—14th ult., at St. Pancras Church, Mr. John Padmore Noble, of Kentish-town, to Georgiana Brudenell, daughter of the late Richard Keyes, Esq.—Feb. 21, at Brighton, the Hon. and Rev. Horace Ponds, third son of the late Lord Lilford, to Miss Percy Currie, daughter of the late William Currie, of East Horsley Park, Surrey, Esq.—Feb. 26, at St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, John Etherington Welsh Rolls, Esq., eldest son of John Rolls, Esq., of Bryamstone-square, to Elizabeth Mary, second daughter of Walter Long, Esq., and the Right Hon. Lady Mary Long, of Montagu square, and of Preshaw House, Hants.—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, John Bethell, Esq., to Louisa, youngest daughter of Robert Abraham, Esq., of 27, Keppel-street, Russell-square, Esq.; Battersea, the Rev. Thomas Vowler Short, Steward of Church- oxford, and Rector of King's WM, Hants, to Mary, relict of the Rev. J. J. Coucyreare.

DEATHS.

On the 8th ult., at St Albans-place, Ham- mersmith, Henrietta, relict of the late Thomas William PARKER KEMP, and youngest daughter of Captain Henry Burford, R. N.—10th ult., in the 50th year of her age, Mrs. Julia Ayrton, of Beaumont-street, Marylebone, relict of Frederick Ayrton, Esq., late of Bombay, and daughter of Colonel Nugent, of Welbeck-street.—12th ult., in the Grove, at Highgate, Mr. W. Prosser, in the 3rd year of his age.—11th ult., Mr. John Green, Cockspur-street, aged 30—6th ult., at Great Mariborough street, Louisa Phillips, the wife of Edward Pain, Esq., daughter and the late William Bellows, Esq., of Stockleigh-court, near Credington, Devon.—13th ult., at park-place, Islington, aged 30, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. T. M. Fallow, Curate of St. Mary's, Islington.—Feb. 18, at Messina, Sicily, Sophia, wife of William Sanderson, Esq., merchant there.—Feb. 9, at Marseilles, Mrs. Turnbull, wife of Alexander Turnbull, Esq., H. B. M. Consul.—Feb. 23, at Sidney House, Cork, Gerard Callaghan, Esq., formerly M.P. for that city.—At East Sheen, John Herbert Browne, Esq., of Weymouth, aged 86—Catherine Elizabeth, relict of James Drake Brockman, of Beachborough, Esq., in the county of Kent.—Feb. 27, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, Captain Charles Inglis, R.N., aged 66.—Feb. 25, at Brighton, in the 77th year of his age, the Right Hon. Lord John Townshend.—Feb. 24, in Sloane-square, Mrs. Lane, widow of the late John Lane, Esq., of Barbadoes.—19th ult., at Cambridge, John Dyer, the only son of James Edwards, Esq., formerly of Putney, Surrey.—15th ult., at Earl's Court, after lingering sufferings, occasioned by accidentally taking fire, Miss Davis, aged 74, sister of the late Samuel Davis, Esq., of Portland-place, deeply lamented by her relatives and friends.—20th ult., at her residence, Willesden-green, Mrs. Ann Devon.—14th ult., in the 35th year of his age, the Rev. P. P. Hoole, for the last seven years Curate of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in which parish he laboured in the duties of his profession with such indefatigable zeal as entirely destroyed his constitution. His ardent piety, unwearied charity, diligence in teaching the young, and procuring succour for the old and the sick, will render his premature removal a loss to the poor of the parish that will long be felt. Nor will he be less lamented by those who have engaged his society, and could estimate the high cultivation of his mind, his intellectual power, the unfinishing integrity of his soul, and the intense kindness and tenderness of his heart.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.
Lady's Magazine.

N° 8.

Robe & Dresses:

Robe en gaze tannée du M. et Mme. Larcheille et Girardot, Rue Richelieu, n° 27.

L'administration du Journal, Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth, N° 23.

Published by J. Faye, 132, Fetter-lane, London.
"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.
What! is the Jay more precious than the Lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?"—Taming of the Shrew.

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MARION THE DEMENTED.
A Scottish Story.

BY MRS. HEDGLAND, FORMERLY MISS ISABELLA KELLY.

"She tried to weep, her burning eyes
Refined a tear to shed,
Then Reason shook upon her throne,
And Sense and Memory fled."—MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

"'What'll buy saut? Buy a forpit o' saut,' was the cry, heard at the peep of day from the water yet at the foot of the Canongate, up to the hill where, frowning in stern magnificence, stood the castle, which, for ages scarcely to be traced, had been the mighty bulwark of defence to the ancient town of Edinburgh. The voice which cried this useful commodity was neither loud nor shrill, but it was clear, and had something inviting in its sound; and though many cried louder, and many were heard, poor Marion "was weel kent and weel liked," and Maron's creel was ay so clean, and her salt so white, and so nicely packed and secured from wind and wet, that, low as was her cry, her creel was the soonest emptied. Maron was encouraged and assisted in her humble avocation. Several families employed her as carrier of light articles from Edinburgh to Musselburgh, where she dwelt; and in doing these "errands" she secured to herself homely comforts, for she was too proud to accept alms while she could work. Marion had known better and happier days; and though she had now only a wee bit biggin with a but and a ben, if her feelings were not those of contentment, they were those of resignation assuming its appearance. She strove to be cheerful, and when any of her customers would make her sit down and rest her, and eat a bit, and speak to her of things gone by, things still living in, and gnawing at her heart, she would close all with "aye its owre true: mony a gude has departed frae me, but His name be praised the saut hasnas lost its savour, and I ha'e my strength."

It might be said that good fortune had forsaken Marion in her cradle, and she verily felt that "we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." At the period we write of, vaccination was unknown, and inoculation was not patronised by the lower classes: they considered it as provoking Providence to plague them with divers diseases: so that, among its numerous obstinately prejudiced victims, fell the father and mother of Marion Scott, before she had attained the sixth month of her age. Her father had rented an inconsiderable farm on the lands of Dalkeith, and, with his wife, was leading an honest laborious life, when the dreadful

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malady, in the same day, made poor Marion an orphan. An old aunt of her mother took compassion on her infant helplessness, and brought her up; and Marion, or as she was usually called, Maron, in process of time could knit and spin, and bake and brew, and could turn her hand in the house and out of the house, and never thought labour hard. Above all Maron could read her Bible; nay, had gone a quarter to the writing school, and her pot-hooks and hangers did “unco weel;” and forby all that, Maron, without either rule or method, had a very useful arithmetic in her own mind, which answered all the purposes of her simple mercantile traffic at the fairs and market. She had numbered eighteen years: her aunt was grown old and crabb’d, and ill to please, and for all that Maron could do she got neither smiles nor good words. Not far from aunt’s habitation there lived a man, rather stricken in years to be sure, but he had a lease of an improving farm, and, as the folks said, was “unco weel to do.” In this man’s eyes Maron found favour. “The bonnie blythe busy bee,” as she called her, he began to think would look weel at his single side, and keep his house round up and in order; and then her cantie cannie ways would make his auld days something like his younger days; and Maron thought it better to be the dawt of auld Archie Proudfoot, than the dependant lassie of an auld angry flying aunt. So in a short time, for there were few preliminaries to retard their humble nuptials, she became the gudewife of Dunwoody Muir farm. The old man never repented taking a young wife; Maron never repented taking an old husband: every thing was left to her guidance, and she managed all with prudence and active industry. Frugal plenty and good humour reigned within the house; and thriving corn-fields and healthy increasing flocks without the house did credit to Maron’s economy and management. She had become the mother of three children, a boy and two girls, when her dear auld Archie Proudfoot, full of days, and his heart more full than ever of love for his gudewife, his bonnie Maron, was gathered to his fathers, leaving his lease and whole possessions to her who he said, “deserved it a’, and would need it a’ to comfort her when her auld man could na longer daut her.” Tears of genuine sorrow and regret bedewed the cold face of her husband, and had Maron had time, and been high and rich, she would have yielded to despondency; but her duties to the dead were to be transferred to the living, and best testified by performing them well to the children of him she had really loved in life, and lamented in death. Maron proved as good a mother as she had been a wife; she rose up early, and late went to rest, and laboured hard, both in the house and out of the house, “to keep her bairns,” as she said, decent, and ge’ them schooling; and “though braws wad ill become the like o’ them, dirt and duds wad as ill become them.” So none went to kirk or market more trimly busked than Maron’s bonnie lassies; she loved her children, loved them well; but Archie, her laddie Archie, was the pride of her heart, and the light of her eyes, and she never prayed to God without praising him for having made her Archie’s mother. They lived in and for each other: Maron thought no one equal to her Archie, and Archie thought no one equal to his mother.

Archie had now completed his twenty-first year, and the lease of Dunwoody Muir farm had nearly expired. What was to be done? The Laird, and he was a Lord too, and he wanted money; fair Scotland could not content him, and his fine woods and forests, and his well covered hills and castles, were all as nothing: he must visit London; and the consequences were, he began building up houses, and cards and dice soon knocked them down; honest debts were unpaid; debts of honour must be paid, money must be had; and the Scottish factor was commanded to raise large sums how and where he could: forests were to come down, rents to be raised, and leases sold to the highest bidder. Consternation and dismay seized the tenantry: home and happiness seemed departing from them; and poor Archie felt the heaviness of despair, felt the heaviness that would fall on his mother’s heart. The weel bight dykes, the bonnie corn-fields, the healthy flocks, the warm thatched bield, were a’ gien; all were fading in the mind’s eye of Archie; all his hopes were falling like the leaves in a November wind, and Archie’s honest soul had not one hope left to cheer his poor mother. The day had been tempestuous, the driving sleet was beating on the casements at Dunwoody Muir farm, and the wailing of an old
watchful colie, listening for his master’s step, added a saddened sound to the wintry blasts as they blew over the house. The night was now far spent: a slow and heavy foot was heard, and the yett of the farm-yard was opened: it was Archie himself. “His presence be about us, my bairn,” cried his mother; “but ye’re as wan as the snaw, and as cauld too: what can ail ye? Come here’s a bleaing ingle—and, Katty, Isbell, haste ye lassies, take up the haggis, and bring the gigot, and is the strong yill broached? and—but Archie, just tak this wee drap; gude guidle us a’, my bairn, swallow this: wull na ye speak, Archie?” “Aye, mither,” he said, swallowing her cordial with difficulty, “I maun speak, I ken I maun speak: a’ the gude things here are gaun frae us, and we maun be gaun oursels frae our ain bonnie bonnie warm cosy build; the lease ye ken is out, the factor wull do nothing, we maun gang; sair, sair is it, but, we maun a’ gang; we ha’ena the siller; it wad tak hunders; aye, we maun gang, we maun gang.” The mother looked in his pale agitated face, she took his hands within her own; they were cold and shaking: she repeated his words—“gang, maun gang.” “Aye, mither, but dinna ye be dowie, ye ha’me, ye ha’er yer ain Archie; and lang and sair ye ha’er warked for me, and I’ll wark for you noo,” and he buried his face in his mother’s bosom. There was something about his mother that Archie could not understand. “The Lord is a rich provider,” she cried, putting him quietly aside, and climbing upon a high stool; “His name be praised, He is a rich provider.” She opened a little sort of cupboard in the wall, and extending her hand to a far-in nook, she took out a little brown pig* with a hole in it: our more southern neighbours give things similar to it the name of money-box. Marion wiped the dust off, and then smashing it on the hearth it broke in pieces, and she eagerly grasped some bits of paper which fell out. But who can tell the dear, the rich, the high thoughts, that at that moment were in the mother’s heart, as she crushed the papers into her son’s hand, saying, “the Lord is a rich provider: take that bits o’ paper an my blessing; the bank ‘ll no refuse ye gowd for them.” The sum was more than enough; it was the savings of care and labour for many years; and the mother felt richer, and prouder, and happier in giving “the hunders” to her darling than she could have done in retaining them. The youth gazed in his mother’s face: his heart filled with a high and holy devotion, as, in a voice which reached the throne of the Highest, he cried, “mother when I forsake you God will forsake me”—“and me”—he would have added, but his mother, with a beaming brow and shining eye, interrupted him, crying, as if nothing had occurred, “whar are ye, ye tawpies? whar is the haggis and the gigot. I’m sure Archie maun be hungered, for truth I’m hungered myself.” The tawpies had heard all that passed. True, “the bits o’ paper” could have toohered them both, but they were given to Archie, and he was the hope and delight of them all; and this family of peace and love sat down to the haggis, and the evening closed with God in thanksgiving and praise.

The lease, by the express desire of Marion, had been renewed for twenty-one years in Archie’s name, and Marion was as happy when the deeds were signed and sealed and delivered into his hands, as if the title-deeds of a principality had been given to herself. Marion had her own pride too, a pride peculiar to herself and to the land that gave her birth. Her maiden name was Scott, and she, and her fathers before her, had been born on the domains of Buckie. Genealogy she knew not even by name; heraldry she had never heard of: but nothing could persuade Marion that she was not a far-off bairn of that illustrious house. Yet she neither assumed nor presumed on her fancied honor, but simply told her children, “never to discredit gude bluid, for it wad be an awfu’ thing to throw slur or shame on a house as auld as the ark, and higher up than William Wallace, or the Bruce either.”

The daughters of Dunwoody Muir farm were now marriageable. The young men of the neighbourhood knew them to be “birds of a good nest”: they saw that they were fair to look upon, that they had been well brought up, and, from the prosperous appearance of every thing about the farm, it was the general opinion they would not go to their husbands tocherless. Two young men had been successful wooers.
and Marion had offered no objection; when the expiration of the lease, and the unexpected and exorbitant demands for the renewal, called forth the hidden treasures her frugal carefulness had accumulated; and her affectionate heart was meditating how to do for the lovers of her daughters, without impoverishing Archie, when she was struck speechless by his telling her that he was betrothed, and had even taken out the lines to marry. Nay, before she could speak, he owned that he was already married to bonnie Maggie Mono! What! without her knowledge, without her leave, without the blessing:—it was awful; for in those days, and in that land of early adherence to the moral duties, no good was to be expected without the father's blessing and the mother's prayer to hallow the bridal. To Maron's mind it was indeed awful, it could augur nothing but scath and ill, from such dark unholy work. Archie became terrified, for she shook and grew deadly pale, and never had her much composed nature experienced such excitement before. At length the gushing tears relieved her full heart: his own beloved face was covered with tears; he kissed her, pressed her in his arms, and soothed her with that sweetness of temper which had so endeared him to her, and which will ever be found to mitigate resentment. "Ah, Archie," cried she, when she could speak, "what's this ye tell me, and is it sae indeed; oh! my bairn, it will be a sair weird for your mither to dree. Aye, as ye say, Maggie is bonnie and blythe, and kens a' the kittle words she learnt at the school; but isna she owre fond o' flashy doings, and wears the braws ilk day which should be keepit to gang to the kirk in, and do credit to the Sabbath; and, I kenna Archie, but the folks in her ain gate-end ca' her proud and wilful, and if sae, when she becomes the gudewife o' bonnie Dunwoody farm, she'll mak ye as bare o' breeks as a highlandman, and she'll wear them, and syne the gude-man 'll dangle in the submiss o' a petticcoat." "Dinna fear, dinna fear, mither," interrupted the enamoured youth; "ye are the mither that worked hard and warstled sair for me; ye're in my heart wi Maggie here; and we'll bath love and serve ye, and we'll a' live thegither, and the cannie lassie will mak us a' cantie and keep us cosy." Soon after this, Maggie came home a bride. Isbell Proudfoot had been cried in the kirk, and was to marry a thriving miller; but he was worldly minded, and as everything about Dunwoody farm led him to expect something with his wife, great was his disappointment; but he might take her or leave her, there was nothing to spare. Isbell heard this mortifying truth; and, in the bitterness of her disappointment, she exclaimed indignantly, "mither might as well ha' tochered us as gien ' the hunders' for braws to bunks Maggie Monro." Poor good-humoured Kate, she had her swain also, and he would have been glad of some tocher with his lassie, and had assured his father such would be the case; and when the truth burst upon him he was obliged to confess to his father the melancholy tidings, who commanded him to think no more of Katty of Dunwoody farm. But love, not gold, was the cement which united their hearts; and the rose on Katty's cheek grew pale, the blink of her laughing eye grew dim, and she whined and pined so that her faithful Sandy told his father if he had not Katty he would go for a soldier, and then at least he should not see her die. The father long held out in obduracy, but at length he granted a reluctant consent, on Kate assuring him she had herself gathered up a trifle, which could buy "a wee pickle meal, and maut forsy, and Maggie was na that ill to her—there war waur folks than her when she was let alane." They were betrothed, and a penny wedding was proposed, but Maron would not hear of that: "Dunwoody Muir farm, if it couldna gi'e a tocher, could weel gi'e a guite dinner to the bairn that was leaving it." So Sandy and his Kate were married, and soon were settled in her father-in-law's warm, comfortable, substantial farm, at some miles distance from Musselburgh. But the day of reckoning came to poor Kate: the father was going to a great cattle fair, which was held at Martinmas, and in a very kindly voice asked her for the promised trifle. "Deed," cried Kate, with the sly queer look she always wore when about to play any of her innocent pranks, with which she often delighted her Sandy, and not seldom drew a smile from her dour demure father-in-law, "'Deed, gudeman, and dear daddy o' mine, I ha' been sae cantie and cosie sin I was yer ain bairn that I haid amast forgotten this same trifle, but noo its coming, and may yer lassie's wees pockie, like the widow's cruse,
never be empty." Sandy grew very fidgety upon his seat; he wished himself any where but where he was, beside his father, for he felt sure that his daft Kate was at something as daft as herself. "What keeps our gudewife," said the father; "she hasn'a mislaid the siller, has she?" "Deed I ken na, I ne'er seered," replied his son. But Kate made her appearance: she went up to the old man, and putting one arm round his neck, drew from her bosom the foot of an old stocking: "war the wealth o' the world in this," said Kate, her face flushing like crimson, "it couldna buy sic an man as my Sandy; and gowd an' jewels couldna buy you; war it fou o' them I'd gi' them a' to please sic a father." She laid the stocking on her father's knee, and, in a voice rather tremulous, while a tear started in her eye, added "na, father, a' the world itsele would be a trifle, nothing could buy you an' Sandy." The old man was astounded: he knew not what to think, if he thought at all; but he very leisurely untied the stocking-foot, and emptying it of its contents, beheld three pence and one halfpenny. "Ye gipsy, ye fause quean, ye deil's buckie that ye are." The old man's "deil's buckie" told poor Kate that her ruse was forgiven, but she hid her face in his neck, and then, between laughing and crying, she kissed his brow, his eyes, his cheeks, his lips, while she said, "I'm yer ain lassie, an I'll serve ye, and love ye, and work for ye till I dee." Thus we find Isbell and Kate were provided for, and had left Dunwoody Muir farm, and bonnie Maggie Monroe had for some time been its gudewife. Truth obliges us to own, that her reception had not been too gracious; for, blythe and bonnie as she was, Maron, in the pride of her heart, had anticipated greatness and goodness, and sense, and beauty, and wealth, nay all the attributes of human perfection as they clasped themselves in her mind, and all were not thought too much for her Archie. Maggie fancied herself every way Archie's equal, and Maron thought nothing on earth could equal her Archie; but poor Maron's heart soon, soon yielded, soon softened and warmed, and she began to love what Archie loved, and every thing that was brave and bonnie she liked to see about Maggie. But, alas! Maggie could not forget, must we say nor forgive. Nothing Maron did could please: ill tongues and false tongues came between them, prejudice strengthened into hatred and bitterness, and even Archie himself seemed to grow cold towards his mother. He longed for peace; Maron prayed for peace, for that peace so dear to God himself that he calls it blessed, and in that peace invites the children of the earth to his eternal beatitudes. Maron long lamented every ill-natured word she had spoken; it caused uneasy thoughts to Archie; and by prayers and cares, and every kindness her honest heart could think of, she wooed Maggie to be friendly. At length, hopeless and spiritless, and scarcely able to bear the heaviness, the bitterness, of thought herself, she grew burdensome to others. When neighbours would notice the changes at the farm, she would say, "Deed Maggie's no that ill, she's gude till Archie, and weel minds the bairns, and she works for her braws, and we maun say weel they set her, and scot and lot is aye paid, and wad she but believe that I am leal in heart and could love her noo, wha wud be sae happy as auld Maron?" But time went on, and sour grew the looks and cold grew the words of Archie to his mother, and in anguish of heart she felt there was a blow impending. Maggie told her plainly, "that, tak it weel or tak it ill, trouth she found it mair than a saying, 'that the gudeman's mother was aye in the gudewife's gate.'" Maron felt herself about to become a deserted outcast, an outcast from that home and heart which she had fondly believed would have sheltered her old age. She shivered in the intense anguish of her feelings: she could not speak, but she looked in her Archie's face as if her heart would break. He spoke not, his eyes were cast down; the warm soft sympathies of nature were all striving within him: he loved his Maggie, loved her dearly; he had loved his mother as son never loved mother before: with difficulty he began, "weel, when I am deeing—" "Whisht," said his mother, putting her cold hands on his colder hands, "whisht my bairn, dinna ye be irreverent to yer mither, dinna ye forget to mind the only command that has a promise o' gude upo' the yearth; I am gaun, an' may yer bairns never mak ye ken what I ken enow; fare ye weel, fare ye weel baith, and His blessing be upo' ye an' yer Maggie, an' upo' yer bonnie bairns; and when we a' stand in His presence, in the awfu' day, may He remember what ye ha'e been to me,
an" no mark what ye are not to me noo!" Marion left the farm, the long-loved farm of dear Dunwoody Muir. Like poor Lear, she had given all; and now in the winter of her days she had to toil as well as pray for a bit of bread to sustain a weary life. She hired a small hovel, containing a but and a ben, at a place called the Brigend in Musselburgh; one person gave her a little press-bed, another gave her a table and chairs, &c., and when all was done that could be done by others, she began to think what she must do for herself. The salt pans were in the vicinity, so Marion bought herself a creel and a measure, and commenced the humble occupation of crying salt in the streets of Edinburgh. She was lowly and resigned, active and industrious, submissive and oblige; Marion was respected in her station, and had she moved in a higher grade of society she would have been termed highminded. She was never heard to complain: her spirit was chastened, her pride was gone, and the warring tempers of nature were stilled in her bosom, and none would have known Marion had been other than a creel-wife, except when neighbours would casually say "they had seen Archie and Maggie Proudfoot in their whiskey at the market, and how brawly they were buskit, and how weel they lookit;" and then dear and bitter remembrances of the past would swell her heart, and she would cry "wae's me, wae's me. I canna, canna, do what I will, I canna forget what he was once to me; na, na, I cannot forget that till the yearth is my bed, and the green divots my covering."

It was a bright sunny day, when Marion had disposed of her creel of salt and had filled it with the "errands" of her customers, when she left the town and pursued her way home to Musselburgh. She often returned by the sands, being easier to her feet and not much farther than by the high coach-road. Marion's heart felt heavier than usual: some one had spoken to her of Archie, and the thought that many saw him, and many heard him, and that she never saw him, never heard him, never heard that voice so sweet to her ear, seemed to lengthen her journey, and wearied, and indulging her melancholy, she loosened the loaded creel from her back, and seated herself upon the sands. The sun's last beams were now setting in the ocean and had shed a softened radiance over the quiet scene. Buried in her own thoughts, she heeded not the passing time: it was now the gloaming, and she was going to resume her burthen, when she beheld two men on horseback galloping towards her. As they drew nearer she discovered one was a tall majestic figure and well dressed, the other apparently was his groom; when opposite to Marion the superior of the two stopped his horse, and for a moment gazed with earnestness in her face, and then rode on, but he soon returned alone, and dismounted. Marion felt uneasy, without knowing why she did feel so uneasy. The sea had far receded from its boundaries on the sands on one side; whins, and fern, and thistles covered the wide waste, far extending on the other towards the high Edinburgh road; all was solitude and stillness around. Marion's heart beat, sunk within her—alarm seized her—what was, what could be her alarm? Did the conscious spirit intuitively dart into the recesses of futurity, to see the evils that human strength and intellect, and human precaution, could neither avert nor control nor mitigate? Let philosophers determine, and casuists explain. Marion was no fine lady: nerves, blue devils, les vapes noir, and all the list of fashionable trepidations were unknown to Marion, yet she felt an alarm never felt before. The gentleman had dismounted: he stood before her and gazed with more intenseness than ever in her face, which face, though it had never been beautiful, was fair and well-featured, mild in its expression, and with eyes that lighted up the whole countenance with love and loveliness: it was then what this stranger thought it and felt it. He took both her hands and clasped them in his own.—"' Eh, sir,' cried the poor Marion, 'what wud ye ha' e? I am an auld woman, a widow, and a mither and a grandmother.' His looks—he looked as Marion had never seen man look before; he grasped, he wrung the hands he held. Marion shrieked—struggled—but he was powerful: her strength, her struggles, her senses—all went from her.

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When poor Marion's consciousness returned she was alone, and it was quite dark; she felt very feebie, and the feebleness overcame her, and she grovelled in the sands, and groaned in the utter agony of hopeless, hapless, helpless, irremediable oppression and injury. She raised her-
self on the sands, and spreading out her hands felt for her creel. "The thief!" fell indistinctly from her cold parched lips: but whether she suspected that the creel was robbed, or that her mind only dwelt on what had been, she never told, nor was it ever known. She crossed her arms upon her breast, and for a time was lost in the depth of her own reflections. To the refinements of the highly cultivated intellect Marion was a stranger; to the subtleties of the reasoner, to the nice distinctions drawn by the casuist between the narrow line of right and the broad path of positive wrong—of them Marion knew nothing; but she did know, and she did feel, that there had been sin, and consolately she raised her hands, and, speaking her own thoughts, she cried, "Aye, sin indeed! but the wae and the wail are both mine, the Lord help me!"

And the Lord did help her.

She now rose up, and though scarcely equal to the exertion, tried, and did fasten the creel to her back. It was very dark, a heavy rain had fallen, and the wind blew fearfully around her, but weather she little heeded at any time, and now Marion feared nothing. A watery moon was rising and struggling through the black and stormy clouds, but it lighted Marion on her way, and as the hour of midnight sounded on her ear she reached her lonely hovel at the Brigend. She threw the creel down as she entered, and without taking off her wet clothes, or approaching her bed, waked and wept the livelong night upon the clay floor. But the morning came, and cold and dreary she arose, and betook her of her gude customers' errands in her creel. She was unpacking it, when, in one corner, near the top, she discovered a small leather purse, and within it seven guineas: she dashed it on the ground: bitter recollections swelled her heart to bursting: she almost shrieked—"fiend, fiend! and did ye think that could pay—did ye think to buy the honest woman's gude name?—But there is a day." And the innocent and the injured meditate on that day as a day when retribution and remuneration will be dealt to every one, "whether it be for good or whether it be for evil."

Marion communicated the secret which gnawed at her heart to no one, but she prayed to Him that seeth in secret to forgive what could never, never be forgotten.

It was at length noticed by the more meddling and curious gossips of the Brigend that "Marion looked unco ill, no like hersel, and she didna sing her auld lits while radding up the hoose as she used to do." "Deed," said one, who was always more busy with other people's affairs than with her own, "deed that's nae great ferlie when she thinks o' bonnie Dunwoody Muir farm, and the crying saut fair day and foul day in Eborrey streets."

But poor Marion grew ill, very ill indeed: she felt the consequences of her misfortune: she was no wife, but every feeling told her that she would soon be a mother; and when she could no longer hide her condition from herself she determined to disclose the agonising secret to the excellent minister of Inveresk kirk. This excellent man, Dr. C——e, had always noticed her family, and, as maiden, wife, and widow, had approved of Marion's conduct, and since her departure from Dunwoody farm had bestowed many kindnesses upon her, and recommended her little services to others, and often had his judicious counsels and pious exhortations under her many distresses tranquillised her mind, and ameliorated and relieved her necessities. To this worthy man the poor creature now resorted in her strange and sore affliction. But she went not to the manse with her usually light quick step and open brow. The sin was ever before her, the sorrow was over upon her: she was "weary and heavy laden," and, with looks abashed, and spirits bowed down and subdued, she fell on her knees before him, and covered her face with her hands. The strange, the uncommon wildness of her demeanor alarmed and astonished the good man, and he would have raised her, saying, "what so disturbs you, Marion? Have you lost?—She drew a deep groan—"I—I ha'e lost a' that woman should value." She continued kneeling reverently before him, while, with burning cheeks and bursting heart, and nearly sinking beneath the weight of shame and the weight throbbling within her, she poured out the sore afflictions of her soul.

The worthy minister shuddered in the horror of hearing such a crime was possible. The outrage was far beyond what he could have imagined of human atrocity; and as the unhappy woman modestly described all that had happened, he poured the wine and oil of compassion upon the
wounds of her spirit: pardon she needed not, for most blameless had been poor Marion.

"In your involuntary, your enforced participation of the guilt, you have no blame; you will find compassion; and the God of justice, who from evil bring' th good, will sanctify the trial to your soul." He detained her some hours that she might acquire some composure, and she left his hallowed presence comforted, composed, and resigned. Such had been the fair report of her whole blameless life that the truth of her story was little doubted by any; and what confirmed the opinion of her integrity, and raised her in the estimation of the good was, that when she communicated her sorrowful tale to Dr. C——, in the honest pride of a virtuous heart she gave the seven guineas found in her creel to him for the use of the poor. He gently hinted that in her circumstances she might want it, but she answered "na sir, na, wi' a' reverence for your word, I canna keep it—it's the wages o' sin—I ha' weight enough to bear without that; Gehazi's sin would be little to mine gin I keep it."

Maron's principle would not allow her to keep the gold; she shrank from it as if the cause of her sorrow and her shame: but the purse it had been in, that she kept and preserved with care, and she sewed it up in a piece of parchment, secretly intending to give it to the child she then carried within her, if it lived, and to tell it the story of its birth before she herself died. Maron needed not the gold she would not keep: the integrity and industry of her whole life was well known; the extraordinary circumstances in which she stood excited a commiseration as generous as it was general, and presents of every kind and necessaries of every sort poured in upon her; and Maron, at dear Dunwoody Muir itself, had never known more care and comfort during her confinements than she experienced in giving birth to the babe who had no father to own or bless it when born. Her little house had been repaired and made comfortable; a good bed and warm blankets had been sent in, and her clay floor was well covered with a thick matting, and Maron gratefully owned "that a' was owre gude for her." Her hour of peril now came on: it proved lingering and severe, but it passed, and Maron was safe, and the mother of a little girl—little indeed she was, for the folks of Fairyland might have taken her for one of their own green-robed gentry. When the poor babe was placed before her she seemed to shudder, and her nearly worn-out spirit shrunk within her. "Poor thing o' sin and shame, what are ye?" she cried in bitterness of soul; "what are ye? I ken na, I kenna, but wae's me, wae's me, I ken mysel yer mither;" and while she spoke she wildly clasped the ill-welcomed infant in arms that shook with anguish, while showers of tears fell from her eyes, and bedewed the little unconscious face of the sleeping babe: "aye, aye, I find in my heart," she continued, "that a mither canna be ill to her bairn, though the father o' the bairn has been ill to her."

Meanwhile the fatherless, nameless, unknown creature grew in strength and beauty: she was small in form and feature, even to a degree of diminutiveness; but she was cast in the very mould of symmetry itself, and fair as the fairest lily of the garden, and so soft was her sweet blue eyes, and so faultlessly lovely was every delicate feature, that painters and sculptors might have taken the innocent being as their model for cherub beauty.

The mind of the poor abused Maron sustained such a conflict of opposing passions, that at times life and reason seemed leaving her: she would at one moment kiss and clasp the infant with a wild rapture, and the next throw it from her as something detestable to her touch. She had abandoned her salt trade; the commiseration of the many who knew her supplied all her wants, and kindly endeavoured to compose her more stormy sorrows, and to mitigate her unmuttered calamity: on these occasions she would bend humbly and withdraw from her humane benefactors. Maron was now no longer heard to sing her auld lits, and though, as she said, she tried to keep her wee house clean and rad up, that the gude christians that pitied her should not think her ungrateful, still no human hand, no human comfort, could reach a heart so torn and wronged as hers. While her wee bairnie slept in its cradle she would spin or knit, but she would while doing so speak so strangely, and look with such wilderness at the cradle, that the neighbours expressed fears to each other that "Maron in some of her demented moments would do an ill turn to the bairn."
“My stars and garters,” cried an old woman who had known Marion from her infancy, “wha wud believe that this ghast-like body was the weefar’d, blithe, bonnie, daft lassie that used to mak us a’ sae cantie and heartsome; trouth ilk a ane that kent her just thought naething yeerthly could daunt or mak her dowie.” The mind of this poor unfortunate must often have wandered and brought home some ameliorating balm to her miseries; for like the ivy, which when torn from its native oak will cling to the meanest shrub for support, Marion would grasp this helpless little one in her arms as her earthly all, while remembrances gnawing her heart, and yet precious to it, would drive her to madness; a feeling would then seiz’ her, never felt for the happier, dearly loved offspring of her worthy old husband, because it never needed to be felt for them; but this feeling she gave in calm moments to the helpless child of misery, till it worked and blended with the crushed pride, the sorrow, the shame, horror, and abhorrence she endured, and rendered her mind a chaos of complicated misery.

The humane ladies of Musselburgh, who all pitied and patronised Marion, continued to heap their kindnesses upon her; and though the unhappy mother felt little pride in the infant, she was compelled to dress her in the “bonnie braes.” But with all the gettings and gien, the bairn had a want—it wanted a name. “The honest name o’ my auld gude man I daurna gie it,” said she, thinking aloud; “I daurna do that.” The Father’s—it was buried in the unfathomable gulph of mystery and mischief; her ain name, the name of Scott, the far-famed, honoured name of Scott, yes that, high and mighty as it was, was her ain, and her bairn should bear it; and Marion, as she piously resolved to bring it up in the fear of God, felt assured, with that fear always before her, she would never discredit even the distinguished house of Buccleuch itself; and in her own way she thought the name which the minister would give her, would entitle her to higher and greater privileges than the most ancient house that heraldry ever registered.

So small and slender, so delicate and fair, was this baby, that the ladies her friends, and Marion herself, always called her “bonnie wee Gente,” and when names became the subject of consideration the infant was made a Christian by the names of Gente Scott.

Marion often carried her child to see her “gude freinds” in Edinburgh, but she always cautiously avoided the sands, and as cautiously always took care to reach her home before the gloaming. Agitation and excitement, and the bitterness of remembrance, had now in some degree subsided, and Marion was not simply composed and resigned, but the God in whom she had been early taught to trust, had hallowed her trials, and her chastened spirit experienced a serenity, and her heart a contentment, which conscious transgression could never have known. Alas!

“Rain is most concealeed from man when near.”

In the comparative peacefulness of her days, and the quietness of her nights, she had, in some faint degree, forgotten that “we are destined here to mourn.” “The motion of the sunbeams upon the water is not more uncertain than the condition of human life: therefore hath misery much to hope, and happiness much to fear.”

A neighbour had carried a strange improbable report to Dunwoody Muir farm: it almost exceeded the bounds of credibility; it told that Marion Proudfoot, the ducie, the discreet Marion Proudfoot, she whom Dr. C——, the good minister of Inveresk, had said, “that from the maiden in her snood to the widow in her coif, Marion had never thought an ill thought, nor deserved an ill word to be said of her,” now in her old age, at the age of fifty-two, had become the mother of a female infant. Archie’s anger was raised: he said, “it couldna be; na, it wasna his mither, it couldna be.” “Thocht, gude-man,” observed Maggie, with a look he could well understand, “I kenna, but they say there is nae fule like an auld fule, and our gude-mither has proven it, for ye may believe it or no believe it, but she has sure enough gotten a bairn younger than the youngest o’ her bairns’ bairns.” “Deed my bonnie woman,” said Archie, interrupting her, “ye’re owre ready to hearken to cishmaclavers.” “Weel, weel, honest man, ne er fash yer thumb about that, ye’ve gotten a young titty.” Archie groaned in spirit: a self-accusing thought arose.*

* The circumstance was well known in Musselburgh at the time, and recorded in medical annals. Vol. II—No. 6.
in his conscience, but, like the gospel seed which fell among thorns, the cares of his farm and the pleasures of his family choked it, and it came to nothing.

Maron’s baby continued to bloom in health and beauty, and had attained the age so interesting to a parent, of twenty-two months old; already she toddled after her, holding either by her finger or her apron; already her pretty cherry lip lisped “mammy, mammy,” already she well knew mammy, mammy’s foot and voice, and would laugh and clap her little hands when she saw her. Maron arose one morning earlier than usual to finish spinning some lint she had to do by an appointed time, and having performed all her little domestic offices, Gentie awoke, and when she had washed and dressed her, and indulged herself in her daily cordial, fondling and playing with her little merry, laughing, petted pet, she fastened her in her high-backed basket chair, and throwing a napkin over a stool for a table, placed her breakfast of porridge before her. “Foul fa’ the cats,” cried Maron, coming from her cupboard, “they’ve lickett the milk and broken the dish; sit ye still Gentie, that’s my bonnie woman, I’ll be back in a blink.” She ran through the gardens behind the house, as being the nearest way to the milk seller’s, and having bought and paid for her puchkin of milk, she hurried back: but who can describe—a mother may surmise it—her consternation, her agony, her horror! Her baby, her Gentie, was gone; the riband that had fastened her in the chair was cut—the table, the porridge, were overturned. She flew shrieking in the wildness of sudden delirium, about the hovel. Neighbours poured in: some stood uselessly aghast, others were usefully active, and sought every where, in the house and out of the house, but in vain. Gentie was gone, no where to be found, no vestige left by which she might be traced. The cryer, the bellman, were instantly dispatched through Musselburgh, Inveresk, Newbiggin, Fisherton: all was of no avail: handbills and advertisements were not spared, for every body that knew Maron sorrowed in her sorrow, but before that day closed she knew nothing that was passing or doing. Her shrieks had echoed along the Brigend during the day, but as the evening drew in she sunk in inanity and exhaustion: all was still as the dead with Maron; with the last shriek

she was heard to utter, a fire like the lightning’s flash darted from her eyes; it was the last spark of reason from the ravaged brain: the guiding star of human intellect was gone, extinguished for ever; that fine, pure, subtle essence reverted to the soul, never more to be seen or known till it burst the confines of mortality to shine forth in all the brightness of an eternal existence.

Maron was now beyond the reach of sympathy or kindness. Home she seldom or ever entered, unless in any of her unpremeditated wanderings she chanced to be near it. Sometimes she would eat a voracious meal, and drink whatever was offered to her; then she would fast for days, and refuse all sustenance; to a bed, that comfort to the weak, she was a stranger; to the cold winds and beating rains she was insensible; and often, as the drum which then beat through Musselburgh in the wintry mornings at the hour of four, the drummer would see poor daft Maron, as she then was called, creeping slowly along, close by the houses, through the frost and snow, and stopping she would put her mouth to the key-hole, and plaintively whisper the only three words she was ever heard to utter, “bonnie wee Gentie.” She then would lift the latch, or softly knock, and call Gentie, as if she thought her within. She was quiet, harmless, inoffensive: no one had any influence over her—no one attempted to control her: if spoken to, she would stare as if affrighted, and then burst into that wild unmeaning laugh so fearful, so appalling, yet so affecting in the maniac. Brief now will be the all of poor Maron’s life: her constant exposure to the unwholesome damps and piercing cold, with her ceaseless wanderings without relief or rest, soon wasted her physical powers, and she walked the earth with no more sense or feeling than the earth she walked upon.

* * * *

Rare tidings and strange tidings travel far and fast; they reached Dunwoody Muir farm “that the little merry begotten, the wee Gentie, was lost, stolen, and that Maron their mother was demented—run stark mad.” Something knocked hard and loud at the hearts of Archie and Maggie, and they hastened to the hovel at the Brigend. It happened to be on one of the mornings that Maron’s bewildered brain led her, though without either motive or aim, to
her desolate deserted home. A poor old crone, who had charitably undertaken to take charge of the hovel, was sitting at her wheel, while Maron herself, in all her utter unconsciousness, was busy too; she wore a very old tattered garment, of black silk; on her head she wore no coif, no covering, but she had plaited straw and twisted it fantastically among her long gray hairs, which were streaming over her shoulders; in her arms she held a bunch of straw tied up with a black ribbon in the form of a doll; this she fondled, and nestled in her bosom as if lulling a baby to sleep, and ever and anon, in a low voice as if afraid of waking it, she uttered the only words which ever fell from her lips,

"Gentie, bonnie Gentie." Poor Archie! what were Archie's feelings to know his mother, and that fond mother not to know him. A long dark line of thought mustered in black accusing array, and held him speechless and immovable. The tears of genuine sorrow gushed from Maggie's eyes, and she affectionately put her arms about her mother-in-law's neck, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. Maron looked up unmeaningingly in her face, put one of her wasted withered hands to her eyes, and stroked her cheeks, and moved her fingers as the tears fell down upon them: then she drew them over her own, as if in a momentary meaning she had thought, "no tear falls here, no tear relieves Maron." The scene was becoming too heart-rending for Archie and his wife to endure it longer, when Maggie, all the innate, all the long-repressed kindly feelings of her nature burst forth, and she cried between her heaving sobs, "we'll tak our poor mither hame wi' us, Archie; she may ken her ain Dunwoody, and we'll watch her and nurse her." "The Lord's blessing and mine be upo' ye for thae same words; noo ye do love yer Sandy, my ain dear, dear Maggie." Congenial hearts soon understand, and make their arrangements. Archie put his arms round his mother's waist, and with gentle force was leading her from the hovel, when, with maniac strength and a laugh wild and fearful, she sprung from his grasp, darted through the doorway, and was heard, as she flew along the Brigend, crying, "Gentie, wee, wee Gentie." Horror-struck, deploying the past, and mourning the present discomfiture of all that their hearts had planned for their mother's safety, if not her future comfort, they left strict and very particular orders with the old woman, either by fair means or foul means, by strength or stratagem, to detain her the next time she returned or could be heard of, and to give them instant information. They then rewarded her for her humane attention, and care of the poor demented one, and in silence and disconsolation they pursued their way back to Dunwoody Muir farm.

For two days and nights the poor maniac had not been seen: no latch had been lifted, no knock heard; the old woman had sought her every where, through every lane and land of Musselburgh, and in all the adjacent villages she had sought her; but no tidings could be had of Maron. She had been long lost to herself: she was now lost to every one.

It was a stormy night in December, and loud and fearful blew the wind, and the cold sleet, driven by the blast, impeded a traveler as he journeyed on his way home. It was Archie Proudfoot, returning from the Edinburgh market, and he spurred his horse, longing for his clearingle side, and his Maggie's warm welcome, when his horse started, stumbled, and threw him on what he believed to be a hillock of snow, which then lay deep upon the ground. He looked around him, and felt there was something more than snow: that he removed with his hands, it was a human body: a pale moonbeam fell upon it; he knew it; it was his mother!—it was Maron, cold, stiff, and senseless. She now could suffer no more—she was a corpse. Whether in her meaningless wanderings she had chanced upon that road, or that some momentary gleam of memory, which has been known in some maniacs to precede the death pang, is uncertain, and can never be ascertained. She was now as still as if the world had never done her wrong; she was now as if she had never been.

And was this poor one mourned?

Ye sons and daughters of the land—ye

"who have left undone those things which
ye ought to have done, and have done
those things which ye ought not to have
done." Think.

It might have been between sixteen and
seventeen years after the simple events we
have endeavoured to delineate had passed
away—they had sunk into the oblivion of time withal, except the few who had known Maron personally; they still gave her memory a sigh as they said, "the day of her blameless life had deserved a fairer night. It was about this distance of time from her death, that, as the sun was nearly setting one serene summer evening, a travelling carriage was seen to drive rapidly along the Bridge of Musselburgh, cross the bridge and proceed on the way leading to the kirk of Inveresk. It stopped at the foot of the many stairs which led up to this ancient edifice, which had for years unnumbered resisted "the beating of winter winds, and the beamings of summer suns." A gentleman, and a lady closely veiled, and in deep mourning, then alighted, and being instantly joined by the old gravedigger, who appeared to have been in waiting, without one word having spoken the three ascended the stairs. The gentleman, with one arm round the lady's waist, fondly supported her, while he held her hands in his own. On entering this hallowed enclosure of the dead, the gravedigger pointed with his spade to a hillock close to the dyke side, on which waved the long lank grass, and saying, "Maron's grave," he left them. "One minute, only one leave me," pleaded the lady, and her sweet voice was beseeching and tremulous. The gentleman employed the minute in examining the tombs, and the lady was now alone. Everything about her inspired a deep and pious awe; most reverent were her thoughts—who can tell what were her thoughts! She threw up her long black veil, tears covered a face fair and sweetly meek; she threw herself upon the grave and kneeled, and pressed the mound with her white hands, as if she could have crushed it into her very heart. She took from her pocket a small penknife, and as deeply as her feebleness allowed she thrust it into the earth, and cut out a little knot of gawns which appeared sprouting up among the long grass which grew over this lowly grave; carefully wrapping the flowers in her handkerchief, she put it in her bosom, and again sinking upon the grave, and resting her face upon it, between deep and heavy sighs she kissed and kissed again the senseless sod. The gentleman approached: "Dearest, dearest," he cried in the tenderest accents, "come, the dews of night are falling, and darkness is coming on; remember"—She interrupted him, repeating the word "remember" with a look he well and only could understand; but she arose immediately, gathered her veil closely about her, covering the sweetest loveliest features in the world; she then took his arm, and, still attended by the old gravedigger, they hastened to the waiting carriage; the door was opened, but before it closed the lady put into his hand twenty pounds for the poor of Inveresk, and five pounds for the trouble she had given himself. The carriage drove off rapidly, and proceeded in a southern direction. They were never more seen in Scotland. Who or what they were could never be positively known; but it was surmised that the lady's father, in a dying communication, had disclosed a strange sad story to her, and that powerful natural feeling had brought her to Maron's lowly place of rest. The carriage bore the coronet of an Earl. The lady was the Earl's wife. The wife was Maron's child—Maron's Gentie.

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**L'ORPHELIN ET LA FEUILLE.**

Les yeux en pleurs et la tête penchée,
Un orphelin assis au bord d'une forêt,
Vit une feuille desséchée
Qui sur la terre murmura;
Et, le cœur ému de sa plainte,
Il lui dit: "A ma triste voix
"Pourquoi mélèr ta voix étendue?
"Qu'as-tu donc à gémir, pauvre feuille des bois?"---
"Hélas! des aquilons la colère assouvi
"A brisé, le rameau qui me donna la vie!"
THE LADYE MARGARET.

A Legend of Marsland Hall.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAGE POOR-HOUSE."

'Twas new-year feast—and o'er the hills the winds were howling drear,
And the leafless forest shook with dread this voice of wrath to hear;
The river, bound in icy chains, pursued his gloomy way,
And sleet came hissing from the cloud, and curtained in the day.

And night came on: and such a night! no star was in the sky;
And fast and faster down the glade the storm went roaring by:—
But some they reck not of the winds, how loud so e'er they blow,
Nor of the wanderer on the world, amid the drifting snow!

The proud old Hall was joyous all—the fire was clear and bright;
There was a glorious festival, a revelry that night;
And cups were glittering on the board, and wine was flowing free,
And eyes were glancing with delight, and hearts were wild with glee.

The joyous song, the lightsome laugh, the merry jest went round,
And 'neath the thunderings of their mirth the tempest's voice was drowned;
Yet in the pauses of their joy ye might have heard the din
Of the loud revellers without, as mocking those within.

A jovial crew were they, I seen;—the blasts, that in their mirth
Shook the strong oak like willow-wand, and dash'd him down to earth,
Hark! they are calling from the hills, with many a ringing shout,
For storm, and sleet, and night to come, and join their joyous rout.

And Storm, and Sleet, and Night are there—a goodly companie,
And fealty have they danced their rounds on land and on the sea;
They've gambol'd round a stately ship, where the wearied sailors sleep;—
Next morn that ship, with all its crew, has vanish'd from the deep!

And still their revelry proceeds, tho' now their voice is vain,
For the gay revellers within have waked a newer strain:
A sliver voice so clear and sweet! such blessedness it brings—
As music, through the calm air sent, from a young seraph's wings.

A song of pity!—and the voice is trembling as it tells
Of one who wandered 'mid the snow in the wild Alpine dells,
Of gulsps that yawn'd beneath his feet—and how he died at last,
When the thunder-loosen'd avalanche came crashing down the blast.

A piteous song!—and as it closed Sir Archibald stood up,
And ere the echoes died away filled high the brimming cup,
And pledged the Ladye Margaret—and pray'd ere summer tide,
Some lordly bridegroom, famed in song, would claim her for his bride.

Deep blush'd the Ladye Margaret, and her thoughts have ta'en their flight
To the blood-stain'd fields of Palestine, where wars her own true knight;
For he has sworn upon his sword, e'er June's first day is flown,
To leave the land of Palestine, and claim her for his own.

And ne'er look'd Ladye Margaret so beautiful and fair,
As when, blushing in her heart's delight, she mingled in the prayer;
But soft! a horn is at the gate, and though so loud its tone,
It strikes no ear, it thrills no heart, save the young maiden's own.

The door was op'd: and soon a voice, in haughty tone and slow,
Pray'd shelter from the piercing winds and from the drifting snow;
And Margaret sprang up, and said, "Sir Knight, some pity take,
Oh! take the wearied wanderer in, for Mother Marie's sake!"

Loud laugh'd the rough Sir Archibald, "Fair maid, such gentle plea,
Shall never to such ruby lips be answered 'nay' by me!
Ho! let the weary stranger in!" and playfully he cried,
"Perhaps he is some warriour bold shall claim thee for his bride."
And now into the chamber bright, stept forth a stranger tall,
While a loud laugh from the roaring winds went sounding through the hall;
A mantle's fold concealeth his form, yet proudly forth he stept,
And a dark plume, dripping with the storm, o'er his closed visor swept.

"Health to this companie!" he said; and at his lightest word,
A thrill of fear went through their hearts, and chill'd them as they heard,
"I come in answer to your prayers—for this young maid I come!
And here I'll ride, ere summer-tide, to lead her to my home."

"What man art thou, of speech so bold?" Sir Archibald replied,—
"We know thee not by sound of voice, nor by thy stately stride:
Come! quaff the cup, and let us see thy features foul or bright;
Methinks the devil alone would ride on such a dismal night."

"No cup I quaff," the stranger said, "for forth again I stray,
My steed is pawing at the gate, and chides me if I stay:—
One moment with this ladye fair, one whisper in her ear,
And then I leave you as I came—and happy be your cheer."

"Nay, by the Rood, you wrong our board. It were an act of grace
To taste our wine, and break our bread, and show thy knightly face."
"No wine! I taste, no bread I break, and by this blessed light,
I swear this knightly face of mine would be no festive sight."

He laugh'd in mockery as he spake, and silent were they all,
For a gloom had fallen upon their hearts since first he cross'd the hall;
He led young Margaret by the hand, who trembled at his tone,
To a deep oriel in the hall where one faint taper shone.

What words he said no ear could catch; but for a moment's space
They saw him lift the sable plume and the visor from his face:
Loud screamed the ladye at the sight, and fell in deadly fear,
But louder still the stranger laugh'd that piteous scream to hear.

"Tis even thus;" he said aloud—"I told thee, good Sir Knight,
My face, which you so long'd to see, were but a dismal sight;
But 'spite of scream, and swoon, and fear, I'll claim her for my bride,
And hither for my love I'll come, ere falls the summer's tide."

"Villain, or fiend, whate'er thou art!" Sir Archibald exclaim'd,
"We part not till thy face is seen, and till thy name is named:
Off with thy morion where thou standst, and if thou be'st a man,
And would not stretch our hangman's cord, thy features let us scan."

"I would not mar such festival by one un courteous word,
Nor would I stretch with weight of mine your merry hangman's cord:
So if thou'lt deign to pace with me to where yon tapers shine,
I'll lift the helmet from off my brow, and show this face of mine.

Up sprang Sir Archibald in haste,—the stranger followed fast,
And to the niche where glow'd the light in hurried guise they pass'd:
"Now! now!" exclaim'd Sir Archibald, and the guests look'd on with awe—
They saw the lifting of the helm, but nothing else they saw.

They mark'd the stout Sir Archibald, with horror in his look,
As the cold rain from his dripping plume the sable stranger shook:
"Enough! enough! I know thee now! my trust in God I place:—"
"He! ho!" the stranger loud replied, "you do not like my face!

"But come! I reck not of my looks—I boast no ruddy glow,
No snowy skin, nor rosy lip, nor white teeth in a row,
But here to see my bonny bride, in such a night I roam,
And here I'll ride, ere summer-tide, to take her to my home."

Low bow'd the pale Sir Archibald, with horror on his cheek,
While heaved his heart with many thoughts he had no tongue to speak;
The stranger barr'd his visor down, and drew his mantle round,
And slowly paced he thro' the hall without or speech or sound.
The Ladye Margaret.

The winds howl'd louder than before, as if in fierce delight,
When forth the muffled stranger stalk'd into the fearful night;
And fast his sounding steed was heard, as o'er the heath he rode,
But Sir Archibald was on his knees and made his pray'r to God.

The buds are green on every bough—the river flows in light,
And scattered o'er the grass ye see full many a blossom white,
Spring sports o'er all, and, like a child delighted, loves to creep
Where, sunk in dreams of fruits and flow'rs, young Summer lies asleep.

Yon ancient Hall, how beautiful! the turrets pierce the sky,
Or, pictur'd in the lake below, in doubled beauty lie;
And life is busy every where; ye hear the hum of bees,
And the short, glad voice of happy birds, all round the budding trees.

Within, the day is darken'd all, and in a lofty room
The gentle Ladye Margaret sits in solitary gloom,
Her closed hands are o'er her eyes, close, close together prest,
But the scalding tear finds way between, and trickles on her breast.

That breast is heaving in her grief. How changed the maidin now!
From the gay hour at New Year's tide, when on her stately brow
Sate Joy and Hope; and thro' her lips, so rosy in their pride,
Rush'd music from her joyous heart, up-gushing in a tide!

Her cheek is pale, her hand is cold, her very eyes are dim,
That in a sea of light and love in glory used to swim,
Her bridgroom vow'd upon his sword, ere summer's-tide drew near,
To come and claim her for his bride—and summer-tide is here.

No hope has she: she sighs and weeps; for ever since that night
Upon her heart has fall'n a grief that may not bear the light;
What was the face that met her eyes beneath your visor's fold?
The maiden shudders when ye ask, but never yet has told.

A tramp beneath the budding trees, the winding of a horn,
And clear into that chamber lone the high proud peal is borne,
She starts!—it is a well known note—she stands, and, pale as death,
Listens!—her finger on her lip,—hush'd is her heaving breath!—

Again the trumpet note is heard! a step is on the stair—
"I come to claim my plighted bride, my beautiful, my fair!"
Still, wrapt and cold, the ladye stands, her eye is glued in fear;
The door is op'd—a sable knight with hurried step draws near.

"My blessed one! my own true love;—but why so fixed a gaze?
I come to claim thee as I vow'd—my steed impatient neighs;
Come! let me lead thee to my home!" No word the maiden spoke,
But from the dreamings of her soul one happy thought awoke.

"'Tis he! 'tis he! my own true knight! my love from Palestine!
And summer-tide at last is come, and Osric yet is mine!—
Dash down the morion from thy face!—for such a one was here!—
Oh! how it chills my soul to think of that dread sight of fear!

"A dark plume wav'd above his head, a mantle closed him round,
His voice was like thine own sweet voice, yet alter'd in its sound;—
But when his visor off he took;—oh God! be at my side!
No living thing such horror dree'd or such a sight espied!—

"No flesh was on the wither'd bones, no eye was in that head,
But thro' the moveless lips a vow of horrid sense it said:
It said that ere the spring was done,—ere fell the summer-tide,
'Twould hither come, with gallant show, to claim me for its bride.
ON THE LIVES OF LITERARY MEN.

"In which there was obscurity and fame,
The glory and the nothing of a name."

BYRON.

Some time ago, conversing with an eminent author, I was astonished at hearing him say, most emphatically, "If I had a thousand sons, I would rather that each of them should get his bread as a day labourer, than by such a heart-breaking trade as authorship."—The earnestness of the declaration was startling, but some reflection showed that it was full of that emphatic truth to which experience gives birth. Let us consider the realities on which it is based.

Seldom has any profession excited more envy than that of the man of letters—never was envy more needlessly lavished. The sunny tints which Fame—from her bright coronal of gems and flowers—sometimes flings upon the path and around the hearts of authors (those dreamy enthusiasts of Genius), are too often overshadowed, even unto oblivion, by the dark clouds which neglect also casts upon their paths and hearts. Success is too frequently dimmed by sorrow. The hour of their triumph can ill stand for the long years—of miserable days and sleepless nights—spent in the pursuit of the immaterial but splendidly beautiful vision. The shrine of Fame may be won at last, but the moment of victory is to them, as often to the fleet courser in the Olympic games, the moment of death also.

Johnson, who felt much of the misery he describes, has powerfully and graphically given a sketch of this subject:—

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise:
There mark what ill the Scholar's life assails,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.
See nations slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust;
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydias life and Galileos end!"

This is but too true. The coldness, the apathy, and the ingratitude of the world are fully, sadly, and awfully recorded in the deaths—and the lives worse than death—of its most gifted children, who appear, to the dim scanning of humanity's finite wisdom, as born but for sufferings which the susceptibilities of genius most readily experience and soonest sink under. They may be likened to the aromatic products of other climes, reared with attention in our hothouses, when, in return for such nurturing cares, their bloom and fragrance gratify the senses; but, if the
external air be admitted to them, they first languish, and then decay; until, too late, we lament the inattention which prematurely blighted their beauty and destroyed their incense-breathing odours. Of as tender growth are the gifted men who shed the halo of their spirit over this world of dust: if the sunshine of protection visit them, they bloom in beauty and flourish in worth,—if the chill blast of disappointment strike at the sap of their energies and hopes, they fade away, and soon are noted but as things that have been.

The nature, too, of their mental pursuits, at once alluring and destructive, beautiful and deceitful, (alas! why is it that what is fair so often becomes false also?) possesses a fascination that they cannot or will not resist. Reversing the illusion of Holy Writ, it is theirs to "heed the voice of the charmer, charm she never so unwisely." They feel themselves driven on, as by an invisible hand—not less powerful because unseen—to exertions of the spirit which this mortal coil can ill support. To them, as to the Epicurean philosopher of modern romance, a secret voice seems ever to whisper, secretly but sternly, "On, on!" and, urged forward by a fatuity as inexplicable in cause as unopposable in effect—to which they care not to offer a shadow of resistance, because, it may be, they feel it would be utterly useless—they proceed on the flower-strown but perilous path with a zeal which would crown another cause with the laurel-wreath of success, until the bubble shall burst, the spell be broken, the witchery be over; and in the evening of their miserable lives,—the sunset of their unhappy fortunes, they find that they have but bankrupted of heart and hope staring them in the face, with the stony glance of despair, and the demon scowl of distress:—what marvel is it, if, so circumstanced, they sink under the wretchedness of a discovery so fatal?

The voice of Fame, or the expectancy of hearing the thrice-welcome murmurs of its high applause, is an excitement sufficiently alluring to tempt the might of the mind to embark their enthusiast souls—that richest freight of the proud argosy of life—on the ocean of literary adventure. They fancy, too fondly, that the ovation of distinction awaits them; that renown will hymn their praise from clime to clime; that their names will be inscribed on that record whereon are traced, in characters of living light, for time and immortality, the names of the mightiest of the mighty. They forget that to win the applause of the smilers around their domestic hearth, or of the narrow circle of their own familiar friends, is not, cannot be a guarantee for that of a world to whom they are unknown, and who will measure them solely by their deeds. Yet they cherish these day-dreams of the heart until possibility is transformed to the semi-reality of probability—until they cheat themselves into a belief, not of what is, but what they wish to be. These high and happy hopes—these bright auguries of a successful career, solace them in affliction, and gladden them with the prospect of prosperity. Buoyed up by these, they strive for eminence—alas! how often do they meet with disappointment? Thus travelling through the world of the mind, in quest of what will not be theirs, the pursuit is vain as was his who progressed from East to West, in hope of grasping heaven's aerial, sunny-tinted rainbow, because it seemed, to his finite vision, that its distant extremity touched the earth! Still, while we think of the fallacy of such pursuits, we may pity—we can scarcely blame them; for theirs is "A thirst unquenchable, a holy fire That will not—cannot but with life expire!"

Much do they err who judge of men of letters by the usual standard according to which we measure mankind. They are not of us, though they live among us. Accustomed to revel in those grand and luxurious worlds of thought and intellect and high imagination, from whence they pour forth—even as from a spring of living waters—beautiful embodiments of fancy and knowledge in their most bewitching and fascinating shapes, the vision of their minds becomes dilated when they turn from the glory and the brilliance of these sun-bright, empyreal regions to the midnight darkness of this sordid world of penury and strife. Petty vexations attend this return of their conceptions from immateriality; vexations, which, slight in themselves—at least, slight in their individual character—are distressing and painful in the aggregate.
These prey upon their spirits, and reduce them to as much "dust as deity." They fall down from the high "heaven of heavens" of lofty thought, to the lowest earth. The struggle for fame merges into the struggle for existence. Their inspirations become clogged with the coarseness of this mortal air. They are not of this world: they cannot wholly fix their sentient spirits on the consoling hopes of a better, and, like the coffin of the lawgiver Mahomet, which oriental legends tell us hangs, self-poised, between heaven and earth, these hapless martyrs of imagination belong to neither. Humanity rejects them, for they have poverty—heavy as the curse which the Hebrew wanderer bore of old,—and if a higher sphere do not also shut against them the portals of holy hope, they too often reject the promise of quiet and of peace which that sphere holds out to the seared in heart and the wounded in spirit.

Some cast from them, in the madness of their despair, the thoughts of that future calm, and are content to brave even the gloom of the grave and the unknown doom beyond it—sure that there, at least, poverty and neglect can no longer humble them to the dust, when their soaring thoughts would faintly fly to far ethereal worlds. Others, like Collins, either suffer premature wreck of mind, careless of the past and reckless of the future, (and dark indeed must be the lot of him over which the loss of reason could throw a kind oblivion;) or—like Burns, the glory and reproach of Scotland—"revel in gross joys of earth," awful moments of ill-rewarded and misapplied powers, stern and appalling warnings to younger followers in that perilous track which leads to the grave, with but a ray of glory to point it out for the wander of pilgrims of a later day. More, like savages, have breathed their last amid a dungeon's gloom:—or, like Chatterton and Neele, have administered to themselves, in their utter hopelessness, a stern quietus, seeking in the solitude of a voluntary grave that peace which fled them upon earth; or, like Otway, have expired under the excruciating pangs of hunger; or been imprisoned, like Galileo, for anticipat ing the lights of science; or confined for their opinions, like Marmontel; or sentenced to the flames, like Dante, "the great poet-sire of Italy;" or found, like Steele, the hollow professions of associates more deadly than the open enmity of avowed foes; or died of neglect, like Kirke White; or of vexation at cruel criticism, like Keats; or (but this was a glorious doom, like that of Byron) on the battle field, in the noon of life and honor, as died the gallant Sydney. If the "plain, unvarnished tale" of such men's adventures on the shores of the dead sea of misery could be traced for the instruction of mankind, the recital would be far more tear-moving than any history the pen of imagination ever writ. But who shall tell the tale? Who would tell it? Who sufferer will tell all his griefs and wrongs?

"Who e'er shall see
Man as he is, the secret spirit free?"

It must, indeed, strike every thinking mind that men of letters usually suffer the thousand ills of life that neither posthumous honour, the "storied urn nor animated bust," can atone for. The common history of one of this class is brief, is sorrowful: talents, fame, poverty, neglect, a troubled life of miserable strugglings, a fearful end, and immortality. Yes! this may await them, but the sunshine of its glory can send no ray of promise through the dense clouds that form the baneful atmosphere on which "they live, and breathe, and have their being,"—it sheds not the balm of its consolation around the misery which, like the cankering rust upon the priceless Damascus blade, silently eats into the interior of their precious hearts; it pours not the halo of its radiance over the struggles of their latter days—nor can it, even with a peal but as that of the archangel's summoning blast, speak to the broken spirits through the cold clay in which they repose. A sorrowful doom is theirs. They pass away, despairingly, with scarce a wish for aught that once made life valuable; and then, when both are valueless as they are late, fame and honour hover round their names, and the tardy tears of admiration and regret water the laurels which canopy their graves. The world is at once discerning and grateful!

Men of genius seem to resemble the alchemists, who, undeterred by the failure of others, spent their lives in quest of what was to renew youth, render it immortal, and create exhaustless trea-
On the Lives of Literary Men.

sures. Hope, like the bird in the fable, flatters them on to that race where, if genius be unrequited, industry is vain. Perhaps the young aspirant may mingle with the great or the wealthy for a season, tasting the deliciousness of luxury, so as to make the frown of poverty doubly severe. As one of Otway's biographers remarks, "men of wit receive no favour from the great, but to share their riots, from which they were dismissed again to their own narrow means; thus they languished in poverty without the support of eminence." It was this that ruined Savage, that deceived Goldsmith, that blighted the promise of Dermody. Alas! how largely might the list be extended.

It will be said, perhaps, that men of genius pervert their gifts, and those who might have been the oracles often become the outcasts of society. The reproach is true. When disappointments and neglect sink the spirit and dull the hopes of one of this class, he will sometimes seize—as drowning men, in the agonies of their death throes, grasp at even a floating straw—upon anything that promises alleviation of his misery. The wisest and the best, the greatest and the happiest, have sought for pleasure in the liquid ruby of the wine-crowned cup, and the unfortunate fly to it as a balm. Delusion though it be, it yet is but self-delusion; and if the radiance of pleasure be found in the goblet, the beam of its inspiration is spread by the finder round the circle of which he forms a part. It was thus that many of our classics have been produced. If his own report be true, it was under this inspiration that Byron wrote his unequalled Don Juan. The abuse of the social goblet is indefensible; but should the bowl—like the mysteries of antient religion, be open to the few and a sealed volume to the many? Shenstone informs us that Somerville, author of The Chase, "was forced to drink himself into pains of the body, in order to get rid of pains on the mind;" for the same purpose did Pope dip deep into libations somewhat stronger than the Pierian spring. Nor will the classical reader forget, that we are indebted to the same source for the beautiful lyrics of Horace and the brilliant odes of Anacreon: the Greek bard, after celebrating the praises of the wine cup through a long life of 85 years, at last met with a grape stone so ungrateful as to choke him. Such a death, however, was quite in character, although scarcely so pleasant as that of the painter Zeuxis, who died of an excessive fit of laughter, excited by the ludicrous appearance of a picture of an old woman painted by himself!

But the lapses I have mentioned bring with themselves ample punishment upon those who indulge in them. The voice of the world will cast degradation upon them—for shame ever follows the steps of excess. Those,

"Being more than men
Who breathe the soul of inspiration round,
Whose very shadow consecrates the ground,"

are amply punished by the reproach their own hearts must bring them, when they fall into error.

One of the most touching portions of the poetry of Byron is that splendid passage, in his Monody on Sheridan, where he becomes the apologist for the seeming eclipse of a lofty and noble spirit. To the reader it, of course, cannot be unknown, but it can afford to be repeated: it is not mere poetry; it is something more—it breathes the sad and subdued tone of mournful truth.

"But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause—ah! little do they know
That what to them seemed 'tis vice might be but woe.

"Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fixed for ever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And folly loves the martyrdom of fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel—accuser—judge and spy,
The foe—the fool—the jealous—and the vain,
The envious who but breathe in others' pain;
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that daring genius owes,
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of Calumny!

"These are his portion—but if joined to these
Gaunt poverty should league with deep disease,
If the high spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with misery at the door,
To soothe the indignity—and face to face
Meet sordid rage—and wrestle with disgrace,
To find in hope but the renewed caress,
The serpent fold of further faithlessness:—
If such may be the ills that men assail,
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?"

It is strange that some of the most splendid scintillations of wit, the most delightful pictures of fancy, that have enraptured or yet can win rapture from mankind, have been produced by pain and in trouble. Often, when from the pen came flashings of humour, and revelations of poetry, and the vividities of passion, the writer may not have known how to procure the morrow's sustenance. It was in prison that Boethius composed his excellent work on the Consolations of Philosophy—it was in prison that Goldsmith wrote his Vicar of Wakefield—it was in prison that Cervantes wrote Don Quixote, which laughed chivalry out of Europe—it was in prison that Charles I. composed that excellent work, the Portraiture of a Christian King—it was in prison that Grotius wrote his Commentary on Saint Matthew—it was in prison that Buchanan composed his excellent Paraphrases of the Psalms of David—it was in prison that Daniel de Foe wrote his Robinson Crusoe, (he offered it to a bookseller for 10l., which that liberal encourager of literature declined giving)—it was in prison that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his History of the World—it was in prison that Voltaire sketched the plan and composed most of the poem the Henriade—it was in prison that Howel wrote most of his Familiar Letters—it was in prison that Elizabeth of England, and her victim, Mary of Scotland, wrote their best poems—it was in prison that Margaret of France (wife of Henry IV.), wrote an Apology for the irregularities of her conduct—it was in prison that Sir John Pettus wrote the book on Metals, called Fleta Minor—it was in prison that Tasso wrote some of his most affecting poems. With the fear of a prison how many works have been written?

A catalogue raisonné of the volumes written in poverty would, of itself, make a respectable sized work. Homer, the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle, resorted to public places to recite his verses for a morsel of bread; Plantus, whose writings are so full of humour, was glad to obtain his living by assisting a miller; Terence and Æsop were bondsmen; Xylander sold his Notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner; we have it from himself, that at 18 he studied to obtain glory, at 25 to get bread; Aldus Manutius, the celebrated scholar and printer, was so poor that the expense of removing his library from Venice to Rome made him insolvent; Camoens is believed to have died in the streets, of hunger; Cornelius Agrippa died in an hospital; Cervantes is supposed to have perished from starvation; Tasso was so poor that he was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend, to subsist through the week. One of his sonnets facetiously alludes to his distress: in it he addresses his cat, and asks her to assist him during the night with the lustre of her eyes;

"Non avendo candele par iscrivere i suoi versi!"
as he had no candle by which he could write his verses!—Dante died in exile; Ariosto complains, in his Satires, of poverty; the illustrious Cardinal Bentivoglio, says D'Israel, the ornament of Italy and of literature, languished in his old age, in the most distressful poverty, and, having sold his palace to satisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation; Le Sage, even while supplying the world with their most agreeable romances, was but a degree above want; Savage, when composing his tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, was without a lodging and often without food; he had no place to study in, except in the fields, where, and in the streets, he composed his speeches, which he wrote, on scraps of paper that he picked up on the roadside, in shops where he would step in and request the loan of a pen and ink for a few minutes; Churchill composed a part of his Rosciad in an obscure tavern, and the remainder in a garret in London; Rousseau wrote his New Heloise at a time when his sole means of subsistence was by copying music; the Beggar's Opera, which, as the wits said, "made Gay rich and rich gay," was written in great destitution; Fenton's tragedy, Mariamme, was composed in an alms-house; Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy was conceived and executed in a cobbler's shop, where its author was apprenticed; Gifford, in one of the best autobiographies of the age, has informed us that he was brought up in a similar situation; Ovid's Epistles, and his beautiful Tristia, were composed in exile and po-
vory; De Ryer, a celebrated French poet, sold his Heroic Verses for one hundred sous the hundred lines, and the smaller ones for fifty sous; Dryden sold ten thousand verses to Tonson for less than 300l.; Milton’s Paradise Lost was written when its author was poor, blind, and persecuted; it was sold for 10l. to relieve his immediate necessities; Butler’s Hudibras was composed when its author was extremely poor, and also sold for 10l.: Johnson says, “all that can be told with certainty of him, is that he was poor.”

All of Otway’s works were written in poverty, and the mournful feeling which prevades them has been attributed to the influence of his overpowering want; James Barry was seven years painting his emblematical pictures for the decoration of the large room of the Society of Arts, and during that time his chief sustenance was bread and cider; Collins composed his Odes in a miserable garret; Johnson wrote his Rasselas to procure means of paying the expenses of his mother’s funeral; it was an offering by filial piety on the shrine of wisdom; Stow, the antiquarian, became so poor in his old age, that he was compelled to solicit charity by means of a brief; Rushworth, the author of Historical Collections, passed the last years of his life in jail, where he died; the famous Dr. Dee (astrologer to Queen Elizabeth) died of want; Rymer, the collector of the Federia, was obliged to sell his library to obtain bread; Spencer, the author of the Fairy Queen, died of want; Savage sold his famous poem, the Wanderer, for 10l.; it had occupied him several years; Samuel Boyce, whose poem on the Creation has high merit, was absolutely famished to death, and was found dead in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, fastened by a skewer, with a pen in his hand; Chatterton, while he supplied a variety of monthly magazines with their chief materials, found “a penny tart a luxury,” and a luxury it was to him, who could not always get bread to his water: he committed suicide and “perished in his pride.” These are but a few names out of a long catalogue.

There is an anecdote of Haydon, the celebrated painter, which may here be told. He was about commencing the head of Lazarus, in his celebrated picture, when he was arrested for a small debt, which he was then unable to pay. He had his pencil in his hand, and the sheriff’s officer, getting interested in the picture, told him he would take his word to come down to custody in the evening, and would leave him to finish the head. The promise was given—the officer retired—and the painter was left alone. The state of his mind may be better imagined than described. In disgust and agitation—half unconscious of what he was doing, he took up his palette and began to dash about his brush. By accident he scrawled out an expression in the eyes, got interested, finished the head, and then went down to the officer’s house as a prisoner.

There is a shade of melancholy in the history of even a successful man of letter. At first—“comes throbbing many a wild desire, And high imaginings, and thoughts of fire! Then from within a voice exclaims, ‘Aspire!’ Phantoms, that upward point, before him pass, As in the cave athwart the wizard’s glass, They that in youth a grace, a lustre shed, Of every age—the living and the dead.”

Fame may be won, but with it come the taunts of the many—the envy of his brethren—the neglect of patrons—the apathy of the learned—the haughtiness of critics. To one sensitively alive to praise or censure these must be painful. Few have escaped them. Few obtain, and fewer preserve popularity. Others will oppose their claim to the jewelled sceptre, the gemmed coronal, and the ermined purple of literary ascendancy. It was thus that Elkanah Settle came into successful rivalry with Dryden, with whom for many years he divided the praise of the town. His latter days were spent in contriving shews for fairs, and (like Low, the once celebrated financier) he died in an hospital.

The roll of England’s literary achievements is extensive. Many bright names are inscribed thereon—many a name that time will cherish for eternity. But tears, misery, and want have stained the mighty record. If we examine it, we shall find that most of those whose productions are familiar upon the lips and in the hearts of millions have lived poor, and died miserably. Their biography can unfold many a true and touching tale of high hearts that “brokenly lived on,” in the very atmosphere of despair:
it can shew how lavish we can be of pity—how poignantly we can feel for that misery to which we will not administer. To them, the benefactors of mankind, we owe a large debt.

Let it not be said that this debt is expiated by such baubles as posthumous honours and fame. They have got them in spite of us—to be of value, they should have been awarded in time. It is like a contested estate in Chancery, for which a needy man has been struggling through a long and weary waste of years, with a just and honorable claim, until at length his heart—withered by the bitter agony of hope deferred—breaks in despondency, and does so break but an hour before the judgment, which, if delivered earlier, might have given new vigour to the sinking heart, or, at least, thrown the halo of success around the fearful moment of its extinction. When the philosopher, Anaxagoras, lay dying for want of sustenance, his great pupil, Pericles, sent him a sum of money: "Take it back," said Anaxagoras: "if he wished to keep the lamp alive he ought to have administered the oil before."

Whatever benefit may arise from posthumous honours, nothing that they can bring can repay men of letters for that troubled manhood which always follows baffled youth. "Fame casts no shadows before: and it is certain that, with a very few exceptions—remarkable for their very singularity—the vast debt which the world owes to its greatest and best benefactors, the men of genius who have illumined, delighted, and adorned it, is paid but in the cold and profitless oblivion of posthumous fame.

Washington Irving, in his brief but beautiful memoir of the Bard of Hope, has the following appropriate remarks: "It has long been deplored," says he, "by authors, as a lamentable truth, that they seldom receive impartial justice from the world while living. The grave seems to be the ordeal to which their names must be subjected, and from whence, if worthy of immortality, they rise with pure and imperishable lustre. Here, many who have flourished in unmerited popularity, descend into oblivion, and it may be literally said, that they rest from their labours and their works do follow them." Here, likewise, many an ill-starred author, after struggling with penury and neglect, and starving through a world which he has enriched by his talents, sinks to rest, and becomes a theme of universal admiration and regret. The sneers of the cynical, the detraction of the envious, the scoffing of the ignorant, are silenced at the hallowed precincts of the tomb; and the world awakens to a sense of his value when he is removed beyond its patronage for ever. Monuments are erected to his memory, books are written in his praise, and thousands will devour with avidity the biography of a man whose life was passed unclouded before their eyes. He is like some canonised saint, at whose shrine treasures are lavished and clouds of incense offered up, though, while living, the slow hand of charity withheld the pittance that would have soothed his miseries."

This inquiry could be pursued farther, but enough is written to shew how little is the literary profession to be envied.—Look around the peopled world, and we can scarcely fancy any spectacle more shocking, among the many appalling exhibitions of this nether world, deplorable as they are, than that of a man of letters, whose place and rank in society depend upon the exertions of his pen—whose comforts arise from it—who lives not to write, but writes to live. It is melancholy to see such a man, so gifted, yet so unfortunate—formed by nature to ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm of life—so unfitted, by the circumstance of his position, to bear those angry elements which he ought to command; buffeting with misfortunes to which the very refinement and cultivation of his mind render him more painfully sensitive; struggling in the war of mind against matter; breathing forth, it may be, the purest thoughts and loftiest aspirations, with a consciousness of his own power only to support and sustain him; panting for glory, and in want of bread;—until, at length, the outposts are broken, the citadel of his soul is destroyed, "life's fitful fever" is no more, his mind wears out its earthly tenement—as the sword its sheath, or the gem its setting—and he finds repose in the bosom of his mother earth!—Is the picture overdrawn?—Alas! it is but one familiar scene from the sad drama of literary life.

R. S. M.
TO A HARP.

Sweet harp! why art thou so sadly reclining
On that age-wither'd oak, in so lonely a spot?
Thou seem'st like a lover heart-broken, and pining
In the stillness of solitude over his lot.

The zephyr now playfully flutters around thee,
But thou giv'st no response to the touch of his wings;
Sure some demon of air in deep silence has bound thee,
Or stolen the music that dwelt in thy strings.

Ah! no—thou art silent in sorrow—forsaken
By the grey-headed minstrel, now cold in the ground,
Whose old, shrunken fingers were wont to awaken,
With rapture ecstatic, thy soul-thrilling sound.

That newly-rais'd mound marks the place where he slumbers:
"Be my harp near my grave," was his dying request;
Then lock up from all, but his spirit, thy numbers,
And leave not the spot where he wish'd thee to rest.

Temple.

THE COLONEL'S LADY.

A Soldier's Tale.

BY THE VISCOUNT GLENTWORTH.

I shall never forget the first appearance of this delightful woman at the headquarters of the regiment: she had been married a very short time, and had only just reached that glowing state of beauty, which the mellowing down the attractive tints of maiden charms to the rich honour and respect-inspiring loveliness of the blooming young wedded fair, produces. Retiring modesty acquired a cast of dignity in her beaming eye: an unashamed yet truly modest demeanour seemed to present a symmetrical person both to scrutiny and admiration—that admiration which is not caught at a glance, but which is commanded—an examination by grace in its perfection. Her figure was a perfect para
gon, admirably proportioned in all its forms; every thing was in harmony—the dove-like softness of the eye with the snowy immortality of the skin; the youthful ringlet corresponding with the fulness of the bosom and the healthy firmness of the fore arm and after arm; the elegance of the small hand, which might have graced that of a monarch, leading her to his throne; the smile, which was chaste yet winning; and, lastly, the buoyant spirit which lit up the living picture, and which gave to it its last touch of animation and fascination: such was she when hanging on the arm of her husband,
"Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

He was a proud, military-looking man, but he never looked so elevated, borrowing, as he did, a lustre from the gem which was his. He politely introduced her to us all in turn. There was a vast disproportion in the ages of the newly-wedded couple; but as the Colonel was a fine dark man, and appeared to advantage in regimentals, and was sensible, well-bred—a man of family, fashion, fortune, and influence—there seemed nothing in the pairing which very materially stood in the way of happiness. His age should preclude him from inconsistency; his urbanity and good breeding from neglect; and his good taste and judgment from undervaluing a jewel of the very first water. He looked on her with pride, confidence, and desire; whilst she seemed to express, in smiles and changeful colour, love, reverence, and obedience, together with a sort of looking-up to her lord, which was the effect of a virtuous novice—heart. What must his supreme felicity then have been! In her temper she was kind as the early sunbeam lighting on the sleeping rose, and gentle as the silvery moon that guides the wayworn, benighted
traveller, shining, in promise, a returning
day, a home and resting-place. She was
also becomingly cheerful; she danced with
the activity of a wood-nymph, under whose
airy and elastic tread the flower only bent
in courtesy. Never did the power of na-
tural, unconscious perfection draw so many
hearts to one focus: the eye of wondering
and fixed approval fell on her on every
side; every bosom beat with mingled
feelings of honour and jealousy; for her’s
was a face to command both an arm
ready to brave death in her defence, and
an unconquerable wish that Nature had
made such a woman for the fond, yet fear-
ful beholder—fond, because to see her was
to love her; fearful, lest aught unhallowed
should mingle in the warmth of admiration.
We gave a regimentsal ball in honour of her
arrival, and here the competition for her
hand in the dance created the most intense
anxiety, and the most thrilling, ardent
rivalry. She danced a number of dances,
more from complaisance and kindly feeling
than she otherwise would have done, and
then retired, overpowered by fatigue and
fainting. Her absence was heart-sinking,
spirit-quenching: it was like the going
down of the sun to one bewildered and
who had lost his way: darkness and de-
jection followed it; but, for awhile, the
clay which she had warmed and animated
by her presence, glowed with regretful
gratitude for all that she had been to us
during her apparently short stay, in which
time seemed to fly at full speed. At supper,
all was flat and spiritless, until a rapturous
feeling dictated her health: it was equal,
undivided: it blushed simultaneously in
every cheek; it flashed like lightning in
every eye; it leaped impatiently from every
lip: but as to myself, I was so overcome
that I could not articulate her name, and
the Lady Rosabel (so let us call her), like
the amen of Macbeth, “stuck in my
throat.” Our Colonel’s eye glistened with
proud delight: his was indeed a triumph.
I could almost fancy him arrogant, an
usurper, and I know not what, for he was
decidedly too happy for mortal man, in my
mind, and I certainly more than envied
him, without aspiring to supplant him, if
the thing were possible, which it was not;
for it was easy to observe that in Rosabel
virtue and loveliness were inseparably
united, and shone like twin stars together,
if I may be allowed the expression. In
three months the Colonel went on leave of
absence, taking his treasure with him—the
most richly blooming bride I ever beheld:
she had reigned in all hearts during this
period, and, at her departure, I abstained
myself purposely when she stepped into
the travelling carriage, lest my emotion
should create a doubtful feeling, or appear
suspicious either in the eye of her happy
husband, or in those of my attentive com-
rades who crowded about her. She was
gone, and so was our summer: the season
and its brightest emblem and amusement
had disappeared together: she ceased to
illumine us, and a sameness made our
quarters insufferably dull: our other belles
lost wofully by comparison. She was so
young, so handsome, so artless, and withal
so good. I left the regiment, and lost
sight of my Colonel and his lady for
three years, not however without having
often thought of the latter, for I had seen
nothing like her. One evening, after this
period, when I was promenading the ball-
room at Weymouth, I espied the fine
figure of a lady, elegantly dressed, stand-
ing lightly linked in the arm of one
whom I seemed to think that I ought to
know. On approaching nearer, I recogni-
sed the Colonel; the lady was Rosabel.
The very expression of the arm, which was
just pendently folded in his, denoted a
change. When first I saw it joined to his,
it was locked, as it were, in the fold of
happiest affection—a kind of grateful ad-
hesion for all trusting support: it now
hung upon the peg of sufferance: the
least touch could displace it, and uncon-
nect the union; the slightest effort could
loose the link. It was not so always: in
her attitude she had less firmness, in her
motion (always graceful) less elasticity;
her glance turned not, as before, ever
and anon, from surrounding objects to her
partner, but wandered with mild, well
bred indifference about. I now turned to
look attentively at him: he appeared ten
years older, stern and cold as a north-east
biting and blighting wind. His brow was
overcast like a stormy November night
at sea; his eye was contracted, as if
unwilling to contemplate the charming
creature on his right hand; and his
close lip appeared to have entirely for-
gotten how to smile. From such an
unpromising prospect my glance reverted to
the Lady Rosabel, the Queen of our (the
whole garrison and self) affections, the
standard of perfection, the image of female
beauty: it was herself in all her gracefulness in all her goodness, in fine stature, and easy play of features, but not of expression. She pleased, because it was impossible for her to do otherwise; but all warmth, all sunshine, seemed to have left her. She was thin and pale: her lips alone retained the hue and texture of the damask rose, rich, fragrant, and of velvety appearance; and when she called up a languid smile her teeth displayed the colour, polish, and transcendence of the pearl. Her voice was much altered: sweetness still lingered about it, like the perfume of the rose after its decay: there seemed to be in it a mixture of despondence and of bodily suffering, the softness of gentle complaint, but the hollowness of a seat which sickness had invaded. Her eye was no longer the eye of playfulness and joy, of benignity and love, nor of the mild mated dove, but had assumed a look of reminisce and the melancholy aspect of that gentle bird become solitary and forlorn. She had, it is true, her mate; but was he altered, or the same? This I had to learn. She stretched her hand out to me, looking at the same time in his face, as much as to say, "may I be kind—may I follow the natural dictates of my heart?" I pressed it cordially, which raised confusion on her cheek; not that partiality was the cause, but because warmth and animated friendship were strangers to her, as coming from anyone; for coldness, gravity, silence and aridity reigned ever in her husband’s countenance, and seemed to overpower, to press her to the earth, subjugating all the delectable energies of her nature. Conjugality was indeed to her the bearing of the yoke, in the severe acceptance of the term. I seemed riveted to her side. I could not separate from her, although the Colonel frequently discovered a restless, locomotive inclination. As the heat of the room increased, her colour regained its former richness; her eye emerged, by degrees, from the cloud of care; her smile, like the frost-nipped flower removed to a warmer bed, expanded gently and gradually, but soon collapsed again. I asked her if she was inclined to dance, to which she replied, "O! dear, no; I have quite given up dancing; the Colonel does not like to see married women dance." He looked angry, and I felt that I hated him. On quitting the ball-room, which I did not doubt I handed her to her carriage, I examined into the causes of this painful change, and upon a close investigation of the case, facilitated by the evidence of a relation of her’s, then at Weymouth, I discovered that she had been made a bargain of ambition and interest—she was sold in order to repair the fallen fortune of her family: her hand was given where her heart was not: she had no choice, but filial obedience supplied the place.

The great distance in point of years between her lord and master and herself might have been overcome by the unceasing attentions of a warm heart, and the exertions of a mind anxious to gain and to preserve the greatest bliss which this earth can afford—woman’s love! The triumph of pride was the only leading feeling of her unworthy consort, proud to win and wear, to gain and possess. The husband of Rosabel triumphed awhile, and then sunk into insensibility, preserving all the command of matrimony without any of its tenderness—a full knowledge of his legal rights without the judicial delicacy to conceal them. The sensitive nature of youth recoiled at this change, and the spring of enjoyment was dried up for ever. Discontent, on his part, succeeded to the imposing appearance of self satisfaction; selfishness repelled the kindly advances of one whose novelty was lost, and whose youth and beauty were now like reproaches to him; the incipient gaieties of wedlock were long since laid aside, and a perspective of misery now presented itself in their place. The heart, which never grows old amidst grey hairs and the dilapidation of time, applying prepossessing attentions and fond solicitude on Rosabel, might restore her to health, to new life, and joy; but there are no hopes of such a reviving power: pride, worldliness, and a cold constitution have produced the ossification or petrifaction of the organ of exquisite feeling, and the rose and Rosabel are both doomed to fade and perish prematurely: plucked, like that lovely flower, too soon from the parent-stem, worn but for an hour and disdainfully cast aside—such must be her lot. "Perish the despoiler’s hand," say I; for it is, at least, a minor murder, sanctioned by law and custom; it is an injustice of which no statute takes cognizance, a cruelty punishable by no existing law, a tyranny against which the softer sex dares not openly rebut, but must fret and pine, cherishing fruitless regrets until
nature grows languid, and the world becomes a waste: nor is the crime less in parents who thus sell their children than that which disgraces the slave-trade. Matrimony, when a mere matter of money, is always bad enough, yet kindness and good conduct may reconcile the suffering party by many advantages; but here we have a ruined parent disposing of his lovely daughter before she comes to years of discretion, and a husband buying beauty as he would a suit of clothes for novelty's sake: it is even worse than this, since neglect is to young love what mildew is to the ripening grain.

TO MARIA.

A dew-drop on a flowret's breast,
In soft repose, is passing bright;
The star of love, with sparkling crest,
Sheds lustre on the brow of night;
Thy eyes, my dear, are brighter far
Than glittering dew and evening star.

Rich are the colours of the rose,
Where revels oft the busy bee;
The western sky with beauty glows,
When the sun sinks upon the sea;
Thy cheeks, my dear, are lovelier far
Than sunset clouds and roses are.

A zephyr, wandering through a bower,
Culls odours from each shrub it meets,
A butterfly upon a flower
Sucks from its cup diviner sweets;
Thy lips, my dear, are sweeter far
Than shrubs and flowers, the fairest, are.

THE MIDGARD, OR SEA-SERPENT.

(Extracted from the Narrative of Captain Lampet, of Salem, Massachusetts.)

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

***** We were then cruising for whales, Spitzbergen bearing S.S.W. of us about twenty miles. The weather had been moderate for several days, but the air was hazy, and no object being in sight, we had nothing to give us notice that we were drifting in an easy current. On the fourth morning, I think it was, a light breeze sprung up in the W. and by S. and the sun, which had been invisible the whole time, might be seen through the mist, of a red coppery colour. I remember when the mate, Mr. Macfarlane, a Scotchman, from the neighbourhood of Arrochar, saw it, that he said it was no more like the natural sun than the pot lid of the cambuse, and I agreed with him in opinion, for he was a man of a tough temper, especially on doubtful points.

Sailing before the wind, and not aware that we were going in a growing ocean current till the weather cleared up, which it did about three bells after, judge of our surprise on observing that Spitzbergen was no longer in sight; but we saw a Dutch whaler in the course of the day, and were informed by her that we could not be less than an hundred miles from the island, being then driven insensibly in the great stream which runs in those parts to the polar region, if not to the arctic pole itself.

The intelligence troubled me a little, not much, however; but as it was my first whaling voyage, I did not sleep that night on a down bed. In the morning the Dutchman was hull down, very little ice could be seen, and no whales; but the wind from
the west and by south freshened, and if we had not been nearing the unknown tracts of the ocean, I would have said we ploughed the waters at a snoring rate. I was nevertheless not quite easy, for Mr. Macfarlane had ascertained that the current was carrying us along like the gulf-stream off the Savannah; indeed, what made him notice it was, that the rate was the same, and somewhat seriously he bade me overhaul the momentum.

I did not seem to heed what he said, but I well recollect that his words made an impression; so in a few minutes I consulted him about taking in sail, and laying the ship to, because both wind and tide were carrying us we did not know where, which was a dangerous thing. Against the current we could not contend, for it was as steady as time; but I likened the wind to misfortune, that might be overcome by bravery.

Although we shortened sail, the current boded no luck, for not a whale could be descried within the horizon, and for more than four and twenty hours, the sea was clear of ice; indeed, I may say thirty hours, for the last noted in the ship's log-book was at that distance of time, and a scattered floe of no force, only we picked up in it a piece of timber, all feathered by fricition, which in the course of ages had no doubt drifted from the lumberers on the coast of America, if not from Labrador.

But what was to be done: without changing, the breeze grew stronger, and blew out in blasts and squalls that made the masts crack again, and we were still drifting,—but we had sea-room, the ice was entirely gone. It was not till my third voyage that I saw the Krakan: still I was not on a bed of roses; and Jack Marlane, one of the sailors, remarked one night, that the polar star was growing perpendicular, which I did not like to see.

We were now far to the north of my instruction, and the sun more than 20° 32' 19" above the horizon by my sextant, which cost me thirteen guineas in Leader's shop, in the Minories. He would not take sovereigns, and said it was worth fifteen, so that it was a correct one. Seeing this, I called the mate aft, and told him that I feared we were all gone dicks, for the wind was unchanging, and the current dragging us to the North Pole.

"I hope so," said he, "and we shall get the premium, which will be better than a cargo of blubber."

Surprised to hear the man speak so cheerily of going to the Pole, I inquired what he meant?

"Don't you know," said he, "that Government, by their secret service-money, have got information that it would be a most beneficial thing for the nation to get hold of the North Pole, the which is the because of all them expeditions; and the First Lord of the Admiralty, who is one Mr. Croker, has promised, out of his own pocket, ten thousand pounds, in flam of the Bank of England, to the first man who brings the Pole to him, which is a matter of fact worth something."

I did not make any answer, for I knew that Macfarlane was given to stretch a point sometimes; so I did not give full credit to this story, especially in the matter of Mr. Croker giving out of his own pocket any such sum as ten thousand pounds for a benefit to the nation, and all for such a Major Wier's staff as the North Pole.

While we were discoursing on this subject, some one on the forecastle sang out, "Land a-head." We both immediately ran forward, and saw, as we thought, a low icy shore, white with hillocks of snow, which made all hands quake to see, for now we thought our reckoning finished; but to our astonishment the shore before us made itself wings, and mounted into the air, in the shape of a flock of ducks or wild-geese. But fowls like them I never saw. Macfarlane, the mate, said they were each as big as a Margate boy, or a Berwick smack. This, however, was a great exaggeration, and could only be tolerated from him; but one which we afterwards killed with grape from a pcket, was fully as large as a jolly boat, and, by-the-bye, not unlike one when stripped of its flesh and feathers. The latter were quite white, and about the size of a fern branch; I mean the small soft ones on the breast. The quills from the wings I may be excused for not describing, when I mention, that we converted one of them into a pump on the homeward voyage, when something went wrong with one of the ship's regular suckers; of the feet, however, I may speak with the greatest precision; they were each as broad as a large halibut, but of a yellow hue. We made a meat-tray of the upper valve of its bill, in which we salted a quarter of a rein-
deer, bought at Bletterburg, when we touched at that port on our return.

The most remarkable thing about these fowls was their eyes, which were of a beautiful green colour, and reminded every one who saw them of bottles in an apothecary's window at night. Macfarlane compared them to an onyx stone, but I never heard that onyx was green before: he, however, was not a very correct man.

In their nature, these Tory ducks, as we called them, were very docile, never having been, probably, the face of man before. They were really confounding creatures: after being a little scared at the approach of the ship, they alighted on the sea around us, and gamboled about in the funniest manner. The sailors and them soon grew into the greatest familiarity, but they were not to be trusted, for being unconscious of their terrible strength, what they meant for play was as dreadful as a slap from the jibboom. As an instance, Jack Marlane tempted one or two or three times with a pig, and when Jack was thinking no harm, the duck made a snap at the pig with his bill, and before you could have said Jack Robinson, it crunched off and gobbled the head of the porker, as quietly as a British duck swallows a frog when it happens to meet with one in a farm yard—An alderman with a turtle is nothing to it, nor a boss-headed justice of the peace with a capon. But a truce with unmanly comparisons, into which I have been betrayed inadvertently, for in the matter of these Tory ducks there was undoubtedly much to call for serious reflection, it being evident that a wise provision of Nature was manifest in their size alone; indeed, had they not been fashioned on that gigantic scale, they could not have withstood the rigour of the climate. Had they been no bigger than common ducks, the frost would have penetrated their frames, and the vital spark would have been quenched in their bosoms; but being, as they were, of a most stupendous size, and moreover singularly fat, is clear that they were wisely ordained, insomuch that the cold fell innocuous from their plumes. It was plain, from their behaviour on the second day, that they considered the ship as a creature of the same element as themselves, though not of the same species, for they pecked at its sides as they swam about in a curious manner, which showed that they were sensible of a radical difference between them, and were latterly of opinion that the ship should take herself off from poaching, as it may be said, on their manor.

On the third day, as we guessed it was, as the sun in the arctic region never, in the whaling season, sets, but only declines a little in the northern sky, those enormous ducks were no longer seen, but the current still drew us onward, and we were far, by observation, to the north of the course of any ship that had ever been in those seas before.

In this stage the weather suddenly grew obscure and concealed the sun, but the sea was calm, with airs very light and variable; the stream, however, in the tide suffered no abatement, but towards midnight by our reckoning, but by the phenomena in the heavens it was as light as noon-day, only the sun was in the northern welkin, a strange fishy odour pervaded all the air, which Macfarlane thought betokened whales, and as it grew ranker and ranker, I became convinced he was not far wrong. I said, however, nothing, knowing the man's character, and that he would make no scruple, if his notion turned out a Cape-fly-away, to father me with the conjecture.

It was well I resolved to practice this taciturnity, for there were no whales in the case, but when the weather cleared up we beheld a-head of us something that reminded me of Waterloo bridge, as seen from Westminster, only much longer, and black, crossing the sea. Not a man on board could make out what it was but being only south fifteen miles of the Pole we were prepared for wonders. Still the sight was inexplicable: all around the sea was calm, and nothing could be seen but this black, up-and-down, zig-zag phenomenon on the water.

While all hands were looking at it, wondering what it could be, we saw it move; the parts that were under water rose aloft, and those which were in the air sunk down, and presently about a furlong from the one end, a sable tower rose out of the sea, which resembled a good deal one of the London patent-shot towers, and something that, to compare great things with small, resembled, but much larger, the best bower anchor of a first-rate. One of the men, a Russian by birth, of Archangel, on seeing this cried out, it was the Midgard, and that which resembled an anchor was its barbed tongue.
lolling about. Indeed, we were left no
time to controvert this alarming opinion,
for the ship was drifting in the ocean-
stream fast towards it, and it was soon no
longer a doubtful matter that the Russian
was right: the creature was indeed a
young sea-serpent, basking itself in the
sun. The Russian said, that his great
grandfather by the mother’s side had
seen the Midgard, which to be sure was
much larger than the monster before us,
and made him conclude that what we saw
was only a little one of the same breed.

When the current had carried us so
near it as that I could see its eyes glaring,
I called the crew abaft the binnacle,
and said to them—

“My lad, it is needless to disguise
from you our danger: we are lost, nothing
can save us, unless that dreadful creature
takes it into its head to swim away, and
in doing that it may breed such a commo-
tion in the water, that the vessel shall be
capsized by the waves: nothing can save
us, and therefore, my advice to you is,
what I shall myself adopt, to make ready
for death. The current is drawing us on,
and as soon as the ship bulges against
the side of the sea-serpent, the creature
will no doubt make such an anarchy in the
water that the Lovely Nancy must be
swamped.”

The men all disconsolately acknowledged
that my advice was the best that could be
given in our perilous circumstances. But
Mr. Macfarlane made a very absurd pro-
position, namely, that we should steer
the ship right on against the serpent, and
perhaps by the hog she would give it might
sink into the depths of the ocean. Not a soul
on board, however, would for a moment
listen to his counsel, which said a great
deal for their good sense.

By this time we were within a short
distance of the dreaded thing, and,
according to my advice, all the crew fell
on their narrowbones, and lifting their
hands, made the most pious ejaculations.
The ship was now close to the Midgard,
and we saw that one of the curves into
which it had thrown itself was large
enough, a great deal larger than the centre
arch of the Southwark bridge, to allow the
ship to sail through.

“Aye, aye,” cried all hands, and
we bore away for the opening. All was
silence; the ship, like a fated thing, drifted
on and entered the opening. Tongue nor
pen can describe what I felt in sailing
through that dreadful arch. Above us,
of a slinky yellow, was the prodigious
belly of the Midgard; and just as the fore-
mast entered under it I rather think it
must have touched the creature somehow,
for at that moment it shudderingly changed
a little its position, insomuch that by the
time the main-royal came under it, the
truck, like a pin scratching a congor eel,
rubbed the Midgard, which gave a great
roar and darted over us away in the most
frightful manner.

At this time, when it gave the cry, its
head was about two furlongs and a half
from us, but never did I hear such a
sound. The Falls of Niagara are nothing
to it; as a gurgling creek to the noise of
the Falls, is the noise of the Falls to that
sound. I have no experience in earth-
quakes and volcanoes, but I guess they are
nothing to the interjection of the Midgard,
when it was pricked by our mainmast.
However, it was a blessed accident, for we
were saved by it. The ship got hand-
smelly to the polar side of the monster,
which we saw for some time careering
along, up and down, away on the sea.

I was looking with thankfulness, mar-
velling at our escape, when the mate came
up and inquired if I did not think it was
like a moving chain of flexible mountains.
But I was too serious to make him any
answer. All this time the crew were
kneeling in a praying posture; but when
they saw the serpent at a safe distance,
they rose exceedingly well pleased, and I
ordered an extra allowance of grog to be
served out to them; for it could not be
concealed that we were in a situation of
some danger and that they stood in need
of a refresher.

After this affair with the Midgard, the
ship drifted on towards the Pole, which,
by our reckoning, we saw about noon,
bearing N. and by N.

It had the appearance then of a large,
dim, hazy island, somewhat shaped like
the Bass, in the Firth of Forth, or the
Craig of Ailsa, in the Firth of Clyde. Mr.
Macfarlane called it, when he saw it, “the
nipple of the earth,” an appropriate name.

By this time the current of the ocean
abated, and we stood, with a free wind, right
towards the end of the earth’s axletree,
as no doubt the land we saw before us was.
But here a new difficulty arose: we thought
of the current, and how we were to get
Versification of Psalm 137.

back; for against it we could make no way, and the ocean in that region was too deep to dredge it, even if we had a kedge anchor; but unfortunately, not expecting to meet with any stream, we had left our kedge anchor at Spitzbergen, in consequence of one of its flukes wanting some repair. A smith there, who had been brought up with Mr. Galloway the engineer, engaged to put it right by the time we returned. How Thomas Forge came to be settled in his trade at Spitzbergen I never fully ascertained, for he was a sullen and taciturn man; he had no doubt his own reasons for being so discreet as not to be communicative to strangers.

When we were within less than a mile of "the Nipple of the Earth," we got the long-boat unshipped, and Mr. Macfarlane, the Russian sailor, and four hands more, went on board, to take possession of the Pole in King George's name, to secure to us the ten thousand pounds that Mr. Croker had offered for the good of the nation. It might have been supposed that I would have had the interests of the United States in view; but when I reflected that ten thousand pounds were in question, I frankly confess that the temptation got the better of my patriotism. No doubt I then commanded a British ship, the Lovely Nancy, of Deptford, and my integrity could not but allow that the owners had a good right to share in all the money the ship could earn, and it was clear that if we were not on board of the ship we could not claim the ten thousand pounds. So, upon reflection, I thought it as well to prevent disputes, by according at once to allow the ship her full share, for the benefit of the owners.

Having thus settled in my own mind that the polar mountain, or, as Mr. Macfarlane called it expressively, "the Nipple of the Earth," should be taken possession of in King George's name, the boat shoved off for it, and we in the ship continued our course. Everything, indeed, during this stage of our proceedings, promised exceedingly well; but I could see with my glass, when the boat reached the shore, that there was some tumult on board, and presently I beheld the boat push from the shore, leaving a man forlorn on the rocks. What to make of this phenomenon I knew not; but the boat pulled hard straight alongside, and I observed that the man they had left was the Russian seaman. No words passed; but as soon as the boat came alongside, Mr. Macfarlane jumped up, and came afloat, with a face of passion, saying,

"Sir, that picked-up-along-shore Norseman, the Russian, when we came to the rock, jumped out, and before you could say smackle, he declared that he had taken possession for the Emperor of the Russias: what is to be done?"

This news was certainly perplexing. "If the man," said I, "has really taken possession of the North Pole for the Emperor of Russia, we cannot, according to the laws of war, and the thirty-nine articles of the church, attempt to molest him; for you know, if we did, it would to a certainty cause a rupture between Russia and Great Britain, and the United States might be involved in it, being a citizen of that free country, though in these times of peace I was persuaded to take charge of this here Lovely Nancy."

Before, however, Macfarlane could reply, a sudden puff of wind drove the ship close to the rock, on which the Russian was sitting.

"Do you abandon your claim?" cried the indignant Mr. Macfarlane, through the speaking trumpet.

The Russian replied, "No;" and threatened the vengeance of his Imperial Majesty if he was disturbed.

"Aye, aye, very well," said Mr. Macfarlane, "just sit where you are till his Imperial Majesty comes to relieve you: good-bye."

I was petrified at this, but what could I do; the wind was strong, and the ship could be only saved from foundering on the North Pole, by bearing away; and therefore, though it cut me to the heart to leave the sailor, besides losing Mr. Croker's ten thousand pounds, I was obliged to direct the man at the helm to steer large from the shore.

VERSIFICATION OF PSALM 137.

We sat down under Babylon,
Beside the stream that by it swept;
With aching hearts we thought upon
Our lost Jerusalem, and wept.

Our harps we hung upon the trees,
That grew upon the river's side;
"Come, sing one of your melodies,"
Insolently our captors cried!
They mock'd our heaviness of heart!
But how can Israel, bent with wrongs,
A slave, an exile, bear a part
In singing one of Sion's songs?
Jerusalem! If any hour
My memory from thee shall stray,
May my right hand forget the power
Upon my sounding harp to play.
If I forget thee, may my tongue
Be ever silent, ever dumb;
Yea, e'en amid the joyous throng,
If I forget Jerusalem.
Temple.

Remember, Lord! how Edom cried
When Sion fell—Oh! hateful sound!
They shouted in their savage pride,
"Down with it, even to the ground!"
Babel! thy doom is at thy gates!
Destruction hovers o'er thy towers!
Blest be he who retaliates.
The misery that now is ours.
Blest be the bloody, ruthless foe,
Whom cruelty can never pall,
Who, laughing at their cries, shall throw
Thy shrieking babes against the wall.

CHARLOTTE LOUISE, WIFE OF ALEXIS CZAROWITZ, ELDEST SON OF PETER THE GREAT.

AN HISTORICAL FRAGMENT.

About the year 1760, an old lady, known only by the name of Madame D'Aubert, resided at Brussels in retirement and privacy. Every moment of her life was occupied in religious practices and innumerable charities towards the poor, who looked upon her as their guardian angel. Isolated and disguised under a modest name, the world knew not to whom she belonged, and yet there was not in that great city another woman who could boast of such a noble descent, neither was there one who had entered life with such brilliant prospects, and struggled afterwards against such misfortunes.

Louis Rodolphe, Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, married Christine Louise of Oëttengen. They had three daughters. The eldest, Elizabeth Christine, married Charles VI. Emperor of Germany, and passed her long life in happiness and tranquility amidst the etiquette of the Austrian court. Far different was the fate of her youngest sister, Charlotte Louise, the subject of this memoir, who, destined like her, to occupy a throne, shone for a short time the ornament of a brilliant court; but her lustre vanished with the rapidity of lightning, and the reality of her existence was no more known. On the 25th of October, 1711, she married Alexis, Czarowitz of Russia, eldest son of Peter the Great. The ceremony took place at Torgau, in Germany. The young Czarowitz was in his 22d year; his debauched habits augmented the brutality of a character naturally ferocious. The unconquerable aversion which he conceived for the young Princess, his wife, inspired him with the horrible design of poisoning her, and three different times did he attempt it, but fortunately, by the timely assistance of art, his diabolical intentions were frustrated.

The inhuman treatment which this barbarian inflicted on the unhappy Charlotte seemed daily to increase, yet not one of the courtiers dared to re-proach him with his shameless conduct. The Emperor his father, and the Czarina Catherine were then at a distance from the court, occupied in visiting the distant parts of their vast dominions.

The Princess was far advanced in pregnancy, when one day her husband, after having struck her violently, knocked her down, kicked her, and afterwards had the cruelty to leave her, bathed in her blood, fainting on the floor. He instantly set off for one of his palaces, without deigning to inquire after his unfortunate victim. The consequences of such barbarity, were, as might be expected, a premature confinement, which put her life in the most imminent danger. Her most devoted friends and attendants thought of profiting by this accident, to get her out of her husband's power. They accordingly dispatched a courier to him with the intelligence of her death. His only answer was, an order to bury her with all possible secrecy and dispatch, hoping thereby to hide from the eyes of the world the cause of that death which he believed to be real.

The funeral took place agreeably to the wishes of the Prince, but the coinf
only contained a block of wood, of sufficient weight to deceive those who bore the supposed melancholy burden.

Whilst all the courts of Europe were mourning for and lamenting this beautiful and interesting creature, she secretly escaped from her palace. The Countess of Koenigsmarck, mother of Marshal Saxe, who was then residing at the Russian Court, assisted in favouring her flight. She collected together as much money and jewels as she could, without exciting the suspicions of those by whom she was surrounded, and gave her as companions, one of her own female attendants, and a faithful domestic who spoke French and German. The Princess arrived safely in Paris with this small retinue; but fearing to be recognised in that capital, she determined upon going to America, and with that intention set off for a seaport, whence several vessels were on the point of sailing for Louisiana; and, she embarked with eight hundred Germans who were going to establish themselves in the new colony. Accompanied by her femme de chambre, and the old domestic, who passed on board the vessel as her father, she attained the end of her journey without accident of any kind.

The arrival of a young and beautiful stranger, in that almost savage country, caused general astonishment. The Chevalier d'Aubert, a French officer of superior merit, who had vainly solicited service in the Russian army, went out to establish himself in America; he saw the Princess, and immediately recognised her. At first he could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses; but after having seen her several times, and examining her features attentively, he no longer doubted that the obscure exile before him was her whom he had formerly seen, radiant with beauty, and surrounded by all that the world generally calls happiness. He had, however, the prudence to keep his discovery a secret; but animated by a lively interest for the illustrious fugitive, he succeeded in gaining the confidence of her old and tried servant, who informed him that it was his intention to establish himself with his family in a plantation on the banks of the Mississipi, and asked if he would like to join in the enterprise. The Chevalier accepted with delight this offer, which enabled him to observe more narrowly, and to be of use to the lovely stranger. One day finding himself alone with her, he could no longer resist the temptation of telling her that her secret was discovered. Throwing himself at her feet he avowed that he recognised her. This declaration caused, at first, as much astonishment as uneasiness to the Princess; but having reflected on all the proofs of attachment that the Chevalier had shewn her, she confined herself to the expression of her gratitude, and extorted from him a promise of the most inviolable secrecy.

Some time afterwards the European Journals brought to the colonies the news of the tragical death of the Czarowitz Alexis. Little anxious to occupy the attention of the world, the Princess, who was civilly dead in the eyes of all Europe, preferred allowing her friends and parents to retain that belief, that she might continue to live peaceably in the obscure situation in which Providence had placed her. Soon after she had the misfortune to lose the old domestic who had so faithfully followed her fortunes. His death overwhelmed the young princess with grief; she felt that in him she lost her only earthly support. However, her affliction was in time a little softened by the zeal and assiduity of the Chevalier d'Aubert, who undertook entirely the management of her fortune. The respectful tenderness which he never omitted shewing her, began at length to occupy her thoughts; he seemed so devoted to her, and so anxious to satisfy her most trifling wishes, that one would have thought he divined them before they were even formed; he rendered her all the homage due to her illustrious birth, and tried, by every means in his power, to make her forget her misfortunes. His distinguished merit and amiable qualities at length touched the heart of the Princess, and she gave him her hand. Thus, by a decree of fate almost incredible, a royal princess, widow of the presumptive heir to the most powerful empire in the universe, and sister to the Empress of Germany, became the wife of a simple captain of infantry, who had not even the merit of being her countryman; and that union, so different in splendour from her
first marriage, was contracted in a foreign and almost savage country.
Notwithstanding the difficulties inseparable from an establishment in the colonies, the young couple were happy and content with their lot, the Princess not disdaining to assist her husband in the management of the plantation. Time flew rapidly, and Heaven blessed their union by the birth of a daughter, which Madame D'Aubert nursed herself. When capable of receiving instruction, she taught her German, her own native language.
After they had spent many happy years in this peaceful mode of life, the Chevalier D'Aubert was attacked with a slow malady, which rendered the assistance of able physicians necessary, to be enabled to procure which, he sold his property at Louisiana, and removed to Paris with his wife and child. Madame D'Aubert was unremitting in her affectionate care towards her husband. During his convalescence, she frequently walked in the gardens of the Tuileries with her daughter. One day, whilst they were conversing together in German, Marshal Saxe happened to be near them. Struck at hearing a sweet feminine voice speaking his own language, he approached the handsome strangers. What was his surprise in recognising, in the elder of the two, the features of the Princess of Russia, thought by all the world to have been long before numbered with the dead! Madame D'Aubert entreated him to keep the secret he had thus discovered, and informed him how his mother, the Countess of Koenigsmarck, had favoured her escape from St. Petersburg. Charmed at his discovery, the old soldier promised to keep it a secret from all save the King of France, Louis XV., to whom he considered it his duty to mention the circumstance. The Princess, however, extracted a promise from him that he would not divulge it until three months had elapsed. He entreated permission to pay his respects to her, and she consented to receive him, on condition that he came alone and incognito.
The health of the Chevalier D'Aubert was re-established; but his means of subsistence being considerably diminished, he successfully solicited from the French Company the rank of major at the island of Bourbon.
From time to time the Count Saxe went to pay his respects to the Princess; and the three months having at length expired, he called upon her with the intention of informing her that he was going to divulge to the King that secret which was interesting to so many European Powers; but on his arrival at the house of Madame d'Aubert, he was much astonished at finding that she had sailed with her husband and daughter for the island of Bourbon. The Count immediately demanded an audience of the King, to whom he related this extraordinary and almost fabulous history. Louis XV. ordered his Ministers to write instantly to the Governor of the island, and to give orders that Madame d'Aubert should be treated in every way becoming her illustrious birth: he even condescended to write himself to the Queen of Hungary, although France was then at war with that Power, to acquaint Maria Teresa with the fate of her aunt. The Queen hastened to acknowledge his Majesty's condescension, and also sent him a letter for Madame d'Aubert, in which she entreated her to leave her husband and child, for whom the French Court would provide, and to join her. The Princess formally refused these offers, and remained at the island of Bourbon until the year 1754. Having then lost her husband and daughter, she returned to Paris, and proceeded thence to Brussels, where she lived to a very advanced age. A pension of six hundred florins, assigned to her by the House of Brunswick, and the greater part of which she applied to charitable purposes, was the modest fortune of one who had been destined to sit on a throne.

TO LILLA, WEEPING.—BY J. S. C.

Weep, lady, weep, if tears avail
To ease a heart o'ertraught,
I would not check those dewls nor steal
Relief so timely brought.
Vol. II.—No. 6.

This life is all a dreary waste,
Tempestuous, lone, and bare;
But heaven still tempers ev'ry blast
And gently woes us there!
Alas! alas! the joys of earth,
The brightest,—What are they?
Just beaming till we know their worth,
And then—they pass away!
Our fondest hopes may fade in death,
Our friends prove insincere;
But heav’n smiles o’er life’s thorny path
And gently woos us there!

When clouds obscure the summer skies
And hide the orb of day,
Say has the sun forgot to rise
Because unseen his ray?
So, tho’ no mercy seems to crown
Awhile the mourner’s pray’r,
Yet heaven in tender love looks down
And gently woos us there!

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REVIEW.

Literature.


Whatever may have been our advances of late into the regions of science, however brilliant our success in some departments of literature, there is one, and that, too, the most graceful of them all, of whose decline there has long been ground for painful apprehension. We need hardly say, that we allude to that of Poetry. Not only the capacity, but the very ambition and endeavour to produce such tales as Marmion and the Corsair, seem to have been buried in the sepulchres of Scott and Byron. And though we indeed still possess a Campbell and a Moore, yet it is long since we have been enchanted by the emanation of a Gertrude or a Lalla Rookh. During this torpor, for we will not use the ill-omened term decline, of poetic genius, the muse of Tragedy has not been more assiduously worshipped than her sister goddesses: it is, therefore, with a disposition to be pleased that we greet any sign of a returning zeal in favour of the classic drama, particularly when embodied in the shape of so meritorious a performance as that of Mr. Sheridan Knowles.

The author’s plot is an ingenious one. Leonardo, son of the Duke of Mantua, has been detained a prisoner, and is supposed to have been killed by a horde of brigands; in consequence of which, and of his father’s death, Ferrando, his unprincipled cousin, succeeds to the ducal throne. During this state of affairs, Count Florio, a nobleman high in favour with the reigning Duke, becomes enamoured of an orphan beauty, named Mariana, the heroine of the piece, and intriguing with her tyrannical guardian, forces her to the cathedral, with the design of rendering her his unwilling bride; a fate which she however avoids, by claiming the protection of the officiating priest, Anthony, who, moved by her distress, grants her the shelter of his roof, of which her guardian and the Count determine to bereave her, and for that purpose institute a suit before the Duke. Anthony resolves to defend his protege to the utmost; but the Mantua lawyers, as mercenary as their brethren of the present day, have been to a man retained by Florio, so that the good priest is obliged to summon his nephew, Lorenzo, a young advocate, residing at Rome, to undertake the cause. Lorenzo sets out, but is unfortunately intercepted by the same brigands who had before detained Leonardo, whose escape, as well as his own, he contrives, and reaches Mantua upon the eve of the trial. On his arrival, he proceeds to his uncle’s house, accompanied by Leonardo, whose rank is still unknown to him, and who, by his own request, officiates as his clerk. There he has an interview with Mariana, who informs him that her repugnance to the match with Florio is occasioned by her previous attachment to a stranger, whose life she had, while resident in Switzerland, been instrumental in preserving. This stranger is Leonardo, who overhears the tale in his disguise, and entertaining similar sentiments for Mariana, is overjoyed at the disclosure of her affection, and quits the dwelling of Anthony, promising Lorenzo to rejoin him before the ducal tribunal. The parties are then summoned to the hall of justice; the advocate of Count Florio states his employer’s case. Ferrando tyrannically refuses to hear the opposite side, and, disregarding the expostulations of Anthony and Lorenzo, orders Mariana to be delivered up to her persecutors. The heroine, as a last resource, places a phial of poison at her lips, and threatens to commit self-destruction rather than submit to the decree, which Ferrando, however, appears resolved to enforce. At this juncture Leonardo makes himself
known, and summons Ferrando to abdicate, who, seeing his cousin strongly backed, complies. Leonardo then takes possession of the ducal throne, creates Anthonio his confessor, Lorenzo advocate of state, and presents his hand to Mariana, who faints in his arms, and is transferred, before the commencement of the next act, into Duchess of Mantua. Determined to revenge his constrained abdication on his cousin, Ferrando, who has been appointed regent during the absence of Leonardo at the head of his army, suborns St. Pierre, a Swiss cavalier of fortune, to ingratiate himself into the favour of the Duchess, who feels a natural partiality towards him, as her countryman, and as the bearer of the news of a victory obtained by her husband. Taking advantage of her predilection for this man's society, Ferrando succeeds in persuading Anthonio, and the court in general, that she mediates an infidelity to Leonardo; and to give the finishing stroke to his plot, intoxicates St. Pierre, conveys him into a chamber adjoining to that of the Duchess, and tugs his scarf into her bedroom, where it is next morning found, and St. Pierre arrested. Ferrando then persuades the Duchess that appearances being so strongly against her, her only chance of safety is in flight from Mantua, with the means of which he provides her. He then seeks a private interview with St. Pierre, and offers him a large sum and his freedom, upon condition that he will sign a confession of the crime imputed to him with the Duchess. The conscience of St. Pierre is, however, stricken, and pretending that he is about to embrace the proposal of the tempter, he obtains his dagger by a stratagem, places it at his throat, forces him to sign a statement of the mode in which he has trepanned him, and, having Ferrando thus in his power, quits Mantua. Leonardo, having in the mean time concluded a truce, is on his return homeward, when he is met by a deputation, comprising the Regent, Count Florio, Lorenzo, and Anthonio, who lay before him a statement of what has taken place. He indignantly refuses credence to the accusation, and is confirmed in his disbelief by the sudden arrival of his wife, who was asserted to have fled, and who informs him of the facilities of escape which she had received from Ferrando. At this he becomes so indignant that he challenges his cousin to a single combat, which is prevented by the arrival of St. Pierre, who, rushing in, is about to disclose the villainy of the Regent, when he is mortally wounded by the latter. He survives long enough, however, to expose the conspiracy by the production of the statement, bearing Ferrando's signature. To render the exoneration of the Duchess, if possible, still more complete, she is greeted by St. Pierre in his last moments as his sister, known by him to be such by her possession of an ornament, which he had given her in her childhood, and had recognised at his first introduction to her at the court of Mantua.

Such is the story, which possesses an unusual proportion of incident, and is for the most part well and poetically told. There are some faults, however, in Mr. Knowles's style, which a little attention would enable him to amend, and which proceed, as it appears to us, from his anxiety to render his versification harmonious,—an object which, however, desirable in itself, ought not to be accomplished at the sacrifice of perspicuity and elegance of language. We cannot for instance approve of such lines as the following:—

"take The zeal and honor of a hearty friend, And service too to boot."—Act 1, Scene 1.

"Too" and "to boot" are expressions of the same signification, and the only object effected by the introduction of the latter is the completion of the number of ten syllables requisite to the formation of the verse, which, might, we think, have been filled up in some less objectionable manner. The same important end is frequently accomplished by the addition of the word "Signor." In Act 1, Scene 2, we are told that love

"lives and dies with us, And while it lives remains itself: while all Attachments else keep changing, it is nothing." The meaning of these last three words does certainly appear to us to be "nothing;" at all events, if it be any thing it is something which we have been unable to appreciate. Sometimes, however, even the expedient above reprehended seems to fail, and we meet with lines such as the following:—

"Let him who would do a murder do it."—Act 2, Scene 1.

To the sense or phraseology of this line.
we have no objection to make, but must protest against its usurpation of the title of "blank verse," or any other kind of verse whatever.

To the following line we demur on account of its extreme vulgarity:

"My shoes are minus nearly half the soles."
Act 2, Scene 3.

And to the following lines, in the same scene, as ungrammatical:—

"I would be master of a larder, Duke, Would serve me at the shortest good a month."

We could specify others inaccuracies of the same description as the foregoing, but the task of censure is an ungrateful one, especially when that censure is directed against an author possessing so many redeeming qualities as Mr. Knowles. We feel pleasure in saying that those qualities, in our opinion, outweigh the faults to which we have adverted. Defects in style may be remedied by care—want of imagination or of feeling, never. With a deficiency in these requisites, Mr. Knowles cannot be charged; neither do we think that an author capable of producing such lines as the following, with which, as with a favourable specimen, we close our notice, can labour under any irremediable defect of style:-

"Give me, Duke, The eyes that looked upon my father's face, The hands that helped my father to his wish, The feet that flew to do my father's will, The heart that bounded at my father's voice, And say that Mantua were built of brick, And I could be its Duke at cost of these, I would not give them for it! Mark me, Duke! I saw a new-made grave in Mantua, And on the head-stone read my father's name; To seek me, doubtless, hither he had come, To seek the child that had deserted him, And died here ere he found me. Heaven can tell how far he wandered else. Upon that grave I knelt, an altered man, And rising thence, I fled from Mantua."


This book has something of novelty in its character, as having illustrations not heretofore used in aid of romance; moreover, it is simply the account of a young officer's going out to India, and his return, without either adventure, tale, history, or mystery attending his periperegrination, or the display of any qualities or virtues (with the exception of his possessing good eyes and fine teeth) whereby to interest us. Nevertheless, the narrative, or rather dialogue, goes on so trippingly, and the characters, though totally without attraction, are so well portrayed, that a reader gets on better than could be expected, and lays down the book very well content with a trip which certainly makes him no wiser, but one which must have elicited a smile more than once, without the plates being in any way instrumental in producing it.

We trust, however, that this will remain a solitary species of writing, for as a book of travels we ought to have some information, and as a work of amusement much more of invention. In these times a rich imagination, sound judgment, great observation and discrimination, are called for (to say nothing of the higher aims of the moralist); and though it may be very pleasant to a young man to write a diary during his absence from home, it will rarely happen that any one besides his mother will read it: and even she would object to the thee's in Lucien Greville's love scenes, and indeed his love altogether.

Essays and Tales. By a Popular Author. William Clowes.

These essays are upon "a cup of tea;" "a young poet;" "an amiable old lady;" "an auction," &c., and are a happy imitation of the "Essays of Elia" and "Our Village." It is certain the present "popular author" is not equal to either of those accomplished writers, having neither the grasp of mind and knowledge so conspicuous in the first, nor the sterling wit and painter-like powers of the second. Nevertheless he has a good conception of the simplicity, truth, and acumen required for his undertaking, which is by no means an easy task; and when it is needed, is not deficient in pathos and picturesque conception. The "Stage Coach," "Retrospection," and "My First Mss.," are very interesting papers, and if (as we have been told) the author of "Satan" is the "popular author" before us, we sincerely hope he will again turn his mind to prose, for he has unquestionably powers to effect an excellent purpose. We have only the
space to give a short extract from one article, “a cold:”—

“Whenever you see a person—lady or gentleman—whining and whimpering under the affliction of a cold, let your invariable recipe be posset—nothing but posset; it is to a cold what action is to eloquence. Let the patient stretch himself between some warm sheets and then swallow a basin-full of hot, curdly, shining, and steaming treacle-posset, then roll himself together and woo the approach of slumber, and he will be lapped in the very bosom of comfort, and by the morning his cold will have evaporated in the gentle dews of uninterupted repose.”

“The above are a few of the pleasures connected with a cold. There is one thing more to be said on the question: a cold is a gentle hint to the gay, the healthy, and the flourishing, that illness may arrest their career; it is a tap on the shoulder from mortality, to make us think and remember our destiny—what is the state of the day-book of life;—aye, there’s the rub.”

We have one concluding remark to make. We hold that a literary pirate is a common enemy, who should at all times be chastised and exposed; and we therefore beg to state, that the above concluding remarks are evidently stolen from one of the highly talented papers in “Blackwood,” entitled Passages from the Diary of a late Physician.

The Wondrous Tale of Alroy. By the Author of “Vivian Grey.”

This romance derives its chief interest from the circumstance that the author, Mr. D’Israeli, is a Jew by descent; and any tale founded on the traditions of the Jewish people, and written by one of themselves, must naturally attract the attention of every person who has bestowed the least consideration on the miraculous history of the most extraordinary nation in the world. If we judge Alroy as an oriental tale, written by an orientalist, both by study and descent, much of the phraseology that appears slight and out of European taste, will be sanctioned by the plea that such was the true custom of the country and times. Making these allowances for a highly figurative style, Alroy is not so much defaced by affectation as Vivian Grey; but if Mr. D’Israeli means to write any more books in the same style, which he prides himself on having invented, he must remain constant to eastern tradi-
tions, or forget it if he ever again writes a novel. The worst is, that he now and then relaxes into modern bald silliness. Here is a specimen of dialogue that might suit a nursery maid and child at Clapham or Brixton:—

“Will they impale Alroy alive?”

“I am sure I do not know. Never ask questions, my dear; little boys never should.”

“Yes, they should; Oh my! I hope they will impale him alive. I shall be so disappointed if they do not!”

What concern this vapid trash has with the progress of the tale, can any reader imagine? Is it a specimen of the new style?

Half the tale is made up of verbal repetitions, of a most inane description.

“Hush, hush, hush!” exclaimed Hassan,

“to the point, to the point!”

“I always am at the point.”

This is less excusable, because, a page before, we have—

“To the point, to the point. The robbers.”

“I am at the point. The shawls is the point.”

“Alroy! David, David, brother, sweet, sweet brother, I beseech thee, listen, I am thy sister, thy Miriam, thy fond, beloved Miriam. They come, they come; the hard-hearted wicked men; they come, they come.”

“Well, well, you are young, you are young; dreams all, dreams all. Come, let us feast, let us feast.”

“Oh, no, no, no—I pray you, pray you, uncle; I pray you not.”

These sentences are all put in the mouths of different speakers.

But it is useless to transplant further specimens of gibberings that would disgrace the dialogue of Tom Thumb.

Similar passages are to be found plentifully strewn in every part of the work, nor are they confined to this Hebrew tale: the story of Iskander, and the modern novel of Vivian Grey, are equally replete with folly of the same kind. We have not attempted to find fault with passages written in the true genius of oriental poetry, although they may be somewhat too gaudy for a chastened taste: we have only pointed out blemishes which would mar a composition in any era or language, for there is a universal law of propriety and good sense. And let Mr. D’Israeli turn away from his flatterers, who give him friendly puff reviews, while they delight in seeing
the self deception of an author injure a fine work, or these defects will increase with every book he writes.

The story of Alroy would be interesting to a high degree, if the reader could enjoy it, unmixed with disgust arising from faulty mannerisms. The characters of Alroy, Honain, and the Princess Schirine, made up as they are of passion, self-interest, and impulse, are true to human nature, and this is no slight praise for a tale written in a gorgeous diction, where we involuntarily expect to find characters and situations as forced as the flighty phraseology in which they are developed.

As for the concluding tale, the noble history of Prince George Castriot, called in Europe Scanderbeg, and by the Turks, Iskander, has been often woven into a tale by talentless writers, but never has been so cruelly maltreated before. We would recommend its readers to turn directly to the page of history, and, in the lofty narrative of one of the first English historians, Knolles, learn who Iskander really was, what he really did, and then judge how much more amusing truth is than such fiction. It seems strange, that a story so full of high excitement should always be treated in an imbecile manner.

The Sketch Book of Fashion. By the Author of "Mothers and Daughters."

The stories in this collection of fashionable tales are so extremely slight that the incidents serve but to elicit lively observations and acute remarks on a certain artificial class of human beings. The routine that Mrs. Gore has marked out for herself, and the rapidity with which her publications follow each other, necessarily produce much sameness in her pictures, and her Sketch Book of Fashion is a faint reflection from Mothers and Daughters, and that from the more vigorous and skilful work "Pin-money," which is decidedly the best of her productions, if we except the powerful, touching, and truly moral tale of the Divorceee, which occupies too small a portion of the collection published under the somewhat forced and affected title of the "Fair of May Fair." Like a charming symphony to a rapid song, the light lively prelude that introduces and delineates the characters and circumstances of the persons in each tale, is always the best of it: we set out with a lively interest in them, but are too apt to wish for the hurried and careless finale. The authoress succeeds in drawing hideous portraits of human nature, especially old women, who have trod the tread-mill of the world of fashion, or of its vulgar imitation, till they have become hardened, scared, and petrifed into perfect specimens of all that is odious. No one can draw the portraits of such ogresses with greater spirit and truth than Mrs. Gore: the shades of variety in which she produces them are truly marvellous; each is a unique, whose original, people, as they read the work, declare aloud that they possess among their own collection of acquaintance. The Sketch Book of Fashion is not without one of these worthies, and in the tale of "A Manoeuvre Outwitted" we are charmed with Mrs. Mac Winnipeg:

"Now, in addition to this highly ornamental head of the family, there resided in the metropolis a certain old Mrs. Mac Winnipeg, a widowed sister of her father; and a very fashionable Sir Colin and Lady Ogilvie, cousins to them all;--and (as the hazy Colonel would have expressed himself, had he survived to witness his daughter's manoeuvres) Mrs. Henry determined to commence her attack by a skirmish with the outposts. Aware that no intercourse had subsisted between Fattygherry and the Mac Winnipeg family since the commandant's union with her mother deprived him of his cognomen of "the Nabob," she initiated a very pleasing amiable reading letter to her aunt, to accompany a brown cashemire not much the worse for wear, and a Trichinopoly chain, from the irritation of which she had been accustomed to shrink every time she put it on, as from the wiry legs of a cock-chaffer. Both were tendered to Mrs. Mac Winnipeg's acceptance, as pledges of the regard of a deceased brother, who had departed this life in the midst of projects of reunion with his beloved family.

The scheme succeeded à merveille. Mrs. Mac, although of opinion that ten years was a long time for the peace offerings to have been on the road to her residence in Gower-street, did justice to Mrs. Bentham's prudence in securing her from the outlay of King's duties and Company's duties, by being the bearer of her father's legacy; and, without exactly understanding whether her "affectionate niece, Margaret Bentham," were widow or wife, a visitor or a resident
in her native country—she directed her purple chariot, with its fussy coach-horses, globular coachman, and rubicund footman, to Mortimer-street on the following morning; the whole equipage looking like the triumphal car of Apolleyx.

"Mrs. Mac Winnipeg was a stirring, meddling, talking, managing body, at all times oppressed with a multiplicity of business which was no business at all, or at least no business of hers; who, conceiving that sensible people have no leisure to be sick or sorry, found at seventy-eight her engagements in this world so numerous that she should have no time to die for many years to come. As she was more wealthy than wise many of her relatives thought it better to submit to her interference in their affairs, than to leave her to seek among strangers a butt for her mania for management, and an heir for her property. The notion of a new niece to be fidgeted by her officiousness was very delightful; and when, after a quarter of an hour passed in Mortimer-street in shaking her head over the long-forgotten deaths of her brother the kernel, while her eyes were busily employed in a survey of every article of furniture in the room, and her mind in forming inferences respecting the pecuniary condition of their proprietress, she discovered that the new niece was quite in circumstances to be advised and patronised, and pushed here and promenat there, without the absolute ignominy of indigence,—she became quite affectionate.

"And pray, my dear ma'am, how comes it that you have not waited upon your father's fashionable cousin in Portman-square?—Quite a great man, Sir Colin,—quite a fashionable, my Lady Ogylvie,—wax candles in the steward's room, and all sorts of profigarity.

"I know nothing of the Ogylvies. I consider it my duty, madam, in the first instance to pay my respects to the beloved sister of my late lamented father.

"My dear Mrs. Benson, I'm sure you do me much honour," said Mrs. Mac, rolling about in a gratified manner on her chair, with her eyes peering at a pair of carved bamboo match-boxes. 'Those things are thought curious, I find, in this country," observed Mrs. Bentham, in reply to her investigating looks. 'Perhaps you will allow me to order them put into your carriage?'

"Ma'am, I'm sure you're very good;—it would be quite a robbery. Thank you, thank you, my dear niece,—no need to put them in paper,—with your leave I will take them in my muff. I'm sure I'm quite—But as I was saying, ma'am, Lady Ogylvie, although one of your fål-fål fine ladies, is a person made much of in the great world; and it would be as well perhaps, considering the near connexion, not to say relationship, that you were at least on what may be called visiting terms in Portman-square.'

"'I am aware of having so little to offer as a temptation, to any person not influenced by the same benevolent kindness as yourself,' said Mrs. Henry with an air of proud humblity, 'that nothing could induce me to seek the acquaintance of a fine lady, such as you describe the wife of my father's cousin.'

"'Oh! pray, my dear ma'am, don't mention it!—Inducement, indeed!—Who was her ladyship, I should like to know, before her marriage with Sir Colin, that she should presume to think disparaging of any member of the Ogylvie family? No, no! my dear Mrs. Benson,—blood is thicker than water; and when I take you with me to call on Sir Colin's fashionable wife, I should very much like to see her turn up her nose (though that, by the way, poor thing! is a thing nature's done for her,—nose like an inverted comma!)—at any person whom I choose to bring forward as the daughter of my brother the kernel.'

"'Oh! my dear madam,—under your protection—'

"'Well then, the business may as well be settled at once. I'll call for you the day after to-morrow on my way to Portman-square; I meet the Ogylvies at dinner to day at our cousin Lady Macarrie's, and will take an opportunity for the explanation. And now, ma'am, I fear I must be running away; for I have seen a spot or two on the window, and heard a little spitting on the fire, which makes me apprehend a rainy afternoon; and, thank God, even in the flighty age we live in, I am enough of a Christian to consider the poor dumb brutes committed to my mercy. Ma'am, I would not take my horses out in the rain to please the Emperor. Thank you, Mrs. Benson, thank you,—don't trouble yourself to ring again,—At the door, I warrant them,—my servants know better than to keep me waiting. Mrs. Benson, good morning!"'

"She well knew that Mrs. Mac Winnipeg was the strangest old woman in the world; a hoarder of backs of letters,—stray pins,—strings of parcels,—packing cases,—and all the unaccountable treasures of penny wisdom. But she also knew that, if not 'pound foolish,' her penny-wise relative was pound generous; had presented little Clara, her godchild, with a bag of one hundred guineas on each of her succeeding birthdays, inducing an expectation in the mind of little Clara's father and mother, that a large share of her fifty thousand pounds, would follow in the same direction at her death; and this expectation having once taken possession of Lady Ogylvie, she spared no sacrifice of pride or comfort to secure its realisation. Needless prodigality had made
her mercenary; and, by squandering her own money without measure or discretion, she had placed herself under the necessity of becoming a mean and craving calculator on the generosity of other people.

"And so Sir Colin has been making a ninny of himself in the House?" said Mrs. Mac Winnepgeg, suddenly interrupting Lady Ogylvie's redundant civilities to the cousin from India. "I see by the Morning Post, that his speech on the currency question was the most absurd exposure of ignorance and presumption ever heard within the walls of Parliament; and the John Bull goes so far as to call him———have you heard, my dear Lady Ogylvie, what the John Bull calls him?

"It is not very important," replied her ladyship, colouring to the very roots of her glossy ruglets. "The abuse of a party paper proves nothing."

Be sure Mrs. Mac Winnepgeg is an admirer of the John Bull; it is published expressly for her prototypes—but to proceed.

"You should favour him more frequently with your kind advice," said Lady Ogylvie, soothingly, although she was bursting with indignation, at finding herself so hectored before her new cousin. When will you come and dine with us, Mrs. Mac Winnepgeg, and try to convert Ogylvie to your side of the question?"

"When you can manage to eat your dinner at a rational hour. The last time I came here it was at three weeks' notice, and with the pleasant announcement on your card that I was to be kept starving till half past seven o'clock.—(I remember, by the way, when it was thought a heinous thing in the Prince of Wales to postpone his dinner hour so late as six!) But lucky indeed might I have thought myself if I could have got a morsel of dinner at half past seven! At eight, if you'll believe me, my dear Mrs. Benson, only one out of a dozen guests had arrived; and when we sat down, at a quarter before nine (a quarter before nine, ma'am!) the soup tasted as if it had been icec,—the turbot as if cooked in cold water, and the ice and jellies were in a state of dissolution!"

"My friend Lady Sycamore is so very uncertain in her hours!" pleaded Lady Ogylvie.

"Then, my dear ma'am, let me beg you will either pay me the respect of not inviting me to meet her, or of sitting down to table at the invitation hour. I am not a Countess, like my Lady Sycamore,—nor a fine lady, like my Lady Ogylvie,—but I have seen a little good society in the course of my life; and my notion of high-breeding is—sit down to table as soon as one lady is arrived after the hour at which you invite your company!" That was the late Lord Abercorn's rule—a nobleman of nobler tone and manners than we are likely to see again in a hurry."

"Well, my dear Mrs. Mac Winnepgeg, if you will dine with us on Wednesday next, I promise you to sit down to table at seven o'clock precisely; provided I can prevail on our friend Mrs. Henry Bentham (our relative I should rather say) to be the first lady arriving after that hour?"

"With all my heart!" cried the fussy Mrs. Mac, delighted to show her importance with persons of such fashion as the Ogylvies, to a person of such unimportance as her relation from India. "I will bring Mrs. Henry Benson with me."

"She did not think it necessary to wait for an affirmative of acceptance from an individual having so very narrow a staircase and a veil of imitation lace; and the visit terminated with as superfluous an expenditure of congees and salutations, as a private audience between his majesty the King of Bantam, and the viceroy of one of his provinces."

In the tale of "A Manoeuvrer" we are not relieved by one shade of moral worth of character; all the dramatis personae are as bad as people can be, who neither require to be shut up in gaols nor transported; and yet it is the most successful sketch in the book, shewing that Mrs. Gore better understands the vile in human nature than the estimable; for it is not an easy thing in her writings to discover a really fine character. Her heroines, like Frederica, in Pin-money, are still more self-centred and useless to all purposes of active goodness, than they are in real fashionable life. Then the scorn and horror of the authoress pursues all those unhappy young ladies who are guilty of possessing less than twenty thousand pounds. Her pet heroine is always an heiress, an only daughter; and if to her share some female errors fall, she repents gracefully among cushions of blue satin damask, and persuades her lord, very successfully, that she is more sinned against than sinning: but if the unhappy one be in a cast of society so fruitful in Gorgons and chimeras dire as a country clergyman's or a country gentleman's numerous family of daughters, the vile adventuress is held up to all the ignominy the case may require. When the writers of romance forget the sympathy with misfortune and difficulty which is the very essence of their trade,
and become time serving, even in fiction, the world is at a pretty pass indeed! We wish Mrs. Gore would replace with English the words geste and gesé; that she would refrain from parodying the psalms, and still worse the most awful passages of the gospel, in her light, lively disquisitions; that she would abstain from sneering at ladies who teach in Sunday schools, because they might spend the Sunday worse; and that she would not nauseate us by perpetual allusions to people’s dinners after they have swallowed them, as in the following passage from “the Pavilion.”

"The fatal hour arrived, and, nauseated by the first bad dinner he had eaten, and the first bottle of port he had tasted for six years—heated, flushed, and indigestive."

The gourmand and cookery-book style of writing is one of the sins of the day, and we hoped the authoress had, in her persecution of roast mutton and roast beef, and many other harmless and wholesome viands, indulged to satiety in it in her novel of Pin-money, where Sir Basil’s dinners, both before and after he has eaten them, form no inconsiderable portion of the high fashion of the tale.

Then can anything be more laughable than the mention of a thousand a year as a state of pitiable mendicity and poverty, and that not in the character of a silly woman who possesses it, but bona fide in her own comments. Such works are apt to make the fortunate possessors of moderately affluent fortunes, of good English dinners, kind neighbours, and old fashioned useful furniture and houses, marvellously discontented with their destinies.

In “The Second Marriage” we find that beautiful and accomplished personage, the heroine, making herself miserable, even unto death, on account of certain whimsies which must have been dispelled “if a rush candle e’en had deigned to visit her.” A most selfish and unamiable girl is this Julia, and we think the authoress commits moral wrong by offering such excuses as oversensibility and superabundance of timidity for her insane jealousy of the memory of her husband’s first wife, her frigid reception of his motherless child, and her heartless depositions of her maid to visit and relieve her poor neigh-
bours. There is no cause to mar her married happiness but her own affectation and weakness, and the worst of it is, that Mrs. Gore, after having drawn such a character, establishes it as a pet heroine, and does not reprehend her glaring errors as they deserve; therefore living Julias may choose, under the plea of April tempers and changeful complexions, to copy the absurdities of the very missy prima donna of the Second Marriage. Neither in acting, suffering, or thinking, is Julia deserving of the slightest sympathy with the reader.

"My Place in the Country."—Our authoress is, in this tale, completely in her element, sketching with laughable exactitude the doings of people who get rich by some accident of trade, and with quantum suff. of arrogance, luxury, and heartlessness, take themselves to the latitude of the N. N. W. squares and streets of the metropolis, and give and take dinners with pomp and pertinacity. Mary-Matilda and her nabob might pass for fac similes of half the people to be met with in those purse-proud and presumptuous regions. The distresses and disasters which Mary-Matilda and her nabob encounter, when the lady, stung by the inquiries of a bevy of richer ogresses than herself, after a country house that she has not, urges her husband to buy a place in the country, are touched with the most amusing liveliness and tact. Yet we must notice that Mrs. Gore labours under one pretty considerable mistake; for sheancies she is a high moral writer, when she is only a clever observer: she is sometimes a severe noter of follies, and is sometimes sagacious in displaying what great effects from little causes spring in the economy of married life; but she has not a just appreciation of the gradation of moral wrong, and often bestows a severer castigation on a folly than on a crime. This is the grand error of writers of her class. She is, it is true, the best and most useful of the fashionable novelists, and individuals may mend their manners, and even improve their tempers by the glass she holds up; but she goes no deeper. For instance, Mary-Matilda, Mistress Richard Martindale, soured by the numerous provocations incidental to a "place in the country," rouses herself
from her selfish indolence, to calumniate a widowed and destitute sister, as criminally attached to a married man. Are we about to blame Mrs. Gore for representing a wickedness too bad to be true! Oh no; we very well know what human nature is capable of in regard to the sins of the tongue; but we must reprehend the authoress for merely treating an atrocity with the same light ridicule that she would an ill-furnished drawing-room, or a dinner in bad taste. Open shame and exemplary punishment ought in poetical justice to have been the fate of a character capable of an enormity of that magnitude. It is true that she draws from life; and we know that in common life no thunderbolts fall on those who, in the overflows of their spleen and bile, slander their relatives; but she likewise knows that, when in this world, no other retribution overtakes them than the boiling of the black venom of their own hearts, that is bad enough to make their homes wretched, and that with Cain they are ready to cry out “my punishment is greater than I can bear;” for there is no person, however deadened by luxury, or hardened by prosperity, but what is sensitive to the scourging of their own tempers, if those tempers are active enough to inflict malignant wrong on those around them. A moral author should have either laid open these secret torments, or inflicted on the malicious slanderer some notable punishment; as it is, she leaves Mrs. Martindale to the contempt of the good and high-minded, but by no means a terror and a beacon to the crowds that are like her, who may form the erroneous idea that their words of frequent utterance, which are in their usual consequences many degrees worse than some murders, are to be atoned for by a little ridicule.


We have perused this work with much gratification, and although many of its leading features are familiar to those who have made Paley their peculiar study, we consider that the learned author has handled a difficult subject with much ability. The Christian philosopher will find much information deserving of his serious attention, and the religious inquirer will find that many subjects of great interest are judiciously discussed. The following extract will give a fair illustration of the author’s style:

“What a great and glorious scene, then, do the heavens exhibit to our view. Millions and tens of millions of suns are stationed at convenient distances throughout the immensity of space, enlightening, and warming, and fertilising hundreds of millions of worlds, all wheeling in busy and silent revolution round their several points of attraction, or bound together in systems of mutual gravitation. Judging from analogy, and from all that we can perceive of the operations of Him who never works in vain, we are constrained to conclude, that all the worlds formed, and projected, and guided by the potent arm, and under the immediate inspection of the Almighty Sovereign, are inhabited by different order of beings, with organs accommodated to the different circumstances in which they are placed, and endowed with different degrees of intellectual capacity. What a noble scene! How ambitious ought we to be to extend our acquaintance with it in the progress of our existence? If creation be so great, O, how great must the Creator be. He not only made, but he upholds and governs the mighty system of the universe. Not a movement of any orb but is guided by His hand, and not an action of a rational creature that escapes his eye. How well is he entitled to our homage and obedience! Our earth, in all its beauty, variety, and magnificence; oceans, lakes, and rivers, mountains, valleys, and plains, clothed with verdure and enriched with plenty, diversified and enlivened with numerous inhabitants, presents a rich and charming scene to the imagination. But when we contemplate the number and magnitude of the heavenly orbs, the myriads of worlds profusely spread throughout the immeasurable regions of space, upheld by Almighty power, arranged and directed by consummate wisdom, replenished with inhabitants many of whom, no doubt, occupying a higher station, are endowed with nobler powers, and clothed with a brighter glory than man, then the magnificence of our earth dwindles away, and the dignity of our nature and race seems absorbed in the brilliancy of the mighty constellation of intellectual being. Instead of overpowering our faculties, or damping our energy, let the view elevate the soul, awaken the ambition, and invigorate the exertions of rational and immortal man. Let him rejoice that he forms a part in such a mighty scheme: that he stands so high on the scale of existence. Other beings may be endowed with more
vigorously and enlarged faculties; but he is not doomed to remain stationary in the place which he now occupies. His powers are capable of high improvement! and who shall set limits to his progress in the pursuit of excellence? What attainments are within his reach, how far his faculties may yet expand, what noble rewards may yet crown his diligence and activity, and with what dignity he may yet appear among the chosen of the universe, no language can express, nor imagination conceive!

"The wise and benevolent Sovereign of Nature, reigning with vigilant affection over innumerable worlds, peopled with inhabitants whose organs are suited to their respective situations, all rejoicing in the existence, adoring the perfections, and grateful for the goodness of the bountiful Creator; what a magnificent and ennobling scene! While the melody of praise and the incense of thanksgiving ascend from all quarters of the universe towards the throne of the Almighty, what shall we think of those few beings, perhaps of our race chiefly, who refuse to join in the general symphony, and who not only withhold the tribute of adoration and gratitude, but audaciously deny the existence of the Creator? Guilty and miserable creatures! they cast themselves out from the great society of blessed intelligences, and forfeit the felicity prepared for the grateful and obedient subjects of the Universal Sovereign."

**Fine Arts.**

**Royal Academy.**

We have prepared a minute and honest criticism of the various pictures at the exhibition of this year, but we are obliged to defer it until next month. We will now content ourselves with stating that the exhibition is a very poor one. The statuary room in some measure compensates for the lack of talent displayed above stairs. A dead Christ is the admiration of every visitor, and several of the busts are well deserving of high praise. Indeed, our sculptors are making rapid strides towards attaining the beau ideal of excellence in their art.

**Mr. Mathews' Collection of Portraits.**

This celebrated collection of theatrical portraits is now exhibiting at the Queen's Bazaar, in Oxford-street, and it is one of the most curious and interesting sights which the loungers can now enjoy. Some of Zoffany's best pictures are in the collection, and the scene from the *Clandestine Marriage* by this artist, is highly interesting. Among the modern portraits the productions of Harlowe fill a conspicuous place, and prove how much his early loss is to be regretted. Sir Thomas Lawrence, De Wilde, and Clint have also contributed to this exhibition, which we strongly recommend to the attention of our numerous readers in the metropolis.

**Drama.**

**MR. KEAN.**

We cannot mention the death of Mr. Kean in a more appropriate part of our Magazine, than that which has so frequently been devoted to the record of his achievements whilst living. We refer to our former notices of the Drama for his professional career—of his private character we will say no more than that he inherited the infirmities which often accompany the highest genius. He seems to have been a generous but most imprudent man.

He died at Richmond on the 15th inst., and was buried at the same place; his funeral was attended by a highly respectable and numerous party of his professional brethren, who thereby testified the respect which they felt for this eminent tragedian.

**King's Theatre.**—This theatre is going on very prosperously. Pasta is performing like herself, in exquisite voice, particularly in the Opera of *Anna Bolena*. Amongst the dancers Taglioni, Pauline, Leroux, and the younger Eisler are competing in generous rivalry. Taglioni is, however, highly conspicuous for her elegance and grace.

**Drury Lane.**—The Opera of *Fidelio* has been produced at this theatre with great success. The singing of Madame Schröder Devrient is rapturously applauded, and no one who has witnessed the powers which she displays can refrain from joining in the general tribute of admiration which is due to genius. Her performance in the concluding chorus is a master-piece, although the chorus singers in general are not yet perfect in their parts. Madame Malibran has appeared in the character of
Count Bellino, in the melo-drama of The Devil's Bridge; also in Bellini's opera, La Sonnambula, in the character of Amina. In both these parts she sustains her unrivalled character as an actress and a singer. The latter opera has been produced with great care, and some beautiful scenery is introduced, so that it will probably become exceedingly popular.

Haymarket.—Washington Irving's admirable story of Rip Van Winkle has been dramatised and produced at this elegant theatre with considerable success. Hackett, Webster, and Buckstone played their parts with excellent taste and discrimination, and Mrs. Tayleur performed most judiciously; she attained this perfection by raising her voice and using her limbs to the very pitch of her powers, and as she was required to perform the vagaries of a scolding wife, she could not very well fall into any excess. The first part of King Henry IV. has also been performed, but we cannot say that the characters were well supported. It is too heavy a play for this company to produce with any good effect.

Adelphi.—The English Opera House company performed a new play, called The Soldier's Widow, at this house, which was perfectly successful. Miss Kelly was the heroine, and contributed mainly to the success of the performance. Mr. Mathews is delivering himself of his Comic Annual for 1833, to the great amusement of his auditors. His imitations of various living orators are admirable, and cannot be mistaken.

Miss Kelly's Theatre.—This talented actress will close her performance in a few days, and we recommend such of our play-going friends as have not visited this Theatre to the enjoyment of a great treat. Miss Kelly is a female Mathews; gravity and humour are in turn predominant, and her versatile powers are most extraordinary. Her private character, no less than her professional reputation, renders this lady highly deserving of the most strenuous support of the patrons of the drama, and we trust her exertions will meet with the reward of which they are eminently worthy.

Miscellanea.

Extraordinary Theatrical Predicament.—The lessee of Covent Garden Theatre having suddenly terminated his season at an unprecedentedly early period, the performers, upon an application unanimously made, received a license from the Right Hon. the Lord Chamberlain to continue their performances, until the usual number of nights shall have been completed, at the Olympic Theatre. The following is their public appeal:—We beg this application will not be deemed presumptuous or inconsiderate. Circumstances have induced the lessee to close Covent Garden Theatre in the very heart of the season; the consequence of this arrangement would necessarily involve the ruin of hundreds of persons, and the total destruction of the interests of the legitimate drama. The principal performers of the establishment, sensibly alive to the fearful situation in which their humbler brethren would be placed—a situation also deeply involving their own respectability, made application to the Lord Chamberlain for a license to act the usual number of nights given at Covent Garden at the Olympic Theatre, and he has been pleased most kindly to accede to their request. The efforts of the committee of performers will be directed to sustain the legitimate drama, and prove that they are not parties in any way to its degradation. The performances will be regulated in the following manner:—To commence at half-past seven and terminate at half-past eleven. The committee feel assured that the country which has given birth to so many distinguished poets and dramatists, will rescue the humble personages of their proud creation from the state of destitution in which they are now unfortunately placed. The performances will commence on Wednesday the 8th inst., with Mr. Sheridan Knowles's popular play of the Wife, a Tale of Mantua. "We have the honor to be," &c. &c.—Dated May, 1833.

Before the close of the last week's performances Mr. Warde read a paper to the audience, acknowledging the patronage received and consequent success, and continued:—The Covent-Garden Company cannot refrain from expressing to the public the astonishment with which they contemplate an announcement of the re-opening of the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden (on Monday the 27th), with a foreign operatic company, aided by a portion of the members of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, after the lessee of Covent-Garden had officially declared to the company that the theatre was closed for the season;" and that
"notwithstanding the painful and unprecedented predicament in which the Covent-Garden company thus find themselves placed, their exertions will be continued with increased vigour, to merit their protecting patronage during the period to which their license (granted to them under the peculiar circumstances of the case) extends—viz.: the completion of the number of acting nights of the usual Covent-Garden season."

The following affecting particulars of a duel at Exeter, seem to have awakened a new feeling in the breasts of the community, to this "approved" mode of establishing the truth or falsehood of any declaration. Whilst the matter is still to be tried we abstain from comment, but the whole subject of "duelling" among the higher orders, and of the more natural display of feeling, in the way of planned murder in the lower, as shown in other instances, may give rise to some new and beneficial law of public opinion upon this important subject:—

A hostile meeting took place on Friday May 10, on Haldon-hill, near Exeter, between Sir J. W. Jeffcott, Chief Justice of Sierra Leone, and Dr. Hennis, a young Irish physician, who had been about four years resident in Exeter. Dr. Hennis received his antagonist's ball in his side, just above the hip, and fell. He was immediately conveyed to Exeter, where his wound was examined by a surgeon, and it was found that the ball had passed to the opposite side, having broken a rib. Sir J. W. Jeffcott was in agony at this serious result. He set off immediately to Plymouth, where he was to embark for Sierra Leone. The following account is given of the cause of quarrel:—It appears that Sir John had been introduced to a respectable family in this neighbourhood, the late Col. Macdonald's, and paid his addresses to one of the daughters; and having been successful with the lady, and unobjectionable in the eyes of the family, preparations were making for the intended wedding, which were so far advanced that the bridecake was actually ordered. In this state of things Dr. Hennis is said to have received a letter from a friend in town containing some remarks upon Sir John, and the doctor, placing implicit reliance on the statement of his friend, showed the letter to the family, and Sir John was, it is reported, dismissed. Having at length discovered the source of the rumours against him, he called on the doctor, who refused to give up his author. The charges being in general terms, the doctor was unable to substantiate them, and he refused to retract them, which left no alternative but a meeting.—Miss Macdonald, to whom the learned judge had been paying his addresses, is granddaughter to the celebrated Flora Macdonald, the friend of the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, after whom her son, the father of Miss Macdonald, was christened. Dr. Hennis was also about to be married, in a very short space of time, to the daughter of the rector of a neighbouring parish; the young lady's distress may be readily imagined. In fact public sympathy is very generally and warmly expressed for the doctor, who is universally beloved for his goodness of disposition and active benevolence. The result of the magisterial investigation was the committal to gaol, till Friday, of the seconds, Capt. Halstead and Mr. Milford, a spectator; and Mr. Edye, the surgeon who attended, was admitted as a witness, as the case could not proceed without him.

It appears, from the evidence of Mr. Edye, that he came up to the party as soon as the doctor fell, having been stopped on his way to Chudleigh on business; that he then heard Capt. Halstead say, with reference to the wounded man, "All this might have been prevented, Sir John, had you acted as you ought." It was stated, also, that the parties had agreed that there should be two words—"prepare, fire!" and that Sir John fired at the word prepare; but Capt. Halstead acquitst him of doing it intentionally, declaring his behalf that it was an inadvertence. The tardiness in granting warrants for the apprehension of Sir John was exceedingly favourable to his escape. It was not till eleven o'clock on Saturday night that Mr. Reed, the magistrate's clerk, received the warrant, when he started for Plymouth, in company with a sheriff's officer, named Burch, and arrived there at five on Sunday morning; there he learnt that Sir John had stopped a few hours at the Globe, and afterwards went on board the Britomart. Mr. Reid then waited on the Port Admiral for his order to go on board; the Admiral referred him to the Secretary, telling him, however, that he believed the vessel had sailed, as both the Captain and Sir John had taken leave of him the preceding afternoon; and, on the order being ultimately granted at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, it was discovered that the Britomart had sailed at ten on Saturday night.

Dr. Hennis, we lament to say, died on the 18th. A coroner's jury was impanelled at half-past seven, and the inquest was opened by S. Walkey, Esq., coroner, assisted by John Gidley, Esq., the deputy town-clerk. The inquest was held at the Half-Moon inn, and was adjourned till Monday morning, as soon as the jury had viewed the body. On Tuesday evening the inquest was closed. After having retired two hours, the jury returned a verdict to the following effect:—"That Peter Hennis, Esq. M.D., came by his death from a pistol-ball, fired by Sir John Jeffcott, of Haldon, in the county of Devon, on the 10th of May; and that Captain George Halsted, Charles Milford, and Robert Holland were there.
aiding and abetting the said Sir John Jeffcott; and, further, that Sir John Jeffcott, Captain George Halsted, Charles Milford, and Robert Holland, are severally guilty of wilful murder. The jurors, considering that Captain George Halsted did every thing in his power to prevent the duel, regret that they feel themselves compelled by the law to return this verdict against him.”

The doctor was so greatly esteemed, that during his illness the bells of the churches were not allowed to toll, and every noise was prevented; his funeral was attended by a vast concourse of the inhabitants.

**The Duchess de Berri.**—A telegraphic dispatch from the citadel of Blaye, where the Duchess de Berri has been detained a prisoner, of date the 10th of May, announces the fact of the birth of a daughter. Her attendant physician Deneux, at the time of the declaration being signed, has added, “I have delivered Madame the Duchess de Berri, the lawful wife of Count Hector Luchesi Palli, Prince of Campo Franco, gentleman of the chamber of the King of the two Sicilies. This Prince of Campo Franco seems by report to have been hitherto unknown, as far as his presence is concerned, in La Vendée—thus leaving yet food for the inquisitive to feed upon, in tracing out the romance of his history, in conjunction with that of his Duchess.

It seems to be now settled that, during the present month of June, the Countess Hector Luchesi Palli is to quit Blaye to proceed to Palermo in a government ship; and that Mr. Bugeard, her physician, has received orders to accompany her from the ministry. By the same advices, of date June 19, from Blaye, the health of the Duchess is stated to be daily improving, and that she would be speedily able to resume her customary walks. Her daughter enjoys excellent health, and a nurse has been provided for her. It was only with difficulty the physicians overcame the natural love in this respect which the prisoner of Blaye entertains towards the young Anna Maria Rosalita. The Duchess de Berri regards with much chagrin the obstinacy of the Journals in her interest, in denying not only her marriage, but her accouchement.

**The St. Simonians—the Reign of Woman.**—Whether those mystified people, the St. Simonians, really expect the appearance of some fair feminine angel or spirit to descend and rule over them, or whether, by a species of personification, they mean to express that all mundane affairs will be happily conducted and prosperous when men, who fancy themselves the wiser part of the human species, because they are the stronger, shall acknowledge the supremacy of the ladies, it is difficult to ascertain, but thus speaks one of their proclamations to the inhabitants of Nismes:—

“The companions of woman, to the citizens of Nismes:—

“People—We, who are of the privileged order by birth, have quitted our rank, our fortunes, and our families, to come to your shops and live the sort of life you lead. All these sacrifices we have made for you!

“God has given us the heart to feel for your sufferings. For this reason we appear among you with words of peace and love, to announce to you that woman shall free you from the chain of grief that has weighed heavily on you through so many ages.

“You have misunderstood us; but to all your clamours, your outrages, your cries of death, we oppose a pacific attitude, a calm brow, and an unruffled demeanour.

“God wills that there shall be no more bloodshed, hatred, nor war.

“The reign of Woman approaches.

“The mother of human nature is about to appear.

“Greet her with the accents of joy and love, and not by cries of hatred and vengeance.

“In the name of the Most High, we deplore all slaughter and scaffold.

“In the name of the companions of Woman. "HOART, CAPTAIN.

"D. ROGE."

**The Regent’s Park.**—The projected alterations in the eastern portion of the park are now rapidly advancing towards completion, and it is expected, in the course of a few months, that the whole will be in a sufficiently forward state to admit its being thrown open to the public, under the necessary restrictions to prevent the admission of improper persons. Extensive shrubberies have been formed, which greatly enhance the beauty of the different prospects, while serpentine walks intersect them at various points. The grand carriage drive and ride, in a line with Portland-place, and which will cross the outer circle of the park to the Zoological Gardens, are already formed, and a considerable portion of it gravelled, and avenues of trees on each side, extending the whole length of the way, are planted in a similar manner to those in the Mall in St. James’s Park. The archery ground opposite to York-terrace is also proceeding with all possible despatch, and the ornamental piece of water has been diverted from its original course to add to the picturesque effect of the scene.
Miscellanea.

A WEIGHTY PETITION.—Mr. F. Buxton presented 300 petitions against slavery, and then stated that he had a petition to present from 187,000 females. (A laugh.) Ten days ago this petition was not even in contemplation, but since that time the signatures had been sent up from all parts of the country without solicitation. He wished to consult with the Speaker as to the manner in which he could get it to the table, for it was too heavy for him to carry. (A laugh.) The hon. member then retired, and in a short time returned, accompanied by three other members, who assisted him in carrying the petition, which was about the size of a sack of flour. Much merriment was occasioned by the Speaker directing, in the usual manner, that it should lie on the table. After lying there a few minutes, it was dragged out by two messengers, amidst loud cries of “Oh.”—Commons, May, 14, 1833.

TWO-HEADED SNAKE.—A very fine specimen of this remarkable snake has just been presented to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, by J. Wroughton, Esq. The tail of this animal is remarkably obtuse, and so nearly resembles the head that it requires a close inspection to distinguish one extremity from the other; this, and their being enabled to crawl with almost equal ease and quickness backwards as well as forwards, gave rise to the popular error, which has been repeated, says the Times, by all the marvellous writers on Natural History, that this snake really possessed two heads. It was brought from India, is nearly four feet long and five inches in circumference, destitute of scales, has a smooth cylindrical body, of nearly equal size throughout; it is of a light chestnut colour, and believed to be innocuous, as no poisonous fangs are found in the upper jaw.

THE PIRATES OF BARBARY.—In the official correspondence with the French government, lately published, the Earl of Aberdeen thus explains:—“M. de Polignac is doubtless aware of the great importance of the geographical position of the Barbary States, and of the degree of influence which, in the hands of a more civilised and enlightened government, they could not fail to exercise over the commerce and maritime interests of the Mediterranean powers. The difficulty of accomplishing any radical change in the actual state of possession, by which their interests would not be unequally and injuriously affected, is, perhaps, the chief reason for the existence of a lawless and piratical authority having been so long tolerated.”

DIVIDENDS.—The whole number of persons receiving dividends is 279,751. Taking the several stocks whereon the dividends are payable in October and January, the abstract is as follows:—Dividends payable October 10, 1832:—

To 33,958 persons on the 3 per cents. reduced.
26,849 persons on the 3¼ per cents. reduced.
1,332 persons on the 3½ per cent. annuities of 1818.
5,636 persons on the 4 per cent. annuities.
22,221 persons on long annuities.
4,583 persons on annuities for terms of years.
Dividends payable January 5, 1833.
95,355 persons on the 3 per cent. consols. Of these 28,722 persons received less than 5l. and 6 persons more than 5,000l.
447 persons on the 3 per cent. annuities of 1726.
82,194 persons on the new 3½ per cent. annuities.
237 persons on the new 5 per cent. annuities.
4,839 persons on annuities for terms of years.

FAMILY AMBITION.—Lord Spencer has purchased of Count Montholon the greatcoat that Napoleon wore at St. Helena. So say the French journals; whereupon the said French journals proceed to perpetrate an English pun, by observing it is not surprising that a family of Spencers should be ambitious to possess a greatcoat.

AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR SOME FAMILY QUARRELS.—M. Rose, the private secretary to Louis the Fourteenth, was wealthy in the extreme. His daughter was married to a nobleman who expected to be enriched by the death of his father-in-law; nevertheless he could not agree with his bride; they had perpetual quarrels, and M. Rose was frequently teased by the complaints his son-in-law brought to him of the untractable temper of his daughter. At last he was provoked to say, “I am sorry you find your wife so troublesome, my friend, and I am determined, the next cause of complaint she gives you, to punish her by disinheriting her.” From that moment the father heard of no more grievances.
Fashions.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

PARIS, MAY 21st and 25th, 1833.

Mille et mille remerciments, ma très chère, de ta lettre, que je viens de recevoir, and which has put an end to my uneasiness lest you should be labouring under an attack of the maladie regnante. You cannot imagine what pleasure it afforded me to find you well, car j’étais bien en peine de toi, ma Clarinde. They say the same illness prevails here, though not to any great extent, and is confined to very aged persons. Ce que tu me mandes m’a fait un véritable plaisir; for I really thought that my tremendous long letter on fashions would have wearied you to death. When it was written, and going to the post, I thought I had been too minute in my account; but you say “no,” that you have even had dresses and hats made after my description. Ce qui me flatte beaucoup: I will, therefore, take courage, and try if possible to succeed as well this time.

DRESSES.—There is not a great deal to be said just now on the subject of ball dresses, no particular news having taken place since the revival of the costume à l’antique. There is scarcely anything to be seen but “points” and “sabots” and “poufs” and “ruffles”; it is the costume par excellence. True, all do not wear their dresses looped up in draperies with diamonds and cameos, neither do all disguise the colour of their beautiful tresses with powder; still, all have adopted the costume more or less. You know that fashion, all powerful fashion, is a very tyrant; it is in vain to contend with her; for when she issues her mandates that they be so or thus, it is more prudent to see us retrograde with giant strides to the days of chivalry and romance. Had the winter lasted but three months longer, we bade fair to see the revival of those days of plumes and scarfs, of tilts and tournaments, of troubadours and minstrels, and of—que sais-je encore?—when lives hung on ladies’ smiles. Oh! how the world is degenerated: this, no doubt, is what is called “the march of intellect.” Alas! we may smile, and smile in vain, or, worse still, smile on all alike; for where could we find gallant knights to enter the lists, as of old, but too happy to die for the honour of a look or a smile. Allons, esperons toujours que ces beaux jours reviendront en attendant—à mes modes! For dress, the corsages are à pointe, with very ample draperies across the bosom. The corsage is cut in three pieces in front, for it is impossible to make it fit otherwise. The sleeves are excessively full at top, à deux boutons, or rather à double sabot, as they are now called, and which is the real antient name. It has the appearance, as I told you before, of two or three sleeves, one above the other. The sleeve itself reaches to the elbow, and frequently even below; it is finished by a fall of black or white blonde, according to the colour of the dress; the blonde is deep at the back, and diminishes towards the inside of the arm: this is a modification of the ruffles worn by our great grandmothers. Some of our youthful belles, who, as I tell you, keep to a medium between the antique and modern costumes, have their sleeves à double sabot also, but rather shorter than those above mentioned: the blonde always falls below the elbow at the back, and diminishes towards the front. The skirts are extremely full, and are cut rather longer at the back than at the front: they are put on to the corsage exactly in such large, flat double or treble plaits as are put in window curtains.

The make of walking and dinner dresses, and those worn at the petites réunions that are now beginning to replace the brilliant soirées of winter, is as various as the gold of the wearers, and depends much on the material employed. Those of toile de soie painted in flowers, foulard de soie, mousseline de laine, chaly, chaly cachemire, zébrine, and gros de naples satine, are mostly made with corsage à pointe; while the lighter materials, as mousseline Indou, mousseline de soie, mousseline cachemire, batiste de soie, foulard de laine, organdi, and muslins, are made en peignoir, corsage a pelerine, à la vierge, or à la greque, which is the same thing, à corsage plissé, or à l’éventail. I fear if I begin by explaining all these differents makes to you, one after the other, that you will throw aside my letter and exclaim, “que tu es ennuyeuse avec tes descriptions!” So I will lead you on peu à peu comme l’on mène un enfant revêche. You forgot to tell me if you had heard your favorite Cinti yet: no doubt you have. I dare say you would not guess how many large cases of dresses she took over with her, to wear during her stay in London. I will tell you: she took no less than twenty-four immense cases! I have been assured of it by my lingère, who assisted to pack them—en voila assez l’espérè. Have you fine weather in London? Nothing can be more delightful than it is here, and our merveilleuses seem determined to take every advantage of it, for the promenades and Bois de Boulogne are more crowded than ever I recollect them with splendid equipages, and toilettes that have never, I believe, been surpassed for elegance, variety, and novelty.

Dresses made en redingotte are among the most favourite costumes for carriage or
promenade. Some in great vogue are in white thin muslin, richly embroidered down the fronts and round the bottom, au planctus (satin stitch): they are worn over gros de Naples linings, rose, blue, lemon, primrose, lilac, green, or white. Some are open down the front, and edged with a narrow Mechlin lace; others are fastened with bows or rosettes of gauze riband, the colour of the inside, or coloured bows with white lining; there are five of these bows or rosettes below the ceinture, and three down the front of the corsage; one at the neck, which forms the cravatte; one in the centre; and, in general, one at the waist; making all in all from seven to eight. They go down towards the bottom of the dress, larger and larger by degrees. The corsage is mostly made tight to the bust, and à revers, or rather à pelerine, which is a better name for it, being a piece put on all round where a low dress should end: it forms a pelerine or cape at the back, comes over the shoulders with or without fullness, and either slopes off to a point in front, where it is finished by a rosette, or else comes down under the ceinture, and forms a kind of stomacher: in the latter case there is a kind of bow or riband at the waist. This revers or pelerine is embroidered all round to match the dress. The ceinture, which is also embroidered, is of gros de Naples. Some very pretty redingottes, worn over coloured linings, are made of India or English flowered muslins: they have a narrow lace all round. Others, that make a very elegant negligé, are of cambric, or fine cambric muslin. A deep hem goes all round, and they are edged with narrow lace. These last redingottes are not worn with coloured linings. There are some called à la française, which are more or less what we have described, open down the front, but with this difference, that the corners, instead of being square, are rounded. They do not look so well; elles ont l’air—as if one was going to fly when the wind gets inside them. All the redingottes en mousseline are a little shorter than the petticoat, about the depth of the lace that goes round. Redingottes of gros de Naples, plain and watered, poudre de soie glacé, zébrine, and gros d’été chiné (clouded), straw colour and lilac, green and lilac, &c., and those of toile de soie, are extremely fashionable. The latter is a stout thick glossy silk, painted in small flowers, and is much worn pour monter à une; for you must know that it is très à la mode just now to ride on donkeys in the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes; and this strong silk serves admirably for riding dresses. The redingottes of silk are frequently embroidered all round in coloured floss silks. Some are made à l’antique, and others like the muslin ones above mentioned.

Your friend Joséphine de P., now Madame la Comtesse de V—, wore a beautiful one three days ago, when she came to pay me her wedding visit. It was of gros de Naples moiré, rose of course for a bride; a wreath of geraniums, jasmine, and pinks, embroidered in white floss silk, went all round. The corsage, half high, was à pointe, with draperies, and laced in front; at each end of the lacing was a long silk tassel. The sleeves were immensely full at top, à double sabot, and perfectly tight from the elbow down: they were finished at the wrist by a small pointed cuff of blonde, the point upwards. The dress was worn with an immense high ruff of white blonde, à la reine Catherine de Medicis, which diminished gradually towards the front, and finished in the centre with an ornament of cameos set in green gold. Round her waist was a corèlère of silk, the colour of the dress. Her hat was of paille de riz, ornamented with a splendid bouquet of long ostrich feathers; one or two of a great length dropped entirely over the calotte of the hat: the feathers were one half rose colour, and the other half white; they were placed rather towards the right side; and at the base of the bouquet was a small American bird (not a bird of paradise), with its wings extended as if in the act of flying up among the feathers; its beautiful plumage reflected every colour of the rainbow shaded with gold. The garnitures underneath the front of the hat were of blonde roseée, evidently worn to prevent her looking so excessively pale as she always does; and I assure you this blonde roseée had the desired effect, car elle était charmante. Monsieur le Comte, en mari galant, carried her cachemire: it was a fond vert clair, with various coloured palms. I shall return her visit the day after, and will not send off my letter until afterwards, in case I should have any thing more to tell you about her.

I must now say something about our newest long sleeves. Some are à double sabot, as I have just described; others very much in vogue are called manches à crévéd, or manches à côtes; they are fendues, cut open from the front of the shoulder to the bend of the arm; this opening is edged with a very small rouleau of satin, and is brought together and fastened at distances with bows of riband: the lower part of the sleeve is quite tight. Others, again, are exactly the contrary of these last; the top, à gigot, is very full, and the sleeve, from the bend of the arm to the wrist, is cut entirely open, and fastened at distances with three bows of riband, placed on a line with the back of the hand. Other sleeves are open from the shoulder to the wrist, and fastened all the way down with bows; and others, again, are immensely full at top and tight below, without either bows or sabots. A few wear
a small cuff, in form like a half handker-
chief, of black or white blonde; the point is
sometimes up, and sometimes down over the
back of the hand. The skirts of many
dresses are à poches, with small pockets; they
are made of the same material as the dress,
and fastened into the side seams: therefore
no white is seen at the openings, which are
edged with liserés or very small rouleaux,
and ornamented at each side with a row of
handsome silk buttons, or a double ruche:
if the dress be silk the ruche is of the same,
otherwise it is of ribbon to match. Another
way to make skirts is en tablier. Sometimes
the tablier is marked by a wreath of em-
broidery; at others, the piece is cut out of
the dress, shaped en tablier, which is narrow
at the waist and sloped off broad towards
the bottom; it is put in again with a row of
buttons on each side, or bows of ribbon; and
sometimes the tablier is cut out in large
dents (vandykes), and is joined to the dress
by a gold button placed at the point of each
dent; this shows that the whole dress is
seen through the openings. Redingottes are
never made en tablier or à poches. Large
round pelerines, of the same material as the
dress, are much worn: they are trimmed
with one or two falls of deep black lace.
With a silk dress and pelerine, a pierrot, vandy-
kyed at the edges, and small plaited, is by
far the most distingué collar that can be
worn.

HATS.—The rage for hats and capotes of
paille-de-riz, far from abating, seems if any-
thing to increase parmi nos femmes de bon-
ton. In consequence of the difficulty of
procuring them in sufficient quantities, their
prices have doubled and trebled. This, I
may say, is fortunate for us, for we should
have seen them in a very short time gracing
les petits minois des grisettes, and then, ma
chère, what should we have adopted? Vrai-
ment je n’en sais rien! unless the hats of
deux de seconde. All! par exemple, cape, noir,
aucun au carton de Bristol à —
Girardinot! The calottes are still worn
rather pointed at top, and the fronts are more
courbées than ever; so that the forehead and
hair are much seen. They are invariably
ornamented with flowers, fruits, feathers, or
birds of paradise. Some have two of these
latter birds placed one above the other, or
beak to beak. The ribs are of gauze,
white broché in a running pattern of flowers,
à la Jardinère, plain white, or the colour of
the feathers. Some have a demi-volée of
white blonde, or of point d’Angleterre, which
is very fashionable; and all have flowers,
blonde, or riband underneath the passe.
Some of the capotes are made with merely
the front of paille-de-riz, and the calotte of
poux de soie, gros des Indes cannelé, or à
petits pois satinés. Hats and capotes of
poux de soie, cherry colour, shot with white,
green, lilac, lemon, blue, or rose, all shot
with white, are très distingué. They have
every one either flowers or fruits—sometimes
a single moss rose, placed quite at the side
of the calotte. The ribs are worn on these
hats are of gauze, all of one colour, or
broché with white. The ribs are chosen
to match the colour of the hat as nearly as
possible, and the flowers either to match
exactly, or a perfect contrast:—as, a cherry-
colour hat, with roses, geraniums, or stock
gilliflowers of cherry colour, or else white
flowers; a green hat, with oak, fern, cher-
ries, mountain ash, or holly in berry, or else
white flowers; and so on for all the other
colours. Hats of white or rose crapé, for
opera, concerts, or soirées, are très recherché:
they are ornamented with quantities of
flowers; I will describe one:—The calotte
slightly pointed, and the front très évasée.
A guirlande and bouquet composed of
diffused flowers, but the flowers as small as
possible, is composed of sprigs, each
consisting of a cowslip or polyanthus; a
single flower, divided among the whole
wreath, is sufficient; a bit of heath, of the
“forget me not,” of the lily of the valley,
a little sprig of geranium, a few rose
meaux here and there, anemones,
wallflower, and stock gilliflower; &c.;
in the bouquet a sprig of each flower that
is in the guirlande. The bouquet placed
very high, rather towards the right side of
the calotte; the guirlande coming from the
top of the hat close to the bouquet, and turn-
ing round the calotte, ended close to the
capote at the beginning of the left side: it
should not go all round the hat. Underneath
the passe (front), a second wreath, placed so
as to reach from one tuft of curls to the
other: it went across the brow: the brides
were trimmed with blonde. This was one of
the prettiest hats I have seen for a long
time. Drawn capotes, of one rose, blue,
white, or primrose, transparent or lined with
gaze Dona Maria of the same shade as the
outside, or white with any of the above
coloured linings, are very elegant. Those
that are transparent are the most admired.
Nothing can be more distingué than one of
rose or white, with a branch of acacia of the
opposite colour: as white acacia on rose,
and rose on white, or a bunch of straw-
berries. Leghorn hats begin to be pretty ge-
nerally worn: they are trimmed with gauze
ribands, à la Jardinère, and mixed wild
flowers or fruits; a branch of the wild ser-
tice tree, with its bright red winter cherries, is
extremely pretty; so is a branch of the moun-
tain ash, with its clusters of berries, or a
branch of cherries or red currants; violets
and lily of the valley are also well adapted
to those hats. Many of the hats and capotes
of crapé, poux de soie, and gros de Naples,
have a double ruche of blonde all round the inside of the front; this is very becoming. The bridges or strings are also trimmed with blonde. Blonde or riband at l'esentiel, which I explained to you in my last, is very much worn underneath the fronts of the hats of poux de soie or other silks.

**FLOWERS AND FRUITS.**—Both are quite as much worn as when I last wrote. Those in greatest favour at present are—branches of the acacia, horse chestnut, wild service tree, holly in berry, mountain ash in berry, small branches of cherry, peach, and apple blossoms; a bouquet, consisting of a single moss rose, surrounded with lily of the valley; two sunflowers, one in full bloom, the other running to seed; stock gillyflowers, wallflowers, hollyhocks, double and single anemones, carnations, pink, sweet pea, dahlias, jasmine, polyanthus, camellia japonica, geraniums of white, pink, and scarlet, the iris, blue-bell, narcissus, monkshood, wild rose, plantain, poppy, harebell, daisy, heath, thistle, fern, groundsel, dandelion, oats, barley, reeds, rushes, straw, and grass; grapes, currants, cherries, currant-cherries, strawberries, and mushrooms. I may add to this long list, what is particularly distingué for the hair—a wreath of ivy, with the berries of gold.

The bouquets for carrying in the hand are composed of mixed flowers, a full-blown rose, a peony, or a camellia japonica in the centre. They are scented to imitate natural flowers.

In FEATHERS, the following are the most worn:—Birds of paradise, esprits, puffs, and ostrich feathers of two colours—as white and rose, white and blue, white and green, lilac, or straw colour. You understand that the feather is not shaded, as last month; it is one side of the quill white, the other side coloured. A humming-bird, or any other rare species of foreign bird with beautiful plumage, is placed in various ways among the feathers forming the bouquet. Sometimes the head is below and the wings extended, so that the bouquet seems to form the tail of the bird; sometimes it seems in the act of flying upwards or downwards; and sometimes it forms the base of the bouquet. You have no idea what a very novel effect this has.

**FANS.**—The newest fans are of dark tortoise-shell, richly gilt; the top of the fan is taillé in a gothic pattern. Those of feathers are also très distingué.

**CEINTURES.**—The ceinture to be worn by an elegante must match the dress as exactly as possible. When the dress is embroidered, the ceinture is also embroidered; it is sometimes à pointe in front, and finished at the back with a small bow: in this case it is made of gros de Naples, with a liseré at the edge. Ceintures of ruban de gros grains, to wear with dresses chinoisé, broché, à mille-naires, ecossais, figured or flowered, must be of the same pattern as the dress, to be adopted by a leader of the fashions. Fancy bands are only worn with white dresses.

**CAPS.**—The dress caps are mostly of black blonde. The crown is left open for the braids of hair to pass through; round the opening is a sort of garniture, forming a couronne, composed of points of satin riband. I do not know if you understand what I mean by points, but there is nothing more simple: take a small piece of riband, and double it down at both ends bias ways, and you have a point. Those points are placed all along the opening of the cap, and really have a very pretty effect round the braid of hair. Another row of these points goes round the edge of the front, immediately behind the curls, and crosses the brow from one side to the other; just above it is a double ruche of blonde, or a border, standing en auréole. A bunch of short feathers, to match the riband, is placed at the left side. The ribands are cherry, rose, green, lilac, primrose, or blue. Another pretty cap, that does equally well in black or white blonde, is as follows:—A plain round crown, very full borders of blonde standing back from the curls; a couronne of puffed riband, the puffs small at both ends, and going gradually wider and larger towards the centre, and finished by a bow which ties the two ends together, is so placed that the bow comes on the left side at the back of the curls, by which means the narrow part of the couronne is lowered a little on the forehead, while the remainder goes round the front part of the head; a bouquet of feathers is placed in the fastening of the bow. To suit this cap the touffes of curls must be very full. Alors il n'y a rien de plus gracieux.

There is nothing remarkable in TURBANS: there are always à la Juive, and à la Maudite, with birds of paradise, esprits, and puffs. As soon as any thing new in this way appears, I will let you know.

**HAIR.**—The hair is worn in an infinite variety of styles. With the antique costume, the coiffure of some of our celebrated beauties of old is adopted. When the costume is a medium between the antique and modern, or quite modern, the hair is most frequently dressed in braids, forming a couronne; a row of pearls is sometimes twisted over the braids, and a second row crosses the brow, and finishes at one side with a couple of tassels: this has a very elegant effect. Some prefer a wreath of ivy, or of very small mixed flowers, which crosses the forehead in a slanting direction, and finishes by encircling the couronne of hair. Others have merely a single rose placed at the side of the braid, over the
left ear, or rather more back. Others, again prefer the coiffure à la Grecque, with flowers in pears: this is so well known that I need not describe it. The front hair is worn en bandeaux lisses, or in very full touffes of curls: it is parted on the forehead as much as possible. A few continue to wear the nattes en fâr à cheval; but those thick braids coming down at each side of the face are not becoming, and will not probably last much longer. For morning costume the coiffure adopted by all our élégantes is a braid, en couronne, the inside of which is filled up with short bows and ends of riband, the colour of the hair; in front, large tufts of curls, smooth bands, or ringlets, the latter by no means falling very low.

Shawls and Scarfs.—It has been remarked that in all the latest “corbeilles de mariage,” coloured cachemires have replaced the black and white ones de rigueur dans notre temps. Those with an orange or a light green ground, with palms, are the most recherché. There are some very handsome shawls of satin, broché in rich Persian patterns; but the lightest and most beautiful that can be imagined are of black blonde, splendidly embroidered in colored floss silks: the patterns are natural flowers, a guirlande all round, and large bouquets in the corners, or detached bouquets all over. Scarfs of Donna Maria gauze, rose, blue, white, lilac, or green, are much worn by very young ladies: the ends are froncé (gathered) and have long silk tassels depending from them. Scarfs of mousseline de soie, with a running pattern of flowers, of gaze chiné, a sort of clouded gauze, are also coming in very much. Little scarfs of black lace, very short, the ends not reaching quite to the waist, are also much worn.

Shoes, Boots, and Stockings.—Half boots are preferred to shoes in walking and carriage costume; but it is de rigueur that they should be in colour, and as much as possible of the material, of the dress. A robe of foulard or of pékin, with brodequins of the same, is très recherché. When the dress is white, or of a colour or material that would not answer for the chaussure, the colours preferred are, bonnet d’évêque, vert-bouteille, cerise, and absinthe. In dinner costume, or in toilette de petite réunion, the shoes are black satin; in full dress, white. The only chaussure for the house, digne d’une élégante, are pantouffes, embroidered in tapestry work; they are mostly done in fine English lambsool; the dessins preferred are cachemire patterns, flowers, or scenes from the celebrated tales of Mother Goose, Little Poucet, le Chat Botté, &c.; the first, selon moi, are the prettiest; the others are trop bizarre, mais la mode fait tout. Silk stockings, with clocks and fronts à jour (open work), are always worn in dress. For néglige, or with brodequins, the stockings in highest estimation are of English cotton, of the finest texture possible.

Gloves and Mittens.—Long white gloves have a ruche of black or white blonde at top, or bows of riband up the arm. Dans les petites soirées, or at dinners, theatres, concerts, &c., black silk mittens, long or short, are preferred to gloves. They possess one or two inimitable qualities for us, namely, a beautiful hand never looks to more advantage than when partly shaded by a black mitten: et ensuite, ma chère, cela sert merveilleusement à faire voir nos beaux bijoux! When the mittens are worn with short sleeves they have a quilting of black riband at top. Some of them are made of tulle de soie (black blonde).

Pocket Handkerchiefs.—Those worn in morning dress are of cambrie, with a deep hem, à jours, and an Egyptian or Arabesque border: the colours preferred for the borders are blue, chocolate, buff, and dark red. The initials, in gothic letters, are worked in white and coloured cottons; the latter should be of the colour of the border: however, the blue and the red are the only colours that wash well. The newest for evening dress are the mouchoirs de batiste brodée boîtes. These handkerchiefs are about two hundred francs each! They are embroidered only on one side, either in large bouquets at distances, or in a deep guirlande. The name, worked in gold gothic letters, is in the centre of the embroidery, in a space left for that purpose. The handkerchief is simply hemmed, and without lace.

Reticules.—The new ones are all of the form I described to you in my last,—a long square, with silk tassels at each side of the openings. They are made of gros de Naples, striped, figured, chiné, or embroidered. The most recherché are of white moire, with gold tassels; some have a little sprig, worked in gold.

Parasols.—The newest are of gros de Naples, plain or figured, striped or broché, or of foulard silk. The colours preferred are white, rose, cherry, and apple green: those of white and green are lined with rose, the other colours with white. They are edged with black lace, instead of fringe. The handles of some are of ivory, carved in imitation of the Chinese handles, with fruits, flowers, and animals. The handles of others are of cane or ebony.

Mantelets.—Amongst our merveiluse, the mantelets of black lace or blonde font fureur, being by far the most elegant thing that has appeared for a long time. The forms have not varied since they came out first; at the neck they are décolté, not reaching higher than where a low dress should come. The form at the back is that
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of a very large pelerine or tippet, with a few gathers at the top to make it set round and easy. The ends in front reach to the knee, or a little lower, and are rounded. Some are fastened round the front with rosettes of gauze riband, rose, blue, lilac, or green, the rosettes increasing in size as they go down; there are three of them; the lower one has four ends of riband depending from it, nearly a quarter of a yard long. Some of them are lined with a thin silk, of any of the colours just mentioned. A deep blonde or black lace goes round the outside edge; the inner edge is trimmed with a full ruche of tulle. Others, considered infinitely more gracieux, are of the same form, but, instead of being fastened down with bows, are worn open; the ends are long and rounded; a very deep trimming of lace or blonde goes all round, (inside, in place of the ruche just mentioned, as well as outside,) and another fall of lace is put on, in form of a square (or a rectangle, 12 inches long with three quarters and a yard, join it together lengthways, and along the joining put a silk cord that is rather stiff and firm; gather up the little ends and sew a small tassel (an acorn is the prettiest) to each end; make a small slide of a bit of thin card covered with silk; pass it on one side, and when you put on your cravatte draw the second end through the slide; the ends do not quite reach to the waist. Making these, in all colours, is one of our new pastimes. The whole breadth of material makes two.

Pelerines.—Those of silk to match the dresses are large and round, and trimmed with one or two rows of black lace. The white ones are of muslin embroidered. The newest are, the pelerine fichu cancanon or à pointe, called fichu mantelet. The first forms a point or points under the ceinture, at the front, or at back and front; a garniture, en pelerine, goes across the back, over the shoulders, with or without fullness, and meets in front. A double falling collar is a great improvement. This pelerine is made of white tulle, and, with the garniture and collars, is embroidered in new fashion embroidery called roussette, and which has a light and beautiful effect. The ends do not come below the ceinture. The pelerine fichu mantelet is round at the back, like the mantelet; in front it is sloped in very much at the waist, and sloped out again immediately to form the two ends, which are very nearly as long as those of the mantelet; it is gathered into a small compass at the waist. A gauze riband is passed round, and tied in a rosette in front. At the neck it is high, and with a collar like the two last: it is made of tulle, with an embroidery à rouxé, and is particularly pretty when worn with a coloured silk dress. These two pelerines are often worn in dinner dress, or toilette de petite réunion: in either of these costumes the nœuds de page are a great improvement.

Collerettes.—Are worn with flat double or single collars, embroidered, and edged with Mechlin or Valenciennes; they are lined with coloured silk. Others, of cambic, have a trimming, vandyked at the edge, and small plaited. Pierrots are excessively worn: for a description of them I refer you to my last.

Cravatées.—The fashionable cravatées are half handkerchiefs of Domna Maria gauze, folded like the gentlemen's cravats, or a wide gauze riband, with a bow, the bow sometimes made of several ends, cut at the edges like leaves. A new sort of cravatée, that is very pretty, is made of gauze, or crepe lisse. I will tell you how to make one: take half a breadth of gauze, in long thicknesses, three quarters and a yard, join it together lengthways, and along the joining put a silk cord that is rather stiff and firm; gather up the little ends and sew a small tassel (an acorn is the prettiest) to each end; make a small slide of a bit of thin card covered with silk; pass it on one side, and when you put on your cravatée draw the second end through the slide; the ends do not quite reach to the waist. Making these, in all colours, is one of our new pastimes. The whole breadth of material makes two.

Aprons.—Aprons of gros de Naples moiré, all colours, richly embroidered in floss silks, are in great vogue. The embroidery goes all round in a wreath of natural flowers, or up the front en tablier. Some new ones are just come out: they are of white watered gros de Naples, brodés en relief; that is, in raised flowers, done in very narrow riband; the foliage and stalks are in floss silk. The effect is beautiful. The dessins are natural flowers. The ceinture and pockets are done to match. Some, for néglié or the country, are of batiste ecru, unbleached cambic: the pockets are on the inside, the pocket holes at each side; the ceinture and aprons are embroidered in scarlet or green worsted, or narrow worsted braid. There are some of cameshire wire, white or coloured, embroidered in silk; the dessins extrêmement bizarre, being trees, flowers, birds, and butterflies. The aprons à l'antique are of black or white lace over a coloured silk; a ruche of satin riband is put all round.

The Materials employed at present are gros d'été, a ribbed silk; gros des Indes cannelé, a silk with a small close satin stripe; gros des Indes à petits pois satinées, the same silk with satin spots to imitate peas: toile de soie, foulard, foulard mandarin, a foulard silk with all sorts of Chinese figures; the
colours are extremely rich; foulard broché with birds, butterflies, flowers, and ramages (branches); oak with the acorns in ponceau silk is one of the handsomest; pékin chiné en marbrure, a brocade silk with a marbled pattern; gros de Naples moiré, and painted in flowers, for ball dresses; the same with gold and silver flowers; gros de Naples, à raisons satinées; the same, à grandes raisins, broad stripes of cherry colour and lilac, blue and pearl colour, &c.; gros de Naples chiné, à mille raisins, and à carreaux, the latter of two shades or colours, as two blues, greens, or lilacs, écru-noisette of two shades, chocolate and white, &c.; they are to imitate ginghams; poux-de-soie glacé; chaly; chaly-cachemire; mousselines de laine, and de soie; mousseline Indou, a material of a light delicate texture, thinner and finer than cachemire and infinitely superior to muslin; mousseline cachemire, a fine muslin, with the most beautiful cachemire patterns possible; some are a dark ground with roses moussignon, and others à colonnes, with rich arabesques or flowers in columns; batiste; de soie, a silk in imitation of cambrie; jacquard broché in flowers; one of the most favorite patterns is detached sprigs of the “forget me not”; another is a black ground, with red or orange flowers, and organdi, white and coloured; the latter frequently broché in flowers or coral. To these I may add the crapes, guazes, blondes embroidered in black or coloured silks, that are always recherché for ball dresses.

ENSEMBLES DE TOILETTES.—For small soirée or dinner costume, a dress of organdi; the front of the skirt embroidered à l’eventail. The embroidery à l’eventail is five wreaths of small flowers, reaching from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. Sometimes they end at the top of the hem, and another guirlande goes round the dress. Corsege tight, with draperies in front; the back à la Tyrolienne, which is full draperies going from the shoulder to the middle of the back, like those in front; the sleeves à double sabot. The organdi for this dress is white, with any coloured flowers, and bows,—primrose, with branches of coral, or grenadine with white flowers. The hair is full of tuftes of curls; at back a braid. A single rose, or a bunch of grapes, is placed at the left side of the head; bows of guaze riband grenadine, broché with gold, are frequently worn in the hair with this toilette.

Another.—A dress of mousseline de soie the ground black, with detached bouquets of marigolds. Corsege à la vierge, a full corsege, made like a child’s frock; long sleeves à côtes, open from the shoulder to the wrist, and tied all the way down with bows. A mantille of white blonde. A white scarf of gaze Dona Maria, twisted twice round the neck. The front hair in smooth bands, with a curl behind each ear; the back a braid, en couronne, and round it a small wreath of marigolds. Black silk mittens.

Another pretty dress is of gros de Naples moiré, or à raisins satinées, or of poux de soie brodé, rose, apple green, or light blue; tight corsege; sleeves, à crévés, very full at top, and open from the bend of the arm to the wrist, and fastened with bows. A pelerine fichu mantelet, brodé à rouses, with nœuds de page on the shoulders. The hair in front in smooth bands, the back en couronne; sometimes a small chain of burnished gold crosses the brow, en guise de feronnier. Very long ear-rings of burnished gold. The following is a most distingûié ensemble for soirée, concert, or opera.—A redingotto of white crape, lined with gaze Dona Maria, rose; a deep hem all round, with three rouleaux of satin rose, immediately inside the hem. The rouleaux are as small as possible, being merely a small cotton cord covered with satin. A light wreath of wild roses, with foliage, embroidered in coloured silks, goes all round. The corseges à pointes: the sleeves very full at top, and à crévés, open from the wrist to the bend of the arm, and laced up with a pink silk cord, which appears to tie with two long tassels at the inner part of the arm. This pretty redingotto was worn over a dress of white moire, which was quite visible in front, as the outside one was not fastened below the waist. A cordelière of rose silk. A dress hat of crape rose, transparent, with a bouquet and guirlande round one side of the calotte, completed the costume.

For BALL DRESSES, I must refer you, ma chère Clorinde, to my last, no change whatever having taken place in them; it really seems as if all the robes de bal in Paris were cut on the same model. The corseges à pointes; sleeves à double sabot, with manchettes at the elbow; two or three rosettes down the front of the corsege; the nœuds de page, a cordelière, and a mantille—voila tout!

COSTUME A L’ANTIQUITE.—A dress of white moire, embroidered in gold flowers; corsege à pointes, laced in front; and sleeves à double sabot, with manchettes of blonde. The skirt looped up in draperies, with small chains of diamonds and plaques of topazes. The coiffure à la Grecque, with bands in front; a feronnier composed of chains of diamonds, with ornaments of topazes, crossed the forehead.

Another.—An underdress of dress of yellow satin, broché with gold, over which an open dress of rich green satin with gold flowers. Corsege à pointes; sleeves à double sabot, with black blonde ruffles. On the neck, inside the low corsege, was the antique bouffante. The hair dressed à l’antique with powder: and on the right
side of the head a pouf of feathers nuancées, white, yellow, and green. The skirt of the green dress was drapée, looped up with cabochons, set à l’antique in open-work of gold. These two splendid costumes were worn at the last ball at the Tuileries. There was at the same ball, an envoyé of the Bey of one of the states near Algiers, who, upon being interrogated as to how he and his suite were amused with the fête, replied, that they were highly pleased and amused with all they saw; but, added he with naïveté, “what delights us particularly is our having been invited on a day that the harem is at liberty.” Cela à fait beaucoup rire, as you may suppose.

Toilette de Matin.—A pretty toilette de ches soi is—a dress of foulard, with branches of oak and acorns in green and scarlet; of batiste de soie, mousseline cachemire, batiste écreue, or plain white muslin, made en peignoir, en redingotte, or à corset. For the head, a colored or plain pierrot, a cravatte to match the dress, a pair of black silk mittens, and one of the pretty aprons I have described to you; the back hair en couronne, the front à l’anglaise, or in smooth bands. English cotton stockings, and a pair of slippers embroidered on canvas in carpet work. A chain, and very long ear-rings of burnished gold, or of yellow, red, or gold green.

The most fashionable Colours.—Cendre de rose (cedar,) lilac, lilac shot with white, bonnet d’évêque, a lilac of a shade bordering much upon red, green shot with white, vert de chine, emerald green, apple green, vert-bouteille, straw colour, primrose, lemon, lemon shot with white, grenadine, cherry colour shot with white, light blue, rose, lavender, poissière, écreue, gris-lilas, gris-perle, jean-de-Paris, a sort of light chamois or fawn colour, bordering upon a yellow tint, noiseless, and elegant.

Un mot sur la toilette des Enfants.—Children wear capottes of straw or gros de Naples, the form quite à l’Anglaise; that is, the front très-serrée, and on a line with the crown. The calottes of their silk capottes are à coulisse, and some of them are entirely à coulisse (drawn bonnets); the silk ones are rose, blue, green, or lilac; the straw bonnets are lined with any of these colours; the trimming is a riband crossed, a bow composed of two coques and two ends placed at the left side; the strings are crossed under the chin, and brought up and tied at the top of the front of the capotte, near the crown; a little round cap, with a ruche of net, is worn underneath. The dress consists of white trowsers, a short frock of any of the fashionable materials, a pelerine of the same, a pierrot, and a cravatte. Sometimes a little apron, with corsage à pointe, and épauillettes elegantly embroidered, completes the costume of a child. They wear brodequins of contil (jean) or satin royal; their hair hangs down at the back in two long braids. En voilà assez de modes pour cette fois!

Visiting Cards.—I have not as yet ordered your visiting cards, because there are so many new models that I found it difficult to make a choice. You shall, however, have them without much delay, for the man promised them in three days after you had decided. In the first place, Carissima, you cannot have the name in copperplate writing: it is quite obsolete: it must be in printed or gothic letters. The letters are done in gold, or silver, or coloured; and sometimes the upper part of the letters is in gold, and the lower part green, or the upper part blue, the lower part silver. I will tell you of as many sorts as I can remember. One had a coronet in gold, or gold and coloured over the name: the coronet, bien entendu, depends on the title. Another had the “arms” of the owner, done excessively small but beautifully emblazoned. A third had the “name” in a leaf, as an oak leaf, or any other long leaf, of a pretty form. Another pretty card was a bouquet of coloured flowers, tied with a long riband, on which was the name: the ends of the riband were held up by two butterflies. Another was in the style of the last, only with the ends of riband floating. And others were oval wreaths of roses or mixed flowers, the name in the centre of the wreath. There are some very pretty ones, with horses and dogs of different species, and in various positions, as running, standing, &c., with a card in their mouths, the name in the most minute letters possible on the small card: these are for gentlemen.

Fêtes and Bridal Visiting.—The summer, it appears, is likely to be as gay as the last winter has been. Numbers of brilliant fêtes are in contemplation. Among others one is talked of chez M. Victor Hugo, that is to outdo any thing of the kind that has been seen for a long time: it is to take place at his magnificent country residence, which is remarkable for the remains of an ancient “abbaye,” and a great number of monuments of the middle ages. The costume of the middle age is to be adopted by a society which will be most brilliant, numerous, and select. In my next you shall have further particulars. I called yesterday to return the bride’s visit. We talked of you, ma chère amie; she cannot conceive why you prefer les brouillards de Londres to our beau ciel! I told her of the visit you had paid to a bride, which you mentioned to me in your last letter: she was quite pleased with the account. She finds it strange that a bride in England receives visits before she pays them. I certainly find
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it very odd also. You know with us it is quite the contrary: the friends are invited to the church to see the ceremony, and to the breakfast if there is no ball in the evening. The next day the bride commences her visits: that day is set apart to call on the members of the family on both sides, and the following days she visits all her and her husband’s acquaintances and friends, beginning with those with whom she is most intimate. After eight or ten days, when it is supposed all her visits are paid, her friends call on her; but there is no “cercle,” no “cake or wine;” she is generally found en négocié and amusing herself with some light occupation or other. I found Madame de V—— working a pair of slippers; her dress was a redingote, peignoir à pélerine, of gros de Naples, a carreau of two shades of blue, and a little simple cap of white blonde, in shape like those worn under hats, trimmed with a ruche of blonde, and a bow of gauze riband at the left side; the cap was lined with blue silk.

The Boudoir. — Her “boudoir” is extremely large. I will give you an account of it some day or other. She has a jardinére, the prettiest thing that ever was seen: it forms not only a flower-stand, but also an aviary and pond for fish! It is of citron wood, with incrustations, the whole about three feet high: below is a large, deep, lea- den case, full of flowering shrubs, which seem to grow out of a bed of rare exotics; the compartment above it is, in the centre, a marble basin forming a pond, through whose limpid waters you discover the gold fish gliding; this mimic pond is surrounded by quantities of highly polished shells. Just over it is an aviary, full of the rarest and most beautiful birds possible; small shrubs are placed all round, and so contrived that their branches penetrate into the volière; and while the feathered songsters hop from spray to spray, they delight you with their delicious warblings. In my way home I drove to at least twenty places to try to procure one, and without success. I must try again to-morrow, for if I did not get one je crois que j’en mourrais de chagrin! She is going to the château of her belle-mère, near Romainville, in a few days. She asked me to go, and make one of a large party which they expect to spend a month with them. I was not sorry to have an excuse to decline the invitation; so I told her how I was situated, that, on account of la goutte de mon mari, I could not leave Paris. He has had very frequent attacks of this vilaine maladie lately. I promised, however, that if he gets better I would go for two days. She says they have adopted a new costume there: you shall have an account of it in my next.

New Tragedy,—“Les Fils d’Edouard, ou la Tour de Londres.” — A new tragi-

demy, in three acts, and in verse, by M. Casimir Delavigne, entitled “Les Fils d’Edouard, ou la Tour de Londres,” was represented for the first time on Saturday, and was received with enthusiastic applause by a numerous audience. It is the murder of the young King Edward V., and his brother the Duke of York, in the Tower of London, by order of the Duke of Gloucester, their uncle. It contains some scenes of the most intense interest. The scenery of the third act gives a faithful representation of the well known and so justly celebrated picture of M. P. Delaroche “Le Prison d’Edinbourg” (the heart of Mid Lothian) is in rehearsal, and will shortly be brought out: great success is anticipated for it. The English company have ceased their representations, on account of Miss Smithson’s unfortunate accident. Although the fracture has been perfectly well set by two of our most celebrated surgeons, it is said she will not be able to walk for these three weeks yet. On dit, that the jolie Anglaise, as she is called, is shortly to be married to a French artist. Contre cœur, I must say adieu; my paper is quite full, and my letter looks like a dépêche from the Minister of War. Will you ever have patience to read all these petits riens? Mille amitiés à ton mari, adieu encore une fois, ma belle et bonne amie, je t’embrasse bien tendrement, embrasse tes jolis enfants pour moi, toute à toi.

L. de F.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(12) Walking Dress.—A transparent drawn capote of rose or white crepe, supported on whalebones. The front is drawn into shape by three whalebones, inserted into small hems, at equal distances. The calotte has six whalebones drawn through hems in a similar manner; these last are rounded to form the crown, and reach from the front to the back of the calotte; the crepe at each side is in small folds. The bavolet is gathered, with a whalebone at the edge. The trimming consists of a bow of gauze riband, placed high, and rather towards the left side of the crown; the bow is encircled by a riband twisted, which descends at the right side to form one bride; another riband, after going round the crown, forms the second string; a small bow with two long ends is placed at the left side, near the bavolet, quite towards the back. One ostrich feather, white, or nuancée, white and rose, is placed at the lower part of the crown, rather towards the right side of the front. The dress of foulard broché, vert-des-prés, is made with corsage à pointe; the sleeves are excessively full at top, and tight towards the wrist. The skirt is of an immense width, and is put on in very full plaits. The pelerine, of the
The Mysterious Paris Gambler, as Mysteriously Murdered.—All lovers of the mysterious and marvellous in Paris have been put on the qui vive by a most extraordinary murder lately perpetrated near the passage Choiseul. The person of the murdered man was well known in all the Parisian gambling houses, but his name no one ever heard, neither was his abode at any time found out. In the public places he frequented he went by the nickname of the Advocate, for he had acknowledged that he had formerly belonged to the legal profession, and his conversation and manners were lawyer-like. Property to the amount of 300,000 livres has been seen in his possession, and he seldom had on his person less than fifteen thousand francs in notes.

At the gambling tables he was noted as a cold, taciturn, and pertinacious player, proceeding on a very complicated system, which demanded great attention and self-command. He passed away every day seated at some brelle-et-un table, silently immersed in his calculations on the combinations of the game. It was observed that if any one copied his plan of playing, he immediately rose and quitted the table in great ill humour, and he was not known to frequent the same house for many days after. He was found stiff and cold on the pavement, in a blind obscurum, by the salle ventadour, close to the passage Choiseul. Cries had been heard in that neighbourhood in the dead of the night, and it is supposed that those shrieks scared the assassin from his plunder, as notes to a large amount were found on the person of the deceased; yet there still is no clue whereby his identity can be traced. His body was exposed as long as possible, yet no one recognised it. He is supposed to have lodged in the most populous quarter in Paris; but as vast sums are doubtless stored in his place of abode, those who knew the secret of his whereabouts keep it well, and take silent possession of the rich spoils they have thus inherited. His death wound had been with a poignard stab in the side. It is conjectured that his assassin was one of the players at the gaming house he had just quitted, who had dodged his steps till he entered the darksome alley where his corpse was afterwards found.

A Flighty Bride.—Mademoiselle Eliza Garnerin, the intrepid daughter of the celebrated aeronaut, is of the same profession as her father; we can hardly say that she treads in his steps, but that she follows his flights. She was married last month to a rich American banker, at New York, on whose grounds she had alighted, after an aerial excursion; she made an immediate conquest of the banker, who, in about a fortnight, offered the fair denizen of the air his hand and heart, and was accepted. “Here,” said he, when he introduced her to his friends, “here is a wife that has dropped for me from the clouds.”
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Of Daughters:—On the 9th May, the lady of Edward Smalley, Esq., of the Hon. E. I. Company’s Madras Civil Service.—12th May, lady Turing, at Rotterdam.—16th May, the lady of E. Ashford Sanford, Esq., M.P., at Richmond-terrace.—14th May, the Countess of Harrington, at Harrington-house, Whitehall.—21st May, at Medenham-vicarage, the lady of the Rev. T. A. Powys.—16th May, at Parsons-green, the lady of John Athol Hammet, Esq.—10th May, at Worthing, the lady of Captain Fraser, R.N.—15th May, at Kilrush, Ireland, the lady of Capt. F. Murray, 64th regt.—20th May, at Paris, the lady of the Hon. Charles Ashburnham.—22d May, in Wimpole street, the lady of Edward Cockburn Kinnersley, Esq.—22d May, in Devonshire-place, Mrs. William Amory.

Of Sons:—17th May, the lady Suffolk, at Vernon House.—17th May, the lady of E. Vaughan Williams, Esq., in Park-street.—15th May, Mrs. W. Johnson, at Eaton-place, Belgrave-square.—18th May, Mrs. Charles Bishoff, of Torrington-square.—21st May, in Burton crescent, the lady of William Wastell, Esq.—20th May, in Arlington-street, the lady of Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley.—19th May, in Upper Montague-street, Montague-square, the lady of Frederick Solly Flood, Esq.—18th May, at Walmer, Kent, the lady of Sir James Urston.—28th May, at Havenfield-lodge, Great Missenden, the lady of Thomas Backhouse, Esq. late Major 47th regiment.—21st May, the lady of William Teven, Esq., of Watford, Herts.

MARRIAGES.

On the 14th May, at Southampton, Edmund Rowe Danson, Esq. of Park-square, Regent’s-park, to Sarah, second daughter of Frederick Hill, Esq. of the Polygon, and of Fursebyhurst, Isle of Wight.—14th May, at Bath, the Hon. Richard Howe Browne, son to the late, and brother to the present, Lord Kilmarnock, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Colonel Browne.—15th May, at St. George’s, Hanover-square, Frederick, son of the late Right Hon. Hugh Eliot, to Jane, third daughter of the late James Perry, Esq.—16th May, by special license, at Dockenheeden, Henry Carew Hunt, Esq. of Hamburgh, third son of Robert Hunt, Esq. of Sidbury, Devonshire, to Susette, third daughter of the late P. A. Simons, Esq. of Hamburgh.—23d May, at Croydon, Alex. Brown, Esq. Commander of the Ship Clarmont, of Bombay, to Miss Margaret, eldest daughter of Dr. Wm. Chalmers.—23d May, at Trinity Church, Newington, Charles T. P. Metcalf, eldest son of Joseph Metcalf, Esq. of St. John’s Wood, to Sophia Juliana, second daughter of the Rev. Wm. Toase, of Southwark.—23d May, at St. Andrew’s, Holborn, Wm. Ellis, eldest son of Wm. Gould, Esq. of Walworth, to Augusta, youngest daughter of James Mansfield, Esq. of John-street, Bedford-row.—23d May, at West Ham, Essex, Mr. Alderman Young, of Romsey, Hampshire, to Mary, second daughter of the late Captain Arthurs, of Forest-gate, Essex.—20th May, at Heavitree, by the Rev. E. T. Allen, Henry Anthony Farrington, Esq. eldest son of Sir Henry Farrington, Bart., of Spring Lawn, to Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Warren, of Portview.

DEATHS.

On the 12th May, in New Burlington-street, the Right Hon. Lady Harriet Ludlow, third daughter of the late Peter Earl Ludlow, and sister to the present Earl.—15th May, at Hillbrow, Norfork, aged 29, Sophia, only surviving daughter of the late Ralph Caldwell, Esq. of the said county.—14th May, at Bushey, Herts, Dr. Thomas Monro, in his 74th year.—14th May, at St. Leonard’s, Hastings, Sir John Evelyn, Bart.—20th May, Sophia, the eldest daughter of the late Hon. Edw. Monckton, of Somerford, Staffordshire.—20th May, aged 16, Miss Pullen, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Pullen, of Farley, near Leeds.—Lately, of the prevailing epidemic, the Rev. J. Sargeant, M.A. the biographer of “Henry Martyn.” Mr. Sargeant had just published the life of the late Rev. T.T. Thomson, in every respect a suitable companion to the life of Henry Martyn, affording a rich treat to the lovers of religious biography, and possessing a melancholy interest from the circumstance of its amiable author having just seen his work through the press when he was suddenly called away.—22d May, at his residence in Grosvenor-square, in his 43d year. the Earl of Newburgh.—Thomas Eyre Radcliffe Livingstone, seventh Earl of Newburgh, Viscount Kinnard, and Baron Livingstone, of Flaurie, in the peareng of Scotland, succeeded his father, Francis, the sixth Earl, on the 23d of October, 1827, and married the 14th of November, 1817, Lady Margaret Kennedy, third daughter of the Marquis of Ailsa; and leaving no issue by her ladyship the family honours devolve on his only brother, the Hon. Francis Eyre Radcliffe, now Earl of Newburgh, who is unmarried.—13th April, at Pisa, Samuel Charles Turner, Esq. of Child Okeford, Dorset, formerly of the 13th Light Dragoons.—13th May, Mr. Charles Brown, of Cloudesley-terrace, Islington.—21st May, at the house of her son, Upper Belgrave-place, Pinlico, Mrs. Jolly, in the 78th year of her age.—23d May, at Branch hill, Hampshire, Richard Price, Esq. in his 44th year.—16th May, Mary, the fifth and last surviving daughter of the late Thomas Maluerover, Esq. of Arncilfe-hall, in the North Riding of the county of York, aged 66.—15th May, at his seat, Chilton-park, Kent, George Douglas, Esq. late High Sheriff.—20th May, at her residence, in Upper Grosvenor-street, at an advanced age, the Dowager Lady Rich.—26th May, Charles Brooke, Esq., of Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street, in the 74th year of his age.—19th April, at Brunswick place, Hammersmith, Mrs. Mary Barrett, aged 71.—21st May, Mr. F. Markby, of Croydon.
Walking Dress

Copied en Corps garni de baldines des MM. de M. Rose Poueille Rue du Buisson, 2.
Petite en jupons flottants de MM. Adolphe Girard Rue Montalban, 20.

des MM. de M. Gagelin.

L'administration du Journal Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth, 25.

Published by J. Page, 12, Fleet lane, London.

1827
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.
Lady's Magazine.
N°13.

Walking Dres.

Cape de rubans orné d'une ruche des MM. de MM. Poulhémé et Rouxard, Rue de Moncey, 9.
Patageti en gros drapels des ateliers de MM. Ulricher, Continère de la Rome, Rue Vivienne, 8.

L'administration du Journal, Rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth, N° 25.

1833.
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TO

THE SECOND VOLUME

OF THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

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END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.
"SWEET GIRL;"

A SONG.

THE WORDS BY F. W. N. BAYLEY.

THE MUSIC BY ALEXANDER LEE.

SUNG BY

MRS. WAYLETT,

OF THE NEW STRAND THEATRE.

LONDON, 1832.
SWEET GIRL!


Andante.

Sweet Girl—when in the bark of Hope I sail'd up—on Love's sterner sea. My heart was like a passion flow'r, And drew its fragrance all from...
thee! Sweet girl! And drew its fragrance all from thee! Sweet girl! Its sunshine was thy

radiant smile. Its dew was of thy early tears—and thus it bloomed a

little while—Would it had bloomed for years! Sweet girl—Would it had bloomed for

years! Sweet Girl.

But no—the wave of Time swept by,
It was a dark and rolling tide,
And Love was wrecked amid the flood—
My beautiful—my bride!
A withered hope—a broken tie,
Around may still be tost,
But these are emblems of the wreck—
The Bark itself is lost!
ANNA BOLEYN QUADRILLES.

Composed

BY

TOLBEQUE.

Engraved expressly for the Lady's Magazine and Museum.

Published by PAGE, 112, Fetter Lane Feb 1, 1835.
Pantalon.
Été.

No. 2.
Finale.
THE
THIRD SET
OF
QUADRILLES,
FROM
The Celebrated Opera of
"LA SYLPHIDE,"
ARRANGED FOR
THE PIANO,
(And ad libitum, for Accompaniment on the Violin, Flute, or Flageolet).
BY
J. B. TOLBECQUE.
ENGRAVED EXCLUSIVELY
FOR
THE LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.
PUBLISHED: MARCH 1st, 1833,
BY J. PAGE, 112, FETTER LANE, LONDON.
[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]
Trenis.

No. 4.

Fin
"WE MEET NO MORE,"

THE WORDS

WRITTEN BY

E. BELLCHAMBERS, ESQR.,

AND THE MUSIC

COMPOSED

BY

G. A. HODSON,

EXCLUSIVELY

FOR

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

PUBLISHED: APRIL 1ST, 1833,

BY J. PAGE, 112, FETTER LANE.

LONDON.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]
WE MEET NO MORE.


Andantino

Affetuoso.

Cres:  \( \text{\textit{ritard:}} \)  \( \text{\textit{dim:}} \)

We met amid the sweetness, Of flowers that sleeping lay,

When courted by their fleetness, The moments flew a-
The painted fly may trifle
With each fair flower of spring
Of all its treasures rifle
Then wave his truant wing

For like, alas, that ranger
The form thy passion wore,
My heart foretold its danger,
But now we meet no more;
MAZUREK,

A

POLISH WAR SONG,

Composed and Dedicated

to

THE DICTATOR,

GENERAL CHLOPICKI,

by

KIUPINSKI.

The English Translation

by

G. DE BOSCO ATTWOOD, Esq.

WITTEN AND ENGRAVED EXCLUSIVELY FOR
THE LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.
PUBLISHED JUNE 1st. 1833,
BY J. PAGE, 112, FETTER LANE.
LONDON.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]
Come where the muskets flashing
Huk armat szcęk pałasz
Broda czow

Come where the sabres clashing
Fast shall the muscovite vanish before us
Wnet od straszny
Hej Brocia wimie Boze Bog nam do pomozze

CHORUS.

Come where the muskets flashing
Huk armat szcęk pałasz
Broda czow wnet od straszny

Come where the sabres clashing
Huk armat szcęk pałasz
Broda czow wnet od straszny
Fast shall the Mus...vite van...ish be...fore us
Hej Bra...cia wim...ie Bo...ze Bog nam do...po...mo...ze

ff

God will de...fend the right God watch...es o'er us
Hej Bra...cia wim...ie Bo...ze Bog nam do...po...mo...ze
Chlopitski! We come,
We come! we come!
Fear is for craven slaves
No Freeman falters
Strike for your Father's graves
Strike for your altars.
On where the storm is thickest!
On where death comes the quickest!

On brothers! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Soon shall our woes be o'er
Our chains be broken:
Hark! in our cannons roar
Triumph is spoken!
Charge! Charge! the Trumpet's calling!
Charge! Charge! the brave are falling:

Nieraz Polsk walczył, ploszył, gromił
Ale na obce nigdy on się nie takomil
Poniszczyc wrogów rowy
To Polskich synów cnoty
Hej Bracia! wimie Boże
Bog nam dopomoże.

Dalej Bracia walczymy dzielnie smiało
Chlopitski skonczył, walkę dla narodu zehwał
Trze śchwac ko tego kosa
Nio wrogom utrzem nosa
Hej Bracia! wimie Boże
Bog nam dopomoże.

Hej Rodacy, dalej Hurra! Hurra!
Na dumnych wrogach naszych niechaj zadrzy skura
Wplam wrogów wytepiemy,
Na miszge wproch zetrzemy,
Hej Bracia! wimie Boże
Bog nam dopomoże.
MADAME DE MONTESPAN.

Born 1641. Died 1707.

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

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THE LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND MUSEUM
OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

JULY, 1835.

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

MEMOIR OF MADAME DE MONTESPN.
(ILLUSTRATED BY AN AUTHENTIC WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT, BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED FROM THE ORIGINAL OF MIGNARD.)

If the tender and unfortunate la Valiére has been aptly called the Magdalen of the court of Louis XIV., her insolent and pernicious rival has won the title of the Jezebel of that period. Fierce, malignant, and crafty, by politic and uncompromising means she maintained her sway over the inclinations of the misnamed grande monarque for a length of time, which no woman who had a conscientious feeling of the horror of her situation could have done. No tears of remorse ever dimmed the malign brightnes of the eyes of Athenais de Mortemar; no depression of heart, arising from a feminine feeling of shame and sorrow, ever damped her spirits, or tamed the sarcastic repartee that was ever ready on her lips. She was a vile woman, triumphant in her infamy, and she never suffered the slightest reverse or misfortune in this life, other than the loss of youth and beauty; the latter, owing to a fine constitution, she retained many years longer than most other women. Madame de Genlis has shown no little tact in her portrait of this favourite.

Madame de Montespan, joined to regularity of features perfection of shape, and all the bloom of youth. Her mental powers were neither extensive nor solid, but her wit was original and brilliant. A lively, ingenious, and sarcastic turn, gave to her conversation, particularly at court, a sort of striking singularity. She knew how to vary her epigrammatic tone. Sometimes it was serious, and resembled reasoning; but more frequently an apparent frankness served to disguise its real malignity, for, by many, blindness is considered a proof of sincerity. Madame de Montespan neither knew how to govern or restrain herself, but she was capable of assuming all sorts of characters. She had practised this art so early in life, that it had become less an artifice than a habit. Her powers of pleasing were founded on an intuitive knowledge of character, which was less the effect of study than of a cunning instinct; her own character was false, but her wit was natural. Though incapable of a tender and lasting sentiment, no one was more susceptible of enthusiasm. She loved with all the extravagance of outrageous passion, or she loved not at all. Those who did not produce a positive derangement of her understanding never could please her. If her inflamed imagination cooled for a moment, she passed sud-
Memoir of Madame de Montespan.

denly from admiration and intoxicating passion to indifference, aversion, and disgust. She manifested all the spirit which springs from ambition, prejudice, and pride, and not from elevation of soul. Having no notion of real grandeur, she mistook vain show and pomp for glory. Everything brilliant, every thing conspicuous, was, in her eyes, great. Her designs were profound, but her motives were puerile. At once, insatiable and frivolous in her desires, she wished to command, not that she might direct and govern, but merely that she might have the appearance of doing so. She wished for aggrandisement only, that she might attract and fix the attention of all on herself. Finally, though free from avarice, she was eager for riches, in order that she might distribute money, which she did, without choice or discernment.

Madame de Montespan sprung from a family of the first rank; her brother, the Duke of Vivonne, marshal of France, was the wit of the court; her two sisters, the Marquise de Thiange and the Abbess of Fontevraud, were among the finest and cleverest women at the court of Louis XIV.; in short, the family of the Mortemars were renowned for their wit, beauty, and influence.

Athenais de Rochechouard-Mortemar was married, in 1663, to the Marquis de Montespan; she was then twenty-two. When she was a bride, she attracted the attention of Louis XIV. by her wit and beauty; and being often in his company, through the affection that the unfortunate Duchess de la Vallière bore to her, she, by various coquetteries, at last entirely supplanted this lady. About the year 1669 she obtained an entire ascendancy over the king's mind, who, in order to carry on this intrigue privately, gave to Madame de Montespan the important situation of superintendent of the queen's household. Scarcely, however, was she installed in this place, when her husband discovered her infidelities; and so far from thinking himself honoured by his wife's preferment, he testified his displeasure, by bestowing on the fair Athenais a regular beating, though she was then on duty at the palace. His lady by no means approving of the castigation she had well merited, took these blows so impatiently, that she filled the palace with her cries, which occasioned such an alarm, that her apartments were in an instant filled with persons of the first quality, among whom was the queen. When the Marquis de Montespan was questioned as to the cause that led him to the commission of an outrage so unusual at the court of France, in the height of indignation he proclaimed his wife's iniquities. The king, as may be supposed, was greatly incensed at this scene.

We should be sorry to mention any degree of violence or cruelty practised against one of the fair sex with approbation, but assuredly if ever there were a woman on whom such punishment was well bestowed, it was Madame de Montespan. After her husband had beaten her as much as he thought she deserved, he carried her away with him towards his estates, situate at the foot of the Pyrenees. Before, however, he arrived there, the king overtook them, and taking the lady violently from her husband, brought her back in triumph to the court. Hitherto this disgraceful intrigue had been carried on secretly; but after this explosion, Madame de Montespan appeared at court surrounded by all the infamous honours of her situation. The rage and unhappiness of her husband rendered this connexion a very unpopular one; and the common soldiers did not scruple to tell Madame de Montespan what they thought of her when she appeared in public at reviews and festivals. This manifestation of ill-will did not injure her in the king's favour, but rather led him, out of contradiction, to lavish on this shameless woman honours only meet for royalty. In order to secure her from public insult, he gave her permission to emblazon the royal arms on her carriage, and appointed a royal guard for her escort. Meantime, he banished her husband from Paris and the court to his Pyrenean estates, where he was so harassed by the creditors that his wife's extravagance had drawn on him, that he came to a compromise with the king, and accepted a hundred-thousand crowns as a compensation for remaining peaceable, and without bestowing any more deserved castigation on his faithless helpmate. After being relieved from the fear of her husband's resentment, the insolence of this woman exceeded all bounds. We have seen how she treated the meek and amiable Duchess de la Vallière in the memoir of this lady. When Madame
Montespan first came to court, Mademoiselle de la Vallière had formed a friendship for her, attracted by her sparkling wit and lively talents for conversation. This friendship had first drawn the king’s attention to Madame de Montespan, who never was at rest till she had entirely supplanted Louise de la Vallière in the king’s affections. Nor was she content with reigning absolute when she had attained this power; she made all around her feel her arrogance; and took a pleasure in insulting the queen, as well as humiliating the unhappy lady whose friendship she had betrayed.

In one of the conversazione in which Madame de Montespan used to meet the élite of the professional literati of Paris at the house of the Abbé Scarron, she composed a celebrated epigram against the Duchess de la Vallière, of which we can only quote the first line; but if the rest corresponded with the malice of that portion, it must have been a vile little production, it begins,

"Soyez boîteuse, ayez quinze ans."
"Hop, and only be fifteen."

Madame de Montespan and all her family possessed the dangerous talent of sarcastic wit: she was very amusing, but, for the purpose of entertaining the king, she spared no one in her satirical remarks. The Duke de St. Simon in his Memoirs declares that the courtiers would not on any consideration pass under the windows at Versailles, where she used to sit with the king marking and scandalising each person that passed, and repeating, with mischievous comments, every thing malicious she had either heard or chose to invent. This was the manner she amused the king, and by her liveliness and wit she certainly rendered her company acceptable. Louis had much of the majestic gravity of his Spanish relatives in his temperament; and, though courteous and complimentary to women in general, he was inclined at times to melancholy. To men of this disposition, the sparkling vivacity of a lively woman is completely fascinating; and to this disposition Madame de Montespan owed her long influence over the heart of the king.

Her brother and sisters formed a strong party at the court of France, and made use of every means for the support of her power. This family compact was called by the courtiers the League of Mortemar; and they distinguished Madame de Montespan by the appellation of the Demon of Mortemar.

Louis XIV. wished to exhibit again the spectacle of a tournament; but times were much changed. The king no longer wore on his escutcheon the half-opened rose, adopted by him in 1664, as the appropriate symbol of the modest beauty of the gentle Louise de la Vallière; now his shield was decorated with the colours of Madame de Montespan. One of the sycophants of that lady suggested a new device. On a field of azure, a magnificent diamond star was surrounded by a multitude of silver stars. The motto was, For the most brilliant and the most beautiful. This emblem, though far from being flattering to the other ladies of the court, did not, however, offend against the general rules of gallantry. The spirit of chivalry authorised the praises of a mistress, at the expense of all the other women in the universe. Other manners have produced different conduct; but so long as a man loves only one woman at a time, it is still common to make public profession of admiring only her. Inconstancy is not a new habit, but it was not then so openly avowed, men loved with illusion.

Madame de Montespan’s power was at its greatest height at the time of the king’s journey into Flanders in 1670. The ruin of the Dutch was planned during this journey in the midst of pleasures. It was a continual festival, attended with the utmost pomp and magnificence.

The king, who generally attended these expeditions on horseback, upon this occasion went in a coach. The queen, madame her sister-in-law, and Madame de Montespan, were in this splendid equipage with Louis XIV.; and when Madame de Montespan chose to travel alone, she had four of the king’s guards to attend her.

Madame de Sevigné often mentions this lady, under the character-name of Quanto and Quantnova; which are the names of some of the honours of an obsolete game then much played. Here are Sevigné’s more important notices of this worthless woman.

"Ah, my child, how great is the triumph at Versailles! what an increase of pride! what a solid establishment! what a second Duchess de Valentinois! (this was Madame de Montespan, whose power she compared to that of Diane de
Poictiers;) what pleasure occasioned even by broils and absence! what recovery of influence! I was a whole hour in her apartment; she lay on the bed full-dressed; she was taking her repose for the *media noce.* I presented her your compliments; she answered in the most polite terms, and praised you highly. Her sister, with all the vain glory of Nien, cast several reflections on the unhappy Io (Madame de Ludre), and laughed at her being so foolish as to complain of Madame de Montespan to the king. Figure to yourself every thing that ungenerous pride can suggest when triumphant, and you will not be far from the mark. "The king had a strong fancy for this Madame de Ludre, a beautiful German, lady of honour to madame; but he soon sacrificed her to the fury and artifices of Madame de Montespan."

"He sent a present of 200,000 francs to this neglected fair one. She sent them back, and supported her misfortune with great spirit. She was a canoness: a provision made for her by the court of France, at the request of her royal mistress. It appears she occasionally wore the dress and hood of this order, though it did not prevent her from sharing in all the gaieties and coqueteries of the corrupt court of France."

Nov. 6th. 1676.—Madame de Montespan has been presented with a robe of gold cloth, on a gold ground, with a double gold border embroidered and worked with gold, so that it makes the finest gold stuff ever imagined by human invention. It was contrived by fairies in the secret, for no living wight could have conceived any thing half so beautiful. The manner of presenting it was equally mysterious. Madame de Montespan's mantua-maker carried home the suit she had bespoke, having made it fit, for a purpose: you need not be told the exclamations and scoldings there were on the occasion.

"Madame," said the trembling mantua-maker, "as there is so little time to alter it in, will you have the goodness to try whether this other dress may not fit you better?" It was produced. "Ah!" cried the lady, "how beautiful! What an elegant stuff this is! Pray where did you get it? It must have fallen from the clouds, for a mortal could never have executed any thing like it!" The dress was tried on, it fitted exquisitely. In came the king. "It was made for you, madame," said the mantua-maker.

August, 1676.—"I have seen some of the folks from the court, and they are persuaded that Quanta's power was never more firmly established. She now finds herself superior to all opposition, and has no more apprehension of the little passes, her nieces, than if they were turned to charcoal (these were Mademoiselles de Thianges, afterwards Madame de Nevers and the Duchessa de Sforza). She seems quite exempt from the fear of having shut the wolf in the sheepfold. Her beauty is extreme, her dress equal to her beauty, and her sprightliness equal to her dress.

All this giddy triumph was interrupted first by the king's attachment for the conversation of Madame Scarron, afterwards Madame de Maintenon, who was governess to Madame de Montespan's children, and then by the king's sudden passion for Mademoiselle de Fontanges.

While Madame de Montespan was agitated with the doubts and fears that the king's growing partiality to the company and conversation of Madame de Maintenon inspired, she took the strange resolution of visiting Madame de la Valière in her retreat of the Carmelite convent. As Madame de Maintenon appertained to her part of the royal establishment as governess to her children, she determined to take her with her on this visit, as she dreaded leaving her alone at Versailles. Madame de Maintenon was surprised at this freak, but did not oppose it, as she thought the conversation of the holy sister, Louise de la Misericorde, might produce a salutary effect on the wayward and restless mind of Madame de Montespan, whose temper and manners were at that time peculiarly trying to her.

On their arrival at the convent, Madame de Montespan left her companion in an ante-chamber, and on her exhibiting an order from the archbishop the grate was opened. One would have thought, all things considered, that it required no little confidence in Madame de Montespan to present herself before her former friend, but she possessed confidence sufficient for any situation in which her own whims and caprices placed her. On entering the convent, she asked
for Madame de la Vallière, and was conducted to her cell; it was vacant, as the holy sister was then in church. Madame de Montespan was struck with the gloomy appearance of this penitentiary asylum, which contained only a crucifix, a death’s head, a hassock, a wooden chair, and a coffin.

"Heavens!" said she, "the Duchess de la Vallière has now inhabited this dismal prison three whole years! It was despair which made her take so violent a step, and I was the cause of it—in what light will she look on me?"

It was too late to retreat, for Sister Louise made her appearance; Madame de Montespan was startled on casting her eyes on this lady, whom she expected to find altered, and emaciated by the rigorous discipline of the Carmelites; but three years of austerer abstinence had not made the least impression on her beauty; peace of mind had restored to her all her former bloom; her coarse robe, scapular, and black veil, produced a striking and brilliant contrast with the delicate fairness of her complexion; it seemed as if this simple garb had been purposely invented to give to that angelic countenance all those charms which an interesting association of ideas could effect.

Her presence alone consecrated her cell, as she brought into it piety, peace, and resignation. Ashamed as it were of her own nature, looking upon every thing around her with a mixture of fear and respect, and bereft of all her arrogance, Madame de Montespan remained motionless. Sister Louise advanced towards her, and with a serene countenance said mildly, "You wished to speak to me, let us sit down."

She then presented her with the wooden chair, and took her own seat on the coffin. Madame de Montespan vainly endeavoured to conceal the struggle, occasioned by pride, within her own breast; but after a pause, she began the conversation by exclaiming — "How awfully impressive you appear here! How great and superior!"

"What do you say?" answered Madame de la Vallière, "everything here reminds me of my weakness, had I lived in innocence, I should never have entertained the thought of entering into this sanctuary. I am admitted here by Christian charity only to atone for my past errors. What am I amidst these holy virgins, whose lives have been so pure that their minds would never have become acquainted with the wanderings of the heart, but through my unhappy story? what am I amidst these angels? A poor criminal, unworthy to serve those who have admitted me into their company!"

"And I," said Madame de Montespan, "gracious Heaven! how must I appear in your eyes?"

"Alas!" answered the tender and humble penitent, "the same as I formerly was myself! Who therefore can pity you so much as I can?"

"I shall never possess the resolution to imitate the rigours of your penitence, although the state I am in alarms and appals me."

"Are you then less beloved?" asked Sister Louise, with some emotion.

"Oh! yes; but the particulars of my sufferings would be too long. Advise me in what manner you broke those chains which detain me only to rack me with mental agony."

"By throwing myself into the arms of my God, and loving him with fervour, whom I had so grievously offended by my culpable life," was the reply.

Madame de Montespan could not comprehend these exalted feelings; and as the ice was once broken, she entered into long complaints of the perfidy and ingratitude of Madame de Maintenon, as if she had a right to the sympathy of her heart.

"It is she, it is my own friend," she cried, "that robs me of the heart of the king."

"Your friend! Ah! what must your sufferings be," replied Sister Louise, whose mind naturally glanced back to former times when the woman before her acted that self-same part which her gross egotism caused her to blame so severely in another.

"But," continued she, "Madame de Maintenon’s virtue is so well known, that most likely her only aim is to bring the king back to the paths of religion."

"I suppose," interrupted Madame de Montespan, "you pray for his conversion?"

"Yes, and for yours too," replied la Vallière.

"Do not pray, I beg, that I may become a Carmelite," said Madame de Montespan.
Memoir of Madame de Montespan.

“Why, in quitting the king, what trouble should you feel in renouncing the rest of the world?”

“A great deal,” replied Madame de Montespan, “such a conversion would not suit my habits, and I entreat you not to pray for it, for I fear your prayers would prevail.”

At that instant a bell was heard which summoned Sister Louise into the convent parlour; she proceeded thither with Madame de Montespan, and found there Madame de Maintenon, surrounded by all the sisterhood. Madame de Maintenon examined the Duchess de la Vallière with the most lively interest, and cast her eyes alternately on her and on Madame de Montespan. One of the sisterhood observing her, asked what it was that so profoundly occupied her attention.

“I am reflecting,” she replied, “on Magdalen the sinner, and Magdalen the saint.”

Madame de Montespan possessed so much natural levity, that a few minutes’ general conversation in the convent parlour effaced from her mind the impressions of awe she had received in the cell of Madame de la Vallière, that she had the hardihood to ask her, when she took leave of her, whether she had any message or remembrance that she could carry for her to Monseigneur’s brother.

“No, madam,” was the dignified reply of the lovely penitent, “I never speak of him but to God.”

This answer is strictly historical, and there never was one more beautifully appropriate.

On the return of Madame de Montespan to Versailles, Bossuet, the bishop of Meaux, went by the king’s desire with the request that she would pass three months at Clagny. Neither exile nor disgrace were mentioned, but Madame de Montespan knew this order was on the verge of both, and must be obeyed. It was a sacrifice that the king’s spiritual directors had prevailed on him to make, as his attachment to a married woman had drawn on them both the reproaches of the church; and to the honour of the Catholic priesthood be it mentioned, that this shameless woman, when in the height of her prosperity, could not obtain from the poorest curé absolution, and the administration of the eucharist, without she renounced her sinful life; and the same circumstance occurred in a more corrupt era during the reign of Louis XV., when all the power and bribery of the king could not obtain these offices for the infamous Madame de Pompadour.

The penitence that had began to have some effect on the life of Louis XIV. by leading him back to the company of the queen, to which he was persuaded by Madame de Maintenon, was interrupted by a new passion. When Madame de Montespan returned to court, she found there a young beauty, who had appeared as maid of honour to Madame la Duchess d’Orléans—this was Mademoiselle de Fontanges. The king had passed her over as a gauche and ignorant country girl, till Madame de Montespan perpetually pointed out her beauty, in hopes of diverting his attention from the dreaded influence of Madame de Maintenon; but when she found the king became perfectly infatuated with this young beauty, she was transported into one of her usual fits of rage, and vowed she would kill her children, and tear them limb from limb in his presence. This Medea-like behaviour only hastened her fall; her children were too well guarded by Madame de Maintenon, who had always acted the part of a parent to them for them to suffer by the desperation of their outrageous mother, and the king felt for Madame de Montespan but horror and disgust. Madame de Montespan received the news of the early death of the Duchess de Fontanges, her beautiful rival, with a coarse and insolent exultation, that disgusted Louis more than ever. She thought that after the death of the Duchess de Fontanges, she should regain all her former power. She wrote to the king a letter, in which she expressed her passion in the most extravagant and violent terms: this language, so ill-suited and unbecoming in a woman, appeared revolting to Louis, and contempt and disgust completely dissolved that criminal attachment. The king entirely and for ever broke off all connexion with Madame de Montespan; she, however, remained at court, and retained her situation with the queen.

The question often arises to the reader of history, did this woman poison the young Fontanges, or not? But that point will be further discussed in the memoir of that unfortunate young lady.

Madame de Montespan never was a duchess, and never had the right to the envied tabouret. For some reason, the
king, so lavish of honours and wealth to his favourites, would never grant Madame de Montespan that honour. This fact has puzzled all writers of that era; but no doubt it sprung from the denial of the church to give her absolution, and to admit her to the sacramental table: for a married woman living in adultery with a married man, was justly considered by the Gallican church to be in a state of reprobacy unworthy to communicate with Christians; and according to the etiquette of the court of the queens of France, the duchesses who have a right to be seated in their presence, must, before presentation, have received the rites of confession, absolution, and the eucharist, there being a test-act for this honour something like that lately in force in English corporations. These rites were denied to Madame de Montespan, without, at least, an apparent reconciliation with her husband: but when Père de la Tour induced her to submit to so dreadful an act of penitence as to write a conciliatory letter to her husband, it was useless, for the Marquis de Montespan treated her epistle with the contempt it deserved, and would never see his wife, or hear her name mentioned.

Madame de Montespan remained at court after the death of the queen, Maria Theresa, and even after the marriage of Louis with Madame de Maintenon; this marriage she affected never to believe; nevertheless, she then ceased quarrelling with and reproaching that lady, and professed anew the most devoted friendship for her. Her last appearance at court was at the marriage of her son, the Duc de Maine, with Louise Benedicta de Bourbon, grand-daughter to the great Condé. Among the diversions on this occasion, there was seen the first of the fancy fairs, so fashionable at the present day; Madame de Montespan kept one of the stalls or shops, assisted by the dauphin. After this she appeared no more in public with the king; her time was chiefly spent at the convent of St. Joseph at Paris, whose nuns she patronised: sometimes she dissipated her ennuiform by travelling to her estates, and to the baths of Bourbon.

The king allowed her a pension of a thousand Louis d'ors per month. In her latter years she became extremely aversive and grieved to her children. She had occasional fits of remorse, and testified some sense of religion; but these feelings had no real influence on her mind, as she constantly regretted the criminal life that she had never voluntarily renounced; and whenever the court removed to Fontainebleau, she went to her estate at Petitbourg, close by, where from her garden terrace she could see the royal cortège without being seen, and there she used to walk, and weep for her past splendour.

She preserved her beauty till the end of her life. She was seized by death on a journey to the baths of Bourbon. The circumstances were dreadful: she testified agonies of remorse and the utmost terror at her approaching dissolution; she rejected frantically the last aids of religion, because she would not allow she was dying. She expired at a little inn by the road-side, without consolation or hope, entirely abandoned to the care of mechanic domestics: she saw but one of her children, who merely came to plunder her; for his first care was to search in the bosom of his dying mother for the keys of her treasure chests, and these he took by force from her—this was the Duc d'Antin, her eldest son by her husband.

Madame de Montespan bequeathed her heart to the convent of La Flèche, her body to the abbey of St. Germain, and her entrails to the priory of St. Menoux, which was only three leagues distant from the place of her death. La Flèche and St. Germain received their legacies; and, in order that the wishes of the deceased might be strictly followed, a countryman was entrusted to carry to the priory of St. Menoux that part of her mortal remains which was destined for it. Unfortunately, they forgot to acquaint him with the nature of his burden; half way on the road, impelled by curiosity, he opened the box, and thinking that he was the object of some joke, he threw the contents on a heap of rubbish which was close at hand—and a herd of swine, animals in their nature esteemed to be the lowest, passing at the moment, devoured eagerly this portion of the mortal remains of this once high, haughty, and abandoned woman!!!

She was neither bewailed nor regretted; she left in France an odious and disgraceful memory. Madame de Montespan had a fine figure, of the most elegant proportions; her eyes were full of fire and spirit; her smile singularly fascinating, though at times malignant: she had beau-
tiful light hair, and remarkably lovely hands and arms. Her taste in dress was
magnificent. Madame de Sevigné, we
have seen, speaks of a certain marvellous
robe, compounded of various shades of
bright and dead gold tissue, that was the
admiration of the court in the days of her
splendour.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.
The hair is arranged in the Vandyke
style, with a knot of flowers at the side.
The dress is of Mazarine blue satin, en-
tirely bordered with point lace, cut with
a train, and bordered with three rows of
lace, somewhat similar to the dress of
Marion de Lorme. A robing of lace is
placed up the front, and expands on the
chest into a stomacher: a fall of the
same is continued round the bust. The
corsage is pointed, and is finished with
gold coloured tabs. The sleeves are
very elegant: from beneath the point
lace-fall appear slashes of blue satin,
which are confined with a row of gold
tabs; beneath this, full white guaze
sleeves reach the middle of the lower
arm: they are tied in puffs with rose
coloured ribbon, and finished with a
point lace ruffle. The jewels are eme-
rals, being a throat necklace, a cross-
letted chain fastened on the corsage of
the dress, and rows of beads wound
round both arms for bracelets.
She holds in one hand a bunch of
lilies. Her shoes are white, richly
worked in gold.

THE REFUSAL.
BY THE LATE MISS PEARSON.

Press’d by his friends, “a clever girl” to marry,
“ I’m sick of clever misses,” cried Sir Harry;
“I’d rather take a wife without a guinea,
Simple and lovely, and not quite a ninny,
Than any rich Blue you can recommend me;
From all such learned clerks, kind fate defend me;
These lady dabblers in old Greek and Latin;
Anna Commenas—Crichtons in white satin,
Revolt my taste; just as the women hate
Dandies, who love of silk and lace to prate:
I loathe all such travesties, and will never
Take for my wife a girl the world calls “clever;”
For that, in eighteen hundred and thirty-four,
Implies, I apprehend, a great deal more,
Than the same word conveyed in days of yore.”

Our grandmothers were clever when they wrote
A fine Italian hand, and penn’d a note
Without a blunder in orthography—
And knew just so much of geography
As to be certain continents were dry lands,
And when seas circle lands, those lands are islands;
That Egypt is not in America,
Nor Ganges next door neighbour to the Tay.
Moreover, dames were listeners in those days,
The art of listening is above all praise.
Now! what a change, with tongues like forging hammers,
They beat you down with algebra and grammars;
Italian, French,—nay! Latin, I might grant,
But six tongues sure a woman cannot want?
A clever wife must show off the each acquirement,
Sprinkling her jargon thro’ our calm retirement,
Throwing wet blankets on all conversation
That is not argument; or dissertation,
On Locke, mnemonics, Dugald Stewart, Reid,
And all the goose-quill phalanx each side Tweed.
Too Late.

They've always some cramp subject on the tapis,
That makes a slight-read fellow quite unhappy:
One snaps you up for error in chronology;
Another pester you with craniology,
And votes your skull sans brains, without apology.

Unlike to these, my wife must be a creature
As feminine in mind, as form or feature.
Her voice of music like to Memnon's lyre,
When played upon by rays of heavenly fire;
Serene her temper as the summer seas,
Sleeping beneath the balmy evening breeze;
Her language sensible, yet kind and tender—
To such a girl my soul I could surrender,
If she to me could be alone devoted,
Nor ever sigh to be or praised or quoted:
Must relish Campbell, Moore, and Neele, as I do,
But know no more of book-making than Dido;
Nor ever seek to dabble in the knowledge,
Becoming in the fellows of a college:
Goliath's head upon a pigmy's shoulders,
Must be preposterous to all beholders.
No wife for me of such undue dimensions;
Thanks to my friends for all their good intentions.

Doubtless, they'll quote me Epictetus Carter,
Who could write Greek, stitch shirts, or net a garter;
Alive to all the minor cares of life—
A pattern for a chimney-corner wife:
Who of her classic lore made no parade,
But rather sought to keep it in the shade.
There are exceptions to all rules; and she,
I grant, was charming as a Blue could be.
But what a risk to run with open eyes,
Amid such lots of blanks to gain a prize.
I might, by chance, find one sweet Betsy Carter,
But 'tis much likelier I should catch a Tartar.

TOO LATE.

A TALE OF THE CONSULATE.

"... Ils disent que ce n'est rien, qu'on ne souffre pas; que c'est une fin douce; que la mort de cette façon, est bien simplifiée."—VICTOR HUGO.

"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower: he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."—Service for the Burial of the Dead.

The peace of Amiens was of short duration.
Is the course of the year 1803, war again broke out between France and England.
The failure of the plot of the infernal machine, which had been constructed to destroy General Bonaparte, had been the means of making him perpetual consul; and the conspiracy headed by George Cadoudal, Pichegru, and Moreau, raised him to the rank of emperor.
Hitherto all plots for replacing the

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Bourbons on the throne had failed. The French emigrants in England were persuaded that there still existed in France a republican faction, in whose eyes the first consul was not less odious than he himself was to the partisans of the fallen dynasty; hence they made no scruple of endeavouring to form a union between the fanatical democrats and those of the ancient monarchy. This end seemed to sanctify so singular an association, having for its object one purpose, namely, the overthrow of Bonaparte; and, once at-
tained, each party was destined to resume its former independence. The royalists were to set up the white banner to the cry of "vivent les Bourbons!" and the other party was to replace the "bonnet rouge," and cry "vive la liberté!" The several partisans were to rally round their favourite standards, and the government of the country was ultimately to become vested in the hands of the predominant faction.

For the execution of this project, it was necessary to gain over to their side a man of importance, and, if possible, a military man high in command; who also possessed sufficient influence to unite for a time firmly the malcontents of these two factions. Moreau was selected for this purpose, and active agents were employed to negotiate with him. Unfortunately, the brave victor of Hohenlinden, with his known irresolution of character, and his animosity against (the general) his brother in arms, suffered himself to be led away by hopes and promises, which, in his zeal, he looked upon as indubitably certain of producing for himself great and important consequences. Moreau and his party required an efficient coadjutor for the management of affairs distant from the metropolis, and the choice fell upon George Cadoudal, who had raised himself to the head of a party of men of whose devotion and intrepidity he was certain.

These preliminary matters once arranged, the transport of the conspirators into France became the primary object. It was agreed that they should endeavour to land in divided parties; and, in order to give the enterprise a more imposing character, one of the French princes, preceded by his most zealous partisans, was to form part of the fourth and last expedition.

The very day on which the first consul used these memorable and prophetic words in the presence of the "Corps législatif": "Le gouvernement Britannique tentera de jeter sur nos côtes, et peut-être y a déjà jeté quelques-uns de ces monstres qu'il a nourris, pendant la paix, pour déchirer le sol qui les a vus naître," two landings were effected. In one of these was George Cadoudal, and about twenty of his associates, who disembarked at Biville, between Dieppe and Tréport, on the coast of Normandy.

Regnier, then at the head of the police, had information of this occurrence in Paris the day after it took place.

Some months elapsed before the conspirators assembled in Paris, and through want of discretion several were speedily detected; by which means the certainty of the existence of the plot, and its purpose, became fully known. The conspiracy once brought to light, the safety of the first consul rendered necessary arbitrary and immediate arrests. Pichegru, formerly banished by the Convention, had returned in secret from London to aid the cause of his friend George Cadoudal. His caption was now looked upon as an object of the first importance, in order to identify the other conspirators in the capital, and to prove the culpability of Moreau.

A law was consequently passed, declaring the concealment of Cadoudal and his sixty brigands (as they were called) a capital crime; and, as if the dread of punishment was insufficient, the police added the promise of a pecuniary reward for his deliverance into their power. This law produced the desired effect; the denunciations became numerous, and the conspirators were under the necessity of quitting their places of refuge. The French police, ever active, in this instance used more than its wonted activity. Moreau had already been incarcerated in the Temple, and a few days after Pichegru was taken. George Cadoudal was, in his turn, seized; and shortly after nearly all their remaining partisans, amongst whom the brothers Polignac, the Marquis de Rivière, and others whose excess of zeal had defeated their own cause. By law these individuals were amenable before a military commission, and a criminal tribunal was therefore organised for the occasion.

Although the barriers of Paris were kept close, and every person going to and fro interrogated, searched, and examined with the strictest attention, some of the band were fortunate enough to reach the shores of Brittany, whence they embarked for England.

Victor Deville was one of the conspirators; a youth twenty years of age, descended from an ancient and noble Norman family, rich, and courageous, the last and only hope of an aged and widowed mother, he regarded himself as destined for a noble mission, that of delivering his country from the rising power and tyranny of Bonaparte.

He had gone to England two years
Previously to this calamitous moment, on the death of his father, who had long before emigrated. Associating with other emigrants, they soon discovered in the young Deville his ardent and enthusiastic spirit. Already at his disposal a large fortune, it made them wish, if possible, to associate him in their plans against the first consul. They presented him, personally, to Cadoudal, whom he had previously met in Brittany, and he soon became acquainted with many others who were to form a part in the projected expedition. Although he did not wholly approve of the opinions of his companions, he nevertheless solicited the honour of enrolling his name amongst those destined to take the most active part in the conspiracy.

Victor had entered France previously to the period of the landing on the French coast, for the purpose of visiting his mother, who resided at Rouen. Carefully concealing the existence of the plot against the life of the first consul, he made a pretext for wishing to pass some time in Paris. Madame Deville, whose maternal fondness for her son nearly amounted to idolatry, gave, at length, a reluctant consent, entreating him to write very frequently. Victor's first care upon his arrival in Paris, was to seek out such of his confederates as were still in the capital; but before eight days had elapsed, he was almost the only one who preserved his liberty: by daily changing his abode amongst his numerous friends, Deville found means to escape the vigilance of the police. The noble-hearted youth, unwilling, however, longer to endanger their safety, was soon reduced to the most fearful expedients, in order to save himself from the impending destruction.

Every means having failed, he ultimately found himself reduced to the horrible alternative of seeking a refuge in the lowest of the haunts of vice, for he thought they would never seek a fugitive in such a place; but he could not long endure such a horrible place of refuge. His first aim might have been to have quitted the capital, but for an unfortunate attachment for the widow of an officer killed at Marengo, who had, nevertheless, refused to listen to one she called a boy. In his dilemma, not knowing whether to turn, Victor ultimately decided upon applying where he was tolerably certain of success. He wrote to a well-known and celebrated actress, stating himself to be an Englishman, deprived for the moment of the possibility of returning to his native country. This note was accompanied by a beautiful Cachemere shawl,—a valuable gift at that time, because they had but recently been imported from India. He had not long to wait for an answer—his present had not been disdained, and he was informed that he was expected in the course of the same evening.

About midnight, Victor Deville turned his steps towards the Chausée d'Antin. In a moment after he had knocked the door was opened, and a femme de chambre stepped forward, inquiring—"Is it you, milord?" And receiving a reply in the affirmative, she led the way along a vestibule dimly lighted, ascended a narrow flight of steps, and after having traversed a kind of ante-room, she ushered him into a splendid saloon, where she left him alone. A half glass door, which, on account of its draperies, he had mistaken for a window, shortly after opened, and Mlle. ——, then in the zenith of her youth and beauty, appeared. After a few trivial compliments, the actress addressed him.

"Milord," she said, "the excessive liberality which you have displayed in seeking this interview, merits, on my part, an equal candour"—she paused.

"Explain yourself, madame."

"It might happen, milord, that during the visit with which you have honoured me, that—that we may be interrupted—that, in short, I should be under the necessity of requesting you to pass to another room; still," she added, after a moment's pause, "I do not think it likely—I do not imagine he will come to-night."

"Madame, I do not exactly understand."

"Enfin, milord," resumed the lady, lowering her voice, and bending her eyes downwards with an affectation of humility, my sincerity obliges me to——" "Proceed, madame."

"It sometimes happens that the first consul deigns to pass his spare moments here; and, milord, how would it be possible for an obscure and humble individual like myself to decline the honour of—his preference! his power is so——"

At these words Victor's head beat violently; he became alternately red and
pale, and his whole frame seemed agitated by some violent emotion.

The lady, ascribing the sudden change in his manner to another sentiment, continued with more animation—"Be calm, milord, be calm; I may almost say that I have not the slightest fear of our being disturbed, for I have received no message, and the first valet-de-chambre never fails in due time to apprise me."

It was then too late to retract: Victor, moreover, thought it unlikely that at that precise time, when affairs of the first consequence called for his attention, Bonaparte would bestow any portion on a courtesan; he therefore, having reassured the actress in his turn, requested to be favoured with materials for writing "a letter," he said, "of the utmost consequence."

Mdlle.—having pulled the bell, pointed to the door by which she had entered; "there," she said, "you will find all you require, without fear of being disturbed."

Victor seated himself at the table, and commenced his epistle to the Widow Naugelet, who certainly had not at that moment the least thought of him.

Half the night was passed, when Deville was roused from his occupation. The heavy knocker had twice resounded—the porte-cochère creaked on its hinges, and a carriage drove into the court.

"'Tis he!—'tis he!" cried the actress, rushing into the boudoir half undressed, a fur cloak thrown upon her shoulders.

"Who?" inquired Victor; surprised, but not alarmed.

"Bonaparte! In the name of heaven, milord, retire." And opening a small door that communicated with her dressing-room, and which conducted to a private staircase, she almost dragged Victor after her.

The room into which they entered was low and gloomy, being merely lighted by a night-lamp. Our hero might here have enjoyed undisturbed repose, but for the invincible curiosity which took possession of his mind to behold the man to whom he would have given worlds to have been opposed in mortal combat. He opened the door, and hearing no noise ascended the stairs, and found himself once more in the dressing-chamber; thence making his way to the boudoir, where he had written his letter, on tip-toe he approached the glass door, and carefully lifting a corner of the curtain, his eyes eagerly sought to obtain a glance of his mortal enemy. He saw a man who, however, from the portraits exhibited in every shop, he would scarcely have recognised as the first consul.

Bonaparte was pacing the room from corner to corner, his hands crossed behind his back; he wore a blue great coat closely buttoned, and a round hat, which, by concealing his finely-formed brow, diminished in great measure his noble and warlike appearance. His once colourless complexion was at that period inclining to sallow; his dark brown hair was arranged without order; but his grey eye was bright, clear, and full of expression, whilst an almost electric glance that momentarily shot forth, denoted the sublime genius of the greatest man of the age. His face was thin, his nose long and pointed, but his mouth was beautifully formed, and his smile possessed an irresistible sweetness. The general cast of his countenance was, however, grave, inclining even to melancholy; and had it not been for an occasional contraction of the lips, he might have been likened to a statue of thought.

Long and earnestly did the youth gaze upon him.

The beautiful actress was present, awaiting like a favourite sultana, a look, a sign, a word.

When Deville saw Bonaparte approach and take her hand, he let fall the curtain, and once more regained the chamber into which he had been led. Reclining upon a sofa, he was beginning to doze, when he was awakened by a piercing cry, and the sound of approaching footsteps: he started up, the door opened, and the actress, her hair dishevelled, and in a state of the most violent agitation, entered: she seemed half frantic.

"Help! help! In the name of Heaven!" she cried in a voice half choked; "help! he is dying!"

"Who?"

"Bonaparte! Oh! come, come! hasten, for pity's sake, ere it be too late!" And she seized Victor's hands.

"It may be," she said, "only a transient weakness to which he is subject; but he has expressly forbidden me, if ever he should be so seized, either to call for the assistance of his own attendants or mine.—Oh! milord, I am alone, help him, he is totally insensible."
"And is it me, madame, you would seek to aid the first consul?"

"Wherefore not?—though English, and perhaps his enemy, you would not harm him—but hasten, he does not know you—come, in the name of humanity."

Once more she led the way, and Victor followed; he crossed the saloon, and entered a sleeping apartment, where on a couch lay extended the apparently lifeless form of Bonaparte. A death-like paleness had overspread his features, his eyes were closed, his lips livid.

The young conspirator's heart beat almost audibly, and his frame was convulsed, whilst, for a moment, he stood gazing on his mortal foe. One hand he placed on the heart of the first consul, as to seek for its beating; the other grasped the hilt of a poniard, which he carried in his bosom.

"Now!" he thought, "is the moment to rid my country of a tyrant!"

He half drew forth the dagger—it was the infirmity but of a moment—and all the better feelings of his nature prevailed, before even the cowardice and atrocity of the act presented themselves in their true colours to his imagination.

"What!" said he, "would I dishonour my name by becoming a base assassin?"—turning to the actress, "bring hither water!"

He bathed the general's temples, chafed his hands, poured a cordial through his clenched teeth, and, in short, employed every possible means for his recovery. By an almost imperceptible movement of his patient's eyelids, he perceived symptoms of returning animation. Victor rushed from the room, crying, "He is saved!—he is saved!" Another instant, and he had quitted the house.

Meanwhile, as time passed on, the spies became more active, and Victor's more cautious movements better known. Aware of his daily habit of conveying letters to the residence of the lady to whom he was attached, they thought themselves sure of their prey. As he waited late at night in a hôtel, at the corner of the street, the return of the coachman, whom he had dispatched with a letter to number 39, in the Rue de l'Université, both doors were suddenly opened, and he was seized and dragged from the vehicle. Deville, aware that he was recognised, but unwilling to use his weapons except in the last extremity, contrived by a sudden spring to elude the grasp of his assailants; and judging that his only hope was in flight, he soon distanced them so completely, that they gave up the apparently hopeless pursuit. At length, when exhausted by the rapidity of his movements, he ventured to pause and look around, he found himself at no great distance from the Barrière de Monceaux.

Day was beginning to dawn, Victor Deville saw the impossibility of remaining longer in the capital; but how was he to pass the barrière? Whilst deliberating, he saw a cart coming towards him, on which were piled a number of empty baskets: without hesitation he approached, putting two Louis d'ors into the man's hand, asked to be permitted to lie beneath the straw at the bottom of the cart. The driver consented, and in a few moments he was effectually concealed. The clerks of the Customs, who were in the habit of daily seeing the gardener pass to and from the market with his vegetables, paid no attention to so ordinary a circumstance; and once beyond their reach, the young man thanked his conductor, and directed his steps towards Montmorency, where he knew that a former servant of his father's resided; hoping to secure an asylum for the night.

Arrived at Montmorency, he inquired for Leblanc, and was told he had removed to Andilly; thither Victor proceeded. He knocked at the door of a small house—Leblanc and his wife, however, were in Paris, and not expected before night. Thus disappointed, and drooping from fatigue and want, the poor young man turned towards the neighbouring copse, and plunging into the thicket, threw himself upon the damp moss beneath the underwood, hoping to be able to recruit his failing strength by a few hours sleep. It was still the winter season. The ground was cold and damp, and the winds howled sharp and piercing through the leafless trees, and every thing presaged a sad and gloomy day to the unfortunate fugitive. Benumbed by cold, and wet through by the rain which had begun to fall abundantly, Victor began to feel the gnawings of hunger. "If," said he, "I could only sleep, the evening might perhaps be better than the morning!" But sleep came not to close his wearied eyelids; and thus he, who had been nursed
in the lap of luxury, remained till night, exposed to the rigours of the most inclement season.

A little before dusk he returned to the house and found Leblanc, by whom he was admitted. Victor was received with so much kindness by the aged domestic, that he hesitated not to disclose his real situation to him. The old servant, if he did not approve of the sentiments of his young master, did not appear by any means displeased. After a plentiful repast, Leblanc conducted his guest to a small chamber, where, telling him he might repose in safety, he bade him good-night.

About midnight, however, his host, yielding to the solicitations, the fears, and the menaces of his wife, quitted his home for the base purpose of betraying the son of his former benefactor! He proceeded to the mayor's house.

"In the course of the evening," said the wretch, at his interview, "I was induced through mere motives of compassion to give an asylum to the son of an emigrant, with whose family I was formerly acquainted. His name is Deville. By his disordered appearance and his agitation, I judge that the young man has been guilty of some crime; and under such circumstances, I am persuaded I render an important service to the state in denouncing him. I am therefore come to offer to give him up to you; he is at this moment at my house."

At four o'clock in the morning, the mayor, accompanied by Mauginot, the lieutenant of gendarmerie, a brigadier and four gendarmes, returned with Leblanc to Andilly. Madame Leblanc herself introduced them into the chamber where her unsuspecting victim lay, before he was sufficiently awake to make use of his pistols. So spirited, however, was his resistance, that three sabre wounds were inflicted upon him, and covered with blood, "I yield," said he, "do not assassinate me."

The prisoner, bound hand and foot, and wrapped in a blanket, was thrown into a cart, and instantly conveyed to Paris, where, at an early hour, he arrived, at the residence of Count Réal.

Regnier, who was instantly apprized of the arrest of another of George Cadoudal's accomplices, came himself to examine the prisoner.

To all the interrogations of the magis-

trate, Victor replied with brevity and firmness.

Questioned as to the date of his return to France, he said he did not remember the day.

Regnier pursued his interrogatories.

"Did you not come from England here?" "Yes."

"With whom?"

"Alone."

"What was your object in returning to France?"

"To deliver my country from a tyrant."

"This deliverance was to be effected with the dagger found upon you?"

"It was by arms, such as those worn by the guard of the first consul."

"Who induced you to return to France?"

"I came of my own accord."

"Where have you lodged all this time."

"No where."

"What persons were you in the habit of seeing?"

"I shall not name them—it would serve but to increase the list of your victims."

"Your wounds shall be dressed."

"It is unnecessary; let me be thrown into a dungeon, there at least I may enjoy some repose without fearing treachery, or being annoyed with questions."

His trial was to take place with that of the other conspirators; and during the days that preceded his sentence, Victor endeavoured to tranquillise the fears of his mother, who had hastened to Paris, as soon as the news of his arrest had reached her.

He constantly told her he had a certain means of saving his head; but that, as it was an inviolable secret, it could not be divulged until the latest moment.

Sentence of death was passed upon him.

"Well, my son!" cried his mother, "where are now the hopes with which you have flattered me?—you, too, have been condemned to the scaffold."

"Yes, mother, but your name will not be dishonoured; I shall not mount the scaffold! Here is a letter that I have written to the emperor; do all you can to have it delivered before night, and, if it be possible, let it be opened by himself—But, mother, above all, let nothing tempt you to see Madame Bonaparte."

"What! my son!" exclaimed his mother; "you forbid me to seek the inter-
cessions of her, who never yet refused to listen to the voice of misery!—who never yet dismissed the mourner comfortless!—who never yet refused to plead, and on her knee to pray to her husband, 'till she obtained the life she sued for! Oh! Victor! Victor! wherefore this mystery?'

"Mother!" he cried, "you must not, if you would save me. This letter contains a secret—go, and weep not: I can answer for the success of your mission."

The unhappy mother obeyed.

Napoleon, who had now ceased to be designated as first consul, was at this period at Malmaison; and Madame Deville arrived at the hour when, after breakfast, he was in the habit of playing a game of billiards, surrounded by his aides-de-camp and general officers: it was not without difficulty she succeeded in having the letter put into his hand.

The emperor read the superscription, and turning the letter two or three times in his hand, "Lemarlois," said he, reaching it to a superior officer, "you are not playing, open this, and see what such urgent matter is;" and he continued his game.

Lemarlois did as he was directed; but he had scarcely read two lines, when folding it precipitantly, he returned it to the first consul with visible embarrassment.

"Sire, this is private."

Napoleon took the letter, and glancing his quick eye over its contents, he turned pale. He quitted the table, and approaching the window, read on.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed in an under tone, "to have seen me thus!"—After a moment's hesitation, he smiled.

"Lemarlois!" he said, "you will find a lady in the ante-room, tell her to return at ten to-morrow morning."

With a heavy heart, Madame Deville returned to her son.

"Well, mother, cheer up!" cried the youth, when he heard what she had to say: "cheer up, I am saved! As the first consul desires to see you to-morrow, it is certain he means to grant my pardon—were he inclined to refuse, mother, do you think he would receive you?"

His mother shook her head.

"Let us hope in God! my child!" she said, throwing herself into her son's arms.

Still Madame Deville was not tranquil; she knew that eleven on the morrow was the appointed hour!

As soon as it was day, the unhappy mother's first care was to see the executioner, whom she implored by all he held sacred upon earth, to defer as long as possible the execution of her unfortunate son, telling him she was to have his pardon at ten o'clock. The man listened to her with the interest of pity.

"I believe you, madame," he said; "but, for Heaven's sake, let there be as little delay as possible—recollect—the hour once come—I must do my duty."

Madame Deville would not, however, quit him until he had faithfully promised to retard the fatal moment as much as lay in his power.

At eight o'clock she arrived at Malmaison:—the first consul was just gone out to hunt!

At this terrible news, one heart-rending shriek burst from the wretched and broken-hearted mother! The blood rushed in torrents to her heart—she fell—never to rise again!....

* * *

The populace of Paris had been assembling from the earliest dawn at the Place de Grève. The executioner was already there, employed in the erection of the horrible machine of slaughter. The pavement around the scaffold was covered with a thick layer of sand, and the bright and pointed blade of the guillotine gleamed occasionally in the fitful sunbeam. The preparations were at length concluded—the theatre was ready for the fatal tragedy—the spectators assembled—the appearance of the principal actors in the fearful drama was alone wanting. At eleven o'clock, George Cadoul and his accomplices, twelve in number, arrived—Victor Deville was amongst them!....

Eleven had already paid the forfeit of their lives, when the executioner suspended for a moment his horrible task!

At first, he turned round the apparatus, as if something had gone amiss; then by gestures more than words, he gave the populace to understand it was out of repair; at length he dismissed one of his assistants for the carpenter, who employed as much time as possible in its repair: frequently did he turn his eyes towards the Quai Pelletier, and as often did he turn them with an expression of deep commiseration on the unfortunate Victor. At length, either through a mistaken pity for the hapless victim, or that their thirst for blood was not yet
slacked, a murmur that soon increased to imprecations ran through the multitude; and when their cries became deafening, the authorities interfered. Still the headsman delayed, till the enraged populace commenced tearing up the pavement, and even flung stones at the executioner: further delay he saw was useless, and making a sign to the priest to quit the prisoner, he himself assisted Victor to mount the scaffold.

The wretched youth was bound to the fatal plank. Once more the executioner turned his eyes in the direction of the Quai Pelletier,—he saw nothing. A pin might have been heard to fall, so death-like was the stillness that had succeeded to the loud vociferations of the multitude. In another moment, the noise of the falling instrument announced that the last sacrifice had been consummated.

The head had scarcely fallen into the basket, placed beneath to receive it, when a distant buzz was heard. All turned their heads towards the Quai Pelletier: a horseman, wearing the uniform of the first consul’s guard, was seen galloping towards the spot with the rapidity of lightning; the animal was foaming at the mouth, and its sides were running with gore. When near enough to be distinguished, he waved a paper in the air.

“Pardon!” he cried, “a free pardon from the emperor for Victor Deville!”

A shriek of horror burst simultaneously from the multitude.

It was too late!

L. V. F——.

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THE TOMB OF JOSEPHINE.

BY LYDIA SIGOURNEY.

(From the Knickerbocker Magazine.)

“Josephine, Eugene, et Hortense.”

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Empress of Earth’s most polished clime!
Whose path of splendid care
Did touch the zenith-point of hope,
The nadir of despair,—
Here doth thy wronged, confiding heart
Resign its tortured thrill,
And slumber like the peasant’s dust,
All unconcerned, and still!

Did Love you arch of marble rear,
To mark the hallowed ground,
And bid those doric columns spring
With clustering roses crowned?
Say,—did it come with gifts of peace
To deck thy couch of gloom,
And like relenting Athens bless
Its guiltless martyr’s tomb?

No! no! the stern and callous breast,
Seared by Ambition’s flame,
No kindlings of remorse confessed
At thy remembered name;
Alike the Corsican adjoined,
With harsh and ingrate tone,
The beauty and the love that paved
His pathway to a throne.

Empress!—the filial blossoms nursed
Within thy bosom’s fold,
Survived the wreath that throne’d Love
To heartless Glory sold;
Those hands thy monument have reared,
Where pausing pilgrims come,—
That voice thy mournful requiem poured,
Though all the world was dumb.

Hertford, Conn.
A DESCRIPTION OF SIR JOHN SOANE'S HOUSE AND MUSEUM

BY A LADY.

The Lady's Magazine for June contained a short account of the New Palace, it is presumed that a similar memorial of the apartment extensively crowded and beautiful place can hardly fail to be acceptable. During the present month (July), on each Thursday, this museum is open for such visitors as apply for permission to view it. To prevent the inconvenience of a crowd, a letter must be left at the house not later than the Monday previously. As this is one of the greatest mysteries of the present age, it affords, and, indeed, the only one given by any individual, we sincerely hope that many of our fair readers will avail themselves of it: although the treasures of art here offered to the eye may be more especially valued by the connoisseur and the artist, because such things are always best appreciated by the best informed, yet every one will find something to please him, and all must be charmed by the exquisite arrangement and general effect of the collection.

We presume that it is known to our readers, from the public testimonial of honour and esteem lately offered to Sir John Soane, by his brother architects, in presenting him with a gold medal, that he has been long collecting scarce and beautiful fragments of architecture, valuable medals, ancient sculptures, ornaments, busts, pillars, monuments, and, above all, the unrivalled sarcophagi, brought from Egypt by Belzoni; together with drawings of designs, paintings of the highest character, and an unparalleled library: all of which he has arranged in his own dwelling and the adjoining ground, in such a manner, as to become most effective for the purposes of study; and that he has presented them, together with a liberal sum for their preservation and custody, to his country, as a means of improving the taste of future architects.

With the sense of personal admiration for such a noble act, yet unaware what we were to see, we joined a small party, who had received permission to view the house and museum. Our first impression was that of finding too confined a space for the exhibition of those treasures of art, of which, in general terms, we conceived his house to be the repository; but we were soon undeceived, for it seems almost magical, there is room found for every thing, though many things require great space. It is true, they would well have covered more ground, nor left any part scantily occupied, yet there are no objects so crowded together, or shrouded from view: through the whole succession of apartments every thing is in its place, and we find there is a place for every thing.

The vestibule has its appropriate decoration: the breakfast parlour, in its style of building, its furniture, fixtures, and ornament, gives a rich foretaste of every thing that is to follow; but when you suddenly step thence into the museum, which occupies two stories, and gives you, from the basement to the open top, an aggregate view of the collected riches of the place, surprise is equal to the admiration which seizes on the mind. It is poetry the most fascinating; antiquity the most venerable; invention the most captivating; which at once astonish and delight, and send forth claims for full investigation. How ardently did we, on beholding it, wish that Sir Walter Scott had partaken such delight, for how would his genius have enhanced it. What a revelling would there have been for him in the glories of days long past, and in the gleams of that gold and purple light by which they are revealed—the work of a benevolent magician, the rays by which creatures that "live in the sunbeam" are shown, would have brought to him visions well calculated to mingle with splendid realities redeemed from decay, and worthy of immortality around him.

Leaving this, the largest portion of the exhibition, (taking the word in its general sense,) we are led to a partition, called the monk's parlour and chapel, which contain every thing consistent with their designation; the catacombs, not less worthy of attention; the monument court, in which is the wonderful alabaster sarcophagus, where the dust of the mighty one of Thebes once reposed,—we then ascended again to mingle with a world three thousand years younger than that which our imagination quitted—we leave behind Egypt, Greece, and Rome—memorials alike of Attic elegance and gothic grace, and return to the world around us.

What meet we now? the very best picture of Hogarth, the chef d'oeuvre of Canaletti, the creations of Howard, the designs of Soane, the conceptions of the unfortunate Matthews—the eye rests from the labours of delight in quiet pleasure upon ivory chairs, which once adorned the palace of Tippoo Saib, and a splendid table, on which the eastern tyrant luxuriated.

* The medal struck in honour of Sir John Soane's unsullied integrity and munificent gift, speak in silence to every academy in Europe and America.

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Sonnet.

Yet, our pleasure here had only begun—we had yet to visit the library, where, amongst thousands of volumes devoted to art, and rich in the embellishments of genius, we found the earliest editions of Shakspeare and Milton; two of the former once possessed respectively by Garrick and John Kemble. Here are many most unique and magnificent vases;* so many, that we apprehend they rival the Tresham vases, in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle, and which we saw at Castle Howard; also the new choice collection of the late Thomas Hope, Esq., together with exquisite models, beautiful and ancient stained glass, and a long et cetera of costly and wonderful things.

Nor are the many beautiful properties found in the drawing-rooms, oratoire, the model-room, and the boudoirs, which we find above, less attractive than those below—every part of the building is rich to profusion; and if we omit to name one part with praise, it is because another is more recent in our memory, not more excellent in our estimation, for there is a balancing of the whole in character, by no means among the characteristic least worthy of praises. The drawing-rooms have many fine modern pictures of a high description, and the contain a library of the Bonaparte medals, and of cameos, seals, &c., in themselves a valuable exhibition.

In short, such was the pleasure we received, and so completely was it partaken

* One of these vases, formerly in the possession of Piranesi, and engraved amongst his works, I saw in the lower part of the building.

in by those whose knowledge and discrimination were infinitely superior to our own, that we feel anxious that all who have intelligence and sensibility, should have the opportunity of enjoying it. The terms of access are as easy as they ought to be, since it is "ask and have" to all that class of society who can be supposed capable of relishing an intellectual treat, and all who are conversant in art and literature. To name even a portion of the works of art and their disposal, would take a volume (the one already written, although very good, having omitted many); therefore such a review as this, which has scarcely specified one, is utterly inadequate to convey a clear notion of the subject.

Let no lady omit to secure herself this rational enjoyment, by a supposition that it is too scientific or recondite for her investigation—one of her own sex, and with certainly very few pretensions, assures her to the contrary, and courts her to the pleasure she herself experienced. She may also add, that the benevolent wish to communicate wisdom, the noble generosity which could contemplate so magnificent a gift to the youth of the country, engaged in those pursuits, wherein ambition is virtue (the glorious, yet bloodless, triumphs of talent and genius), render the founder and his gift alike particularly worthy of female consideration and female eulogium. Many years have passed over him—many trials pressed upon him—many honours been showered upon him; but since woman, after all, is man's best friend, and most sustaining comforter, may it not happen that the modest flower which she strews on the path of fame, although it is not the boldest or the brightest, may prove the sweetest on which his foot can rest?

SONNET.

BY JAMES WHITE, ESQ.

Ah! why are open hand and feeling heart
Deficient in the means of bounty found?
Fortune! depicted blind thou justly art.
Who dearest favours with a choice unsound:
Or do thy gifts with venom so abound,
That they, thy votaries, transmute to stone,
When lur'd by gold within thy charmed round?
Made blind to other's woe, and deaf to misery's moan:
At such dire cost I bend not to thy throne,
Rather in penury's cold, cheerless, cot;
Pining unheeded, helpless, and alone,
Than thus in palace, would I choose my lot!
Painful, the pitying, powerless tear may flow,
But let me flinty bosom never know!
SKETCH OF A SELF-MADE SCULPTOR.

BY B. B. T.

(From the Knickerbocker Magazine.)

It is curious, in casting about us in this queer world, to see how some men are at odds with their situation. No matter what it is, or where. No matter who they are. It is as clear as day-light to any body who looks at them for a moment, that the character, and the condition, are not matched, but paired. They are the mind's quarrelling yoke-fellows; and get on at all only "by hook and by crook,"—like the team (which Smollett saw in France), of a goat and a donkey dragging a plough, and a woman to drive.

This is not the miserable lot of all men. I tell you off the mass of them. Far from it. The majority are more easily suited, and never quarrel with any thing—of their own. It is blessed that it is so, and has been so from the first. The fluctuations of the circumstances of life and society, as they are, without bound or end, are as loose as the sea. The majority are afloat upon them, and subject to them. We must sink or swim, if we have no boat; and if we have one it must yield to the sway of the wind and wave, as they toss it about—or be swamped." How fortunate, then, this elasticity of the mind of most men! How happy that, although all different from each other, as various as their index, the "human face divine"—yet the whole diversity lies, like that in a sculptor's fresh model of clay, within the degree of induration. They are not only clay, instead of plaster or marble, but clay never yet turned to a brittle fixedness of shape, and not beneath the hands of the workman. These are not what we call characters, to be sure. The multitude are not such. They bring minds into the world rather fitter for some one thing than another, or all others, perhaps—and perhaps not: but not finding, in that case, the thing—ninety-nine times out of a hundred—the precise socket of circumstances their tenon was fixed for—they are juggled about on the billiard-board of life, under Dame Fortune's stick (speaking in the popular sense), till rather than come to the floor altogether, they drop quin away in the tolerable comfort of a large, loose pocket, at the edge of the table. How much better than if they were too big to get in, or so sharp as to cut through—since they must be beaten about in this way.

But there is a class of a different formation. These are the characters. They begin life with strong tendencies, the infallible effect of certain decided arrangements of the mind's matériel. These are, or soon get to be, hard, beyond the plastic power. They are fitted only to fill one niche; and that they will fill, if they find it, with a fitness so nice that every body must say, who sees them—"This man is in his element at last!" But, as I remarked at the outset, there are numbers of people—and those of distinct development too—who are obviously out of place. It must be so through accident, perversity, or other cause; and this in despite of an instinct always given to such minds, for the finding of the food that suits them. It is in exact proportion to the strength of the propensity, and goes before it, as it were, catechising, like the jackal. But it is sometimes deceived, and very often disappointed. It is delayed, also, almost always. Not one in a thousand of these people with a penchant are early favoured with the means of its gratification by their position in life. It is better, probably, than we should not be, for reasons we have no time to dwell on. But be that as it will, it is curious to see how, if a man have the true vigour in him, which belongs to a true genius—a genius for any thing—how the impulse of its secret energy will prompt him on; and how its divine discernment, through ignorance, poverty, discouragement, disaster, every thing but despair—will still guide him (as the blind man's inevitable touch guides him), till, stage by stage, from time to time, he gets nearer and nearer to the destination for which Heaven designed him to grope through the world. You can see that he feels its approach; and, when he reaches at last, in the evening of his days, perhaps, the threshold of the house which was made for him, and the image of which had been shadowed in his mind long ago. How! it is to him like the door of the very home where he was born, and he rushes in, with the light of a new life in his old eyes, to feel the heat of his childhood's fireside, and to grasp the hands that fly to meet him, and to go out no more for ever!

But this is a digression. I was seduced into it by the story which has just been told me—far better than I can tell it again—a very simple affair too—of a man of genius: I mean Powers, the sculptor, who has just reached his perihelion (as some say), in the honour of taking off the President's head—in clay, of course.

Mr. Powers, though he has been a clockmaker, has been too busy about better things to take much note of time, so that he is far from being as clear as I wish he
were as to the date of his birth. However, he has reason to believe it was the same year with the great eclipse; and that is near enough. He was born in a pleasant little village of Vermont—a nest of a place, among green hills, on the banks of the Water Quechee, which is a twig of the White stream, which is a branch of the Connecticut. There was a meeting-house in the place, a court-house, and a powder-house, and a school-house in every district, and a pound for the stray game. There was also a great business done at a tilt-hammer forge, over a fine "privilege," where the "sweet waters meet," in this Vale of Avoca; and our hero remembers resorting to this rendezvous of the sentimental, to try his hand in the ironical way, as among the earliest events of his life. He was an active little fellow, by all accounts; and as full of queer capers as an egg is of meat: and his patron, the blacksmith, who was living one of the places about town where caucuses and such things were held—would not infrequently suspend work (when there was nothing to do) to amuse the by-standers with betting on Hiram's ability to mount on top of the great T, a block they forge the rings upon and lift him with his own weight from the floor. Ah! many's the pot of small beer the brawny old fellow has swallowed in that way.

Charity begins at home; and I should have mentioned, ere this, that our hero was the eighth child in a family where there were seven brothers and two sisters (six of them being still living), and that his father was a farmer. He, of course, was brought up to the hoe. But he was slender and feeble at best, and never felt so poorly (I rather fancy) as when he was put to work: he confesses about as much as that. His hands and heart failed him, too, on these occasions, in an alarming manner, till, what with his weakness and all, his hoe would perhaps even fall from his hand, and he felt obliged to brace his nerves, and restore his composure, in the refreshing air of the blacksmith's forge. To speak in plain terms, he was considered not much better than the drone of the hive. Such is the meed of genius!

However, he was sent to school, and attended to it as well as most boys do, and acquired a common English education by the time he was thirteen, more or less—counting always by the eclipse, in the absence of the family Bible. He found leisure, moreover, during this period, from seven or eight years up, to acquire, nobody knows how—or to exercise, at least—no inconsiderable skill in divers devices of handicraft. Drawing was among the number, and, like Romney, and Raineburn, and Wilkie, in their day, he beat the boys, far and near, in the business of caricature and portraiture both—on board-fences, old hats, the backs of his comrades, or slates—with charcoal, chalk, pencil, or pen. There was great fun, you may be sure, in the little realm of the round school-house, when Hiram would slyly turn out, on his great slate, the favourite picture of a flock of rats chased over a precipice by a foraging party of dragoons. The latter would be led on by what they call in school-sports a go-devil, prancing about in high horns, and a spear on the end of his tail. The dragoons danced after him, like master, like men. The rats fled harum scarum; some over the abyss, some half-way round for the rear, some reining up and bracing on the last edge of the solid land, and all of them uttering their sentiments, on this occasion, through the aid of labels forth issuing from their lips.

But this was the day of small things. He came to be the owner of a jade—cut from an era in a boy's life. Old hoes, and rakes, and forks, were fashioned into shapes fitter for this purpose; and doubtless the man of small beer might occasionally be liberal to him in rusty tit-bits (of no service to himself). So he made mill-dams, wagons, and windmills—braced anywhere; and the boys came to see him of a Saturday afternoon from every quarter. Among the rest was a wonderful mill, exceedingly improved by the addition, in some way, of the ironmonger's tilt-hammer on a small scale, but sufficiently ponderous: the boys set up scores of these on every house, barn, and shed, in the village, to discourse such music as kept the country awake in the night for miles around; and so the patent windmill went speedily out of fashion. Hiram turned his attention to casting pewter and lead into cannons and anchors, and supplying the whole navy of the Water Quechee. There was a pond behind his father's house, with a swampy shore on one side, divided by a board-fence; and here the young marines would muster in all weathers. They had their sham fights, too. They would set trains with a slow match, let loose the craft, and follow them up on one side till the battle came on of itself. On one occasion, our hero relates, that his eagerness made him forgetful that the ounce balls, with which the guns were filled, might possibly reach the shore. In the midst of the fight he heard a whizzing over his head, and turning round noticed that a ball had passed through an inch board behind him, whereupon a change came over the spirit of his game; he waded back through the swamp, and not increasing his glee much by treading with bare feet on the back of a huge mud turtle, he returned demurely to work at his casting.
This he was paid for in ammunition, lead, powder, and so on, pounds and pounds of which the little fellows would bring loose in their hats on their heads. Where it came from is no concern of mine; and any body may guess what it came to.

I must record briefly how this great business was broken up. There was a very particular rogue in the village—the son of a man who got his sustenance by trout-fishing, and selling ginger-bread of a holiday. This fellow bespoke a gun of the largest calibre, had it mounted on wheels, and loaded with all manner of stuff up to the mouth. He got the boys (of whom the caster was not one) together one dark night, and in a council of war it was resolved expedient, rem. cons. (and of course sine die), forthwith to proceed to the premises of a poor old gentleman, no special favourite, to be sure, in the town, who, with a family of nine children, occupied rather a rickety mansion that consisted wholly of a single room. There was a window in it, and he, with part of the family, in the juncture at which our epic commences, was in or upon a bed, as it was understood by the boys, which passed along the wall under the window,—while the rest of the household went to make up the contents of a “trundle-bed” nearer the floor. The men ran in, and tied up the constable, who dragged him through the village to the “Squire’s house,” for helping the boys to knock out a little unnecessary glass in the windows of the old schoolhouse. However, a yankee is not easily outwitted by fortune, or any other woman, and Hiram went to a grain-store. To this he remained a year or two. During all these changes he kept up his mechanics. At length his skill came under the eye of Mr. Watson, the organ and clock-maker, who deceased recently, the owner of a large estate acquired in that line. He was set to work polishing organ-stops, and finished them so nicely, that the whole metal department was shortly surrendered to him.

Then he was sent out by his employer into the backwoods of Ohio, on a forlorn expedition, to collect his wooden-clock debts. This proved an odd-enough business of some six months, and brought him into the strangest scenes of the society of this country presents. It is sufficient to say that he passed for a lawyer by dict of his horse and his Viri; and that he acquitted himself well: he even brought back the animal safe, maugre a disease of the poor devil’s in the shoulders, called the “sweeney” in those parts, which made it impossible to get him down a steep hill, except by turning him round and “backing.” He went to clock-making after this, improving and inventing his own tools, as he found occasion—one or two of which, I believe, are in use still, and much valued. He was in employment now, by the way, dignified at least by great names. Every body remembers Ferguson’s account of the first wooden watch he succeeded in making,—enclosed, as he says, in a case “very little bigger than a breakfast-cup,” and quite convenient, of course, for a dandy’s fob. The Scot, also, before he went into the fine arts (portraits painting), like the yankee, got his living for some time by clock-cleaning and making. Arkwright was early in that business; and so was Northcote (whose father lived by it), long after he began painting. I doubt if it was
time lost for any of them. It was an approach, in each case, to the art by which they were afterwards immortalized. The manual skill was as serviceable as Inigo Jones' carpenter's was to him. Hogarth began with silver-chasing, Banker with earthenware, Bird with painting tea-trays, and Sharp with engraving dog's collars. They all indicate the grand grouping of the instinct of which I have spoken above.

The drawing propensity had never slumbered in our clock-cleaner; the soul of the sculptor passed through all the forms of his metempsychosis, and the Cincinnati boys of that period will remember well the signs by which he was recognised. But, to pass on—the first glimpse of his own art was derived from Mr. Eextein, a Prussian instructor, somewhere in the West, and I imagine the son of a person of the same name mentioned by Nollekens as a student in sculpture. There is a good head of Frederick the Great, in the Western Museum at Cincinnati, which he is said to have taken immediately after his death. Eextein was making the bust of General Jackson, and employed Powers to cast the head for him. Here he learned the use of the tools, and the plaster, in some degree, and that is the sum of his professional education. It was sufficient for a hint to a predisposition like his. He thought he might do as well for himself, and at length set about a model of a beautiful child. It proved very popular, and induced Derfel, the proprietor of the museum, to set him repairing, and then making, wax-figures, which he succeeded in so admirably, that his employer has since been unwilling to spare his services. He took a room in the establishment, and has devoted most of his time to it. He made, among other things, the extraordinary apparatus so celebrated in the West under the name of the Infernal Regions—a show of shrewdness, in its way, which nothing has equalled in America, perhaps, with the exception of the works of Maelzel, who has expressed his great admiration of this. Of its character in other respects, the description is not sufficient to enable me to speak. With the sin of versimilitude it is probably not chargeable, being no representation of anything which mortal mind ever conceived before; but every audience of all who have given their thousands and thousands to see it, will attest the startling vitality and vigour which mark the looks, movements, and the whole assemblage. Indeed, of this exhibition the famous collection His fountains, also, at this establishment, have excited a just admiration; and his portraits in wax are unequalled.

His second bust was that of Hervieu, a French artist, who was in company with Mrs. Trollope at Cincinnati. It was not till April last that he took the portrait of Dr. Bishop, president of the Miami University. He was engaged in November on the head of Mr. Nicholas Longworth, when that gentleman, who had once before furnished him the means of foreign travel (which an accident prevented his using), proposed his visiting the capital, and with a liberality worthy of all praise, put him at once in the way to do so. There he has taken the busts of the President, Mr. Calhoun, and Colonel Johnson, in a style of excellence to which the papers have done no more than justice. The likeness in each, though by no means the only merit, is wonderful. The nicety of it, indeed, has been made a ground of exception. As the critics have said of Roubiliac's Handel, every wrinkle seems to have sat for its portrait. It is for others to decide whether they would prefer the true representation, to one more or less fanciful, of a distinguished character, whose appearance the world is generally anxious to know; but Mr. Powers, in this respect, takes sides with the world against the critics. Those who differ with him must be aware how they expose themselves to his eye; he is no grave digger, but he will turn them to clay in a trice.

He will visit the North this season, and take off a few heads of citizens, and then go to Italy,—with the commission of Congress, we trust, for the busts of the Presidents. These he will take time for at his leisure, being well aware of the means of improvement to be found there: and, like Banks, and Raeburn, and Flaxman, being so well established in another respect as to feel no pressing necessity of return. Sir Joshua told Flaxman, when he first met him after his marriage, that he was spoiled for an artist. Our sculptor is no less in that doctrine. His heart is no ossification, however it may be with his head,—and there is little need that it should be.

Powers, like Osgood, has had his fair share of being jostled about the world; and it has done him good. Especially has it chipped out, as nothing but the chisel of sharp necessity can do, all the abeyant arrangement of faculties which were essential to his success. It is developed now like one of his own noble faces,—standing as firmly on the pedestal it was made for,—and looking as steadily, too, as the man in marble, to the niche it is alike fitted to occupy, and able to adorn. His home will be germane to his labours; and we rejoice, for his country's sake, and for his own, in the bright prospect of both, which awaits him.
THE LOST DARLING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

She was my idol. Night and day to scan
The fine expansion of her form, and mark
The unfolding mind like vernal rose-bud start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight,
To find her fairy footsteps follow me,
Her hand upon my garments, or her lip
Long sealed to mine, and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.

Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields
To the slight fingered breeze, and as it held
Brief converse with her doll, or playful soothed
The moaning kitten, or with patient care
Correct o'er the alphabet—but most of all
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer
Thrilled on the ear like some ethereal tone
Heard in sweet dreams.

But now alone I sit,
Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears
Her little robes, that once with woman's pride
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck
What God had made so beautiful. I start,
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound, and breathe the accustomed words
"Hush! Hush thee, dearest." Then I bend and weep—
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.

Gone to God!
And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly white
Settling around her lips. I would that Heaven
Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower,
Blooming in all its freshness.

Gone to God!
Be still my heart! what could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?

THE SQUIRE,
HIS DAUGHTER AND NEPHEW.

All ye fathers of maidens, beware! beware!
For love is bold, cunning, and strong:
There's nothing on earth that he will not dare,
His life and his sway to prolong.

"Ah! my dear uncle—how do you do?"
"Do, indeed! do, indeed! What has brought you here? Is it thus my commands are obeyed, and my favours required?"
"Listen to me, dear uncle; I have a long and most prodigiously melancholy tale to tell. I was—"
"Hold that lying tongue, imp of the evil one. Get out! get thee out of my presence, before I kill thee—run, I say—run thou worthless inexpressible."
"Nay, uncle, pray, good uncle, don't be in such a hurry; I have something to tell worth hearing. You know I have been shipwrecked; yes! indeed I have; and what will please you better to hear, was very near being drowned."
"Wonderful, most wonderful! The wretch has greater assurance, more horrible effrontery, than ever yet fell to the share of man, beast, or demon. Shipwrecked, forsooth! thou barefaced varlet. Stop, thou shalt hear what I think, hardened as thou art, will make thee blush. Robert, my spectacles."
This is Lloyd's list of last evening. Hark-ye!—St. Helena: arrived from London, the Tweed, East Indiaman, all well, with the exception of one man lost overboard. Now—what think you of that, you—you—"
"Why, dear uncle, I do most solemnly avow and declare, that, if the ship was not lost, I lost the ship."
"This is really the climax of all that is villainous and monstrous. I thought the accomplishment did not admit of improvement; I find I was mistaken."
Our readers will probably think it high time they were introduced to this hopeful couple.
The first we have the honour to bring forward is Mr. Thorney, a genuine member of that class of bipeds—all but
The Squire.

extinct—called old English gentlemen, or country squires,* persons, for the most part, excessively choleric, tolerably stout, ruddy-faced, rich, and gouty; in pride, inferior to none; in uncouthness, above all; in the solitude of their domains, kings absolute; in company, butts; in short, a compound of every queer material. The worthy squire, Jabez Thorney, was wanting in few of the qualifications, natural or acquired, necessary to constitute a being of this most noble order. Indeed, there were few, if any, who in better style could clear a six-barred gate, or more gently drink themselves into a dead stupor; he had smarter hounds, bred finer foxes, pulled a surer trigger, and kept a better table than any gentleman in the county. But let his virtues and his faults, if he had any, repose for a time undisturbed: we pass on to his companion.

It has been seen, by their conversation, that he was nephew to the squire. The fact is, he was the youngest son of the youngest brother of his uncle; and without saying more, many will be able to picture to themselves his worldly circumstances. His father, for an heritage, had left him the open world through which to make the best progress he could. His uncle had compassionated his unprotected condition, and had reared the boy, and, truth to tell, regarded him with some little affection. He, himself, was well aware of the utter inutility of all learning; but he allowed Fred., that was the boy's name, to learn his letters: he even so far laid aside his prejudice against books and book-devourers, that he sent the boy to a tolerably good grammar school, and being a clever youth, he made a noble progress in his studies. The old gentleman, though he did his utmost to hide it, was evidently pleased at the flattering accounts he received of his nephew's ability, and he would sometimes condescend to ask him if, in his reading, he had found out how the ancients trained their hounds, hunted, and so forth, he having, somehow, found out that there were people living in the world before the first Mr. Thorney: he actually promised to remember him in his will, for telling him of a recipe by which the Romans improved the flavour of port! The following, however, more than any thing we can relate, will prove the change in his sentiments in relation to learning. He positively insisted, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the feeders, that some puppies should not be christened until Fred. returned from school, that they might receive classical names. This was done to his satisfaction; and what was still more fortunate, the classical puppies became capital hounds.

The boy soon became a youth, and a promising youth he was. He was taken from school, and the university was named; but his uncle grew furious at the bare mention of the place, and no such project could be realized: consequently his education was completed in the gentlemanly society which was to be found in his uncle's stables. We will now endeavour to explain the cause of the angry colloquy between the uncle and his nephew.

No doubt the reader anticipates what is coming: the squire had a daughter. Some imagine women to be the root of all evil. This young lady was like a portion of our countrywomen, lovely and virtuous. In her were almost every grace of mind and person most beautifully blended; and she rose in years, fragrant and sweet as the violets which bloomed in her chosen haunts. It will, perhaps, excite surprise, considering the society in which it will be supposed she moved, how the gentle graces, the modest virtues that adorned her, could have been impaired. Her mother died in her infancy; but she had risen beneath the eye of an aunt, who was the exact counterpart of her father, the squire. She was gentle and unassuming, possessing a mind well cultured, and adorned with the choicest flowers that flourish in the mental soil. She was abundantly endowed with good sense, a vigorous judgment, and though what is termed an old maid, was one eminently qualified to implant the precepts of virtue, and to instil just notions and correct ideas into a youthful mind. Beneath such training, the lovely Ann had become what she was, a matchless flower. We cannot feel surprised that she should be the idol of her parent: the love he bore her knew no bounds. She alone could smooth the ruggedness of his tem-

* We are sure the author only writes this in good humour: we do not mix ourselves up with his quizzical sentiments. The definitions of an old English gentleman, and a country squire, would, we think, be widely different.—Eb.
per, could sooth down the paroxysms to tranquility; and, perhaps, once a week, she was able to prevail on him to go to bed with the portion of reason which he possessed, entire, or nearly so. He would sometimes leave the society of feeders and their chargers, and occasionally that of his brother squires, at her desire; and some said that he preferred her voice to the music of his unequalled pack, and her company to the finest run Leicester ever witnessed; but this we cannot take upon ourselves to aver. To sum up the subject in a few words, his affection for his daughter was as powerful, perhaps, as that of more refined individuals, and as pure as could be expected to emanate from one of that class, whose rallying cry is "Tally-ho," and who believe that a fox's tail amply compensates for a broken neck.

Love! thou capricious, insidious tyrant, couldst thou not leave this, sweet maiden, undisturbed? Must thou penetrate the shades that hid her from every gaze but thine own, to call to her sparkling eye the beam of transitory joy, merely to drown it with the fast-succeeding tear of sorrow? Such was, alas! the case: ere the rose had opened its bosom to the day, Love, the spirit of the smile and tear, wan-toned amongst its leaves, and implanted there the germs of matchless bliss and of corroding sorrow. Why should we disguise it? her cousin was the object of her love.

The gentle Ann beheld the follies of her cousin with pain and anxiety, and frequently the lovely monitor endeavoured to wean him from them, and sometimes not in vain: he never dared to disobey her injunctions; her will to him was law; but notwithstanding this, she had too often to watch over his excesses. The youth was wild and thoughtless: among his associates, he had no one whose example he would look up to with respect, or follow with profit: still, his failings were not very great; the seeds of vice had as yet produced no weeds: he had, what we can only describe by that hackneyed, common-place expression, a good heart: his daring and buoyant spirits frequently led him into difficulties, for which his wit could not always extricate him without danger, and sometimes they were attended with disgrace. His uncle, with all his singularity and fondness for bold adventure, could not allow many of his actions to pass unnoticed; and during the youth of his nephew, he frequently administered to him the same chastisement that he would have bestowed on a bound that had lost scent.

The affection that subsisted between his daughter and nephew would certainly have escaped his observation, indeed, it was scarcely known to themselves; but the lady we have before mentioned, the squire's sister, observed the growing attachment, and it was with the utmost pain and sorrow. It was some time before she could determine what course to pursue: were the infant passion they nurtured allowed to ripen into maturity, she beheld nothing but misery awaiting her niece: was it to be broken off—alas! she herself had known the pangs of disappointed love, and bore in her heart its fatal, its undying, remembrance: she felt the keenest regret for those whose ideal happiness she saw herself compelled to blast; she could picture to herself the calamity it would be considered by her lovely charge; but she hoped it was not so deep-rooted, but that time and affection might avail to eradicate it. At all events, though mournful to her the task, for she was no "pupil of the prudish school"—she delighted to administer to the comfort of the youthful—the stern voice of duty commanded her to impart her suspicions to her brother. She did not expect any satisfactory arrangements from him, yet she hoped to be able to prevail on him to leave its settlement to herself. He heard her as a miser would listen to robbers, who were assailing his dwelling, and demanding his long-cherished hoards. At intervals, a gleam of that purity and tenderness visible occasionally in the rudest natures, would reduce him to the condition of a distracted mother, who vainly strives to save her smiling and unconscious infant from ruffians who tear it from her bosom. His sister endeavoured to soothe his violent emotion, and after much difficulty obtained from him a promise that he would not proceed rashly, but properly consider what course it would be best to pursue.

Viewing the subject coolly, he found it a very perplexing matter; indeed, the most momentous and difficult that had ever disturbed his equilibrium, for he could not conceal from himself that he was fond of the rogue Fred., and the affection of years was not to be obliterated in a
moment; but then, was he to consent to the boy having his girl! impossible! it would not bear a thought; it would frustrate a scheme which he had been planning for years. This was none other than to unite the estate of Squire Gruffman, his neighbour, to his own, by the union of that gentleman’s son with his daughter. Thus it was arranged between the two old gentlemen; and a capital plan they deemed it, and one that must be carried into effect at all hazards.

For a long time the worthy squire continued absorbed in his profound meditations; but at last he bethought him of the Rev. Mr. Slater, and of the valuable assistance he might afford towards bringing this troublesome affair to a satisfactory conclusion, which all his own cogitations had been unable to effect, even though aided by four bottles of fine old crusted. The rev. gentleman repaired to Bearborough-hall on the summons of the squire.

The customary salutations and inquiries over, the squire opened the subject somewhat after the following manner:—“Mr. Slater, fill up your glass; you will have occasion for something to enable you to bear what I have to communicate”——Here the squire was compelled to stop, completely overcome with emotion, and — port.

The rev. gentleman was much alarmed at the situation of his companion, and anxiously inquired what had happened.

After the squire had sufficiently recovered, he resumed.—“I have need of your advice and assistance.”

“And you shall have them too!” exclaimed Mr. Slater, interrupting his friend. “Quid times?” as Caesar said; what have you to fear? You know John Slater would not stop at a little to serve you.”

The squire listened with wondrous attention to the learned harangue of the curate, who, on most occasions, was his oracle and guide; and after some time spent in consideration, he returned, “For once, sir, you cannot get on the right scent.”

“Put me on then,” cried Mr. S., “and I’ll hunt with any one in Christendom.”

“To tell you the truth, Mr. Slater, my pretty little pet lamb is in danger of being drawn into the hole of a badger.”

“The plague it is! Why, where are your hounds? We’ll soon unearth the brute. Ye-ho! where are Jowler and Taggy? Aye! and where are the classical dogs, Nero, and the rest——”

“Stop, stop, Jack!” bawled the squire, “you’re out again. I wish it were a badger that we could hunt; trust me, his jacket would have been roughly shaken by this time; it is a badger that I have nourished and fed—tis no other than that sad dog, Fred., my nephew; and the lamb I spoke of is my sweet little rose, my Ann! Now, tell what I must do; for to lose the little hussy would kill me, kill me outright.”

The rev. gentleman gaped with astonishment; little had he expected such a denouement; at the worst he only considered that his friend was about to be involved in a law-suit, or, that something appertaining to his favourite amusement the chase, had gone wrong. For a considerable time he meditated. At last he gave signal that an important idea had arisen in his mind. He communicated it as follows:—“Something has occurred to me that will meet the exigency—that will exactly supply what we want; namely, the means to deliver Miss Thorney from the grasp of her abandoned cousin.”

“Proceed,” cried the squire, in great agitation.

“I have a relative who commands an East India ship, and in a few days he sails for Bombay. Suppose Fred. accompanies him: he will take great care of the youth, put him in the way to make his fortune, and without doubt he will return in a few years a nabob.”

“Glorious! glorious!” exclaimed the squire. “Tally-ho! tally-ho! He shall go in three days.”

This decisive exclamation was uttered exactly as the hall clock struck the dreary hour of twelve. We are particular as to the time, for momentous events were about to occur.

It was a very fine night in September, we believe the night of the all-important Ist, and the squire and his councillor were deliberating by an open window. On a sudden, the report of fire-arms was heard, and the next instant a gamekeeper came rushing towards the hall, loudly bawling for assistance to repel a gang of poachers, who were slaughtering all that came in their way; and amongst other things he might be heard loudly exclaiming, that they had killed and murdered himself. Few words were spoken; but the gentlemen rose from their seats, and
The Squire.

The prisoner was escorted to the hall; and on their way thither, the squire and his adviser discoursed on this sad occurrence, and on the best mode of punishing the offender. Something Mr. Slater said appeared to have hurt the dignity of the squire, for he answered — "Zounds! and I, a justice of the peace, the chairman of the quarter-sessions, don't know the law? don't know the best way of serving out a poacher? But I do. He shall be transported — there!"

To this his companion rejoined calmly, "You are perfectly right, sir, I am aware, but only remember what a talk this proceeding would make; (Mr. Slater knew the squire's weak side;) you well know how Driver of Toplay would strut and sneer at the next assizes; you cannot have forgotten how maliciously he looked when my lord judge nodded to you in open court: send the boy off to India, and you may defy him."

In family pride Mr. Thomey was not below the proudest peer in the realm, and insensible as he was to many finer feelings, he could bear the broad grin of rustic ridicule; and after some minutes' consideration, he ejaculated — "I'll consider of it."

This was all the curate wanted; he knew it to be Mr. Thomey's signal of surrender. Minds incapable of reflection, always act on sudden impressions. Nothing more was said: Mr. Slater enjoyed his triumph in silence — the poor squire was completely bewildered: and on their arrival at the hall they parted almost without a word.

The squire gave directions for horses to be ready early in the morning, and consigning his nephew to the custody of his steward, who was also constable of the parish, he retired for the night.

Fred, who was taken to the steward's rooms, by no means relished his situation. Only a few hours before he had been conversing with his amiable cousin, who had made every effort, employing all the rhetoric of real affection, yet unaware what she was doing, to induce him to alter his course of life, and had predicted, that, unless he did, he would become involved in some difficulty, from which nothing could extricate him. He listened to her with the attention, the ardour of an impassioned lover, and resolved to obey her wishes. It is no easy matter to break from pursuits
which have been accumulating and increasing in strength for years—it was a task too difficult for him to accomplish—he had an engagement with the poachers for that very evening, and he could not sacrifice his word even for his love. He was perfectly miserable; he could not but consider that the prediction of his cousin was accomplished, and having no philosophy, he gave way to grief.

By some means, of which we are ignorant, during the night Fred obtained an interview with his cousin. The gentle Ann had heard of his situation, and hoping she might be able to afford him consolation, went at his desire. Her tears were to Fred, the keenest reproaches: at this moment he would have died to have dried them up. He could give utterance to no excuse for his conduct; and after a time, during which the gentle girl gave free vent to her sorrow, she exclaimed, in what was intended to be a tone of mingled anger and reproach—"Oh! Fred, Fred, how can you thus distress me? You scorn my advice, but you know not the suffering your follies cause me, or you would not persist in them."

"Is there a heart that mourns for me? an eye that weeps at my failings? and is that heart, that eye yours? Oh! beloved Ann, there is no torture I could not undergo, to receive confirmation of this blest idea."

"Do you then doubt the love"—cried the weeping girl, suddenly checking herself, apparently alarmed and surprised at what she had been about to utter. The words were not lost on the youth, who flew to clasp her to his breast; but she shrank from his embrace, and was about to retire, but the misery, the despair she beheld depicted on his countenance, induced her to stay, and assuming a calm collected tone, she thus addressed him—"I was about to confess that I loved you, why should I shrink from the avowal? My bosom contains nought it dare not utter: that you are dear to me, I own: I have ever viewed you as a brother, and do so now, or I should not have visited you at this hour."

This damped the ardent feelings of Fred, and, at her feet, he prayed her to avow that such were not the only sentiments with which she regarded him.

In a tone dignified and reserved, she answered—"Cousin, often, very often, have I warned you of your indiscretions: you have ever treated my advice with contempt: I warn you once again: but till the time arrive that your conduct undergoes a material alteration, we continue as we are: should I be able to believe you worthy of my confidence, I may, perhaps, bestow it you.—Farewell!"

Fain would he have detained her, but her dignified manner forbade opposition to her will. His sufferings we attempt not to describe: those who long have basked in the sunshine of levity and pleasure, suffer with proportionate severity when the cloud of adversity dims its brightness; but who could compassionate the grief of one who would turn a deaf ear to the counsels of so sweet a monitor, who obstinately refused to walk in the path which an angel pointed out to his observation, and bade him follow.

The first blush of morning beheld the squire in readiness for a journey to London: Mr. Slater, who at his particular request accompanied him, was also prepared.

Fred was summoned to attend them, and was merely desired to mount his horse; in vain he begged to be allowed to bid his cousin farewell.

We pass over their journey, during which nothing was said to elucidate the mystery which hung over the fate of the poor youth; indeed, few words were spoken on any subject. Arrived safely in London, their first object was to see the captain of the ship, Mr. Slater's relation. He readily embraced their offers, and bound himself to take the utmost care of Fred, to keep him in confinement on board his ship until she sailed, and to provide for him on their arrival in India. Thus summarily, and without his consent being even thought of, was Fred's destiny fixed.

The morning after their arrival in London, the squire ordered his nephew to accompany him to Blackwall. They were conducted on board the Tweed, which lay in the docks, nearly ready to sail. Here, for the first time, the youth was informed of the object of their journey, and how he listened to this we attempt not to describe: to behold one's self suddenly, and without the least intimation, torn from home, from country, from friends, and driven to the remotest corner of the world, would make the most volatile heart sink, the most thoughtless being suffer—suffer intensely.
Fred Thorny saw it was too late to attempt to move compassion: the poor fellow affected to bear his fate with stern indifference, and the emotion he felt he resolutely determined to conceal. With all his anger, the squire was more affected at parting than was the being he condemned to perpetual exile. In bidding his nephew farewell his voice was almost inarticulate, and he was forced to hasten away to hide, what he would not for any consideration have betrayed—a tear.

Fred continued a close prisoner on board the ship, prohibited from holding any communication with the shore until she sailed, which was in about ten days after his arrival on board. She lay a few days at Gravesend, and then proceeded on her voyage.

The two old gentlemen, Mr. Thorny and Mr. Gruffman, considered that the sooner the marriage took place between their children the better; the son of Mr. Gruffman was accordingly directed to push his suit. We beg briefly to introduce this gentleman to our readers, but must confess our inability to do justice to his character. In most respects he was the very reverse of Fred Thorny, his rival. His disposition was sedate and manly; soft, and generous almost to a fault; the trifling pursuits of the young men of his age he entirely disregarded; in literature he sought contentment and happiness, nor was he disappointed in his search. The charms of nature found in him a romantic admirer: a happy temper, virtuous inclinations, a detestation for the mean and little, an intense regard for the great and noble, a taste and understanding strong, refined, and highly cultivated, gave him a happiness over which circumstances have but little control. Such a person may bid defiance to the frowns of fate: the clouds that darken the sunshine of youth pass by unheeded, and almost unseen.

Strange as it may appear, Ann Thorny looked on him with indulgence. How capricious, how inconsistent is love! Though their pursuits and inclinations so nearly assimilated, she could not tolerate his society. Love ever scorns and evades the chains with which it is thought to fetter him. Miss Thorny saw that her father was obstinately bent on accomplishing his intention; and this, perhaps, caused her to regard her cousin with the greater affection. She listened to the protestations of affection of Mr. Gruffman, for he ardently loved her, and received his delicate attentions with perfect contempt; nay, she would upbraid him with being the cause of the treatment her cousin had received, and which had wounded her sensitive heart in the keenest manner: though, like Fred, pride induced her to assume the stoic, and she resolved to wait, without repining, the events of the dark future, hoping that her dearest friend might yet be restored to her arms.

Her father thought differently, and acted accordingly. He could not help perceiving the manner in which the son of his friend was treated; but he resolved, in his way, to set matters to rights; and between the two old squires a day was appointed for the union of their children, or, what was important to them, their estates. When this came to the knowledge of the young people, in vain did they protest against it. Mr. Gruffman was too high-minded to seize the treasure he sighed for against the consent of its owner, but his entreaties were unavailing; and Squire Thorny, who had never before refused to listen to his little pet, or denied her requests, turned a deaf ear to her prayers, and was unmoved at her tears. Oh! cursed avarice, what evils follow in thy train!

Matters went on very well for the accomplishment of Mr. Thorny’s design for some time, even until the arrival of Fred, which took him by surprise, and appeared to throw some slight obstacles in the way. A few words will account for his re-appearance.

When the Tweed arrived in the Downs, Fred was allowed the range of the ship. Before they cleared the channel, a violent south-wester met them in the teeth, and after cruising about for a day or two, they made for Portsmouth harbour. Fred, whose spirit rebelled against his sentence of transportation, resolved to watch an opportunity to escape. He was pretty strictly looked after; but the night before the Tweed sailed, he managed to slip over her bows, and swim ashore. He remained concealed for some time, and at last made his appearance at his uncle’s, as we have seen; and to render this event more untoward, it happened on the day preceding that appointed for the intended nuptials.

We left uncle and nephew in the mar-
row of their colloquy; very little more was said, for the squire finding all his attempts to drive "the boy" from his presence fruitless, left the room himself.

Fred, did not long remain alone. The squire's butler, who was much attached to him, having in other days served his father, made his appearance, and in a few moments he heard of what was to happen on the morrow. He learnt this with surprise and sorrow; but he did not, as your namby-pamby lover would have done in a much less difficulty, sit down and despair; he set his brain to work to endeavour to avert the calamity: it must have been, indeed, an extraordinary difficulty which the spirit of Fred, joined to the sagacity of his old friend, could not over come.

For a long time they consulted before they could arrange any feasible plan of action. At length, old Robert bethought him of a scheme, but at the moment refused to impart it even to Fred; he merely desired the youth to confide in him, and, in the mean time, to hasten away to his cousin, whom he would find in the garden, and to ask her if she would consent to wed him on the morrow instead of Mr. Gruffman.

Fred. did as he was desired, and after searching for a few minutes, he perceived his cousin seated beneath a leafless arbour. He approached her unobserved, and saw that she was weeping over something she held in her hand, and which she pressed alternately to her lips and to her bosom. He went nearer, and looking through the branches, perceived that it was a portrait of himself which was receiving those unequivocal marks of affection. The emotion inspired by this discovery was irresistible, and in a moment he was on his feet. The gentle girl, for an instant, was overcome with terror and surprise; but joy, which she neither could nor sought to restrain, soon predominated, and the confession which she had so long refrained from making, that her cousin was necessary to her happiness, in this moment of ecstasy escaped from her lips—from her heart.

Fred. lost not a moment: pressing the yielding maid to his heart, he exclaimed—"Dear angel! I am again restored to you, but is it only to behold you torn from me for ever? No! you will not condemn me to despair, to death—you will be my own. Ann, need I say more, than that the consummation of our hopes is possible, in order to obtain your compliance. To-morrow you were to be led to the altar, an unwilling sacrifice; to-morrow you shall go there to be united to the object of your warmest, your only love: you will not by your refusal prevent so blissful a result, and separate us for ever!"

"Cousin," returned the weeping girl, "I understand you not: I fear you labour under some delusion, calm yourself, dear friend, and inform me what you mean."

"I mean that, to-morrow, if not prevented by your refusal to accede to my project, we may be united for ever. Question me no further, dear girl, promise to obey my injunctions, and we shall yet be happy: my sufferings will be richly rewarded, and my altered conduct will prove the strength and sincerity of my love; refuse—and misery and death await me!"

Moved by his distress, and by the earnestness of his manner, she yielded to his wishes: desiring her to await his further instructions, he flew to inform his friend of the success of his undertaking. Scarcely did he give himself time to announce this, before he demanded of the butler his plan.

"I do not intend, as yet, to let you know it," said his cautious friend; "but depend on me, and you shall not be disappointed. One obstacle has been overcome; another yet remains to be surmounted. Mr. Gruffman, though he loves, ardently loves your cousin, is too generous to be made the willing instrument of rendering her miserable. He well knows she does not love him, and it will require but little persuasion to induce him to resign her; but more is necessary—he must be prevailed on to assist you. This task you must perform; and his generosity is such, that I do not despair of your success. He is to be here in two hours. I would advise you to meet him on the road; you will then have an opportunity of conversing with him free from all interruption."

Fred. followed the butler's directions, and to no one did his unexpected appearance excite more surprise than to Mr. Gruffman. These young men had never been on very intimate terms: but without much preface, Fred. stated to him his wishes and his views. It was no ordinary sacrifice that was required of Mr. Gruffman—to consent to resign a beloved
object is no common stretch of generosity; but to aid a rival in his endeavours to gain possession of that object, is—in these degenerate days—something above human nature; it would have given immortality to a Spartan. Yet this was the plan, a modern, unchivalrous son of an English squire was requested to perform. Those who have suffered utterable pain in beholding merely a glance or a smile bestowed on a rival, will be able to estimate its value. We cannot wonder that he hesitated, that he mourned. He reflected that he was about to sacrifice the object on which he had reared his hopes of happiness; but, on the other hand, he saw that it was in his power to render two youthf ul beings happy. This impression was so powerful, that it banished the little selfishness which existed in his heart; and, though after an indescribable conflict between love and self-denying liberality, obedience to the wishes of his parents, and his duties as a man, he yielded; but mighty was the emotion that produced so heroic a result—he signified his willingness to forward the views of his rival! Fred. fell on his knees to offer him the homage of his heart—and of such homage was he worthy—and to express his unbounded admiration of such super-human generosity. He raised the youth from the ground, repeated his offers of assistance, and merely desired him to remember the value of the treasure he resigned.

Fred. again hastened to acquaint the butler of his good fortune; but still he pertinaciously refused to inform him of the means by which the result they desired was to be accomplished. They parted; the old man assuring him that the rest might be left to his management.

The first business of our old friend was to find out the Rev. Mr. Slater, who had called to form one of a council to deliberate on the present state of affairs. The first part of their conversation we have reason to believe was extremely curious, but being carried on in a very low tone we regret our inability to give it; becoming more animated, Mr. Slater exclaimed—"Butler, it will never do; none but a man either drunk or mad would dream of such a scheme!"

"Puh! puh! what can prevent it from succeeding? sober, he would never know the difference; and you may be certain that, on such a morning, an extra bottle or two will be dispatched—it shall not be weaker than usual; and what's more, I'll take care that his spectacles are out of the way, and you know he is not very sharp of hearing."

"All very good," responded Mr. Slater; "but you think nothing of me; it will entirely ruin my prospects; the squire will never forgive me."

"I understand what you mean," rejoined the butler; "but you are mistaken, it will be much more likely to forward your interest, all parties but yourself agree to the arrangement: you know the influence Miss Ann has over the squire; if you refuse, this may perhaps be exerted against you. Agree, and the rector is yours against the world."

"But you do not know that the rector is at the point of death; he may die, and the squire give the living to some one else before he gets over his anger."

"Do not fancy, sir, that the influence of our sweet young lady will be dormant for a day. When the squire first discovers the trick, he will be furious enough; and I advise you not to cross his path while his rage lasts, but that will soon be over. And hark-ye! Fred. 's brother fell off his horse yesterday, leaping over an eight-feet wall, and all the doctors in the country can't cure his injuries; and you know the estates come to Fred.: this will set matters right in a twinkling."

"Why, if such be the case, I certainly shall do as you wish me; and allow me to say, butler, thou art a shining light; your powers of persuasion are irresistible, and I have no fear but the planner of such a scheme as this will see that my views do not suffer by the part I take in it."

The morning came, and it was a morning of deep anxiety to many. Breakfast being over, and other matters arranged, the parties repaired to the church. Fortunately for Fred., he had not to attend uninvited; it having been suggested in the council before alluded to, that he should be treated with kindness, at all events, until the ceremony was over; and at the wish of Mr. Slater, he was invited to attend at the church. Beside him, the party consisted of Mr. Gruffman, jun.; a sister of this gentleman, who acted as bridesmaid; the squire; that necessary appendage to a wedding, the parson; the bride, and, lastly, our old
friend, the butler. The plot thickened; the moment had now arrived that was to decide on the success of a well-laid scheme, and the happiness, perhaps the existence, of two youthful and loving beings. The agitation of Miss Thorny, as may be supposed, was excessive; she could not contemplate the step she was taking without alarm, and was scarcely able to reach the altar. The denouement approached. According to the arrangement settled by the butler, Fred. took the place Mr. Gruffman had hitherto occupied, and knelt at the altar with that gentleman’s intended bride. The ceremony commenced. Where names had to be repeated, it was done by all parties in as low a tone of voice as possible: it concluded without any interruption; the squire all the while paying the utmost attention. Now the scene changed; he stepped forward to congratulate the bridegroom—and the trick was apparent. To say he was furious, would be to convey a faint idea of his actual condition: his rage overcame even himself. Poor Fred., by a stroke of his sinewy arm, was sent rolling under the communion-table: he flew at Mr. Slater, and in a moment his clerical habiliments had a rag-fairish appearance; but fierce fires soon consume themselves: he turned and saw his daughter lying insensible by the altar, and affection was too powerful for fury; he raised her in his arms, and glaring on those around him, seemed to say, “For her sake alone do I spare you.” The parties left the church, and proceeded home. The whole of the morning the squire was in the sulks; but after dinner, the first glass of his fourth bottle was actually drunk to the health and happiness of his children. Happiness reigned around, as the butler had predicted: those who had taken part in the conspiracy, were all restored to favour the day after the marriage. Poor Mr. Gruffman, though for some time he felt his loss severely, at last overcame his regret. Philosophy and the Muses soothed his sorrow; and the gratitude, so well expressed by the glances of sisterly affection, which he received from the former object of his love, richly repaid him for the sacrifice he had made. He lived and died a bachelor; and friendship between him and Fred. (now the young squire), who forsook his former companions and follies, and became exemplary in his conduct, was closely connected, and lasted to the last hour of their lives. Mr. Slater was not disappointed in his hopes: he soon became a rector, and shortly after won the heart and hand of Miss Gruffman; and continued, as long as he remained in this transitory scene, in the enjoyment of ease and happiness: he was a good companion and good man, although a merry one; and to the last, the joke he played off upon the squire afforded him pleasure and amusement. The butler, old Robert, to whom all this happiness was owing, was well rewarded for his faithfulness and affection; his last days were made easy, and he descended to the grave at a good old age, blessing those whom he had united, and whom he familiarly termed his children: they and their children dropped a tear into his grave.

We cannot do better than bid all parties farewell, while we behold them in the enjoyment of happiness; for uninterrupted bliss is not the portion of mortals, however good or fair. And let us wish that every squire (mind, not “esquire;” this only belongs to bank clerks and ‘pothecaries’ prentices,) may be outwitted, who endeavours to compel his child to wed against her inclinations; and lovers all, we advise you never to despair, however much circumstances may appear against you: push forward with prudence, and there are but few obstacles which love and a bold heart cannot overcome. W. L. G.

A TALE OF VENICE.

INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

My task is glad obedience. Thou hast spoken Request—to me all equal to command— And heart and harp both recognise the token, Which, with the might of an enchanter’s wand Calls from the cell wherein it long hath slept, A tale, o’er which, in youth, my spirit wept:
A Tale of Venice.

A tale of other days—of love and tears—
Of joy and sorrow—sunny hopes and fears;
Of one, like thee, the fairest 'mong the fair;
Bright—as you lone star shining by the moon;
Sweet—as the sunny south's bewildering air;
Loved—as the odours of a rose in June!
And, should Remembrance fail her charms to tell,
Dearest! I'll think of thee—they will assist it well.

A festival in Venice! scattered round,
In splendid groups, the young and gay were found.
Beauty looked lovelier in that witching-hour
Of trance, joy—smiling at her great power,
As youth drank in the magic of her sighs,
Following her movements with bewildered eyes.
'Twas woman's hour of triumph—hour to bring
Delicious hopes to the one worshipping,
Who lives upon her smiles, and reads each look—
Such features, sure, were youth's most pleasant book!

She, with all natural charms, did not forget
That ornament might make her lovelier yet;
So, precious jewels, gold-encircled, there
Relieved the night-like darkness of her hair;
And the white pearls' soft lustre was less white
Than the fair necks, on which, with wild delight,
The gaze of hot youth fell. All, all did seem
Like rich creations of a gorgeous dream.

Joy was on all around? No, there was one,
Sighing among the smilers, as she stood
Gazing, most tearless, on the Adrian flood.
Her noon of life had scarcely yet begun,
Ere Sorrow threw dark clouds before its sun.
And there she stood, in voiceless, calm despair;
Pale, sad, and lone—but oh, how proudly fair! Pale—as a lily in the dying day;
Sad—as the hopes which, lingering, fade away;
Lone—as the last leaf on the Autumn trees,
Trembling and falling in the passing breeze.
The sculptured marble against which she leaned,
Was scarce more cold and fair: her thoughtful brow
Boasted no jewels to set off its snow;
Yet still, even in her air such charms were blest,
The merry masquers paused from wine and song—
Which, that night, poured their gushing tides along—
To gaze on the rich beauty of her face,
So exquisite its majesty and grace.

As she returned their greeting,—like one vowed
To higher, holier thoughts,—the wondering crowd

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Asked of each other, "Who was she, thus bowed
By better grief and care?"—and then one told,
In accents low and awed, how "love of gold—
That cankering curse which gnaws into the breast,
Or in possession or when unpossessed—
Doomed Leonora to a convent's cell,
(The morrow's dawn would see her take the veil)
That wealthier apanage might appear
To swell the wealth of Di Vasari's heir."

Then busy whispers ran from tongue to tongue,
"How Leonora loved Cavalli's son,
With that intensity, which woman bears
Alike thro' joy or sorrow, smiles or tears:
But bitter feuds between their sires had been,
Such clouds as often hover o'er life's scene,
Which made youth's hopes all hopeless."
Tears were shed—
From gentle eyes as words like these were said—
Then sorrow died away:—the crowds went on,
To sleep and dream until returning dawn.

The fevered festival is o'er. The mirth,
Whose joy-crowned goblet flushed these heirs of earth,
Has passed away: and hushed—and softly mute
As childhood's sleep, is now the voiceless lute,
Which echoed every passion—burst of Song
That beauty, with a heart-spell poured along—
Affection can no more flash out the glance
Of admiration, on the mazy dance.
Through which her own fair denizens of love,
Fleetly and swan-like, half aerial move:—
The odours of the incense-breathing flowers:
The words,—half looked, half spoken—which these bowers
Have heard to-night; whatever thought-links bind,
In sweet communion, sentient mind to mind.
The wildering witcheries of these have flown,
But haunt the sleeper on his couch alone,
Until awakened by the morning's beam,
He sighs to find that all is but a dream.

I marvel not, that they whose smiles have been
Most gay and frequent in that festive scene.
Where poetry and passion gave to light
Their richest talismans of splendour,—bright
A Tale of Venice.

With the rich hues which, falling on the heart,
Extend their freshness into every part—
Should, sorrow-stricken, in the silent hour
Droop, like some lone bird in her widowed bower—
Feeling that wordless agony of pain,
'Gainst which the heart would strive, but
strives in vain!
For 'tis imagination's doom to know
The fierce extremes of pleasure and of woe;
To smile—the gayest of the festive throng,
And seem the most joyous o'er the tale or song.—
To weep—in sadness, when the crowds have gone,
And heart takes counsel with itself, alone.

Yes, though it may elude the casual eye,
A lip of smiles oft hides deep agony;
Mirth may be worn,—as is a masque,—to hide
Defeated hopes, or sadly humbled pride,—
Pleasure may shed bright joy-tints on the cheek,—
Delight of cloudless happiness may speak;
While man, 'mid the delusions of this art,
Dies—of the sickness of a breaking heart!
The crowds have gone, and Leonora stands,
Pallid and motionless with folded hands
Upon her heart, which throbbed as if 'twould break,
Thoughts flushing momentarily across her cheek.
Cavalry, absent, knows not of her doom.
Else might she 'scape the convent's living tomb;
To him these wild, fond, latest thoughts be given,—
To-morrow's sun must view her, Bride to Heaven!

Alas! far different were the thoughts that threw
Joy on her heart, in many an Iris hue,—
Bright—as the lustrous power of beauty's eye,
Soft—as the golden cloud-dreams of the sky,
Swift—as the rush of Mind's imaginings,
Sweet—as the saddening thoughts that Memory brings,
Dear—as the infant to its mother's breast,
Pure—as a martyr's dream of heavenly rest,—
When full of hope, as youth is ever full,
They walked, the manly and the beautiful,
By Arno's gentle stream, nor thought that care
Could ever cloud a love so pure, so fair.

Oh, in this weary pilgrimage of tears,
Few pleasures wreath the chaplets with our years.
They fleet—like fading memories of a dream,
Or like the bubble breaking on the stream,—
Or like the Borealis of the North,
(Which sends its glory and its grandeur forth
So seldom in our skies),—or like the form,
We make an idol of the heart, all warm
With beauty, as instinct with life,
Flinging its olive 'mid our passions' strife,
Yet, when we fain would grasp it, turns away,
As doth the sad Cephalica from day,—
Or as the hopes that flatter us in youth,
Sparkling with joy as garnished with truth
Cheering our bosoms, even when beguiling,
Winging away, when they appear most smiling.—

Or as the dreams of fancied good that spring
To the young heart, ere bitter care hath been
When the first flutter of its mental wing
Hovers above this world's resplendent sheen;
Or as the quick admiring glance that flies
Around the couch where slumbering beauty lies,—
Or the brief wailing that cold mortals give,
When she, the beautiful! hath crave'd to live.

The stars are out! Like heralds they appear
In brightness telling that their queen is near.
First, faint as Music's distant harmonies,
Her beauties dawn, then ripen, 'till the skies
Flooded with one full blaze of silvery light,
Smile as she walks—the empress of the night!
The proud Sun sinks into the crimson West,
As treads a gory conqueror to his rest;
While thou, fair orb! so passionately pale,
Seemest like the maiden of some love-fraught tale,

Who speeds along, awakening many a sigh,
Without one hope to lift her tearful eye.
Clouds, beautiful as childhood's nether smiles,
Float all around, like fairy domes and isles,
And now they fleet away, 'till the blue sky,
Studded with stars—bright pilgrims that on high
For ever shine—seem like a tireless sea,
Whose course is time, whose bound immensity!
The many-pillared palaces that lay
Enwrapped in shadows, in the glane of day,
Lend all their beauties to the glance of night,
Shed on them by pale Dian's silvery light.
The sorrowing flowers, which sleep till cold decay
Palsies the strength of the Sun's fervid ray,
Now ope their odorous petals to the breeze,
Sporting tho' blossoms of the orange trees:
And, still to form perfection of the scene,
Beyond the fragrant flowers, the Moon's bright sheen,
A silence, as if sound had never been,
Sends its subduing spell thro' heart and brow,
And Leonora cheats thy sorrow now.

But hark!—what voice disturbs the stillly night,
Crimsons her cheek, and makes her eye more bright,—
Wakes slumbering hope from his all-dreamy rest.
To find, once more, an empire in her breast?

A serenade's hidden song is heard—
An old lov'd strain!—heart memoried in each word!
Manly the voice, whose welcome, tuneful
thrill,
Thro' weal or woe, is music to her still.—
These were the words which had the potent art
To quicken all the pulses of her heart:—

I.
Thou art lovelier than the springing
Of a flower in sunny June;
Thy sweet voice is like the singing
Of the night-birds to the Moon;
Thine eyes have all the brightness
Of the golden birth of dawn;
And thy foot the bounding lightness
Of a wood-nymph's on the lawn.

II.
There is beauty in each feature
Of thy mild-illumed face,
And I love thee as a creature
Full of majesty and grace.
Like the onrush of a river,—
Arrow darting by its shore,—
Is the tide of love, which ever
Flows to thee,—dear Leonor!

A moment's pause:—Cavalli's other feet!
Oh! if 'tis pain to part, how happy thus to meet.

There are some moments snatched by joy
from time,
When turning love looks proudly forth,
sublime;
As, meeting all its faithful spirit sought,—
The thrill, the pressure to its presence brought,
The heart will vent itself in welcome tears,
Exulting on the failure of its fears.
Thus, Leonora wept:—from her dark eye
Then flashed that eloquence of ecstasy,
Which woman, undissembling, joys to show
When hope's bright sun dispels the clouds of woe!

Passion soon finds a voice. Few words need tell
The doubts and fears its glance interprets well.
Comes there a shadow o'er their dream of joy
To break its spell, its brightness to destroy?
"Must youth, indeed, be ever linked with sorrow?"

Thine I am—mercy, the bride of God to-morrow.
Here closes joy, for there, within the cell,
No mortal love without a crime may dwell.
This heart, so long thine own, must lay aside
Its cherished hope,—its dream of years,—its pride;
Scarcely the memory of moments past.—
Even these, our own,—love's tenderest and last,—

Crime 'twere to think of them
A whisper low,
In answer to her plaint:—what checks its flow,
Cavalli's soothing tones? Yes, hope is their's
To live, to love, through bright unclouded years!

His tale was brief: was welcome—
War was with Genoa—'twas when Doria came,
To wrest from Venice all her haughty fame;
And then her nobles, from Pisani's barque,
Fought 'neath the conquering banner of St. Mark,
What time it swept, in triumph, o'er the seas
And Venice battled 'neath the Veronese.*

Unarmed, Vasari bore unequal strife,
When (at Chiozzit's capture) his old brand
Broke, after years of service, in his hand;
A Genoan blade was lifted for his life—
Cavalli rushed to aid: his sudden blow
Wards off the steel, strikes down the fiery foe.
Brief thanks are all a field of arms affords,—
Small voice hath gratitude 'mid flashing swords—
The hands' quick pressure, till the strife was o'er,
The honest grasp—and they were foes no more!

In joy there is a wild and voiceless spell,—
Whose name I tell not, have not power to tell,—
But all its might was regnant at the hour,
When—like a fairy-queen from her leafy bower—
With young Cavalli, Leonor sped her way,
Glad in the sunshine of her marriage-day!

The thrilling pressure and the broken sighs,—
The voiceful silence and the speaking eyes,—
The varying cheek, half joyful and half sad,
(Truth love is all too happy to be glad),—
The anxious longings, passion-nurst, which rush
From heart to check, and wake the ready blush,—
The admiring glance,—the eager gaze,—
The might
Of happy love's full, uncontrolled delight,—
The gentle shade which falls on the fair brow,
At the sweet doubt "I am too happy now!"
All these were theirs,—the blessing and the blest,
Feelings the faithful win,—earth's proudest, best!

Here ends the tale?

No! would it here could end:
But, in this world, sorrow with bliss will blend.

* In the celebrated "War of Chiozza," (A.D. 1378—81,) between Venice and Genoa, in which Pisani and Doria so long contended by force and stratagem, the command of the Venetian army was given to Giuseppe de Cavalli, the Veronese. At the close of the contest, his name was the first on the list of the "Nobili della Guerra di Genoa," elected for their services in that hard-fought strife. The Cavalli of the tale is the son of the Veronese.
Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c.

That eve, in Di Vasari’s splendid hall,
Was held his daughter’s bridal festival;
And, as the morning light broke in, all went
Away, rejoicing in wild merriment.

The bridal party went, with lute and song,
Their happy course—like summer birds—along.
Their gondola shot up the Adrian wave;
But, when they reached the landing, hurrying on,—
Down heeded the barque beyond the power to save,—
There was a bubbling cry—then all were gone.
—Thus Leonora found her early grave.

Liverpool, June, 1835.  R. S. M.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES,
AND COMMERCE.

The annual distribution of the rewards adjudged by the society during the present session, took place June 8, at Exeter-hall. Vice-admiral Sir E. Codrington presided. The great room was filled with the patrons of the society, and the friends of the successful candidates, and presented, from the number of ladies present, a most gratifying and delightful appearance. The gallant admiral having prefaced, in an appropriate speech, the business of the day, proceeded to present the prizes in the following order:—

IN THE CLASSES OF AGRICULTURE, CHEMISTRY, MANUFACTURES, AND MECHANICS.

1. To E. Rogers, Esq., of Stanage-park, near Ludlow, for his plantations of forest-trees—the large gold medal.
2. To Mr. H. Powell, 24, Clarendon-street, Somers-town, for his slow motion for the stage of a microscope—the silver Isis medal.
3. To Mr. H. Goadby, 76, Goswell-street, for his microscope and instruments for dissecting insects—the large silver medal.
4. To Mr. W. Maugham, Adelaide-street Gallery, for his oxyhydrogen blowpipe—the silver Isis medal.
5. To Mr. J. Roberts, 64, Queen-street, Cheapside, for his jet for an oxyhydrogen blowpipe—5l.
6. To Mr. R. Knight, jun., Foster-lane, for his experiments on the texture of steel as affecting magnets formed of it—the silver Isis medal.
7. To Mr. A. Mackinnon, Sheffield, for his permutation lock—the silver Isis medal.
8. To Mr. J. Franklin, 15, Bath-court, Old-street-road, for his machine for making tips for umbrellas—the silver Isis medal and 5l.
9. To Mr. J. W. Flight, 16, King William-street, Strand, for a method of preventing heavy weights from falling when the rope breaks—the silver Isis medal.
10. To Mr. Theobald Boehm, 77, Cannon-street, for his method of communicating rotatory motion—the large silver medal.
11. To Mr. I. Dodds, Horseley Iron-works, Birmingham, for his parallel motion for a steam-engine—the large silver medal.
12. To Mr. W. Maclaurin, Canonbury-terrace, Islington, for his machine for stump engraving—the large silver medal.
13. To Mr. S. B. Howlett, 83½, Pall Mall, for his crayons for drawing on glass—the large silver medal.
14. To Mr. G. H. Pearce, 6, Brunswick-terrace, Blackwall, for his relieving stopper for a ship’s steering wheel—the large silver medal.
15. To ditto, for his signal lantern for ships—the large silver medal.
16. To Mr. W. Rooke, 30, Union-street, Hope-town, Bethnal-green, for his addition to the Jacquard loom for weaving figured silks—5l.
17. To ditto, for his frame for brocading silks—the silver Isis medal and 5l.

IN THE CLASS OF POLITE ARTS—AMATEURS.

18. To Mr. James Vick, 4, Graffon-street, Fitzroy-square, for a copy in oil of a portrait—the silver Isis medal.
19. To Mr. Frederick J. Evans, Gasworks, Horsey-road, Westminster, for a copy from a print of a steam-engine—the silver palette.
20. To Mr. M. A. Withall, 7, Parliament-street, for a copy in pen and ink of a figure—the silver palette.
22. To Miss Louisa Aubert Pyne, 2, Francis-street, Regent-square, for a copy in chalk of an historical subject—the silver Isis medal.
23. To Miss Nocchells, 5, Charlotte-street Bedford-square, for a copy in Indian ink of an historical subject—the silver palette.
24. To Miss Helen Stanley, Rockingham-house, Circus-road, St. John’s-wood, for a copy in chalk of a figure—the silver palette.
25. To Miss Laura Cox, 8, Grovenor-place, for a copy in chalk of a head—the silver Isis medal.
26. To Miss Mary Anne Jones, 51, Edge-ware-road, for a copy in chalk of a head—the silver Isis medal.
COLUMBUS BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA.

(From the Knickerbocker Magazine.)

St. Stephen's cloistered hall was proud
In learning's pomp that day,
For there a robed and stately crowd
Pressed on in long array.
A mariner with simple chart
Confronts that conclave high,
While strong ambition stirs his heart,
And burning thoughts of wonder part
From lip and sparkling eye.
What hath he said? With frowning face,
In whispered tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets trace,
Which flush each ashen cheek;
The Inquisition's mystic doom
Sits on their brows severe,
And bursting forth in visioned gloom,
Sad heresy from burning tomb
Grows on the startled ear.

COURAGE, thou Genooe! Old Time
Thy splendid dream shall crown,
Yon Western hemisphere sublime,
Where unshorn forests frown,
The awful Andes' cloud-wrap brow,
The Indian hunter's bow,
Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
And rocks of gold and diamonds there
To thankless Spain shalt show.

COURAGE, World-finder! Thou hast need!
In Fates' unfolding scroll,
Dark woes, and ingrate wrongs I read,
That rack the noble soul.
On! on! Creation's secrets probe,
Then drink thy cup of scorn,
And wrapt in fallen Caesar's robe,
Sleep like that master of the globe,
All glorious,—yet forlorn.

The "Edinburgh Cabinet Library" has, in this work, contributed an excellent addition to the circle of modern history. Every page teems with instructive and amusing matter, which presents altogether a comprehensive view of the Barbary States, from the earliest antiquity to the late occupation of Algiers by the French. We own that we think a larger portion of the volume might have been more advantageously occupied by selected translations from the narratives of the French writers, who accompanied the expedition to Algiers, and resided some time in the country, where they were able to become acquainted with many novels of a most interesting description, rather than the space devoted to the ancient history of the Carthaginian States from the Roman historians, great part of which is perfectly familiar to the general reader. Nevertheless, in justice, we must own that there is not a page we ought to wish away, supposing the plan of this department (the history of modern Africa), had been more extensive; as it is, we think the ancient history connected with each chapter, ought to have been more brief or scarcely dwelt on, in order to afford more room for the store of new matter that so abundantly presents itself in modern French literature. In truth, Mr. Russell knows, as well at least as ourselves, that he possessed rich materials to furnish two such sized volumes as the present; and in his notes, he directs the reader to a store of valuable French works on the subject. We love to meet with such passages as the following extract, which will, we are certain, please our lady readers, who are by their countrywoman's lively narrative, led by the hand through the harem of the Pasha of Tripoli:-

"We should not, however, do justice to the reader did we omit to abridge, from the letters written at the court of Tripoli, an account of a visit paid by an English lady to the family of the pasha in his formidable castle. On approaching this royal residence, you pass the first entrenchments escorted by the hampers, or body-guards; after which you enter the court-yard, usually crowded with soldiers waiting before the skiffer or hall, where the kayia sits as judge. This is the principal officer belonging to his highness, and the deepest in his confidence; without whose consent no subject can obtain an audience in the palace even on the most important business. Beyond this hall is a paved square, with a piazza supported by marble pillars, in which is built the meseley, or council-chamber, where the pasha holds his levees on gala days. It is finished on the outside with Chinese tiles, a number of which form an entire painting; and a flight of variegated marble steps leads up to the door of it. The nubar, or royal band, performs with great ceremony before the door of the meseley every afternoon, when the third marabout announces the prayers of lazzero at four o'clock, and on the whole of Wednesday night, being the eve of the accession to the throne. No one on any account can pass the music while it plays, and certain officers of state attend during the whole of the performance. Before it begins, the chief, or captain of the chooses, who in this instance must be considered as a herald, goes through the ceremony of proclaiming the pasha afresh. The sounds of the nubar, it is said, are singular to a European ear, being produced by the turbuka, a sort of kettle-drum, the reed, and the timbrel; the first belongs to the Moors, the two latter to the negroes."

The numerous buildings added to the castle form several streets, at the end of which is the bagnio where the Christian slaves are kept. No gentlemen are permitted to approach nearer the harem, or ladies' apartments, than the place just named; and from hence you are conducted by eunuchs through long vaulted passages, so extremely dark that it is with great difficulty the way can be discerned. On entering the harem a striking gloom prevails. The court-yard is grated over the top with heavy iron bars, very close together, giving it a melancholy appearance. The galleries round this enclosure, before the chambers, are fortified with lattices cut very small in wood. The pasha's daughters, when married, have separate apartments sacred to themselves: no one can enter them but their husbands and attendants, eunuchs and slaves; and if it is necessary for the ladies to speak in the presence of a third person, even to their father or brother, they must instantly veil themselves. The great number of servants filling up every avenue renders it almost impossible to proceed from one apartment to another. We found some black slaves recently brought from Fezzan extremely troublesome, from their alarming fears created..."

at the sight of a European's dress and complexion. A miniature on a lady's arm was taken by one of these blacks for a sheitan or evil spirit. Its resemblance, though on a small scale, to the human figure was so strong, that, on suddenly perceiving it, she uttered convulsive screams; and it was only after much persuasion that she could be pacified. It is dangerous to come in their way with costly lace or beads; the first, if they are suffered to touch, they quickly pull to pieces; and the latter they instantly bite through, in trying if they are genuine pearls.

"On entering the apartment of Lilla Kekbiera, the wife of the pasha, we found her seated with three of her daughters. She is extremely affable, and has the most insinuating manner imaginable. She is not more than forty; but her age is not spoken of, as it is against the Moorish religion to keep registries of births. She is still very handsome, a fair beauty with blue eyes and flaxen hair. On visiting this sovereign, the consuls' wives are permitted to kiss her head; their daughters, or other ladies in their company, her right hand; her left she offers only to the dependants. If any of her blacks, or the domestics of the castle, are near her, they frequently seize the opportunity of kneeling down to kiss the end of her baraque or upper garment. The bey, her eldest son, has been married several years, having entered into wedlock at the early age of seven. Indeed, the Moors marry so extremely young, that the mother and her first-born are often seen together as playmates, equally anxious and angry in an infantile game. The women here are frequently grandmothers at twenty-six or twenty-seven; and, therefore, it is no wonder that they occasionally live to see the children of many generations. The apartment she was in was hung with dark-green velvet tapestry, ornamented with coloured silk damask flowers; and sentences out of the Koran were cut in silk letters and newly sewed on, forming a deep border at the top and bottom: below this, the walls were finished with tiles forming landscapes. The sides of the doorway and the entrance into the room were marble; and, according to the custom of furnishing here, choice China and crystal encircled the room on a moulding near the ceiling. Close beneath these ornaments were placed large looking-glasses with frames of gold and silver; the floor was covered with curious matting and rich carpeting over it; loose mattresses and cushions, placed on the ground, made up in the form of sofas, covered with velvet, and embroidered with gold and silver, served for seats, with Turkey carpets laid before them. The coffee was served in very small cups of China, placed in gold filigree cups without saucers, on a solid gold salver of an uncommon size, richly embossed. This massive salver was brought in by two slaves, who bore it between them round to each of the company; and these two eunuchs were the most richly-habited slaves we had yet seen in the castle; they were entirely covered with gold and silver. Refreshments were afterwards served up on low and beautifully-inlaid tables, not higher than a foot from the ground; and amougst the sherbets was fresh pomegranate juice passed through the rind of the fruit, which gave it an excellent flavour. After the repast, slaves attended with silver filigree censers, offering at the same time towels with gold ends woven in them nearly half a yard deep. We were conducted over the harem, and though it was daylight, we were obliged to have torches on account of some long dark passages we had to go through. Could the subterranean ways and hidden corners of this castle tell the secret plots and strange events that happen daily within its walls, they would be most extraordinary to hear. When we came near the bagnio of the Christian slaves our guide from the harem quitted us, and the guards, with the gentlemen who had waited for our return, conducted us through the outer fortifications."

We have to add, that this volume contains some good wood-cuts that well illustrate the work, and a good map of the Barbary States.

_A Visit to Iceland, in the Summer of 1834._

By John Barrow, Junior. Author of "Excursions in the North of Europe." Murray.

Mr. Barrow is certainly one of our most intelligent tourists; his former work, the "Northern Excursion," gained considerable attention from the literary world, and we are certain that the present will increase his fame. He communicates the knowledge he has obtained from minute personal observation, in an easy and pleasing manner; the reader is never offended by egotism and coxcombry—faults that are generally too apparent both in the writings and manners of modern travellers. Three chapters in the beginning of the book are devoted to his passage through Norway and Lapland: to us this is far more entertaining ground than that "distant Thule," as the Icelandic poet, poor Thorlakson, calls his native island, on a visit to which Mr. Barrow seems to have set his mind, in a most determinate manner. He effected this object in a yacht belonging to C. R. Smith, Esq.

It is not often that yachting parties devote themselves to the purposes of science and utility: so we think great credit is due to the padrone of the “Flower of Yarrow” for having steered his adventurous pleasure bark on such a dangerous voyage, for the sake of his friend and the gratification of the public; and for our parts we are greatly concerned that the salmon would not bite in Iceland, whereby his own personal errand thither was disappointed: n’importe, he shares the fame of his friend, which is a more lasting pleasure than many fishermen’s creels full of salmon. Mr. Barrow describes this fishing party in his lively pleasant style.

“We proposed, in the mean time, to devote one of those days to an excursion to the Lax Elle, or salmon river, generally called Lax-a-a; the latter being pronounced like our one, and signifies river. This stream empties itself into the bay of Reikjavik, at about six or seven miles to the eastward of the town. As we understood the river to be navigable by such boats as our small cutter as high up as the first falls, near the foot of which the salmon are usually caught, we proceeded thither in her. My two angling companions promised themselves a good day’s sport, and armed themselves with their rods and lines, and flies of various sizes, shapes, and colours, to suit the eye or the taste of an Icelandic salmon. For my own part, after the unsuccessful experiment made at Lierfossen, I was content to go as a mere looker-on. We had read, on the passage out, of the extraordinary gay scene that was exhibited on the appointed day for catching the salmon in this river, which was represented as a regular annual festival, when all Reikjavik and the country round about, far and near, assembled at a particular spot to which the fish had previously been driven, and in such multitudes as to exceed belief; that nothing was to be seen but happy and cheerful countenances; that the utmost familiarity prevailed among all ranks; for that men, women, and children, of all ages and conditions—the bishop, the stiftsmann, the tætæroed, the landfogued, the amptman and the syselman, the doctor, the midwife, the washerwoman and the tailor—might all be seen conversing with each other without restraint, and on terms of perfect equality; that with regard to the fish, the men, and the women too, had only to wade into the pool, seize them in their arms, and heave them out upon land, where others collected them into wooden panniers to be conveyed to Reikjavik, and there prepared for drying or salting, as the case might be; and that in this way it was not unusual to catch from two to three thousand salmon in one day.

“All this would have been delightful enough to behold; but I discovered, before we started, that reform had found its way even into the salmon-fishery of Iceland, and that on avant change tout cela; that the fish are now caught in a more quiet and rational way, once or twice in the week, according to the demand; that the quantity of fish, however, that frequents this river had not perceptibly diminished; and that it was still a curious sight to see such a multitude of large fish assembled at the foot of the falls in the river.

“As it was deemed prudent to take a man with us in the boat who was acquainted with the navigation of the shores of the bay and of the river, we engaged a person to pilot us. Arriving at its mouth, we found its channel hemmed in between two high banks of rugged and cellular lava, and in various places rocks of lava were seen to rise out of the water above the surface, and in many others were hid below it; so that whenever our men attempted to pull heartily, the pilot checked them, saying, if they went at that rate, they would soon have a pointed rock through the bottom of the boat. Multitudes of eider-ducks were swimming about the mouth of the river, as well as on and near the rocky islands in the bay, and gulls and several other species of sea-fowl innumerable. The eider-ducks were so remarkably tame, as to make it evident they are but little disturbed in Iceland; indeed so familiar are they said to be with man, especially in the breeding season, which was now just over, that they frequently make their nests close to the houses, and in spots which have been prepared by ridges of stones artificially built up for them; and in such places, while incubation is going on, these innocent birds are so tame, that it is not unusual for the female to remain on the nest, and suffer herself to be fondled without any attempt to fly away. The lining of their nests, being the downy substance plucked off their own breasts, is taken away, even a second and third time, when the poor bird has plucked herself nearly naked; after this she is left undisturbed. Eider-down is used for stuffing bed-coverlets for the winter, and furnishes also a small article of export; their eggs too are taken away once or twice, and are sold to be eaten in the same manner that plovers’ eggs are with us. We understood that there is a penalty of half a dollar for shooting one of these birds: nor is this all, as the delinquent is also made to forfeit his gun.

“As the distance from the mouth of the river to the falls was only a mile, or thereabouts, we were not long in reaching the spot. At a little way below the falls a kind of weir was thrown across the river, or rather a causeway of stones, in which were fixed two or three wooden boxes, with openings sufficient to let the fish pass through in going up; and being narrowed at the other end,
and having pointed spikes, in the manner of a mouse-trap, the salmon, when once through, could not by any possibility get back again, but were left swimming about in the pool formed between the dam and the foot of the falls; and though these could not be more than ten or twelve feet in height, which is nothing for a salmon- leap, yet being a broken cataract, whose waters bounded among rugged and pointed rocks of lava, I should apprehend it was impossible for a fish to succeed in surmounting it.

In this pool we could see the salmon swimming about in shoals. Here, of course, they are easily taken either by turning off the water, or by a net; and we were told that about this season of the year four or five hundred are caught weekly, and, generally, by the latter process. The fishery belongs to the crown, and the rent paid for the privilege of the exclusive right of taking the fish forms a small branch of the public revenue.

"Our two anglers plied their lines close under the falls, and also below the ripple occasioned by the causeway, but all in vain; the fish would not take. In vain did they try to tempt them with every variety of the beautiful flies which they had with so much care manufactured on the voyage out, calculating at least on two salmon for every specimen. The trout, however, were not quite so dainty; several of these were hooked and brought to land, which was some small consolation for the disappointment which the larger fry had occasioned. An angler is proverbially a patient and enduring creature; but our two disciples of Izaac Walton, more particularly one of them, exhibited signs of impatience that could not be mistaken, and set down Iceland salmon as a set of stupid and unnatural fish, for having the bad taste not to rise at such orthodox flies, so eminently calculated to delude their appetites."

The rencontre with the heir of Denmark, in this out-of-the-way place, whither the prince had been banished, is interesting.

"On entering the harbour of Reikiavik, when returning from our unsuccessful voyage to Stappen, we observed a number of flags flying in the town, and also on board the few Danish merchant-vessels which were riding at anchor in the bay. This display of colours, as we were soon given to understand, was in compliment to the return of the Prince of Denmark from the extensive tour he had been making in the north-eastern part of the island. As a matter of common courtesy, we thought it right to join in the compliment, by hoisting English colours, not having any Danish on board. It was too late to go on shore that evening, but on the following morning, which was Sunday, we called upon Mr. Knudtzon to ask him to introduce us to his royal highness, who, while we were conversing in his room, made his appearance without ceremony, when we had the honour of being presented to the prince. He expressed the pleasure he felt on meeting with so many English gentlemen on this remote island, was extremely sociable, and remained for nearly a couple of hours in conversation with us."

"The prince is a young man, as I should think about twenty-six years of age, of easy and affable manners, a suavity of address, an inquisitive turn, calculated to invite rather than repel familiar conversation. Free from any appearance of hauteur or reserve himself, he soon puts others at their ease in his presence. His figure is of the middle size, and in good proportion; his countenance not such as would generally be called handsome, but agreeable, and marked with intelligence; and if he should, unfortunately for himself, not be considered, which I sincerely hope he may be, as—

'The expectancy and rose of the fair state,'
and if he be not precisely such a copy of that Prince of Denmark whose portrait our immortal bard has drawn, and who we have been in the habit of admiring as—

'The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers,'

he was yet what, in common parlance, we should call a fine young man. It was not from a single interview that I formed my idea of the character of this prince. We saw a great deal of him in the short stay we made on the island, and found him always, and on all occasions, the same: always civil, agreeable in conversation, and studious to oblige. His suite consisted of two lieutenants of the navy, as aides-de-camp; their names Irminger and Pencilinus, two remarkably fine young officers, both of whom spoke English, the former perfectly; a physician, and a painter of the name of Klose, a German.

"The prince was invited to breakfast with us on the following morning in the 'Flower of Yarrow,' and readily gratified us by accepting the invitation. At eleven o'clock Mr. Smith went on shore to bring him off in the cutter, in order that he might pay his royal highness the respect of steering the boat himself. The yacht was dressed out in all her colours for the occasion, and as she is one of the Royal Yacht Club, she was well provided with flags.

"The flag of Denmark, which we had procured from one of the vessels in the bay, was hoisted on the fore-topmast-head. We soon observed the cutter push off from the jetty; and notwithstanding the large party which was in her, the boat's crew forced her through the water at a speed rarely exceeded by the finest crew that ever pulled in a man-of-war's gig.

"The prince was accompanied by his
excellency the governor, the two aides-de-camp, and Mr. Klose, the German artist, Mr. Knudtzon, and one or two of the principal residents of Reikiavik, who were also invited to meet him. The prince was dressed in a neat general's uniform of green, and he wore a star upon his breast. His aides-de-camp were also in uniform.

"I ought to state that the whole conduct of the prince gave great satisfaction to the resident merchants and the settled inhabitants of Reikiavik: he never once complained of his banishment, nor, of course, did any one presume to hint at a wish to know the cause of it; but he once observed to his countrymen, that he supposed he owed his visit to Iceland to his having spoken his mind too freely at court. The inhabitants, previous to his northern tour, had given him a public ball, at which he made himself very agreeable, and danced a great deal, particularly with the belle of Reikiavik, the shoemaker's daughter, who was reckoned a great beauty, and to whom he was very attentive.

"It is to be hoped that this visit of the prince will have the good effect of being attended with benefit to those who, in all probability, will become his future subjects—indeed, I am confident he will neither forget nor neglect them. A small addition to the public expenditure of Denmark might be made an important boon to these poor people, and above all to the clergy, whose lamentable condition he must have witnessed on his travels. An addition of ten pounds a-year to each of their miserable stipends, which would not entail an increase of three thousand pounds—nay, even half that sum would bring down the blessings of the whole community on his head. It would not appear that he is much out of favour at home; for I perceive, by the papers, that he has returned, and is appointed to the command of the fortress and town of Fredericia, on the eastern coast of Jutland, opposite to Zealand."

We have only now to mention that there is much of interest and novelty in the description of the boiling fountains, and other wonderful natural phenomena in Iceland, and that the volume is got up with all the elegant luxury of Murray's usual style of publication; the wood-cuts are numerous and excellent.

**Provincial Sketches. By the Author of the "Usurer's Daughter," &c.**

This is a volume made up entirely of description—of the minutest descriptions of the every-day people and events that pertain to a country town. It is in many places brilliant and witty, and will elicit the frequent laugh at the expense of those whose way of life differs from the routine of the metropolis. Nevertheless, we must say that the fair writer, however minute she may be in trifles, has only seized the superficial oddities of some country place at no great distance from London (it bears all the features of the Essex coast); there is a cockneyfied spirit running through all her sketches; nor is there a trait of good feeling, or of human kindness, or of social worth, in any of her portraits, excepting some faint indications of these qualities in the clergyman, in her sketch of Village Choristers. Her personages have all the corruption and pretence of London, joined to the gauzcherie of the country; that this is the general state of society, within twenty or thirty miles of London, we are disposed to allow: yet such pictures can hardly be called provincial sketches, since, though the surface is queer and odd, the innate springs of character are entirely worked by the immediate influence of the metropolis. Real country life is like human life in general, where a wholly artificial system does not prevail; a mingled web of good and ill, kindness and petulance, praise and detraction, shrewdness and folly; and those who see but one side of character, are superficial observers. Unremitting sarcasm becomes nearly as fatiguing at the end of three chapters as continual panegyric. Miss Mitford has been sometimes blamed for mingling too much sugar and honey in her country fare; yet there is a laughing shrewdness and home truth in the observations of this charming writer, that redeems and contrasts with her too flattering pictures of human nature. Besides, people can feed longer on honey and sugar, than they can on mustard, and salt, and Cayenne pepper; and we hope the clever author of the "Usurer's Daughter" will, when she again delineates country manners, let us have a wholesome mingling of bread and meat, and even of sweets and fruit, in the next repast she serves up to her readers. Her country farmers are rich Essex graziers; in the real country the characters she describes, as her Simon Growse and Jedediah Stott, have been obsolete for twenty years: mere farmers cannot live thus in these times. Then she has no poor in her country—true, the cockneyfied country and its observers know nought of the poor; her poor are the queer lower order of tradespeople, and the inhabitants of the almshouses that line the eastern London.
road—the most interesting features certainly that road has. "Dame Deborah Boreham's Almshouses" is a clever sketch, with a shade or two of human feeling among the six old women; but six old women's miniature portraits are rather too many in one small volume. Caricature is the most attractive branch of the arts to some amateurs—these will admire "Provincial Sketches:" we prefer character to caricature.

**The Gipsy: A Tale.** By the Author of "Richelieu," &c.

We do not think the tale of "The Gipsy" worthy Mr. James's rank and character in the literary world. He has stepped out of his department of historical romance to write a romantic modern novel, a species of composition which we generally dislike. He decidedly has no talent for home scenes in comparatively modern life; the domestic novel is totally out of his grasp; his young ladies are lifeless puppets. With the exception of a slight development of comic character in Lady Barbara Simpson, his interior pictures are dull and heavy; the love affairs are spiritless, loaded with fade-lengthy dialogue that the eye wearies over. We had a struggle to read through the first volume, and it was only a consciousness of reviewing duties that made us resume the task. However, about the middle of the second volume we were rewarded for our perseverance; the scenes between the wicked Lord Dewry and Sir Roger Millington began to show the hand of the master; and a knowledge of human nature and the workings of passion had their usual effect in chaining down the mind of the reader, and making him forget reviewing and every thing else but the page before him. The eclaircissement in the appearance of the murdered man is fine, electric, and unexpected; and the whole character of William Lord Dewry is wonderfully well drawn. Pharold, the Gipsy, is too much a hero of mere melo-dramatic romance to please us very much; the character has no original in nature. Sir Roger Millington is a very life-like person, full of those minute traits which prove the real skill of the writer; the consequence is, that bad and sordid as the wretch is drawn, the attention is ever alive when he is on the scene. The romance of "John Marston Hall" has lately been mentioned in this Magazine with deserved approbation; therefore it is truth and no prejudice against the usually able author that makes us now mingle blame with our praise. It appears to us that "The Gipsy" has been an earlier work, written before Mr. James attained to his present power as an author, and altered and finished recently. We think we can trace this practice in many popular authors, who strike rather too quick while the iron is hot—it is a very dangerous way of proceeding, and many a well-won reputation has been lost by it.


This work, by our ci-devant much-admired Miss Fanny Kemble, has attracted more general attention, and unqualified commendation, than any thing proceeding from a lady's pen in the present century, with the exception of the "Quarterly's" well-known flagellation of Lady Morgan's "France." The "Literary Gazette" condemns it in measured—the "Athenæum" in unmeasured terms; the "Spectator" mixes mercy with its judgment; but, generally, the "quality of mercy" has not fallen "like dew from heaven" upon that young Portia, whom, a very few seasons since, it was as much the fashion to exult to the skies, as it is at the present moment to sink to earth. We yet apprehend she had then, as now, habits not altogether graceful—whimsies and wilfulness not quite correct—moments of hauteur, and words of unseemly daring and unwomanly sound. She was a star of first-rate brilliancy, who darted upon us with the rapidity of a comet, and we then refused her not the right to be eccentric, or supposed that our new planet had no spots on its still effulgent surface. We flattered, exulted, and perhaps spoilt, a very young woman, whose genius dazzled us, and by which she herself might have been misled; for how often have mortals so gifted been "led astray by brighter lights"—how seldom have a sound judgment and a calm temperament, a gentle mind and well-regulated temper, been found in company with that energy and self-devotedness, that poetic perception and acute discrimination, that courageous and laborious exertion, which enabled a girl of seventeen to achieve what we all know this very extraordinary person did as a daughter and an actress.

We cannot excuse her for her impro-
privacies of language, nor for sending a book into the world at which not only critics may carp, but the wise and the good must frown; we know as well as others what belongs to her sex, and what we had a right to demand from her education, and lament that she has merited censure. It was too ungrateful to condemn those persons engaged as periodical writers, whom she termed the "press-gang," for they had been good to her, and "borne her on their pens a thousand times." Her flippant condemnation of Dr. Johnson, "poor fat man," and other hasty conclusions, are all wrong, very wrong; nevertheless, she has given us that very rare thing, a really self-evident, honest Journal, changing its opinions as every body does change them; gaining lights and engaging affections, and enlarging liberalities by degrees; in fact, progressing naturally, as the mind and the heart must progress in a country like America, in which we find ourselves half stranger and half friend—where the very language renders us sufficiently at home to feel more surprised than the case warrants, when we perceive that things are not exactly as they used to be.

To the amusement and raciness to be expected in a work so utterly naïve, and made up of momentary impressions as this is, the author has brought a sense of the beauties of nature which unites the observation of the painter with the passion of the poet; she is warm-hearted and benevolent, exhibits a deep sense of religion, and a capability of drawing her reader's heart along with her own, both in her descriptions and her contemplations. Every person must condemn the want of sense and common prudence, in a family so highly respectable and distinguished as the Kembles, in publishing the whole journal. There are to be found many passages of excellence and feeling; the following is penned in excellent judgment:

"We had a long discussion about the stage, the dramatic art, which, as Helen says, 'is none,' for 'no art but talketh time and pains to learn.' Now I am a living and breathing witness that a person may be accounted a great actor, and, to a certain degree, deserve the title, without time or pains of any sort being expended upon the acquisition of the reputation. But, on other grounds, acting has always appeared to me to be the very lowest of the arts, admitting that it deserves to be classed among them at all, which I am not sure it does. In the first place, it originates nothing; it lacks, therefore, the grand faculty which all other arts possess—creation. An actor is, at the best, but the filler-up of the outline designed by another; the expounder, as it were, of things which another has set down; and a fine piece of acting is at the best, in my opinion, a fine translation. Moreover, it is not alone to charm the senses that the nobler powers of mind were given to man; 'tis not alone to enchant the eye that the gorgeous pallet of the painter, and the fine chisel of the statuary, have become, through heavenly inspiration, magical wands, summoning to life images of loveliness, of majesty, and grace; 'tis not alone to soothe the ear that music has possessed, as it were, certain men with the spirit of sweet sounds; 'tis not alone to delight the fancy that the poet's great and glorious power was given him, by which, as by a spell, he peoples all space and all time with undying witnesses of his own existence; 'tis not alone to minister to our senses that these most beautiful capabilities were sown in the soil of our souls. But 'tis that through them all that is most refined, most excellent, and noble, in our mental and moral nature, may be led through their loveliness, as through a glorious archway, to the source of all beauty and all goodness. It is that by them our perceptions of truth may be made more vivid, our love of loveliness increased, our intellect refined and elevated, our nature softened, our memory stored with images of brightness, which, like glorious reflections, falling again upon our souls, may tend to keep alive in them the knowledge of, and the desire after, what is true and fair and noble. But that (that) art may have this effect, it must be to a certain degree enduring. It must not be a transient vision, which fades, and leaves but a recollection of what it was, which will fade too. It must not be for an hour, a day, or a year, but abiding, inasmuch as anything earthly may abide, to charm the sense and cheer the soul of generation after generation. And here it is that the miserable deficiency of acting is most apparent. Whilst the poems, the sculpture of the old Grecian time, yet remain to witness to the latter ages the enduring life of truth and beauty; whilst the poets of Rome, surviving the trophies of ten thousand victories, are yet familiar in our mouths as household words: whilst Dante, Boccacio, that giant Michael Angelo, yet live, and breathe, and have their being amongst us, through the rich legacy their genius has bequeathed to time; whilst the wild music of Salvator Rosa, solemn and sublime as his painting, yet rings in our ears, and the souls of Shakspeare, Milton, Raphael, and Titian, are yet shedding into our souls divinial influences from the very fountains of inspiration—where are the pa-
geants that, night after night, during the best era of dramatic excellence, rivetted the gaze of thousands, and drew forth their ac-
clamations like rays sunset cloudy; fair-painted vapours, lovely to the sight, but vanishing as dreams, leaving no trace in heaven, no token of their ever having been there. Where are the labours of Garrick, of Macklin, of Cooke, of Kemble, and of Mrs. Siddons? Chronicled in the dim memories of some few of their surviving spectators, who speak of them with an enthusiasm which we, who never saw them, fancy the offspring of that feeling which makes the old look back to the time of their youth, as the only days when the sun knew how to shine. What have these great actors left behind to delight the sense or elevate the soul, but barren names, unwedded to a single lasting evidence of greatness? If, then, acting be alike without the creating power and the enduring property, which are at once the highest faculty of art and its most beneficial purpose, what becomes of it when ranked with other accomplishments in the highest degree? To me it seems no art; but merely a highly rational, interesting, and exciting amusement; and I think men may as well, much better, perhaps, spend their hours in a theatre, than in a billiard or bar-room—and this is the extent of my approbation and admiration of my art."

Those, too, who have been most angry with the naughty girl who so much forgets the behaviour of a gentlewoman in one page, will yet accompany the fair enthusiast of another, when she thus mentions her morning ride at Boston:—

"After breakfast went over to rehersal; at half-past eleven went out to ride; the day was heavenly; bright and mild, with a full, soft, sweet, spring breeze blowing life and health over one. The golden willow tresses were all in flower, and the air, as we rode by them, was rich with their fragrance. The sky was as glorious as the sky of Paradise: the whole world was full of loveliness, and my spirits were in most harmonious tune with all its beauty. We rode along the chiming beach, talking gravely of many matters temporal and spiritual, and when we reached the pines I dismounted, entreated for a scrap of paper, and in the miserable little parlour of this miserable little mansion, sat down and scribbled some miserable doggerel to ease my heart. How beautiful the scene around was!—the bright, boundless sea, smooth as a sapphire; except at the restless, rippling edge; the serene, holy sky, looking down so earnestly and gently on the flowering earth; the reviving breeze, dipping, like a bird, its fresh wings into the water; how beautiful all things did seem to me—how full of witnesses of the great power and goodness that created them. Why is it that clouds ever come between us and God when there are seasons like this, and we seem to sit at his very feet—when his glory and his mercy seem the very atmosphere we are breathing, and our whole existence is lifted for a time into the reality of all we hope and pray for? Yet these are but passing emotions: they are not, indeed, the very spirit of God; they are but reflections of his image, caught from the glorious mirror of nature. The sky becomes cloudy, the sea stormy; the blossoming and the bearing seasons pass away, and winter comes apace with withered aspect, and biting, bitter breath; the face of the universe becomes dark, and the trust, and faith, and joy of our souls fade into doubt, disbelief, and sorrow. Infirmitv and imperfection pluck us back from our heavenward flight; and the weight of our mortality drags us down fast, fast, again towards the earth. These fair outward creatures, and the blessed emotions they excite, will pass away; must—must pass away; and where is the abiding revelation of God to which we shall turn? It lives for ever in the still burning light of a strong and steadfast soul; in the resolute will and high unshaken purpose of God; in the quiet, calm, collected light of reason; in the undying warmth and brightness of a pure and holy heart."

Of the climate of Boston we learn:

"The heat and cold of this climate freeze or wither every thing; and almost all the flowers which are common and sweet, growing in the moist soil of England, seem reared with difficulty here, and lose their great fragrance, their soul as it were, under the extreme influences of this sky. There were many wild things growing on this mountain, that for beauty and delicacy of form and colour, would have found honourable place in our conservatories; but they had not the slightest perfume, and I took no delight in them. A scentless flower is a monster; and though I acknowledge the pale beauty of that queen of flowers, the camelia, I never see it in its cold, pearl-like pride of bloom, that it does not strike me as like a fine lady—an artificial creature; fair, indeed, to behold, but without the very property of a flower—sweetness. Oh! the lilies of the valley—the primroses, the violets—the sweet, sweet hawthorn—the fresh, fragrant, blush rose—the purple lilac bloom—the golden coalsips of a morning at the close of May in England!"

In this spirit she wanders onward even to the falls of Niagara, of which she attempts no description, but suddenly closes the book; having, however, introduced us to many beautiful, though lesser falls, and many magnificent views.
We have a few proofs of rudeness in the course of her steam-boat travels, and many of sincere kindness and amiable civility. — "The web of life is a mingled yarn" every where; but in America, we are all certain, the want of servants (who are willing to serve) must present more rough threads than elsewhere, to those who were brought up in Europe. However, we trust with all her downrightness and faculty of saying what is uppermost, Mrs. Butler, who has now become one of them, will not be found to have trespassed too far on the politeness and generosity of her new countrymen, since she gives all the larger cities credit for the most friendly conduct, after they had become acquainted with each other. It would be pity that those whom the most sacred ties had been the means of joining together should by any unintentional flippancy be put asunder, especially when the lady only errs on the side of freedom.

The Mardens and the Daventry: tales. By the author of "Traits and Traditions of Portugal."

Much of the gentle elegance of language and sentiment that characterize Miss Pardoe's poetical compositions may be recognised in her prose works. She is evidently more at home with roses and flowers, than with dark passions and strongly-cast scenes. She is too diffuse in dialogue and description, to rivet the reader's attention and make him hold his breath. She is not a dramatist, and ought, therefore, seldom to suffer her tales to fall into dialogue. Her narrative is, however, delightful, and her descriptions of natural scenery have all the polish of a highly-cultivated mind; but she is not a dramatist, and therefore lacks the skill to infuse life-like individuality of character into her speeches. For instance, her idiot, in the "Mardens," instead of an imbecile child, talks in the regular sentences of a young melancholy scholar, with weak health and a poetical imagination. Deep close study of nature in persons affected with idiotic bereavement is needful before such a character can be effectively drawn. Miss Pardoe is a skilful mistress of her own language, but she must read life as fluently, before she can write an original and effective story. We regret that she has cast the scenes of the tale of the "Daventry" at the court of Richard the First, and founded it on the massacre of the Jews at his coronation; for those only who have forgotten "Ivanhoe," or not read that work, will admire it. Miss Pardoe is not sufficiently acquainted with the modes of thinking and acting in those times to write a successful historical romance. It is very doubtful whether an abbey ever was converted into the mansion-house of a nobleman in the days of Richard the First: church revenues were occasionally seized, it is true, by the Norman sovereigns, and it was a hard struggle in which they were worsted, for public opinion was against them; but the noble who desecrated a religious house by turning it to domestic uses, would have suffered all the inconveniences of excommunication, to say nothing of the danger of such a procedure, which would naturally have formed a prominent feature in the tale. Then the expression, "One of the name had refused a barony," and they had varied their style but from Sir Aubrey to Sir Geoffrey, and from Sir Geoffrey back to Sir Aubrey again," implies that a mere titular nobility existed in the time of Richard the First, as it does in the days of William the Fourth. But nobles in those days had not leave given them, by means of a piece of parchment, to call themselves by different names, as "my lord," instead of "Sir Aubrey." A baron was a military chief, who, by inheritance, force, fraud, or royal gift, held undisputed possession of a certain extent of territory, on condition of furnishing certain quota of military or civil service to the king. If Richard the First had offered to make F. J. Littleton baron of Hatherton, as the king did the other day, he must first have presented him with the lands of Hatherton. If he had had them originally, Richard would have merely summoned him to his councils by the name of his territory. If a king created a baron or earl, he had to endow him as such from the crown lands, or confiscations of manors that he had torn from some of his rebels. In our times the Duke of Wellington and Earl Nelson's titles were endowed by the gratitude of the nation, or the titles would have been a mockery. It was shrewdly remarked by a noble and defunct member of our royal family, that a "title without an estate was like a pudding without fat:" it wants richness. Thus considered, the refusal of a barony
was an exercise of such rigid self-denial, as would have obtained canonization for the "Sir Aubrey," or the "Sir Geoffrey," if either had had the indiscretion to live at the time in an abbey turned into a comfortable gentleman’s mansion. These errors are not mere verbal mistakes, they are false notions of the state of society at the outset of the tale, which prevent the characters from acting to the life, or according to the circumstances in which they must inevitably have been placed. Miss Pardoe has talents to make a fine writer, but she is wasting them by placing her stories otherwise than in modern times. We are much mistaken, too, (and we speak from the remembrance of a capital comic poem of her’s that appeared in this Magazine,) if her forte is not rather in the sprightly, shrewd, and satirical style of modern life, than in sad and solemn romantic.


Since the last fifteen years, Europe has obtained more real information respecting the Holy Land and Asia Minor, by means of intelligent travellers, than in the former fifteen hundred, and yet the subject seems exhaustless and uniting, and the more that is written the greater desire seems to arise for further research; and the reader follows eagerly, as the author leads him, mentally, to places whose names and history are rendered familiar from childhood to every Christian, in the reading of the Holy Scriptures. Few works on the Holy Land possess greater literary merit than this, but none present so much religious edification; in none has the illustration of Scripture been made so entire an object, or been more completely effected.

Our author is a Wesleyan-missionary, for some years stationed at Ceylon, who travels homeward through the continent of India, overland through Arabia, Palestine, and Egypt, and gives us a journal of the present state of these countries as compared with Scripture, and his narrative impresses us with the irresistible conviction that truth is his most sacred object. Let not our readers suppose that they will be disgusted by fanaticism or narrow-mindedness. This work is written by a Wesleyan, it is true; but it is as true, that he is a man whose mind is imbued with the elegancies and refinements of mental cultivation, as well as the more solid acquisitions of learning. Very seldom, indeed, do the genuine disciple of the Church of England and the follower of Wesley find themselves at angry issue; the narrow exclusiveness and polemic combativeness that deform the practice of some sects of Protestant dissenters is not frequent in this denomination, and scarcely ever met with among the best-informed among them. Our readers may read this work, and put it into the hands of their children, without a fear that it contains aught that might not be written by a pious clergyman of the establishment.

To add to its other excellencies, it is eminently fitted for a Sunday library, as it keeps, at the same time, the attention alive by its interesting information, and is, at least, as useful in regard to religious impressions as a book of abstract devotion. The reader may turn from its pages to the Bible, without profaning the holy book by its mean companionship; and the mother may select passages from its contents for her child to compare with Scripture, as a fit employment for the Sabbath. This is no slight recommendation; for the most difficult branch of education is to induce children to spend the Sabbath in a fitting manner, and yet without weariness; this book is most precious for that purpose. Mundrel, whose style is so barren and matter so rich, is usually the book used for comparison with Scripture; we think the simple eloquence of such passages as the following, will cause the present work to be preferred:—

“Near every village there are caves, and cisterns, and sepulchres, cut in the rock, women grinding at the mill, oxen treading out the corn, groups of females seated near the well, shepherds abiding in the field; the bottles of the people are made of leather; their beds are a simple mat or carpet, and even a child may take them up and walk; the grass is cast into the oven, people live in the tombs, there are lodges in the garden of cucumbers, grass grows upon the tops of the houses, and the inhabitants walk, and sleep, and meditate, upon the roofs of their dwellings. These customs, and a multitude of others that might be named, still cling to the homes where some of them have been practised near four thousand years. There are the same fruits, flowers, trees, birds, and animals; and milk and honey are still a chief
article of food among the people. It is man alone that seems out of his place; all other objects remind us of the Scriptures, and throw light upon some of its facts; we reverence the very pebbles:

'And all, save the spirit of man, is divine.'

'It would be wrong to argue the former capabilities of the Holy Land from its present appearance, as it is now under the curse of God, and its general barrenness is in full accordance with prophetic denunciation. The Israelite in our street, whose appearance was delineated with graphic precision, by the legislator prophet, in the 16th century before Christ, is not a surer evidence of the inspiration of the holy volume, than the land as it now exists, cursed as it is in its products, its heaven shut up, and comparatively without rain. Deut. xi. 17. The prophecies concerning Canaan are numerous, and have been so literally fulfilled, that they may now be used as actual history.'

The information respecting the Egyptian antiquities, strikes us as that of a minute and original observer:

'The most ancient of the existing temples is said by the interpreters of the hieroglyphics to have been erected about the year 1778, B.C.; and, in turning over our bibles, to search from the contemporary sacred history, we find that about that time Jacob was wooing his beloved Rachel at the well of Haran. The city is mentioned by Homer as 'the hundred-gated.' I had an opportunity of seeing the sun set from a situation in the western range of mountains, that commands a view of the whole plain. As I was proceeding towards the place, the people came running out of their sepulchres with curiosity to dispose of, for they had found among the ruins. These people live in tombs, sleep in coffins, and gain their food by selling the bones and flesh of men. One old fellow brought out the dark mummy of a man, without any covering; but it was too disgusting an object to look upon: the skin and form were quite perfect. The desiccating qualities of the place are wonderful. An Italian died here some time since, and his body soon became so dry, that it was sold to a certain traveller as an ancient mummy; but on being brought to Alexandria, the features were recognized by some of his friends. The ground is perforated with mummy pits, like the cells of a honeycomb, and it required some little care in guiding the animal on which I rode among them, lest we should fall in and be buried alive. I had no wish to be exhibited some years hence as a genuine Egyptian mummy, and to be addressed by some poet as having shaken hands with Pharaoh, or seen the departure of the Israelites. Higher up the mountains are the tombs of more respectable persons, now inhabited by the people. They are excavated in rows, one above the other; and in the evening the flocks are brought up to them by steep paths, after feeding upon the rich pasture in the plain. I dined in one of the tombs with an English gentleman, who has been located in this strange habitation several years. By the time we reached this place the sun had set to us, but was shining upon the plain through a pass in the mountains. I never at any time saw so many birds as were now returning from a distance to their resting places for the night. It seemed as if the spirits of the millions of the dead who had breathed their last in the valley had suddenly become embodied, and were hovering in dark masses above their deserted city. There was the majestic Nile in the centre of the expanse, its banks covered with a mantle of the loveliest green, from the midst of which arose the white walls of a temple, in every quarter to which the attention was directed. The temples of Karnac were nearly hidden by a grove of dates. The columns of Luxor showed themselves in splendour, and worshippers might have been imagined as standing among them, bowing to the favoured Lord of Heaven, as he might seem for a moment to veil his majesty before them, or shed upon their prayers his last bright ray. The two statues of Memnon were sitting in silence, as if, too gigantic in their imaginings to be attracted by any scene in this lower world, as they were far away in their colossal proportions from anything that pertains to man. From this plain the monarch might once summon to his standard 20,000 fighting men and 200 chariots; now scarcely a single habitation is to be seen. 'Where are they, where are thy wise men?' —'Why are thy valiant men swept away?' asks the prophet; and the same prophet answers, 'They stood not, because the Lord did drive them.' Jer. xlvii. 15.

The work is illustrated by lithographic sketches from drawings taken at the places. They do not possess attractions for the artist, but are useful to the reader, as the absence of all the embellishments of professional art, brings conviction that a faithful mapping of the scene depicted is presented to the eye. The representation of the village of Nazareth is, however, by no means devoid of pictorial merit.

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<th>Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia— —The Germanic Empire. By S. A. Dunham, Esq., LL.D. Longman and Co.</th>
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<td>We have now before us the completion of the history of the Germanic Empire, the last and most important volume, comprising, as it does, the history of the Reformation. We doubt whether the</td>
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Learned author's exposure of the private characters of the German reformers, in the 16th century, will make his history a popular one; with that we have sought to do; the question for the reviewer to solve is, whether his assertions are false or true? We own that we cannot point out any false statement in regard to the charges he brings against Luther, whose sinful compliance with the bigamy of the Landgrave of Hesse, is well known to all but party readers, and is only to be matched by the vile origin of our own blessed reformation, which was hurried on, in an untimely manner, by the bad passions of Henry VIII., whose wickedness, doubtless, impaired and blighted the work that was in preparation for accomplishment in God's good time. Can any rational creature believe, that has studied the march of mind in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, without seeing that we should have had a reformation, independently of that produced at the moment by the vile passions of this man? Why should we not have had as guiltless a one as that which took place in Sweden and Denmark, where the Protestant clergy, although there is a hierarchy, are remarkable for their primitive simplicity of life and manners? There is no doubt that the reformed church of this country suffered, and does still suffer, for her cause having been identified with the most atrocious of tyrants; and that Germany has likewise suffered for the guilty compliances of Luther, with the ambitious duplicity of Maurice of Saxony, who turned Protestant because he chose to have his brother's throne, and the immoralities of the Prince of Hesse, who wanted another wife, or, rather, two wives at once. Too long has history only recorded one side of the question; she has only seen with Catholic eyes, or with Protestant eyes; let her assert facts, and facts alone. Not that we think Mr. Dunham an impartial writer; he records only what is detestable in Luther's character; some curious traits which might be pleaded in extenuation of his violence he does not mention—as, Luther's strong bias to hypochondriac—the frequent interviews he solemnly asserts he had with Satan—the apparitions which he saw of a venerable old man, who commanded him to translate the Scriptures—the dreams he dreamed, and the omens he had. Mr. Dunham throws light, by his exposition of Luther's unqualified belief in predestination, and entire justification by faith alone, on that reformer's extraordinary rejection of the divine book of St. James from the canons. Many other facts he brings forward, which have not been brought before the English public by any Protestant author: yet, though we feel great indignation when partisan Protestant authors corrupt or sophisticate truth, to bring calumnies on their Catholic fellow-men and brethren, yet we do not think that Dunham writes in a Protestant spirit; nay, we think there is a spirit of partisanship against the reformers, apparent in every page of his book.

In regard to the manner in which he has given historical information on secular subjects, we object to his supposing any passage in history to be too much known to bear detail; for instance, the Thirty Years' War—the most interesting portion of the German history he entirely omits, because, he says, Schiller's history of that era is a household book. Yes, it is to the literary, but not to those who take the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," as a work of pure information. An historian ought not to disdain to continue the stream of intelligence, because those who are his equals in learning are acquainted with a particular era. These popular libraries are for the instruction of the young and uninformed, and not to gratify the curiosity of learned men; and the disappointment is very great, when a youth from seventeen to twenty comes to such an history as this. To show the great error, let any lady, who is mother of a grown-up family, and is accustomed to read our reviews and take the "Cabinet Library," question her children on the subject of the Thirty Years' War, and if they have not read Coleridge's "Wallenstein," a very scarce and uncomeatable book, out of print, not one word, we will answer, will one person out of ten know about it. Schiller's "Thirty Years' War" is nearly as well known to the literary as his "Wallenstein?" but what do the mass of the public know about it? or where are they to get it, if they have not access to an extensive library? One of the most useful features in the "History of the Germanic Empire," is the table of contemporary princes; but we think this might have been extended and amplified, so as to have shown, in a sort of stream of time chart, all the co-
temporaneous events and reigns of the various potentates that made up the Germanic empire; it would have produced a wonderful clearness in the minds of the young readers, who read for improvement, not for criticism. It is scarcely possible to give to uninformed minds, by any other plan, a comprehensive idea of the various ramifications of the German empire. In an old atlas (often mentioned by Lord Byron, a curious copy of which is in our possession,) there is a queer picture of an assembled German diet; which, in truth, gives a better idea of the several powers into which this vast European midland was lotted out, than any abstract or separate histories; but we think a chronological chart of the empire would have answered this purpose. We have read the Appendix with much pleasure; it is full of curious traits of ancient customs, from which we extract these passages:

"The patriarchal indulgence, modifying the harshness of the feudal system, is pleasingly displayed in the partial relaxation of one of its generally harshest features—the game laws. The following are extracts from various old laws, strongly asserting the rights of noble sportsmen:

"But if a good fellow of the county should go into the water with his hose and shoes on, and should catch hold of a fish, and eat it with good friends, he shall have done no wrong; but he shall not catch fish with nets, or carry them to market. Also, if a shepherd, with his dog to his sheep, should by chance catch a hare, and shall carry it openly upon his neck, and not cook it with kail or cabbage, but shall lawfully roast it (first doing to it something else, which, for want of a Mrs. Glasse of the middle ages, we confess our inability to explain or translate), and invite the village magistrate, or some of his lord's servants to partake of it, he shall have done no wrong; but he shall not go after it, nor lie in wait for it, nor shoot, nor sell it."

"A trespassing goose was ordered to be hampere[d], in some way that we do not quite comprehend, with a long unhushed straw; and if the said goose could release itself, it was entitled to its life. A hen was allowed to trespass as far upon a neighbour's land as her owner, standing upon two sharp stakes in the hedge, could throw his ploughshare between his legs. How hens were taught to know their precise limits we are not told; but they were clearly expected so to do, for a hen that exceeded her bounds might be killed, provided she was afterwards thrown into her owner's domain with as many herbs as would suffice to cook her for a nobleman's table. Further—A miller shall not dam up the water so high that but a bee may sit upon the head of the nail in the middle of the stake, and drink and enjoy the water without wetting its feet or wings."

"Every new-born infant was laid upon the floor, to await the father's determination whether it should live or die; in their language, be taken up, or carried out. In the first case the father took it into his own arms, acknowledged, and named it. In the other it was carried out and exposed. But to render this determination lawful, it was requisite that the child should not have acquired a right to life, by tasting food or being purified with water; which last appears to have been a northern rite or practice previous to the institution of Christian baptism. One should have thought this condition might have almost always enabled a bold and fond mother to secure her babe from exposure, but it was rarely thus taken advantage of. Respect for the laws and conjugal submission were more potent, it would seem, than even maternal love! Grimm notes, however, a curious story of its employment, by the mere charity of a stranger, to preserve an infant that, rescued from its untimely doom, lived to become the mother of St. Ludiger.

"When this infant, Liaisburga, came into the world, she had a heathen grandmother, who, indignant at a number of daughters, and no male heir, having been already born to her son, ordered that the expected child, if it proved a girl, should be drowned, ere it could taste food. A girl it was, and the old lady's emissaries accordingly carried off the babe, and proceeded to immerse it in a pail of water. But the predestined mother of a saint was not to be thus robbed of her future honours. The infant extended her little arms, and grasping the sides of the vessel, stoutly defended her life. During this extraordinary struggle, a woman chanceing to pass by was touched with pity, and snatching the babe from the hands of the legal assassin, fled with it into her own house, where she put honey into its mouth. When the man, who, in obedience to his orders, had been endeavouring to drown Liaisburga, saw her licking the honey from her lips, his conscience would not suffer him to make any farther attempt at executing his murderous charge. He durst not, however, impart what had happened to his savage mistress: he assured her that she had been obeyed; and Liaisburga was secretly brought up by her preserver, until the old grandmother's death allowed of her being restored to her parents."

The Wife; or Women as they are. A Domestic Drama. Longman and Co.

We find both feminine tenderness and poetical talent in "The Wife." It forcibly reminds us of the "Gamester," although
we do not detect the slightest plagiarism, but it is evidently written with the same moral motive. It is strongly in the spirit of those domestic tragedies that were so popular with our forefathers, and were considered as productive of such good on the minds of the juveniles of that day. "George Barnwell" and the "Gamester" still retain the shadow of their ancient popularity; and perhaps morals have not mended since those young people of the middle classes, who visited the theatre but seldom, were sent by their masters or parents to witness only such representations. The play, was the play to them; and there was sufficient at the theatre to fascinate the young sense of wonder, although the stage offered to them no show but a sternly moral representation. But we are wandering from "The Wife," to the discussion of works of similar grade. The author has, in the construction of her blank verse, studied the dramatists of an elder day to these we have alluded to, and often gives us a passage of simple beauty, as the following, which embodies feelings that few young wives have not experienced:

Oh the first night
He came not home, how did I sit and weep,
Then dried my tears and pray'd, then wept again;
Gazed on my watch with eyes made dim
with grief,
Counting the tardy moments as they pass'd;
How did I listen with impatient ear,
Thinking each distant sound was his dear step.
Thus hour succeedeth hour, the morning dawn'd,
To me a fatal morn, my messengers
Return'd without success, their search was vain,
They found him not, he was not to be found.

We do not like the transition from blank verse to natural dialogue, although a custom among dramatists, whose practice has made it classic; it requires an overpowering weight of genius to bear it out. The use of daggers, too, in scenes of modern life, is out of costume and character, and, of course, banishes sympathy, and the deception an author wishes to keep up.

"The Wife" is embellished with some cuts, designed by George Cruikshank. The fortune-telling scene is in its first-rate style; the others, though not without his peculiar merit of design, require, from the tenor of the story, more beauty than George has it in his power to bestow. —


When History's muse the recording was keeping,
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Behind her the genius of Erin stood weeping,
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.

When Moore first published that magnificent lyric from which those lines are quoted, few were aware whose pen the muse of history was guiding in the record of the woes and tears of unhappy Ireland. The publication of a History of Ireland by Moore is a national event of the utmost consequence, both to that unfortunate country and to Great Britain. Its progress will be watched with intense interest both by the literary and political public; and we trust that when the illustrious historian approaches those times, the narrative of which will sound like a tocsin of war to party spirits, he will consider how much real benefit is to be done for his unhappy country by touching the high and generous feelings of Englishmen, rather than irritating them by passages breathing defiance and detestation. It is said "Moore's Irish Melodies" brought about the long-contested "Emancipation." It is said that a great minister was propitiated as follows:—

"Though proud was the task other nations unchain'd,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thine own."

Yet there is none of the inflammatory spirit of the demagogue in this irresistible appeal. Was it less manly because it bore the very spirit of peace and conciliation upon its wings?

The first volume of the Irish History promises great things for its successors. The research into the most difficult materials is surprising, and we plainly perceive that the gathering together "of here a little and there a little" from tradition and existing antiquities, must have occupied at times a portion of the poet's life from an early period of his literary career. Perhaps his earliest ambition was to be the historian of that country for whose cause he has strove so much. He has tamed down the rhetorical and flowery style that sometimes injured his
earlier prose works, by the introduction, as in the Life of Sheridan, of flighty passages and uncalled-for metaphors, into the chastened dignity of the true historian, who knows that to record a well digested succession of facts is his business, rather than to express his own private opinion of the light in which certain events are to be viewed. The great fault of modern history is, that the simple fact related occupies as small a portion of the work as a text does in a sermon; while the historian's comment is as long as a sermon, and often as dry and as little to the purpose as an indifferent sermon. Little fear there is of such barren tracks in a history written by Thomas Moore; his digressive passages are full of matter; if he make an excursion it is to bring light to throw on a difficult subject; witness his curious inquiry into sacred and classical history, in order to illustrate the worship of the Druids, their temples and rock-stones. We see no tendency to give credence to exaggerated representations, and draw the picture as it must have existed in every country governed by a number of semi-barbarous chiefs, as the reader will find by referring to pages 170, 171, 172. We give no extracts for this plain reason, the volume, from the fame of its author, will be in the hands of every one.

**Arboretum Britannicum.** Nos. 5 and 6. Longman and Co.

Mr. Loudon has made an alteration in the June number of the "Arboretum," in which, for once, we think he has not shown his good judgment and exquisite taste for nature and the arts. He has superseded the zinc plates for the smaller trees, and has adopted wood-cuts in their place; retaining, at the same time, the zinc for the larger trees. We think that the zinc conveys the idea of the foliage of the small trees with great truth and beauty, while the detached botanical specimens on a larger scale have a softness that blends very happily with colouring, which is a property not possessed by the wood-cuts, whose outline and shading is hard. We are not speaking on mere speculation, for the hand of the reviewer is familiar with the pencil and water-colours. We doubt whether wood-cuts would produce truer representations of the common laburnum—the cut-leaved laburnum, the virginia, the two spindle trees, the opake-leaved holly, the Scotch laburnum, the tulip tree, and all the lime trees, than zinc has done. It is true, that some of the smaller designs of the stone-fruited species are not so happy as those we have named; but it appears to us, that the original drawing, both of sprays and figures, is of an inferior character; the pencilling is coarser, the shading less delicate—and hence the faults that have made the author discontented with this department of his beautiful work; while if the artists or artist kept up to the standard of excellence we have named, the zinc need not be discarded. Meantime, we would recommend Mr. Loudon, in his portraits of trees, not to exceed the size of the plan-tanus maple (plate 35). Let the altitude of his trees be ever so lofty, he knows full well that the size of even the smallest, when compared to the limits of his paper, must be conventional, in the eye of the beholder, on the same principles as the portrait of Thomas Moore occupies as large a space in a print as the towering figure of Belzoni, or the gigantic Bruce, of Nile celebrity; with this indulgence always allowed to purity. The difference between the elegant cytissus and the majestic sycamore is not required to be so very great, as to injure the design and destroy the pictorial beauty of the subject, as we think happens in the field maple, the woolly-fruiting maple, and most of the poplars. In these plates, the size of the tree not allowing room for the botanical specimens, they are forced to be placed in an ambiguous and awkward manner among the foliage, or too near to it, to the great injury of the whole, especially where the whole plate is coloured, or wholly left plain; the partially coloured is better in this case. No plate ought to be filled more than that of the Athenian poplar, which is assuredly the happiest of the large trees. In fact, the size of the plantanus, and of the lime trees, convey to the eye a more satisfactory whole of the massing and grouping of the growth of trees, than the crowded state of the larger plates will admit of. The artist will be more satisfied, and the botanist will consider that the clearness of the delineations of the florescence and foliage below, atones for the slight aberration from proportional
size. We likewise consider that the largest trees are too dark and heavy in the shade, and too sudden in the transition to the lights, in the zinc; they have more the commonness of lithography than the smaller and middle-sized designs. We can give our testimony to our subscribers, that wood-cuts are far more expensive than prints from lithography or zinc, therefore the spirited editor has made the alteration to his own loss. But the question is, which style will effect his object best? We think the zinc.


Mr. Valpy has sent forth the most valuable edition of Pope that has yet appeared before the literary world. When we mention him as the publisher, our readers will expect to see all the typographical luxuries and elegancies for which Mr. Valpy is justly famed; nor will they be disappointed. The volumes are illustrated with two engravings; and of the vignette, a scene in Windsor Forest, we can say that it is a little treasure. In the matters of type, setting up, and embellishments, there may be other rivals; but it is the manner in which this edition of Pope is edited, that makes it so valuable in our eyes. Croly's biographical notes are a pure treat. Horace Walpole, himself, could not better have illustrated his Twickenham neighbour, than Croly has: without his aid the satires had become obsolete, and unintelligible to the generality of readers in the present century. We suppose that by the assistance of the violent partisanship of Byron, who abused most heartily all who did not admire Pope as much as he said he did, “the nightingale of Twickenham” will be more popular than ever in England.


We have read this pamphlet, which has been transmitted to us, with interest: it has placed us exactly in the situation of courteous King Jamie on his first introduction to English law-pleadings, for we have heard only one side of the story. Court-martials never come under ladies' cognizance; nor do those who compose them ever ask female advice, perhaps notable justice would be done if they did. But our ideas of the matter, from perusal of the “Statement,” are as follows—His Majesty's ship President, lying in harbour off Halifax, had caught some smugglers, and these smugglers having the use of their legs ran away, and much in the right they were if they could—the officers of the ship, having nothing better to do, were at feud with one another, previously to this escapade. They shifted the blame of it from one to the other, till somehow it was handed on to the shoulders of the second lieutenant, Mr. H. Lister Maw, who had not the watch, when the prisoners “stole themselves out of company.” Nevertheless, he was brought before a court-martial to answer for it. Two of his superior officers, who were, he asserts, previously hostile to him, sat on this court-martial—two out of six, and they took away his commission. Fortunately, we have a sailor king, who, we trust, will not suffer one of his brave officers to lose a commission purchased with his blood, without positive culpability. We learn that this gentleman was the last of several brothers, who had lost their lives in the naval service during the war, and that he himself had formerly been severely wounded and left for dead after action. Surely the smugglers might have decamped without any officer suffering so heavy a penalty, especially as the said smugglers were roaming on deck quite free; and it would seem it were as easy a task as the proverbial one “of holding eels by the tails,” to keep these amphibious animals from hopping over board, and within sight of shore too, if they were not subjected to personal restraint. We doubt whether the watchfulness of the whole navy of Britain could keep an unfettered smuggler on board a ship where he did not choose to stay. It is certainly a very cruel thing to fetter smugglers, poor creatures! especially if they smuggle laces and shawls (we could have no mercy on the wretches, who deal in brandy, tobacco, snuff-boxes, and such abominations); still, as there had been the trouble of catching them, they ought either to have been properly kept, or no rout made about their running away; or the man, whoever he might be, whose office it was to give orders to have them fettered, should have been punished, if, in this case, somebody must be punished. However, this is ladies' law. When we are invited to assist at courts-
martial, we will give such matters serious consideration; till then we doubt our opinions will be held at naught by the ruder half of the human species, who will continue to have their own way in martial law, despite our remonstrances on various cruelties and contradictions therein: we think it only rational and worthy masculine dignity of intellect, that no cruelties or contradictions should be practised, except by the ladies. How fancily we should ride if the right saddle were not put upon the right horse, when we were about to make an excursion!


The fine art that is lavished on this volume, renders it worthy to be ranked with our landscape annuals; and that it is of a more generally useful character, we think can be no objection. It is, certainly, a most sensible arrangement to unite these highly-finished prints with a traveller’s road-book: thus affording the great pleasure of comparing them with their originals, and making resting-places, as it were, in memory, for the recollection of events and objects is apt to be impaired or obliterated by too rapid succession. It will be well for travellers, if buying the book in boards, between every leaf they have bound a sheet of blank paper, for the reception of such memorandum as might occur on the spot. “The Road-Book” will be purchased by print collectors on account of the great accuracy of the drawings; to such we can recommend the perfect beauty and excellence of the vignette. The fall of Terni, so also of Pisa, exhibiting the leaning tower, the cathedral, the baptistry, and, in the rear, the arcade of the Campo Santo, and the view of Abbeville. “The view of Dover,” from the sea, is beautifully handled, with the exception of some hairiness in the waves of the foreground, or rather of the forewater:—the lines have the appearance of hair; a fault we never saw before in Finden’s manner. The print is perfect in tone and perspective elsewhere, that we regret a fault that might so easily be hied out. “The view from Rue Rivoli,” is a perfectly finished plate, handled with the minutest care.

“Civita Castellana” is our next favourite; this is in a bolder style, but is very lovely. The perspective of road through the “Pontine Marshes,” is a most attractive picture; the tones of air and distance quite magical, though no great labour is bestowed upon it. Finden’s skies are always fine and natural: there is not a plate in the volume that does not deserve something said on this department. We must not omit mentioning particularly W. Brockedon as a most accurate draftsman. His are, Mount Cenis, Monte Cavallo, Velletri, Pontine Marshes, Bay of Gaeta, Naples, &c. His Florence is, however, nothing worth, being taken from a point of view which does not arrest a traveller’s attention; he could not have been less happy in his choice. Mrs. Edward Austin’s Genoa is a talented and accurate sketch. Altogether there are twenty-six engravings; some are useful maps of the direct roads. The letter-press gives ample information on the business part of the tour passports, inns, &c.


This number contains a review and translated extract from a work published at Frankfort-on-the-Maine upon the new cemetery there established, July 1, 1828.

The reviewer begins:—“The practice of inhuming the dead within churches and churchyards (!!!) is one of those customs which, though countenanced by long-established example, deserve to be abolished.” We must, however, remark, that churchyards are fit and proper places to receive the dead; and, although we have always strongly advocated the cause of burial out of populous towns, yet we never dreamt of finding fault with country churchyards for the purpose. Nor do we think that “the vaults of Protestant churches” are one tithe less proper for burial, “because the churches are smaller than Catholic churches;” for if the latter are larger, the religious ceremonies of the church tend to congregate the public daily and hourly, and not merely on the Sabbath. The writer will, however, be glad to know, that Catholic countries, even the Papal see, is industriously engaged in bringing about the much-desired change of ex-urban cemeteries, and that several are formed and forming; whilst the chief towns in Switzerland, many parts of Italy, and also America,
have followed the example. One cemetery, he continues, is already formed in the vicinity of the metropolis (London); and a project for a second, if not for a third* (the more the better for the public health), is in actual contemplation.

There is something so peculiar in the arrangements connected with the cemetery at Frankfurt, that we hope to be pardoned for trespassing in another number with so grave a subject upon the attention of our readers.

*This is not to be wondered at when, at the annual meeting in the past month, the year's receipts were announced to be $3,010, and the 25th share declared to be each 37. premium. This result must be extremely gratifying to Mr. Carden, the laborious founder of this highly useful national undertaking. Those who desire a graphic design and account of this cemetery, will find a very fair statement in the "Penny Magazine" for August, 1854.

1. A Catechism of Political Economy.
   By T. Murray, LL.D.

2. A Catechism of Natural Philosophy.
   By G. Lees, A.M. 2d Part. Oliver and Boyd.

Our present race of political economists ought to be truly grateful for the publication of this clear-headed little work, as they have now a chance of understanding what they talk about; and since political economy has been ladies' study and drawing-room conversation, such a textbook is a desideratum in the fashionable world. We shall be extremely humble in venturing to decide whether the views are right or wrong in regard to money, poor laws, machinery, funded property, free trade, &c., now only arguing that the catechumen who study this manual, may have the advantage of being able to know what these matters really are, and whence their origin: information essentially necessary, even to those who may, perhaps, have been in the habit of discussing such matters.

The second of these "Catechisms," is a little work of high and undisputed utility. The names of all terms of art are clearly explained: it is a faithful handmaid to the sciences. Let general readers, who may be, perhaps, somewhat alarmed at an array of angles and circles, A B, and Y and Z's, just turn to pages 24 and 25, and read the description of the manner in which the houses in London are supplied with water, stated with admirable simplicity and clearness, and after that they will consent, without fear, to be guided by the author in his introduction to the awfully-sounding sciences of hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, and optics.

A Grand Fancy Dress Ball and Supper, for the benefit of several Hospitals, will take place at the Colosseum (taken by Messrs. Braham and Yates), on the 8th July, and, by letters we have seen, their Majesties and several members of the Royal Family will be present.
Fine Arts.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. Part I. From drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We are charmed to find such a projected series of engravings. Stanfield is an admirable painter of coast scenery:—he has many rivals. For England is founding a school, at the present day, of marine painting, which will surpass the glories of the famed Flemish marine painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; for the execution is as fine, and the land scenery of our coasts so much finer and more varied than that which presented itself to the Flemish painters, who faithfully copied all the changes that sun, air, and mist made in their flat coasts and shipping; they copied their coast scenery well, but they never looked abroad for bolder headlands and picturesque rocks. Now let us turn to Stanfield's designs, and see the great advantage a more liberal view of nature has given him. Look at his magnificent St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, with the waves beating boldly at its foot, so finely engraved by Stephenson. Perhaps we admire still more the pictorial merits of Falmouth, engraved by Carter, but the subject is easier of execution. The Castle of St. Michael's Mount, Normandy, engraved by Carter, has all the richness which that faithful engraver transmits to us when he works from Prout; but the design is Stanfield's, and a beautiful one it is. The Botallack Mine, Land's-End, has, perhaps, a little hardness in the aerial tints, but it has many points of high merit. Only two-and-sixpence for these gems! truly the price is marvellously low.

The letter-press presents us with several antiquarian historical anecdotes that deserve the attention of the reader. The matter is cleverly got up.


This pretty and useful little work is one of the marvels of the day for cheapness and good art. The maps, which are original, are delicately and clearly engraved, and comprehend the latest discoveries. There are six in each number; the present contains Europe, as settled at the peace of 1815, Asia, Africa, and the Americas; likewise England and Ireland. According to proper arrangement, Scotland should have been in the same number as England; perhaps this is a littleumas to ensure the sale of the next number; no matter, the public have the whole for a very trifle. We have an atlas in our library published thirty years ago, one copy of which cost as much as ten complete sets of this work will come to, and what is worse, without a tithe of its merit.

Music.


The name of Woolhouse is an assurance to the public that this treatise on sound is founded on true scientific principles. Any lady who wishes to know the principles of tuning, will here find them briefly, yet thoroughly, explained; and she can, at the same time, gain an insight into the higher branches in the science of calculation.

Musical Magazine. F. De Porquet and Cooper.

The fifth number of this well-conducted Musical Magazine, for May, is not inferior to any of the former; besides containing a great deal of information concerning hints to, and movements in, the musical world, it has two original songs: one, a ballad, by C. H. Garstin, called "It was a Knight," in whose favour we cannot say much; and a very pretty serenade, "Oh! come, love, come," by J. Harroway, of the Royal Academy of Music, which, alone, is worth the price of the whole publication.


This is a charming duo, whose playful lightness is truly fairy-like. The music is remarkable for its elegant arrangement. Key, A flat major.

We meet no more. Sung by Miss Shirreff, &c. Composed by G. Tolkien. T. Welsh.

Sweet and plaintive; it will be a favourite on young ladies' music-stands.
You may think that when Time. Caravina, written by W. TOLKIN; the music by T. BAKER. T. Welsh.

There is high moral feeling in the sentiment of this song, and the music is worthy of it.


Without any particular pretensions to fine musical composition, the bold and spirited character of the words causes this song to sing well, and we think it will be a favourite at hunting and sporting meetings; the song is long, and the words require some taste in selection. The first verse is verbiage, and detracts from the fire of the rest; its heaviness most likely damped the powers of the composer. Had the song begun—“Look, look, bow that eye-ball glows bright as a brand,” we should have had a finer melody. Any person who sings this song with taste should commence at the third verse, and sing to the end.

The Duke of Leuchtenberg’s celebrated Waltzes, for Piano. Composed by G. T. HARRIS. T. Welsh.

The character of these waltzes is altogether very charming. The first (key D) is extremely pretty. The fourth (key A) truly beautiful. They are published just in good time to be danced at the wedding of the poor Duke’s successor,—

“The funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables.”

Did you see the Red Rose on its bonny green stem? Song by Miss Shireff. Composed by G. T. HARRIS.

In this song Mr. Harris has been completely successful. It is set to a rich, full, original melody, bearing much of the expression of the best Scotch music. The symphonies are delightful. Key of F.

Oh! give me back my Heart again. A Ballad. Written by G. ELLIS INMAN. T. Welsh.

A flat. When lovers begin to talk of their hearts, we either laugh or yawn, according to the humour we happen to be in. Really, Messieurs the lovers, you must lament yourselves in more original poesies than the present, if you wish to inspire fine music! What can a composer do with such hackneyed ideas? Just what Baker has done with this one—write prettilyish music; but he can be brilliant and original when he is supplied with better materiel.

Paris Chitchat, &c.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEWS FROM PARIS.

PARIS, JUNE 25.

Je te remercie de ta charmante lettre, ma chère et bonne amie, mais ce qui m’a affligé, c’est que tu parles d’aller en Ecosse. Je ne suis pas eu then you in Paris this year; que cela me désolé! Est ce si nain qui aimes ton fils? Ah! cruelle, je te gronderais bien fort, si je ne t’aimais pas tant. I have been teasing M. de F. to take me to Scotland, so that we might pass a month or two together; but, would you believe it? he refused. I had an attaque de nerfs, purposely to frighten him into compliance; mais en pure perte—all in vain.

Ne suis-je pas aplaindre avec un tyran de mari comme celui là? He says, that as my children have but lately recovered from the measles, I had better take them to one of my country-houses. Que les enfants sont ennuéux! I have a mind to put my little girls into a convent: à propos, Madame de L. put her child into a convent, merely for her education; mais la petite Caroline has become so attached to the nuns, that she is determined to take the veil, as soon as she is old enough. The poor child has been trying to make a convert of her aunt, and has actually more than half persuaded her to become one of the community. I think few ever quit a convent with other sentiments than those of regret. It is extraordinary what charms a life of seclusion has for some persons; and I am apt to think that those who are fondest of retirement, are not only amongst the happiest, but the best of mankind; it shows, at least, that their minds are framed for contentment and domestic enjoyment, and with such feelings they have not to go beyond their own little fireside in search of happiness. I, too, love it; aye, a thousand times better than I do the gay, the busy, bustling world, where real happiness is only known by name. But I would not like a convent. Oh! no; I should have my husband and my children with me. I believe it is Addison who says, in the “Spectator,” that “soultude, with the person beloved, even to a woman’s mind, has a pleasure beyond all the pomp and splendour in the world.” Et quoi que j’en dise, tu sais combien j’aime mon mari et mes enfants! but I must not sermonize. I will tell you who is also gone into a convent, but not par choix—Madame C. P.—She eloped a week or two since, disguised in men’s clothes, with an agent de change. Her husband followed them to Belgium, and after considerable difficulty, succeeded in bringing back his wife to Paris; he instantly placed her in a convent (les Madeleinettes), where she must remain for life, if such be his pleasure. In France, a husband has, in such a case, the power of putting his wife into a convent for life: if all French husbands acted so, we should require at least as many nunneries in Paris as there are in all Spain or Italy. The gallant has been sent
to the prison of La Force. The fêtes at Tolbiac have commenced, and are the rendezvous du beau monde this season. I was there the other evening; the gardens were crowded; there was a magnificent display of fireworks, and a M. Marquet ascended in a balloon. M. le Prince de Saxe-Saxony was there, accompanied by the Duc d'Orléans and de Nemours. It is said that the Prince de Saxe-Saxony is the future husband of the Princess Clémence.

You will have heard with regret of the death of Lieutenant-general Kellerman, Duc de Valmy. He died a few days ago of a liver complaint, which had been of long standing. He was one of our bravest officers: I believe you were acquainted with him. M. de Chasles has just lost his youngest daughter, after an illness of only two days; and the Duc de la Rochefoucauld has had the misfortune to lose his daughter also. These deaths remind me of telling you of a funeral I saw the other day on the Boulevards, and which made a deep impression on me. It was that of a young lady, who had to have been married shortly. A white satin cushion was placed upon the coffin, and on it was her bridal bouquet and crown of orange flowers, with a knot of white ribbons and a pair of white gloves. At the corners of the cushion were fastened long white satin ribbons, which were held by four young ladies, her intimate friends, dressed in white, with long veils, and a wreath of white roses round their heads. It was really an affecting sight.

A new Cirque Olympique is erecting in the Champs Elysées, between the Palace of the Élysée Bourbon and the Rond point, for the display of feats of horsemanship. The concerts in the Champs Elysées have been resumed this season, but not with as much success as last year. Musard's concerts, in the Rue St. Honore, which are excellent, injure the others materially. Although the admittance is as low as twenty-five francs, the object, enfin tout l'élite du beau monde de Paris: the room is handsome, well lighted, and there are two jets d'eau that cool the air delightfully. A new melodrama, called "Charles I. and Cromwell," has been brought out at the theatre of the Porte St. Martin. Its success is rather doubtful. The last scene, taken from the celebrated picture, painted two years ago by M. Paul Delaroche, of Cromwell looking into the coffin of Charles, was hissed. The Cheval de Bronze, continues to draw crowds whenever it is performed. A new opera, Le porte Feu, was brought out an evening or two ago at the Opera Comique, but failed; the music is by M. Gomi—but he does not write pretty operas. Have you heard of the Polish Prince Oginski, who, before the last revolution in his country, possessed a fortune of ten millions in francs? He has lost every thing, and now carries on the trade of a bookbinder, in a small shop outside the Barrière du Roule, where he employs a few of his unfortunate countrymen. What a dreadful vicissitude of fortune! There was a grand ball at the British ambassador's last Friday; as you may imagine, it was very hot for dancing: cependant nous nous sommes bien amusées. The balls I like now, are those given by friends who live a little way out of Paris, where we dance in the open air. I intend giving a fête champêtre shortly. Mais en voilà assez de bavardage et parlons toilettes.

PARIS COSTUME.

At the Balls I have been at lately, the prevailing dresses were of white blonde, white gauze embroidered in white or coloured silks, and white crape. They were worn over white satin under-dresses, and are certainly prettier than any others at this season of the year. The corsages are made plain, fitting tight to the bust, with or without draperies à la Steyne: the sleeves short and full: the skirts either plain, looped up at one or both sides with bouquets, or else made to open in front, and held back at distances with jewels, bows of ribbon, or small bouquets. The corsages à pointe are very little worn, except when the dress is tout-à-fait à l'antique, made of rich broché satin; the sleeves finished with deep ruffles à la Louis XV. reaching below the elbow. But these dresses are no longer worn, except par les mamans, who find more charms in écarté than in the quadrille or galop. Dresses for dancing must be light, to look well for young ladies. Organdi, and white crape or gauze, are the only materials worn. For Walking Dress, white or coloured muslins are the prevailing costume. The corsages have a little fulness at the lower part of the back; the front is likewise full from the shoulder to the waist: the sleeves are extremely full all the way down; they are finished at the wrist by a poignet (wrist), and some have a second poignet a little higher up, which is certainly an improvement, as it prevents the sleeve hanging over the hand. Pelermines the same as the dress are much worn; some are finished merely by a broad hem, others (the white ones) are trimmed with lace, and those of coloured muslin or gingham have a double quilling of the same material all round. This gives a pretty finish to a morning dress; some have the skirts, which are invariably made to open in front, tied down with bows of muslin or ribbon, the colour of the dress. Silk redingottes are worn; but they are seldom as fashionable at this season of the year as muslin dresses.

Black taffetas Mantlets, trimmed with deep black lace, are much worn; these I have described so often that I need not do so again.
The Hats continue rather large, but are worn more *evasé*, thrown back off the face, than they have been for some time. The fronts are worn very long at the sides; the calottes or crowns, not pointed at top, but perfectly plain, with a border round the top and round the front. Drawn capotes of poux de soie, fancy silks, and crape, are extremely fashionable; they are trimmed with foulard ribbons and bouquets of roses, &c. The hats of paille de *riz* font fureur: they are trimmed with foulard ribbons, and with either feathers or birds of Paradise. Paille d’tulic or Leghorn is also fashionable; these hats are either trimmed with white or straw coloured sarsenet ribbons.

Hair.—En grande toilette the back hair is worn in high braids or coques; the front either in ringlets à l’Anglaise, or in bandeaux lisses: smooth bands, feathers and flowers are both much worn. In costume de marin, the back hair is in a knot at the top of the head; the front hair in bands, or ringlets: a pretty addition is a blonde cap border, quilled on to a pink or blue foulard or gauze ribbon that ties under the chin; the border is ornamented with small bows or coves of the same, and some have a wreath of very minute flowers at each side: these borders are kept in their places by a narrow ribbon which is sewed at each side, and is tied at the back of the head. You cannot think how simple and pretty this is for a petite réunion, or in the morning.

Turbans and Dress Hats continue to be very much worn; those à la Juive are preferred to all others; they are ornamented with diamonds, birds of Paradise, or ostrich feathers.

In Lingerie.—White pelerines embroi- dered and trimmed with lace, and handsome flat collars of the same, are universally adopted. Manchettes are worn in most modern costumes. The pocket handkerchiefs are of the finest cambrie, and are without hems: they have what is called a *rivière* (several rows of open work more than an inch in depth) all round; and the lace, which is put on full, is sewed outside.

Black silk Mittens and Gloves are entirely out: those worn at present are kid.

Brodequins of satin royal are fashionable; if not the colour of the dress, they should be bronze, dark moss green, or grey.

For the country, grey or brown silk Stockings, with black clocks, are much worn.

Colours.—The prevailing colours for hats are white, pink, and straw colour: and for dresses, lavender, cendre, green, and pearl-grey. The favourite colours for ribbons (to be worn with white dresses) for ceinture, cravatte or pompadour, bracelets, and cap borders, are pink, blue, lilac, apple green, and straw colour.

Maintenant chère amie je te dirai adieu. Je t’embrasse bien tendrement, aine-moi un peu, car tu sais combien tu es chère à ton amie,

L. de F———.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(NO. 13.)—Costume de Campagne ou de Chez-soi.—Dress of white muslin; the corsage made low, and fitting tight to the bust. The sleeves excessively full all the way down to the wrist, where they are finished by a narrow poignet, or wrist-band. The skirt of the dress is extremely full, and ornamented with a deep embroidered flounce, fastened at the edge; immediately over the flounce is a light guirlande of embroidery going all round the dress (see plate). On the neck is a *fichu paysanne*: this new and very elegant pelerine is of thin muslin, the same as the dress. In form it resembles a double half-handkerchief, with the corners taken off at the back (see plate, the sitting figure): the two points in front cross, and are fastened beneath the ceinture; the *fichu* is embroidered all round, and trimmed with a deep-worked trimming; it is fastened in front by a brooch. The hair at the back is raised high on the top of the head; it is in one large *coque*, or bow, and a thick braid, standing as high as the bow (see plate). The front hair is in full tufts of curls, falling rather low at the sides of the face. Two branches of lilac are placed at the back of the *coque*, and droop towards the front. Cravatte, ceinture, and bracelets of green foulard ribbon; long gold ear-rings, black shoes of drap de soie, silk stockings, white kid gloves. The sitting figure gives the back of the dress.

(NO. 14.)—Toilette de Promenade Walking Dress.—Redingotte of poux de soie: the corsage made à l’éventail, in folds or plaits, reaching from the shoulder to the centre of the waist in front; the back quite plain, and fitting tight (see plate); the sleeves immensely full to the wrist. The skirt of the redingotte is made to open at the left side, and is ornamented down each side of the opening with *passementerie* (silk braid), put on in a zig-zag pattern (see plate). Pél- erine of the same material as the dress, cut out at the edge, and trimmed with braid. The pelerine is very short in front, and deep on the shoulders; at back it does not reach to the waist. White crape hat, the front large, and long at the sides of the face, but rather more *evasé* than the hats have been lately; the crown is perfectly plain, and not pointed at top. The hat is trimmed with white gauze ribbons, and roses; a wreath of roses, without foliage, goes round the crown (see plate), and retains a high bouquet placed in front; a full-blown rose, with buds and foliage, is placed at the right side, beneath the front of the hat, and a small wreath immediately over the brow, inclining rather to the left. The hair is in plain bands, brought low at the sides of the face. Square collar of fine cambrie, embroidered, and trimmed with lace. Brode- quins of satin royal. White kid gloves, gold brooch and buckle. The sitting figure shows the back of the dress.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

June 5, at Sheringham, the lady of E. C. Buxton, Esq., of a daughter.—June 6, at Wellington-crescent, Ramsgate, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Cummer, Madras Army, of a daughter.—June 6, at Merton-cottage, Cambridge, the lady of the Hon. T. Keppel, of a son.—June 11, in Lower Etwick-street, the lady of W. L. Gower, Esq., of Tityse-place, of a daughter.—June 14, at Farringdon, Berks, the lady of W. Bennett, Esq., of a son.—June 15, the lady of F. Crowder, Esq., of Chesham lodge, Surrey, of a son.—June 14, the lady of R. Anderson, Esq., late of the Hon. Company's service, of a daughter.—June 15, the lady of T. P. L. Hallett, of Lincoln's-inn, Esq., of a daughter.—June 15, in Chester-street, the lady of H. Whitaker, Esq., of a son.—At Bordeau-house, Hants, the Right Hon. Lady Maria Saunderson, of a son.—In Little Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, Mrs. Hayday, of a daughter.—At Dulwich-hill, Mrs. Henry Young, of a daughter.—In Russell-square, the wife of E. B. Daniel, Esq., of a daughter.—At the Hewk, near Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire, Mrs. Captain C. J. Hope Johnston, relict of the late Captain C. J. Hope Johnston, R. N., of a son.—In Grenville-street, Brunswick-square, Mrs. G. Cook, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

June 10, at Maidstone, Edward George, second son of the Rev. T. Craig, of Becking, Essex, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late J. Beeching, Esq., of Tovil, Kent.—June 11, at St. Pancras Church, J. C. Duncan, Esq., of Liverpool, to Jane, eldest daughter of B. P. Wiggs, Esq., of Brunswick-square.—June 11, the Rev. N. Flott, vicar of Edgeware, Middlesex, to Harriet Jenner, second daughter of Sir P. H. Dyke, Bart., of Lullingstone Castle, Kent.—June 16, at St. George's, Hanover square, Capt. J. Campbell, 87th Fusiliers, to Catherine, daughter of the late E. Daniel, Esq., of Ramsgate.—June 22, at Trinity Church, Marylebone, J. Wake- man Long, Esq., of Hans-place, to Favel Georgina Douglas, youngest daughter of the late John Scott, Esq., of Devonshire-place.—At St. Pancras New Church, J. E. Elworthy, Esq., of Devonport, to Miss Tolcher, of Portland-square, Plymouth.—At Lewisham, E. Bick Bradley, Esq., of Mark-lane, to Helen, eldest daughter of J. Donaldson, Esq., of Forest-hill, Kent.—At Clevedon, W. Claxton, Esq., of the city of Bristol, to Helen Nairne, fourth daughter of the late C. Kyd Bishop, Esq., of the island of Barbadoes.—At Hyde, Isle of Wight, the Hon. and Rev. Musgrave A. Harris, youngest son of Lord Harris, and incumbent of Southborough, Kent, to Georgina, daughter of the late W. Fosbery, Esq., of Limerick.—At Diosford, Hants, Capt. C. Parker, R. N., son of the late Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, to Kate, widow of the late Rev. Hely H. Smith.

DEATHS.

June 8, at his house, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, G. W. Smyth, Esq., aged 87 years.—June 8, at Southampton, J. Byrn, Esq., in his 75th year.—June 9, at his house, 5, Cornwall-terrace, Regent's-park, David Carruthers, Esq., M. P. for Hull, after a short but severe illness.—June 7, at his seat, Narford-hall, in the county of Norfolk, A. Fountain, Esq., in his 65th year.—June 6, at his residence, in the Wandsworth-road, J. Denison, Esq., founder and father of Commercial Travellers' Society.—June 5, at his seat, Acton Reynold-hall, Shropshire, Sir A. Cobbert, Bart., in the 69th year of his age. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, Andrew Vincent Cobbert, the present Baronet.—June 4, at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, Col. C. C. Bingham, of the Royal Artillery, aged 62.—June 8, at J. Crawford's, Esq., Wilton-crescent, Helen, second daughter of the late J. Perry Esq.—June 9, in Bedford-square, Brighton, J. J. Larrony, Esq., of Eastbourne, Sussex, aged 63.—June 11, at Kingston-on-Thames, aged 92, Ann, relict of the late G. Roots, Esq.—June 7, at Cresswell, near Pembroke, Hugh Wilson, Esq.—June 13, at Eltham, Kent, Mrs. Bell, of No. 3, Cleveland-street, St. James's, after many months of severe illness, to the great grief of her affectionate husband and children.—June 9, at Pock Bello, near Edinburgh, Miss Charlotte A. M. Ochterlony, aged 22, grand-daughter of the late Sir David, and sister to Sir Charles Ochterlony, Bart.—June 10, at his residence, in Park-place, Regent's-park, John Eames, Esq.—June 14, at the house of Mr. Russell, Esq., Croydon, Surrey, aged 49, the Hon. G. A. Pelham, only brother of Lord Yarborough.—June 17, at the Mansion-house, after a long illness, in the 16th year of his age, John Winchester, youngest son of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London.—June 23, her Grace the Duchess of Argyll, in her 61st year. Her Grace had been suffering under continued indisposition for some time past, which medical skill had been unable to alleviate, the fatal disease having been water round the regions of the heart.—Jan. 31, at Callao, Lieut. W. R. Drummond, of his Majesty's ship Satellite, in the 23rd year of his age.—June 17, at Brighton, Sir F. Lavery, Bart., Admiral of the Blue, and Knight Commander of the Bath.—June 18, at his residence, in Barnes, railway, M inclined road, London, A. Pratt, Esq., in the 61st year of his age.—June 17, at Titchfield Wells, Margaret, the wife of the Rev. W. Lipscomb, aged 75.—June 15, aged 83, E. Griffith, Esq., for many years magistrate at the Marylebone police-office.—June 20, at Bishop's Teignton, in her 84th year, Frances, daughter of the late very Rev. William Cooke, D.D., Dean of Ely, and Provost of King's College, Cambridge.—June 10, at Trevalises, near Aberystwyth, Mrs. A. Elias David Daniel, aged 98.—June 21, at Boreham, Essex, Mr. Butterfield, in his 91st year.—June 22, Mr. Condell, of New Bond-street, aged 75.—At the house of his brother, the Hon. and Rev. R. B. Stopford, Clifton, Windsor Castle, the Earl of Courtown, K.F., aged 70.—In Fleet-street, E. Troughton, Esq., F.R.S. and E., F.R.A.S., aged 81.—At his farm, Surrey, Mr. William Cobbett, M.P. for Oldham, aged 73. He retained his faculties to the last moment, and died with perfect composure.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons

Administration Boucquet. S. Martin. 61.

Chapeau en Crêpe bleu garni de feuilles de roses des M. de Mme. Hussonot et des M. de Mme. Mouton. Rue des Moulin. 35.

Robe en plaine de soie des M. de Mme. Mouton. Rue des Moulin. 35.

Gardine en fer créme de la fab. de M. Gravellet. R. Bellfond. 32.

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TENEESE DE FONTAINE

Born 1661. Died 1681.

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

Vol. VII.
No. 35 of the series of ancient portraits.

1833.
THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM
OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

AUGUST, 1835.

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

MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS DE FONTANGES.

(Illustrated by a beautiful whole length coloured portrait from Mignard.)

Historical biography does not offer a sadder lesson in morality to the fair sex, than the sudden elevation and early death of the unfortunate Mademoiselle de Fontanges; whose extreme ignorance and boundless intellect, made her seduction a matter of greater turpitude on the part of Louis XIV.

Marie Angélique Scoraille de Rousville, born at Limoges, 1661, was daughter to the Count de Fontanges, a noble of the south of France, of rather impov-erished means. It is said that he brought up this beautiful girl with the intention of attracting the king’s notice, and with this view obtained for her the place of maid of honour to Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, second wife to the Duc d’Orleans, the king’s brother.

When the king first saw her, he was not struck with her beauty, but by her harmless vacant expression, said laughingly, Voila un loup qui ne me mangera pas—Here is a wolf that will not eat me. He afterwards became violently in love with her.

Her royal mistress, the Duchesse d’Orleans, thus describes her in her letters, which are still extant. “La Fontange, though a little freckled, is beautiful from head to foot; never was any thing seen more exquisite. She has the sweetest temper in the world, but no more wit than a kitten.” The Abbé Choisi says, “She is beautiful as an angel, but stupid as a post.”

One feels still more pity for this poor victim, with her mere animal good humour, her kittenish playfulness, and her beauty plus merveilleuse, as the duchess phrases it, joined to a defective capacity, than for the highly and brilliantly gifted la Vallière, who was at once conscious of the arts of her seducer, and the crime she was committing in listening to the pleadings of unlawful love.

In Madame de Sévigné’s letters, she is designated under the name of Danae, by way of allusion to her extreme acquisitiveness of money, during the short time of her influence. But this was, doubtless, the capacity of her family, who brought her up with the view of filling an infamous station for the purpose of enriching them.

It was well known that the king only admired the person of Mademoiselle de Fontanges; indeed, it was remarked, that he seemed embarrassed whenever she spoke.

The king’s admiration was first drawn to this young lady by Madame de Mon-
tespan, who, dreading above all things the influence that the elegant and refined manners of Madame de Maintenon were hourly gaining over the heart of Louis, sought to divert his attention by admiration for mere physical beauty; and likewise to lead him to outrage the moral and religious bias that Madame de Maintenon was establishing in his mind, by a species of novel and criminal intrigue: with this view, she pointed out the dazzling beauty of the new maid of honour, calling her at the same time *une statue provinciale*. She had not an idea that the king, who had never distinguished any but women of finished manners and cultivated minds, could ever form any permanent attachment for a half-witted girl.

While the court were at St. Germain, the king gave a hunting party to the Duchess of Orleans. Mademoiselle de Fontanges was one of the company, and there he first noticed her exceeding beauty. If, indeed, mere personal charms be thought sufficient without expression or grace, no person had yet been seen at court possessing so fine a figure and so perfect a face, as this young provincial lady. The whole court seemed at a loss which to admire most, the fine bloom on her countenance, the regularity of her features, or the elegance of her shape. It was said, that her unworthy relations had from her infancy cherished some dishonourable expectations from her extraordinary beauty, and in this they were not deceived, as the king fell in love with her. Mademoiselle de Fontanges was really as simple as any woman could be, who never had occupied her mind with any other thought than her own person. Brought up to expect that her charms would attract the king, and that she would be honoured by such a notice, she was neither surprised by her conquest, nor alarmed at a prompt declaration; she simply thought she was fulfilling her destiny by becoming the king’s mistress; and, without embarrassment or secrecy, she accepted this infamous distinction as any other person would have taken possession of a place at court, that had been long held out in promise. Conceiving her situation the first in point of rank, she maintained its rights with an impertinence and extravagance hitherto unexampled: she answered the bitter sarcasms of Madame de Montespan by unprece-
dented public insults, without, however, seeming hurt or angry, but as if only in upholding the dignity due to her rank; and, from the same motives, she passed by the queen without saluting her. She expended a hundred thousand crowns a month; and, moreover, irritated her own friends by her arrogance, while she astonished even the courtiers by her ingratitude, deliberate insolence, and prodi-
gality. This want of modesty, and this overbearing disposition, were not the effect of effrontery or depravity, but simply of ignorance and stupidity: she possessed a good-natured disposition, was extremely attached to the king, and ever remained faithful to him. The king created her a duchess, with the privilege of a tabourêt; but still he did not dismiss Madame de Montespan, who was the mother of his best beloved children, and possessed an important place at court, of which she could not easily be deprived, without a great disturbance; and the solemn etiquetté the king always observed, was wholly averse from this. The transports of rage with which Madame de Montespan witnessed the elevation of a rival, have been already mentioned in her memoirs: she saw with fury that the new favourite was at once elevated to the rank of a duchess, with the envied privilege of sitting on a stool in the presence of the queen when at court; a distinction she had never been able to obtain.

During the short elevation of the Duchesse de Fontanges, her family made their harvest as quickly as they could. Her sister, who had taken the veil, was given the royal abbey of Chelles; and when she was consecrated abbess, the jewels, plate, and tapestry, appertaining to the crown of France, were displayed at the ceremony with as much state as if she had been a princess of the blood.

However bounded the abilities of the Duchesse de Fontanges were considered by the French court, the following letter, copied from the original which still exists in the library of the King of France, proves that she was capable of expressing herself with an innocent naïveté that was perhaps more attractive at the time while her royal lover was still fond of her, than if she had written with the wit of a Sévigné:

“I can scarcely, my dear prince, express the trembling agitation in which I
have been since I have heard the little care you take of yourself. In the name of God, be more careful of a life that is more dear to me than my own, if you would find me alive at your return. Is not your courage and skill sufficiently known, that you must expose yourself to new dangers? Can you find no relaxation from war, but in an exercise so perilous? Ah! I shudder with fear. Pardon me, my dear prince, these reproaches, and the ardour of my passion, and return if you love me, and would no longer alarm her whom you have always cherished so tenderly."

The billet was written after she had heard that the king’s life had been in danger from the attacks of a wild boar, during the chase at Fontainbleau. The royal answer to this love-letter is still extant. Louis was not more than thirty-nine, and his expression of cher enfant strikes us as peculiarly disagreeable, when we consider the terms on which the monarch was with this young lady:—

"No, my dear child, fear nothing, the peril is passed; for the future, I will preserve myself for you alone. I acknowledge that I am inexusable to search pleasure in diversions in which you do not partake. Forgive the moment I devoted to the desire of glory. I return, to pass my whole life in telling you how I love you. It is sweet to think thus when one loves so dear a child, and when one is beloved by her."

For the future, Mademoiselle de Fontanges always hunted in the forest of Fontainbleau with her august lover. It was on one of these expeditions that she tied her hair that the wind blew over her face with the ribbon-bandeau; which accident gave rise to the fashion called a Fontange head-dress, celebrated for years after the fair and unfortunate duchess was dust.

We now extract from Madame de Sevigne’s letters a sort of journal of the rise and fall of this young beauty; it bears a high moral to those who will reflect on the instability of grandeur, founded on a lapse from virtue.

January 5, 1680.—"The person that is not to be seen (Mademoiselle de Fontanges), and whom no one mentions, is as well as heart could wish: she sometimes shows herself like a divinity, but holds no earthly correspondence; she has given magnificent new years’ gifts to her predecessor, Madame de Montespan, and her children, to make up for past neglects when Louis d’Ors were scarce."

January 17, 1680.—"The beautiful Fontanges did not make her appearance at the wedding (that of the lovely daughter of Mademoiselle de la Vallière with the brave Prince de Conti): they say she is unconsolable for the death of a little boy."

January, 1680.—"La Fontanges has squandered away 20,000 crowns in presents, without giving the least thing to Madame de Corelanges, who has been at the trouble of devising those she gave away to others. Really her star is a very whimsical one."

Here we must quote from another lady’s correspondence, that of Mademoiselle Scudery to Count Bussy Rabutin.

"Mademoiselle de Fontanges has received a very gallant new year’s gift. She found upon her toilette a little devil holding a German mouse: as soon as she touched the mouse it opened of itself, and let fall two bracelets of the value of a thousand louis each, with a slip of paper, on which was written ‘The devil is in it.’"

This is a specimen of some of the seductive arts used to encompass this defenceless and half-witted beauty.

March 1, 1680.—"They write from Villars-Coterets that their time passed very agreeably there; though I do not find that the visits to the chariot, in the grey livery, were public; but the regard is not less for that. A present was made of 10,000 louis d’Ors in stepping into the carriage, and a service of silver gilt: liberality is great on both sides."

March 6.—"I have it from good authority that there has been a ball at Villars-Coterets, at which there were masks. Mademoiselle de Fontanges was there like a star of the first magnitude, and was superbly dressed by the hands of Madame de Montespan."

The reader will remember that Montespan forced la Vallière to dress her when her influence was on the decline; but wherefore she gave the same service to her rival, we have not been able to ascertain beyond the fact. We shall see this incident forms a curious scene in the romance of the Duchesse de Fon-
tanges; some account of which we propose soon to give the public.

Madame de Sevigné continues—

"Madame de Montespan danced at this ball most divinely. Fontanges would likewise dance a minute she had not practised for a long time: in the attempt her feet seemed to have forgotten what they were doing. The coranto was no better: in short, she made but one curtsey."

March, 1680.—"The lady of the grey coach (Fontanges) is eminently beautiful. The other day she crossed the ball-room through the dancers directly to the king, her eyes fixed on him, neither looking to the right nor to the left. She said she did not see the queen, which was indeed the truth. She was shown a seat, and though there was a little confusion on the occasion, this mad-cap act was not taken amiss."

This indiscretion, evidently occasioned by her absorbing passion for the king, was considered by all, but the king, as a mark of deliberate insolence to the queen.

April 6th, 1680.—"Mademoiselle de Fontanges is a duchess, with a pension of 20,000 crowns. She received the compliments of her friends on the occasion in bed. The king had made her a visit publicly; to-morrow she takes her seat (the tabouret in the queen’s presence); she then goes to spend her Easter at an abbey which the king has given to one of her sisters (that of Chelles). This is a parting that will do honour to the severity of the confessor. Some people believe this advancement has the air of her dismissal. For the present, I can tell you that Madame de Montespan is in a great rage; she wept immoderately yesterday. M. Marsillac appears a little sensible to the advancement of the beautiful Fontange; but this is the first sign of life he has given for some time." His grief was for the recent death of his father.

This Prince de Marsillac was the heir of the celebrated Due de Rochefoucault, author of the “Maxims”; he first courted Mademoiselle de Fontanges for his master, but her beauty and naïveté charmed so much, that he was seriously in love with her himself, before the affair was concluded.

April, 1680.—"There was a Prior de Cabrières, whom Madame de Sevigné calls the medicin forcé, who quacked all the court, without knowing any thing of the science of physic. She says, ‘Be that as it may, the medicin forcé is attending Mademoiselle de Fontanges for an obstinate and uncivil complaint, which greatly clouds the sunshine of her days.’"

May 1st, 1680.—"You all know what fortune has done for the Duchesse de Fontanges, what she has reserved for her is this—a violent illness and fever, which confines her to her bed at Maubisson; her line face already begins to swell."

May 25th, 1680.—"The lovely Fontanges has relapsed into her old disorder, and the prior has recourse to his old medicine. This was the Prior de Cabrières, whom Madame de Sevigné compared to Molière’s Medicin malgré lui."

June 12th.—"The king took the sacrament on Whit-Sunday. Mademoiselle de Fontanges’ influence still continues brilliant and solid. Young Molac is to marry her sister with a portion of 400,000 francs, given by the king."

June 30, 1680.—"Danae (Duchesse de Fontanges) is another wonder; it is certain that the golden shower falls most plenteously. None of her sisters equal her in beauty, but they will be very handsomely provided for."

In the same letter—

"The king was, the other day, three hours with Madame de Maintenon at her own house; that lady being indisposed with a headache. Father la Chaise goes there sometimes. Madame de Fontanges weeps like a Niobe, at being no longer beloved—the most splendid establishments have no power to soothe her grief."

July 7, 1680.—"The transient flame (Fontanges), who possesses a very moderate share of merit and understanding, will die with grief at the influence possessed by wit and conversation (Madame de Maintenon). In short, she is treated with the greatest incivility."

July 17, 1680.—"The Duchesse de Fontanges has set out for Chelles; I should certainly pay her a visit if I were at Livri. She had four coaches, with six horses in each; her own had eight. All her sisters were with her; but there was an air of gloom over the whole that inspired pity—the fair one pale and wan, changed with loss of blood, and overwhelmed with sorrow, despising 40,000 crowns a-year, and a title, which she is
in possession of, and wishing for restoration to health, and the return of the king's affections, which she has lost. Your Prior of Cabrières has performed here a wonderful cure."

Sept. 1, 1680.—"It is said that the beautiful beauty has been poisoned, and nothing less is talked of than a guard for her person. She is still in a languishing state, but so in love with grandeur and pomp, that she appears the very reverse of that modest violet which hid its head under the grass, ashamed of being a mistress, a mother, and a duchess. Never, sure, was any one cast in her mould." Here Madame de Sevigné alludes to Mademoiselle de la Vallière, to whom she applies the following verses of Desmarets, to be found in the celebrated "Garland of Julia," the first lady's album that was ever invented. One of the embellishments was a violet, exquisitely painted on vellum, illustrated by these lines:—

Modeste en ma couleur, modeste mon séjour,
Fauxco d'ambition, je me cache sous l'herbe;
Mais si sur votre front je puis me voir un jour,
La plus humble des fées, sera la plus superbe.

My colour modest, lowly my retreat,
Free from ambition, in the grass I hide;
But should you ever wreak me in your hair,
The humblest flower will expand with pride.

Sept. 11.—"Madame de Maintenon is still on the very pinnacle of favour. The king only spends a few minutes with Madame de Montespan, and as little time with Mademoiselle de Fontanges, who is still in a drooping way."

The bishop of Rennes, who called on me here, on his return from Lavardin, told me that at the induction of the sister of the Duchesse de Fontanges, in the abbey of Chelles, the ornaments of the crown of France (used on this occasion), the jewels that enclose the sun that surrounds the host, the exquisite music, the perfumes, and the great number of bishops that officiated at the ceremony, struck a good country lady present with such astonishment, that she could not help crying out, "Surely, I am in Paradise.

A person who sat near her replied, "Pardon me, madame, there are not so many bishops there."

The pomp and luxury of this induction was the same as if a royal daughter of France had taken the veil.

April 3, 1681.—"I know not whether you have heard that the beautiful Fon-
tanges is in a convent, not so much for the sake of passing this holy festival, as to prepare herself for another world." She died shortly after, at this convent of Port-Royal. Madame de Sevigné and the Duchesse d'Orléans declare that she was poisoned. Madame de Caylus, however, denies it in her memoirs.

In the commencement of the reign of the Duchesse de Fontanges, Madame de Maintenon retired for a while from court, with the young children of Madame de Montespan, whose education she superintended. She behaved with the dignity of a virtuous woman, who saw with regret that the man for whom she had a friendship, and whose company and conversation her office of instructress to his children gave her a legal right to share, was neglecting her advice and forsaking his wife to effect the seduction of a young, ignorant girl. Her retreat was hastened by the following conversation between her and Madame de Montespan, who was one day indulging her spleen and regret by declaring that the king had at one time three mistresses:—

"I hope you do not reckon me as one?" said Madame de Maintenon.

"Most assuredly I do," answered Madame de Montespan. "I assert that the king has three—myself from habit, that girl from fancy, and you from inclination."

Madame de Montespan, who equally detested Madame de Maintenon and the Duchesse de Fontanges, had now a new subject for jealousy. Mademoiselle de Fontanges became a mother in 1680. Her son did not live, and after his birth this young favourite lost her health and her beauty; her splendid complexion faded, the beautiful contour of her figure shrunk and withered, and she fell into a state of mortal languor. In this state she remained at court like the faded spectre of herself, with an increasing attachment for the king, who however no longer paid her attention, having been attracted only by her personal beauty. After that, her former mistress, the Duchess of Orleans, in her letters declares she was poisoned; and some whispers of poison were heard among the courtiers, for the illness of the Duchesse de Fontanges baffled the skill of the ablest physicians. We often, however, see an unusual splendour of com-
plexion symptomatic of an unsound constitution, and the most dazzling flush of beauty in fair women often fades with the first years of youth. "She has three years' lease of a heavenly complexion," is almost a proverbial saying in England, where consumption is the national malady; and this unhappy young creature seems to have died of some such malady. Yet, just at the time of her death, so many horrible instances of systematic poisonings were discovered through the agency of the juggling sorceress, La Voisin, who made a trade of telling fortunes and selling poisons to the French courtiers; likewise the flagitious acts of the Marchioness Brinvilliers and her lover, De Croix, filled all Europe with amazement and horror. These infamous culprits implicated half the French court; and every death that took place at that time among persons of rank was attributed to the slow poisons, called by these wretches and their customers poudres de succession. Madame de Sevigné, we have already seen, mentions this report.

On this idea, the accomplished author of the popular romance of the Duchesse de Fontanges, lately published in France, has founded her story; but as we are very careful in these memoirs to separate, as far as our judgment will permit, truth from fiction, we may, in some future number, give a review and copious extracts from this interesting romance, in which Marie Therese, Queen of France, Madame de Montespan, and most of the personages whose portraits have lately appeared in this magazine, are characters. We only request our readers to bear in mind these historical details, that we may avoid repetition, marking, at the same time, the boundary between fact and fiction: for without an author makes this a principle in writing historical romance, it is a bewildering and mischievous department of literature.

Short as was the Duchesse de Fontanges' life, she survived her power. During the time she was yet able to attend the court, the most devouring grief consumed her at seeing the king's alienation. One day, Madame de Maintenon exhorted her "to give up a love that only gave her chagrin." She answered, "that she could not change her passion as she did a pair of gloves."

When her illness gained such hold on her, that she could no longer endure the formality of dressing and the routine of the court, she retired to the convent of Port Royal, at Paris, where she languished for some time in a woful state of suffering. On her death-bed, she entreated to see the king, who came to her; and it is asserted, wept when he saw her pitiable state; it is likewise reported, that she said to Louis, "I die in peace, since I have seen your tears flow."

Her death took place on the 29th of June, 1681. She had not then seen her twentieth year. Madame de Montespan gave way to a burst of fiend-like exultation, in the king's presence, on hearing of her death.

The hair of the Duchesse de Fontanges was of a warm auburn, maliciously reported as a shade of red. She had that dazzling red and white in her complexion, that which often accompanies this tint of hair. Her stature was above the middle height, her figure combined fulness and slenderness, and her movements and walk were very noble. Louis XIV. never admired a little woman; all his beauties were above the middle height.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

The Duchesse de Fontanges is dressed in one of the open robes, looped back with jewels, worn by the ladies of the court of Louis XIV. in 1679: it is a train and corseage of lilac figured satin, lined and faced with pale pink taffeta, gathered back with four large ruby and pearl brooches. Two of these brooches, on each side, hold back the fulness of the robe, to show a rich crimson brocade petticoat, cut en train. The epaulettes of the sleeves are the same as the petticoat, looped up to the shoulder with brooches, to show a full white gauze sleeve beneath; finished at the elbows with ruffles of blonde, and a full fringe of ribbon loops. The bosom is trimmed with a blonde lace, beneath which is a band of coloured jewels set in gold lozenges. The ornament in front is of a singular construction, being a sort of gold hook that loops down the lace; it is studded with gems. She has a throat necklace of pearls. Her hair is in falling curls, with favourites in tresses on each shoulder. Her fan is large, and set with rubies. Her gloves and shoes are white, embroidered in gold.
ELEGY.

Torn, torn, from all my tortur’d soul holds dear,
Condemn’d to view those best belov’d no more,
To hide—forbid to start the tender tear:
Doom’d! doom’d for life to languish and deplore.

I seem a stranger to the deep’ning smart
That steals my peace, that murders my repose:
“I bear an aching, bear a bleeding heart,”
But still conceal the secret of my woes.

In vain, by Fate’s severe decrees opprest,
O’er this lone heart the tide of years may roll;
They may destroy the quiet of this breast,
But never tear thy image from my soul.

No! bright possessor of my earliest vow,
This aching-broken heart will ne’er forget;
Ah! e’en to these sad eyes appeareth now
The bright—the blissful hour when first we met.

Alas! how chang’d the former scene appears,
How dark a prospect does the present give;
No sunny gleam of friendly comfort cheers,
No ray of hope encourages to live.

But bitter grief, the daughter of despair,
Her gloomy veil o’er each enjoyment throws;
And stalks, attended by her sister care,
To blast the prospect of an hour’s repose.

Wiseton, June. J. C. H.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

"Rein ne peut remplacer la perte de ce qu'on aime."

MADAME RICCARDI.

"It is not man’s nature to repay the attachment of woman as it deserves."

"I could relate to you," said Charles, "a tale you would think almost incredible."

A number of voices together earnestly entreated him to proceed. Charles hesitated, alleging as an excuse, that although the circumstance passed under his own eye, he could himself scarcely believe it to be a reality.

"You are a sceptic," said M——.

"Well! you shall judge for yourselves," added Charles, "for my part, I have in vain endeavoured to account for it in a hundred different ways; and although firmly persuaded, according to my judgment, of the impossibility of such an occurrence, still the evidence of my own senses disproves all the arguments I can allege in opposition to its actual reality."

This preface redoubled the curiosity of his hearers; and they drew their chairs closer together, impatiently awaiting Charles’s narrative.

"I was returning," said Charles, "from Florence, and having stopped at Turin for some days, I became acquainted with a young man of about five-and-twenty years of age, whose cordiality of manner, pale yet interesting countenance, induced me to seek a further intimacy with him; being both about to visit the same towns, we mutually agreed to render the journey more agreeable by travelling together. He had just arrived from Naples, whither he had been in search of that oblivion of the anxieties of the heart, which cannot always be produced by absence. Although I admit that, on the part of man, at least (Charles surely averring only his own opinions, with which we have nothing in common with him), there are few attachments that outlive an absence of many months. Although I felt delicacy
in trying to become acquainted with his secret, yet I was anxious to know the history; my questions were answered as if he scarcely heard them. One day, however, whilst we were visiting a picture-gallery, I observed him almost affected to tears at the sight of a Madonna, one of the chef d'oeuvres of Andrea del Sarto; it evidently reminded him of a beloved object, and by an indescribable impulse I told him so: my frankness at once putting an end to the restraint he had hitherto imposed upon himself, he immediately sought by an unrestrained confidence some alleviation for his grief. His father, an opulent French merchant, had, he said, sent him into Germany, to perfect himself in the language which would be necessary for him in his destined walk of life. Frankfort was chosen as his primary destination; furnished with letters of recommendation to many of the first houses there, he could not fail to pass his time pleasantly; and possessed, as already said, of an agreeable personal appearance and pleasing manners, his society was eagerly sought for; amongst other intimacies he had formed, was that of Mr. ——. This gentleman, who was of high family, had once possessed a considerable fortune, but had been almost ruined by the war with France; he was a widower, and had an only daughter, whose expressive, Madonna-like countenance was in Frederick's estimation the least of her attractions. After a few months' acquaintance, they both became convinced that their mutual happiness depended on their being united; and Frederick immediately made his proposals to the father of Clara, who promised his consent, provided the young man's father made no objection. Monsieur Robville was accordingly written to; but the mercenary parent, in whose opinion riches and happiness were synonymous terms, exasperated beyond measure at his son's regard for a portionless girl, wrote a most insulting answer. Mr. —— instantly resolved to quit Frankfort; and with a view of more effectually putting an end to the hope of each, he determined to marry his daughter to a wealthy merchant of Cologne, an old and tried friend of his own. Thus was the misery of those two young persons irrevocably sealed.

The despair of the lovers can better be imagined than described; but when Freder-
Frederick consented to accept the fraternal regard she offered him; though it must be owned rather as the highwayman accepts the offered bounty of him he sought to plunder; still he so completely succeeded in reassuring her, telling her she had avowed as much as he wished, that at length Clara abandoned herself to the most entire confidence, and to the happiness of loving and being thus beloved without cause for being troubled with a single feeling of remorse, and he suffered no opportunity to escape of rendering himself still more agreeable in her eyes.

One afternoon, walking with Mr. Vander S—— and several other persons along the borders of the Rhine, Clara’s eye was caught by a beautiful white Italian greyhound that was following its master.

“Oh!” she cried, as she stopped to pat the animal’s head, “what a pretty creature; how I wish it were mine!”

“It belongs to that Englishman, yonder,” remarked one of the company; “I meet him constantly with the animal going to Denty. I believe he is a traveller.”

Frederick said nothing, but at an early hour the following morning he ordered his horse, and riding over to Denty, he soon discovered the residence of the owner of the dog. The gentleman laughed at his proposal.

“What, sir,” he said, “give or sell my pretty Fido, that I brought all the way from Florence? Impossible. I could never procure such another in your cold climate; besides, I am attached to the little animal, and would not part with it. Now, sir,” he added, trying, by a laugh, to shake Frederick out of his evident disappointment, “I bring a case in point; suppose I were to ask you to give me this beautiful Arabian,” stroking down the mane of Frederick’s horse, “you would, I imagine, laugh at my proposal—for I never saw so fine a creature—it must have cost you a mint of money.”

“My horse for your dog!” cried Frederick, joyfully catching at the idea; “come, let us exchange, and no more words about it.”

“Oh, no!” said the Englishman, “that would be a take in; consider, sir, you would have the worst of the bargain.”

“Perhaps not,” replied Frederick, smiling significantly.

“In that case,” rejoined the Englishman, “if my dog is to be the price of——” a look terminated the phrase.

There was something in the singularity of this bargain that pleased the Englishman highly, and it was concluded on condition that if the acquisition of the dog failed to procure Frederick the expected reward the contract would be annulled.

What transports of delight—what joyful exclamations reached the ears of our lover, as the femme de chambre led Fido into her mistress’s chamber. The curtains were scarcely drawn when the little animal leapt on the bed, as if to awaken her from her slumbers. Seeing a stranger it began to whine piteously. This proof of its affection rendered it still more dear to its new mistress. It was kissed and caressed, and called by every endearing name; and Frederick, as he sat in the adjoining saloon, heard with rapture all these tender appellations, which he did not fail to interpret as addressed to himself.

From this moment Fido became the medium of communication between the lovers. Kind words, reproaches, sentiments, were addressed to the dog, that neither would have dared utter to the other. The animal was chilly, as dogs of this species generally are; and Frederick’s dread of seeing it sink under the rigors of a cold climate, induced him to bestow upon the little favourite a large India shawl, that he had purchased of a Jew at Cologne, and which was fit to have graced the shoulders of a duchess.

In a small town every thing is known; and Mr. Vander S—— soon learnt that Frederick’s Arabian had been sacrificed to his wife’s caprice. Reproaches were the consequence; which were the more painful to Clara, as she saw that the circumstance had in great measure lessened her in her husband’s esteem. Frederick received at the same time an avowal of her unaltered and unalterable affection, and an order to quit her instantly. On one condition he obeyed, namely, that of Clara’s receiving and replying to his letters. This point arranged to the satisfaction of both, the young man hastened to take his departure.

More than a year had elapsed since their cruel separation. Frederick had passed that time in visiting Sicily, and some places of note in Italy. As had
been arranged between them, he found, on his arrival in each town, a long letter from Clara, and it was his first care to answer them, acquainting her with his next place of destination. Since the glorious days of Venice the secret tribunal destroyed her masks, and it has been the fashion to pass the carnival at Rome. During this period, all business is suspended; nothing is thought of but pleasure and amusement. In the general dissipation, thoughts and feelings hitherto unrevealed burst forth; some show partialities never even suspected, while the frenzied jealousies of others form the topic of a thousand conjectures; each and all, actuated as it were by one common feeling, devote themselves to the several objects of their special devotion. The long and ardent attachment of Frederick was not even proof against the seductions of such scenes; and when on the Corso, he observed the fascinating and witty Marchesa L—— take the bouquet from her bosom, and cast it into the calèche, where he sat alone, he could not help picking it up, and pressing the trophy to his lips. That same evening they met at the French ambassador's; the consequence was, that Frederick's vanity being flattered at his success, he became enslaved by the captivating Italian; and the devoted Clara was for a time, at least, forgotten! His stay at Rome was long, and he had received a second letter from Madame Vander S——, complaining of his unaccountable silence, and expressing the deepest anxiety on his account; but this letter, like her former, he allowed to remain unanswered. Some men love to see a woman suffer for them! There are, however, profanations impossible to a man of delicacy; and he preferred leaving Clara to the uneasiness of her own thoughts, rather than by reassuring and deceiving her, at the same time violate every sacred promise he had ever made her. Further, men are such casuists! he even sought to justify the mutability of his affections by self-deception, that there was a virtue in his seeking, by every means in his power, to shake off that passion, which he now termed a guilty love; and when all these arguments failed, he even added an injurious supposition, and painted Clara as faithless and inconstant as himself.

Shortly, however, Frederick saw himself supplanted in the good graces of the marchesa, by a handsome Englishman lately arrived at Rome; and, in order to avoid the embarrassment of an open rupture, he departed for Naples without even bidding her adieu.

He had no sooner quitted Rome, than the image of Clara became once more predominant in his mind. At Naples he thought himself fully certain of finding letters from her, for the supposition that she could possibly refrain from writing, notwithstanding his coldness in leaving her letters unanswered, never seemed to enter into his imagination; and when, after repeated visits to the post-office, he still received for answer, that "there was nothing for him," he became indignant, and resolved to imitate her silence.

From that moment life had lost its principal charm, his spirits became depressed—a sort of melancholy preyed upon him, and he dragged on his tiresome existence, visiting, it is true, town after town, but without deriving from it either pleasure or interest. He was in this state of mind when I met him at Turin.

He had no sooner confided these particulars to me, than I formed the project of trying to make him shake off this listless apathy. He constantly spoke of Clara, and of her cruelty in leaving him without letters. In this I thought him unjust, and told him so; for woman has her pride as well as man—and when she sees herself neglected, she calls that pride to her aid.

"Clara," I observed to him, "has written twice, and received no answer. She has told you that your letters were her only earthly consolation. She has expressed her deep anxiety on your account. She has conjured and entreated you to relieve it. What could woman do more? She ought not, cannot, write again,—she sees herself neglected, and, naturally, supposes herself forgotten!"

Seeing, however, that he persisted in considering himself ill-treated, and apprehensive that he would, ere long, sink under this melancholy state of feeling, I represented to him that it now became a duty incumbent upon him to put an end to his fatal attachment.

"As this charming Clara," I said, "never can be your's, you must seriously try to forget her."
A Tale of Mystery.

I then proposed that we should cross the Alps and return by Switzerland. It was with very great delight I perceived that the entire change of scene, added to my arguments, had already begun to produce a beneficial effect upon my young friend's mind and constitution.

After a long and fatiguing though interesting journey, we arrived at Basle, where we alighted at the inn of the "Three Kings," which is assuredly the worst and dearest in all Switzerland. It was just at that season when visitors are the most numerous, and we thought ourselves fortunate in being able to procure one small chamber containing two beds, divided from each other by a curtain that, like the hangings, was of blue and white striped calico. This curtain, as it were, divided our apartment into two; still the beds were so close that the slightest movement must be heard from one to the other.

After partaking of an indifferent supper, washed down by a bottle of indifferent Rhenish wine, we retired to rest. Greatly fatigued by a hard day's travelling, I soon fell into a profound slumber. I knew not at what hour of the night I was awakened by a faint voice calling, I thought, "Frederick." Supposing I must be mistaken, and that it was he who called me, I asked Frederick if he were ill, or wanted anything.

"No," he replied, as if awakening from his sleep, "but why did you speak, for I heard my name repeated several times; you even said something else that I could not fully make out, for I slept so heavily that it was difficult to awaken me—it cannot be more than twelve or one o'clock, and you know one's first sleep, after a fatiguing day, is—"

"What are you talking about," I said, interrupting him, "you are not out of your first sleep yet; you are dreaming, most assuredly. It was you that spoke, not I; I heard you quite distinctly."

"Nay, nay," replied Frederick, "you rave; it was you that spoke, not I; of that I am quite convinced."

"Well," I said, turning on the other side, "you must have spoken in your sleep, such a thing sometimes happens."

"I do not know," rejoined Frederick, "if I am in the habit of doing so, but I am certain that it is you who spoke just now."

"Well," I said laughingly, "I see you want me to make me out a somnambulist—presently you will say I wanted to get out of the window. But, good night, we will argue about it in the morning."

I fell asleep again, leaving Frederick convinced that I had spoken.

About an hour afterwards I was again disturbed. It seemed that the curtain that separated our two beds was slightly agitated. I then heard a voice—the same voice—pronounce feebly, but distinctly, the words, "Frederick, farewell!"

I now made not the slightest doubt but that my companion was amusing himself at my expense. The notion even entered my mind that he was not alone, and I determined to await the return of daylight to prove to him that I had not been his dupe. Just then he spoke.

"Why," said he, "did you bid me farewell? You are surely not going to set off to Schaffhausen at this hour, and without me?"

"You jest!" I replied, laughing, "I have no such intention. I shall even remain here a week, if your companion is amiable enough to retain you so long!"

"Remain here a week!" cried Frederick: "Heaven forbid! I wish I was far enough away now, for I am being suffocated. In short, I am in a violent fever—I feel as if pursued by some horrible phantom, that speaks to me—and still my sleep is so heavy that I cannot open my eyes—I have had such a dream!"

These words were a sufficient explanation for the noise by which I had been twice awakened; that Frederick had really spoken in his sleep, under the impulse of a dream; and so convinced, I ceased to think there were more than two in the room. A deep silence then prevailed, and as soon as I found my companion quiet I fell asleep, and we were not again disturbed.

I had desired the waiter to knock at our door at six in the morning. Accordingly, at that hour we were both startled out of our sleep; and at the same moment a cry of horror burst from Frederick's bed. I sprang from mine, and opening his curtains, I perceived him pale—his eyes starting from their sockets—his heart palpitating violently. After several fruitless attempts to speak, he pointed, with a trembling hand, to something that lay upon his bed. I looked closer, and enveloped in the folds of a large blue India shawl, I observed a small white Italian greyhound!
At once I knew the dog to be that which he had given to Clara; but, without pausing to reflect how the animal could have got there, I hastened to give assistance to my unhappy friend, who had become insensible. It was long before he recovered from his swoon, and when he did, his imagination had evidently received a violent shock: and I confess that, when I saw that the door was locked and bolted on the inside, as I had left it on the preceding night, I found it utterly impossible to explain the entrance of Fido into the chamber.

"The voice that I heard pronounce my name," said Frederick, in accents of the deepest despondency, "was then her's—and the farewell was the last. I shall never, never behold her again! Oh! I know—I feel, by my despair, that she is dead!"

Affecting to treat these presentiments as mere weakness, I nevertheless visited every corner of the room, removed every thing, even the beds; but finding no opening (not even that of a chimney) by which any one could have entered into the chamber, I rang for the innkeeper. At first he laughed, then stared incredulously at my story. I bribed, I threatened—but bribes and threats were vain; he assured me, over and over again, that the only entrance was by the door, which, as I have said, I myself locked and bolted the night before. No person, he said, answering the description of Madame Vander S—had visited the inn; nor had any stranger during the night arrived after us: as to the dog and theshawl, he had never seen either in the course of his life. We remained at Basle, seeking to explain the mystery; and when we had lost all hope of learning any particulars, we set out for Cologne. There alone it was that Frederick was to regain or lose his peace of mind for ever.

During this long journey, Fido was the object of all Frederick's care; he remarked, as a sinister presage, that the little animal was sad; it had recollected and caressed him, but it would not play as formerly. I told him the dog was ill; he persisted in thinking it was unhappy.

It was eleven o'clock at night when we arrived at Cologne; the gates of the town were closed, and we were obliged to wait before we could gain admittance. During this short time, Frederick was seized with a nervous trepidation that greatly alarmed me.

"She is dead! she is dead!" he cried;

"I know it by the horror I feel in entering the town—she is dead, and I shall only find her tomb!"

Burning tears fell from his eyes, while, for my own part, I was seized with such an invincible dejection, that I could not find a word of consolation for my unhappy friend.

At length the carriage stopped at the Hotel D——; the master himself received us.

"Madame Vander S——is dead—is she not?" was Frederick's first word.

"Alas! sir, she is!" replied the innkeeper: "you heard the news, of course, at Aix la Chapelle; it was there she died, in the fifth month of her widowhood. Alas! alas! one so good as she deserved a better fate! But I forget, gentlemen, you have not dined perhaps, and I have an excellent supper ready."

The man might have spoken for an hour before we should have thought of interrupting him. Frederick had become insensible on finding his fatal prediction realised; and I, for my part, felt, as if overpowered by some mysterious influence that seemed to confound my reason.

My first care was to seek out Clara's femme de chambre, to see if she could throw any light on this inexplicable circumstance.

Respecting the dog she knew nothing, and the animal's appearance on Frederick's bed remains to this day an impenetrable mystery. All we learnt was that her mistress had fallen a victim to her grief, in not receiving letters from Frederick, especially after she had acquainted him with her husband's death. This cruel neglect and inconstancy from one she loved so truly, so ardently, had in the course of a few months undermined an excellent constitution; and on the same night, and it was at the same moment that Fido had been deposited on Frederick's bed, that Clara had breathed her last!

L. V. F.
SONG.

Oh! saw ye the glance which the sailor-boy gave
To the shore, when from Nancy he parted?
His boat it sped gaily on over the wave,
But Nancy was left broken-hearted.

Oh! saw ye the tear which beaumont'd his bright eye,
As the ship wore away from the land?
He gave a last look, sought to smother a sigh,
And then waved an adieu with his hand. W. L. G.

MORNING CALLERS; OR, A MOTHER'S WISDOM.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"You have given orders to receive visitors of all descriptions to-day," said Emily Maltravers to her mother. "Are you quite sure that, after so long an illness, you will be equal to the fatigue?"

"We can not be quite sure of anything, my love," replied Lady Emily; "but I am so much better, and our neighbours have been so kind, that I feel it my duty to try my strength in this way,—and you know, my dear, our classical village is not very populous. If the whole beau monde of Twickenham poured in, there would be no great assemblage, for we have at present many absentees. Our inestimable Archdeacon is gone to his duty at Ely; Miss Hawkins seeking health at Cheltenham; and many lesser names scattered here and there, so that—"

The lady was interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Irvine and her two daughters, Sophia and Jane, and, before they were seated, Dr. Bowerscourt and his sister entered; and scarcely had they made their friendly inquiries respecting Lady Emily's health, than Colonel de Maine entered, accompanied, not by one of Sir George Pencnurst's sons, whom he had picked up by the way, and with whom he was engaged in such earnest conversation, that he could scarcely pay the accustomed compliments to the circle, in his anxiety, as it appeared, to resume it, for the purpose of further communication with those around him.

In this, however, the good colonel was foiled, as elderly gentlemen frequently are—for this is the age for the young—and, to give them their due, they do not often forego their privileges; besides, the Ivines were the first comers, and, therefore, after inquiries about symptoms which no longer existed, and congratulations upon a convalescence they were likely to shake, the two sisters proceeded to detail, if not the news of the village in general, all those particulars most likely to be new to the invalid. They talked of new inhabitants, and new books, and the splendid entertainments lately given to majesty in the place where the Muses were wont to visit Pope,—"which," observed Jane, "you might, dear Lady Emily, have seen out of your dressing-room window, if you had not been too ill to look at anything; for, on recollection—time flies so fast,—this fête was given a month since."

"I had very different prospects at that time, certainly," said Lady Emily, exchanging a look of tender reminiscence with her daughter.

"Had you, indeed?" said Jane, "I'm sure, if I had been half so ill, I should have had no prospects of any kind."

Lady Emily was a religious woman, and her mind was, of course, more than usually bent on serious things: moreover, she loved all the young in her circle, and, therefore, never omitted any opportunity of giving some gentle hint of admonition calculated to instruct them. She was then, with a kind smile, about to say something on the subject of "sick-bed prospects," had not Mrs. Irvine begun to speak most volubly on the subject of two dinners during the previous week, at which she had been invited, enumerating not only all the guests, but the dishes, the wines, and the dessert; and she would have gone on, most happily, to the dresses; but this was a liberty the eldest daughter never allowed mamma to take, and the good lady was, per force, compelled to give way, as Sophia exclaimed—"Talking of dress, I must say I never saw anything so beautiful as Miss Leighton's tabbinet—yes! it was lovely, in spite of her high shoulders. I would give the world that I could get just such an one; and your sister Louisa's blond sleeve,—where did she ever pick them up, Mr. Pencnurst? They were the admiration of the whole drawing-room—they were, indeed. Have you any notion where she bought them?—but it must be at James and Howell's."

"Indeed, I know nothing about it—that;
is about the sleeves. Louisa has very pretty hands and arms; they resemble my mother’s, we all think.”

“So they do,” cried Mrs. Irvine; “and really, in my opinion, handsome arms do set off the sleeves so much. It is of no use to go hunting——”

But the daughter intended not being interrupted, either in her conversation or her pursuits; she said, “every body had not the luck of having a beauty for a mother, and a pair of fine arms in consequence; so there was the more occasion to set themselves off;”——and she descanted on French blond, and English imitations, so rapidly, as to distance the colonel’s in temper; news—his political discussions—his sister’s inquiries on charitable subjects; and she got on triumphantly, until she became acquainted that “Maria Selwyn was one of the party, and also her friend Emily, and that her lover was expected, but had sent an apology.”

“An apology! from Jamaica, impossible,” said Lady Emily, and her low, quiet voice stopped the torrent.

“Oh! you are thinking of young Lascelles, to whom Maria was thought to be engaged; that’s all over, if, indeed, it ever was anything, of which I have my doubts, for he is a young man of very high family, you know, and is none of the land (which is one of a large family, with a son to take the estate. In short, Lascelles will never have her; but married she will be very soon, to your neighbour (in days gone), Frank Osborne, the young barrister.”

Emily Maltavers, after a momentary blush, became paler even than her lady mother; but she started, and appeared very much astonished, so that she attracted more immediate attention; and the doctor observed, “all surprises were bad for the system.”

“If that news be true,” cried Mrs. Irvine, “some other systems will suffer, for no system of economy can enable them to live. When poor Mr. Osborne died, as you very well know, Lady Emily, he left no will, and all he had was land (which at that time was falling terribly in value), and so, of course, Frank would have all; but he had said, over and over again, he wished to give his girls each ten thousand pounds. Well, you must know, that they sent for his son to Cambridge, poor fellow, and in he came all in a hurry, poor thing, and just broken-hearted; and, when he heard what his father said, he makes (very foolishly, poor creature) a solemn promise to fulfil all his father’s wishes. Well! the old man (not that he was old, but really a fine man, in his prime) dies, and Frank succeeds as it were, but still under age by better than a year.”

“Only fifteen months short.”

“You are acquainted with it all, Lady Emily; but I am telling the doctor and Miss Powerscourt:—well! you see, sir, he was young, and all the property land of a particular description, which he was forced to sell, if he paid these out-a-way portions. When things were looked into, every body advised him to think no more about his promise—to be honourable, and all that, but not to beggar himself,—but, no! though, I will say, there cannot be a better tempered mortal than Frank. You know him well, Lady Emily?”

Lady Emily nodded, it was evident she could not speak. “Well! to make short of my story, he was obstinate to the last degree; he sold the land, gave two sisters, who were older than himself, and both well married, ten thousand pounds each; and now he insists upon giving little Blanche the same; and she, too, having, unluckily for him, also met with a match, he is about to leave himself, at twenty-five, so poor, that, unless he gets bread in his profession, he will be entirely dependent on his mother; which is very hard upon her, isn’t it?”

“You cannot be right in your story, mamma; for if you were, I am sure Maria would not marry so foolishly.”

“Foolishly!” ejaculated Miss Maltavers, as she left the room with a hurried step, as if recollecting something she had forgotten of importance.

“I can answer for the truth of every circumstance, save the marriage of Blanche, which has been concluded since my illness, of course. She is the youngest, and was her brother’s especial darling; therefore, he very naturally wishes to endow her as well as the rest,” said the invalid.

“Ah! madam, you had always a word in his favour, and indeed so have most people; but say what they may, he is an imprudent young man. In the first place, being a minor, he was not bound to any thing; and in the second, seeing the property turned out so far below all possible expectation, he might have secured himself at least from the last sacrifice (to be sure, his mother has a fine jointure).”

“A barrister, too,” cried Jane, “ought to remember briefs seldom flow in upon the young.”

“Certainly, Maria must be a fool to marry him,” said Sophia, “for she has nothing to thank him for.”

At this moment Lady Emily looked so ill, that the whole party were struck with the belief that she was overcome by too much company, and the ladies, together with the doctor, withdrew. The moment she heard the door close, Emily flew to her
mother, but to her severe disappointment, the colonel and his companion were still there; and she heard the former thus address the invalid—

"Mr. Penshurst has been telling me a very singular circumstance, Lady Emily, and I must tell it to you. — It seems that yesterday, a gentleman (evidently of fortune) was visiting from house to house, respecting a little girl left in this village to be nursed, about twenty years ago, and entirely lost to her family. She was, as may be supposed, the offspring of an immodest but not, it seems, of an unequal marriage—however, no notice had been taken of the lady by her friends—and this child was born in lodgings at Kensington. When she was a week old, the poor young creature, her mother died; and scarcely had her almost distracted father buried her, when he was ordered to join his regiment (I ought to have said he was an officer): I feel for him, poor thing."

"So do I," said Lady Emily, anxiously.

"Well, you must remember how suddenly we were all called to Brussels, and he, poor creature, among the rest to be, as so many others were, a victim; he was mortally wounded at Waterloo, but conveyed back to the lodgings he had left in that city, in a state of such extreme exhaustion, that he had only power to reveal to a fellow-sufferer the circumstance of his only child being nursed at the house of a person he named at Twickenham, and an earnest recommendation of it to his only brother, then in the East Indies. He died, and in a few days after the recipient of his last communication followed him; and in giving this communication, was utterly unable to recall the name of the nurse, actually dying with the word ‘Twickenham’ on his lips."

"To make short of this sorrowful and romantic story, from various causes, the party most concerned (if we except the child herself) has only learnt it now; and he is prosecuting his search with a zeal which bespeaks his worth. From all he could learn, a man’s wife, called Sally Carter, was the most likely to have been the woman in question; but she has left the neighbourhood;—now you have known all the poor hereabouts for years, perhaps you could help the gentleman who went to Sir George Penshurst’s, and has made quite a sensation in the family, they are so won by him and his story."

"Help him! oh, yes, I can indeed help him! The poor girl, Sally Carter, brought up with so much difficulty, for whom her husband abused her, and her children reviled her, is, I firmly believe, my own Emily’s maid at this moment."

"Her Christian name," cried young Penshurst, "is Althea?"

"Poor Sarah called her little Ally, we therefore thought she was named Alice; her baby clothes were marked A. T."

"Good! good! The gentleman announced himself as Mr. Trevellyn, evidently a Welch name, and allied to rank."

"Send him to me, only send him to me, dear colonel."

The gentleman hastily departed, willing to obey, for their benevolence was awakened, not less than their curiosity excited, to see the end of this mysterious story. It had, indeed, awakened, in a powerful manner, the feelings of the mother and daughter, and as it were, torn them, by force, from the contemplation of objects infinitely important to themselves, to consider those of others, and in the joy of their fellow-creature, forget the sorrow pressing closely on their own hearts; nevertheless, but a few moments had elapsed, when Emily, after an ineffectual struggle to conquer her feelings, fell upon her mother’s neck, and burst into a flood of tears.

"My child—my poor Emily—I wonder not you are thus affected, it is very natural, feeling as you have felt from very childhood. My inmost heart has been aching for you long."

"My mother! my dear mother! thank you for sympathising so much with my weakness; I will conquer it, indeed I will; but this dreadful news to come so suddenly."

—Maria, too, my friend Maria, whom I have loved so fondly, whom I considered the affianced wife of another."

"That other so worthy—aye! and Frank’s friend, too—though far, very far, his inferior: but, my love, did you ever betray to Maria your predilection for—"

"Never, never! no dear, dear mother, having made you my poor heart’s confidant, thank God, I have never stopped by whom or look towards another."

"How strange," she continued, eager at once to dismiss her sorrows, yet unequal to abandon the source of them; "how strange is this denouement of poor Ally’s story, yet how consistent with those romantic histories, Frank and I have made for her, as we walked in the garden together. The first emotion that could be called, I will not say love, but the first peculiar emotion of admiration I felt for him, was the first hour I saw her: Maria and I were going down by the water-side, when a brute of a boy was about striking a fair girl of my own age, crying, ‘you’re no sister of mine, I tell ye—get to the workhouse, ye slut.’ One blow descended; but ere the second came, Frank, who was just before

* The writer heard these words addressed to a young girl, in whose fine features there was aristocratic dignity and beauty, despite her rage and misery, and who was precisely in the above situation.
us, had struck the brute with all his force, his fine countenance glowing with indignation, and—but you know what he was, mamma?"

"Aye! my child, and what he is too; but—surely there is no other company? why did I forget to deny myself?"

Lady Emily touched the bell, but she was too late, an elderly gentleman she had never seen before entered, to the overwhelming confusion of Emily, accompanied by Frank and Maria.

His errand was quickly explained; he had been introduced to Mr. Osborne the evening before at Mr. Selwyn’s, and learnt from him that Lady Emily had taken an unfortunate child from a person to whose care she had been intrusted—"at a period when extreme poverty in the family had subjected her to cruel usage—"did she know if the poor child still lived? was still innocent?"

I have never lost sight of her for a day: though in placing her for some years in the family of a friend, I resigned my own guardianship of her, I have no doubt whatever that she is the niece you seek; and I can conscientiously say, that she well merits your protection. She is a good, a handsome, and a clever girl; and having been educated as a Christian woman, subdued in mind, gentle in manners, but firm in principle, I cannot doubt that she will honour any station to which she may be raised."

In a few minutes more the long-lost and now astonished maiden was presented to her unknown relative, who traced in her handsome features the lineaments of a brother long lamented, and a mother, in whose memory they had wept together. Parties so deeply interested were left to themselves; but after a very short conversation, Emily was bidden to repair by her relation to request an interview with Lady Emily for a few minutes alone, and it was quickly granted.

"Madam," said Mr. Trevellyn, "I find this poor child all that my heart could wish, and am sensible that I must thank you, not only for saving, but adorning, that which I shall from this hour hold as my dearest treasure. You will not, therefore, be surprised, if I seek from you some further insight on the subject of her future happiness. When first mentioned to me, Mrs. Selwyn said she thought young Osborne had been the cause of procuring your kindness to the forsaken orphan—she called him her young champion."

"In a great measure I think he was."

"Do you think he had an interest beyond benevolence in this? In short, do you believe he has wished, or now wishes, to marry her?"

"I do not; for I never observed any thing in his manner tending to that end: besides, I am told he is going to marry Miss Selwyn."

"That I can positively negative: for young Lascelles, a connexion of my own, and who will, I trust, be at home in a few days, has engaged me to be present at his marriage with her; meantime, confiding lesser arrangements to his future bride and young Osborne, it may be, that this young barrister would not allow himself to think of a portionless girl so far below him; but now—now, if he is wise, he will think differently, for with a man of his merit, money will be no object: really, I feel inclined to talk with him on the subject; will you consent to my doing so?"

Lady Emily could see no objection; but she observed, "that contracts in England were made with less celerity, and more delicacy, than in the east."

However that might be, the uncle spoke what he had to say in private to Frank, and shortly afterwards took his leave, professing an intention of sending for his niece on the morrow, when she might accompanied Maria, who talked of remaining all night—"it appeared rather his wish to leave Frank also, for he did not look with an eye of cordiality towards him; but to Lady Emily he was all thanks, and to his niece all love."

Whilst Emily listened with gladdened heart to Maria’s letters from her lover, and the expectations for the future, Lady Emily observing the pensive looks of him she had long held dear as a son, felt now more dear in consequence of being relieved from the gossip of the morning, drew him aside, spoke of his family concerns, expressed her admiration of his conduct as a brother, and finally adverted to that conversation which had probably passed between himself and the stranger who had just left them.

"I believe him to be a worthy man, and a generous man, of course he will soon forgive me," said Frank, "for not allowing myself to be sold even to a high bidder—alas! I must never marry."

"Never is a long day; Frank—you have talents, connexions, virtues; even in this bad world they make their way; our present Lord Chancellor had by no means your prospects once."

"But who can say that the object who perhaps inspired his first efforts, and concentrated all his hopes and wishes, was not disposed of—lost to him irrevocably, long, long, before he attained the power of offering her a competency? Who shall say that his heart, in its young days, was not too ambitious, and therefore he never told her love? that love, which success has in some latent corner of his heart never yet atoned for. Oh! Lady Emily, my own friend, my
beloved mother’s friend, do not be too kind, do not tempt me to say more.”

At this moment the young ladies were crossing the room to retire, and the way in which Frank Osborne’s regards fell on the graceful form of Emily, accounted to the fond mother for the heightened colour, the tremulous voice of the excellent young man before her: in a tone of the utmost tenderness, but with an agitation natural to one so weak in person, so delicate in perception, she earnestly exclaimed, “Surely I am right! you love, you have long loved, Emily?”

“Love her! yes, as never man loved woman.”

“But you have never told your love?”

“Never have, and never will! No! you may trust me, Liliby Emily; indeed, I thank you that you do trust me. I know that her merits claim even a prince on the throne; I know that her situation demands, and will obtain, both rank of fortune; and never will I seek to reduce her—to—

“I will help you to a word,—to unpretending but substantial competency, to solid happiness, and as much of earth’s pleasure as is consistent with its trials.”

“Good heavens! is it possible you should say such words? your own rank—Emily’s large fortune. I must mistake you.”

“Not so, Frank; but you have mistook me strangely: you have known me intimately, and at least in your boyish days loved me dearly, yet you have classed me with a world I have forsaken, and measured me by a medium with which I can have nothing in common. Have I so educated my child, that she would be likely to prefer a title to a companion—a glittering bauble to a diamond? By what right do you conclude that myself or my Emily have less generosity, less honour, than yourself: the first will surely enable us, out of our happy abundance, to supply your deficiencies; and the last, to fulfil these engagements, which, if not named, were implied, when the infant steps of Emily were guided by you, and the studies of her advancing years inspected. Confess you have wronged us, and that we are as equal to pour the gifts of fortune into your lap, as, under different circumstances, I firmly believe you would have been (not only to give, but even to toil) for us.”

To such language there needed little reply; one light heart easily makes another gay. Both were wonderfully lighter than they had been an hour before, when the dinner bell rang; but we have no time, i.e., no space to comment on the inquiring eyes of Emily, or her blushes when those looks were answered: we can only say, that although she had never loved her friend, Maria, so well as she did at that moment, for she had received, from her breach of confidence to Frank, information most dear to her, yet, truly did she rejoice in having been enabled to open her whole heart from very childhood to that tender mother, who could best direct its views, control its errors, or facilitate its wishes.

Emily and Maria were married on the same day, Althea officiating as bridesmaid, and attracting no little attention by her beauty, the quality of her pearls, and the wealth of her new-found uncle. All Twickenham, Richmond, and Isleworth, dilated on the good fortune of Maria, in getting such a prize as the rich Mr. Lascelles, and on the more amazing acquisition of him they had long styled poor Frank Osborne, in marrying an heiress. Every morning caller throughout the three parishes commented on the affair; and not a few observed, that “Lady Emily might be a very good woman, but she was certainly imprudent to a degree. Not that she disliked rank neither, her friends not less than her connexions were noble, but somehow she was odd in her notions, and having been very happy herself with a private gentleman, thought her daughter might be so too—besides, she had no taste for show and pleasure: after all, it was her religious views which had influenced her: poor woman! she was always thinking as much of the next world as this.”

This conclusion, amongst many false ones, was nearly truth: Lady Emily knew well the principles and conduct of him on whom she bestowed her lovely and pure-minded daughter—knew, too, the length of that daughter’s attachment, and the constancy of her nature. She had weighed wealth and grandeur in the balance, not against love only, but esteem and approbation, and found them wanting. Recent sickness showed her the value of a protector to her daughter in case of her own death; and the man of strict honour, unswerving principles, and self-denying integrity, appeared more likely to afford that protection to a rich and lonely girl, whose mind was superior to the allurements of fashion, than the ephemera to be found within the vortex of Almack’s, or the undomesticated circle who shine at Melton Mowbray. Surely her conduct was that of a tender guardian, a consistent Christian, who rates the world its real price, and knows the value of connubial happiness,—such is a mother’s wisdom.
INSTALLATION OF THE MARQUIS CAMDEN AT CAMBRIDGE.

As it is quite impossible for us to attempt to give a brief and satisfactory account of this imposing ceremony, which commenced on the 4th ultimo, and lasted several days, we will, therefore, content ourselves by giving to our readers the following specimens of English composition, whose authors received the applause of the most enlightened in the land. The one, the Prize Poem, by Mr. Whitehead, of St. John’s, a panegyric on the late lamented Duke of Gloucester, who was of so estimable a character that his praises may be justly sung; the other, a selection pertinent to the occasion.

"THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER."

"Angel of Death! where’er thy flight be sped,
To courtly canopy or dungeon bed,
Where’er mid bursting sobs or silent gloom,
Thy noiseless footsteps haunt the sick man’s room.

Whether thou lov’st to veil thy awful form,
In the dark mantle of the revelling storm,
Or in the unsuspected breeze to guide
The bounding vessel to the whirlpool’s tide,
Spirit of night! hath earth or heaven a balm
The last dread struggle of the soul to calm,
That lingers still unwilling to depart
From the regretted form and failing heart,
And clasps the chains that to her hold engage.

The lov’d companion of her pilgrimage?
As the bright drop that in the flower-cup lies
Melts half reluctant to its native skies.

"Can Nature lend her glistening light
to cheer
Her fainting prophet in that hour of fear?
See where he lies beneath the banyan’s shade,
The hoary Druid of the Indian glade:
With wilder’d gaze he turns his restless eye
From the dark Veda’s scroll of mystery,
The hea’rn’s blue clearness is around him spread,
The silver’d leaves are twinkling o’er his head,
Sure in so fair a page no eye might read
Such mystic symbols and so dark a creed!
In the broad censer unobserved has died
The sacred flame that flickered at his side,
While nearer still Death’s deep’ning shadow rolls,
And close unbroken round the Brahmin’s soul.

"Genius of ancient Rome! thy voice
Could tell
How thy stern Deci and thy Scipios fell,
How hearts that shrank in calmer mood away
From the chill thought of silent, slow decay,
When the wild joy of boisterous battle woke,
Rush’d on grim death, ambitious of the stroke,
As the proud eagle pants in vain to rise
On broadspread pinions thro’ the breathless skies.
But springs in triumph when the calm be past,
Screams in the storm and rides the mountain blast.

"Ah! not for them had mercy’s tranquil ray
Chas’d the dark horrors of the grave away!
No rude carv’d record o’er the hillock’s breast
Told the bright hope that sooth’d the slumber’rer’s rest,
No spring-flowers budding from the fun’ral ground
Whisper’d their still ‘resurgam’ all around,
But one cold shroud of unrelenting gloom
Curtain’d the silent chambers of the tomb—
Oh! it is bitter on the briny main
When the fierce death-thirst burns thro’ every vein,
To watch the mocking waves pursue the ship,
And die of thirst while they invite the lip!
But keener far the death-pang of dismay,
Where the loud Atheist struggles to be gay,
When the blest balms that bloom around so fair
But fire his wound, and madden his despair:
See! the first horrors of that world have birth,
And meet and mingle with the last of earth!
While, as his anguish’d spirit writhe’s for rest,
The secret chain draws faster round his breast.
As rock-pent torrents deepen as they rage
The channel’d dungeon of their stony cage.

"Sweet exile from this dark unhallow’d ground,
Where may thy footsteps, gentle Peace, be found?
Say, dost thou love by yonder scenes to stay
Where Resignation breathes her soul away,
And hopes to mortal hearts in mercy given
Wake in each brightening tear the hues of heaven?
Domestic Love! I see the gliding bright
Thro’ the dark cloud that seeks to veil thy light,
Installation of the Marquis Camden at Cambridge.

And like some guardian spirit from the skies
Bend o'er the couch where the princely
Glocester lies,
Drinking with anxious ear the parting breath
As calm he slumbers in the lap of Death;
While the rapt soul, impatient of her stay,
In bold unfetter'd visions soars away,
Till scarce her ken this dwindling world can see
On the wide chart of vast Eternity.

"Calm was the Sabbath's close, the evening bell
From tow'r to tow'r had flung its last farewell;
And thoughts of sadness, claiming sweet
control,
Crept with the hues of sunset o'er the soul.
Hark! 'twas the death-bell's voice whose iron tongue
Broke the soft spell that o'er my spirit hung:
'Twas Glocester's knell! how spreads the mournful tale,
Peals from each tow'r, and floats on every gale!
The veteran soldier, starting at the sound,
Shall catch the tidings as they circle round;
And when the tear of honest grief is dried,
Shall tell of battles fought by Glocester's side,
While e'en the children hush their noisy game,
And learn to weep at good Prince William's name.

"Alas for Africa! her voice depletes
The generous patron of her injur'd shores:
Land of the thirsty desert's scorching gleam,
Where the gaunt lion guards the scanty stream,
The tameless vulture, sovereign uncon-troll'd,
Reigns on thy purple peaks and headlands bold,
And scarce a rustling footstep e'er intrudes
On the deep cloister of thy giant woods,
Thy trackless wastes of mountain, sand, and sea,
Stern nature's charter'd regions, all are free;
Free rolls old Niger his unconquer'd waves,
But man sinks prostrate, and thy sons are slaves!
Yet shall Sierra's palm groves declare
Who mark'd thy wrongs, and heard thy anguish'd prayer,
Bade new-born hopes the captive's task begin,
Till rugged labour learn'd to wear a smile;
On yonder shores a living tomb shall stand,
Inscrib'd by rescued Afric's grateful hand,
And Glocester's name be all but deem'd divine,
Close-link'd, immortal Wilberforce, with thine.

"Seize the bold pencil, let the portrait live
With all the glow a Pinder's hand could give,
And paint in burning colours, bright and free.
All that a Patriot and a Prince should be!
Paint the warm heart on noblest aims intent,
By courts unsullied and by threats unbent,
Where Envy's serpent eye can find no stain,
And Flattery tries her Syren voice in vain,
Let Learning's walls beneath his smile ascend,
And Worth neglected find at length a friend,
Trace but the outline of that princely breast,
And weeping England shall supply the rest.

"There is a grandeur in a nation's tears,
When every heart one common burden bears;
'Tis not the sorrow whose obtrusive glare
Bursts in wild grief, or smoulders in despair;
'Tis one majestic gloom that reigns around,
Dims every eye, and saddens every sound,
A silent surface of unruffled woe,
That tells the depth of feeling hid below.

"Such were the tears that generous Athens shed
O'er patriot chiefs and sons untimely dead,
As from her gates along the crowded road
Weeping she pass'd to Valour's last abode;
While in the race of glory, sire to son
The torch pass'd onward, as his course was done;
Then sank contented with the meed she gave,
The sacred honours of a soldier's grave.

"So grateful science o'er the marble weeps
Where her loved Granta's good Maccenas sleeps,
Oh might her tears his silent guardian be,
And fall like dew's around his memory!
Had he but perish'd when in youth's bright hours
With blameless step he trod her classic bowers,
And while she gaz'd with all a mother's pride,
The princely flower had languish'd, droop'd, and died;
Yet when she wept, and bade her praises bloom
Like funeral garlands o'er his early tomb;
But when he sank as Autumn's suns to rest,
And years had bound him to her grateful breast,
Her's shall be grief more sacred and more deep,
Tears such as orphans o'er a parent weep,
And the pale Muse to deck his grave unbind
The wreath that round her youthful brows
She twined,
While Learning's pious hands enrolls his fame
By royal Henry's side, and Margaret's saintly name.

"But who shall clear the gloom from
Granta's brow,
And which of all her sons shall shield her now?
To guard her charter'd rights unshrinking stand,
And earn the laurel from her grateful hand?
—Here to thy feet she turns with bended knee,
And, generous Camden, rests her eyes on thee!

"Past is the cloud, and dried the holy tear
That England shed around her Prince's bier:
Favour'd of Heav'n, that like a halcyon's nest
Securely slumberest on the Ocean's breast,
Where Freedom breathes her incense all around,
Like a sweet wild flower in its native ground,
Thine are the sons thy treasure'd hearths inspire,
In peace all softness, but in fight all fire,
That met bare-bosom'd on thy heights,
La Haye,
The cuirass'd might of Gallia's proud array,
Sprang to the charge, as wav'd their Leader's hand,
And worthy prov'd of Wellington's command.

And if the sympathies of earth can move
The sacred ardour of a spirit's love;
If the pure censer of celestial bliss
Hold aught of fondness for a world like this,
Is there an orb of all the clusters bright
That pour their splendour o'er the vault of night,
Whose lovelier gem upon the spangled sky
Outshines his native star in Glocester's eye,
Or charms away one tributary smile
From the lov'd precincts of his own bright isle?"

The Chancellor, addressing Mr. Whitehead, said—"You have discharged in a most able manner the very difficult task you have had to perform: you have well described the great misfortune which the University has sustained in the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Glocester, and I have great pleasure in presenting you with this prize, as a testimony of your exertions."
Installation of the Marquis Camden at Cambridge.

(SOLO AND CHORUS.)
And saintly Margaret braids her pearly flower
To cheer, though billows chafe, and storms around thee lower.

VIII.
(SCENA.)
Whether, sage Nereids, ye who dwell
Beneath the boundless intellectual deep,
And there in starry grots and coral cell
Your twilight vigil keep;
Whither, your realms mysterious to explore,
Is the sacred vessel bound?
More holy than that yearly bark which bore
With dash of silver oar,
And lute's soft sound,
Its festal pageant to the Delian shore,
While the earth laugh'd, and airs ambrosial play'd around.

IX.
Shall it track with upward course,
By Science led, the river bright
Of lights primeval beams,
(Like one who hunts the lair of couching streams,
Niger, Euphrates, or Memnonian Nile)
Till it be moor'd hard by the essential source
Where the sun drinks his everlasting gleams,
And stars in silver urns updraw their liquid light?

(AIR.)
Or shall it anchor in the crystal bay,
Of that belov'd Hesperian isle,
Where bards Archaic chant a living lay,
And antique heroes at their side
By might and meekness deified,
The calm of cloudless day
With graceful joys beguile,
Where fruits of nectar glow, and golden blossoms smile.

(DUET.)
Yet shall not the lotus sweet
Of that magic isle betray,
Nor beguile the bark to stay
Becalm'd for ever in that blissful seat,
Forgetful of its home, and holier bowers
Of Idumean palms and Amaranthine flow'rs.

X.
(RECITATIVE.)
Oh, Camden! swayed by thy auspicious power,
Where'er the vessel aim, whate'er the form
Of cloud around, in sullen storm,
In sunshine and in shower,

* Henry the 7th and his mother, Lady Margaret of Richmond. He was a great benefactor to King's College. She founded St. John's and Christ's Colleges. Her device was the flower called La Belle Marguerite.
A WALK TO THE CEMETERY (HARROW-ROAD).

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

The many delightful country walks taken by Miss Mitford, in search of early violets and primroses, when spring airs "breathe wooingly," or when autumn winds shake down brown nuts to the laughing gatherers, render it difficult to make a walk like mine interesting—perhaps I ought to say agreeable; for the object in view, at least, has a powerful interest. Young and old, grave and gay, rich and poor, the royal personage who travels with guards, and the weary labourer who bends beneath his mattock, are alike going towards the grave. Most happy is he, whether "arrayed in purple and fine linen," or in a coarse jerkin, that can look frequently and contentedly beyond its narrow confines.

To me, the walk in question was really a serious undertaking, therefore I waited for a suitable day, and found Wednesday the seventh instant, as sober-suited a summer day as July was likely to furnish—not "tricked and flounced" in broad sunshine, but shaded by soft floating clouds, and rendered cheerful by a breeze that seemed to fan the vegetation for the express purpose of regaling you with the incense of limes, now redolent of odour, or wanting them from the thousand sweets yielded by herb, tree, fruit, and flower, wherever you wander in the country at this most blessed season.

The beginning of our journey (for I had two companions, one of either sex) lay through Nightingale-lane, the most picturesque of all sylvan avenues, abundantly compensating for the regular stateliness of its neighbouring vistas, by its genuine characteristics of an English lane, with a hedgerow on one side, and an ivy-grown wall on the other; yet, surely, its beautiful simplicity and picturesque effects were aided in their charm, from our recollection that we were treading the same ground which the feet of Addison had trod a thousand times—the same trees hung over our heads through which his eyes had beheld the wandering moon.

Riding near her highest noon; and it was probably in this very spot he had composed his beautiful hymn—or meditated on those subjects his essays gave to the world, which delighted in him then, and which honours him even now, evanescent as literary honour has become.

Now, we have reached Lord Holland's unique and most picturesque mansion—how beautiful! and wonderful too; for in this age of improvements and of utility, it is really surprising that any noble mansion should be found unremodelled—we will not say unimproved; for what could be finer than that arcade? what nobler than the entrance? or who would exchange those scalloped gables and pyramidal turrets—those baby-house tops reared on the roof, and those odd windows peering from corners, for even far more excellent architecture? No one would build such a house now-a-days it is certain (admirable as it is); but standing as it does, in the "very form and pressure" of our ancient family mansions, the representative of nobility in days long past, to alter it either externally or internally, save from necessity, would be an act of desecration—long, long may its present noble owner preserve and enjoy it—long may the nightingales find its surrounding foliage their happy residence, and these abundant choristers attend their court.

We pass the house to find ourselves closely shut up by high paling, excluded on one side from Lord Holland's richly wooded park; and, on the other, from the Duchess of Bedford's exquisite flower garden. Well! be it so, privacy is necessary for enjoyment in both cases; and soon shall we enter on the open fields, breathe the full fresh gales of summer, and gaze on that wide-spreading land-
scape given by the rising hill. Here, we revel in the view which surrounds us, and have a sense of mental expansion, of more perfect existence, given with that range of the eye which commands the distant hills of Surrey, the gardens of Kew and of Kensington—the woods of Hampstead and Harrow, and the straggling but elegant suburban buildings of Notting-hill and the Edgeware-road. But nearer objects are scarcely less attractive—the late rains have given the new-mown fields a vivid yet tender green; and those noble haystacks still emit their richest fragrance—through every field, cattle are wandering or feeding in all the luxury of new possession; and it would be perhaps difficult to find an equal number of respectable personages equally content with their wealth, and satisfied with their situation. To man alone belongs the caprice which tris with his happiness, the ambition which risks it, the avarice which destroys it—ah! why with so many sources of sorrow inevitably attached to his condition, do his passions multiply his troubles.

But since we cannot mend man, let us rejoice in the earth he inhabits; for it is a fair and bounteous mother, and little is he to be envied, who could tread on so soft a carpet, and pluck from the hedge beside him such lovely roses, or listen to the rich melody of those thrushes singing vesper prayers to the descending sun, whilst his beams tinge every object with ethereal gold, without feeling oblivion to the lesser ills of life; and gratitude to that God who had called him into its precincts, and endowed him with the faculties of a reasonable being, and the capabilities of a religious one.

With these thoughts, sometimes mused upon in the calmness but not the dulness of silence, sometimes shared by the companion on whom

"For more than twenty years I have lean’d"—
the road was pleasantly passed over, and, before I was aware we had crossed the canal and the village of Kensal, we found ourselves before the entrance of the cemetery.

Five gentlemen's carriages, of one description or other, were standing near; and I afterwards remarked that not one of the occupants were in mourning. Of course curiosity, resembling our own, not affection (which loves to haunt where hallowed dust repose), induced the visit; and one gentleman, to my surprise, entered on horseback: but we learnt from the person in attendance that this mode of survey was admissible, and not uncommon.

The entrance to the cemetery is very handsome and suitable, being of the Grecian doric, and forming dwellings on either side of the gateway. On entering we observed a sunk fence* and iron railing, which parted the ground; and we were informed "that that which lay to the left was appropriated to the Dissenters, and that on the right, which spread to a great distance, was devoted to the Establishment," including, of course, in the term, many shades of opinion and diversities of character.

Beautiful gravel walks, beds of flowers, clumps of blossoming shrubs, and an increased magnificence of prospect, were the first circumstances which struck us; and perhaps we thought, but were ashamed to say, "that the place was too lovely for its awful purpose," that it was a pity such sweetness should be wasted on the desert air," when so many human beings capable of enjoying its freshness and beauty were "in populous city pent," incapable of inhaling the salubrious breeze that fanned its foliage, and perhaps toiling to earn a resting-place beneath its turf, and unable to visit the future home which alive they seem doomed never to behold.

But the very first grave we reached changed the current of our thoughts, and restored the dead to the wonted station in our memory and our hearts. Yet it was a solitary grave, found early in the pathway, and apparently of one whose life had been also isolated, for it seemed to be that of a single woman, who, for sixty years, had borne the turmoil of life without a partner. How many thoughts arose in my heart as I contrasted her state with the married and the mother—how many sorrows she had been spared—how many comforts she had never known! Yet who shall say she escaped the one, or enjoyed not the other? In how many situations of life are single women found who fulfil the duties of the maternal character, and enjoy the affections which arise out of it? The frigid feelings and selfish cares

* Surely this was a more decided division than the case called for among Christians, who, in point of fact, meet in belief, though they differ in forms!
which encrust the hearts of those men whose bachelor state has left them untouched by the anxieties, and unmelted by the tendernesses, which spring from married life, are rarely found to influence in any decided manner that more pliable sex whose vocation it is (in some shape or other) to supply man’s lesser wants, to soothe even his greatest sorrow, hear his frequent errors, and yet be grateful for his protection, and cling to him through the most attenuated tie of consanguinity, till unkindness or death dissolve it. It is not until the last child of the family, or the neighbour, is gone, that the favourite kitten, or the pet poodle, becomes the treasured object on which a warm but bereaved heart lavishes its kindness.

We wander on, and arrive at that portion of the cemetery which is already become “a place of graves,” and where one inscription after another recalls losses of our own—when we reach the catacombs, the necessity of providing a grave for ourselves presses more closely on our minds than it has yet done, not (Heaven knows in my own case) that I desire to be placed in a more safe and select situation than my fellow mortals; but, that the idea of that “narrow house appointed for all living” is brought more immediately before the eye, even in the excellent contrivance and durability of these structures, and their adaptation to their purpose. There is here provided nothing repugnant to the senses, and every thing is agreeable to the wishes of the most fastidious; and since the most careless among us, as to the disposition of our own bodies, may yet be distressingly anxious to preserve the hallowed remains of those who have been long dear, we would advise every one whose circumstances admit it, to secure situations of this description for their families, either in this cemetery or a similar one.

From the success (if we may use the phrase) of the burial-ground before us, its sequestered situation, beautiful arrangements, and extraordinary cheapness, combining to increase its evident utility, we cannot doubt that others on a similar plan will be formed: nor is it likely that Mr. G.F. Carden, the original projector of this most admirable system in England, and the founder of this undertaking, should drop his further designs of making other beautiful sites subservient to his special purpose. If ground nearer to London than either could be procured it would be unquestionably so much the better; but our mighty city spreads so much on every side, that, although the dead must accumulate as well as the living, we know not where it can be found.

Yet surely it is alike honourable and wise for the living thus to provide for those with whom they must shortly associate, and far more agreeable to our habits and affections to provide sightly, and even beautiful places of repose, for the cherished of our hearts, than to thrust them into the dark corners and deep dug holes to which custom has hitherto consigned beloved remains, thus condemning them to the obloquy (inseparable from their state) of contributing to injure the health of the living. It had been long the privilege of the wealthy and the great to lay their beloved in costly tombs, and employ the sculptured marble in depicting their own sorrows, or recording the virtues of those they mourned; and seldom, indeed, has their expenditure on objects so natural been blamed. Why, then, in a point where we all feel alike, should not the national, the individual sensibility, if possible, be indulged and nourished by a provision of this nature. With a place like this, in which to “bury his dead,” every one would feel more than satisfied; for here he will be assured the dear remains may undisturbed return to the dust from which they sprung—here he may visit the holy spot which they have endeared, and shed the tear of sorrow unnoticed; and here he may contemplate to advantage that hour when he, too, must be laid beneath the stone over which he is bending; for the bright sky is above him, the sweet flowers are around him, the toils and cares of the mighty city are afar off, and the house where God is worshipped is near. Every thing around tends to show him the goodness of his Creator, and whispers of the mercy of his Redeemer; and not a grave near him but says, “Come unto me thou that art weary and heavy laden, for here thou shalt find rest.”

The chapel appropriated for the burial service is very appropriate; but I thought that of the Dissenters had, in its general effect, somewhat the advantage, which, probably, arose from its more extended colonnade. In point of fact, both are well calculated for their purpose, and highly ornamental to the grounds, which as yet
Sonnet.

Here they have stood, while generation after generation, of their owners, have gone down to their graves. Statesmen may have planned revolutions under their shades, and kings have wandered there in the day of fear and sorrow, as well as in those of revel and triumph:—they have not been bought and sold, and passed from one noble house to another—from other hands than those of the King of Terrors—since the time when "king-making Warwick was their lord;" yet many changes have been near them, many vicissitudes belonged, in some sense, to them. But here they remain in their pride, and strength, and beauty; whilst man, who planted them and cherished them—man, in the pride of his power and greatness, but the creature of a day, falls like the leaves these nobler creatures shed and renew for ages.

But not like the leaves doth he fall; to be succeeded, not renewed. No! with all his weakness, and even all his sins, man is not like the leaves, which become lost, or "the beasts that perish." He who once moralised on the very trees before us, hath said,—

"The soul shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crash of worlds;"

and one, far greater than he, declared "that life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel," let us then cease to look on him with sorrow; as the most glorious, yet fragile, work of his Creator, let us rejoice in the capabilities of our nature, and be grateful for the promise of immortality; let us examine the cemetery, and approve it; but never forget to look beyond it, for there alone have we an abiding city, not made with hands, whose builder and giver is God.

Pembroke-square, Kensington, July 14, 1835.

SONNET.

When lovely spring, in gentle showers,
Twines sweets around thy rural bowers,
Oh! then remember me!
When sultry summer suns are beaming,
And glowing lands with fruits are teeming,
Oh! then remember me!
When plenteous harvests crown the earth,
And nought is heard but joy and mirth,
Oh! then remember me!
When angry bores rules the skies,
And every blooming flow'ret dies,
Oh! then remember me!
Remember him, who ne'er can see,
The hour he does not think of thee.

W L G.

Vol. VII.—No. 2.
THE FLOWER CROWN:

A NEAPOLITAN STORY.

(The commencement of this interesting story will be found at p. 543, vol. 8.)

If, as I have ever remarked, the mask hide an ill-favoured countenance, dame Nature is in this case guilty of great injustice towards its wearer! Thus musing he found himself directly facing the balcony; and, as he upraised his eyes towards the masked lady, the flower crown which she held in her hand was directed with so much precision that the roseate missile fell upon his bosom, which obliged him, when seizing it, to press it even to his heart. He glanced upwards in thanks to the fair donor, who at that moment, with excessive vivacity, removed for one instant the importunate covering from her face; but that brief period was sufficient to make the duke acquainted with a pair of star-like eyes, lips of deepest rose, and a complexion fair as the mountain snow.

The duke was as one transfixed to the spot, and had not his companion whispered to him to proceed, he had totally forgotten for the moment all the duties of the day, so lost was he in admiration of this fair creature; however, he soon regained sufficient presence of mind carefully to remark the house, and even the name of the piazza in which it stood.

He gazed fondly and attentively upon the flower-wreath which he had thus fortunately obtained, and soon discovered within the blooming bosom of its fairest rose a small and carefully rolled paper affixed to the heart of the scented blossom by means of a small golden pin. With care he detached the little scroll, and enclosed it within the gilded leaves of his book of prayers, upon which, contrary to his usual practice (for his grace was not famed for his religious devotion), he gazed most anxiously; but at length, when the procession was proceeding with its loudest orisons, he unfolded the charmed viglietto, and read the still more charmed words—

"Go, fairest flower! thy bloom
Beauteous thee gentle doom,
So shalt thou take thy rest
On Nemour's manly breast."

It had long been universally acknowledged in Naples that the young French prince was an adept in the art of subduing female hearts; successful in love as in war, he was well aware of his power-
his faithful emissary informed him, that the small house upon the piazza was inhabited by a widow and her daughter, of humble birth, and of still more humble fortunes; for, indeed, their subsistence was partly drawn from the produce of their daily industry. "So far all is well," continued the valet, "and promises fairly to the wishes of your highness; for the doors of the dwelling of poverty are not often strongly secured. But respecting the signora's beauty, with humble deference to the taste of your highness, from what I can learn, permit me to doubt even its existence. The widow's daughter is called La Bianca, from the usual whiteness of her complexion; and she is the person whom you beheld, and who threw you her rose-crown, for all the neighbours observed her. She is acknowledged to have a slender and graceful form, a fair and well-turned arm, and very beautiful hands; but sparing your displeasure, her face is far from corresponding with her person. She is, I am informed, pale as a corse, her eyes are far from being straightly placed within their sockets, her mouth is unusually capacious, her nose is long, and the ravages of the small-pox have given to her complexion the resemblance of a honeycomb: in fine, all who have ever beheld her, never-ceasingly lament that so fine a person should be the bearer of such a graceless countenance; for this time, therefore," sarcastically added the wary servitor, "our all-experienced glance has led us frightfully astray!"

The duke shook his head incredulously, "Rouvois," said he, smiling, "I'm not often thus in fault: it is true that the lady raised her mask but for an instant, but fully did that suffice to reveal to me the existence of rare beauty; and, above all, of fine dark eyes, which were far from partaking of the awkward squint you attribute to them. I would fain, however, judge for myself upon the subject; yet I know not how to proceed."

"Nothing can be easier of execution, monsieur, than this affair," replied the servant. "The elder signora works for all those who are willing to employ her; therefore, should you deign carefully to disguise your youth, fair appearance, and, above all, your exalted rank, you may ('neath the pretext of bespeaking an embroidered collar or a scarf) gain access to the abode of the widow, and soon, then, convince yourself of the truth of my information."

On the morrow, the young duke could not refrain from immoderate laughter, whilst gazing upon himself in a large Venetian mirror, immersing from the hands of Rouvois, who had just passed far upwards of an hour in equipping him for a visit to the fair one, whose conquest he seemed fully bent upon securing. A large black patch covered his right eye, and invaded a part of his cheek; a long, thick, and wavy-haired false beard, resembling those worn at that time by the Neapolitan soldiers, was affixed to his dimpled and almost polished chin, and the rich velvet and brocaded satin habiliments were replaced by the tightly fitting buck-skins: whilst a huge sword, with ponderous handle, suspended to a belt of uncombed acquaintance, encumbered his person, and a long red feather, upon a pointed high-crowned hat, rendered him, he imagined, not to be discovered by his nearest relative.

Thus disguised, and fearless of exposure, the young and dissolute Duc de Nemours issued from his palace, and affecting the heavy step of a common horneman, directed his way towards la Piazza del Pine. Having reached the door of the small house, he cast a glance at the balcony from which the fair unknown had smiled upon him, then resolutely knocking at the door, he was waited upon by an old female servant, who, after having ascertained his errand, led him without hesitation to the presence of her mistress.

The widow was alone.—"Signora," gruffly ejaculated the pretended soldier, whilst he gazed anxiously around in quest of the fair girl, or of some incident which might reveal her presence in this abode, "behold an old son of war, whose purse is amply lined, would fain employ you to embroider him a collar, full large, and wide in form, and bordered with the most expensive quality, such, in fine, as may excite our captain's envy; but above all, must his demand be executed well, with promptitude and upon moderate terms."

The old lady seemed attentively to consider the soldier, as if she wished by her gaze to calculate the befitting expenditure of the article he had ordered; and after a pause of some moments a price was named for the work; slight objections
offered, and at length the terms were agreed to by the parties.

"But still have I one condition to stipulate ere our bargain is concluded," added the duke; "I have heard that your daughter surpasses you with her needle, and would therefore have the work done by her hands, or I will not take it."

"Surely!" replied the widow, with a smile; "and although I have reason to feel offended at your preferring a daughter to her mother, still, if you require it, you may call in to-morrow at an early hour, and you will see La Bianca at work for you."

"Could she not begin at once?" exclaimed the duke, totally forgetting the part he was enacting.

"Maestro cavallaro!" said the widow, with surprise, "were my daughter handsomely, I could willingly believe that you were much more curious of beholding her than her embroidery. However, you must have patience; Bianca is not within, but to-morrow at this hour you shall see her at her work."

The duke, obliged to content himself in hoping for the morrow, and but little satisfied with the slight success of his adventure, returned to his palazzo.

"Your highness's aspect clearly announces to me that my report has proved correct," said Rouvois, as he relieved his master from his accoutrements: "you are usually wont to return a victor from your adventures, but to-day you bring nor laurel-branch nor myrtle."

"I am almost tempted to believe," rejoined the duke languidly, "that you were in the right." He then related to his valet what the mother had said relative to her daughter's want of beauty, and began to inquire if it would not be prudent to send on the morrow a piece of gold as an indemnification for work begun, and take no further steps in the affair. But the duke was not accustomed to retreat, and he therefore considered that the sight of one of those rare "bizarries" of Nature, which sometimes blend beauty with deformity—such, for instance, as an unseemly countenance with such a matchless form—would well repay him for his pains.

The next day, therefore, he returned to the widow's, and was admitted by the same old servant to the presence of the matron: she was still alone, but a small table placed by the window was covered with lace and materials ready to be employed, and seemed evidently to belong to some other occupant of the small apartment.

"You see, cavallaro," said the widow, "that my daughter fails not in diligence. Your desire of having your work done by her alone has flattered her self-love, therefore she will present you with something well worth attention: look at this rich pattern; examine for an instant the taste displayed in the selection of this lace; but, above all, behold how exquisitely done is the embroidery she has just commenced." The old woman exhibited the articles with much complacency, but the false cavallaro paid little attention, and soon exclaimed with eagerness—

"Signora! where, I beseech you, is your daughter at this moment?"

"Bianca!" vociferated the mother, as she approached the door of a small inner chamber; "come and speak with the brave soldier who requires you to work for him." Whilst she spoke the duke's eyes became animated, for he could not divest himself of the belief, notwithstanding the contrary assertion, that the person thus addressed was the same he had beheld upon the balcony.

When, at length, the door upon which his highness gazed opened, and Bianca appeared before him, he loudly exclaimed—"By heavens and all the saints! Rouvois is surely mad!" Then turning with an expression of admiration not easily to be mistaken, whilst contemplating the angel-face before him, "can that be indeed your daughter?" he vivaciously inquired of the widow.

"Nel servizio," responded the matron, "but why such exclamation? and, above all, who is this Rouvois?"

"Ah, pardon me, signora! for you see I have unfortunately contracted the evil and soldier-like habit of an oath when any thing surprises me; but here, however, you have yourself to blame for it, for you know you had described your daughter to me as almost ill-favoured; and by the immortal gods!—nay, by my soul, I know not what you could have dreamed of thus to deceive me! You are almost unworthy the possession of such a treasure!" At these words the lilies of Bianca's complexion were metamorphosed to the deepest rose.

"Maestro cavallaro!" said the old signora, interrupting the duke, who was
energetic in the expressions of his admiration, you are more like one who has been bred up at the school of Maestro Petrarca, than at that of the honest but somewhat less courteous Cavalleri; for with your single eye you see in Bianca far more attractions than my two have ever made me conscious of; but as you must now be fully aware that your order will be executed by no other hands than hers, you will, I am sure, no longer detain her from her work: here the old lady, as if compelled by something of emergency, left the room; and the duke, notwithstanding the sort of dismissal he had just received, was left alone with Bianca. He could scarcely moderate the feelings of admiration which swayed him, and, forgetting the part he had taken upon him, he vehemently seized the small and snow-white hand of the fair creature now before him, and would have borne it to his lips, had not the latter, whilst she withdrew it with an air of offended pride, exclaimed, “If the Duc de Nemours really finds pleasure in seeking the presence of an humble but virtuous girl, let him appear before her as he really is, for nature has cast him in a mould which admits of no disguise!”

The duke was for an instant disconcerted by the words of Bianca, and knew not what to answer; but he was too well versed in the bland courtesy of the day, to be long abashed. “Beshrew me, lady!” said he, with an air of gaiety, “but your lovely eyes are almost as penetrating as my own, which so clearly showed me your incomparable beauty, notwithstanding the mask you wore! but since you have managed to discover, despite of this thick beard, the Duc de Nemours, you will surely graciously permit that to-morrow, free from all disguise, he be admitted to thank the fair Bianca for the sweet flower-crown she bestowed upon him.”

“It is not generous of your highness thus to recalc to mind the commission of a folly with which some malicious demon must have inspired me, at a time when I should have been entirely occupied by grave and holy objects; but, since I am called upon to avow the motive of my unseemly action, you will remember, that your gaze, by its steadfast continuance, drew upon me the eyes of all around, and piqued at becoming thus the object of most marked attention, I threw the rose-crown at you with insurmountable petulance.”

“But what of the sweet viglietto, lady?”

“What means your highness?”

“Can the fair Bianca imagine that I have forgotten the flattering lines addressed, it is true, to one unworthy of them, by so fair a hand; nay, I protest, that never shall this paper quit me during life! I will wear it as a talisman.”

“Alas! alas!” exclaimed the affrighted Bianca, as she beheld the paper which the Duc de Nemours was pressing to his lips; “oh! Romilda, how treacherously hast thou dealt with me; but, my lord duke, if you will deign to attend to me, I am fully ready to convince you that those lines were not traced by me.” As thus she spoke, she seized upon a pen, and having written some words upon a strip of paper, she presented them to the Duc de Nemours, in order that he should judge of the truth of her assertion.

His highness compared the papers, the characters were totally dissimilar; but the words written by Bianca seemed by no means void of signification, she had traced—“Did I love, I should strive better to conceal it.”

The duke’s vanity was much wounded by this declaration. Bianca had, when she threw him her flower-crown, only then obeyed an uncontrolled movement of impatience which his own conduct had given rise to; and the viglietto, which he had so much praised, was an unseemly mystification.

“What, then,” added he in deep thought, “pray what, sweet Bianca, caused you to raise your mask, for an instant only it is true, to display to me features which you knew could never be forgotten?”

“My lord!” said the fair girl, as she rose from her seat, whilst her features assumed a grave and dignified expression, “the heart of man is ever agitated by divers and ruling passions; love wounds it sore, but vanity breathes lightly o’er it, and inordinate love swells it often to excess. I, Heaven be praised, have, until now, cared little for the shafts of love—nay, scarce do understand the subtle flame. Vanity has had no access to me, but pride hath seized upon me, and it was that passion which ex-
excited me to show myself to the haughty and inconstant prince who has ever been wont to regard a woman's conquest as a spoil which must naturally be awarded to him; pride bade me strive to attract his attention, and whilst desiring to avenge the honour of Italy's daughters, held tightly by a stranger, to prove to him that, if no woman has ever yet been shielded from his seductions, Bianca, the obscure but the proud Bianca, will know fully how to resist them; and from this avowal his grace will, I hope, conclude, that the unmeaning flattery contained in the viglietto came not from me."

This discourse, though pronounced with extreme haughtiness, far from discouraging the duke, gave a new and enlivening colouring to his adventure—he had never been more frankly challenged to the field, and never had the notion crossed his imagination that a lowly maid could resist the combined fascinations of his wealth, rank, and person.

"Signora," said he with a smile, "I can but be a gainer in such a contest; but you must furnish me the means of commencing the attack, although the moments passed in your presence are productive of sweets which I prize beyond a thousand victories.

"My lord duke!" rejoined Bianca, whilst the beautiful smile played once more upon her rosy lip, "you must already be aware that I will yield nothing unto vanity, and upon that head, therefore, you render my triumph easy. However," she added jestingly, "I would advise that your first attack be deferred until to-morrow; for verily the strange disguise in which you now appear before me might serve to weaken your powers of conquest, for the glances cast by one single eye, however bright or vivid they may be, make but little inroad on the heart; and Love, you know, though blind himself, most imperiously requires two eyes in all his votaries. Return, then, hither to-morrow; I consent that you shall do so; but come in all your pomp, and you shall find that the destitute and lowly Bianca, who had engaged to work a collar for the sturdy cavallaro, has sufficient courage, and relies sufficiently upon herself, to receive, without a fear, the dangerous Duc de Nemours." These words were uttered with a sarcastic expression, which greatly disconcerted him to whom they were addressed. The widow now re-entered, and the duke, feeling that his visit should here terminate, took leave of Bianca, somewhat piqued, it is true, but more deeply enamoured than he had imagined it ever would be his lot to be.

"Faithful ambassador!" said the duke to his confidential attendant, when the latter, filled with curiosity respecting his master's interview with Bianca, had followed him to his chamber, "pray, where did you obtain your very accurate descriptions of the inhabitants of la Piazza del Pine?"

"Why, so please your highness," said the valet, "I obtained them, I believe, from unquestionable sources: in the first place, from the old woman who attends upon them; and secondly, from the gardener, their opposite neighbour. To the first informant I paid 'uno scudo'; and of the second I bought some of his fairest flowers; and next, from the mercante de macaroni who lives at the corner of the piazza—"

"Enough, enough, Rouvois! for both you and your informers must be either fools or madmen; and if you wish to be convinced of this fact, speedily repair to the Piazza del Pine, enter the house in question, open with proper respect the door of a small apartment upon the first floor, and there, seated by the window, you will behold a lovely maiden, who combines all that the glowing imaginations of the poet or the painter have ever witnessed in their earliest and freshest dreams! A creature who unites the dignity of a princess with the touching simplicity of an humble shepherdess."

"And who will be, for the present, the 'bella preferata' with your highness," answered the valet, with a degree of boldness; "for your simple caprice, monseigneur, is the only link that can ever bind you to the fair! Your imagination has an art equal to the magic of Merlin, and transforms with the greatest ease even mediocrity to sublimity; but then, when Passion's gaze is sated, Grace and Beauty take to themselves wings and fly, and the poor neglected ones are as the spring flowers which deck our garden bowers. Zephyr has deign'd to breathe upon them, but now sighs o'er fresher roses!"

It will here be seen that Rouvois, according to the manners of the times, was admitted to the full confidence of his mas-
ter, and particularly upon such subjects as the one now treated by them. However, his present reflections were not received in the accustomed manner by the duke, who gravely replied—"This time you will find your opinion of my feelings to be most erroneous, for my imagination finds but little to idealize in the fair creature who dares me to the field."

He related to Rouvois some of the particulars of his interview with Bianca; but whilst he was depicting with vehemence the elevated bearing which she blended with graces irresistible, the wary servitor laughed aloud.

"Pardon me, monseigneur," said he to the somewhat disconcerted duke, "but I really begin to think that the singular and beautiful maiden, thus challenging the handsome and dangerous Duc de Nemours, has been well schooled. Forgive me, but the charming signora appears to me most skilful. She has heard of the light-hearted inconstancy of my worthy master, and ere she surrender she fain would bind his golden wings, whatever may become of the feather ones which always bear him onwards; and therefore would my fidelity towards your highness choose, at least this time, for its motto—'Beware of the wily widow and her daughter.'"

"I need not your lecture, Rouvois," said the master: "find a pretext, and see the maiden, that you may be convinced how rare it is to find beauty such as her's so closely accompanied by good sense and modesty."

It was not necessary to repeat this order to Rouvois, who hastened to the piazza. As he passed the shop of the mercante de macaroni, he entered once more to gain information respecting his opposite neighbour. "By my faith, good sir, I almost repent the sin I committed the other day, when I described to you the signora; but she forced me to the untruth—and who could resist her words. She insisted that I should state to all who asked information concerning her, that she was downright ugly. By San Jenio, thought I, the whim's a strange one; for I have often known those who were truly ugly wish to pass for handsome, but the contrary never." Rouvois here quitted the mercante, and approaching the gardener's stall, the man exclaimed, as he appeared before him,—"I am ready to wager, signor, that you come hither to reproach me; but, by all the saints, how could a man resist the prayer of such an angel? That I lied to you most grievously, I must confess; for the signora is fairer than the Madona of Mount Carmel,—her skin is fair and polished as satin—her radiant eyes pierce all hearts; therefore, was it a mortal sin to tell you that she squinted; and her mouth, oh! signor—the smile of her lips leaves an endless impression upon the soul!"

"By the powers!" exclaimed Rouvois, as he walked on towards the house, "this woman must indeed have something magic about her, thus to have captivated your cheating vender of macaroni, and this poor gardener; but let us see!"

"You wish, I suppose, signor," said the old woman, on seeing him, the same who had received him when last he came, "to be admitted to the presence of my mistress and her daughter, but I must have two scudi to ensure you that favour; and you will not, I think, regret them, for having paid one at your last visit to learn that the lady was ill-favoured, you cannot, I am sure, murmur at being charged a couple to be convinced that she is beautiful as a sunbeam!"

"Listen to me, most venerable sorceress," said Rouvois, who felt inward conviction of having judged all parties aright. "You will let me pass this time without the silver passport, when you learn that I bear from my illustrious master, the Duc de Nemours, a message to your mistress."

"By our blessed Lady!" screamed forth the Veccherella, "then you are but a servant, after all! and your proud insolence has had power to deceive me. Oh! oh! had I but known that, the other day, I should have treated you far differently; and, above all, I should have refused your scudo, for, in Naples, a servitor takes not money of another; and had I not given the paltry coin to the Capuchins, that they might say masses for thy sinful soul, Signor Franceso, I would willingly restore it thee: but yonder is the chamber occupied by my mistress, to whom you may explain the errand upon which you come, sir servant," said the old woman, in irony.

The piqued Rouvois knocked gently at the door, and upon hearing a most and somewhat squeaking voice bade him enter: he opened it, and bowing unceremoniously to the widow, he approached
ner daughter, who was placed at the window with her back towards him, and who seemed not even to remark his presence. "Signora," said he to her, "my master, the Duc de Nemours, whose head-attendant I am, has sent me to you."

At this moment Bianca turned her gaze fixedly upon him, and the valet, who was never disconcerted, felt so completely embarrassed by the imposing dignity of her look, that he, quite forgetting the speech he had fully prepared, gasped for breath, as he gazed upon the beautiful maiden, for nothing had ever appeared to him so admirable as her matchless person.

"Sir Head-attendant of the most noble Duc de Nemours," said Bianca, with an offended air, "what will your master; for your impertinent stare is far from acquainting us with the purport of your mission."

Rouvois recovering from his ecstasy by the haughty words of the lady, and remembering the beginning of the studied address he had composed, bowed to the signora, and, in a manner which he attempted to make graceful, he said,—

"My master, madam, sends you this simple white rose, and earnestly prays you to give it a place upon your most matchless person; nay, even where the roses of your cheek may reflect a tint upon this pale and jealous flower."

He tendered it respectfully, but the lady took it not. "Acquaint your master," said she, "that if it be the custom in France, as it is in Italy, to offer simple gifts unto the fair, such, for instance, as this flower, that, in Naples, such presents are never acceptable from the hands of servants."

"Signora," replied the incensed Rouvois, "it has often been my lot to deliver the like tokens to ladies of far higher rank, who were wont to receive them gratefully."

"I can easily believe," replied Bianca, with disdain, "that your master may have oft employed you in like service; but you seem not yet to have learnt to discriminate the existing difference in women; exalted station gives not always exalted virtue; and there exists those duchesses who would receive, whilst they recompensed your zeal, this very rose, which Bianca refuses whilst ordering you to quit her presence;" and, as she uttered these words, she turned her back upon him.

The angry valet left the house, murmuring that he never had beheld so much pride in one of low condition, and that she was totally unworthy of the good fortune which awaited her. He recounted to the duke his whole adventure, fully admitting the perfect beauty of Bianca's person. "Buonarotti himself," said he, "had been enchanted by the fair proportions of her form, her countenance as an angel's, and her mouth is of the rose; but when it opens! Oh! never did any lips pronounce more ugly words." Here Rouvois dwelt upon her scorn of the rose with the utmost vehemence: he repeated his suspicions concerning the mother and daughter; and did not omit to detail how Bianca, from the very day of the Festa della Madonna, had enjoined the neighbours to describe her to all inquirers as squinting and ill-favoured. "But how could so experienced an envoye to the fair as thou art, show so little discernment; and, above all, how didst thou dare to present a paltry rose to thy master's lady-love? Such presents can acquire value but from the hand which offers them; therefore, can I easily conceive the lady's just resentment."

That very evening, as the shades were descending upon the city, the young duke repaired to the dwelling of La Bianca, whom he found occupied in embroidering a splendid crimson scarf with threads of gold. She received him with cold politeness, and her brow seemed slightly clouded; which circumstance the duke attributed to the morning scene.

"I am come," said he, "to repair, if possible, the error of a zealous but thoughtless servitor. I had ordered him to procure for me the finest and freshest rose which the flower-women of Naples could produce; and he, I find, in his awkwardness, fearing least the tender bud should fade ere it reached me, presented, of himself, a token which you, of course, could not receive at his hands." Bianca smiled. "Noble duke, trouble not yourself with excuses, they can diminish nought of the insolence displayed by your valet, and cannot make your uncourteous deed the less offensive to me." "My uncourteous deed!" exclaimed the duke, with surprise.

"Ay, noble duke! The rose that is bought for a bicocchi (halfpenny) of a
flower-woman, has no charm for me; even if your own hand had offered it. No, truly! had you culled it expressly for me, you might have persuaded me that your feelings, which could alone give language to the gift, were interested in it, and I might have had the weakness to cherish it, and give it a place in my bosom, if such a gift could, I mean, ever have been prized by me."

Bianca felt that she now had said too much; and however reserved her words might have seemed, still did they betray to this profound connoisseur of female hearts the secret that she fain would have hidden in the recesses of her own. He felt he was not indifferent to her, and he therefore formed a plan for his future conduct; he applied himself to prove to her a vivid and impassioned tenderness; he displayed a seductive sympathy for the most delicate sentiments of a maiden's heart; and having remarked that she bore in her principles and in her affections an elevation of soul that could not be surpassed, he hoped by an enthusiasm which he was not in the habit of calling into play, and which soon became a real sentiment, ultimately to conquer. Thus was he encompassed in the magic circle which she had formed around herself.

It was the first time that Nemours had ever quitted the presence of a woman who had been able to inspire him with more than that sort of love which is occasionally felt by men of acknowledged gallantry, but now he returned pensive to his home. Rouvois shook his head significantly; but the master was silent, and did not even pronounce the name of Bianca, or make the slightest allusion to his interview with her; and the confidential attendant was obliged to perform his duties without having heard, as was usual, the duke's adventures of the day.

On the morrow, the duke betook himself to the shop of a jeweller of renown, in the Strada di Toledo; and having purchased a clasp of great magnificence, which represented a rose—the flower composed of splendid brilliants, and the leaves and stem of the rarest emeralds—he bent his way, followed by a train of pages and attendants to la Piazza del Pine. As soon as the duke had arrived at the door of the humble dwelling, he dismissed the cortège; and with very different feelings to those he had before experienced, he entered to the presence of Bianca: he felt oppressed, even to timidity; but the lady, who was still earnestly occupied with the embroidery of the crimson scarf, received him gracefully, and a smile hovered upon her lip, as he approached her; she extended her hand in the frankest manner, and invited him to sit by her side: the old woman, too, seemed better disposed towards him.

Bianca's conversation was charming; she displayed a suavity of manner, manifested such a nobleness of thought, and sentiments so generous, that the ravished duke knew not which to admire the most—the clearness of her judgment, the elevation of her feelings, or the purity of her heart. The duke was enchanted, and had not yet been completely able to analyze the feelings he experienced; and he was fearful of looking too closely into them, for this examination would have convinced him that no fictitious passion swayed him, although he felt most agreeably agitated by an emotion until then unknown to him; he had now become an enigma to himself.

He, ever accustomed to see and to conquer! he, whom a queen, surrounded by all her pomp of state, would not have disconcerted, was now timidly seated by the side of an Italian sempstress, quite absorbed in the contemplation of her beauty; and the more cordial and friendly bearing she showed towards him, the more his respect and deference increased.

Indeed, a disinterested observer might have remarked in Bianca's smile, and in the striking expression of her countenance, a something that belonged not altogether to the angel—some shades of a species of pleasure quite terrestrial, in which malice was strongly blended, at this beholding at her feet the dreaded victor of her sex; and her pride was not so totally devoid of all female vanity, to admit of her perfectly disguising her triumph. The duke himself several times suspected her feelings; but love is kind, and the lover rejected the thought; and would have regarded himself as more than culpable, had he discovered the slightest blemish in the celestial being whom he adored.

A bouquet of sweet flowers placed in a vase upon the window seat, in the midst of which a crimson rose was conspicuous, drew the conversation upon flowers, and recalled to the mind of
Bianca the one brought her by Rouvois on the preceding day.

"I entreat you," said she to the duke, "never again to send to me that most arrogant personage; the meanest of your household should he come to me from you shall be well received, but do not commission that man; and, above all, should you ever cull a rose for me, bestow it with your own hand, and I with pleasure will accept it."

"Then," said the duke, as he held forth the small casket and its contents, "you will not disdain the one I here offer you; for myself I chose it for you, Bianca." Bianca opened the scarlet case, and casting upon the jewelled clasp a look of utter indifference, reclosed it again, and handing it to the duke, gravely said—

"Noble duke, too vile, interested minds alone are presents of this nature acceptable."

"Signora!" warmly exclaimed he, "I swear before God, that you are totally mistaken in my intentions."

"I scarce can think so," said the maiden, "accustomed as you are to subdue the hearts of women of your own rank, by the power of your high feats in war, your renown, or what you call the duties of gallantry, you have conceived it easy to buy the smiles of an humble sempstress by jewels and gold: but learn, Duc de Nemours, that neither the splendour of your name, nor the united treasures of the east, would obtain for you one pressure of the hand from the daughter of your poor widow. Love alone can repay love; a heart must be given, not bought! Your action has surprised me; for the conduct which preceded it, had led me to believe that your esteem, which, thank God, I fully merit, equalled the favour which you showed me, therefore instantly take back these jewels," said she, with animation, "for their touch would stain my hand."

The duke took the casket, and at the moment divers sentiments contends within his breast: his pride was offended, and his vanity was wounded, and yet he could not blame her for her high-minded disdain: but his better feelings were victorious, and he said somewhat sorrowfully, "You have wounded me, signora, but have redoubled my esteem: yet do I conjure you, be not irritated with me, I did not consider my action as wrong, and my views were pure; my heart expected no other recompense than a look of kindness, and that would have repaid me to the full."

These words had their effect upon Bianca; she put forth her hand, and for the first time the happy Nemours pressed it to his lips, nay even to his heart. He caught up the casket, and incapable of mastering his emotion, quickly disappeared, limping an almost inaudible adieu, and bearing with him a tremulous but delicious sense of happiness.

On meeting at the foot of the stairs the old attendant, "here," said he to her, as he placed within her hands the disdained jewel-case, "this, perchance, may make thee happy: come, take it quickly, for I also feel that its touch would stain my hand;" and hurrying from the house, he left the astonished old woman in contemplation of the extraordinary donation.

It was scarce mid-day, when the duke returned to his palazzo, and, contrary to his usual habit, he desired to dine alone; he was even more silent than on the preceding evening. During his repast he spoke but little to Rouvois, partook sparingly of food, but quaffed off several wine-cups in succession. The attentive servant almost guessed what was passing in his master's mind: "well, thou art caught," thought he, "but I hope that the impending siege will not be of long duration; but no, such fits with thee are soon dispelled, for a too long resistance would fatigue thee, and lose thee to the fair, and a too rapid victory is ever followed by neglect, and doomed to oblivion; but soon, aye! very soon, wilt thou be mine again, and then—" here several knocks at the door were heard. "Is there no servant there at hand?" cried Rouvois in an exasperated tone; "must the Duc de Nemours' first gentleman open, like a lowly porter, to some young flower-woman, or pretty fruit-seller, of good will, such perchance as often visit us." Rouvois' soliloquy was again interrupted by renewed knockings; and his grace's first gentleman, furious at being obliged thus to perform an office which he considered derogatory to his dignity, attended the summons much out of humour, which was not allayed when, instead of the pretty flower-woman or the young fruit-seller, he beheld the old woman attendant of la Piazza del Pine.

"Pray what seek you here, venerable grandmother of all the witches?" said he,
most angrily: "is it not enough that I should twice have been obliged to view
thy diabolical countenance, and to have paid thy sweet aspect with a good old
scudo, without being followed by thee
here?"

"Sir valet," responded the old woman
in a tone of mimickry, "it seems that the
loss of your scudo has made much im-
pression upon you; but as you so graci-
ously reproach me with it, there would
be as much shame in my keeping it, as
in having deigned to receive it from your
hand. I caused no masses to be said
for your salvation, that had been money
wasted; for the very prayers of our holy
father, if Papa, would therein lose their
virtue:" as she spoke, she presented to
him a scudo carefully wrapped in paper.
His pride would not admit of his taking
it from her. "Keep it, old woman," said
he, half jesting and half in an
offended tone; "for I should be much
surprised, if, in passing through thy filthy
hands, it be not converted into base
coin. But what want you here?"

"I would speak with the Duc de
Nemours." "On the part of thy mis-
tress's daughter, I suppose; one who has
more pride than wisdom, and more bitter
words within her mouth than scudi in
her pocket."

"Speak more respectfully of my mis-
tress, and above all of her incomparable
daughter, if you please, sir first valet
of the Duc de Nemours, or you may one
day repent it!"

"Ah! ah!" cried Rouvois, indulging
in a noisy laugh; you have it finely now!
but rest assured, my poor old woman,
that, with our young master, such loves
as these last about as long as the fever
caus'd by an o'erstrained cup of Lagrima
Christi wine—once he awakes and all is
over; but may be, the Signora Bianca
may judge it otherwise? or perhaps her
great virtue upon the wane, may have
lowered her mighty pride?

"Have a care!" said the old woman,
uprising with an air of menace her
long and flimy finger, whilst she cast
upon Rouvois a look so sinister, that it
reminded him of the malevolent beings
to whom the superstition of the times
attributed mysterious dealings with the
devil; and on hearing her repeat again
with a sepulchral voice, "have a care!"
he could scarcely master his secret terror;
a cold shiver came over him, and he
became instantly less uncivil towards
her.

"Well!" said he, with more gentle-
ness, "what brought you? and what is
your business with my master? I can
admit no one at present to his presence;
but if you have a note or message from
your mistress, which admits not of delay,
I will be careful of it, at least if it is
worth the care."

"Neither have I for the duke a note,
or message from my mistress," said the
old woman; "she knew not even of my
coming, and it is upon my own account
that I would have seen him; I fain
would return him a gift, as I have done
to you, your scudo: but since it is so,
you can, it is true, take charge of it, for
I set no more value upon the presents
of the master than on the money of his
servant; take, therefore, what belongs to
you, and restore to him this casket." As
she uttered these words, she placed upon
the table both the scudo and the case
which contained the diamond rose, and
quitted the apartment. Rouvois surpris-
ese was extreme when, on opening the
asket, he beheld its contents. "Is it
possible," cried he, "that love can thus
overturn a brain which is usually filled
with sense and understanding, to make
that old and hideous creature a present
like this, the value of which is not less
than three thousand livres? And is it
to be conceived that pride, more infec-
tious than a plague-spot, should find
access to the soul of so miserable a hag,
whilst the rags which cover her old body
are scarce worth a biocchi, thus to re-
store a gift that had made her rich until
her life's-end? Truly, the like is quite
unheard of."

Rouvois' surprise had carried him so
far beyond the bounds of prudence, that
this ejaculation was pronounced in a
voice so loud, as to awake the duke from
the soft reveries in which he was in-
dulging; he rang his bell, and Rouvois,
hastening to put his scudo in his pocket,
took up the casket, and ran to attend his
master. "Whom in the world are you
battling with?" said the latter angrily:
"instead of preventing my repose from
being intruded on, you are chattering."

"Pardon me, monseigneur, but I would
have dismissed an old woman, who, at
all hazard, would claim an audience of
you; I could scarcely get her to depart,
and in my endeavours I was obliged to
raise my voice." The duke paid but little attention to these words; yet when Rouvois added "she was the old attendant upon the ladies of la Piazza del Pine"—he demanded, as he rose precipitately, "why did you dismiss her?"

"Monseigneur, had she been the bearer of a letter, or of some soft message from la Signora Bianca, I should not certainly have thus briefly dismissed her; but the hag came on business of her own, she brought back to me the scudo with which I paid the lie she told me when first I saw her, and to your highness the rich casket you this morning gave her, 'because,' said she, and he laid a peculiar stress upon the sentence, 'she sets no more value upon the master's present, than upon his servant's money.'"

A bright colouring overspread the duke's countenance; he was ashamed of having so badly disposed of an object of such magnitude, and he felt obliged, too, to give some explanation to his faithful servant: he then told him every circumstance; and the wary valet, delighted to be once more restored to his place in his master's confidence, seized this occasion, the more favourable, that the enamoured duke, relieved by the confidence, banished all reserve towards him.

"Monseigneur," said Rouvois, when he had listened attentively, and had used liberty in asking some questions, in order to be well acquainted with the circumstances, "after all that you have had the condescension to confide to me, I conclude that the fair Bianca is an angel in body and soul, or a well-artist-ful serpent in heart and mind; I should be tempted to believe she was an angel, did she better hide the end she aimed at, but she clearly discloses it." "What end do you infer?" said the duke. "Why, it would seem that it is her desire to place ad infinitum the favour of smiling on your love. What can you offer to obtain a soft return, monseigneur; and what does she require of you, if it be not that you repay her heart by the gift of your hand? Aye! not only your hand, but your exalted rank: for full well doth she know that the noble Duc de Nemours, the brightest nobleman of the courts of France and Naples, will not pass into Africa, after having sacrificed his liberty, to lead with his love a pastoral life like the heroes of olden poesies. She is proud, you say; but, believe me, monseigneur, the true pride of woman, even were her heart not indifferent to the homage presented, would command reserve. Had she been an angel, she would have closed her doors against you; but no, she admits you, smiles upon you, and gives you her hand to kiss, after a feigned anger. Beware! monseigneur, for there bideth more of artifice than honour in this affair."

"Rouvois!" broke forth the duke in an irritated manner, "do not thus calumniate this incomparable woman! you do not know her, and cannot comprehend her!"

Rouvois inclined himself respectfully, and was silent; but he remarked, with a malignant pleasure, that the drop of poison which he had cast into his master's cup of bliss produced its effect. The duke had become pensive: such a thought had already intruded itself upon him, but he had rejected it. Searce had silent night winged its flight away, ere the duke's passion, awakened with fresh vigour, led him almost against his will to the dwelling of Bianca. On beholding her, serene as the morning sky of Italy, and bearing an expression of genuine and frank cordiality towards him, his suspicions passed away as vapours before the sun: he saw before him a sweet and simple maiden courageously baffling against a too tender feeling, and rigid virtue called upon to be the guardian angel of love. There had been the time when a woman of such character would have inspired him with more of dislike than admiration, but now that very merit was the charmed link which bound him thus firmly to Bianca. Each day they became more intimately united; and at length, after several weeks in the overwhelming happiness of those tender doubts and fears which precede a first avowal of love, the young duke, one evening, whilst beseeching her with ardour to respond to his tenderness, drew from her quivering lips a sweet and timid confession of her feelings. He now had reached the very pinnacle of his desires in the certitude of being beloved; and proud of having obtained her heart for himself alone, the happy Nemours gave himself entirely up to the soft sentiment which swayed him, and lived only for Bianca.

It was soon remarked in Naples, that the fascinating and handsome Duc de
Nemours, the idol of the fair, who, of old, was wont never to miss a festive meeting, and whose presence served to animate them all, was now no where to be seen; for neither was he met in public, nor in the circles of his dearest friends. It was easy for all those who knew him, to imagine that some love adventure detained him from the world; but who could cause this retreat? and as this was an important question with some fair ones, spies were set to track his steps, and they easily discovered the secret of his frequent visits to la Piazza del Pine, and the object which attracted them. From that period, whenever his duties at the court of the viceroy obliged him to appear, he had to sustain the raieries of his friends upon what they called his obscure amours; and the high-born ladies of Spain and Naples, who were wont of old to regard him with an eye of favour, seemed suddenly to have conceived a profound disdain for a man, who, forgetting the dignity of rank, had thus secluded himself from their brilliant circles, to carry on a serious intrigue with a low-born maiden. At first the duke was amused by their railings, and at the ire which his conduct excited in the fair; but soon these jestings became irksome, and retiring more than ever, he consecrated all his hours to Bianca.

There was one, however, whom the duke’s present mode of life afflicted even more than it did the ladies of Naples. Rouvois, who had nothing to gain by it, seemed each day to lose much of his influence with his master, and his increasing hatred for her, on account of the change, became more strongly rooted than ever, and often prompted him, as he said, to infuse a bitter drop into his master’s cup of happiness. He also had surrounded the house with spies, earnestly hoping to discover something in the conduct of the widow’s daughter, which might serve him to injure her with the duke; and, indeed, he was soon apprised that Bianca was in the constant habit of sallying forth at night, accompanied by “the aged signora, and that they would then mysteriously reach a carriage which awaited them in a neighbouring street, which always turned to the road leading into la Piazza Santo Spirito.” The spy had not been able to trace them any further, but he felt assured that the young signora returned not to her dwelling until morning. The valet formed his plans upon this information, and without making his suspicions known to the duke, least an explanation with the fair one should baffle his designs, he begged of his master to permit him to pass some nights from home, to which the latter readily consented. That very night at ten o’clock, the hour at which he knew the duke quitted Bianca, he betook himself to the corner of la Piazza del Pine, and stationed himself upon the side which led into la Piazza Santo Spirito, he was accompanied by six of his fellow-servants, well armed, and he dispersed them along the darker parts of the street, whilst he, himself enveloped in a thickly-folding cloak, stood in ambush, with his eyes directed towards the house of la signora: his master soon issued from it, but scarcely was he departed, followed by the four armed men who were in the habit of attending him, than Rouvois evidently heard the rattling of a carriage, which stopped at a short distance from the piazza, and very soon did the door of the house once more uncloose, and the signora, closely followed by her aged companion, advance towards the vehicle. Rouvois, now fully convinced that all was as he suspected, ran to warn his followers of the circumstance, and when the coach rolled on towards them, they precipitated themselves towards the horses heads, and the valet approached the door of the carriage, and begged of the ladies, whom he instantly recognised, to descend without delay; but he had scarcely ended his courteous compliment, ere a troop of armed men, horse and foot, surrounded the party: a combat ensued between them, and Rouvois’ companions, obliged to yield to numbers, were soon disarmed and put to flight; whilst he, himself, sorely wounded, was left alone upon the field of battle. During the tumult, the carriage had quietly continued its route, and the unfortunate Rouvois repented in his heart the plot which he had formed, when one of the adverse party, more humane than his own companions, came up to the wounded man, and asked him where he would be conducted to? The latter indicated his abode, and the man having aided him to mount his horse, deposited him at the very gates of his master’s palazzo, and put him in charge of his followers, who were at that moment arriving there.
A surgeon was called upon to examine his wound, which fortunately was not a dangerous one; and on the morrow he was well enough to beg the duke, who knew nothing of the business, to honour him by a visit. He was not a little surprised on beholding his head-attendant wounded, and pale from loss of blood.

"Aye! aye! Signor Rouvois, some new adventure, I declare! you know I have often told you that your temerity would cost you dear; but if the wounds have been gained in defence of, or in the service of a fair one, the smart must at least be assuaged by some tender recollection."

"Surely, monseigneur," said Rouvois, motioning the servants to retire, "there is softness in them when they are gained by real for a good master! Listen to me, monseigneur, and for once believe my words—you are most basely deceived, that angel, with her heavenly look and lips of rose, is a fiendish, deceitful courtezian!—the more dangerous, because she has beauty to seduce the noblest heart."

"Rouvois," said the exasperated duke, "are you fever-smitten, or has your reason totally deserted you?" "Not so," said the wounded man, "what I say is the pure truth, I swear it to you." He then stated the particulars of his adventure, and the nocturnal sortie of Bianca, of her terror on beholding him at the carriage door, and his subsequent combat with the strangers who befriended her.

The duke was struck speechless at the thought of so much treason. "I must be convinced," said he, as he in agitation paced the apartment; "aye! even should it pull down, alas! the whole fabric of my happiness! I must know the truth. I will go to her this instant, it is still early, and perhaps she may not yet be returned from her nocturnal visit—I will astound her!—foul perjury!—But Rouvois," added he in a hurried tone, "can you swear to the truth of your cruel words? did you not mistake the house, the door, and, above all, her person?" "Impossible, monseigneur! the moon shone full, you know, upon all that portion of the piazza; I saw you leave the house, you threw your mantle from the right arm to the left—you beckoned to Bastien, who approached with François and the others. I could not mistake: soon after your departure the signora appeared; the old woman followed her, they walked deliberately to the carriage, and when I stopped it, I instantly recognised Bianca, notwithstanding the thick veil which she attempted to lower upon her face."

"Can this be true?" said the duke, sorrowing: "a creature so bewitchingly seductive, and yet so perfidious!"

"Perhaps, monseigneur," said Rouvois, "Heaven has formed her on purpose to avenge the cause of so many of her sex, betrayed by your highness."

"Silence!" ejaculated the duke, impatiently, as he lowered a broad-brimmed hat upon his face; and hastened with speed to the Piazza del Pine.

Bianca was already seated at work, and she treated him as he entered with her accustomed graceful cordiality. "Can that bright eye and lofty brow, where candour sits, deceive me?" thought the duke; and in this presentiment he neglected to return her salutation. "What ails your highness?" asked Bianca, when she had for some time contemplated him in silence; "what has befallen you? You seem serious and almost sombre; you seem almost displeased with me."

"You ask me what ails me!" said the duke, in a voice of bitterness. "And why should I not do so: should I be indifferent to aught that affects or grieves you?"

"Bianca!" he rejoined, whilst he fixed his penetrating gaze upon the maiden; "whither did you go last night as soon as I had quitted you?"

"To my apartment," said she, smilingly; "I addressed a short prayer unto my guardian angel, and fell asleep, whilst thinking of you—was blessed with happy dreams until awakened this morning by my mother; but to what, I pray, tends your question?"

"You last night left this house," replied the duke, whose voice trembled with emotion; "you betook yourself to a carriage in waiting, and, surrounded by armed men, repaired to a mansion in the Piazza Santo Spirito, from which you returned not for the night."

"Nay, I was at home!" replied Bianca, with calmness.

"Swear it to me!" cried the duke; "swear that what you now say is the truth!"

"I solemnly declare, before God and all his angels, that what I have uttered is
true. Last night, when you left me, I repaired to my chamber, which I only this morning left. But now, in turn, allow me to address to you a question," said she, slightly withholding the hand which he sought in token of reconciliation: "how do you derive the right of becoming my judge or my accuser? think you that love bestows it on you? I loved you ere you knew me, and therefore was it painful to me to see so many bright and goodly qualities so totally obscured by the licentious life you were giving yourself up to without reserve; I drew you towards me with the hope that when you became acquainted with my heart, perchance you might recover a portion of that esteem for my sex which you had so totally lost; because you had not, in any of your adventures, met with a woman who merited that feeling. The humble and obscure Bianca well knew that she could not aspire to the hand of the Duc de Nemours, and you will yourself render me the justice of acknowledging that never did you hear an ambitious pleading from my lips. I refused your gifts, and my feelings have never betrayed me to the slightest weakness: remember, noble duke, that from me you never have obtained the slightest favour; what, then, can authorise you to interrogate me as a culprit? how have I deserved your injurious suspicions; and by what action of my life have I caused you to believe that I thus could betray the world's set rules?"

The duke was silent and agitated. "I deserve your anger," he at length said, whilst wounded pride still sat on his brow; "and still I scarce can conceive it: you have given me no rights, 'tis true; but after the avowal of your love for me, you cannot force me to regard your conduct with indifference. My suspicions may perchance have led me too far! I should not allow them to dwell with me! You have sworn to me that I was deceived; I believe you, and ask your pardon, if my error has offended you. But that from a cruel vanity you should have attempted to seduce my heart—that to avenge your sex you should have trifled with my feelings and dearest sentiments—that after having drawn him into a snare, you should have looked upon the Duc de Nemours as upon a youthful scholar, that it was necessary to wean from perdition; and that, in the service of that work of charity, you should have employed the eloquence of your glance, the deceptive graces of your smile, and the charmed allurements of your syren voice, to wound my heart, is that of which my pride cannot admit. If so, indeed, it be, the very coldness of your calculations shall suffice to extinguish the flame you have kindled—nay, you have been even forward in the celebration of your victory," added he, with irony: "the slave is not yet so closely linked to the car of triumph!"

Bianca, who had listened to this discourse with composure, and had evinced not the slightest sign of anger, said, whilst placing her hand upon her heart, "I have been deceived, my lord," and seating herself, she resumed her occupation.

Nemours stood up, uncertain what step to take: pride commanded him to depart; but one glance at the lovely maiden, whose beauty was enhanced by the sorrowful emotion which she vainly strove to conceal, rendered retreat impossible. Suddenly he thought he perceived a tear upon her silken lashes; and at that sight, pride, anger, and resentment, totally vanished.

"Oh! my Bianca," said he, in a tender accent, "now you will surely hate me!"

"Nay, I do not hate you, noble duke," said she, putting forth her hand, without raising her eyes towards him; but I feel myself so agitated! You have wounded me; and grievous emotions pass not off so speedily as those of a joyous nature: I therefore must beg you to retire! I do not say this in anger," added she, with her sweetest smile; "but it must be so, for I would regain my composure."

"Oh, Bianca!" cried the repentant lover, seizing a hand, which he pressed to his lips.

"Leave me, now," she repeated, whilst her glance, filled with softness and almost tenderness, was directed towards him: "yield at present to my prayer!" She had risen at these words, and her head was inclined towards him. The impassioned duke could no longer master his emotions; he surrounded her slender form with his arm, and would have pressed her to his heart; but Bianca resolutely eluded him, and, stepping backwards with unfeigned anger,
she said to him, "Nay, not so, Duc de Nemours; I now command you to leave me; you are accumulating grievance upon grievance, and insult upon insult."

The duke, surprised, and perhaps abashed, at the non-success of his attempt, scarce dared for a moment to raise his eyes upon the fair offended one; but when he had recovered himself,— "Since such, madam, is your desire," he said, "I, without resentment, will obey you; but let me hope that to-morrow will prove propitious to me. Farewell, Bianca!"

"Farewell, monseigneur!" murmured forth the maiden.

The young duke was still agitated by this scene, when he returned to his palazzo; but he was far too generous to make known his feelings to the accuser of Bianca; and he contented himself by saying to Rouvois, "You were mistaken; the person whom you attacked was not Bianca."

"By my immortal soul, it was her very self!" replied the wounded man; but his master feigned not to hear him.

The remainder of that day appeared to the thoughtful Nemours, in its length, insupportable; he rode forth into the country, visited his friends; but all was vain, the hours seemed eternal; and during those of night, tormented by revolving thoughts and resolutions, he vainly invoked sleep to free him from his anguish, but it was not until the morning that it descended upon him; and when he awoke, the sun was already high, he dressed himself in haste and flew to the dwelling of Bianca; for he was forced to admit that he could not withdraw himself from the magic circle which he had entered, and that not even the haughty bearing of the bewitching girl could have power to banish him from her presence.

On his way he formed a thousand projects to obtain her pardon, and resolved to sacrifice every thing to become worthy of her love; filled with these generous thoughts, and his heart glowing with ardour, he reached her abode, and unclosed the door without opposition. But by the window in the place she was accustomed to occupy, was seated—the old and hag-like attendant—the hated of Rouvois!

"You are welcome, monseigneur!" she exclaimed, as she drew from her bosom a paper neatly folded, which she presented to the astonished duke: "here," said she, with a fiendish laugh, "this is what the young signora has left for you."

The duke took the paper, and, regardless of the place it had just left, he bore it to his lips, then breaking its small seal, he read these words:

"Most noble duke,—The scene of yesterday has proved to me that I had mistaken the feelings of my own heart, as well as those of yours—mine tender, but timid, dreads the combat it had dared to engage in. Accompanied by my mother, I now leave Naples, but in six weeks I shall return; and should I then find you faithful, I shall imagine that my fate is to live, nay, perhaps to die, for you. I shall not cause your actions to be watched, for the assurances of your fidelity will suffice me; for I bear with me the conviction that the illustrious Duc de Nemours will not deceive Bianca."

"Woman!" said the despairing duke, "a thousand scudi shall be thine, if thou wilt reveal to me the retreat of thy mistress?"

"A thousand scudi! by my faith 'tis a fair price; but it cannot, however, draw from me the avowal of that which I do not know," answered she, with seeming regret: this morning, at an early hour, mules were brought to the door, and then only did I learn that my mistresses were about to take a journey; but whither they are gone, I cannot say—only, I remarked that they took the road which I am accustomed to follow when I go forth to pay my devotions, Alla Santa Madona degli Angeli."

The duke was prodigal with prayer and presents; but the old woman remained silent, and the lover was constrained to leave the house without the slightest clue which could enable him to trace the steps of his mistress.

During the space of a week, he closely secluded himself in his palazzo—would admit no one; and Rouvois, who was by this time recovered from his wounds, began to feel serious alarm at the newly-adopted life of his master, although he had firmly resolved, since his nocturnal adventure, to let the former free himself, as best he could, from this intrigue; yet, fancying that he could see, in the present seclusion, some condition imposed upon him by Bianca, or a newly-invented artifice to reach the end she had in view, he
resolved to save him, in spite of himself, from the schemes of an artful woman. By his cares the fairest and most blooming flower-women in Naples were placed upon his path, and sometimes they even found their way into his apartments; but their sun-bright and sloe-black eyes, and their inviting smiles, were powerless. However, the end at which Rouvois' dealings aimed proved unsuccessful, until gained at length by chance alone, which one day led the young duke to mass in the church of San Filippo dei Neri, where a veiled lady, of most graceful appearance, who knelt not far from him, attracted his attention. Unwittingly, perhaps, his eyes were often directed towards her, although it was impossible for him to perceive her features. On the morrow, chance again, or we know not what, led him at the same hour to that church again. The veiled lady occupied the same place as on the preceding day; but this time he gazed upon her with a curiosity which was by no means devoid of interest. The short but thickly folding veil which enveloped her features, took nothing from the rich contour of her form, or the grace of her movements. A glove accidentally withdrawn, gave fully to view an arm of exquisite beauty, together with a fairy hand, whose well-formed fingers displayed rings which, by their brilliancy and splendour, bespoke the high rank of their wearer. The duke's curiosity was much excited, and he failed not on the morrow to return to the church; and when there, he found the lady already present. This time he resolved on discovering who she was; and, when she left the church, he followed at a distance, purposing to accompany her to her place of residence. Scarcely, however, had they reached the corner of Panca di Napoli, when the duke, being met by two of his friends, was detained, and lost sight of la straniera; for, when liberated from his acquaintance, she and her companion had disappeared.

On the morrow he betook himself with an awakened zest to San Filippo; but his hope of beholding the veiled lady was vain, for her attendant alone was to be seen. However inwardly displeased he may have felt at this incident, he failed not to profit by its occurrence, in order to attain his end with security. He placed himself at a short distance from the waiting woman, and when she quitted the

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church, he followed. But this time she took a different route, and passing through la Porta di Constantinopoli, she went on towards la Strada della Vergine. "Signora," whispered the duke, "pardon, I pray you, my want of courtesy in thus stopping you in the street; but the kindness of your looks has led me to believe that the Duc de Nemours will not incur your anger?"

"The Duc de Nemours!" said the woman, with an expression of joyous surprise, and at the same time bowing lowly to him. "How happy am I thus to become acquainted with him! but I should not have suspected that in such a modest attire was that young nobleman, celebrated throughout Naples for his graceful and courteous bearing, and his elegant demeanour. And it will, I am sure, please my noble mistress to learn that the handsome and pious stranger, which chance had placed so near her in the chapel of Santa Lucia, is that same duke; of old so famed for his gallantry, whom the faithful now admire for his piety; but whom all the ladies, piqued by this happy change, blame so loudly and with so much bitterness,—but my mistress is not of their number, I assure you."

"Who is the lady who can with so much charity judge a poor sinful mortal," said his highness; "and whose kind attention has the Duc de Nemours been so fortunate as to attract?"

"I am too well acquainted, monseigneur, with the duties of my station, thus to discover the secret of my lady to a man who has the reputation of being so dangerous an enemy of her sex; let it suffice you to know that you are not totally indifferent."

"Could not this ring serve to render you a little less severe?" said the duke, slipping on her finger one of price.

"I receive your gift with gratitude," said the attendant, with vivacity; "and as soon as I return to my mistress, I will relate the whole to her, and will ask her permission to reveal to you her name and rank; and, in thanks for your generosity, I will do all in my power to obtain for you a sight of her all-beautiful countenance. To-night, at ten o'clock, you will find me upon la Piazza del Mercato, bearing her answer. I must now beg of you to quit me, for it would be too remarkable a circumstance were you thus seen in parlance with me."
The Flower Crown.

The duke, half seduced by the mystery of this little adventure, forgot, in part, his former resolutions, and promised to be in waiting at the appointed hour. He had scarcely quitted the tire-woman, when, as he turned to the path leading to his home, the old serving-woman of la Piazza del Pine appeared before him, and, as she passed him, she indulged in one of her fearful laughs, and cast upon him one of those oblique glances which the Neapolitans term "gettura," and the effects of which they compare to a stiletto stab.

Never had lover been restored to the memory of his mistress in manner less agreeable than was the duke by the aspect of this old woman, who seemed to him the very *memento mori* of the tender passion. He returned to his home much discomposed; and, secluding himself within his apartment, he dined alone—recalled his beloved Bianca to his thoughts—read her letter o'er and o'er, and inwardly vowed fidelity; but still, that very night, he bent his way towards la Piazza del Mercato.

The attendant was in waiting. "Monseigneur," said she to him, as he hastened forwards to meet her, "I bring you but little consolation; the name and rank of my mistress must still remain a secret; and I, as a faithful servant, must obey her commands. But I hope shortly to overcome her scruples, and have succeeded, though with much difficulty, in gaining information that she will return to the church of San Filippo, where she had determined not again to appear, since the day on which she remarked that you followed her. However, she begs that you will give your word that you will not again do so, or cause others to do it.

Have a hope, then, monseigneur, for I warrant you my lady is half-vanquished, and love will soon raise the veil which now conceals her from you: but, above all, be not too anxious to enjoy your good fortune—leave all things to time and love, they will yield you a sweet recompense. 'To-morrow, at mass, you will find us in the chapel of Santa Lucia.'

As the camarista had promised, on the morrow the duke perceived the lady kneeling in a pious attitude at the foot of the altar, and he already took a lively interest in the fair stranger; he admired her form, set off as it was by the richest attire; he placed himself quite close to her, but the lady rose from her place; and the duke was about to imitate her example, but a slight sign from her conductress detained him. The lady departed; but the duke was rewarded for his obedience, on perceiving a silken and perfumed glove remaining at the place which the kneeling fair one had occupied; he instantly seized it, and returned to his home, well pleased with the embroidered treasure.

When alone, he pressed the pledge, if not of love, at least of a tender interest, to his lips; and, in doing so, he discovered that it contained a ring within it. Now, had this remained within the silken finger when the glove had been precipitately withdrawn, or did the mysterious stranger thus silently address it to him? This was what the duke dared not explain, and, in the transport of his vanity, he could not refrain from making his adventure known to Rouvois. The intriguing valet took a sincere and anxious part in the affair, for he thought he hailed in this incident a return to the joyous life he was wont to lead of old,—mirth, music, intoxicating pleasures, festive assemblies, and, above all, rich presents would be restored to him, and, therefore, did he strongly excite his master's vanity. The lady, he declared, must be some "illustriissima straniera." Such an adventure was truly worthy of the brilliant Duc de Nemours. In the vehemence of his discourse, he went so far as to name la Signora Bianca, who, with her pride and prudence, merited not, he averred, his master's sighs; but at the name the duke's brow became clouded—for the maiden was far from being banished from his heart; yet he prised not the thought, and still mused upon the stranger: he, too, was of opinion that she was not an Italian; and he had remarked, escaping from 'neath her veil, long silken tresses of very fair hair, such as might pertain to one of those bright creatures from that island which the Neapolitans, at that time, were wont to term "la patria della bellezza," a fair Inglese; and the better to be assured of this fact, he, on the morrow, finding the camarista alone at mass, he begged of her to obtain one of the sunny ringlets for him. This prayer was soon acceded to, and a shining lock of light hair, enveloped in a perfumed paper, fell at his feet; he instantly seized it and bore it to his lips, and the
veiled lady having remarked the deed, thanked him by a most graceful but slight bend of the head, which delighted his almost enamoured highness.

Some weeks thus passed away; each morning he beheld the lovely stranger, and the veil which still concealed her features rendered her more attractive to his imagination. He began, however, to feel an overwhelming desire to see the importunate tissue removed, but his impatience was allayed when at the shrine of Santa Lucia, and the word he had pledged, fully hindered him from taking steps to discover the object of his fervent adoration.

About this period Rouvois, who could not exist without mixing in intrigues of one sort or other, sought the church of San Filippo, and soon discovered his master seated by the side of a lady of graceful and noble appearance. The lowered veil and flaxen locks soon led him to recognise her of whom he had already heard; without losing sight of her he avoided his master's glance, and placing himself beneath the portico in order to follow her to her home, what was his surprise when he beheld her taking the road to the Piazza del Pine; he already perceived the detested dwelling, and soon he beheld the old servant, who came directly up to him; he would have avoided this disagreeable meeting, but she seized him by his mantle, and said—"Aye! aye! sir valet of the Duc de Nemours, you pass proudly to-day! but stay, I pray you, I have business with you."

At this instant the fair lady's attendant turned round. "Take this," screamed out the old woman, still detaining him by his cloak, "this parcel contains something of importance, which my young mistress sends to your master, and I am to go to-morrow night to his palazzo for the answer." Whilst thus detained, Rouvois lost all trace of the stranger, and was obliged, filled with ire against the withered hag, to return to his home unsatisfied.

The following day proved most unfavourable to the duke; the lady came not to mass, and the camarista reproached him severely on her behalf for having proved untrue to his word in causing his principal valet to follow them. His highness, tired out by the turn this adventure began to assume, solemnly declared his innocence; but begged to remind the waiting woman that the days of Rachel and of Leah had long gone by, and hoped that his term of probation was therefore soon about to terminate.

The woman jestingly replied that she believed his happiness so high at hand, that he might perhaps have cause to repent of his present injustice. But the duke was in a decided frame of mind, and declared that unless her mistress consented to show herself to him, freed from the veil which always covered her, he should most certainly conceive suspicions unfavourable to her beauty. These words seemed to make some impression upon the camarista, who again assigned the hour of ten, and the Piazza del Mercato, for returning the answer of her mistress.

Rouvois was severely reprimanded by his master for having dared follow the straniera, and had the latter known of his delinquency in withholding from him the letter of Bianca, and in sending away with rude speech and heeded the old attendant who had called for an answer, he had been more fully upbraided; but the wary servant feared lest the writing of Bianca should reanimate a flame which he imagined was about to become extinguished.

The hour of rendezvous at length arrived, and this time the duke received a more favourable answer. After having had, said the camarista, to combat a violent resistance, her mistress had consented to receive him on the following night at the very hour of ten. "You must meet me here," added she, "and totally confide in me, as my mistress does in your honour and discretion."

The delighted duke returned in high spirits, and Rouvois, to whom the whole was related, much applauded this issue; and as he believed his master fully swayed by the charms of the mysterious lady and his approaching meeting with her, he fearlessly delivered to him the parcel sent by Bianca.

The duke became violently agitated at the sight of the writing of her he so dearly loved. He held the paper in his hand in silent emotion, but at length tremulously unfolded it, whilst he upraised his eyes to heaven with a deeply-marked expression of bitter but sincere repentance.

But who could describe his sensations
when the opened paper displayed the portrait of his mistress! beautiful and smiling, with that sweet look which had charmed him in the days of their happy intercourse. At the sight, penetrated with deep regret, his bosom swelled, and a tear, the first that a real and virtuous love had ever drawn from him, fell from his aching eyes.

"And could I indeed forget thee?" he exclaimed, "angelic being! friend of my heart! whose celestial innocence outshines thy beauty! could I thus forget thee for a shadow, a phantom! which my disordered imagination has cloathed in fancied charms, which thou only truly possessest! Oh, ingrate that I am!" He could scarce withdraw his eyes from the painting, which seemed to reproach him for his want of truth; but at length he turned to the letter, which ran thus:—

"Noble duke,—I count the days of absence! oh! how tedious are their hours to me. Still, as the time approaches in which we shall meet again, my trembling heart misgives me; for, oh! could you forget me—could you prove false, I feel that grief would kill me: for, Duc de Nemours, the words which my lips but feebly uttered, I can, I feel, courageously confide to paper: I love thee, Duc de Nemours; aye! love thee more than I believed it possible to love. Forgive me, I beseech you, all my foolish fears. I send you my portrait, and may it recall me to thy mind; and may the lips, which at my desire the painter has slightly parted, seem to thee to say, 'Forget not Bianca!'

"No, upon my soul!" exclaimed the duke, "I will not forget thee, most incomparable fair one! a true, true love fills my heart for thee; all other feelings are illusive. Leave me, Rouvois," said he to his stupidified attendant—"leave me, to dream upon my happiness." The duke passed the following day in solitary occupations; Rouvois scarcely dared approach him; but when the shades of night brought on the hour appointed for the meeting with the mysterious fair one, he ventured to recall it to his master's memory.

"Go thither in my place," said the duke, pettishly.

"But, monseigneur, may I dare observe to you, that it would seem totally at variance with the duties of gallantry to permit a lady to await for you, after having obtained from her a meeting, by trying to persuade her that you held such favour as most precious."

His grace reflected for an instant—"You are right, Rouvois," said he, "it would be unworthy a chevalier of the court of France; therefore I will attend her; but there are means of getting out of this affair, without compromising either my honour or my love." He hastened to the Piazza de Mercato. The camarista had been some time in waiting—"I feared," said she, "that your anxiety to behold such an incomparable treasure of beauty, for the sunny south never gave birth to a more resplendent rose than this fair flower of the north, had suddenly subsided; but arm well your heart, monseigneur."

"I believe it to be well shielded," thought the duke.

The vehicle seemed to take circuitous turns, as if to deceive the duke upon the part of the town it stopped at; but at last it stayed in a narrow street, before a door of small appearance, which the camarista unclosed with precaution. "Follow me," she whispered; "but, above all, be silent."

"Ere we proceed further," said the duke, "I must beg you to address a prayer on my behalf to your mistress before I enter her presence."

"Name it," said his conductress.

"It is, that she receive me veiled, as she has ever appeared before me."

"That prayer will most assuredly be granted," said the woman ironically; "but follow me."

They traversed a garden, and the attendant opened the door of a small building; and both ascended a winding staircase, which led them to a small apartment, partially lighted by one single lamp.

"Wait for me here," said the woman, who left the duke to reflect upon the singularity of his situation. He was now becoming tired of this mystery, and his too long excited curiosity was subsiding at the very verge of gratification; but the camarista quickly returned to him.

As she entered, "My mistress," said she, "consents to honour your strange desire; the veil will hide from you her beautiful countenance as long as you wish it to do so; but come now to her presence, for she awaits you."

The duke obeyed the summons: on
leaving the room they traversed a long passage, at the end of which a large folding door, which stood open, displayed a suite of well lighted and richly decorated apartments. His grace and his guide traversed them without meeting any person; a profound silence reigned throughout, and, as in fairy tales, one might have believed the sumptuous chambers to be tenanted by invisible genii. At the end of a magnificent saloon a drapery of rich silk was observable. At the duke's approach it slid upon its rings, and displayed in the recess a cabinet, decorated with all the Italian magnificence of that time. The mysterious lady was seated upon a sort of throne. A long silken garment, lined with crimson velvet, set off her beauteous form: one snowy arm was surrounded by a rich bracelet, whilst a single row of eastern pearls encircled the other; a golden chain, the large links of which were of exquisite workmanship, surrounded a neck of matchless beauty, and her small foot lightly rested upon velvet cushions, which also supported the gold embroidered trimming by which her robe was surrounded. A rich veil hid her features.

"Illustrissima signora!" said the duke, approaching her with respect, "you see before you a man filled with confusion. Chance led me to your side in the church of San Filippo dei Neri, where the graces of your person attracted my attention, and inspired me with the desire of beholding you. Overcome by my entreaties, your goodness has deigned to consent to admit me to your presence; and now must I, to my shame, aver that I am totally unworthy of that favour, for which reason I have prayed of you to withhold your beauty. My heart is given to an humble maiden, who is fair as a being from above; my thoughts may have been a while averted, but my Bianca is, and ever shall be, the mistress of my soul. I am punished at present, lady, when thus renouncing the sight of features which I believe to be passing fair; but I hope for pardon, and that you will not feel utter contempt for one who can impose upon himself so great a sacrifice."

"My lord," said the camarista, whilst the lady, whose emotion was very visible, maintained a profound silence, "your love for your Bianca cannot be very deeply rooted, since you dread the sight of your mistress's beauty."

"Nay, upon my soul!" cried the duke with vivacity, "it is from a feeling of respect towards the lady, and not from a fear for my heart, that I made the request."

"Well, lady," said the tire-woman, "raise your veil then."

The tissue was slowly and tremulously withdrawn, and the blushing but radiant countenance of Bianca was offered to the gaze of Nemours. Filled with ravishment, and as if bound by some invisible spell, the duke was motionless. He threw himself at her feet, "Bianca! my Bianca! Is this indeed no illusion of a bewildered brain? Oh! let me press thy hand to my lips, to convince me that there is truth in the scene before me."

"Nay, it is indeed thy Bianca," said the enchanting fair one, bending towards him with that full and lovely smile which announces perfect happiness. The first kiss of love was imprinted upon her lip; but here we must be silent, for who would attempt to describe the pure delights of a first and fervent love?

When the warmth of their emotions had a little subsided, the duke said to his beauteous friend—"Now tell me, enchantress, who thou art, and who is to be believed—the humble Bianca, or the illustrious Straniera; or art thou a fairy gifted with eternal youth, visiting the earth to favour mortals; or—"

"Listen to me attentively," answered she with a beaming smile, "and, above all, do not interrupt me:—I am the daughter of the Duke de Mazara, a Sicilian nobleman; and two years have now elapsed since, to favour his desires, I was led to the altar by the Marquess di Montanara. I was then in my sixteenth year, and did not love the marquess. Whilst walking with him upon my nuptial day within the solitary groves which surrounded his palace at Palermo, an enraged mistress burst from the thicket and stabbed him to the heart. Thus did I become within an hour a wife and a widow. I retired to a convent to fulfil the year of mourning; and my father dying shortly after, left me to the protection of an uncle, with whom I came to Naples to inhabit my husband's palazzo, for he had given me with his hand his whole fortune, and thither did we live in the greatest retirement.

"Chance offered you to my view; how great my emotion was upon that occa-
sion, I will not say: I spoke of you to my uncle, but you must dispense me from telling you all that he said to dissuade me from the plan I had formed, but nought could scare me from it; and that which Bianca one day declared to you was true, for I determined to prove to you that women were sometimes deserving of esteem. I wished to be beloved for myself alone; therefore, it was not the opulent Marchese di Montanara that wished to charm you, but the lowly and modest maiden. My uncle consented to the stratagem, and the widow of la piazza was soon gained over to the plot. Her daughter, who was about my stature, but, as Rouvois informed you, squinting and ill-favoured, we sent forth for a while; and my attempt to gain your attention on the day of the Festa della Madonna del Monte Carmino, completely succeeded. I passed my days with the widow, but each night returned to my palazzo; which was effected with security, as I was totally a stranger in Naples.

"The attack of your servant on a certain night, your conduct on the morrow, and a glance at the secrets of my feeble heart, caused me to change my plans. I wished to try you at a distance—fate led us on the same day to the church of San Filippo, and a zealous and wily waiting-woman carried on the whole intrigue. False curls of flaxen hair were to cause you to take me for a fair English woman, but, finding that a certain veiled lady was becoming too dangerous a rival, I sent you my portrait, and to it I owe my present happiness!" She was silent, and Nemours pressed her to his heart.

"My sweet Bianca!" he exclaimed with an impassioned accent, "how can I ever repay thee for so much love?"

"How can love repay love," said the lady, "if it be not by eternal constancy?"

BEAUTY IN GIRLHOOD.

Aye! thou art happy now, and thy dark eye
Is all so bright and shadowless, thy brow
Like a calm water seems, the witchery
Which revels in thy smiles is guileless now;
But thy young head, like a light plume shall bow,
In sorrowful allegiance, to love's throne,
Ere a few summers thy sweet form endow
With woman's statelier beauty, when are flown
These innocent smiles, and when thy heart is not thine own.

G. R. L.


Bentley.

This work, although given in three vols., and bearing the outward impress of a novel, is, like the admirable "Our Village," a number of articles, each complete in itself, yet all having an interesting affinity with each other. Of Miss Mitford's muse, one may truly say, "none but herself can be her parallel?" "the painter of the country" could alone have portrayed the inhabitants of the town—they are alike true to nature, drawn by the hand of a master, coloured with the eye of Titian himself, they are too highly finished to be termed sketches. We prefer the present arrival to their "country cousins"; there is more development of humour and tenderness in the characters than we have hitherto met with.

The principal person of interest in "Belford Regis" is Stephen Lane, a butcher, of Herculan frame, of radical politics, great wealth, generosity, kindness, and ability. With such delightful raciness of humour and tenderness of heart, has the author painted this good fellow, that his name is a warranty for excellence; the few in which Stephen Lane does not figure, seem robbed of some member necessary for its full pretensions. Those portions of the book a very large class of readers are generally apt to skip over, are precisely those which Miss Mitford's pages make us dwell upon with zest—we linger upon them as if to inhale one more scent of the rose, and to taste again the flavour of the pine-apple.

Our limits deny us the pleasure of depicting Stephen Lane and his handsome good-tempered wife; King Harwood, a provoking coxcomb, that, like the toad, "had got one precious jewel in his head," or rather
heart; the young Sculptor, and his still more delightful young friend, Louis; so we offer a portion of the Irish Haymaker:

"Is it why I did not meet you, Mary, dear!" said Tim, Undertaking a bit could I come before now, any bow! There has been a spal- peen of a thief, who has kilt John the fatman, and murdered Mrs. Cotton, who were walking this way from Belford to the Park, by cause of its shortness; and he knocked John on the head with a bludgeon, and stole a parcel of law dades belonging to the master, and the master is madder nor a mad bull; because he says all his estates and titles lays in the parcel—which seems, to be sure, a mighty small compass for them to be in. And the cowardly spalpeen, after slinging John under the ditch, murdered Mrs. Cotton, and tore off her muff tippet, and turned her pockets inside out—them great paniers of pockets of hers—and stole all her thread-cases, and pincushions, and thimbles, and scissors, and a needle-book worked by a forrin queen, and a bundle of love-letters two and-fore hundred years old. The dear, dear old lady, she was young in them days. So she's as mad as the master. And they've sent all the world over to offer a reward for the thief—for it's hunged the rogue must be, as sure as he's alive; though I suppose he's far enough off by this time."

"He was here not five minutes ago," replied Mary, "and robbed me of the doctor's clock—Doctor Vanderlogen—a-e, pray, let us go to the farm, dear Tim, for fear of his knock- ing you down too, and murdering you, like poor John and Mrs. Cotton; though, if he's dead, I don't understand how she can be so mad about the love-letters!"

"Dead! no, only kilt! Sure the woman may be murdered without being dead! and as to the knocking me down, I'll give the thief free leave to do that same—knock me down, and pickle me and ate me, if he can. I'm a Connought boy, as he'll find to his cost, and not a slip of a fatman like John, or an oldfaynale like Mrs. Cotton; all the while mowing no disres- pect together; and my twig of a trey, flourish- ing a huge cudgel, 'is as good as his bit of oak, any day. So come along, Mary, dear, I under- take for the mayor, and the paliss, and the cons- table, and sorrow a reward I want; for the villain deserves hanging worse nor ever, for frightening you, and stealing the doctor's big clock."

"So, in spite of Mary's reluctance, they pur- sued the way to Belford. Tim loitered a little as they got near to where Mary thought she had been robbed; for she had been too much frightened, and the evening was too dark, to allow of her being very positive in the matter of locality; and although the fog, and the in- creasing darkness, made his seeing the thief almost impossible, Tim could not help loiter- ing and thumping the hedge, or, as he called it, 'the ditch,' with his great stick, pretty much after the fashion of sporting men beating for a hare. He had, however, nearly given up the pursuit, when Mary stumbled over something that turned out to be her own handbag, con- taining Charley's wig, his bonnet, with which she had never missed before; and, at the same mo- ment, close beside her, just within the bushes

which her lover had been beasting, came the welcome sound of a violent fit of sneezing."

"'Luck be with you,' exclaimed Tim, folding the strong broad-cloth round and round his prisoner, whom he rolled up like a bale of goods, whilst he hallooed to one party advancing with lanterns from the farm, and another running with a candle from the lodge, —dim lights which, when seen from a distance moving through the fog, no trace of the bearers being visible, had something of the appearance of jack-o'-lanterns."

"As they advanced, however, each faintly illuminating its own small circle, and partially dispelling the obscurity, it was soon discov- ered, aided by the trampling of many footsteps, and the confused sound of several voices, that a considerable number of persons were advancing to the assistance of our Irish friend. "Little did he seek of forty yards. The Con- naught boy and his shielah would, in his single person, have been equal to the management of half a dozen footpads."

"Hand me that dark lantern, John Higgs, till we take a look at this jontleman's beautiful countenance," quoth Tim. 'Tis gives as much light,' continued Tim, apostrophising the lan- tern, 'as the moon when it's sev—and that's none at all!' "Lie quite, added he, address- ing his prisoner; 'lie quite, can't ye and take the world away till we sarch ye decently. Arrah! there's the coach parcel, with them dades and titles of the master's; and there's Madame Cottin's big pin-cushion, and all her trin-trams, hid in the ditch—ah, this is them! Would the lantern a bit lower—here's the hussey, and there's the love letters, wet through, at the bottom of the pool— all in a sop, poor old lady! I'm as sorry as ever was for the sopping of them love-letters, because, I darases, being used to 'em so long, she'd fancy 'em better nor now one. Arrah! arn't you ashamed of your- self, to look at that house, so wet, worked by a forrin queen, all over mud as it is? Can't you answer a civil question, you spalpeen? Ought you not to be ashamed of yourself, first, for thieving, then for sopping them poor dear love-letters, and then for being such a fool as to stay here and be caught like a fox in a trap."

"But, Tim, you are fairly entitled to the reward I was about to offer; so come with me to the Park, and—"

"'Not I, your honour! It's little Mary, here, that was the cause of catching the thief —little Mary and the doctor's clock; and it's them, that's to say, Mary and the clock, that's entitled to the reward."

"But, my good fellow, I must do some- thing to recompense the service you have ren- dered me by your spirit and bravery. Follow me to the house, and—"

"Sure I'd follow your honour to the end of the world, let alone the house. But," con- tinued Tim, in a confidential whisper, 'sorrow a bit of reward do I want; it's me, it's me, little Mary herself; and if your honour would be so good as to speeke a word for us to Mrs. Cotton
and Mrs. Drake,' added Tim, twirling his hat
and putting on his most insinuating manner
‘if your honour would but speak a good word—
because Mrs. Drake calls me a fnrer and Mrs.
Cotton says I’m a deceiver—one word from
your honour’—pursued Tim continucly.
‘‘And what does Mary say?’ inquired Mr.
Denham.
‘Is it what little Mary says, your honour?
Arrah, now, ask her; but it’s ower shy she is’
exclaimed Tim, throwing his arm round Mary’s
slender waist, as she turned away in buzzing
confusion—she’ll not tell her mind afore com-
pany. But the best person to ask is owd Mrs.
Cotton, who told me this morning I was a
deceiver, and that there was not a fnemale in the
parish who would say nay to a wild Irishman.
Best ask her. She’ll be out of her fury and
her tantrums by this time, for I left her making
tay out of coffee, and drinking a drop of dark-
coloured whiskey—cherry-bounce the fnutan
called it—to comfort her after the fright she
got, poor cratur! Jest ask her. It’s remark-
able,’ continued Tim, as obeying his master’s
kind commands, he and the fair damsel fol-
lowed Mr. Denham to the house, under the
comfortable persuasion that the kind word
would be spoken—it’s remarkable, say how,
that these ladies and tites, and the pincushion,
which would not have minded a wetting a
halfpenny, should be high and dry in the ditch;
and that the forrin queen’s needle book, and
them wld ancient love-letters, should have the
luck of a sopping. Well, it was no fault of
ours, Mary, dear, as his honour can testify.
The spalpeen of a thief deserves to be sent
over the water, if it was only in respect to
them love-letters.
‘And so saying, the Irishman and his fair
companion reached the manse; and how Mr.
Denham pleaded, and whether Mrs. Cotton
and Mrs. Drake, the owd fnemales, as Tim
irrelevantly called them, proved tender-hearted
or obdurate, I leave the courteous reader to
settle to his own satisfaction: for my part,
if I were to form a conjecture, it would be that
the Irishman proved irresistible, and the lovers
were made happy.’
The story of ‘Rosamond’ is one of the
old times—the days of the plague, and is
touchingly beautiful. ‘Old David Dykes’
is a grotesque but faithful view of poor hu-
man nature; ‘The Dissenting Minister’,
not less a true drawing of a plant raised in
a far different soil; ‘Mark Bridgeman’
perhaps better than either; ‘Belford
Races,’ the ‘Surgeon’s Courtship’,—indeed
all are excellent; but the longest is
unquestionably the best. Stephen Lane,
and dear Louis Duval, of whom we see
most, the best sustained characters. From
these premises we infer, that when Miss
Mitford may be pleased to give us a three-
volume history of any hero or heroine, she
will produce a most piquant and capti-
vating story.

Albius is evidently a young enthusiastic
scholar, who has carried with him
from his studies an ardent admiration for
the classics, and of the characters of an-
tiquity immortalised therein. His ap-
preciation of the character of Achilles
is very just and proper, and becoming a
Christian gentleman. His verse (the
old heroic) is, in general, polished; and
his moral perceptions pure and good, and
full of generous feeling. A few revolving
summers will probably convince him,
that the impulse which urged him to con-
tinue ‘the tale of Troy divine,’ and to
write an epiphany for Hector, which, some-
how, ‘the blind old man of Scios’ rocky
isle’ has omitted to do, has led him to
perform rather a work of supererogation.
—A harsher word of criticism than this
we cannot find it in our hearts to offer to
one who (to use the words we lately
quoted from the elegant female artist-
poet, of Birmingham,) ‘has given his first
affections to the love of song.’

A Lady’s Gift; or Woman as she
ought to be. By J. K. STANFORD,
Author of “The Stoic.” Smith,
Elder, and Co.
The language of this story is elegant
and correct; the situation of the prin-
cipal character, in her maternal con-
exions, interesting and original; nor
have we the slightest doubt that the
lady who has written it, has the power
of producing a work that would meet
with our entire approbation; she has all
the requisites for good and successful
authorship. Nevertheless, as she has cast
her present work, she has touched on
some points on which our principles and
modes of thinking are not in unison with
hers; and as we think that female hap-
piness would, in some measure, be injured
by an unconditional compliance with
some of her precepts, we will take a
few minutes for the discussion of this
matter.

We own we do not approve of the
representation of the continuance of a
young lady’s love for a man, who had
declared to her friends his indifference
for her. If she were conscious that he
had wooed her indirectly, by manner,
she must have despised him; and con-
tempt, though it may be consistent with
passion, is not so with love. If he had
merely treated her as a friend, she ought
to have despised herself for loving un-
wooed. Then for the gentleman—who is
as odious as cool coxcombrity can make
him—he either did not know his own mind, or belied his own feelings; and instead of the proper punishment due for such weakness, or deception, he obtains a pattern wife! These are not examples calculated to benefit the minds of either sex.

Neither are the rules of unconditional submission to an erring or brutal husband calculated to establish domestic happiness. Sir Richard Steele, in the "Spectator," who perhaps knew the disposition of his own sex as well as any lady, draws rather a contrary picture of a gentleman who had a tyrannical mistress, on whom he doated, and whom he suffered to throw his wig into the fire, and behave outrageously, while at the same time he had a wife younger, lovelier, sweet tempered, and trembling with terror before tyranny and ill-treatment. (Lady Steele, by the way, had rather a high spirit, and Sir Richard adored her.)

Does not reason point out a medium of conduct, a union of spirit and sweetness in their proper places, when an honest wife is plagued with a tyrannical profligate like Sir Richard’s Dorimant. No two persons can live peaceably in the same house without a little incipient fear of giving just offence to each other; a little harmless consideration of consequences that causes folk to feel a dry tone or cold look on deliberate aggression of temper. Both husband and wife ought thus to feel. But if forbearance is only exercised on one side, the other party will quickly be injured by supposing it the wife’s duty to bear every injury and insult that wilfulness indulges in. Neither is there any such clause in the bond, neither religion nor the marriage vow require it; for there are vowed duties on the part of the husband, and no impunity allowed for breaking them. Female writers who set forth this doctrine, fancy that they gain popularity with men, by advocating ultra servility in their own sex, through an inordinate admiration for the other: but we exceedingly doubt whether broken-spirited tameness is so very attractive to the lordly sex. We doubt even whether the uncomplaining slave that takes all mental kicks and cuffs (to say nothing of personal ones) with a submissive crouch, is as much beloved by her master, as she who can discreetly vary her manner according to his deserts.

Really examples of difficult cases, in which feminine tact and skill are required, should be given by female writers, rather than general rules for undiscriminating servility, which would be as injurious to both parties as the contrary conduct, and above all, injurious to the owners of wives; for, if there is a human creature more wretched than the slave, it is the despot. Nay, no living creature can bear with impunity uncompromising indulgence, be it husband, or wife, child, brother, sister, servant, dog, cat, or bird: there is nothing domestic but what may be spoilt, by being allowed the unlimited exercise of its own wilfulness, excepting gold and silver fish; and we never saw any injurious alteration in their temper or manners, from being made the objects of undeviating female fondness. A petted husband gets surly; a petted wife, irrational and peevish; a petted child, fractious; a petted servant, saucy; a petted dog lies growing on his cushion, and snaps at everything that passes him; a petted cat spits and clutches with her claw at the whole household, when she should only show those airs to the mice of it: in short, ladies, we have asserted that fish may bear undue indulgence, but flesh and blood will not; study then to keep the balance of power even in your dominions, and be convinced, despite of the servile school, that it is your duty, as well as wisdom, to show difference of manner between good and evil conduct, between kindness and brutality, petulance and sweet temper, and this is to our minds—Woman as she ought to be!


A poet has not always the luck to have a poet for a translator; but the Spanish fabulist Yriarte has had that good fortune, for every reader must agree that these fables are rendered with ease, spirit, and playfulness. One error the translator has fallen into—which is rather a heavy fault in these times, where readers wish to become acquainted as much as possible with all national peculiarities—he has altered all allusions to ancient Spanish history to English names and events. We do not see, why an English reader should not derive as much satisfaction from a Spaniard’s allusions to a Ferdinand or Felipe, as to our Henries and Edwards, or
to his Alphonso the Second, as to our Second James. We are very angry with translators, who fancy that a foreign custom or anecdote cannot be comprehended, and therefore make a hole in their author, and stick a patch of home manufacture into the place. People read translations, that they may become familiar with the modes of thinking and acting in different countries; and how is that to be effected, if they are pushed back into their own country, wherever history or customs differ? There are some odd instances of these whims in translators in the earlier editions of Don Quixote, where great pains are taken to render all the Spanish proverbs and customs by English ones, that bear a little resemblance; and when, at last, the poor translator cannot find a parallel pat to his purpose, in despair he gives notes, which permit his unfortunate reader to guess that he is purusing the freaks of a Spanish humorist, who thinks, acts, eats, and drinks as a person born on the Peninsula, instead of England, would do.

If the translator had now and then omitted the somewhat forced comparison between authors and critics that we find at the conclusion of every fable, he would not have so much injured his author, for he would have removed a monotony that somewhat deforms the structure of the original work. These are all the faults we can find with Yriarte, or his translator. Most of the fables are sprightly and original, and form a charming addition to that department of literature in our language. We give two short fables, as specimens of the pleasing style of the English versification:

**THE PELLITORY AND THE THYME.**

I've read, but where, I cannot say,
That, in the herbal tongue, one day,
The pellitory, thinking fit
Upon the thyme to try her wit,
Accosted him, and then began
Her speech on this malicious plan:
"God help thee, thyme! it grieves my soul,
That thou, the sweetest of the whole
Sweet-smelling tribes that bloom around,
Art scarce three inches from the ground."
"Fair one," he answered, "I confess
That I am small; but nevertheless,
Remember that I grow alone,
Without the help of any one;
While you, my dear, can't grow at all,
Unless you cling fast to a wall."

When, on all sides, I see upspringing,
Men, who, to other writers clinging,
Think themselves authors, when they've wrote
A prologue, preface, or a note,
I feel a mighty inclination
To apply to them the thyme's oration.

**THE VIPER AND THE LEECH.**

"Dear sister Leech," the viper cried,
Gently approaching to her side,
"Since you, like me, bite when you can,
Why does unjust and partial man
So differently treat the two?
Submitting to be bit by you,
Yet shunning me with hate and fear,
And shuddering, if I come but near."
"Brother," replied the leech, "you're right,
In saying that we both do bite:
But, as 'tis easy to detect,
With very different effect.
My mouth a healing virtue gives,
I bite the dying man, he lives;
While, and you know it to be true,
The healthiest dies, if touched by you."

Observe, ye readers, then, and writers,
That critics, doubtless, all are biters;
Yet that a wide distinction runs
'Twixt useful and malignant ones.


We make no scruple in affirming that Mr. Hughes' continuation of English History, is written with greater accuracy, in regard to facts, than that of Hume, and with more elegance of style than Smollett; and after making allowances for the manner in which a continuator is bound, in some measure, to assimilate with the plans of his predecessors, we think great praise is due to him for the clear and faithful narrative he has given us. Mr. Hughes is faithful to human nature in this history: if an act is wrong and unjust, he represents it in its true colours, without asking to which party it belongs. He blames the wicked persecution of the Jesuits in France, Spain, and Portugal, and traces it home to the private spite of the profligate Madame de Pompadour. He does every justice to the efforts of Washington and his compatriots, while he holds up the hideous moral character of Wilkes and his incendiary agitations to deserved obloquy. This is writing like an honest man. Open other histories of these times, and we find that the partisans of the American revolution are the panegyrists of Wilkes; and that no man who is a catholic can do
right, and no man who is in the protestant interest can do wrong. These are one-sided writers, whose works are conceived in the very spirit of falsehood. It was this spirit that prompted Mrs. Macaulay to tear and destroy state documents in the British Museum, because she found them too favourable to the Stuarts, whose history, or rather whose vituperation, she was composing. From the spirit of moral truth that pervades Mr. Hughes' labours, we feel convinced that he has no passions or prejudices, that could lead him to such murderous false testimony. Before the conclusion of the work, we hope to see more attention devoted to the internal statistics of the country—more pages such as that which describes the great works of the Duke of Bridgewater. In fact, we recommend to Mr. Hughes' attention, those admirable chapters in Holingshed, that throw such wonderful light on the manners and customs of Englishmen of the middle ages; and we hope he will devote some part of his work to a similar delineation of Englishmen, in the century on which he is at work. Why should we not see what the people were about in their own homes, as well as in the camp and senate—their inventions; the progress of education; the state of the poor; how they fed; the general style of furniture; of luxuries; their mode of dress; their manners; their morals. Do political and military movements comprise the whole history of a people? Hume, by interweaving some little information on manners and customs, gave such unhoped-for entertainment to his readers, that he has been popular ever since. Smollett is as utterly worthless as a dull political newspaper; and Mr. Hughes ought to have continued from Hume, not from Smollett.

The only History of England whose plan is in any degree satisfactory to us, is an old school book, written, we think, by William Adams; it is out of print, and we believe has fallen into disuse, and we cannot say who was the publisher—we believe it was chiefly condensed from Dr. Henry's always praised, but little known, history: be this as it may, the pedants who pester children with the miserable Goldsmith's History, and neglect Adams, almost deserve punishment. Goldsmith and Smollett ought to be lettered "Antidotes to a juvenile inclination for reading History." We now take leave of Mr. Hughes, pleased with what he has done, and convinced of his ability to do much more—if he were not afraid of entirely departing from the plan of the dull mass of rubbish that stands between his volumes and those of Hume. Smollett, we know, was a man of genius; but he did a bookseller's job with his hands tied, of course it was a cramp one. We respect the feelings that made him write the "Tears of Caledonia," and those two beautiful letters in one of his novels, describing the sufferings of the Highland adherents of Prince Charles Edward (which letters seem as if they had got astray out of Sir Walter Scott's portfolio into the dirty pages of a last century novel). But we find no such bursts of national feeling in his history; he is sore and crusty when he speaks of his country, not high-spirited and indignant. We suspect that Smollett's feelings were painfully alive to the sufferings of the Jacobites; and yet he was forced to write to suit public taste, in the reign of George II. Pretty work he makes of it!

Advice to Proprietors on the Care of valuable Pictures, with Instructions for Cleaning, &c. By an ARTIST. Sherwood, Gilbert and Piper.

No possessor of valuable pictures ought to be without this essay, which is, indeed, replete with amusing anecdotes, as well as practical information. Many beautiful works of art will (we are certain) be rescued from destruction, if this unpretending and useful publication meets with the attention it deserves. We never remember having seen this anecdote of the height to which Louis XIV. carried his munificent love of art:—

"Nor are instances wanting in our own times of this high valuation and esteem for the labour and genius of the painter; witness Vandyck's picture of the Pembroke Family, at Wilton-house, which Louis XIV. offered to cover with louis d'ors placed on the edge as the price of its purchase, but which to the honour of the noble proprietor was refused."
the teeth ought to be in the hands of all persons, who would fain spare themselves from the pangs of the tooth-ache. One of his observations on an abuse of the teeth, which we have frequently seen practised by young persons, ought to be impressed upon every person's mind:—

"Another frequent source of injury to the enamel is, the foolish and inelegant practice of cracking nuts, biting thread, and employing teeth as a vice to unscrew small ivory boxes or needle-cases, to turn the stoppers of smelling-bottles, &c. Indeed, some persons are so utterly regardless of the value and proper use of their teeth, that they seem to look upon the mouth as a portable tool-chest, where they may find a pair of scissors, or pincers, a knife, a corkscrew, or any instrument almost that they may chance to need. Such practices cannot be sufficiently censured; and they will, no doubt, be sincerely regretted, when the loss of the teeth is felt."

The source of the injury is in the accidental chipping off or destruction of the outer case or enamel of the tooth. We will conclude with one observation. The use of a brush of moderate hardness, so that the gums be not chafed or removed from the roots of the teeth, which are not covered with enamel, before going to bed, is more important to the preservation of the teeth, than even the agreeable and proper use of the brush in the morning.


An elegant little volume, adapted for every young lady on her entrance into life. The advice therein contained is just that which an anxious mother would study to inculcate on the mind of a beloved child. The extracts from the records of the best and most talented of the fair sex have been most happily selected.

Rhymes for my Children,

Is a very pretty little book, charmingly illustrated, and we can affirm that it is in all things fitting for the purposes of juvenile literary recreation: yet we think that the author is rather a rabid critic on the subject of "Who killed Cock Robin," which we hold to be an infantine lyric of great attractions and harmless tendency. Do let us in mercy consider that over-wise babes are very pragmatical little beings.


We were not aware till we opened this book, that Lavater had as true a knowledge of human life as he had of the human countenance. These are admirable maxims—

"Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence; forget it, forgive it; but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.

"Who, in receiving a benefit, estimates its value more closely than in conferring one, shall be a citizen of a better world."

We find many treasures of wisdom from such men as Fuller, Sir P. Sidney, Sir Matthew Hale, Sir W. Raleigh, Sir W. Temple, Clarendon, and Sir T. More; sages whose works are not commonly open to the public, or at least not to be hired at libraries.

We see no just reason why this collection should not rival Colton's "Lacon" in popularity.

The French Language its own Teacher.


The practical part of this work is full of genuine talent, and is calculated to be of immense utility to those young people who, disgusted by the pedantic manner in which French is taught at schools, have neglected the little they have acquired there; and, on reflection, are anxious to recollect what they have lost, if they knew where to find instruction conveyed in a different form from that administered by the old stupid system of grammatical pedantry. They will find that instruction in this book. Let us ask the question of all the mothers who do us the honour to consult our pages, whether in many instances this is not the state of mind and of education, in which nine-tenths of their children are, who have left school a twelvemonth or two, especially boys, who have learned French at school, and are placed in various professions? Those young people, who are desirous of improving their minds, by recalling what they formerly gained, and by proceeding rapidly along a new and pleasant path, without expense or fatigue, will be highly gratified and benefited by the labours of René Aliva. His grammatical explanations at the end of each group of examples are luminous indeed; and he enters with wonderful tact into
the real difficulties of the student, which is generally neglected in elementary works.

We were among the admirers of the Anti-Spelling Book, although we did not scruple to chide its author for the levity, with which he had suffered sprightly genius to transgress on forbidden ground. There is great improvement in the present work: yet again we say to him, that the spirit of irony is not consistent with the practical part of tuition, and he ought to have confined all the satirical observations as on i-grec (the rival in absurdity to our double-u), to the introduction. When he entered on the practical part of teaching, he ought to have explained quietly the error of the former mode of naming the French y—without using the terms—“Here admire our learned grammarians again!...” “These are not the only specimens of their wonderful good sense.”

Children are always mystified by irony—they are often very satirical, and they understand every species of satire and mockery by nature, excepting irony; and though often deceptive little beings themselves, as the incipient evils of their natures grow with their growth, yet they insist pertinaciously on the most literal observance of verbal truth in those that instruct them. It is very difficult to explain irony to a child. Indeed, even amongst grown-up persons, few understand it. However, to illustrate our criticism, let the author call to him a child of eleven years old (the age of his own Felix), make him read the ironical observations on those who formerly taught y as i-grec, and then question him on what sort of people he thought those grammarians were. The boy will answer (if wholly unbiased by previous discourse), “Learned people who had wonderful good sense.” Nor is the child to be blamed, since irony is an artificial species of satire that a child cannot comprehend fully, till he has had five or six years more experience in the world. Full of genius, and rich in expediency, as our author is, he must keep his vivacity in proper bounds, if he would not defeat his own valuable purposes.

* * * For further notice, we beg Authors and Publishers to see under the Notes, at the back of the page ofContents, that their favours are postponed, not forgotten.

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**B A L L A D.**

**S I R J O H N L E S P R I N G.**

This fine energetic ballad, we understand, is from the pen of Mr. Surtees, the antiquary. It was lately published in the “Bishopprick Garland”; a work whose issue was limited only to a few friends; therefore, we present it to our readers as a novelty, as well as a beautiful poem. From such a specimen, an extended edition of the “Bishopprick Garland” would, we are sure, be hailed with great satisfaction.

Pray for the soul of Sir John le Spring
When the black monks sing,
And the vesper bells ring,
Pray for the soul of Sir John le Spring.

He fell not when, before the cross,
The waning crescent fled,
When the martyrs palm and golden crown Reward Christ’s soldier dead.

He fell not in the battling field,
Beneath St. George’s banner bright,
When the pealing cry of victory
Might cheer the soul of a dying knight.

But at dead of night, in the soft moonlight,
In his garden bower he lay,
And the dew of sleep
Did his eyelids steep.

And by murderous hand, and bloody brand,
In that guilty bower
With his paramour,

Did his soul from his body fleet,
And through mist and mire and moonlight gray,
Was forced away from the bleeding clay,
To the dreaded judgment-seat.

In the southern aisle, his coat of mail,
Hangs ’e’er his marble shrine;
And his tilting spear is rusting there,
His helm and his gabardine.

And, aye! the mass priest sings his song,
And patters many a prayer,
And the chaunting bell tolls loud and long,
And, aye! the lamp burns there.

And still when that guilty night returns,
On the eve of St. Barnaby bright,
The dying taper faintly burns—
With a wan and wavering light.

And the clammy midnight dew breaks forth,
Like drops of agony,
From the marble dank, and the armorers’ clank
Affrights the priest on his knee.

* He was murdered in his bower at Houghton le Spring, 1311.
And high over head, with shivering tread,
Unearthly footsteps pass,
For the spirits of air are gathering there,
And mock the holy mass.

Lordslings, mind how your vows you keep,
And kiss no leman gay,
For he that sinks in sin to sleep
May never wake to pray.

Music.

Sir John Barleycorn. Dedicated to C. Ellis, Esq.,
By E. Blewitt. T. E. Purday.

The music is spirited, and we doubt not that the song will be sung from one end of the kingdom to the other, by all interested in the freedom of Sir John Barleycorn.

"They were merry days for England, in cottage and in hall,
When Sir John Barleycorn was free, and paid no tax at all—
When Sir John Barleycorn was free, we'd neither want nor woe,
For he filled each manly heart with glee, and cheer'd both high and low."

The words have been already published in the "Monthly Magazine."


Both the words and music of this historical song reflect great honour on the ladies who have composed them. The symphonies are peculiarly pleasing. Key, C.

Oh! 'tis sweet to be on the Midnight Sea. Duet for soprano voices. Composed by G. T. May. Willis and Co.

This is an original and beautiful air; it chimes well, and, we doubt not, will have considerable popularity. Key, E flat-major.


Here we have a beauteous shepherdess and pasturing lambs, who are seriously advised to hide themselves from a certain gay deceiver, whose name is Linea, who is suspected of felonious intentions against the damsel or her flock. It is much in the poetical style of our great-grandmother's pastoral songs of Ranelagh and the Ridotto. Infinitely indignant are musical people at our perverse endeavours to make out the sense of Italian songs; and much are we amused with their vehement protestations that they ought not to have any sense in them—in truth, such compositions are seldom guilty of much. E flat-major.


This song has really very pretty playful words, and such people will like it who can endure Cupids; and we suppose they must be endured in modern Italian literature for half a century longer. Il Maestro Cavaliere ought to observe there is a villainous misprint in his song, of cavità for carità, which makes it what it is not—downright nonsense, and will put a dead stop to the laudable endeavours of any young lady, who has not forgot her school Italian, to make out the sense of what she is singing. Gabussi is not acquainted with the pretty pranks that English printers too frequently play with Italian words. Key of F.

L'Alba. Duetto for soprano and contralto. By the same. Mori and Laveno.

It is the dawn! it is the dawn!—a sort of Romeo-like farewell. The music of these three last-named duets has, in the soprano, that peculiar warble which is the chief charm of Italian composition, and the human voice to which they are adapted sounds clear and sweet, like the harmonica. We think they are an acquisition in the musical world. L'Alba and L'Amante Universelle are exceedingly pretty, and have higher claims to original melody than most modern Italian songs. The Amor Muto, who goes about begging, and feigning dumbness, though possessing some poetical claims, is inferior in musical merit to the two others. Key of B flat.

The Recitative Di Ondi Tende, and the Aria Dall'Asilo della Pace. Composed by Signor M. Costa, expressly for Grisi, and sung in the Opera "L'Assedio di Corinto."

Do credit to the author, displaying much execution, and possessing the additional recommendation of pretty words. By Signor Docta.

Si m'amarera il Dio. A composition of Maestro Vaceaj. Sung also in the same opera as the above, is well worthy the attention of all vocalists.

L'Invito and La Luna. By Maestro Cavalieri Gabussi.

Are both very pretty and tasteful ariettas.


Is an extremely pretty light air.

A Place in thy Memory, Dearest. Composed by Miss Smith, of Down House, Blandford, Dorsetshire; the words written by the Author of "The Collegians."

We can recommend, with truth as peculiarly pleasing.
Farewell! by the Forsaken. By W. M. Herbert,
Cannot fail of delighting the most fastidious ear. We will say nothing further in praise of this song, than that we hope shortly to be favoured with some similar compositions.

CONCERTS.—The Misses Elouis gave their grand morning concert at the great concert room, King’s theatre, which was honoured by the presence of his highness, Prince Jahn-ood-deen. The company was very select. The Misses Elouis greatly exerted themselves; and we can mention a fact, that before the commencement of the second part, the fashionable audience were anxious beyond measure, and gave many a gentle hint to the ladies not unnecessarily to postpone the pleasure of so great a treat.

Bochsa’s concert, at Drury-lane theatre, was attended to an overflow. The introduction of so many pianos and harps completely astounded the audience. There were some fourteen of the latter, divided at the sides of the stage; and the grand pianos were in the centre, fitted in alternately, side by side, with two players to each. The novelty was the great attraction, but the music was necessarily very simple; and, indeed, the effect produced any thing but equivalent to the time spent, and the labour in removing so many costly instruments. The Polish lady played, by-the-bye, most skillfully on the violin, and was enthusiastically applauded.

PARIS CHITCHAT, &c.
(From our own Correspondent.)

NEWS FROM PARIS.


Ma chère amie,—Console—moi, je suis au désespoir j’ai voulu aller aux eaux; mon mari ne veut pas que j’y aille—quel vilain homme! It is true that he is très souffrant just now: mais que cela fait? My remaining with him cannot cure him! d’ailleurs la Sante de mes enfants l’exige; et il faut se sacrifier quelquefois pour ses chers petits êtres, si on est bonne mère comme moi. A—t-on, jamais été esclave comme je le suis? A propos—a society of ladies, for the abolition of slavery, has just been established in Paris; the leading members are Madame Mallet, Madame Pelet de la Lozère, and Madame Thayer; all of whom, I believe, you are acquainted with. had the society been formed for the abolition of conjugal slavery, you may depend I would have taken a very active part in it. What would my tyrann de mari have said then?

Have you heard of the death of one of our most celebrated painters—Le Baron Gros? Quel triste histoire! he died by suicide: the cause is not known. The baron dined a short time previously to the committal of the fatal act at a Madame Lebrun’s, where he was heard to say that the greatest misfortune that could occur to an artist, who had once been celebrated, was to live long enough to show that his talent was no longer what it had been; that nothing was so humiliating as to see the admiration that had once been his degenerate into pity; that, in short, it was outliving one’s self. "You have seen, sir," said he to a young man, who sat next him, "how the papers have treated my last productions, loaded them and me with abuse and insult. ‘Gros is dead!’ said they; ‘Gros is dead!’ ‘Yes, sir; and it is they that have killed him!’ A short time after, his body was found in the Seine, near Moudon. We have also lost another, a most promising young artist, Leopold Robert; he, too, committed suicide in Italy; it is said that an unfortunate attachment for the daughter of Horace Vernet was the cause; it is certain that the moment the news reached him of the marriage of Mademoiselle Vernet to M. Paul Delarocche (the painter), was the last of the existence of poor Leopold Robert.

It is said that an interesting publication will shortly appear here. Madame Duplessis, the mother-in-law of Camille Desmoulins, died a few days ago in Paris, at the age of eighty-five: previous to her death, she deposited in the hands of Monsieur Matton, advocate of the Cour Royale, numerous unpublished letters between Robespierre, Marat, Fouquier-Tinville, Saint-just, Fréron, Mirabeau, &c., and Camille Desmoulins.

A most lamentable occurrence took place at Passy last week. A gentleman and his wife lately took an apartment in a house, occupied by several other persons. They formed no acquaintance, and lived in the most retired manner; the lady, from her evident depression of mind, and from being constantly heard moving about her chamber during the night, was supposed to be out of her mind. Amongst the inmates of the house was a Madame O——, who was roused from her sleep a few nights since by the cries of the unfortunate (as was supposed) manic, who was at her door, entreating to see Monsieur O——, an eminent physician. Madame O——, convinced of the insanity of the applicant, assured her that Mons. O—— was then in Paris: and, without opening the door of her chamber, she got out of the window, and awoke some of the neighbours, who went to the assist-
ance of the unfortunate lady, whom they found overwhelmed with misery, though not insane. She was of good family, had been married at Chartres, against the consent of her parents, to a young man, who, after having dissipated her fortune, became desperate, and declared he would destroy himself; and it was to prevent the execution of his fatal resolution, that she watched him night and day. On the night in question, the husband had apparently fallen asleep, and the devoted wife, worn out by continual watching, laid her head on a table by the bedside, and sunk into a doze. On awakening, she found that the lamp, which she kept constantly burning, was extinguished; terrified, she called to her husband, but received no answer; she then sought him in all parts of the room, till she at length found him in an adjoining closet suspended to a hook used for hanging up dresses. She had the courage and presence of mind to cut the cord with a pair of scissors; she took his head with his head upon a stool, she then went and alarmed the house with her cries; and had it not been for the false impression which existed as to her state of mind, the life of her husband might have been saved; for on the surgeon, who had been sent for, opening a vein, some drops of blood escaped that had assistance been given sooner, animation might have been restored. The grief of the unhappy wife is beyond all expression.

About ten days since, a M. de M——, a young man of good family, went to the father of a young lady with whom he was in love, to demand her hand in marriage, his proposal was not acceded to, and the lovers formed the plan of eloping together. On the road to Versailles, they were overtaken by a brother of the young lady, and she was brought back: the next day the two young men fought, and the brother was killed. Of the two young men (the only remaining one), a cavalry officer, who was with his regiment in garrison, some leagues from Paris, on hearing the fate of his brother and sister, obtained leave of absence, and coming to Paris, challenged M. de M——, when, most melancholy to relate, he, too, fell by the hand that had deprived him of a brother. M. de M—— has, it is said, quitted France.

An Englishman, aged 50, who had resided for some time at the Hôtel de Lille et d’Albion, Rue Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre, blew his brains out a few mornings ago, in consequence of his losses at play. He left a letter for a friend, stating his determination to commit the fatal act, alleging that his passion for play was perfectly incurable,—en voilà ma chère une infinité d’horreurs!

I took my children to the Jardin des Plantes last week, and was both astonished and amused by a young hyena. A young French naval officer, who has been for a long time stationed at Senegal, procured this creature when it was quite young, and succeeded in taming it so perfectly, that it became as attached to him as a dog. On his return to Brest, he was induced by the Maritime Prefect to send his favourite to Paris, as a present to the Jardin des Plantes; where the animal soon resumed all its native ferocity. After a lapse of time the officer arrived in Paris, and naturally went to visit the menagerie. At the first sight of his former master the hyena recognised him, and showed the utmost satisfaction by moving his head and wagging his tail, as if inviting the officer to caress him. To the terror of the spectators, the gentleman approached the animal, stroked its back, and even put his hand into its mouth; but how great was our astonishment, you may imagine, when we saw the beast return his caresses, by gently licking his hands! What will not kindness accomplish, when it can so tame and attach to one of the most ferocious of animals?

The fêtes in honour of the three days, are on a splendid scale this year; the sum of 200,000 francs has been granted for the celebration of this fifth anniversary of the revolution. A grand review of the troops of the garrison of Paris, and of the garde nationale, is to take place on the 28th: and a most wonderful illumination, by means of gas, will be attempted. On the Place de Grève, in front of the Hôtel de Ville, an immense framework, representing three porticoes, in the style of the middle ages, will be erected, and which will be all at once illuminated at night, by thousands of small gas flames, in straight and spiral lines, and girandoles, exhibiting three statues in honour of the three days. Theatres and wooden shops are erecting in the Champs-Elysées, where there will also be dancing, "jousts" on the water, climbing poles, balloons ascending, and, in short, every possible variety of amusement.

On dit, that the marriage of the Princesse Marie is not yet finally arranged, and some say, that it has been broken off. The Prince de Syracuse has left Paris on his return to Naples. You have, of course, heard of the attack made upon the life of the King. Fourteen persons have been already arrested, and the police are on the trace for several others.

A musical family of Bavarian peasants, a father and seven children, between the ages of three and thirteen years, have lately arrived in Paris; they each of them excel, even the very youngest, on several instruments: they have performed with great success both in Germany and Italy, and I make no doubt will make a great deal of money here. The rich Baroness de Staël is about to bestow her hand, and her million and half of francs, on M. Guizot: she is the widow of the son of the celebrated Madame de Staël: M. Guizot is, for the third time, a rotary at the altar of Hymień. France's new theatre, in the Champs-Elysées, is open,
and crowded every night; the feats of horsemanship are really wonderful: they are shortly going to have an elephant there, that dances merveilleusement, on dit, on the tight rope; the theatre is prettily fitted up, the admittance as low as one or two francs—nous autres fashionables—we go to the one franc places, and leave the others (where one is covered with dust) to the Bourgeoise. The trial of M. Bancel is to come on, at the Cour d’Assises, on Saturday next. You re-collect the horrid story I told you of his having prevailed upon a lady, to whom he had been attached previous to her marriage, to elope with him to Paris, where they resolved to die together: he bled her almost to death, and then stabbed her in the heart: he has made several attempts upon his own life. I paid a triste visit, since my last letter, to Madame de P., who, you are aware, has lost her eldest daughter, a fine girl of about twenty-two. I cannot help thinking, that it is a singular custom that, in France, fathers and mothers never put on mourning for their children. All the family, the brothers and sisters, were in deep mourning: Madame de P., white, and her husband in a blue or green coat, I forget which, but without a vestige of mourning. A father never attends the funeral of his child either. What sort of weather have you in England? Here it has been tremendously hot the last few days, but I enjoy this weather. Quand le temps est beau, je vois tout en beau.

But, ma belle, I must not forget that you want fashions—and although I have not a great deal to say on that interesting topic, still what little I have may be acceptable.

PARIS COSTUME.

I was some days ago at a delightful party at the Duchesse de V.—’s country-house, near Moudon. A splendid breakfast, all served upon ancient Sèvres China—a rarity, you will allow, in our days—was laid out in a circular salle à manger, of white marble, delightfully cool and pleasant. The breakfast lasted till near two o’clock in the day, when we walked over the grounds. Quadrille bands were stationed in different parts; and, as you may suppose, in a pays dansant like ours, they were not suffered to remain idle. Billiards, archery, and riding on donkeys gaily caparisoned, employed the time till dinner. That important affair terminated, we walked about half a mile through the grounds to what Madame de V. called her village fête, where booths were erected, and filled with all sorts of pretty things, the work of some of her female friends: as tapestry, drawings, baskets, boxes, pincushions, &c. &c., which were sold for the benefit of the poor of the village. The young people amused themselves in dancing, and playing all kinds of games.

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When we were tired of looking at them, we crossed the little lake in boats, and went to Madame’s chaumière, where we found ices, sorbets, syllabubs, and fruits awaiting us, which were most acceptable. We then returned to the house, and amused ourselves until midnight, when the party broke up. We were all in morning dresses; the most prevalent were white muslin peignoirs or redingottes. A pink or blue ribbon round the waist, tied in front in a bow with two long ends, a sentiment or cravatte of the same ribbon, and bracelets to match. Chapeau en paille de riz, trimmed with pink or blue gauze ribbons, and ornamented with feathers, or with a demi-guirlande (half wreath) placed on the right side of the hat, and reaching from the top of the front of the crown to the bow over the bavolet, or curtain, at the back; these wreaths are very fashionable, and very pretty. Flowers are also placed beneath the fronts of the hats.

MAKE OF DRESSES.—The most fashionable make at present for dresses is en peignoir; the back made to fit, and the frouts left loose; merely drawn into form by the ceinture. The sleeves excessively full, with a wristband, and taken in a short way up the arm, with a second narrow band, which is an improvement, as it prevents the sleeve from dropping over the hand; these dresses, if made of thin muslin, are trimmed all round with lace. Some dresses are made en redingotte, to open at the left side; this opening, if the dress be of white, or of coloured thin muslin, is generally trimmed with a lace rather deep, and put on full; the pelerine trimmed to match; but if it be of gingham or of coloured cambric muslin, a ruche (quilling) of itself is by far the most fashionable and distingué trimming. Silk dresses are very little worn at present; indeed, they never are worn in Paris during the hot months.

The most fashionable shape for PéLÉRINES is plain and round, or oval—I should, perhaps, say, reaching as far as the waist at back and front, and rather deep on the shoulders.

Mantelets of black taftas, trimmed with black lace, and lined with coloured silk, are much worn: they are light and pretty for summer.

HATS.—The hats in vogue, next to the paille de riz, are Leghorn; they are trimmed with white or straw-coloured ribbons, et quelques-unes de nos grandes dames ajoutent des plumes. Crape and poux de soie drawn capottes, ornamented with flowers, are very generally worn. You know that une femme comme il faut must change her bonnet, at least, three times a-day: she must put on her Leghorn for her morning walk, her paille de riz for her visits, and her crape capotte for her drive to the Bois de Boulogne in the evening.
FLOWERS.—The most fashionable flowers are roses, the belle de nuit (deadly night-shade), convolvulus, wall-flower, lilac, and heliotrope. The wreaths I have spoken of are composed of roses, ivy, holly, or small mixed flowers.

Kid Gloves are more worn at present than any others; they are white, pale straw colour, or orange.

Brodequins and Gaiters are both fashionable. The shoes are made of kid, or, as it is called, peau Anglaise, encrue (the colour of unbleached linen) bronze, or the colour of the dress; the gaiters are made of drop de soie, to match.

Colours for dresses, lavender, cedar, and cendre de rose; for coloured hats, pink, paleil, and blue; for ribbons, pink, blue, greens, lilac, and straw-colour.

Hair.—The front hair is worn either in bands or ringlets, the back in a braid en couronne on the top of the head. The cap borders I described to you in my last are still extremely fashionable.

En voilà assez de modes ma bonne, pour te faire tourner la tête. Mon mari ne charge de te dire une infinité de joies choses de sa part. Il te-brasse bien tendrement : en vérité je crois que je deviendrai jalouse si mon mari était plus jeune, et plus beau, et—plus aimable ! Adieu, je t’aime de loin comme de près.

Toute à toi, L. de F.—

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 16) PROMENADE COSTUMS D’ENFANS.

—The dress of the little girl is a white muslin frock, the corseage made full, à l’enfant; the sleeves full all the way down. Pelerine, with a large square collar, embroidered and trimmed with lace (see plate); trousers, to match the dress, edged with insertion and trimmed with lace. A Lorraine bonnet, these are very fashionable at present in Paris for children, they are generally made of straw,) of white gros de Naples, with a ribbon simply crossed (see plate), and forming the strings; a very small bow is placed over the bavolet towards the left side. Ceinture tied in front; white kid gloves, brodequins of slate colour, satin royal.

Boy.—White trousers, made very full, and plaited round the waist; blue jacket, with loose sleeves taken in at the wrist to the band (see plate); large square collar, embroidered and trimmed, with an embroidered frill: Greek cap; the hair long, and in curls; slate coloured brodequins.

Infant in the arms of the bonne. — Mantelet, or dress of white muslin, embroidered, with full sleeves, and a large cape; drawn white muslin bonnet, with a green gauze veil sewed to the edge.

Miscellany.

HAYMARKET THEATRE. — During the representation of the Scholar on Saturday, July 4, Mr. Farren, as Boodleworm, suddenly lost all consciousness of where he was, or what he was about. The curtain dropped, and he was conveyed to the green-room, where Dr. Seymour, who happened to be in the house, opened a vein, and thus relieved him from immediate danger. He was then sent home, and the next morning was much better.

SURREY THEATRE. — The fair widow, Vestris, made her first appearance at this theatre on the 7th ult. The house was crowded to an overflow. The company experienced much inconvenience from the want of room; and it would be well if some regulation were made that the private boxes,
after a certain hour, unless notice were sent to the theatre that they were wanted, should be at the service of the public. The *Loam of a Lover*, and the celebrated *Deep, deep Sea*, were well chosen for the occasion. We mention, as a great merit in the present day, the acting of Mr. Hooper—spirited without any departure from good breeding; the contrary of which, so common in these days, is so particularly offensive to the more refined public. He endeavours, and successfully, to excel; we could, but we refrain from being invidious, mention the name of a lady on the establishment, who might with advantage make similar endeavours to please an intelligent public. The other performers executed their parts very satisfactorily, leaving the audience content to the full, as it was to the contentment of the clever manager.

The *Royal Colosseum Fête*, for the benefit of the Charing Cross, North London, and Westminster Hospitals, was completely successful. The rooms were most brilliantly lighted up. Nearly half the company wore splendid fancy or court dresses. The refreshments and supper were of the highest credit to Mr. Gunter and stewards. The company did not depart until Aurora had long taken a very prominent place in the ball-room. The road leading to the Colosseum and the houses near the spot were literally crammed with spectators, many of whom must have intended taking part in the festival, only they had forgotten to take their tickets.

The *Review* at Woolwich of the Artillery, was honoured by the presence of the King, the Queen, and most of the members of the royal family. The day was beautiful, the concourse of carriages and spectators gave to the trophies of the field a magnificent appearance; the universal glee was kept up. At the close of the day a rather unusual treat was offered to the public gaze. From that part of Woolwich near the barracks and towards Shooter's-hill, cannon balls and shells were discharged, so as to strike a canvassed erection. After the first round the failures were but few. The balls and bombs could be easily traced in the air, forming a magnificent arch; the former, when not impeded, rolling or bounding onwards up the elevated ground, not far distant from the public road. This exhibition excited the greatest interest and ere it was quite dark, thousands rushed forward to pick up the destructive missiles. The royal party and select cortège honoured the officers by afterwards partaking of a collation previously to the inspection of the dock yard. On the way to town, we have heard of only two accidents.

**EARL MANSFIELD’S FÊTE** to their Majesties and the nobility, and the Hampstead triumphal arch. Of very gratifying treats, this entertainment afforded perhaps the most. The day was so lovely, it might be called a royal day; the sky so clear, that the view in every direction seemed to be unbounded over hill and dale below. Let the advocate of other climes look at this prospect so near a great metropolis, and he will be content to the full; for besides its natural, it has such a varied aspect—here a long country seat, there immeasurable villages and church spires in the distance. Then might be seen the tens of thousands of our pretty countrywomen, who well might vie with the most celebrated of Italy’s clime. It was pleasing to us to see the lively interest taken in the out-door scene by our nobility, they were peeping with the most heartfelt interest at the concourse through every window. The arch was very tasteful, its supporters were solid, and the whole covered with laurel, &c., whilst the intermediate parts were fitted up with seats, and thickly occupied by beautiful tenants. We would fain have rested there in gazing upon their fair and well-formed features, rather than through dust and heat have proceeded to the mansion. The generally opened carriages of the company added greatly to the tout ensemble; and we think we may say, that few entertainments have gone off better. The invited guests were said to have been 800.

**THE REV. DR. CHALMERS.—** The University of Oxford has conferred on this celebrated preacher the degree of L.L.D. So that the Doctor, in addition to D.D., is now L.L.D., and Member of the French Institute—literary honours which never before were in the person of a Scottish clergyman.

**THE PHILOSOPHER’S LANTERN USELESS.**—Mr. Robinson hoped that, before the end of the session, some medical man might attempt to improve the construction of election committees (he might have said committees only). The frequency of the observation, "he has got a good committee," or "a bad committee," proved that the system was vicious. He had often received printed circulars, requesting him to attend particular committees, on account of his supposed political opinions; but he treated such things as, he presumed, all *hon. members!!* would treat them, just as a man might treat an attempt to tamper with him in the capacity of a juror.—*Commons*, July 13, 1835.

**Horticultural Society.**—The public days at Chiswick terminated last month. The concourse was immense, although, on account of the commemoration at Cambridge, not perhaps so great as on some previous occasions. The day was heavenly, and the show superb; but we think some improvement may be made in the mode of exhibiting the fruits and flowers. As they are the real attraction, more space is required, and more light necessary. The entertainment is now confined to music and promenading. The company, highly gratified, did not think of departing until nearly seven o’clock.
Miscellany.

The Duchess of St. Albans lost, at the Grand Colosseum Fête, a ruby set with diamonds; it was restored the next day by the gentleman who found it.

The books sanctioned by the different commissioners of Irish National Education in the separate religious instruction of the children of their respective persuasions, are reported to be:—For Protestant Children—the authorised edition of the Bible; New Testament; Church Catechism; the Church Liturgy; Confessions of Faith of the Church of Scotland; larger and shorter Catechism of the same Church. For Roman Catholic Children—Dowden’s Testament; Rego’s History of Old and New Testament; Morality of the Bible; Gother on the Epistles and Gospels; Dr. Doyle’s Catechism; Reilly’s Catechism; Catholic Christian Instructed; Buller’s General Catechism; Henry’s Historical Catechism; Gobbonet’s Instruction to Youth; The Thanksgiving of Chalmers’s Meditations; Imitation of Christ. We do not profess to know the contents of the several works appropriated for Catholic instruction, but we are decidedly of opinion that if principles injurious to the interests of the community (including therein every religious denomination) can be thereby inculcated, as a national system, it is wholly unsuitable; and moreover, that the public ought not to be called upon to aid the same by pecuniary contributions.

Encouragement of the Arts.—Mr. Ewart moved in the House of Commons for a select committee to inquire into the best mode of extending a knowledge of the arts and the principles of design among the people of this country. The following honourable members took part in the debate—Mr. Rice, Mr. Wyse, Sir R. Inglis, Dr. Bowring, Lord Sandon, Lord F. Egerton, Mr. Colborne, Mr. Potter, Mr. Botwick, Mr. O’Connell, Mr. Warburton. We earnestly incline towards the intention, and beg to point out the most ready and efficacious mode. Let each of the above-named distribute in the libraries and Mechanics’ Institutions in their neighbourhood, some two or three dozen copies of this work. Next, let them offer a reward—a gold medal worth five guineas, or what other sum they please, to the designer, should he be able to draw figures as elegantly and as naturally as those which appear monthly in our publication. We do remember the time when positively for ten guineas we could not get an artist to draw the costume merely one figure to exhibit the fashions. Next, a prize to the engraver who can give his work such a light touch and elegant finish as that which the most careless observer must instantly discover in our designs—next to the paper manufacturer, who will make paper equal in goodness for colouring to that used by us—next to the printer, who will pull his work as clean as ours—next to the ink-maker, who will supply ink of as good and appropriate a colour as our own—next to the various colourers, who, both in execution and in colours, will produce an effect equal to that exhibited by us monthly. And then, when they find they fail, as fail they will, in making an approach to competition with us, some honourable members will wonder how we manage to have such work so beautifully executed; or, if they succeed, we shall be benefitted by being able to find extra hands when a casualty befals our artists, or an extraordinary demand requires a greater number of hands than those ordinarily engaged in executing our chaste and beautiful embellishments. We should be afraid to tell our readers at how great a cost we bought our knowledge how to get our department of the arts to so nearly a generally acknowledged degree of perfection. We hope the booksellers in the neighbourhood of these honourable members will carry in and request orders thus to supply, and thereby encourage most effectually, a better knowledge of the arts of drawing and design.

The Cambridge Receipts, at the installation of the most noble the Marquis Camden, were £2,370; and the expenses, without charging for printing, lighting, erecting orchestra, &c., amounted to £1,947, 11s. 3d.; so that Professor Whitfield will benefit little or nothing.

Cemetery, Frankfort.—We promised the following in our last number:—“One of the wings contains ten cells, in which bodies and coffins are deposited previously to interment, besides a bath and a chamber, to be used in case any signs of life should be perceived. It should be observed that, as a precaution against premature interment, cords are fixed to the finger of the deceased, communicating with a bell, so that the least motion, in case of a posthumous revival, would be instantly made known to an attendant stationed in the apartment adjoining these cells. So careful are they on this subject, that it is strictly prohibited to inter any corpse, until infallible signs of decomposition shall have manifested themselves. This is, indeed, of importance to the living; for of all the horrors that can present themselves to the imagination, nothing can equal the idea of reviving when nailed down in a coffin; the bare thought of its possibility is maddening. One most horrible instance of the kind was reported to have occurred not very many years ago, in the case of a Prussian nobleman, whose body was found, on the vault being shortly afterwards entered, lying with its skull fractured; the wretched man having in his distracted frenzy dashed out his brains against the wall.”—Architectural Magazine.

The Princess Augusta Sophia has been graciously pleased to appoint the very extensive and respectable firm of Messrs. J.
and J. Holmes, of Regent-street, shawl manufacturers to her royal highness.

Prevention of Canine Madness.—Sir W. de Bathe, at the Marylebone vestry, supported by Mr. Potter, suggested an expedient which will we hope be universally adopted: viz., having a sunken trough under each pump to catch the dripping water. In the parish of Marylebone there are upwards of fifty pumps. The cost of each would not, it appears, exceed four shillings. A Mr. Kentsett said he would oppose the measure, if the expense were greater!!! We should like to see in this arrangement, a large iron spoon suspended by a chain, that poor travellers might refresh themselves. There was a time, to the disgrace of humanity, when the handles of the public pumps on the highways were actually chained!

Admission of Ladies to Hear the Debates.—Thursday, July 16th, was an important era in the history of female influence. Mr. G. Berkeley gallantly proposed this measure to the House of Commons, quoting Hatsell, that, in 1716, they were admitted not only into the gallery, but the lower parts of the House. He allowed that it might have the effect of increasing the number of orators, stated many, who might not otherwise address the House, would direct their remarks to the ladies' gallery; but he believed that it might not have that effect to any inconvenient extent, but that it would have the good effect of checking many of those coarse personalities, of which they had had too many specimens in the present session. It would, in his opinion, greatly improve the character of the debates; that they would be carried on before a purer audience. When the motion was read, there was considerable laughter on both sides of the House. Mr. C. Buller and A. French, and several other members, rose simultaneously to second the motion. Lord John Russell opposed it! Upon a division, there appeared, however, for the motion, 153; against it, 104: majority, 49. Mr. G. Berkeley, amidst cheers and laughter, brought up the report upon the ladies' gallery. The hon. member, amidst vociferous cheering, moved that it be printed.

Liberality.—Mr. Mackinnon, M.P. for Lymington, has most generously deposited 1500l. with Messrs. J. Barber, the bankers, to make up the deficiency due in the affairs of the new Baths, all the shares in which are taken.

Attempt at Self-destruction.—The youngest daughter of Francis Dunbar, Esq., of Baker-street, Portman-square, swallowed laudanum on Saturday, the 12th ult. By timely aid, a surgeon succeeded in extracting the whole of the poison. The young lady is about 17 years of age, and had been in a dejected state of mind for several days, but owing to what cause has not transpired.

The Canadians.—The Standard informs us, that when Sir Charles Grey was sworn in one of the Canada commissioners, the King addressed him at some length on his duties, the extent of his oath, that they had been won by British valour, bought with British blood, and improved and enlarged at the expense of this country; his Majesty concurred with these words, which they have endeavoured to give literally: “Remember, sir, these provinces must not be lost or given away, whatever others may say to you, tell you I this,—the Canadians must not be lost or given away.”

Classical Education in America. A boy in America is generally placed at college at fourteen, ready, as is presumed, to enter upon the reading of the easier Latin and Greek authors—Livy and Homer, for instance. To these he is supposed to devote one-third of the time appropriated by the college rules to study. The remaining two-thirds are occupied, not in kindred pursuits, but in maintenances, and some third branch, perhaps modern geography. He has no private tutor to direct his studies, but forms one of a class of twenty or thirty, as the case may be, with whom he has no necessary communication, except that they meet for recitation at a stated hour once a day, in each branch of study. The tutor appears, and if the grammatical construction of the author in hand be correct, word for word, he opens not his mouth. He comes to hear, not to teach; and having dragged round the circle of monotonous recitations from A to Z, until he himself becomes as insensible of the beauties of his class-book as his pupils, he gives the signal, and his thirty boys rush to the light of day, wise in the words of Homer or Sallust, but quite ignorant of their spirit and characteristics. We appeal to those whose experience can prompt them, if it is not a fair representation of the routine of college recitations in the classics. The pupil stands up with his dry translation, variegated only by his gleanings from the notes (which themselves sometimes want explanation), “in Usum Delphini.” Generally he is satisfied with this skeleton mode of complying with the requisitions of his teachers; but if he is a boy of any fancy, he will sometimes warm up in spite of all disadvantages, and feeling something of the soul of his author, give a free, spirited, and poetic version of a beautiful passage, which is immediately and charitably considered as “cribb’d” from a translation, and the offender marked accordingly.

London University.—At the last annual meeting, held the end of June, Lord Brougham in the chair, it was announced, that the same individual, whose name is still unknown (the great unknown, we will call him), had contributed a second sum of 1000l., for the benefit of the Institution.
SUPPRESSION OF MONASTERIES.—By a late ordinance of the King of Prussia, the convents of the Grand Duchy of Posen are to be altogether suppressed at the end of three years, and their revenues to be applied to the support of Catholic worship, and to objects of public instruction. Those establishments only contain 111 individuals of both sexes.

SPIRITS.—In England, Scotland, and Ireland, the quantity legally distilled last year was 23,216,372 gallons, and the duty paid thereon was $2,430,501. £8, 10d.!!! and the consumers the indubitably miserable, half-starved, wretched population of this impoverished kingdom.

BRANCHES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.—The late Countess of Mensdorf, who died on the 9th inst., at Mentz, was eldest daughter of the late Duke of Beneberg, and sister to the reigning duke, the King of the Belgians, and the Duchess of Kent. Her serene highness formed a matrimonial alliance, 24th Feb., 1804, with Count Emanuel de Mensdorf, field-marshal in the Austrian service, lieutenant-governor of the fortress of Mentz. The countess paid a short visit to her illustrious relatives here in the summer of 1833. The inquiries at Kensington-palace, in consequence of this domestic affliction, upon their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, have been exceedingly numerous, and the answers are as satisfactory as can be expected.

Died, in Galicia, on the 17th June, aged 90 years, the Polish Princess Csartoryska, for whom high-mass was performed at the Spanish chapel on the 21st inst.

STEAMER BLOWN-UP.—In the Greenock Intelligencer of the 25th, and the Times of the 29th, July, will be found a full account of the occurrence, and the number of the persons killed and wounded. The account is too long for our pages.

BIRTHS.


MARRIAGES.


DEATHS.

July 6, in consequence of injuries received by the falling of his horse in St. James’s-park, Lord Suffield, in the 54th year of his age. — July 27, Gilbert T. Burnett, Esq., Professor of Botany to King’s College, and the Apothecary’s Company. This event, which was not wholly unexpected, closed the career of a public teacher, whose talent as a scholar, and place in society, will not be easily supplied. He had laboured under a pulmonary complaint for some months, but his mental energies remained unshaken to the last; and it was only on the previous Monday that he gave his first lecture at the Chelsea Botanical Garden. His exemplary Christian fortitude taught him to look forward with an eye of hope to that immortal region, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” — July 21, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Mr. Rouse, of Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, aged 28 years. — July 21, at his house, in Went-square, C. Ward, Esq., aged 63, Accountant of Bye and Cross-road Letters, in which office he had served nearly 50 years. — July 22, at Burton-crescent, in the 19th year of his age, after a short illness, not having survived his eldest brother quite six weeks, James Andrew, third son of the late A. H. B. Caartens, Esq., deeply lamented by his afflicted family, and sincerely regretted by all his friends. — July 23, Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. E. Colebatch, of the Minories, after a few days’ illness. — July 24, at his residence, London-terrace, Hackney-road, Mr. B. Marshall, the celebrated animal portrait-painter, in the 68th year of his age. — July 20, at Wotton-under-Edge, in his 71st year, H. W. Dyer, Esq., for many years a deputy-lieutenant and acting magistrate for the county of Gloucester. — July 22, at Lymington, J. Fraser, Esq., of the Militia Civil Service, son of William Fraser, Esq., of Culloke, Inverness-shire.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons

Lady's Magazine and Museum

Published by J. Pape and Bobbe, 152 Fetter lane, London
MARQUISSE DE MAINTENON
Second wife of Louis XIV.

Born 1635. Died 1719.

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

From the series of ancient portraits.
MEMOIR OF MADAME DE MAINTENON, SECOND WIFE TO LOUIS XIV.

(Illustrated by a whole length Portrait, engraved from Mignard, beautifully coloured.)

"First from esteem my king felt love for me; I loved him thirty years from weakness free; He loved me thirty years as free from blame; Nor queen, nor mistress, guess my state and name!"

Written under Madame de Maintenon's portrait, after her death.

Madame de Maintenon is generally cited as a singular instance of the fickleness of fortune, when really no person was ever less indebted to chance for high rank than this lady. The fact is, that fortune fought against her in a most obstinate and extraordinary manner, depriving her at one time of daily bread, and even worse, shrouding her name under an appellation to excite ridicule. The summer of her days was spent in almost ineffectual struggles for bare subsistence. Virtue, good sense, and high resolve, brought prosperity upon her, and the second wife of the grande monarque of France became a noble example to her sex. As such, we are about to trace her history. We feel it, however, requisite to acknowledge, that we commenced this task with prejudices against Madame de Maintenon. Historians have laid to her charge the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and the persecution of the unfortunate Protestants, by which the reign of her husband was stained. The savants of the French revolution have stigmatised Madame de Maintenon as an ambitious hypocrite, who made religion a cloak for the advancement of her own interests; but a close examination of character and events in summing up her biography, has, in these matters, brought to our minds the conviction, that this lady has been much calumniated.

The adverse circumstances of her life began with her existence: she was born in a prison. A faithful adherence to the Protestant faith had ruined the fortunes of her noble family. Her grandfather, Theodore d'Aubigné, who fought so bravely against the tyrannous league, never forgave his royal friend, Henry the Fourth, for having abjured his religion to confirm the succession. He became malcontent, refused every reward and favour from his sovereign, and being one of the keenest wits in France, when he was forced to lay down the sword, employed his pen in satire and polemical papers against the Catholics. He died poor, and in exile. Many historians suppose that he privately wedded Queen Jane of Navarre, the mother of Henry the Fourth. Constant d'Aubigné, his son, was a zealous Protestant, and was greatly persecuted on account of his religion; and though accused of having murdered his first wife, an amiable and noble young lady, Louisa de Montalembert, ran away with him. They were married at Bordeaux, in 1627, and wishing to mend his ruined fortunes by emigration under the protection of a Protestant state, he applied to the En-
ghish government for permission to settle in the then new colony of Virginia; but this circumstance being discovered, Cardinal Beaulieu threw him into the prison of Nivet, where he suffered a long and rigid confinement. His wife was, however, permitted to share his incarceration. In a little gloomy cell were born two sons, and on the 27th of November, 1635, Francoise, the subject of this memoir. To use her own words, "she thought she was deluged with tears." Madame de Vilette, her father's sister, pitying the forlorn state of Madame d'Aubigné, went to the prison, took away the babe, and her own child, being only a few days older than her niece, it was suckled by her daughter's nurse. In the year 1639, the count obtained his liberty on the promise to turn Catholic: a condition which shows plainly that his incarceration was wholly a religious-political persecution. He speedily adopted measures to leave so perilous a country. He embarked with his family and the remainder of his property for Martinique. On the voyage the little Francoise fell ill, and every one thought life extinct; she was indeed tied on a plank for burial in the sea, when her weeping mother once more took a farewell by clasping her infant in her arms, and kissing the apparently lifeless corpse, to her surprise and joy, "she thought she felt a warmth which betokened continued existence, and eagerly arresting the attention of the crew, the poor infant, whose fate only a few moments more would have sealed for ever, was restored in health and strength to her agonised parents. But she survived to experience several trials, and to enjoy the highest advancement her country could offer. When her father arrived at Martinique, he purchased an estate, which soon became highly productive, and he was making rapid steps towards affluence, when unfortunately a relative of Madame d'Aubigné died, whose demise gave her an estate and title in her native country. This lady considered it her duty to go to France in order to prosecute her claims, and took her daughter with her. Before this departure, Francoise had another narrow escape from an early death. One day she was left on the sea-beach alone, and had an encounter with a monstrous snake, which tried to devour her; but she has not herself given any particulars of her escape. We are not aware of the existence of boas or anacondas at Martinique.

Madame d'Aubigné, upon her return to Martinique, her husband having destroyed his prospects by gambling—he was utterly beggared. This ill-conduct appears to have been the only real crime of which the unfortunate Constant was guilty; and he appears to have fallen into this temptation from ennui at the absence of that faithful and sweet-tempered partner, who, having shared his prison and his exile, had been tempted away by the hope of a fortune, which was never realised. Madame d'Aubigné consoled her husband instead of reproaching him. Having obtained a small military employment in the island, the family subsisted by it till the count's death, which happened shortly afterwards, when Francoise was in her thirteenth year. Madame d'Aubigné had herself entirely educated her children, and solely with the aid of two works, the New Testament and Plutarch's Lives, added to her own personal knowledge and the lessons of experience gained from the family sufferings. These were the themes of her conversation; she related the exploits of their heroic grandfather, Theodore Baron d'Aubigné, the virtues and early death of his royal bride, Jane, Queen of Navarre, till the youthful imagination of Francoise was raised into a feeling of generous emulation: "And what shall I be?" she asked her mother one day after these recitals.

"If you cultivate your mind, whatever you please," said her mother.

"Then I will be a queen," replied the little Francoise.

There is scarcely a lively girl in existence that does not play at queenship; yet with few can it be a prophetic reality.

The death of Constant d'Aubigné left his family destitute and burdened with debt: his widow once more cast her eyes towards that deceitful heritage in France, in pursuit of which she had left her beloved husband to the endurance of his own careless and imprudent spirit. She wished to return to France, but her creditors would not permit her to leave the island; at last they agreed to take Francoise in pawn for the debts of her father, and the poor mother left the forlorn little girl with a breaking heart. Nothing could be more sad than the sojourn of Francoise d'Aubigné with these creditors; they starved her, mocked her, employed her in slavish drudgery, and, at last, when they found there were no hopes of payment from her mother, they treated her so cruelly that a benevolent magistrate interfered, and, having some knowledge of Madame de Montalembert, a relation of her mother's, paid her passage to France, and consigned to her the poor and friendless child. On her arrival at Paris these relations received her with the utmost discontent, and she considered herself worse off with them than with the cruel creditors at Martinique. At last her affectionate mother heard that she was in France, and flew to welcome her, although she had nothing to share with her: she was herself utterly
destitute; yet Madame de Maintenon declares that no happiness ever equaled that which she then experienced in the society of her mother.

Madame d'Aubigné prosecuted her claims on the barony of Duraineau; her opponents sought to wear her out with delay, in hopes of forcing her to compromise; next, she solicited from the court of France the restitution of several large sums of money, which Theodore d'Aubigné had advanced to Henry the Fourth when he was in distress.

Meantime the poor widow and her children were almost famished. Françoise and her daughter, daughter of this equipment, her aunt made their daily bread, and oftentimes they would have been starved, had they not received aid from a convent. In this state of distress Madame de Villete found them, and offered to take Françoise home with her; but scarcely had the poor girl been comfortably settled in the home of her father's sister, when a purser-proud aunt, a Madame de Neuillant, her mother's sister, applied to the government to take Françoise from her kind protectress, under the plea that, as Madame de Villete was a Protestant, her niece would be brought up in the doctrines of the d'Aubigné family; so this poor child, who had often been suffered to want bread, was made an object of contention between rival faiths, and her religious education a matter of state interference.

Madame de Neuillant's disposition was an odious compound between pride and avarice, and never lacked an excuse to reconcile these two clashing passions. She dressed Françoise in the coarsest clothing, and sent her out into the fields to watch her poultry with old Veronique, her servant, who had the care of them, in order that her niece might be a check on the old poultry-woman, and see that the eggs were duly collected. For this worthy purpose, Françoise was called up at six in the morning, costumed as a peasant, with a great straw bonnet on her head, and she took a basket of food in one hand, and a long stick in the other; and, to add to the oddity of this equipment, her aunt put on a black velvet mask, to preserve her splendid complexion from the tarnishing effect of the sun; she likewise gave her Pibraç's poems, and set her a task of twenty lines, which she was to commit to memory before she touched her breakfast. The poultry pasture was on an extensive lawn, about two miles from Madame Neuillant's mansion. Veronique was deaf as a post, and nearly blind; she seated herself under a spreading elm, while Mademoiselle Françoise employed herself in walking about, watching her poultry, keeping them in bounds with her stick, and repeating her verses. When Veronique was in good humour, she would lend the young lady her distaff, and allow her to spin by her side. One morning she found on this lawn (which seems to have been a sort of common) a young shepherd watching some goats, who seemed greatly surprised at the sight of a masked poultry girl. He would have entered into conversation with her; but the young lady quickly gave him to understand she was the niece of the great lady, Madame de Neuillant. In the evening he made a pretence to approach the castle, where he saw Mademoiselle Françoise, with her face unmasked, standing in the orchard for three hours, and she was stationed by her amiable aunt to watch the menials; the old lady, being always alarmed lest she should be robbed, placed this unhappy relative as a sort of sentinel over them.

From that time the young shepherd never missed visiting the pasture every morning, and occasionally brought Françoise a bird's-nest, flowers, fruit, cream, or curds. She considered these attentions as an homage to the niece of the lady of the manor, and received them as such, till at the end of the summer, the shepherd ventured to make her a declaration of love. The indignation of Françoise was very great at this avowal: she immediately left the poultry, and returned to the castle, when, entering the presence of her aunt, she told her that she would never again watch the poultry. Madame de Neuillant was thunderstruck at this revolt of a creature who had never before resisted her most intolerable caprices, and demanded the reason of this sudden determination; but Françoise was so completely humiliated and incensed with the insolence of the young shepherd, that she would not acknowledge the affront she had received, but resolved to suffer expulsion from her aunt's house rather than be placed again in that questionable rank, which subjects a young woman to hear avowals of passion from her inferiors. As she persisted in declining to account for her disobedience, her aunt shut her up for some days, and fed her on bread and water; but finding her firm in her refusal longer to tend hens and turkeys on the

* This anecdote, which is a fact, has been taken by Mr. Leitch Ritchie as the foundation for the story in his romance of French history, called "The Black Mask, or the Lottery of Jewels." He exhibits the passion of the young man as returned by Françoise d'Aubigné, and her shepherd lover as a noble by birth of high degree; nevertheless, the loathing disgust that Françoise really felt impresses on the mind of the readers of that tale the wide difference between history and the romance of history.
common, the dispute ended in her being sent back to her destitute parent.

Her mother placed her in the convent of the Ursulines, near their old prison at Niort: here she stayed only four months, as the money very soon proved she could not afford to pay the trifling sum which was requisite for her board. She had now attained the age of sixteen, and she again returned to Paris to live by the labour of her hands and the alms of the convents. At last, her mother’s opponents in the lawsuit had the effrontery to offer her, as a compromise, an annuity of two hundred livres, which her utter destitution compelled her to accept, although this miserable result of all her hopes appears to have broken her spirits, as her health began at that time to decline.

Madame de Neuillant went soon afterwards to Paris, and sought the company of her niece as if nothing unpleasant had happened, and introduced her into the society of her old friend, the Abbé Scarron.

Madame de Neuillant took her to a party there: Ninon d’Enclos, Madame Coulanges, la Fayette, the Abbé Tetu, and many other writers and authors were present. The shabbiness and shortness of Francoise’s gown (for she had far outgrown it), caused the poor girl to burst into tears. She herself wondered at this emotion, because she had borne the cruelty of the creditors at Martinique, and their sneers and ridicule, with firmness; but she had to learn how painful it is to appear in the company of persons of rank, without dress suitable to the occasion—it was a feminine trial, that many young women find harder to bear than actual calamity. Ninon, the Abbé Scarron, and all his company soothe the timid girl, and paid her every kind attention to revive her spirits. This scene shamed her odious, avaricious aunt into the purchase of a new dress for her niece. Soon after, her mother, being in very ill health, left Paris, with her daughter, for Poitou, having first succeeded in placing her son with a nobleman as page of honour. The mother and daughter proceeded to Niort, a place, though long the scene of the father’s captivity, which appears to have had some interesting associations for this persecuted family. Here her mother was seized with an alarming illness, which speedily terminated in her death; blessing on her poor bereaved child with agonising veneration, adding this maxim, which ought to be laid to heart by every unprotected beauty:—“Fear every thing from man, and put your whole confidence in God.”

After the death of this tender parent, she was an orphan of twenty, without a resource but the labour of her hands, and without a real friend in the world: she wrote to both her aunts, but received no answer. Soon after, she was surprised at receiving a very kind letter from Abbé Scarron, testifying the greatest sympathy in her loss: she answered it gratefully; and this led to a closer friendship, which had great influence on her future life.

Two months passed away before Madame Neuillant took any notice of the dreadful bereavement of her niece; she then wrote to her an epistle, full of heart-hardened insolence; however, as it offered, though very ungraciously, an asylum to the poor destitute girl, she was glad to accept her protection. She afterwards found she was indebted for this notice to the remonstrances of Scarron, who shamed her aunt out of her niggard cruelty. The unfortunate Mademoiselle d’Aubigné went to her aunt’s house, suffering with age, which confined her to her room for quite two months. After much unkind treatment, her aunt took her into society, and she renewed her acquaintance with Abbé Scarron, and through him, with the Paris literati. Among these, the Chevalier de Méré, an intimate acquaintance of Madame de Neuillant, took a great interest in Mademoiselle d’Aubigné; he gave her lessons in Italian, and wrote to her every day; he was a very affected person, but a learned and accomplished gentleman; through his assistance, she made herself mistress of the Spanish and Latin languages, as well as the Italian.

It was in this coterie, into which she was introduced by Scarron, that Mademoiselle d’Aubigné became known to Madame de Montespan, and her brother, the Duc de Vivonne: they were proverbially known for wit and sprightly repartee, and associated themselves with the professional literati at Paris.

Mademoiselle d’Aubigné still endured many slights and much insolent treatment from her avaricious and overbearing aunt. After being witness one day to a scene of this kind, the Abbé Scarron offered, as she seemed very unhappy, either to marry her or pay her portion into a convent. “If you accept my hand, mademoiselle,” he said, “I can offer you a very moderate fortune and a paralytic friend, who can never be any thing to you but a father. All your duties as a wife, will be confined to taking care of a sick man.”

A few minutes’ consideration, Mademoiselle d’Aubigné accepted this proposal, on condition that he obtained the consent of Madame de Neuillant. This consent the abbé soon gained; but when the day of marriage drew near, the aunt capriciously withdrew it, for the thought struck her that she should have paid for the expenses of the wedding. Mademoiselle d’Aubigné was obliged to be married in a
borrowed gown. This marriage garment was lent her by her friend, Mademoiselle de Fons (afterwards Comtesse d’Heudon), who likewise caused her to wear a dress.

Françoise d’Aubigné lost all that remained to her by this marriage—her distinguished illustrious name, a name with which royalty had once been connected, and which need not have been ashamed to have been so allied a second time—and it was replaced by that of—Mme Scarron, after the death of the abbé, a ridiculous and plebeian appellation, which clung to her through her spring and summer days of youth and beauty, and was certainly a blight on her high rank and fortune.

Scarron was a benevolent, but, at the same time, a whimsical, character; his work had a strong bias to coarseness, and he carried his eccentricity to a certain degree of personal buffoonery; but his antics had been put a stop to by the following accident. He was a canon at Mans, and during a carnival held there, he arrayed himself as a savage. The oddity of his appearance caused him to be followed by a great mob, who hunted him into a morass, and kept him so long mid-leg in water, that he caught a cold, which deprived him of the use of his limbs. He was then in his twenty-seventh year; and he had to deplore the loss of those legs which he himself said had danced so gracefully, and off those hands which could paint and play on the lute so elegantly.

When the notary questioned Scarron about the contract of marriage, he said—

"He acknowledged to the bride the possession of two large and piercing eyes, a very beautiful shape, two fine hands, and a large portion of wit." The notary demanded what dowry he gave her? Scarron replied—"The names of the wives of kings die with them, but the name of Scarron’s wife shall live for ever."

* A prophecy, however, that promises to be actually fulfilled, but through her individual merit, rather than through the name he bequeathed her.

He married Mademoiselle d’Aubigné in 1651, when she was only sixteen, and died in 1660, leaving her as destitute as when he married her.

Madame Scarron’s noble friends were very active in soliciting from the king and his ministers a small widow’s pension, on the posts that Scarron had held at court: this was done so indefatigably, that more than once the king threw down the memorial in a pet, exclaiming—"Am I always to be teased with the Widow Scarron?"

Madame Scarron was excused from receiving the marks of bounty that Louis the Fourteenth generally lavished on persons connected with literature by the malice of Fouquet, that licentious and profligate minister, who endeavored to seduce Mademoiselle de la Vallière, who likewise made dishonourable proposals to Madame Scarron, trusting for success to the utter destitution in which she was left. She rejected his offer with scorn. Madame Scarron had several advantageous offers of marriage, none of which she thought proper to accept. Marriage she seemed to have regarded as a worse alternative than want. Her difficult struggle through life had made her calculate minutely the relative advantages of every situation in social life.

At last she obtained the appointment of governess to the children that Louis the Fourteenth had by Madame de Montespan. There was, after the birth of the Duke of Maine, an attempt at concealment, which was kept up for some time; and Madame Scarron retired with her infant charge into a large old-fashioned house in the Marais, at Paris, where she lived in retirement till the little duke was three years old. There were also consigned to her charge, the little Count de Thoulouse, the Count de Vexin, and Mademoiselle de Nantz; all children of the same parents. The readers of Madame de Sevigne’s letters will notice that she repeatedly alludes to this retreat of Madame Scarron. At last Madame de Montespan and her royal lover grew more bold, and acknowledged this family, whose origin was a secret to no one in Paris. The children had received from Madame Scarron all the tender attention of a mother, and returned her the warmest affection. Madame de Montespan soon became jealous, solely on this account; but she had speedily a more serious occasion for jealousy, as the king’s admiration was excited by seeing Madame Scarron performing the tender offices of mother to his sick children, when they were all ill of a fever, and refused to be quiet anywhere but in her arms. This interesting sight, which formed a strong contrast with the splendid attire and careless demeanour of the real mother, who refused to give up a brilliant party when her infants were in danger, made a lively impression upon the king’s heart.

Louis the Fourteenth had but one legitimate child who grew up to manhood—this was the dauphin, whose weak health and limited capacity, with a melancholy temperament, that reminded France of his grandfather, Louis the Thirteenth, rendered him by no means an object of affection to his father. All the paternal tenderness of the king was lavished on his illegitimate offspring. Amongst these, the Duke of Maine, Madame Scarron’s pupil and nursling, was his favourite: this prince was beautiful, with
the exception of a deformed foot; and his infancy was tortured like Lord Byron's, in fruitless attempts to remedy the defect of nature. When Madame Scarron emerged from the breast of the mother in which she had reared this little one, it was to take him to the baths of Barege, where an empiric undertook to cure him. Here the child's health, that had been drooping, was firmly restored; but he was as lame as ever.

His sister, afterwards Duchess de Bourbon, though beautiful, was likewise lame. During the duke's absence from his infirm father, Madame Scarron wrote daily despatches to the king regarding the state of his health and the progress of his education; these letters were so delightful, that they made an indelible impression on the royal mind.

On the return of Madame Scarron with her charge, Louis the Fourteenth began to manifest such admiration for his children's governor, and such a desire to converse with her daily, that Madame de Montespan resolved seriously to rid herself of this dangerous inmate, and, after loading la veuve Scarron with every species of personal abuse, short of beating her, she dismissed her as she would a chambermaid.

A calm appeal to the king, from whom Madame Scarron had officially received the appointment, was the consequence; and the king's authority reinstated Madame Scarron, with an augmented pension, apartment at Versailles, and a manifestation of extraordinary favour. Nevertheless, the mutual bond of the children caused a daily intercourse to be kept up between Madame Scarron and Madame de Montespan, to the infinite constraint and annoyance of both, as all friendship had been destroyed.

Madame Scarron has been accused of ingratitude to Madame de Montespan; we think, with injustice, as she used no art to attract the king's admiration, not even the study of the toilette; the attire in which she always dressed was in advance of her age—she selected quaker-coloured silk, and sedulously concealed her neck and arms, which were surpassingly beautiful—and her conversation was always on subjects of an intellectual or religious cast. She had, in her mother's lifetime, adopted the Catholic religion, to which there is evidence that her mother also returned after her father's death; and this step lost her for a time the tender protection of Madame de Villele, her Protestant aunt.

Just before the king's liaison with Madame de Fontanges, Madame de Scarron, having a child, had earned the consideration of the queen, and the latter, as a mark of respect, invited her to her palace. Madame de Scarron accepted the invitation, and brought her child with her. She was received with great kindness, and the queen was pleased to express her gratitude for her tender care of her children; at the same time she set the example of calling her name to her, and from that moment the name of Madame Scarron appears to have been never used in public parlance.

During the short reign of the Duchess de Fontanges, Madame de Maintenon gladly retired to her seat of Maintenon. She appeared again at court after the king had forsaken the poor dying beauty. The elevation of Mademoiselle de Fontanges rendered the fall of Madame de Montespan irrevocable. The more she indulged her passion in which this lady indulged, destroyed her influence with the king, and he became more and more attached to Madame de Maintenon every day. This lady would only converse with him, on condition that she should never meet him alone, and that he would pay proper attention to the queen; and so wonderful a reformation was effected, that for two years before the queen's death Louis had no mistress. This exemplary conduct brought great credit to Madame de Maintenon, the king's friend, as she was emphatically and truly called. The queen treated her with respect and affection; and she was all-powerful. At court, had she chosen to have used her influence. She obtained leave to found a school for forty-four female orphans: these children, be it observed, she fed, clothed, and educated from her own resources. There is something very touching in the care with which she guarded under her maternal protection so many young ladies, who would otherwise have been as destitute as she was when she returned to France from Martinique. She had bitterly suffered, and her principal object in life was to shield other young females from similar sorrows. There is a tenderness and consideration for their own sex that we always find among the most estimable of women. On the contrary, the bad always hate and try to degrade their own sex.

In 1683, the Queen Marie Therese died; on her death-bed she presented Madame de Maintenon with a ring, accompanied by these remarkable words: "Receive the last pledge of my esteem and gratitude." Madame de Maintenon burst into tears;
the queen soon after expired in her presence. This is a beautiful proof of worth in both. At this time they required all the goodness of heart for which Marie Therese was remarkable to acknowledge her obligations to Madame de Maintenon. Many women would have hated her for the very influence that restored her husband to her arms.

After the death of the queen, the great office which Madame de Montespan had held in her household ceased, and this lady received an intimation that she was to appear no more at court. The king's passionate love had indeed turned into disgust and hatred, which made her presence more irksome to him. Madame de Maintenon was at first in the almost daily companionship of Madame de Montespan, who hated her, and frequently taunted and annoyed her; sometimes she lived in a sort of hollow civility, from the very weariness of constant quarrelling with a person who was domesticated with her. At this time she wrote the memoirs of all that happened at court, and from Madame de Maintenon's MS. some of the above particulars are gathered; that of Madame de Montespan has never been published, although she used often, after her retreat from court, to read lively passages from it to her friends.

Madame de Maintenon, at the death of the queen, was in her 47th year; but she was as beautiful as ever, and the fine bloom on her cheek equaled that of a girl. She was four years older than the king, and yet she gained and preserved his affection. He thought, that, as some of her scruples were removed, she would no longer refuse to receive him as a lover; he was greatly mistaken, and then he began to quarrel with her; but these quarrels, which would have thrown a girl into the greatest despair and anguish, confirmed Madame de Maintenon in her belief of the depth of his attachment. Calm and unimpassioned, she always gained the advantage. All the court were paying homage to Madame de Maintenon; and those ladies who pertinaciously refused to visit Madame de Montespan, eagerly sought the society of her rival. About this time, a singular incident occurred at court; whilst she was giving her usual audience to the poor, an old priest pressed through the crowd and said to her, in a loud voice—

"It is now thirty years, madam, since I have seen you; can you recollect that on your return from the West Indies you used to appear every Thursday before the gate of the Jesuits, where the young men of the order used to distribute provisions to the poor? Being one day employed myself in this distribution, I distinguished you among the crowd of supplicants, and was struck with the nobleness of your countenance, and with your embarrassment, and from that moment I sent your provisions home to you."

During this strange address, all eyes were eagerly fixed on Madame de Maintenon, but they could not perceive the least signs of confusion or displeasure; and when the ecclesiastic had finished speaking, she said, calmly—

"Was it you, sir, who kindly spared me the distress of asking relief? I perfectly recollect all you have been saying, and am pleased to think one of my first benefactors returns this day to my memory."

She then questioned the priest as to his station in life, and found after leaving the college of the Jesuits, he had spent his days as a village schoolmaster, and that his highest ambition was to become the cure of a parish. The king entering the apartment at the moment, in her own charming language and manner she made known the circumstance to him; he appointed the old priest to a living, and of course this person departed with his mouth full of the praises of Madame de Maintenon. If this scene had been purposely got up by some of the court to remind Madame de Maintenon and the king of her former destitution, it was rendered of no effect by her calm, generous, and dignified manner of meeting it.

Her noble foundation of St. Cyr, as an educational convent for female orphans, appears to have been the only purpose in which she employed money. The king found it was useless to attempt to obtain Madame de Maintenon on any other terms than those of wedlock: his minister, Louvois, opposed all indications of the king's marriage with great obstinacy. He thoroughly hated Madame de Maintenon, and went on his knees to beg him not to give his hand to the widow of Paul Scarron. Truth compels us to own, that the origin of this resolution may be traced, not so much to the king's admiration for feminine virtue, nor to pure love for Madame de Maintenon, as to his refined selfishness. He wanted a nurse, on whose tenderness and devotion he could rely. In 1683, Louis the Fourteenth, being afflicted with a grievous cancerous malady, which he wished to conceal from the court. He was privately married to Madame de Maintenon, and three months afterwards he underwent an operation, which the French surgeons performed with great success; and by the attentive care of his wife, he was restored to health, and passed with her a wedded life of upwards of thirty years. So much for the motives of this celebrated marriage. But is it probable that a profligate and a seducer could have had motives
of unmixed virtue in a marriage of the kind? No; he was equally selfish when governed by his passions, and when overruled in his intentions by motives of expediency.

There was no marriage contract when they were united, no ceremony but the religious ritual, which was performed by the Archbishop of Paris, and Père la Chaise, the king’s confessor, in the presence of the king’s valet and two female friends of Madame de Maintenon. The ceremony was not witnessed by the king, who had business to attend to in the morning; and ten o’clock the next evening Madame de Maintenon took off her plain grey gown, and was robed in a rich dress of silver brocade: her neck was ornamented with a superb diamond chain that the king had given her in the morning; and she tied on her arm a beautiful miniature of the king, painted by Petitot, which she declared should never leave her but in death. She was then in her fifty-second year, but her beauty was still splendid. The next day, at noon, Madame de Maintenon went to chapel to hear mass: the pew of the deceased queen had been kept locked since her death, and now the king with his own hands unlocked and handed Madame de Maintenon into the queen’s place; all the court expected to hear her proclaimed queen after mass, but she re-entered her former apartments, and received her visitors with her usual unassuming suavity of manner.

It is reported that the king had said to her, “Only express the wish, and I will declare to my court who is the queen of France;” but it was at her earnest entreaty that she was permitted to preserve herself incognito; she declared that his subjects should never say he had made a queen of the Widow. However, Louis declared, before that altar where her matrimonial vow had been plighted, that to him she should always be queen; and accordingly he made the mysterious acknowledgment of her rank by placing her in the queen’s seat at chapel, a place she always occupied during his life. They were married at Versailles, where Madame de Maintenon constantly resided with her husband in strict retirement, dividing her time between her school of St. Cyr, which was situated at the end of the park, and her duties of a wife. While the king was occupied in private consultations with his ministers on this side, and the queen on that, she never interfering, excepting when the king used to say, “And what does your solidity say to this?” or “What does your rationality think of it?” or “What does this serene lady consider?” Then she would give her opinion with brevity and modesty; it was always on the side of moderation and humanity, and was not often adopted by Louis and his violently-tempered minister, Louvois. Most unjustly do historians lay to the charge of this lady the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and the persecution of the Protestants. Was it probable? She had been a persecuted Protestant herself. The best beloved of her relatives were still firm Protestants. Her own lordly line of heroes and martyrs were Protestant heroes and Protestant martyrs. Nor did she, like many religious converts, rush to a bigotted extreme in her adopted faith; she was a moderate and rational Catholic; she was the friend of the mild, humane Fenelon; she had provided him as tutor to her royal grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, heir-apparent to France. Her relative, the Cardinal de Noailles, was a liberal and enlightened Catholic; he had caused to be burnt some pretended relics to which he declared idolatrous worship was paid. The cardinal fell into disgrace with the king on account of his endeavours to reform the Catholic church; and Madame de Maintenon, though she grieved for her friend, whom she still continued to regard, would not contest the matter against the king’s pleasure.

It is known that she pleaded with tears for the Protestants, and that the king sternly addressed these words to her—“You grieve me, madame, by this conduct; may it not be attributed to some lurking partiality for your former religion.”

In some of her letters she declares, “I have some compassion for these, who are more unfortunate than guilty; Henry the Fourth was of this religion, and many more of our greatest men.”

Here are the greatest proofs of liberality; there need none other but the fact of her being the firm friend of Fenelon, during both his prosperity and his disgrace. We consider she was as much the friend of the Protestants, as cautious conduct in a wife would permit her to be. She has, too, been accused of hypocrisy for self-interest; but how did she advance her interest?—Not in the acquisition of wealth; for while the king’s wife, she never possessed any thing but her estate of Maintenon, the revenues of which she gave away—not for grandeur, for she lived in retirement—not for dress, jewels, or luxury, for she made no use of any such things. All the power she craved, was the power of providing an asylum for female orphans, who were as destitute as she had once been; and this was done quietly and unostentatiously. The closer we look into the history of this lady’s life
and motives, the more we are compelled to declare, that it is not by such fruits that hypocrisy is known.

Madame de Maintenon lost her royal husband on the 14th of September, 1715, after a union of nearly thirty years. He left no wealth to his widow, but recommended her to the Duc d'Orleans, his nephew, who was regent during the minority of the king's great grandson, Louis the Fifteenth. The regent settled on her an annuity of about three thousand pounds per annum, which was all she possessed beside the estates of Maintenon. She had never craved wealth or power for her relatives, and they were very moderately provided for, scarcely possessing more than the crown owed them for monies that their ancestor Theodore, Baron d'Aubigné, had advanced to Henry the Fourth. There was an upright honesty about this lady, in regard to pecuniary matters, that deserves the attention of all females raised to high rank.

Madame de Maintenon survived her husband four years; she was bedridden for the last few months, and a little weary for her release. Although the soundness of her temper was never impaired. She retained her intellects fully to the last.

Peter the Great, when he came to Paris, was very anxious to have an interview with Madame de Maintenon. She was at that time infirm and bedridden. He was admitted into her apartment, and drew aside the curtains to look at that face which had animated her sovereign. His earnest gaze brought a blush over her pale cheeks. The czar did not speak to her; he dropped the curtain, and retired.

The arrestation of the Duke de Maine, her beloved pupil and adopted son, on account of the conspiracy, Collarage, was her death-blow; when she heard of it she fainted, fever came, and never left her. The chief suffering of Madame de Maintenon's, after she obtained her elevation, was ennui; and this makes us suspect that she was not in love with the king. One day, tired with sitting in the house, she said to her brother, Count d'Aubigné, "I can bear it no longer; I wish I were dead."

D'Aubigné replied with some wit, and more profaneness—"Then I suppose you have a promise of marriage from the Almighty."

The daughter of one of her aunts, Clara de Villele, married the celebrated noble author and statesman, Bolingbroke. She had much of the charm of mind and manners of her aunt. Another of her nieces, her brother's daughter, married the Duc de Touraine, to whose family she was much attached. To one of these ladies she thus describes the state of her own mind, which we extract from letters still extant:

"I was naturally ambitious; I strove in vain to subdue that passion. I really thought that I should be happy when its highest desires were satisfied. That infatuation lasted but three days."

"Alas!" she says, in one of her letters to her nieces, "why can I not give you my experience? why can I not show you how the great are devoured by ennui, and with what difficulty they get through their day? Do not you see that I die of misery in a situation so much beyond my most extravagant wishes? I have been young and beautiful, and was a general favourite. In more advanced age, I spent my time in cultivating my understanding by reading and by conversation. At last I have procured the favour of my sovereign: yet, I can assure you, that all these things leave a terrible void in my mind."

"Could any thing," observes Voltaire, "undeceive the ambitious, the confessions in this letter would have that effect."

Her person was lovely, and her beauty lasting: her height was majestic; her complexion delicate and brilliant; her eyes large and dark, and bright or soft, as her feelings prevailed; her hair a brown auburn, flowing in natural ringlets.

Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, always speaks of Madame de Maintenon spitefully and detractingly. A strange jealousy of the wives of her brother-in-law, Louis the Fourteenth, seems ever to have animated this princess when she mentions them in her letters. She says, Madame de Maintenon had eyes full of fire; but her mouth was tied, and her nostrils fiercely inflated: which defects gave her an unpleasant expression. She is the only person who detracts from the beauty of this lady. Madame de Maintenon possessed the very soul of generosity. Perhaps there never was an instance of so little acquisitiveness and so much benevolence in a person elevated to a high station.

She did not suffer much on her deathbed: she was perfectly composed and sensible. A few days before her death she added a clause to her will, by which she bequeathed the king's miniature to one of the d'Aubignés; and after writing the codicil, she said, smiling, to Mademoiselle d'Aumale, her adopted child, "This is written pretty firmly still."

"Two days before her death she said to the same lady, "I am very ill now; but let us send our poor their pensions."

This was the first time in her life that she did not cast up her accounts herself. She said, "I have paid my poor in advance; thus shall I distribute alms after my death."

She left but 30,000 livres in cash, her furniture and plate, which last was worth
Song.

but 15,000 livres, and one single diamond which the king had given her, and the only one she ever wore after his decease; this she left to the Duchess de Noailles. By the marriage articles of this lady, the reversion of the Maintenon estate was settled on her, so that her aunt had little to leave. Her will was most interesting; she requested she might be interred in the convent burial-ground of St. Cyr, without the least pomp; but this was the only thing in which she was not obeyed. She was interred in the choir of the church. The nuns of St. Cyr bore the coffin, her elder pupils the pall, and the rest carried wax tapers; the church resounded with sobs and expressions of grief when her coffin disappeared from the sight of the young orphan females whom she had so fondly cherished. A mausoleum was raised over her body, in which she was named as Madame Francoise d’Aubigné, Marquise de Maintenon: all mention of her husbands is suppressed; one being too mean, the other too exalted, for notice.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

After her marriage, Madame de Maintenon was always drawn in the ermine robe of a queen; the present portrait is well known as one of those painted by Mignard; the others represent her in the costume of St. Frances, her patroness, after she conformed to the Catholic faith. When Mignard was dubious whether he should introduce the royal ermine into the picture of the saint, "Yes," said the king, "give St. Frances her royal mantle, for she well deserves it." This was after he had offered her his hand, and she sat to Mignard a few days before their union.

The present picture is in the fashion of the latter years of Louis the Fourteenth’s reign: she wears the high corset pyramidal cap then in vogue; a black scarf ties like a hood at the back of the cap, and lace lappets hang beneath. The robe is purple velvet, lined with ermine, open with a train, and looped back with jewels. The sleeves are tight to the shoulder and arm; the lace and ermine ruffles load the lower arm. A petticoat of the same material as the robe is shown, splendidly flounced with ermine to the knees; and it is headed by a splendid chain, and clusters of rubies and emeralds. Her white gloves are embroidered, and she holds a splendid missal in her left hand.

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SONG.

THE MAID OF TOWY'S VALE.

In Towy’s vale there lives a maid
In whom no guile is found,
In all the bloom of youth arrayed,
With gay good-humour crowned.
Soft-gliding to the gazer’s heart,
Her smiles, that never fail,
Their native health and warmth impart:
Sweet maid of Towy’s vale!

The scenes of Nature met her view
In childhood’s happy hour;
In them she lived, from them she drew
A rich and ample dower.
Her voice so soft, her heart so kind,
Her smiles that never fail,
The sunshine of a cheerful mind:
Sweet maid of Towy’s vale!

On Grongar's height—by Towy’s stream—
Where'er she chance to rove,
May tears ne'er cloud her eyes' mild beam,
Or sighs her bosom move!
At home, abroad, on plain or hill,
May smiles that never fail,
With health and peace attend her still—
Sweet maid of Towy’s vale!

WHY SHOULD MAN BE PROUD?

Soon the glossy jet-black hair
Turns to grey with age and care:
The ruby lip and brilliant eye
Lose their lustre—fade and die.
Thus does Nature cry aloud,
Why should fragile man be proud?
The fairest form, the brightest face,
Must quickly yield to Death's embrace;
Must leave the light, must seek the gloom,
Must be the tenant of the tomb.
Thus does Nature cry aloud,
Why should fragile man be proud?
The village girl and gaudy queen
Alike must quit this transient scene;
Must leave each glittering bauble here,
In hope to find some happier sphere.
Thus does Nature cry aloud,
Why should fragile man be proud?

Wiseton, June, 1835.

THE PLAGUE CLOUD.

A SCOTTISH TRADITION.

It is a subject for pleasing reflection that, notwithstanding the loveliness with which bounteous nature has invested innumerable portions of the earth, it has been in the power of man to add to their attractions, and cause scenes, which would otherwise make but a transient impression, to sink to the very "heart of heart"—to the soul itself. The charm to which I allude is TRADITION; and I think it will be conceded as a truism, that, while climbing the ruins of some stately castle, or threading the mazes of a romantic dell, we always do so with increased pleasure, when we conceive ourselves treading in the footsteps of some legendary hero, or standing on a spot consecrated by some deed of glory. At such moments the soul takes its flight to times that were; and the past becomes present in our imagination, clothed in all its tale-told witcheries. We turn from the events of every-day life to the world of romance: we revel in the luxuries of imagination, and become uplifted into the regions of poetry.

Let not, then, the traveller turn a deaf ear to the local tales with which a rustic would beguile him; for, independently of the immediate amusement he may receive, it is more than probable that a hundred such emotions as I have alluded to, may at a future period be awakened by calling them to memory as he passes through the places where they are fabled to have occurred. Many may smile at the apparent simplicity of my advice, and suggest that a search after the great truths of nature would more seem the traveller, than to waste his time over the barbarous fictions of a superstitious peasantry. But a moment's consideration will convince them that it is possible to prosecute those very inquiries best, by pursuing the identical conduct which they suppose would lead them astray. Tradition is the kaleidoscope of early facts; which, being turned by time, assume a wild, fanciful, and, may-be, beautiful form, far from inherent in them. How delightful a task, then, for the philosopher to trace these things to their primitive positions; and how great the powers of mind requisite for executing such a task. By these means, truths of the utmost importance have been gleaned from "auld wives' tales," and lights thrown upon circumstances of early history, which but for them would have been misunderstood forever—facts, too, of vital importance to the cause of science and history in general. Let us, therefore, hear no more of the insignificance of country legends;—be it remembered that the Holy
The Plague Cloud.

Scriptures have adopted authentic traditions.

These observations suggested themselves to my mind while on a recent visit to Scotland; which country abounds more, perhaps, with tales of the wonderful and the wild, than any other in Europe. Many of these, possessing interest, are already before the public in various shapes, thanks to the gifted pens of Burns, Hogg, Allan Cunningham, Scott, and others: I am therefore unprepared to offer one possessing many of the ingredients above mentioned; but as the following is not without interest, and, moreover, as it has never been published before, I will venture to try its ability of beguiling away a short half hour. To effect this, I must transport my reader to the eventful year of 1665, when the great plague stifled the heartless mirth of a licentious court, and made the air resound with the lamentations of despair; nathless, I will not pain him by a flight amid such scenes, but travel further north, where he must fancy himself overlooking the town of Nigg, from the celebrated promontory of Girdle Ness, where stood a cluster of persons (at the time of which I write) engaged in an animated discussion concerning two brigs which had been observed standing out at sea, for some hours previously, to the N. E. of the small, but far-famed island of Downing-hill; as if debating whether to take the river Dee, or pursue their trackless path across the German Ocean.

"I tell thee ance mair, Davie Kilderkin, that the craft hae an awesome appearance; and I'm aweasome at the sight. Wha kens but what the spectre hulks hae taen a fit to come this gate? Be guided, guide-man, and seek the meenester afore ye venture ayont the shore after siccan bogle-bearing brigs!" This was said by the elder of the party, whose head chronicled the advent of at least threescore and ten winters. He was clad in the coarse but cleanly garb of a peasant of the superior class; and although some of the bystanders apparently differed with him, and were evidently men more wealthy, yet he was listened to with that degree of reverence which the Scots, beyond all others, know so well how to award to old age.

The person he addressed appeared by his bearing to be a man of no small importance; he was attired more in the English fashion than the others, spoke more in the Southern tongue, and assumed, in his attitude and looks, a show of superiority which, though tempered by perfect good-humour, commanded the respectful deference of those around. He was a chief officer of the Customs; and thus replied to the admonitory observations addressed to him—"Hoot, toot, man, are ye daft? If yonder vessels do contain bogles or spirits aboard, 'tis in the shape of French brandy; I rede me weel, that David Kilderkin hasna enjoyed the confidence of his Majesty (Gude gie him grace and long life!) in my official capacity, without acquiring power to discriminate atwixt a phantom ship, an honest trader, and a contraband."

"There are objections to their being either o'the three," observed a young man of the party. "If the first, it wad at a' events wait till the gloaming; for I never ken'd a spec tre court the noon-tide sun. If the second, she wad ha' made the cove langsyne, as there's nae stress o'weather to be ony hindrance: and as to the third, she canna be a smuggler."

"And why not, sir?" asked the Excise dignitary, somewhat fiercely.

"Because the free-traders are too well acquainted wi' the vigilance of Mr. David Kilderkin to venture near Nigg, without the screen o' midnight," replied the young man, bowing gravely; although an observer might have detected a latent smile of archness as he demurely compressed his lips.

"I'll tell thee what, Sandy, lad," said Kilderkin, his features relaxing into an approving look; "thou art the most douce and sonse younker in the parish, and your arguments are not without weight. But what, then, do you opine these ships to be?"

 Ere this question could receive an answer, a bright flash was suddenly emitted from one of the vessels in question, succeeded by the report of a cannon, which came booming across the waters. Immediately afterwards a yellow flag was observed slowly ascending to the main-topmast, like a bird of omen, and there became fixed as if hovering above the doomed. "See, see!" cried the young man, "a mystery is now explained. You ships have the plague aboard, and are performing quarantine." These observations excited a visible consternation amongst the hearers, which soon gave way to feelings of exultation.
in the breasts of those who had combated the opinions of David Kilderkin.

"I wad hae wagered my last bawbee that she was nae smuggler," said one of these worthies in a tone of triumph.

Now Davie, though he inwardly quaked at the chance of infection, was determined not to be beaten so easily; he accordingly looked with ineffable disdain upon the speaker, and replied, "The Lord be praised, we are not a' such scant-o-wits as thee! My friends, this shallow device shall not blind me: it is plain that the rogues have adopted this manoeuvre in order to remain unmolested until nightfall, and then land their cargo; but I will on board, and spoil their plans."

This determination was vehemently opposed by all present; but opposition was only like oil to fire, and the Excise officer departed to fortify himself with a dram of whisky, previous to carrying his fixed resolve into effect. "Weel, weel," exclaimed the old peasant who had formerly spoken, "let him gang his ain gate; a wilfu' man will ne'er be guidit. He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar; and so saying, he took his departure, followed by all his companions, with the exception of the young man whose good sense had shone rather conspicuous above that of the rest. This was a prime favourite in the town of Nigg, in which place he had been born. His legitimate appellation was Alexander Strong-i-th'-arm, but he was better known by the more familiar cognomen of Sandy Armstrong. He was one of those kind of men who form the pride of a nation; free in spirit, yet holding existing powers as sacred; inquiring and intelligent, yet applying those qualifications to proper objects, instead of seeking to baffle truths, and overturn the awful revelations of Holy Writ by vain philosophy. He possessed strength in an eminent degree, but never used it in a wrong cause. His courage was undoubted, yet he exercised a forbearance on all occasions, which had prevented many a fatal broil. Witty, shrewd, and strong-minded, he strove to direct the judgments of his compères, instead of warping them; and, in fine, he might be said to possess but one fault—id est, presumption. Sandy occupied no higher rank than that of a freehold cottager, earned his daily bread by the labour of his hands, yet did he presume to cast the eyes of affection upon the fair and only daughter of Sir Maximilian Heatherbloom, laird of that ilk, whose life he had formerly saved, in recompense for which the aforementioned cottage was bestowed upon him. Such temerity, in many cases, might have been severely punished, especially as the young lady returned the affection of her lowly lover; but the worthy knight adopted a wholly different course, for he was an easy, good-natured man, and made allowances for the sentiments which beauty on the one side, and estimable qualities on the other, had excited. When, therefore, the loves of the youthful pair were first made known to him, he summoned Sandy to his presence, and asked if such was really the case? The young man at once confessed the truth, and urged in extenuation that after rescuing Effie from a watery grave, his heart had been trepanned by the constant view of her growing charms, which the laird in consequence had himself afforded, by frequent invitations to the hall, aided by the grateful bearing of the young lady, whose deportment towards him, exclusively, was well calculated to rouse the pride and affections of such a heart as his.

"Weel, Sandy, my braw lad," returned Sir Maximilian, when the youth had spoken, "there's nae guiding the heart, I confess, and yours is a sair case. But how do ye intend to set about gaining my consent? Ye canna suppose that, much as I esteem you, I will gie my only child in marriage to a hind; and as to getting her without, that ye'll never do, as Effie has been taught to reverence the fifth commandment too highly."

"Believe me, Sir Maximilian, I will never try," returned Sandy, much embarrassed by the laird's question; and after pondering for some minutes, he was obliged to own that he could find no argument to combat what the knight advanced, and concluded by saying, with much naivété, "Mayhap, laird, ye'll be so unco gude as pit me in the way of getting your consent yoursel!"

The perfect simplicity with which this was uttered, elicited a hearty laugh from the knight, who said in answer, "Hooily and fairly, friend Sandy—wad ye hae me gie counsel against mysel'! However, I'll not baulk your expectation o' an answer: get the siller, mon—get the siller, and Effie Heatherbloom shall be your mate."
"But I've nae means o' gathering worldly gear," said the petrified Sandy.

"Then get that which procures it—fame," returned the laird of Heatherbloom, dismissing the youth with a wave of his hand. In acting thus, Sir Maximilian was induced by the idea, that through interposing no obstacle but that which might be overcome by Armstrong's own exertion, the result would accrue which too frequently attends a man so placed with regard to a desired object, namely, that a certainty of attaining that object whenever he chose to make the proper endeavours, would induce security—indolence—procrastination, and, finally, disinclination. Now, had the point of Sandy's ambition been anything other than it was, Sir Maximilian might have judged rightly; as man is too prone to forego a purpose when anticipated objections are removed or withheld, and its attainment left to himself; but as the mighty flame of love was the kindling power which lit up Sandy's wishes, the knight should have called to mind the toils of Jacob for Rachel; also the anecdote of the artist, who rose from a mechanical calling to supreme excellence as a painter, in obedience to the test to which his loved one's father put his passion, and have adopted another course.

As it was, the lovers continued undisturbed to make daily additions to their affection by daily meetings; whilst Sandy worked night and morn at the noted granite quarries, in hopes to acquire a capital, which he might employ with profit in some of the bold but fruitful speculations of the period.

It was now about the hour when the pair usually held their tryst; and as soon as Sandy ascertained that his companions were out of hearing, he turned to descend the acclivity on which he stood into a deep glen at its base, where he was certain to find the constant Effie. Nor was he disappointed; true to the hour, his ain high-born lassie was seated on the root of an old oak tree, which, time out of mind, had been the hallowed spot for young hearts to breathe their vows in. It is at all times sweet to meet the loved one we have selected from all the world as a companion along the chequered path of life; but how seldom do the feelings arrive at that pitch of eustacy which Sandy experienced on reflecting that the hand which he, a peasant, pressed so fondly, and which returned his pressure, was sought by the wealthy of the land; that the eyes which bent in softness and affection upon him, and him only, were accustomed to shine amid the brightness of lordly halls; and that the mind which had formed an indissoluble union with his, was purified and exalted by virtue, education, and communion with superior society. The adorations of the ancients for a goddess could not surpass his for Effie, when he thought on all these things.

"My sweet leddy—my ain gracious Effie," began the youth, "I fear me I ha' tasked your gentle patience, but I ha' been detained by matters of nac common interest."

"Nay, dinna seek to make excuses, luve," returned the innocent and lovely girl; "I ken weel that you would not loiter without a cause." So saying, she confidently resigned herself to the encircling arm of Sandy, and, with her head resting against his shoulder, slowly wandered onwards to court the breezes of the fairy vale.

Nature seemed to have formed this spot for lovers; wild, sequestered, and peaceful, it abounded in all the romantic beauties which attune so well with hearts that are uplifted beyond the common sensations of mortality, while the heaven-aspiring Grampians, which towered on every side, refined those feelings by their majestic grandeur, and almost rendered them sublime!

To be alone in such a place as this, with such a being as Effie, Sandy felt to be the summit of bliss, and wrapped in a delirium of delight, he wandered on hour after hour, listening to her artless expressions of love, and pouring out his whole soul into her attentive ear in return. How long this delightful interchange of sentiment might have extended is uncertain; for suddenly, and without the slightest previous intimation, it was broken in upon by a cry, or rather yell, of despair, made by a thousand voices, as fraught with all the intonation of agonizing terror as any that had ever withered a mortal ear. It was a burst of sound which winged its startling way direct from the hearts of those who uttered it to the hearts of those who listened; and for a few moments the dismayed lovers were transfixed, as if palsied, to the spot they were crossing.
The Plague Cloud.

But it is time to attend the movements of Mr. David Kilderkin.

That worthy official having laid in a quantum suff: of the artificial courage induced by ardent spirits, summoned several inferior officers to his aid, and boldly entered the government boat. It would be a waste of time, though it might excite some amusement, to detail the various commentaries and absurd conjectures made by these worthies on their passage to the ships which have obtained such frequent mention. Suffice it that they reached them without having adjusted their conflicting opinions; and David was about to use no ceremony in boarding one of them, when he was hailed by a gruff but melancholy voice, which demanded his business.

"To overhaul the ship, in search of contraband goods which are suspected to be on board; therefore, in the king's name, I charge ye, stay me not," answered the redoubtable Davie, clutching at the painter.

"Back, back, on your life!" shouted the officer of the watch, "are ye mad?—see ye not the ensign of plague floating above our quarter-decks?"

"Tent me there, gillie," returned the exciseman with a knowing wink, "that tale will bear two editions, and I warrant that I'll read the right afore I've done. See here's a pistol weel gutted with lead and powther forbeye—and if ye dinna step aside, it shall stretch ye a dead man where ye stand." This threat had the effect of startling the person above, and causing him to retreat, irresolute how to act. Davie seized the favourable opportunity, and leaped aboard, followed by his trusty partisans. The noise attracted the commander of the ship, and he promptly advanced to learn the reason. On this being explained, he eyed David with a fierce expression of contumely, and said, "No wonder that the wise precautions of quarantine are made abortive, when every drunken fool who serves the Customs may tempt infection and carry it ashore. However, sir, since you have been so foolhardy, follow me, and I will convince you how much you have erred." With these words he led the way to his cabin, and thence over other parts of the ship, which in succession underwent a diligent scrutiny by Kilderkin, but without the discovery of aught improper. Having completed his ineffectual search, he was about to acknowledge himself in fault, when he observed that the hatches were closed over a part of the vessel which he had not visited. These he instantly desired to be removed.

"Not for worlds!" cried the captain. "But few hours have elapsed since a man died there of the plague, and I should risk the lives of myself and crew, perhaps of half Scotland, if I unclosed these hatches before proper precautions had been taken."

Kilderkin was doggedly obstinate. "It's nae use talking—I maun do my duty," he replied.

"And I must do mine, sir," said the commanding officer; "therefore quit the ship, for nothing shall induce me to permit your farther interference."

"Harkee!" cried David, "I ha' made preparations for resistance; and if I discharge this pistol, its report will bring half Kincardine to assist me; therefore ye had better yield to persuasion, what ye maun then do to force."

The captain was thunderstruck at this intimation. "For the love of God," he exclaimed, "forego your purpose! I call Heaven to witness that my words are true, and that dool and death will follow your rashness if you persist."

"I canna help it—the laws maun be attended to, ye ken," said the foolish exciseman, and without further parley he opened the fatal hatchway.

Like the dank steamy air which issues loaded with infection from a lazarette—like the last humid breath which quivers on the lips of a leprous man—like the unwholesome fog which rises from some noisome marsh after the sword of battle has filled it with blood and dead men, was the tainted vapour which now burst from the hold, as Kilderkin removed the barrier that had hitherto confined it. Uttering a cry of horror, David sank motionless upon the deck; for not only did the deadly odour meet his scent, but scare his eyes by assuming a tangible and visible form in the shape of a diminutive yellow cloud. At this dreary spectacle the men of iron nerves who composed the ship's crew, and had unflinchingly guided her through the storm and through the flood, stood aghast, gazing as if the last day had come upon them. For many minutes the fearful object hovered over its recent tomb; and then, as if impelled by a volition of its own—for not a breeze stirred—it rolled upon the deck, and with a slow mournful..."
motion made its noiseless way to the bulk-head. Here it paused a moment.

"God shield us!" cried the captain solemnly, and sunk upon his knees.

The prayer reached that ear which is ever open, and the hideous cloud lifted upwards, vibrated a short time on the edge of the vessel, and then rolled to the surface of the sea, over which it continued its course in the direction of Nigg.

This was observed by the people whom Kilderkin had stationed to watch his progress, and with one voice they raised that wail of fear which had so awfully broken upon the converse of Effie and her lover.

Sandy was not a man to pause when action was necessary. He knew that danger threatened, which was more perilous as he was ignorant of its form, and that Effie must be defended from whatever it might be. He had therefore no sooner roused himself from his momentary stupor, than he caught the maiden in his arms, and flew with her to the brow of Girdle Ness, and in an instant beheld the terrible yellow cloud which had occasioned such alarm.

Rock, hill, promontory, and bay, were lined with spectators, who fired guns, rolled down large stones, and exhausted every means they could devise to obstruct the PLAGUE-CLOUD in its progress, but without effect. On, on, rolled that harbinger of death with an undeviating tortoise-like pace, surmounting every obstacle as if none had existed, and maintaining its desolating way unchecked. It neither moved to the right nor to the left, but rolled straightforwardly through the town of Nigg, in the immediate direction of Heatherbloom castle, whose wide portals were precisely in its path. This was instantaneously noticed by the laird, who at once foresaw that if it gained an entrance it would spread infection through his house, from whence its baneful effects might spread all through Scotland.

"What is to be done—what is to be done?" shouted he in despair; "a thousand merks and my daughter’s hand to him who will avert this calamity!"

"A thousand merks and the hand of Effie Heatherbloom to the destroyer of the plague-cloud!" was echoed from every eminence, though not a soul attempted to move.

This was sufficient for Sandy; he placed Effie upon the ground, and e’er she could inquire his purpose, kissed her pale brow and flew down the rock. His cottage skirted its base, he was consequently not many minutes before he reached its shelter. Here he provided himself with a large linen bag, which he fixed to a pole, after the fashion of a fowler’s net, and slinging it over his shoulder, again quitted the cot to place himself in the path of the plague-cloud.

The anxiety and interest of the beholders were now intense: the mass of dense yellow fog moved not aside, and the devoted Armstrong seemed a doomed man. With undaunted courage he coolly surveyed his approaching enemy, which appeared (as it ever and anon withered and became distorted) like a fiend, whose jaundiced features were worked by hatred and malignity. At length it came within a few yards of Sandy, and not a man in sight ventured to draw breath. Our brave youth now lost not a moment. He spread the linen bag, and held it open with the pole to which it was suspended. For a short pause the flight of the cloud became arrested,—then assumed a deep green tinge—rolled onward, and entered its prison!

Instantly the sky was rent with acclamations, which continued to be uttered by a thousand voices, while Sandy joyfully proceeded to secure the cloud he had so ingeniously captured. Fold after fold he doubled over the mouth of the linen bag, which he successively fastened with numberless pins. He then shouldered his prize, made all speed for the churchyard, dug a deep hole, consigned the plague-cloud to its depths, placed a stone to mark the spot, and thus achieved the bright reward which had stimulated him to so perilous an enterprise.

Such is the tradition attached to a rude undressed stone in the central part of the church-yard at Nigg, near which the sexton never ventures to open a grave. It remains for some analytical mind to trace this legend to its source: perhaps a plague-stricken person was buried there—perhaps some murdered victim has mouldereth there undiscovered, in consequence of the tale being invented by his slayer—perhaps a miser’s treasure is there concealed, and the stone set up to scare intruders. At all events, inquiry alone must settle the question, as an inspection would always be prohibited by the inhabitants, whose belief is orthodox in the tradition of the plague-cloud.

E——L——n.
STANZAS.

Happy, happy childhood!
Would I were a child,
Again to taste thy calm delights,
Thy pleasures undefi’d.
Oh! for those happy days,
When life was one long game,
And pining care a thing unknown,
And sorrow but a name.

Happy, happy childhood!
Where are now thy joys?
The laughing eye, the heart so light,
And thy much valued toys?
The laughing eye is dim,
The heart is torn with grief;
From other toys, more dearly bought,
We seek a vain relief.

Happy, happy childhood!
Innocence is thine;
And round life’s early morn the flow’rs
Of soft affection twine.
How sweet a mother’s love;
How dear a father’s care;
Oh! what with childhood’s hallow’d joys,
Can youth or age compare?

Happy, happy childhood!
Art thou flown for aye?
Alas! the memory but remains
Of days, long past away:
Still, is that memory dear,
A green amidst life’s wild;
And in my brightest, happiest dreams,
I am again a child!

W. L. G.

THE FATAL SIGNS.

"When’er I see those smiling eyes,
All fill’d with hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise
To dim a heaven so purely bright,
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray;
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay."       Moore.

"A married life, to speak the best,
Is all a lottery confessed."          Dr. Cotton.

Scarcely had the party recovered from the violent shock of their feelings by Charles’s “Tale of Mystery,”* than there were amongst the assembled company several who thought they had in their travels become familiar with strange stories, and volunteered to refresh their memories for the future entertainment of the party: but there was one amongst them who seemed to awaken in their breasts a superior degree of interest, by the powerful effects the bare recollection of the occurrences had, not only upon his mind, but even his bodily frame. His visage became ghastly, and from head to foot he had scarcely the appearance of a living being. Before the close of the evening, however, he regained in a great


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measure his self-possession; and apparently anxious to disburthen some painful thoughts, he proposed an early occasion for meeting, promising to be prepared. We need hardly say, that the individual, Monsieur De Blaras, was nearly allied to the unfortunate family.

"Rejoice, Camilla," said M. de Saint Croix to his pretty daughter, when he one morning called upon her at the school where she had passed the last five years of her life, "rejoice, my child, you are going to leave school to be married."

Camilla danced round the room for joy.

"To leave school to be married! dear papa, how charming! Shall I live in Paris?"

"Yes, in the Chaussee d'Antin."

"And have a cottage ornee in the valley of Montmorency?" rejoined the young lady.

"If you wish it, my child."

"And shall I have a horse, and a carriage, and a box at the Opera?"

"All that will be yours."

Camilla threw herself on her father's neck: "And, papa, how many Cachemeres shall I have?"

"Four, I believe; they are already purchased."

"How charming! how delightful!" repeatedly exclaimed the bride elect.

After a considerable pause, and in a tone of perfect indifference, she inquired the name of her future husband; which, usually, is the last inquiry of a French girl of bon-ton, about to be married.

"He is the Count de Pontis."

"What! a count! Oh! papa, how very kind you are, and how happy you have made me. All my school-fellows—every body—will call me Madame la Comtesse; and I shall have C. P. on my handkerchiefs, surmounted by a coronet—delightful! delightful!" And again she danced for joy.

"The count is a Spaniard of high family—"

"A Spaniard!" exclaimed Camilla, "I do not like Spaniards—they look so black, and are so jealous." Her gaiety seemed to have vanished at the thought.

"Fear not, Camilla," continued her father, smiling, "De Pontis neither looks black, nor is jealous. He came to France very young, and might easily be mistaken for a Frenchman: he has served in the army, is a fine man, dark complexioned certainly, but remarkably handsome, and about forty years of age. He is even now excessively rich; and being an only son, expects a considerable accession of fortune at the death of his parents."

"I hope they do not live in Paris," said Camilla, looking excessively grave, "for it would be nearly as bad as remaining at school to live with a mother-in-law. I would rather even not be married; only think, papa, I never could have my liberty: she would want to go every where with me, to know all that I did; she—"

"Make your mind easy on that point, silly girl," replied her father: "the count has no relations in France. Well, my child, does it suit you—and will you be ready to sign your marriage articles on Thursday?"

"As soon as you please, papa, provided—"

"Provided what?" inquired her father.

"Provided my dress is ready," replied Camilla, smiling. "But, papa, one question more—shall I be obliged to have an odious duenna in the house with me; they say the Spaniards always keep them to watch their wives; and Lucile de Richespane tells me, her sister, who married a Spaniard, is very unhappy, for he keeps a duenna to watch her."

"Does she live in Paris?" inquired M. de Saint Croix.

"No, papa, in Spain."

"Then you have nothing to fear, ma petite Camilla," returned her father, kindly patting her cheek: "besides, the count has too high an opinion of you, to think it necessary to place a spy over your actions."

"Well," replied Camilla, musing, "it is singular how he can form any opinion of me, he has never seen me—does he know, papa, that I am not yet seventeen?"

"He knows that you are only sixteen and a half, and that you are, moreover, a little giddy-brained creature."

"And the Corbeille de Noces," interrupted Camilla, "I forgot to ask when I was to get it."

"The Corbeille is already purchased, and is even come home; I make no doubt but that you will be pleased with its contents."

"Are there many jewels, and laces, and satins?"

"Nothing has been forgotten."

The day following, Camilla de Saint Croix quitted school—the next, she and
her intended husband met for the first
time; the marriage contract was signed;
and on the Saturday, these two persons,
strangers two days previously, plighted
to each other at the altar, in the sight of
God and man, the most sacred, most so-
lemn, most binding of all vows! And
this is a faithful picture of a French mar-
riage of bon-ton.

The Count de Pontis was a man of
genteel address, and rather prepossessing
manners; but reserved, and, at times,
gloomy, constrained, and even melan-
choly. He soon won the confidence, if
not the affection, which in truth was not
difficult to obtain, of his young and
thoughtless wife, by his excessive indul-
gence, and his never-failing compliance
with all her whims and caprices, which
were not few. The young countess was
the happiest of the happy. She dashed
away to her heart's content: passed her
mornings in paying and receiving visits,
and her evenings at balls or entertain-
ments, either at home or abroad. There
was, however, one drawback to her hap-
piness—it was seldom in her power to
induce her husband to become a par-
taker of her amusements. He frequently
declined altogether accompanying her.
“‘He was not fond,’” he said, “of so-
ciety,” and was, besides, subject to violent
attacks of head-ache, which, unfortunately,
always came on so as to prevent him
keeping any half promise he had made,
though few were the times he made one
of attending her to a public place of
amusement. On her return, Camilla
either found him walking up and down
the saloon with rapid strides, talking to
himself, and seemingly in great anxiety;
or else seated by the fire in his easy
chair, a prey to the deepest gloom and
melancholy. Often would he start at her
approach, as if awakening out of some
hideous dream; and once or twice she was
terrified at seeing him draw from his
bosom a pistol. Perceiving her terror,
he would master his feelings; then he
would smile, and taking her hand, press
it kindly to his lips, endeavouring at the
same time to obliterate all unpleasant re-
collections from her mind, by the promise
of some new indulgence. Camilla, how-
ever, soon had, or thought she had, a real
source of uneasiness.

It happened that, during the carnival,
she received an invitation to a fancy
dress ball; and, although aware of her
husband's disapprobation, she was most
anxious to be present. By dint of en-
treaties and female eloquence, of which
she was mistress, she at length succeeded
in obtaining a promise that he would
accompany her. She was to go as a
Spanish girl; he as a Moor (her lover),
in a mask black: the dresses were sent
home; they were brilliant in the extreme;
the countess all joy and happiness.

“Dearest,” she said, throwing her
arms round her husband's neck, “you
must take off your stock, and your collar
must lay open. By the way, it is strange
that I should never yet have seen you
without it! You sleep in it, summer and
winter—and in stockings, too!—how
very odd! Nay, dear Carlos, you shall
not thrust me from you, nor put on that
look which terrifies me; you know how
dearly I love you—so tell me, is that,
too, the habit of your country; for such
is your invariable reason when I ask you
why you do any thing strange?”

“Go, go,” answered the count, kiss-
ing and patting her cheek; “you are a
silly girl to ask such questions; I have
letters to write—let me go.” So saying,
he tried to disengage himself from her.
“‘I cannot leave you until you have
told me if it is the habit in Spain to
sleep in stockings and a neckcloth.”

“It is not!” answered the count in an
angry tone.

“Then why do you do it?”
“Camilla!” said he, his wrath in-
creasing, “I have told you more than
once that I would not be questioned.”

“Answer me this once, Carlos, I
never will require another.”

“It is a vow,” he said, rising, and
shaking her off.

“A vow!” muttered Camilla, “I do
not believe it: it must be something else
—I wish I knew——.”

The ball took place the next evening;
the count's head-ache was more violent
than usual; they remained at home.

They had been married nearly two
years when Camilla, who expected, in
the course of a few months, to become a
mother, proposed to her husband to quit
Paris for a time, and retire to a small
estate they had purchased in the vale of
Montmorency. The Count de Pontis
readily acceded to the proposal, and Ca-
milla thought she had never seen him so
amiable. She had, however, lost much
of her gaiety; and the more she thought
there was mystery in her husband's conduct, the more she was perplexed.

"How strange!" she would constantly repeat to herself, "that he would not for one instant take off his neckcloth—nor his stockings! I shall never be happy until I see him without!"

Then, giving way to the effects of a wild and fanciful imagination, she would picture to herself his body covered with scales; or else she would say,—"He has made a compact with the evil one!"

Her curiosity was too soon gratified, alas! for her peace of mind.

One day, being compelled, by the oppressive heat of the mid-day sun, to return to the house, she sought her husband, he was not in the saloon; she gently pushed open the door of his study, where she beheld him stretched on a sofa in a sound sleep. His coat lay on a chair, and his stock—the stock she would have given worlds to see off—lay on the floor beside him. It was evident that he, too, had been overpowered by the unusual heat of the atmosphere, and not expecting her immediate return, had freed himself from the incumbrance.

"Now!" thought she, "or never, is the moment to set all my fears at rest. I may not have such another opportunity; but if he were to awake, he would kill me! but no! I will do it so gently, he will feel nothing. I shall but just open his collar and take one peep."

So saying, and scarcely daring to breathe, she advanced on tip-toe; she stood still for a moment. "Dear Carlos," she thought, "I shall, at last, know your secret: perhaps, after all, it may be a scar, and I may see nothing to terrify me—still I think there is—" She leaned over him, trembling like a guilty thing about to commit a crime, and with the tips of her fingers opened wide the collar, which was already unfastened. One glance was sufficient—she uttered a shriek of horror, and fainting, fell to the earth!

The scream awoke the count, he started up, and perceiving the apparently inanimate form of his wife, he raised her up and carried her to her chamber, without having the least notion what had occurred. She had lately been subject to fainting fits, and he thought this attack was produced by a similar cause.

The unfortunate Camilla perceived, on recovering, her husband anxiously watch-

ing over her; placing her hands before her eyes, as if to shut out some terrible vision, she desired to be left to the care of her maid. She then ordered another chamber to be prepared for her, steadfastly refusing to remain for a single instant alone with her husband. Her health visibly declined; her fair form became a prey to melancholy: the most able of the faculty were consulted—all agreed that her present state, proceeding from some secret and violent cause, was most alarming. It was in vain that they sought to obtain her confidence. It was with an agony almost bordering on delirium, that de Pontis heard them pronounce the awful fiat—that the approaching crisis would be fatal.

At length the dreaded moment arrived, her family were plunged into the deepest affliction, but none felt the indescribable anguish of her husband, for he loved her almost to idolatry. Her sufferings were dreadful. As soon as she perceived the count standing by her bedside, in a burst of rage she insisted on his quitting the room. He obeyed reluctantly, supposing her motive to proceed from a wish to spare his feelings, and this supposition increased his affection and tenderness for her.

He walked up and down his chamber in a state of mind not to be described, approaching her door almost every minute. The faint cry of an infant announced that the dreaded moment was passed—that he was a father! Anxiously, joyfully, he rushed to the bed-side of his wife—gracious Heaven! what a sight awaited him!

The cry he heard was the first and last of his expiring babe. It had been suffocated by its unfortunate mother, who herself had breathed her last, while in unearthly tones, her eyes fixed upon her infant, she shrieked, "The letters! the letters! he has them, too!"
Sonnet.—Country Delights.

It is now affirmed that, mechanically placing his hand upon his own shoulder, he started as though he felt the impression of the heated iron! All present were seized with horror.

* * * * *

The following morning Coignard disappeared. No more was heard of him, until some years afterwards he was discovered working in the Bagnes of Toulouse, as a galley-slave!

L. V. F.

The contentment of the company was excessive; and to show the satisfaction of the members, several promises (which we hope will be fulfilled) were made of new, striking, and interesting narratives.

SONNET.

(On witnessing the Funeral of W. Linley, Esq.)

BY JAMES WHITE, ESQ.

Since our farewell, near fifty years are past;
Yet, Linley, I thine image freshly see
As erst in youth, of signal worth in thee,
Strong proof remembrance which so long can last
Unnourish'd. The sweet hope I clung to fast,
That in this changeful world a chance might be
Of meeting thee again. Ah! the decree
Of Will Supernal hath set meeting cast;
Coffin'd I find thee! In the mournful train,
Attendant on thy solemn, plumed, bier,
Not comrade—kinsman—knows more heartfelt pain
Than I, none sheds a truer, fonder, tear,
Life's dawn resumed, o'er thy corsé I bend,
Weeping with boyhood's grief my boyhood's friend.

COUNTRY DELIGHTS.

"Beautiful! how beautiful is all this visible world!"

BYRON—Manfred.

“Beautiful! how beautiful is all this visible world!” contains the genuine spirit and sublimity of poetry; but I would rather have written some beautiful hymns, which I well remember learning when I was a little girl: one of these, a little one of my own, is at this moment lisping in my ear; and, doubtless, there are many children early called from this world, whose thoughts were first turned heavenward by them, who will joyfully meet their author on the morning of the resurrection.

What then brought those "divine songs" to my recollection at this particular moment? Sunday morning! from association, I suppose, by which I seem to be particularly influenced; and I never wake on that morning without remembering a verse of those same songs, recommending early rising on the Sabbath. It is July—the hour half-past six o'clock, and the sun pouring forth as glorious a flood of light as ever gilded the bowers of Paradise.

We will walk—but not in silken slippers; for the dew still lies thick on the green sward, and our path will lead through many an unfrequented lane; there we shall see the pathway bordered with sweet-brier hedges, laden with roses and dew. Finery is, abstractedly, at all times an absurdity, but more particularly in the country. A straw bonnet, exhibiting no ribbon, to be caught by a flaunting branch of eglantine; a gown, with no flounce, to be entangled in crossing a style, or perchance a hedge, and of such material as to need but a dip in the clear stream to restore it to whiteness, and I am dressed. Let us pursue our route across this wooden bridge, and soon we shall be in the copse close by the water's-edge. The path is rough and difficult; but this apparent ill is in reality a great advantage, for we are certain of
meeting only true lovers of nature—companions, “fit though few.” However, just now the seclusion is perfect; and a fitter scene for meditation on a Sabbath morning cannot be imagined. The church is in view—not, indeed, with “silent finger pointing” to heaven, for it has a tower, not a spire; but there is a venerable stillness about it, an air of profound repose, which, even independently of its sacred character, calls off the mind from the turmoil and cares of the past six busy days of care or toil, and disposes it to holy musings.

“The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.”

Though we are in a spot of perfect seclusion, there are human habitations in sight: from the chimneys of some of them smoke is beginning to issue; the world’s inhabitants are awake, and signs of life appear; yet these indications do not in the least interrupt the calm current of thought; at this moment, on the opposite side of the river, we witness an aged couple issuing from their lowly hut into a little slip of garden, bright with crape-pinks, hollyhocks, and dahlias (forever the splendid dahlias is now a cottage flower). We now see them seated on a bench of rough oak—branches, evidently offering to the giver of all good—not, indeed, that sort of incense which befitted man in Paradise, “adoration pure”—but that adoration in which are mingled repentance and faith; for on earth “the leaf,” even of holiness, “is dark, and has prickles on it; but in another country” it will, surely, “bear a bright golden flower.”

We issue forth from the copse into the open path: it is still early day; and the only visible moving objects are a group of country children on their road to the Sunday school, there to acquire such learning as “is not a dangerous thing.” They are habited in the most becoming of all dresses for little girls—white pinfores fitting close to the shape; some of them have sweet countenances, and all look content, quiet, and happy. The elder are looking over their hymns and other lessons; the little ones gathering wild flowers from the hedges, to decorate, not themselves, for little girls are very seldom selish in such matters, but their brothers. Now they reach the sacred temple, and at a small side door enter the hallowed fane; and who can tell but within the hour many a little heart-seed may be sown, the fruit of which shall flourish for ever in the Paradise above!

The pathway is now more frequented, and we meet many a well-known face, each wearing a Sabbath expression. The service of our venerable church is sufficiently simple; some are on their way to join in a still less ceremonious, a heart-home worship. Well! while we ourselves love “the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,” we will wish them God speed; for “the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands: heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain him!”

If, however, we attempt to describe all the delights of a country Sunday, where would these sketches terminate. We will, therefore, pass over the sacred services of the day, without even delaying to mention that most touching portion of it, the music of the sanctuary.

“The voice of harmony is, indeed, divine;” but our present time is now occupied with country pleasures; and to cities belong only those magnificent structures, where “all heaven” is brought before the worshipper. Westminster Abbey! York Minster! What recollections do the very mention of them call up! Our village church has an organ; and the song of praise ascends very sweetly from the lips of a few poor children—“babes and sucklings;” the effect is soothing and delightful, and suited to the place and scene. But how different are the sensations which crowd upon the heart, when, in that glorious Abby, surrounded by the dust of the “mighty dead,” who have there slept for ages—may be, shall rest till the last trumpet shall awaken them—“the pealing anthem swells the notes of praise.” Oh! why do I attempt a task so vain, as to describe how the heart can burn within while a hallelujah has been rolling through those sacred aisles, dark and deserted, save the dimly lighted choir, now softening, now swelling, and at length bursting into an ecstacy of praise, such as may almost

“To our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure consent,
Aye! sung before the sapphire-coloured throne,
To him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
Country Delights.

Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow;
And the Cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires.

But I cease thus digressing; the more
so, as sacred music is a subject on which
(as perhaps the reader has already ob-
served) I cannot speak with sobriety.
However, I would not exchange my sober
enthusiasm for the sober sense of a phi-
losopher. Well! the morning and after-
noon are passed, and

"Now comes still evening on;—and twilight gray
Has in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanies; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Are slunk—all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sings;
Silence is pleased—now glows the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that leads
The starry host, rides brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveils her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle throws."

What can I add to this description?
If the perfection of poetry exists, it is in
such a passage. I have disfigured it, as
every lover of Milton will perceive, by
putting it into the present tense; but
still the sentiment is exquisite; moreover,
it is an accurate description of the
evening before me, one magnificent cir-
cumstance arising, which greatly increases
the grandeur of this night—an unusual
electricity in the atmosphere; the harm-
less summer lightning is flashing from
cloud to cloud, and oftentimes the whole
vault of heaven is one complete blaze.
It is impossible to retire within doors;
the air is as soft as if rustling amid the
orange groves of Italy; and in this cot-
tage porch of ours it is laden with the
perfume of clematis, honeysuckle, and
jasmine; there need only but fire-flies to
make it an eastern night. Yet gaze
upon it, breathe it, enjoy it! not with
sentimental discontent, which is the real
feeling expressed in the poet's well-
known lines, exquisite though they be—

"Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining;
Nor wished for wings to soar away,
And mix with their eternal ray;"

but in the genuine spirit of thankful
admirations. It is a scene to invite "the
cherub, Contemplation!" True, it is
natural when gazing upon that heaven,
"sown with every magnitude of stars,
thick as a field," to long to pierce in
thought into the regions beyond; to
know

"What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook."

But such knowledge is too high for
man; enough that we shall possess it
when our time for soaring comes, as
come it will; not, indeed, to every
mighty genius who can express his aspira-
tions after it, in never-dying verse; but
to all who on earth "walk humbly"
with their Creator. Such, undoubtedly,
will find their longings after immortality
fully satisfied when they meet

"About the supreme throne,
Where all this earthly grossness quit;
Attired with stars they shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and
thee, oh! Time!"

SOPHIA.

EPITAPH

ON AGNES, WIFE OF LEONARD DARR, ESQ., 1596.

From a Brass in the Old Church of St. Stephen's, Coleman-street, previous to
the London Fire.

Our life is all in death. Time that ensueth
Is but the death of Time that went before:
Youth is the death of Childhood—Age of Youth;
Die once to God, and then thou die'st no more.
INFANT SCHOOLS CONSIDERED: WITH SOME REMARKS ON
MR. WILDERSPIN'S PLAN.

ADDRESS'D TO THE LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"Every death-doom'd man,
Who in his youth has not been taught,
That wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace, unjustly dies!"

Wordsworth.

Amidst the contention of parties at the present time, there seems to be but one universal notion, which is, that some immediate measures must be taken towards civilising the manners, and mending the morals of the infant poor—a good work; which would doubtless be wonderfully advanced, if our government could obtain the manifested sympathy and assistance of the ladies of Great Britain. To obtrude the angry strife of party politics on the attention of cultivated and elegant-minded women, is a barbarism that we never commit; but when any measure is proposed to be adopted by our legislature, which is likely to tempers and improve the morals of the ignorant, and oftentimes suffering, lower classes, where can it better look for support and approbation than among the mothers, wives, and daughters of our land, who enjoy influence, and know the blessings of education? Nature has given to the female heart an inborn tenderness and yearning love at the sight of the helpless babe, and made woman the natural guardian of infancy; but she will scorn the decrees of chancellors and parliaments, and set all their labours at nought, if mothers are not first convinced of the beneficence and eligibility of their plans. Every mistress of a family in early life has, or ought to have, a certain degree of influence for good, over a number of mothers in various grades of lower rank, who benefit by employment from their superiors; each lady then might represent, without dictation, the blessings of infant instruction to those who are as yet unacquainted with its excellence.

We believe in his application of education to early infancy, that Mr. Wilderspin has discovered a mighty truth, of the most vital importance of any reformation since the divine revelation of the gospel. He has satisfactorily proved, that human beings are susceptible of discipline and tuition five years before the usual time of making serious efforts for the purpose; and that a child whose regular education only commences at seven years old, has, at that period of life, generally made such firm incursions in self-will and mental corruption, as to be a most impracticable personage, both to himself and every one around him; nay, further, a child at a month old, accustomed by its monthly nurse to be carried in arms, will be a plague to the whole, unless for a long time carried about in a similar manner. To return, this character especially applies to boys, for the nature of feminine employments induces earlier discipline; and it is certain, that the acknowledged superiority of moral qualities is temper in females of every rank to men, is, because education and habits of obedience and self-denial usually commence as soon as little girls can understand. A female child has employment apportioned at an early age, and with employment happiness; whilst a boy is romping, or at best wearying himself and others with noisy riot, or annoying mischief, his little sister, perhaps younger, is placidly hemming a pin afore, or making a doll's petticoat.

When, perforce, an interval of rest intervenes, for even boys cannot bear about for ever, he lies on the grass or carpet in a state of miserable ennui, while his sister enjoys the transition from employment to sport with a cheerful hilarity, which is delightful to be beheld. Here is the secret of the great superiority of feminine to masculine temper, of feminine to masculine morals, owing to the nature of feminine handcrafts: the infant girl obtains employment that requires some attention without mental exhaustion, she has, therefore, no wearying time to form habits of restless mental misery.

We are now speaking of the ordinary course of chance-training at home in every rank of life; and as unreflective custom has done so much for infant girls in preference to boys, and has produced such superior results in the formation of cheerfulness and patience, must not a system that provides constant employment for boys from eighteen months old to six or seven years of age, be productive of a blessed effect on the rising generation? Every good mother or observant elder sister, in a well-trained family, must at times have been sadly embarrassed to find suitable and innocent employment for infant boys, who, if not either fully occupied in work or play, are suffering from tormenting ennui, or are busy in evil—"for Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands (aye! and for idle heads) to do."—If then innocent employ-
ment be so difficult to be found for boys in the families of the middle classes, where infant education begins earlier than any other, and where consequently virtuous conduct is proverbially common, let every feeling heart that beats with female bosom shudder at the inroads that vice and idleness make in the neglected male infant of the poor, from the time he can speak until he is seven years old, and give her whole influence and assistance to those schools which undertake the moral training and employment of babies, before the spirit of evil has time to make irreparable devastation in their tender minds. We are not pleading the cause of mere knowledge and the worldly vanities thereof, but that of peace and heaven against strife and hell; and woman, whose gentle bosom is so often wounded by the vulture passions of the illealous years, who are capricious away she often pines and suffers, surely ought to join in trying to ameliorate the future destiny of the present race of infant females, by causing their future masters to be better taught, and, therefore, better worthy of the rule that custom has given them over their bodies.

After this exordium, it is time to enter into the practical merits and modes of action in the present way of carrying on infant schools. The name of Wilderspin, although we do not approve of every thing in his practice, will never be mentioned by us without respect, as a first-rate benefactor of the human race. All our fair friends who are interested in infant children, will notice the extreme sagacity which has led this great civilizer to introduce the many bodily exercises in his system of infant instruction, as urgently needful to the health of babies, of from eighteen months to three years old; their little persons are then in constant action and movement; and though the intellectual nature of the immortal soul, which early commences its opposing struggle with the adverse fleshly tabernacle, requires a state of quietude to receive instruction and cultivation, yet this quiescent state cannot last long in infants, without their rapidly-expanding bodies suffering from it, and their health and animal spirits, and consequently tempers, being seriously impaired. For this reason, Mr. Wilderspin has wisely instituted small intervals of employment and sport, so that neither the tender infant's body nor his mind be unduly worn or distressed. He has properly considered the physical restlessness of babies, and has, therefore, mingled much bodily exercise with their instruction. Thus, the clapping of hands, twirling of fingers, running, jumping, singing, beating time, getting up and sitting down—all which we have heard condemned as the most absurd and insane mummery—is, in fact, a merciful consideration for the infant muscles and sinews, which, at an early age, nature urges to be in a state of constant activity; nor is this impulse entirely counteracted in infancy without giving rise to great uneasiness and even pain, and sometimes deformity. Yet we think that as children advance to their fifth year, they should be gradually weaned from this incessant movement, and subjected to longer intervals of quiet, than Mr. Wilderspin's system at present allows. A child of five years old that is used to twitter its fingers every hour, will retain a habit of twittering them all its life, when it has nothing to do with them. Exercising the muscles of the fingers, is also an admirable preparative to employing them in all kinds of handicraft; but as soon as they are capable of employment, the idle exercise should cease.

We do not think that the system of female infant education is by any means perfected by Mr. Wilderspin. A little girl of five years old, ought to be capable of doing most kinds of plain work: this gentle and sedative employment introduced in babyhood, is a great source of female happiness; and we are grieved to see it banished from the present system of infant education! Had Mr. Wilderspin's excellent wife survived, whom he pathetically describes as the "first infants' friend," doubtless some union of amusements would have been engrafted on the plan. We would earnestly advise those ladies who assist by their contributions in the establishment of infant schools, to endeavour to make this species of instruction an important feature in baby learning, seeing that baby fingers may as well be employed in twitting needles, and knitting needles, as in idle movements. A female child of three years old ought to know how to hold a needle, and to hem coarse linen. Those ladies who have established female schools know full well that it is a difficult matter to provide needles, for a considerable number of young girls who are accomplished sempstresses. "How then," will they ask, "can we provide stitchery for babies of three years old?"

We answer, that a little plan may be contrived, which is neither difficult nor impossible, and, at the same time, produce order and regularity in a department of household economy that is often very much neglected, to the serious derangement of the practical cleanliness of the servants. Let each infant school have a stall, neatly set out in the manner of a bazaar, on which may be sold (don't be alarmed, ladies! we are not about to recommend the infants to stick gold paper or card-board together) well-hemmed glass...
cloths, knife cloths, dusters, kitchen towels, and seed bags or ham bags, provided with immense strings, and nicely marked in numbers, and folded in priced dozens and half dozens. These ought to be made of various kinds of hempen cloth and coarse brown holland; and many a visitor to the school would be glad to know where to buy these things, well and neatly prepared, ready for use; for as they are not agreeable work for a lady or her children, they generally fall to the lot of servants to make up, who often use them without hemming, and the consequence is, that a four-fold quantity of material is destroyed and wasted. Contrary with an infant school, the little ones would find no difficulty in threading the large needles, and doing the coarse stitchery required in this sort of needle-work. The friends of the school must advance a small capital to buy materials at the trade price, and a little profit might be obtained that way in its subsequent conversion into these useful productions. It might be a reward for the monitors alternately to keep the stall; and the merchandising would likewise be an exercise in honesty and arithmetic. As some of the masculine half of the infant race would certainly be destined to the useful crafts of shoemakers, wheelwrights, basket-makers, would it be any great derogation from their dignities to learn betimes to use the needle, to knit babies' shoes or socks, to hem their own pinafores, or to weave wire buttons? All that species of button made with thread and wire, called by sempstresses "shirt buttons," are made by little children in Dorsetshire, and the neighbouring counties, in their own cottages, or at dame's schools; therefore, infants might prepare many little useful things of this kind. And if some of the little ones were to be able to earn in this way only the penny per week that they bring as their entrance fee to their school, it would be a promising beginning of their future destination, of earning their bread without pauperism or parochial relief.

Having thus made a proposal for suitable employment, we can, with a better grace, approve or object to some of the present occupations. To object to the knowledge of geography would be a sad want of liberality, and, indeed, a wretched piece of sophistry, to forbid a poor child knowing that Paris is in France, and that they must cross the water to get either there or to Ireland; nor is there any harm in knowing how many miles it is to London, or to the nearest principal market towns. As the poorest persons have the power of locomotion, and may be permitted, if they cannot earn bread in Great Britain, to go and seek it in Canada or the Cape, or even to New South Wales (if they go to the latter in an honest way), it would be a cruel absurdity to object to the intuition of the first principles of geography, which would take off many natural prejudices against emigration, and be of unspeakable use to them when journeying in those far countries, besides taking from the poor emigrant the indefinite terrors which are the usual attendants on ignorance.

We own we cannot find the same justification for instruction in geometry, vauntingly set forth as a part of the instruction. The name is extremely ill-judged. It is a stumbling-block to weak-minded well-wishers of general education, and causes mockery on the part of those who are systematically opposed to the system. The worthy and warm-hearted founder would have done well to have avoided this occasion for offence. But it appears a favourite whim or hobby of Mr. Wilderspin's; and it does indeed seem hard, that a man who has effected so much good should not be permitted the indulgence of a little fanciful whim that contains no glaring moral wrong. This pompous name, "Geometry," ought not, indeed, to be given to the simple acts of distinguishing by eye, and to name each, a circle, a square, a pentagon, an octagon, or a triangle, as the case may be. We have not the slightest objection to babes being instructed to distinguish these figures, but we have a very decided objection to the designation of geometry, which it is not. It is no more geometry, than a lady's knowing a hammer from a gimlet, or a plane from a saw, or a hod from a trowel, which makes her not a carpenter or a bricklayer. A lady in Dorsetshire, and the neighbouring counties, in their own cottages, or at dame's schools; therefore, infants might prepare many little useful things of this kind. And if some of the little ones were to be able to earn in this way only the penny per week that they bring as their entrance fee to their school, it would be a promising beginning of their future destination, of earning their bread without pauperism or parochial relief.

Our fair readers, by this free discussion of its defects, will perceive that we recommend the system of Mr. Wilderspin in no blind spirit of partisanship. Yet we call upon them to weigh candidly the merits of...
the plan against these defects, and consider whether, if obliged to choose, it were not better that the innocent babes should be taught even all the problems that ever entered into the head of Euclid, than that they should be exposed to all the corruptions to be learned by being bred up as idle vagrants in the squalid alleys of London, Birmingham, and other great towns. How can we blame and prosecute a human being for doing evil, when he has not been brought up to choose the evil and reject the good; nay, can we prove that he has ever been? An argument has been brought against infant education of the most extraordinary nature that was ever pleaded against a public benefit.* It has been urged that many poor mothers, being thus relieved of the care of their infant offspring, would pass the day in idleness and gossiping, when otherwise they would be obliged to stay at home and take care of their infants. To this we reply, that a bad idle mother, even if forced to remain in the company of her children, will take no proper care of them; if she did, she would be a good mother and not a bad one; and that the worst of all is, the more desirable it is that the babies should be removed from imitating her, in the reasonable hope, that when in their turns they are parents, having learned the comforts of order, industry, cleanliness, and virtuous conduct, they may choose a better path in life than that pursued by an idle gossiping mother. In this case, ladies, self-love and social are the same. You have, perhaps, five idle gossiping poor neighbours, whom you know to be worthless women; this is a bad case, and if you only weighed their merits, the jades would deserve neither sympathy nor relief; but, mayhap, these five bad ones love more than they love infant children, whom they are bringing up to walk in their own ways; and in the course of a few revolving summers you have twenty or thirty pauper neighbours, twenty or thirty times worse than their parents. And thus has the march of events continued till things have arrived at the present appalling state of crime and misery, that imperative necessity should unite all parties, of whatever creed and how clashing sooner in politics. All, indeed, put the important question, "What is to be done?" Yet has scripture answered the question unheeded, for hundreds and thousands of years, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And if individual parents either will not or cannot train each child in this way, a paternal government ought to provide means for the purpose; while those who enjoy rank, wealth, and comfort, under the protection of the constitution, which is now actually shaken by the wickedness and misery of its pauper subjects, ought to promote these means to the utmost extent of their influence and good will.

Another objection has been raised against infant schools, which seems to bear a good motive on the surface; viz., that removing an infant all day long from the maternal presence, will weaken the affection between mother and child. Are then, the infants of the middle classes, who often go to preparatory schools, treated like outcasts, when they return for the holiday, although many months have perhaps elapsed since the parent and child looked on each other? Is there any want of maternity in this life, where the children (at a much less engaging age) go generally to boarding schools? An excess of fondness is the usual consequence of a short separation in affection of every kind; and a mother is more likely to caress with doating tenderness at night and morning, when she dresses and undresses her offspring,—a clean, happy, obedient, and smiling little one,—than if it had been impeding her labours, or even her gossiping idleness, by pveish squalling, and all day hanging on her gown, demanding those attentions which, perhaps, she has neither time nor means to bestow, and getting offtimes an savage push for its importunities, from an over-worked and harassed parent: so, on the other hand, the over-fondness of a parent is as likely to spoil the child, as seen so frequently in the higher classes, whose offspring would be all the better for being thus early subject to a similar discipline. Many, indeed, who, from thoughtlessness, indulge their children in every forbidden thing, and never punish them for vice, will frequently treat them cruelly in fits of impatience, when perfectly unoffending, and only guilty of running about, or sporting with the natural noisy activity of infancy. Children retain a resentful memory of unjustly inflicted pain. An anecdote, related by a friend of the writer of this paper, will prove it:—A lady, in genteel life, who is of an impatient temper, and who has lost, in a constant round of pleasure and company, that maternity which seems planted by the Almighty in every female breast, has three
Infant Schools considered.

pretty little children, whom she considers a great trouble; and though she sometimes lets them come into the drawing-room, yet when they tease her by their playful restlessness, they often get a hasty blow. One day the second, a toddling lisping girl, came from the parlour into the nursery, with its little bosom swelling indignant, and the tears running down its cheeks, and when asked what ailed it, sobbed out, "What a dibble my mamma is, she beats us whenever we come near her—she often hurts us when we do no harm; my mamma is quite a dibble!" Here are the seeds of angry passions sown in soil, most likely too well prepared by hereditary temperament for their growth, and a plentiful harvest of hatred and domestic combativeness they will doubtless bring forth in due time. And if these scenes are possible in elegant life—do they never occur in a cottage, a cell, or a garret? they do—and are frequent—as all visitors of the poor know full well. Though, at the same time, the most impatient and violent mother is the most pertinacious in withholding due correction from her child when it is guilty of moral wrong. Let us then hear no more of the sophistry that Infant Schools render us under the ties of nature. For a child has no chance of being treated affectionately when it returns after the turmoils of a busy day are over, than if it was crying round its mother during the time of labour. Let the rich also remember, with how much repetition, day after day, how much crying and fretting, the first rudiments are instilled into the minds of most children, and then ask themselves how it is possible for the untaught and ignorant parent, harpered, moreover, by that incessant and endless labour for the support, the bare maintenance of the family, to find the needful time for instruction, without at all of those fascinating Helps, which intellectual toys, pictures, books, &c. &c. afford to the wealthy instructor, which are wholly out of the means of the humble and needy.

In conclusion, we will quote a passage from Mr. Wilderspin's work, in which Sir John Sinclair describes the admission of some new babies into the Edinburgh Infant School.

"Having heard that a fresh band of little barbarians was to be admitted into the ranks of the Infant School at Vennel, we went there on Monday by ten o'clock, to have an opportunity of comparing the whole, with the new, and witnessing the magical influence by which Mr. Wilderspin can bring order out of such confusion as we expected to witness. We found the hall crowded with the little candidates and their parents: the latter manifesting an anxiety for admission, and a fear of rejection or postponement, which demonstrated that the Institution has obtained popularity among the humble classes beyond expectation. As sixty-four infants were admitted, our readers may imagine the scene that ensued when the mammas were requested to withdraw, as a necessary step to the commencement of their children's education. We were deafened by the sounds of insonable woe which came from every part of the gallery, and diverted by the composure of the large admixture of infant civilization with which it was also stocked. No new-comer thought of leaving the gallery; but the whole sixty-four sat and roared in their respective places, repulsing Mr. Wilderspin's voice was just heard and no more, when he called out, 'now for our experiment, I have never seen it fail yet!' But visible signal for hearing was impossible, the whole of the ancients sprung to their feet, and gave several well-measured rounds of clapping of hands. A pause ensued, and the lachrymatics were reduced to three, while the mouths and eyes of all the rest opened and remained so. A song was next sung, and time beat, and one voice only was heard weeping; the tears were evidently disappearing from all the other cheeks, as the tear down childhood's cheek that flows, is like the dew-drop on the rose,

When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

"Again, smith-work was to be done, ropes pulled, wood sawed, hands up, behind, before, fingers twirled, and we marked many of the moderns attempting to join. The whole could now rise up and sit down by tinkle of a bell; and their consciousness of power so much delighted the new-comers, that most of the faces had relaxed into a smile. Mr. Wilderspin then said, 'now I shall have more trouble with the new children; imitation, and their trained playfellows, will do the rest.' On this assurance we came away, just as one unhappy wight softened again, and was by us 'left crying.'

"The total number now is two hundred and sixty, which leaves no doubt, that after the outset expenses are paid, the model Infant School will sustain itself; and we should not despair forming a sinking fund, by a little annual aid, to extend the blessings of the system. We are glad to hear the subscriptions are prospering, and no wonder, considering the sensation." We, ourselves, on a visit in a visit, some fifteen years ago, to Mr. Owen's, at New Lanark, seeing a school, not actually of infants, but of children all under ten years of age. They were in number three hundred. No system could be better, and the progress made by these children in learn-
ing; their knowledge was such, indeed, as would have shamed many boys from the great academies at the age of fifteen years. They had been early tutored, but their minds had not been tortured to gain this knowledge. The system adopted, was one whereby every thing was rendered plain and intelligible, either to the touch or the eye, by actual representations, drawings, and models of those things which appertained to the course of instruction they had in hand. And these were the children of his workmen. Would that Mr. Owen had confined himself to what was practicable, in which he was eminently successful, and not launched into a sphere of action, which has rendered his movements highly questionable.

It must be remembered, that the Infant Schools are not likely to be a very heavy tax on the benevolent when once established; the weekly pennies, brought by two or three hundred infants as admission fees, forming no contemptible income.

We could never, indeed, see why these institutions should require much pecuniary assistance. A school-house, one or several tutors, books, and materials; but it would be a great blessing were a national dress adopted for the children at the school's expense, on two accounts—the infants would be clad respectfully, their movements would be known when out of school, and from their appearance, other children would soon become anxious to enrol themselves as members.

For the present, however, we close this subject, trusting that within the circle of our own influence, and that of our numerous and influential supporters, the cause of infant schools may be regarded in so favourable a light, receive their utmost support,—the best means of doing the nation good.

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SUNRISE AND SUNSET AT SEA.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

Sol sank in silence 'mid his azure bed
(A ling'ring ray o'er earth and ocean shed);
Then balmy evening, 'long the western skies,
Spread forth her deep and intermingling dyes.
Our little bark, by dripping oars impelled,
Half hid in foam—"her bird-like course she held,"
Next night came on—with all her sparkling train
Of twinkling stars above the purple main;
And billows murmur on the hollow shore,
Like broken thunders, that at distance roar.

* * * * *

At length the farthest east began to gleam—
Stars, planets, waned beneath the bright'ning beam;
And not a single orb was seen on high,
When morning "lit her love-torch in the sky:"
Thus Sol arose to welcome dawning day
(O'er ocean's bed the sparkling sunbeams play),
Kissing the waves that seem to woo his stay—
Imprinting rainbows on the glitt'ring spray.

J. C. H.

Wiseton, July 30.

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LYDIA HARPER, THE LOST CHILD.

Mr. Charles Bearghen left the north-east part of New Brunswick a short time ago, and took what is called the upper road from Fredericton to St. Stephens, on his way to the United States. On the 5th August he passed the thriving village at Hart's Mills, on the Rushagonis, very early in the morning, and expected to reach Trew's tavern, at the Fiskahagan, by night. Properly equipped for the woods, furnished with suitable provisions, his blanket, his axe slung behind, and his gun on his shoulder, he trudged gaily along, until he arrived at Shin Creek, which is unbridged, and was at that time much swollen with late rains. A woodman seldom hesitates at such obstacles: he proceeded up the bank of the stream, and set about felling a tree across it, to serve as a temporary bridge; it swung aside in falling, and, launching into deep water, it moved away majestically down the stream. Our traveller "looked and looked, and wist no
what to do." He was not inclined to resume the axe; and therefore resolved to proceed up stream, in hopes of finding a favorable place for crossing. At length he arrived at one of those pools of deep stretches in our rivers, and which form the still-water places. Here he made a kind of raft sufficient to bear up his clothes and gun, and keep them dry, while he swam over and drew them after him. He was soon busily engaged in rehabilitating his limbs, and resume self with a bit of biscuit: seated on the flowery margin of a natural meadow, which extended along the banks of a stream, when his ear was startled by a whining noise, resembling the sounds frequently uttered by young bears. He instantly seized his gun, examined the triggers, and was prepared; then clapping a ball into the barrel,

"With look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,"

he stole cautiously towards the spot whence the sounds issued. They were no longer uttered but he now and then heard a crackling noise among the underbrush, and perceived a twiching motion of the twigs and spray, but could not discover what caused them. Convinced, however, that he had some animal to encounter, his gun was at his shoulder, and his finger on the trigger. He then silently reasoned with himself, whether or not he should fire at random, but experience cautioned him against so rash an action, for no animal is more furious than a wounded bear. As thus he mused his eyes became suddenly dilated, his heart throbbed violently, he raised himself erect, and let the butt of his gun drop quickly to his shoulder! What did he see? What did he gaze at? Behold! among the raspberry bushes—and seen through the interstices of their many twinkling leaves of dewy green—behold! he sees a beautiful infantile arm fitfully stretched out, and little taper fingers plucking the rich, ripe, crimson fruit.

After he had experienced the first flush of the mingled emotions of surprise at the extraordinary sight—of horror at the bare idea of his gun and his intended act—and of pleasure in the expectation of meeting society in these deep and solemn solitudes, our traveller advanced, and beheld a little girl about seven years old, sedulously engaged in pulling and eating the abundant wild berries which were spread in rather variety over that naturally rich and verdant spot. She appeared to be an interesting child; her clothes had a respectable look, albeit they were most wofully rent and worn; her hair played in disordered ringlets over her cheeks, which were begrimed and pale, and her soft blue eyes were red with weeping. She burst out into wild hysterical wailings, which sunk suddenly into convulsive sobs.

The traveller was lost in utter amazement, and hemmed aloud to attract the child's attention. Alarmed, in her turn, at his appearance, half habited as he was, she screamed—fell a few steps, fell, and covered her face with her hands. He was quickly by her side, and used the kindest and most soothing expressions to gain her confidence and calm her fears. She had fallen more from bodily weakness than from fear, although she had been greatly alarmed at the unexpected appearance of the stranger. At length she ventured to look up, and, with a sweet but languid smile, said, slowly and faintly, "O now—I am sure you won't hurt me—O, I am very sure you will not kill me." "Kill you! God forbid!" was the full-hearted reply. "O, I am very tired—I've been very, very hungry; but I got plenty of raspberries here—i only eat the sweet part; I never take them as have the spiders on 'em; mother bid me not to." "Where is your mother, my dear child?" eagerly inquired the traveller; and he was answered, with the greatest simplicity, "she's at home, sir, I guess—but mam don't know where I be—I can't find out the way home ever so long." "What! my child, have you strayed and are lost? Come to that flowery knoll with me. God has sent me to preserve your life. Come, and I will give you some nice biscuit and a bit of meat. You are weak and worn, but I will take care of you." The poor innocent's soul burst forth in a flood of grateful tears, not attended with that hysterical affection which she had lately suffered. She derived great relief from weeping, and prepared to follow her new benefactor; but the excitement she had just experienced acting on her sensitive, delicate, and exhausted frame had shaken every nerve, and completely prostrated her strength. She was unable to walk, but the kind and generous Bearghan carried her to the bank of the river where he had left his little store, and judiciously regaled her with spare and gradual portions of food.

As soon as she was moderately refreshed, her artless answers to his inquiries informed him that her name was Lydia Harper; her parents live near Hart's Mills; she had been sent with dinner to her father who was making shingles a little way in the woods, but missed the right track, got bewildered, and wandered astray. "When I knew I was lost," she said, "O, I was very frightened—I screamed, and ran about, and threw away father's dinner." It appears that she walked the first night until she sank down, nearly stupefied with fatigue. The traveller asked her if she was not afraid when it grew dark, as she was all alone, and lost in the woods: to which she replied, "I was a kind of frightened all the time; but when I laid down I said my prayers, that mam learnt me, and then I wasn't frightened." "Do you remember the prayer?" "O, I does, sir, it is—I will lay me down in peace
and take my rest; for it is thou, Lord, only, that maketh me to dwell in safety; and into thy hands I recommend my spirit, my soul, and my body; for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth! Amen.”

Mr. Bearghan next began to consider how the child was to be brought along. He was sixteen miles past her father’s, and his business would not allow him to return; he was about twelve miles from Trew’s, and no house between. The child was unable to walk; he rigged out a contrivance by means of his blanket, and carried her forward on his back. The delightful consciousness of performing a good action buoyed up his spirits and nerved his frame, and he beguiled the rigour of his laborious task by the prattle of his little foundling, who had now become more sprightly and free.

As he journeyed along, he inquired if she had seen any wild beasts in the woods; and she answered, “no I didn’t—only once—two black dogs were coming to me—they were not Mr. Burpe’s dogs—they stopped, and one stood up on his hind feet—they didn’t bark, but runned away again.” Our traveller smiled at the child’s simplicity, while she continued to say—“Oh, sir, last night—O when I awoke in the middle of the night, O how glad I was! I thought I was close to home, for I heard the cattle trampling about me. I couldn’t see nothing; none of them had bells—and when I called Star and Bright they lay still. O, I was glad, and my heart was beating and beating—I lay very still, too, to listen, and so I just dropt away asleep again. Wasn’t it a pity, they were all gone in the morning?”

“Providence seems to have defended you in the way of that child, against hidden dangers and death,” said the traveller.

Having carried his helpless charge until day light was gone, his fatigue was increased by the difficulty of walking on an almost trackless road in the dark, and the moon did not show until near the break. At length he arrived at a deserted log hut, within two miles of Trew’s, and, almost exhausted, he determined to make a short stoppage to recruit. Here he thought to leave the child, wrapped in his blanket, whilst he should hurry on and send back immediate relief. He struck a light, parook of some refreshments with her, but found great difficulty in getting her to consent to remain behind. After he had prepared a pretty comfortable bed for her, and placed her snugly in it, he sat down to watch until she should fall asleep. The moon had just risen, and before he started, he gently approached the child, to find if she were perfectly composed; he held the light towards her; she opened her blue eyes full upon him, averted her head, and sobbed. “No!” exclaimed the traveller, “by all that’s sacred, I swear I will not leave you behind!” He forthwith slung his axe and his gun, resumed his former equipment, raised little Lydia from her lonely couch, and carried her safely to the long looked-for house of entertainment. Although it was quite late, Captain Josiah Trew was easily roused to admit the toil-worn traveller and his little companion, who now stood beside him at the threshold; for something told him that it was more seemly that she should walk than be carried into the house. He had also tied a handkerchief under her chin, in the fashion of a gipsy head-dress.

They were soon placed by a comfortable fire in a good house, well stored, and blessed with a hearty and hospitable landlord. The females, as it is the custom of the country, were speedily afoot, and busy preparing the required repast. We fancy we can see the mirthful countenance of faceous Josiah beaming with downright exultation, as he issued his multifarious orders for every viand the house could afford to comfort the weariest travellers. We can also fancy that we see his features o’erclouded, and his eye glistening with genuine feeling, as he related that the whole country-side had been up and in search of a child lost in the woods; that parties had gone in all directions, but unhappily without success, and that one of the people, deeply distressed on the occasion, was now in the house. Our traveller immediately exclaimed, that Providence had made him the happy instrument of recovering that lost child, who now sat before them. Every one flew round the little girl, examined and fondled her, and vented exclamations of amaze and satisfaction. During this sudden bustle, a person from the adjoining chamber rushed wildly among the company, snatched the hand of little Lydia, gazed on her for a moment, then clasped her to his bosom. It was her father!

What a scene was here! what an overflowing of the finest feelings which adorn humanity! what a gratifying interchange of these pure affectionate expressions! for how can sincerity and truth be more strongly and evidently proffered? The half-frantic joy and gratitude of the parent—the wandering fits of delight of the enfeebled little sufferer—the conscious self-satisfaction of the deliverer—the officious but sincere gratulations of the excited inmates—must all be estimated by the susceptibility of the reader.

The beautiful train of circumstances which Providence employed in this affecting story is worthy of serious consideration. If the traveller had passed Hart’s Mills when people were stirring abroad—if Shin Creek had been bridged—if the tree had fallen across—if he had no gun when he thought a bear was by—if these facts had happened, the child might have perished.—New Brunswick Standard.
TALES OF MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

AN AFRICAN STORY.*

The pophar, I have said, is in some sense the proprietor of the whole country, as head of the government and chief patriarch; yet the paradox of this government consists in this, that they are joint lords, acknowledging no inequality, but merely eldership, and the respect due to dignitaries, which they esteem as their own, or redounding to themselves, because they all give their consent to the election for the public good. In a word, the whole country is only one great family governed by the laws of nature, with proper officers, constituted by the whole, for order and common preservation. Every individual looks on himself as a part of that great family. The grand pophar is the common father, estimating all the rest as children and brothers, calling them universally by that name, as they all call one another brothers, bartering and exchanging their commodities as one brother would do with another; and not only so, but they all join in building their towns, public places, schools, &c., laying up all the stores and provisions, over and above the present consumption, in public places, for the use of the whole, with overseers and inspectors, constituted by common consent, who are to take care chiefly that no disorder be committed. Thus every one contributes to all public expenses, feasts, and the like, which, on some occasions, are extremely magnificent, affecting external grandeur in all respects. Thus also every man, wherever he goes, enters into what house he pleases, as if it were his own home: this they are doing perpetually throughout the whole country, rather visiting than merchandising; exchanging the rarities of each respective place with those of other parts, just like friends making presents to one another; so that all the roads are like streets of great towns, with people going backward and forward perpetually. They do this the more frequently, to keep up a correspondence between the nemeses, lest distance of place should cause any forgetfulness of their being of one family. The plenty of the country affords them every thing that nature can call delightful, and that with such ease, that infinite numbers are employed in trades and arts, according to their genius, or inclinations; which, by their continual peace and plenty, their long establishment in one country, and under one form of government, the natural ingenuity of the people, the so early knowledge of arts, which they brought with them out of Egypt; by the improvements their wise men make in them from time to time, and from what they learn when they pay their visits to their deceased ancestors, they have brought to prodigions perfection. One may say of them, that they are all masters, and all servants; every one has his employment; generally speaking, the younger sort wait on the elders, changing their offices as is thought proper by their superiors, as in a well-regulated community. All their children, universally, are taught at the public expense, as children of the government, without any distinction but that of personal merit. As the persons deputed for that end judge of their genius, or any particular inclination, they are disposed afterwards to those arts and callings for which they seem most proper: the most sublime sciences are the most in respect with them, and are chiefly the employment of their great men and governors, contrary to the custom of other countries; the reason of which is, because these being never chosen till they are fifty years of age, they have had more time to improve themselves, and generally are persons of more extensive capacities. They rightly suppose that persons who excel others in the most rational sciences, are not only fittest to govern a rational people, but also most capable of making themselves masters of what they undertake: not but such men, knowing the governors, are chosen out of that rank, have an eye in their studies to the rules and arts of governing, which are communicated at a distance by them, according to the talents they remark in the subjects. They do not do this out of any

* At the conclusion of this very interesting, and (there can be little question) authenti- history, we purpose telling a circumstance, which, in the eyes of the scientific literati, may render the story one of paramount importance and value. Compelled to make several divisions, the parts will be found in vol. v., pages 14, 114, 134, 218, 305, and in January, 1835, when by accident it was omitted to be continued, vide vol. vi., page 28.
spirit of ambition, employments being rather an honorary trouble than an advantage, but for the real good of the whole. Agriculture, as I said, has the next place in honour after liberal arts; and next to that, those arts are most esteemed which are most necessary; the last of all are those which are of least use, though perhaps the most delightful.

Since every one is employed for the common good more than for himself, perhaps persons may apprehend that this gives a check to industry, not having that spur or private interest, hoarding up riches, or aggrandizing their families, as is to be found in other nations. I was apprehensive of this myself, when I came to understand their government; but so far from it, that possibly there is not such an industrious race of people in the universe. They place their great ambition in the grandeur of the country, looking on those as narrow and mercenary spirits, who can prefer a part to the whole: they pride themselves over other nations on that account, each man having a proportionable share in the public grandeur. The love of glory and praise seems to be their greatest passion. Besides, their wise governors have such ways of stirring up their emulation by public honours, harangues, and panegyrics in their assemblies, with a thousand other ways of show and pageantry, and this for the most minute arts, that were it not for that fraternal love ingrafted in them from their infancy, they would be in danger of raising their emulation to too great a height. Those who give indications of greater wisdom and prudence in their conduct than others, are marked out for governors, and gradually raised, according to their merit. Whoever invents a new art has a statue erected according to the usefulness of it, with his name and family inserted in public records. Whoever distinguishes himself by any particular excellence, has suitable marks of distinction paid him on public occasions, as garlands, crowns, acclamations, songs, or hymns in his praise, &c. It is incredible how such rewards as these encourage industry and arts in minds so affected with glory as these people are; on the other hand, their greatest punishment, except for capital crimes, which are punished as above, are by public disgraces.

But now I am speaking of their youth: as they look upon them as seeds of the commonwealth, which, if corrupted in the bud, will never bring forth fruit, so their particular care is laid out in their education, in which I believe they excel all nations. One cannot say there is one in the whole nation who may be called an idle person, though they indulge their youth very much in proper recreations, endeavouring to keep them as gay as they can, because they are naturally inclined to gravity. Besides daily recreations, they have set times and seasons for public exercises, as riding, vaulting, running, but particularly hunting wild beasts, and fishing for crocodiles, and alligators in their great lakes; yet they are never suffered to go alone, that is, a company of young men together without grave men and persons in authority along with them, who are a guard to them in all their actions: nay, they are never suffered to sleep together, each lying in a single bed, though in a public room, with some grave person in the same room with them. Their women are kept much in the same manner, to prevent inconveniences which I shall touch upon when I come to the education of their women: and this so universally, that as there are no idle companions to lead them into extravagance, so there are no idle and loose women to be found to corrupt their minds. Their whole time, both for men and women, is taken up in employments or public recreations, which, with the early care to instruct them in the fundamental principles of the morality of the country, prevents all those disorders of youth we see elsewhere. Hence, too, comes that strength of body and mind in their men, and modest blooming beauty in their women; so that among this people nature seems to have kept up to its primitive and original perfection. Besides, that universal likeness in them, proceeding from their conjugal fidelity and exclusion of all foreign mixture in their breed (where all the lineaments of their ancestors, direct and collateral, meet at last in their offspring), gives the parents the comfort of seeing their own bloom and youth renewed in their children;
though, in my opinion, this universal likeness is rather a defect; not but the treasures of nature are so inexhaustible, that there are some distinguishing beauties in every face. Their young men and women meet frequently, but then it is in their public assemblies, with grave people mixed along with them. At all public exercises the women are placed in view to see and be seen, in order to inspire the young men with emulation in their performances.* They are permitted to be decently familiar on those public occasions, and can choose their lovers respectively, according to their liking, there being no such thing as dowries, or interest, but mere personal merit in the case; but more of this afterwards, when I shall speak more particularly of the education of their women and marriages. This is a short sketch of the government and economy of the people, who are as much distinguished from the customs of others, as they are separated by their habitation and country.

As for their women, the paphar told me it was what gave them the most trouble of any thing in their whole government; that by their records, their ancestors had held frequent consultations after what manner they were to be managed, there being great difficulties to be feared either from allowing them liberty, or keeping them under restraint. If you allow them liberty, you must depend on their honour, or rather caprice, for your own; if you keep them under confinement, they will be sure to revenge themselves the first opportunity, which they will find in spite of all you can do. Those rules, said he, by which men are governed, won't hold with women; solid reason, if you can make them sensible of it, will some time or other have an influence on most men; whereas humour is what predominates in women. Hit that, you have them; miss it, you do nothing; and yet they are so far from being an indifferent thing in the commonwealth, that much more depends on the right management of them than people imagine. Licentiousness of youth draws innumerable misfortunes on any government, and what greater incentives for licentiousness than wanton ladies. Our women, continued he, are extremely beautiful, as you see; our men strong and vigorous; conjugal fidelity, therefore, and chastity, must be the strongest bonds to keep them in their duty. As for our young men, we keep them in perpetual employment, and animate them to glory by every thing that can move generous minds; with our women, we endeavour the same by ways adapted to their genius. But our greatest care of all, is to make marriage esteemed by both parties the happiest state that can be wished for in this life. This we believe to depend in making the woman, rather than the man, happy and fixed in her choice;* because, if the person be imposed upon her, contrary to her own inward inclination, dislike, or revenge, or perhaps a more shameful passion, will make her seek for relief elsewhere; and where women are not virtuous, men will be lewd. We therefore permit the woman to choose entirely for herself, and the men to make their addresses where they please; but the woman is to distinguish her choice by some signal occasion or other, and that, too, not without great difficulties on both sides, which being surmounted, they esteem themselves arrived at the happy part of all their wishes. The most ardent and tried love determines the choice; this endears the man to her on the one hand, and the difficulty of finding any woman who has not the same inducements to love her husband, leaves him no encouragement for his lawless desires among married women; and the single women are either so early engaged with their

* The reason assigned for the intended admission of ladies to hear the debates in the Commons' House of Parliament was, to keep the old senators in order, that they might, through love or fear, be encouraged to show gentlymanly conduct towards each other, in which, by their own admission, they have been much wanting of late!!!

* This view is certainly novel; and the last dreamed of in this era of pride, splendour, and thoughtlessness, and selling children (daughters) off at the highest market. Are not these the beings for whose preservation parents have prayed so devoutly, watched so tenderly—for whom, in the slightest silence, and on the most trivial alarm, they have consulted the most able of the physicians—and yet they will suffer pomp and vanity to lead them captive, as if they themselves had had no experience, and knew nought of the longings of the heart, or the value of congenial attachment, when the days for outward pomp and show are passed by, and the soul seeks sympathy from a companion whom nature has formed as the absent portion of her own self?
lovers, or so possessed with the notion that a married man cannot belong to her, that his suit would be entirely vain. In a word, we do not allow the least temporal interest to interfere in the choice, but rather wish our young people should be mutually attracted by esteem and affection. The whole business of courtship is to prove their constancy, and to make them so: when we are well assured of this, all obstacles are removed. We found this method to have the least inconvenience of any, and the best means to preserve conjugal fidelity, on which the good of families so much depends.

When our nation began to grow very populous, and the country full of riches and plenty, some neglect on the part of the governors, occasioned the bounds of our innocent ancestors to be insufficient to keep the young men and women in their duty; strange disorders crept in among our youth of both sexes, so that we lost thousands of our young men and women, without knowing what was the cause; even in the married state, the greatest impropriety prevailed. Our ancestors almost resolved to keep all our women from the sight of men till they were married, and then to deliver them up to their husbands, who should have a despotic right over them, as I am informed they have in other nations. They imagined this to be a certain means to ascertain the legitimacy of their children, and to prevent jealousy, the first cause, however dissembled, of the man's dislike to his wife. Others objected against this severe discipline, and said, it was making the most beautiful part of the creation mere slaves, or at least mere properties; that it was to give a fatal check to the glory of a free people, to deprive the husband of the voluntary love of his moiety, and take away the most endearing part of conjugal happiness. To this the severer side answered, that the women were come to such a pass, that their abuses of liberty, showed they were scarce capable of making a proper use of it. However, a medium betwixt both carried it for that time. The injuries of the marriage state, and the corruption of youth, which was the occasion of it, were judged to be of such consequence to the commonwealth, they resolved to put a stop to it at any rate; all the wise men and governors consulted together, and resolved unanimously to put the laws strictly in execution, causing proclamations to be made for that intent throughout the whole empire. All corruptors of youth of both sexes were shut up immediately, with the regulations I related above, of having grave persons always in the company of young people, whether men or women. They married off all that were of age for it, as fast as they could.

There is one peculiar method allowed by them, in which they differ from all other nations: for whereas the latter endeavour to preserve their young people from love, lest they should throw themselves away, or make disadvantageous matches; the former, having no interested views in that respect, encourage a generous and honourable love, and make it their care to fix them in the strictest bonds they can, as soon as they judge by their age and constitution, of their inclinations: this they do sometimes by applauding their choice, but mostly by raising vast difficulties, contrived on purpose, both to try and enhance their constancy. They have histories and stories of heroic examples of fidelity and constancy in both sexes; but particularly for the young women, by which they are taught rather to suffer ten thousand deaths, than violate their plighted faith. One may say they are a nation of faithful lovers; the longer they live together the more their friendship increases, and infidelity in either sex is looked upon as a capital crime. Add to this, that being all of the same rank and quality, except the regard paid to eldership and public employments, nothing but personal merit and a liking of each other determines the choice. There must be signal proofs produced, that the woman prefers the man before all others, and his service must be distinguished in the same manner. Where this is approved of by the governors or elders, if the woman insists on her demands, it is an inviolable law that that man must be her husband. Their hands are first joined together in public, then they clasp each other in the closest embrace; in which posture the elder of the place, to show

* The words (as I am informed) are singular: our historian is evidently a person of considerable knowledge, and he at least knew but little of the cruel bondage of the female sex—and at a period, too, when this history was written, which is little more than a century ago.
that this union is never to be dissolved, takes a circle of the finest tempered steel, woven with flowers, and first lays it over their necks, as they are thus clasping each other, then round their waists, and last of all round their hearts, to signify that the ardency of their love must terminate in an indissoluble friendship; which is followed by infinite acclamations and congratulations of the whole assembly. I believe the world cannot furnish such examples of conjugal chastity as are preserved between them by these means. Widowers and widows never marry single persons, and but rarely at all, except left young; when they are to gain each other as before. By such prudent precautions, infinite disorders and misfortunes to the commonwealth are prevented, proceeding not only from disproportionate and forced marriages, but from the licentiousness of idle persons, who either marry for money, or live on the spoil of other people, till they can get an advantageous match. This is a short sketch of the government and customs of this most extraordinary unknown people, which I thought would not be unacceptable to the reader, though a great many other customs of no less moment occur in the sequel of this life, to which I now return.

The pohar regent made choice of me for one of his attending companions, with the other young men who came home with us; he had also a great many attendants and officers, deputed by common consent to wait his orders as regent: these were changed every five years, as were those attending the governors of the other names, on account of improvement; for, being all of equal quality, they endeavour to give them as equal an education as possible, changing their employments, and waiting on one another in their turns, by the appointment of their respective governors, except those whose genius or choice determines them to arts and sciences, according to their economy, described before. I must only add, that having such a high value for their race, no one thinks it a disgrace to perform the meanest offices, being all to be attended in like manner themselves when it comes to their turns, each looking on the honours done to every branch of their government as their own. Hence, all their public ranks and ceremonies are the most magnificent that can be imagined; there is scarce any thing done even in entertainments between the private tribes, but there are proper officers deputed for it, and all expenses paid out of the common stock, with deputies and overseers for every thing. Their houses are all open to one another with a long gallery,* which runs from the end of one range of building to the other. The women's apartments join together; with the men of each family adjoining their own women's; that is, their wives, sisters, and daughters. The women have their subaltern officers, like the men. The first apartment of every break of a street belongs to the men, then the women's belonging to them; then the women of the next family joining to them, and their men beyond them, and so on, with large public halls at proper distances for public assemblies; so that every thing they do is a sort of paradox to us, for they are the freest and yet strictest people in the world; the whole nation, as I observed before, being more like one universal regular college, or community, than any thing else. The women are perpetually employed as well as the men; it is their business to work all the fine garments for themselves and the men, which, being much the same, except devices and flowers for their friends and lovers, are made with less difficulty; the chief difference is in the wearing them. But the chief distinction of sexes is in the ornaments of their necks and hair. Crowns and fillets are worn by all, just after the model of the little picture seen in the cabinet; all their tapestry, embroidery, and the like, with infinite other curiosities are the works of their women: so that the chief qualification of their women or ladies, for they are all such, is to excel at the loom, needle, or distaff. Since I came there, by the pohar’s desire, they have added that of painting, in which I believe the vivacity of their genius will make them excel all the rest of the world. Not teaching for hire, I thought it no disgrace in me to instruct such amiable scholars in an art no man ought to be ashamed of. It is a thing unknown with these people for young ladies of any degree, or even young men, to have nothing else to mind or think of but visits and

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* The town of Chester, like much of Burg, exhibits this appearance.
dress.* When I gave them an account of the lives of our quality and gentry, they cried out, what barbarians! Can any thing become beauty more than knowledge and ingenuity? They seemed to have such contempt, and even a horror, for a life of that nature, that the young ladies asked me, with great concern, if our ladies had any lovers? as if it were impossible to love a woman who had nothing to recommend her, but what nature gave her. In fine, by the description I gave of the idle life of our ladies, they judged them to be no more than beautiful brutes. They asked me also, if I did not think myself fortunate by my captivity, where I met with ladies, who thought the ornaments of the mind more desirable than those of the body, and told me they imputed what they saw in me, to my good fortune of being born of their race by the mother's side; nay, could scarce believe but my father had a mixture of their blood someway or other. I assured them, I esteemed myself very happy to be in the midst of so many charms of body and mind; and added, that though they had the inestimable happiness of being born all of one race, without any mixture of foreign vices, yet, in effect, all the world were originally brothers and sisters, as springing from one pair, since men and women did not rise out of the ground like mushrooms. This I said, to give them a little hint of natural and revealed religion, which are inseparably linked together. But to return to myself: the poplar being my nearest relation, took me into his own family, as a constant companion and attendant, when he was not on the public concerns; where I likewise accompanied him sometimes, and received most distinguishing marks of his favour. He would often confer with me, and instruct me in their ways and customs, and the polity of their government, inquiring frequently into the particularities of our governments, both civil and religious. He never endeavoured to persuade me to conform to their religious ceremonies, and my own good sense told me it was prudence not to meddle with them. I rather thought he seemed inclined to have more favourable sentiments of our religion, as such, than his own, though he was prodigiously bigotted to their civil customs; saying, it was impossible ever to preserve a commonwealth, when they did not live up to their laws; which should be as few, and as simple as possible. For when once people come to break in upon fundamentals,* all subsequent laws would not have half the strength as primary ones. To these he added many other reflections, that showed him a man of consummate wisdom, and worthy the high post he bore. He had had two sons, both dead, and two daughters living; the one was about ten years old, when I arrived there (it is she we have spoken of in that picture); the other born the year before the pophar set out for Grand Cairo. His lady, much younger than himself, showed such fresh remains of beauty, as demonstrated that nothing but what sprung from herself could equal her; both the pophar and his consort looked on me as their own son, nor could I expect greater favour had I really been so. I took all the care imaginable not to render myself unworthy of it, and both revered and loved them beyond what I am able to express; though indeed, as I observed, the whole race of them was nothing but a kingdom of brothers and friends; no man having the least suspicion or fear of another. They were so habituated to the observance of their laws, by their natural dispositions and the never-ceasing vigilance of their governors, that they seemed to have a greater horror for the breach of their laws, than the punishments attending it; saying, that infinite disorders might be committed by the malicious inventions of men, if there was nothing but fear to keep them in their duty. Such force has education and the light of nature rightly cultivated; for myself, I was left to follow what liberal employment I had a mind to. Philosophy, music, and painting, had been the chief part of my study and diversion, till my unhappy captivity and the loss of my brother; but as I had fallen among a nation of philosophers, that noble science, the mistress of all others, made up the more serious part of my employment; though some times, by the pophar regent's earnest desire, I applied myself to the other two, particularly painting. They had a great many old-fashioned

* A present lesson for the Destructive.
musical instruments, and an infinite number of performers in their way, who attended their feasts and public rejoicings; but their music, both vocal and instrumental, was not near so perfect as one might have expected of so polite a people, and did not come up to the elevated genius of our Italians. Their philosophy chiefly turned on the more useful part of it, that is, the mathematics and direction of nature: in the moral part of it they have a system, or rather a too high and exalted notion of Providence, if that expression may be allowed, by which they imagine all things to be so governed in this world, that whatever injury a man does to another, it will be returned upon him or his posterity, even in this world, in the same manner, or even in a greater degree, than what he did to others.

Were I to explain my sentiments on this point, no man has more reason to magnify Providence than myself; but heathenish people may carry a just belief to superstition. That there is a Providence over the physical part of the world, for which no man who has any just knowledge in nature can be ignorant, since he may be convinced by the least insect, every thing being adapted to its peculiar ends, with such art and knowledge in the author of it, that all the art and knowledge of men cannot do the like; and by consequence not being able to make itself, it must be produced by a cause infinitely knowing and foreseeing. Then, as to the moral part of the world, the same reason shows, that since the great Creator descends so low as to take care of the least insect, it is incredible to think that the noblest part of the world, that is, the free actions of men, should be without his care. But as he has given them the glorious endowments of free-will, the same Providence knows how to adapt the direction of them by ways and means suitable to their beings; that is, by letting them know his will, and proposing suitable rewards and punishments for their good and bad actions; which rewards and punishments, it is evident, are not always seen in this life, since the wicked often prosper, and the good suffer, but by consequence must be reserved for another state.

But these people not having a just notion of the next life, though they believe in a future state, carry matters so far, that they think every injury done to another will be some way or other retaliated upon the aggressor, or his posterity, in this life; only they say the punishment always falls the heavier the longer it is deferred. In this manner do they account for all the revolutions of the earth, that one wicked action is punished by another; that the descendants of the greatest monarchs have been lost in beggary for almost endless generations, and the persons that dispossessed them treated after the same manner by some of the descendants of the former, and so on; which notion, in my opinion, is not just, since a sincere repentance may wipe off the most grievous offences. But as persons, generally speaking, are more sensibly touched with the punishments of this life, it is not to be doubted but there are often most signal marks of avenging Providence in this life, in order to deter the wicked.

To proceed. Finding that the pophar had a prodigious fancy for painting, by some indifferent pieces he had picked up, I applied myself with extraordinary diligence to that art, particularly since he would have me teach his daughter, whose unparalleled charms, though but in the bud, made me insensible to all others. By frequent drawing, I not only pleased him and others, but almost myself; every one there, men and women, was to follow some art or science: the pophar desired me to impart my art to some of the young people of both sexes, saying there were very great encouragements for the inventors of any new art, which I might justly claim a title to. I did so, and before I left the place, I had the pleasure to see some of them equal, or even excelling their master.

These were the chief employments of my leisure hours; though I was forced to leave them for considerable intervals, to attend the regent in the private visitations of his charge, which he did frequently from time to time, sometimes to one none, sometimes to another, having an eye over all, both officers and people. These visitations* were rather preserves against, than remedies for, any disorders. He used to say, that the commonwealth was like a great machine.

* This is similar to the plan said by historians to have been pursued by the wise Alfred.
with different movements, which, if frequently visited by the artists, the least flaw being taken notice of in time, was not only soon remedied, but was a means of preserving all the parts in a constant and regular motion; but if neglected, would soon disorder the motions of the other parts, and either cost a great deal to repair, or bring the whole machine to destruction. Unless on public solemnities, which were always very magnificent, the pophar (not to burden his people) went about without any great train, accompanied by only an assisting elder or two, the young pophar and myself; he had frequent conversations with the subalterns, and even with the meanest artisans, calling them his children; and they having recourse to him as their common father. For the first five years of his regency, the only difficulty we had of any moment to determine, was an affair of the most delicate nature ever heard of; owing to the peculiar circumstances of it, being a case entirely new, as well as unprovided for by the laws of their constitution.*

These visitations in the company of the pophar, gave me an opportunity of seeing all the different parts and chief curiosities of the whole empire. Their great towns, especially the heads of every nome, were built, as I said, much after the same form, differing chiefly in the situation, and are principally designed for winter residence, for their courts and colleges, but particularly for instructing and polishing their youth of both sexes, and such admirable care and economy, to avoid all dissoluteness and idleness. Their villas, or places of pleasure, are scattered all over the country, with most beautiful variety: the villages and towns built for manufactures, trades, convenience of agriculture, &c. are innumerable; their canals and great lakes, some of them like little seas, are very frequent, according as the nature of the country will allow; with pleasure-houses and pavilions, built at due distances, round the borders, interspersed with islands and groves, some natural, some artificial, where at proper seasons you might see thousands of boats skimming backwards and forwards, both for pleasure and the profit of catching fish, of which there is an inexhaustible store. There are also vast forests of infinite variety and delight, distinguished here and there with theatrical spaces or lawns, either natural or cut out by art, for the convenience of pitching their tents in the hot seasons, with such romantic scenes of deep vales, hanging woods, and precipices, natural falls and cascades, or rather cataracts of water over the rocks, that all the decorations of art are nothing but foils and shadows to those majestic beauties of nature; besides glorious prospects of different kinds over the edges of the mountains, where we passed in our visitations, sometimes presenting us with a boundless view over the most delicious plains in the world; in other places, having our view terminated with other winding hills, exalting their reviving perfumes from innumerable species of natural fruits and odoriferous shrubs.

Travelling thus by easy journeys, staying or advancing in our progress as we thought fit, I had an opportunity of admiring with infinite delight the effects of industry and liberty, in a country where nature and art seemed to vie with each other in their different productions. There was another extraordinary satisfaction I received in these visitations, which was the opportunity of seeing and partaking of their grand matches, or rather companies, if I may use the expression, of hunting and fishing. All the young people with their governors, or all who were able or willing to go, at particular seasons disperse themselves for these hunts all over the kingdom: the country being so prodigiously fertile, that it furnishes them, almost spontaneously, with whatever is necessary or even delectable for life, the people living in some measure in common, and having no other interest but

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* The case was this. Two twin brothers had fallen in love with the same woman, and she with one (or both) of them. The men and the woman lived in different parts of the same nome, and met accidentally at one of their great solemnities. By reason of the great resemblance, she could not tell the one from the other. According to their custom of presenting roses as the courtship advanced, she received these tokens from each unknowingly. The brothers had no knowledge of each other's movements, but imagined that the rose she wore was in reply to that presented to her, and each conceived himself advancing to the success of his wishes, whilst the damsel was quite at a loss to understand many perplexities in which their simple courtship seemed to be involved. This story will be found in vol. iv. page 235 (1834), entitled "The Twin Brothers"; it is more than usually interesting.
that of a well-regulated community. They leave the towns at certain seasons, and go and live in tents for the convenience of hunting and fishing, according as the country and seasons are proper for each recreation; the flat part of the country (though it is generally more hilly than campaign) is stocked with prodigious quantities of fowl and game, as pheasants, partridges of different kinds, much larger than our wild hens, turkeys, and peacocks, with other species of game, which we have not in Italy; hares almost innumerable, but no coneyas that ever I saw, unless we call coneyas a lesser sort of hare, which feed and run along the cliffs and rocks, but do not burrow as ours do. There is also a small sort of wild goat, much less than ours, not very fleet, of a very high taste, and prodigiously fat. They take vast quantities of all sorts, but still leave sufficient stock to supply next season, except hurtful beasts, which they kill whenever they can. But their great hunts are in the mountains and woodland parts of the country, where the forests are full of infinite quantities of mast and fruits, and other food for wild beasts of all kinds; but particularly stags, of four or five different species; some of which, almost as big as a horse, keep in the wildest parts, whose flesh they dry and season with spices, and it is the richest food I ever tasted. Their wild swine are of two kinds; some vastly large, others very little, not much bigger than a lamb, but prodigiously fierce. This last is most delicate meat, feeding on the masts and wild fruits in the thickest part of the groves, and multiplying exceedingly, where they are not disturbed, one sow bringing sixteen or eighteen pigs; so that I have seen thousands of them caught at one hunting match, and sent in presents to the parts of the kingdom where they have none; which is their way in all their recreations, having persons appointed to carry the rarities of the country to one another, and to the governors, parents, and friends left behind them.

When they go out to their grand hunt, they choose some open vale, or vast lawn, as far in the wild forests as they can, where they pitch their tents, and make their rendezvous: then they send out their most courageous young men, in small bodies of ten in a company, well-armed, each with his spear and fusil slung at his back; which last of late years they find more serviceable against the wild beasts than spears, having got samples of them from Persia. These go quietly through the wildest parts of the forest at proper distances, so as to meet at such a place, which is to view the ground, and find a place proper to make their stand, and pitch their toils. They are often several days out about this; but are to make no noise, nor kill any wild beast, unless attacked, or come upon him in his couch unawares, that they may not disturb the rest. When they have made their report, several thousands of them surround a considerable part of the forest, standing close together for their mutual assistance, making as great a noise as they can, with dogs, drums, and rattles, and other noisy instruments, to frighten the game towards the centre, that none may escape the circle. When this is done, all advance a-breast, encouraging their dogs, sounding their horns, beating their drums and rattles, that the most courageous beasts are all roused, and run before them towards the centre, till by this means they have driven together several hundreds of wild beasts, lions, tigers, elks, wild boars, stags, foxes, hares, and, in fine, all sorts of beasts that were within that circle. 'Tis most terrible to see such a heap of cruel beasts gathered together, grinning and roaring at one another, in a most frightful manner: but the wild boar is the master of all. Whoever comes near him in that rage, even the largest lion, he strikes at him with his tusks, and makes him keep his distance. When they are brought within a proper compass, they pitch their toils round them, and enclose them in, every man joining close to his neighbour, holding out their spears to keep them off. If any beast should endeavour to make his escape, which some will do now and then (particularly the wild boars), they run against the points of the spears, and make very martial sport. I was told, that a prodigious wild sow once broke through three files of spears, overturned the men, and made a gap, that set all the rest a running almost in a body that way, so that the people were forced to let them take their career, and lost all their labour. But now they have men ready with their fusils to drop any beast that should offer to turn a-head. When they are enclosed, there is most terrible work, the greatest
beasts fighting and goring one another, from rage and spite, and the more fearful running into the toils for shelter. Then our men with their fusils drop the largest as fast as they can. When they intend to shoot the wild boars, three or four aim at a particular one at a time, to be sure to drop him or disable him, otherwise he runs full at the last that wounded him with such fury, that sometimes he will break through the strongest toils; but his companions all join their spears to keep him off. When they have dropped all that are dangerous, and as many as they have a mind, they open their toils, and dispatch all that are gasping. I have known above five hundred head of beasts of all sorts killed in one day. When all is over, they carry off their spoil to the rendezvous, feasting and rejoicing, and sending presents as before.

There is oftentimes very great danger, when they go through the woods to make discovery of their haunts; because, if in small companies, some stubborn beast or other will attack them directly; every man, therefore, has a fusil slung at his back, and his spear in his hand for his defence. Being once in one of their parties, we came upon a prodigious wild boar, as he was lying in his haunt; some of us were for passing by him, but I thought such a noble prey was not to be suffered to escape, so we surrounded him, and drew up to him, with more courage and curiosity than prudence. One of my companions, who was my intimate friend, being one of those who conducted me over the deserts, went up nigher to him than the rest, with his spear in his hands, stretched out ready to receive him, in case he should come at him; at which the beast started up of a sudden, with a noise that would have terrified the stoutest hero, and made him with such a fury, that we gave him up for lost. He stood his ground with so much courage, and held his spear so firm and exact, that he ran it directly up the mouth of the beast, quite into the inner part of his throat: the boar roared and shook his head in a terrible manner, endeavouring to get the spear out, which if he had done, all the world could not have saved the young man. I, seeing the danger, ran in with the same precipitancy, and clapping the muzzle of my gun almost close to his side, a little behind his fore-shoulder, shot him quite through the body; so he dropped down dead before us. Just as we thought the danger was over, the sow, hearing his cry, came rushing on us, and that so suddenly, that before I could turn myself with my spear, she struck at me behind with her snout, and pushing on, knocked me down with her impetuosity; and the place being a little shelving, she came tumbling quite over me, which was the occasion of saving my life. Ashamed of the foil, but very well apprised of the danger, I was scarce got up on my feet, and on my guard, when, making at me alone, though my companions came to my assistance, she pushed at me a second time with equal fury. I held my spear with all my might, thinking to take her in the mouth, but missing my aim, I took her just in the throat, where the head and neck join, and thrust my spear with such force, her own career meeting me, that I struck quite through her windpipe, the spear sticking so fast in her neck-bone, that, when she dropped, we could scarce get it out again. She tossed and reeled her head a good while before she fell, but her windpipe being cut, and bleeding inwardly, she was choked. My companions had hit her with their spears on the sides and back, but her hide and bristles were so thick and hard, they did her very little damage. They all applauded my courage and victory, as if I had killed both the swine. But I, as justice required, gave the greatest part of the glory, for the death of the boar, to the courageous dexterity of the young man, who had exposed himself so generously, and hit him so exact in the throat. We left the carcasses there, not being able to take them with us; but marking the place, we came afterwards with some others to carry them off. I had the honour to carry the boar’s head on the point of my spear; which I would have given to the young man, but he refused it, saying, that I had not only killed it, but saved his life into the bargain. The honour being judged to me by every one, I sent it as a present to the divine Ipyhena: a thing allowed by their customs, though as yet I never durst make any declarations of love. She accepted it; but added, she hoped I would make no more such presents; and explained herself no further.

These people having no wars, nor single combats with one another, which last
are not allowed for fear of destroying their own species, have no other way of showing their courage, but against wild beasts: where, without waiting for any express order of their superiors, they will expose themselves to a great degree, and sometimes perform exploits worthy the greatest heroes.

Their fishing is of two kinds, one for recreation and profit, the other to destroy the crocodile and alligators, which are only found in the great lakes, and the rivers that run into them, and that in the hotter and campaign parts of the country. In some of the lakes, even the largest, they cannot live; in others, they breed prodigiously. As they fish for them only to destroy them, they choose the most proper time for this purpose, that is, when the eggs are hatching; which is done in the hot sands, by the sides of the rivers and lakes. The old ones are not only very ravenous at that time, but lie lurking in the water near their eggs, and are so prodigiously fierce, that there is no taking their eggs, unless you first contrive to kill the old ones. Their way to fish for them is this: they beat at a distance, by the sides of the rivers and lakes, where they breed, which makes the old ones hide themselves in the water. Then twenty or thirty of the young men row quietly backward and forward on the water where they suppose the creatures are, having a great many strong lines with hooks, made after the manner of fish-hooks, well armed as far as the throat of the animal reaches. These hooks they fasten under the wings of ducks and water-fowls, kept for the purpose, which they let drop out of the boat, and swim about the lake. Whenever the ducks come over the places where the creatures are, these last strike at them, and swallow the poor ducks immediately, and so hook themselves with the violence and check of the boat. As soon as one is hooked, they tow him, floundering and beating the water, at a strange rate, till they have brought him into the middle of the water at a distance from the rest of his companions, who all lie nigh the banks; then the other boats surround him, and dart their harping-spears at him till they kill him. These harping-spears are pointed with the finest tempered steel, extremely sharp, with beards to hinder them from coming out of his body; there is a line fastened to the spear to draw it back, and the creature along with it; as also to hinder the spear from flying too far, if they miss their aim. Some of them are prodigiously dexterous at it; but there is no piercing the creature but in his belly, which they must hit as he flounces and rolls himself in the water. If a spear hits the scales of his back, it will fly off as from a rock, not without some danger to those who are very nigh, though they generally know the length of the string.

I was really apprehensive of those strange fierce creatures at first, and it was a considerable time before I could dart with any dexterity; but the desire of glory, and the applause given to those who excel, who have the skins carried like trophies before their mistresses, these, and the charms of the regent's daughter, so inspired me, that I frequently carried off the prize.

It is one of the finest recreations in the world; you might see several hundred boats at a time, either employed or as spectators, with shouts and cries, when the creature is hit in the right place, that make the very banks tremble. When they have killed all the old ones, they send their people on the shore to rake for the eggs, which they burn and destroy on the spot; not but some will be hatched before the rest, and creep into the water, to serve for sport the next year. They destroy these animals, not only for their own security in the use of the lakes, but also to preserve the wild fowl and fish, which are devoured and destroyed by the crocodiles.

But the fishing on the great lake Gil-gol, or lake of lakes, is without any danger, there being no alligators in that water, and is only for recreation and the profit of the fish. The lake is above a hundred Italian miles in circumference. At proper seasons the whole lake is covered with boats; great numbers of them full of ladies to see the sport, beside what are on the islands and shores, with trumpets, hautboys, and other musical instruments playing all the while. It is impossible to describe the different kinds of fish the lake abounds with; many of them we know nothing of in Europe,

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* The lake Meris in Egypt, according to Diodorus Siculus and Herodotus, quoted by the Bishop of Meaux, (Hist. Univ. sect. 3,) was a hundred and eighty French leagues in circumference.
Thoughts on Marriage.

though they have some like ours, but much larger; as pikes, or a fish like a pike, two or three yards long; a fish like a bream, a yard and a half over. They catch incredible numbers of carp, forty or fifty pound weight; some kinds in one part of the lake, some in another. They fish in this manner, and afterwards feast on what they catch, for a fortnight or three weeks, if the season prove kind, retiring at night to their tents, either on the islands or shore, where there are persons employed in drying and curing what are proper for use, sending presents of them into other parts of the country, in exchange for venison, fowl, and the like. Though there are noble lakes and ponds, even in the forests, made by the enclosures of the hills and woods, that are stored with excellent fish, yet they are entirely destitute of the best sort, that is, sea-fish, which we have in such quantities in Europe. When this fishing is over, they retire to the towns, because of the rainy season, which begins presently after.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

"Those awful words, 'till death doth part,"
May well alarm the youthful heart;
No after-thought—when once a wife,
The die is cast—and cast for life."*

Should any young lady of eighteen glance her eye across the pages of the "Lady's Magazine," and be upon the point of turning the leaves over that are occupied by the consideration of matrimony, without perusing it, let me beg of her to pause for a moment, and glance at what is neither intended to infuse into my merry friend's future prospects of bliss, bitters, nor to overturn airy castles of felicity and enjoyment. Slowly pass, no doubt, the lingering days which yet procrastinate that pictured scene of happiness—wedlock— withholding from your eager expectations the goblet of fancied contentment; but e'er that smiling brow learns to bend to austere frowns, and that hitherto unrefrilled bosom has cause to swell with tides of sorrow, glance the eye over this page of friendly advice, from one whose only motive in writing is pure friendship.

Consider well before you enter upon this new way,— this unknown road of life. Each blooming rose, violet, or myrtle, that decks the way and perfumes the air, wafting their fragrance on every side, invite you eagerly to partake of the sweets; but yet, may not the most beautiful conceal amid their rich foliage some treacherous thorn, which springing from its shelter may dart forth its piercing sting with ruthless vengeance?

"Oh! pluck not in haste every flower that grows,
But be temperate in thy desire;
For he who too eagerly grasps at a rose,
Will find that it hangs on a brier."

Matrimony is a fountain from which we derive our purest happiness, and imbibes that exquisite sensibility, which is necessary to enable us to bear the little ills and disappointments of this life with firmness and fortitude, and to look forward to that which is to come with courage and resignation.

When two fond hearts, according in union of love and disposition, mingle together, whose every thought and action coincide, whose every wish and joy is mutual matrimony, must be—is—a paradise on earth. But how different the case, when beauty and interest only guide the affections, beauty and fortune are both subject to many vicissitudes; and although, while they last, misery and sorrow may be kept at some distance, no sooner does beauty decay, and fortune lower, than all is involved in the clouds of darkness—all becomes a chaos of misery, disappointment, anguish, and despair.

The necessary qualifications to make each other happy are seldom or never considered. A pleasing countenance, blue eyes, dark hair, handsome form, noble birth, &c. &c. &c., are all that is sought for; possessed of these, what happiness do their enraptured imaginations portray!! Alas! how wofully are thousands disappointed; riches and beauty for a time intoxicate the senses, the soul is disordered by their influence; all is noise, revelry, and pleasure. But there are sober moments that succeed those follies, when the "hand of fate is on the curtain, and gives the scene to light." Then conscience and pangs of remorse crowd upon the horror-struck, trembling victim, who learns, when too late, that the bliss attendant upon matrimony depends not always upon beauty and riches.

J. C. H.

Wiseton, July, 1835.

* The writer has made the same apt quotation as at page 84, vol. iv., in a paper entitled "No afterthought when once a Wife," but the subject is treated in a manner different and useful, so that we consent to publish the twin paper.

The name on the title-page of this volume prepared us for the perusal of an excellent work, and most amply has it fulfilled those anticipations. There is the sterling stamp of worth in whatever comes from the pen of Mrs. Lee—moral worth, for it partakes of her own intrinsic excellence of character, and intellectual worth, for she possesses a richly stored mind, and has a captivating manner of communicating its treasures to her readers; and her writings have all the charms that original genius, joined to professional skill, can impart. She has seen so much of wild and savage coasts, and has made her observations with that discriminating minuteness, which makes every sentence call up a vivid reality in the minds of her readers, who are amused and instructed with a succession of graphic pictures of subjects, such as no other woman in the world, excepting the amiable partner of the lamented Bowdich, has the power to delineate. She has so much of fact to tell, that her pages offer a complete contrast to the fashionable mode of wire-drawing a few incidents over an acre of paper; she uses words simply as vehicles, to convey the valuable stores of her own memory to the minds of others, and not merely to make books with them: the consequence is, that her style is luminous and beautiful, while the reader is too much interested to know that she has a style at all; but shares in the animated narrative of the gifted writer, with forgetfulness of every thing but her subject. A person that could yawn with this book in hand must be indisposed, either mentally or bodily.

This volume consists of three sections; the first are native stories, founded on facts, related to Mrs. Bowdich during her sojourn on the coast of Africa; the second division are sketches she has collected in France and England; and the third are various anecdotes and incidents that befell her in her voyages and African travels. Several of the stories have been published in the "Forget-me-Not" and the "Friendship's Offering," when under the editorship of her excellent friend, the late Thomas Pringle: we had remarked them there among the very best papers in that annual; but these sketches were published without the notes, and the notes stamp a double value on the work, as they contain Mrs. Bowdich's personal observations on the natural history and national character of the productions and population of Africa, and we receive from the perusal more information and pleasure than from any African travels we have yet seen.* The cheerfulness and playful spirit with which this lady relates all her privations and dangers, is not the least delightful feature in the book: she is a fine specimen of the enduring courage with which a little feminine creature can look death and danger smilingly in the face, when peril is shared with a beloved object.

It is not an easy task to select the best passage from many of such varied excellence, but we think we are most pleased with the adventures of Sai, the pet panther.

This panther was one of two, taken at the same time from their dam in the forest, and presented to the king of Ashantee. He kept them in his palace for some months, when the largest and strongest killed the other in a romping match, and was afterwards sent to us for ourselves, or to bestow on any one whom we pleased. As he would have been very much in our way, we resigned him to higher authorities, and he was eventually given to the Duchess of York. Her royal highness, however, would not send him to Oatlands till she herself returned to that place, and for a time consigned him to the better care of Mr. Cross, then at Exeter Change. The day previous to her leaving town, she called to see him; he was loose, and played with her most familiarly, but on the following morning, when one of her people went to fetch him, he was dead. He was the first African panther brought alive to England, was remarkably large and beautiful of his kind, and the spots on his bright and glossy skin destroyed all the rules established by our naturalists, to enable them to distinguish between the panther and the young leopard. He came from Coomasie with Mr. Hutchison, the resident left there by Mr. Bowdich, and, as he was very young, the efforts made by that gentleman and others to tame him were completely successful. Nothing alive was ever given to him to eat, and so well was he trained, that frequently on their march to the coast, when the natives would not contribute any provisions, he would catch a fowl, and lay it at the feet of Mr. Hutchison.

* To this we may add, the very interesting and valuable narrative of my Great-Great-Grandfather, of which a considerable portion has already been published in this Magazine. See July, 1834, and subsequent numbers.
who always rewarded him with a select morsel. On arriving at Cape Coast, he was tied up for a few days with a slight cord, and after that remained at liberty, with a boy to watch that he did not annoy the officers of the castle. He especially attached himself to me and the governor, probably thinking I was more express of his mind on him than any one else; we took care, however, to keep his claws well filed, that we might not get an unintentional scratch. He was as playful as a kitten, and a few days after his cord had been taken away, he took it into his head to bound round the whole fort; the boy ran after him, which he mistaking for fun, only increased his speed, and caused him to dash through all the narrow spaces. Most of the inhabitants were frightened out of their senses, and it was highly amusing to see the sudden disappearance of all living things, even to the sentinels. When tired, he quietly walked in at my door, and his pursuers found him lying on the ground beside me, composing himself to sleep, whence he was taken without the least resistance. At another time he missed the governor, who, while talking a great palaver, was surrounded by people of all sorts, and sought him in every direction. While in a distant part of the castle, Mr. Hope Smith returned to his private sitting-room, and left the door open; presently, Sai, for so had he been named after his first and royal master, the king, came up the stairs with a listless, heavy step, but, on reaching the entrance, and unexpectedly behold the object of his search, he made one spring, and resting his paw on each shoulder, nestled his head closely into the collar of Mr. H. Smith's coat, which was greatly relieved by this mark of affection; he having given himself up for lost, when the animal sprang upon him. Sai's chief amusement was standing on his hind legs, resting his fore paws on the window-sill, and fixing his head between them in this posture to contemplate all that was going on in the town below. The governor's children, however, often disputed this post with him, and dragged him down by the tail, which he bore with perfect good-humour. The only violence of which we knew him to be guilty was biting the head of a locust in the audience-hall, and heaving it to when he was eating, and tried to take his food from him. His young keeper constantly seated himself on a step, and went to sleep, without attending to his charge, when Sai would frequently steal softly behind him, and giving him a smart pat upon the head, lay him flat on the ground, and then run off, begging play by every possible gesture. An old woman, who always swept the great hall before dinner, was performing her daily office with a small hand-brush, and consequently going over the floor nearly on hands and knees. Sai, who had been sleeping under one of the sofas, suddenly rushed out, and leaping on the woman's back, stood there with his head on one side, his tail swinging backwards and forwards, the very personification of mischief. The woman squallled, the servant hastened to her assistance, but on seeing the cause of her alarm was as much frightened as she was, and ran away: the governor and myself, hearing the noise, also came to the scene of action, when Sai descended from his station, and held his head to us to be patted, as if in approbation of his feats.

The time came for him to be embarked, and he was shut into a large, strong cage, with iron bars in front, and put into a canoe; while there, the motion made him restless, and he uttered a howl, which so frightened the canoes men, that they lost their balance, set up a howl in echo, and upset the canoe. We were watching the embarkation from one of the castle windows; and when we saw the cage floating on the waves, we gave out pet as lost, and I am not sure that we did not make a trio in the cry; but fortunately a boat immediately put off from the ship, the men in which caught hold of the cage just as it was on the point of sinking. The panther was installed close by the fore-mast, and I did not fail to pay him a visit the moment I went on board. He was very dull; and, perhaps, a little sea-sick, but was half frantic with joy at seeing me; and one of the white boys belonging to the vessel being appointed to take the entire charge of him, he soon became so attached to his new guardian, that he did not pine after us, nor did he feel the confinement of the cage so much as we anticipated. Twice every week I gave him some lavender-water. Mr. Hutchinson having discovered his love of sweet smells from pulling a perfumed handkerchief chief out of his pocket on his way from Coo masie. The panther seized on it immediately, rolled himself over it, and did not cease to enjoy it till he had torn it into shreds. I put my lavender-water into a cup of stiff paper, and holding it to his cage, Sai put forth his paw; but if his talons were out, he received only a knuckle, on which he immediately retracted them; and when the paper cup was thrust in, he smelt it, dipped his head in it, and was never satisfied till he had rolled his whole body over it.

While at Gaboon, the panther's rage was very great at the sight of strange black men; and he eyed the pigs very wistfully, as long as we had any. When our provisions became scanty, and the cold killed the parrots, he was fed with them; but these being barely sufficient to satisfy his appetite, he ate them so eagerly, that he did not stop to pluck off all the feathers; these being indigestible, he became very ill, and finding him very feverish, and unable to return my notice of him, I had him taken out of the cage, and making up three pills, containing altogether six grains of calomel, thrust them down his throat while the boy held his jaws open. A mixture was then made of sugar, water, and brimstone, and put into a pan within his cage; he drank plentifully of it; and the boy visited him from time to time, holding him in his arms, and rubbing him; and by the evening of the next day he was perfectly restored.

The black servant of my cousin, who was about sixteen years old, one day stole some tallow candles, by way of a feast. Being caught in the act of devouring them, some bustle ensued, and his little master ran into the cabin, informing us of the affair in very animated tones. Two hours after, when all was silent below, I heard one of the parrots pronounce the name of the delinquent softly, which was Ha Boo; at last he added two or three more words; and by night, screamed out most distinctively, 'Ha Boo's a thief, he eat a candle;'' being the exact expression of the child. All the parrots of this
coast are grey, with scarlet tails: the last mentioned feathery were carefully collected by the sailors, who tie them up in festoons, and hang them about the ship when she próximo ports.

An orang-outang was brought to us while in the Gaboon for purchase, but the owner asked so high a price that we did not think proper to buy it; for which we were afterwards sorry, as there was not a living specimen in England when we arrived. It was the Simia satyrus; which species approaches most nearly to man in some respects. It was about three feet high, and having no hair on the front of its body, resembled a wrinkled old person: its docility and attachment were very remarkable, and it appeared to be a very timid animal. It chanced to pass the panther, on which it uttered a most piercing cry, flew along the deck, knocking everything over in its way, and did not rest till it had hidden itself in a sail, where it lay trembling for a long time. As to Sai, his rage was terrific, and we never moment expected he would wrench the bars out of his cage. A much more formidable animal, called by the natives Ingheena, is said to exist in the forest of云南; its stature is describer to be about four feet, and its breadth enormous; the stroke of its paw will kill a man instantly, and it has never yet been taken alive. It builds houses in imitation of man, but lives on the top; and picks up its food, and carries them on its shoulders; but not knowing where to deposit them, frequently dies of fatigue. The females carry their young about after they die, till they drop from their arms. How far these stories are true I know not, but they were related to us by the most respectable natives, and there is no doubt of the existence of a very formidable animal of the orang tribe in central Africa.

The amusement afforded to me and others by Jack (a Simia Diana) made him tolerated, where his mischievous propensities would otherwise have condemned him to perpetual confinement. He was often banished to an empty hen-coop; but as this made no impression on him, I always tried to prevent the punishment, which he knew so well, that, when he had done wrong, he either hid himself or sought refuge near me. Much more effect was produced on him by taking him within sight of the panther, who always seemed most willing to devour him. On these occasions I held him up by the tail in front of the cage, but long before I reached it, knowing where he was going, he pretended to be dead; his eyes were closed quite fast, and every limb was as stiff as if there were no life in him. When taken away he would open one eye a little, to see whereabouts he might be; but if he caught a glimpse of the cage, it was instantly closed, and he became as stiff as before. He clambered into the hammocks, stole the men's knives, tools, handkerchiefs, and even the nightcaps off their heads; all of which went into the sea. When biscuit was toasting between the bars of the caboose, and the dried herbs boiling in the tin mugs, he would take the former out and carry it away, and take out the latter, and trail it along the planks; if he burnt his paws he desisted for a day or two; and he often regaled the parrots with the biscuit, biting it in small pieces, and feeding them with the utmost gravity. At other times he would knock their cages over, lick up the water thus spilled, eat the lumps of sugar, and pull the bird's tails; and in this manner he killed a beautiful green pigeon belonging to the steward, a specimen of which I never saw in any collection. For this he was flogged and imprisoned three days; and half an hour after he was let out, I met him scurrying round the deck with the two blue-faced monkeys on his back, whom he often carried about in this manner. When he thought fit to ride, he would watch behind a cask, on the days the pigs were let loose, dart on to their backs as they passed, dig his nails into them to keep himself on, and the faster they ran, and the more they squealed, the happier he seemed to be.

His most important misdemeanors, however, were performed to the injury of his fellow monkeys, of whom he was very jealous. The smaller ones were very obsequious to him, and when he called them by a peculiar noise, they came, hanging their heads, and looking very submissive; and, in one week, the two admitted below were drowned out of sheer malice. I saw him throw the first overboard, and the poor little thing swam after us some time, but the ship was going too fast to be effectually thrown out, in the hope he would cling to it. During one of the calms we so often met with, the men had been painting the outside of the ship, and leaving their pots and brushes on the deck, went down to dinner; no one was above but myself, the helmsman, and Jack. The latter beckoned and coaxed a black monkey to him; then seizing him by the neck, took a brush full of white paint, and deliberately covered him with it, in derision of his cunning. The helmsman and I burst into a laugh, upon which Jack dropping his victim, flew up the rigging into the main-top, where he stood with his black nose between the bars, peeping at what was going on below. The little metamorphosed beast began licking himself, but the steward being summoned, he washed him with turpentine, and no harm was received. Many attempts were made to catch the rogue aloft, but he eluded all; and when he was driven down by hunger, he watched his opportunity, and sprang from one of the ropes on to my lap, where he knew he should be safe. I fed and entertained for him, so he escaped with only a scolding, which he received with an appearance of shame, which in him was highly ludicrous.

We must not omit to mention, that Mrs. Lee's volume is embellished with lithographic drawings, from sketches taken on the spot, illustrative of the customs and manners she describes.


Within the last few years the English language has received a distinction that was formerly confined to the French and Latin, by foreigners of talent studying it sufficiently to compose therein original works that have been received with approbation in our country as standard
productions of merit. One of our popular modern authors is Don Telesforo de Trueba, a Spaniard; and we lately reviewed a noble historical romance (the "Court of Sigismund Augustus") rendered into nervous perspicuous English by a Pole. We have at present before us another foreign candidate for English literary honours, in the work of a Portuguese lady, and one that possesses many claims to the attention of the public.

The weakest part of the tale of Ofelia is the fictitious portion: this, however, does not occupy above half the space of the work; while her remarks on our literature, religion, and customs, will be read with intense interest by those who know how bounded hitherto has been the education of the Portuguese ladies, and how every way fitted are even their natural intellects have been by their faith and national customs. We hail this work as a promise of better times. In that part of the Peninsula, a few wives and mothers, with the accomplishments and reflective powers of Dona Francisca, would do more for the Peninsula than fifty victories, and as many political revolutions.

This lady is not only well read in our poetry, even in our old scarce poets of the era of the Tudors and Stuarts, but she is mistress of European history, as well as that of her own country, of its sister Spain, and their colonies. Her digressions into Peruvian history, are from sources with which our country is not commonly acquainted, and form a valuable feature in the work. And the view of events as connected with Catholicism, will a little surprise her readers, when they consider the native country of the writer. She is a Protestant, certainly, the first of her country and sex that ever gave reasons in print for the change of faith, if not one of the first converts to the reformed church.

The language in which this lady has clothed her ideas is not such fluent English as that attained by the writers we have mentioned above. When she is animated and pleased with her own subject, we find passages that are easy and even eloquent; but cramp words, oddly applied, sometimes occur, that seem either coined for the occasion, or gathered from some obsolete dictionary; such as pandiculations for deep sighs, cavilous, florulent, luctations. Her applications of the preterite are odd and crude, though by no means unintelligible, as "he con" ferenced with himself" for conferred, "her compressed mind" for contracted mind; but the odd application of epithets betrays the foreign writer more than any part of the diction. She does not know the difference between ludicrous, ridiculous, malignant, and sarcastic; and we are apt to laugh when she mentions the malignant smile of her heroine, and the ludicrous smile of her hero. Yet there is no sentence that can be wholly unintelligible to a liberal reader; and we must acknowledge that the sense is always clear, despite of this occasional verbal ruggedness. If an English friend had scanned the work with any thing like care, a few appropriate synonyms would have made all right with little trouble, for faults seldom occur in the grammatical construction of sentences. Errors in syntax, and perversions of idiom, are far less frequent, than crudely applied or misplaced adjectives. She does not understand the use of the word often, and constantly employs in its place "not seldom." But the very circumstance of her work being presented to the public just as she wrote it, makes it a great literary curiosity. It would have been far more attractive to the English public if the scenes had been wholly confined to the Peninsula, the modes of thinking and acting of the Spanish and Portuguese ladies never having been illustrated by one of themselves. The fair Lusian is too desultory in her sketch of England, during the residence of the fictitious personages of her novel to gratify the English. We want to have her own opinion of ourselves, and what she really thought and saw, and how we must have appeared to the eyes of a Protestant Portuguese lady, defined with the individual minuteness of a Manuel d'Espriella, supposing that fictitious person had been a lady, and we want her to give portraits of interior female life in her own land. The most successful portion of her romance is the character and catastrophe of Livia, the Portuguese refugee lady, who, instigated by the fierce passions of the south, poisons her sister and herself on her sister's bridal morning. Dreadful as the story is, the progress of passion in Livia is so graphically described, that one feels as if reading the record of a
fact; and there are several little touches of usages peculiar to the south of Europe in female life, that render this episode the best part of the fictitious portion of the narrative. There is something, too, of brief beauty in the epitaphs; over the victim is placed the inscription,

"She died to live."

Over her sister murderess, who poisoned herself at the same moment,

"She lived to die."

We leave the Spanish part of the story with regret, as the illusion is destroyed to the English reader, when the writer conducts her peninsulars to London. Some of her sketches in Spain are very pretty, and we give them as the portion most likely to interest our country-women—:

"Travelling in Spain is incommodious and frequently unsafe, as the inns seldom present any other comforts than shelter and stabling; the roads are often infested with banditti, and the transport of merchandise, wine, oil, or baggage, is effected by the incongruous means of mules. But in compensation for this inconvenience, those who are alive to the charms of wild luxuriant nature, will find repeated sources of the purest enjoyment. Spain offers a successive series of diversified objects of admiration, surprise, or delight. Whether in the terrific of bald-jagged ridges, where the bird scarcely nestles, or the tree is visible; whether in the extensive abut or heathy plains; in the steep-whirling descent; in the bold precipice; in the deafening cataract,—or in the myrtle and olive tree-decked valley; in corn-robed swelling hills; in the thick fructiferous wood, or in the noisy flood of the coursing brook, these are measured incessantly with objects of original novelty.

"On the other hand, the people are courteous, gay, hospitable, and staidly affable. The rich or grandee prides in promenading his foreign guest through the spacious saloons of his thick stone-walled, high-roofed mansion, and making the complimentary offering of his superfluous table, and rich, though somewhat uncoth, equipage, without having in view other compensation, than the inward satisfaction which yields to him the consciousness of having merited a part in the long-established renown of Spanish chivalrous welcome. His haughty mind would rise with indignation against any acknowledgment that were not within the domains of his own conscience. The señorita captivates the attention and often the heart of the stranger by her plying amiableness and genuine graces, improved by the aid of a temper as calm as it is original, and by the unassuming manners of unaffected society; whilst the poor clown, with as kind a heart and equal good will, places before him his bread and fruits, and when the light tasks of the day are over, amuses him with his guitar and cancion, or ballad. His dark Moorish-looking daughter adorns her tresses with fresh-plucked roses, and to welcome her father's guest, assembles her youthful companions at the cool hour of evening, and with the calm hilarity of one who knows neither the pungencies of want, nor of an accusing conscience, trips a graceful botero, to the sound of her snapping castanetas.

"In fact, no one can travel in Spain without experiencing a delightful surprise of the mind and senses, but those who set off from their own country, expecting to find every where the scenes and costumes they have left behind, or those who are unqualified to extract and turn into their own advantage whatever the various and frequent changes of life offer of agreeable and convenient, inevitably amalgamated with what is unpleasant or inconmodious. * * * * * *

"The speculator in science would not in vain delve into the bosom of the earth, or seek the florid mead; or raise his eyes to the starry heavens; or study the arrangement, the beauty, and the harmony which we admire in the sublime compositions of nature, ever ready on that region to favour all enterprises of man: he would find her every where abounding in profuse riches, and in treasures as yet untouched. It seems there is nothing but the seeds of liberty that will not take root and thrive in this otherwise blissful soil. * * * * * **

"Thus lingering under circumstances so unpropitious, and yet, in some way, kept under by the procrastinating apathy of the middle ages, it is no wonder that the traveller in Spain should be exposed to all the inconveniences of lack of industry and police, and obliged to provide for his own safety. But this, however discouraging it may seem to those accustomed to the turnpike-roads, inns, and regularly-established conveyances of other countries, is not in Spain attended with all the disagreeableness which the assertion implies. Nay, in some parts of it, Andalustia for one, where the sobriety, the ready wit, and hilarious humour of the inhabitants is in perfect keeping with the lightsome atmosphere, the sunny skies, and the lavish productions of the earth, to join a caravan, or solitarily follow a guide through fragrant heaths, or valleys strewed with rosemary, violets, and lavender; to take shelter from the fatiguing heat of noon under the fructiferous branches of the fig, olive, cork, or chestnut tree; to take a meal upon the fresh grass, and in the hour of the siesta be lulled to sleep by the warbling of melodious birds, has something in itself more interesting and poetical than can be imagined by those who never visited such scenes."
"While contemplating and admiring this splendid specimen of the variegated works of nature, who would miss the rapid course of a stage-coach? The hours slip away unheded, and the days close without leaving in the mind the fastidiousness of inaction, or the discontent of privation. The recollections of the snug inns and post-houses of England never occurs, except it is to rejoice that you have not to meet the exorbitant charges of their keepers, the greedy demands and often the petulance of servants, the repeated claims of conductors, and, in general, the revolting capacity of all those who attend on you, which is graduated according to your appearance, and redoubled if you are detected to be a foreigner.

"Your Spanish mulleteer agrees with you not for what he supposes you can pay, but for what he is wont to take for his trouble and the hire of his mules. He is as parsimonious in his charges, simple in his habits, sober in his pleasures, and unassuming in his manners; and content with his moderate earnings, which are, nevertheless, sufficient for his wants, he serves you with zeal, and goes through his task with the gay insouciance of one whose mind is free from care or ambition, singing in the simple strains of a rude harmony the amours and magic of the execrated Moorish kings, or relating with his amusing adages and poetic elocution the no less poetic exploits of his Quijotese courage.

"I would have been different were she congregated in a caravan going to any place where commerce was the principal object of concurrence; but Seville being one of the most remarkable towns in Spain, on account of its magnificent edifices, Moorish antiquities, universities, and noble families, there is a vast number of persons of various classes and professions, resorting to it for motives of trade, curiosity, study, or amusement; all of them in conveyances and with equipages suited to their means or rank.

Thus the plains bathed by the Guadalquivir were for the first time explored by Ofelia, who now began to value her country, not for what she heard, but for what she saw. "Sedately glad!" she turned her eyes everywhere, and every where she beheld in profusion the blessings of Providence and the exquisite harmony of nature."

The World of Dreams: a new Poem.

By Crabbe.

Several of Crabbe’s poems have, for the first time, been lately published by Murray, with the memoir. The critical taste of the author had, doubtless, suppressed them, and wisely, with the exception of the following selected verses, from one entitled the "World of Dreams":—

And is thy soul so wrapt in sleep?
Thy senses, thy affections, fled?
No play of fancy thine to keep
Oblivion from that grave thy bed?
Thou art but the breathing dead;
I envy, but I pity too:
The bravest may my terrors dread,
The happiest fain my joys pursue.

Come, then, I woo thee, sacred sleep!
Vain troubles of the world, farewell!
Spirits of ill! your distance keep,
And in your dominions dwell,
Ye, the sad emigrants from hell.

Watch, dear seraphic beings, round,
And those black enemies repel—
Safe be my soul, my slumbers sound.

In vain I pray! It is my sin,
That thus admits the shadowy throng:
Oh! now they break tumultuous in—
Angels of darkness, fierce and strong.
Oh! I am borne of fate along;
My soul, subdued, admits the foe,
Perceives and yet endures the wrong,
Resists and yet prepares to go.

Where am I now? and what to meet?
Where I have been entrapt before:
The wicked city’s vilest street—
I know what I must now explore.
The dark-browed throng more near, and more
With murderous looks are on me thrust,
And lo! they ope the accursed door,
And I must go—I know I must!
So! all is quiet, calm, serene;
I walk a noble mansion round—
From room to room, from scene to scene,
I breathless pass in gloom profound;
No human shape, no mortal sound—
I feel an awe, I own a dread,
And still proceed! nor stop nor bound,
And all is silent, all is dead.

I sail the sea, I walk the land;
In all the world I am alone;
Silent I pace the sea-worn sand,
Silent I view the princely throne;
I listen heartless for the tone
Of winds and waters, but in vain;
Creation dies without a groan!
And I without a hope remain!

Unnumbered riches I behold,
Glories untasted, I survey;
My heart is sick, my bosom cold,
Friends! neighbours! kindred! where are they?
In the sad, last, long, endless day!
When I can neither pray nor weep;
Doomed o'er the sleeping world to stray,
And not to die, and not to sleep.

Beside the summer sea I stand,
Where the slow billows swelling shine;
How beautiful this pearly sand,
That waves, and winds, and years refine,
Be this delicious quiet mine!
The joy of youth! so sweet before,
When I could thus my frame recline,
And watch the entangling weeds ashore.

I tumble from the loftiest tower,
Yet evil I have never found;
Supported by some favouring power,
I come in safety to the ground.
I rest upon the sea, the sound
Of many waters in mine ear,
Yet have no dread of being drowned,
But see my way, and cease to fear.

Awake, there is no living man
Who may my fixed spirit shake;
But sleeping, there is one who can,
And oft does he the trial make;
Against his might resolves I take,
And him oppose with high disdain;
But quickly all my powers forsake
My mind, and I resume my chain.

I know not how, but I am brought
Into a large and Gothic hall,
Seated with those I never sought—
Kings, caliphs, kaisers—silent all:
Pale as the dead; enrob'd and tall,
Majestic, frozen, solemn, still:
They wake my fears, my wits appal,
And both with scorn and terror fill.

Now they are seated at a board
In that cold grandeur,—I am there,
But what can mummied kings afford?
This is their meagre ghostly fare,
And proves when fleshless things they stare,
Yes! I am seated with the dead:
How great, and yet how mean they are!
Yes! I can scorn them while I dread.

Where? where? am I reduced to this—
Thus sunk in poverty extreme?
Can I not these vile things dismiss?
No! they are things which more than seem:
This room with that cross parting beam,
Holds yonder squallid tribe and me:
But they were ever thus, nor dream
Of being wealthy, favoured, free!

Shall I a coat and badge receive,
And sit among these crippled men,
And not go forth without the leave
Of him—and ask it humbly then.
Who reigns in this infernal den—
Where all besides in woe repine?
Yes, yes, I must, nor tongue nor pen
Can paint such misery as mine!

Wretches! if ye were only poor,
Ye would my sympathy engage;
Or were ye vicious, and no more,
I might be filled with manly rage;
Or had ye patience, wise and sage,
We might such worthy sufferers call;
But ye are birds that suit your cage,
Poor, vile, impatient, worthless, all!

How came I hither? Oh that bag!
'Tis she the enchanting spell prepares:
By cruel witchcraft she can drag
My struggling being in her snare:
Oh, how triumphantly she glares!
But yet would leave me, could I make
Strong effort to subdue my cares—
'Tis made!—and I to freedom wake!


Among the numerous reprints of standard works that have issued from the press within the last five years, Mr. Valpy's editions are remarkable for the beauty of the type and getting up, and, above all, for the critical skill displayed by the editors; in none are these excellencies more apparent than in Croly's edition of Pope. To whatever Pope published, there was a certain degree of mystery and finesse attached, which requires to be unveiled by research into the biography and literary history of his era; and Croly's curious reading is aptly employed in throwing light on these particulars.
The third volume, now under review, contains the Dunciad, the exemplar and excuse for Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Croly's notes are singularly useful here, both to vindicate some few of Pope's victims (as that most original genius, Defoe), and to explain the provocations that induced the irritable little man to bite and sting so venomously.


The "Edinburgh Cabinet Library" has taken in the department of Natural History, a path so diverse from Dr. Lardner's publication, that instead of interfering with, or superseding one another, they must perform a sisterly alliance, and be ever found on the same shelves.

The life of Linnaeus, in this volume, is the most entertaining and the best written memoir we have ever read of that celebrated naturalist; in no other English biography of this great man is any notice taken of his early struggles in life, and of the severe sufferings he had to endure before he obtained the destination he deserved; his failings, his peculiarities, are all noted with a masterly pen: the digest of his system at the conclusion is a valuable present to science, being concise as well as complete. The lives of Willoughby and of his master, Ray, are written in the same admirable style.


This clever little volume contains a series of observations, arranged in the form of maxims, culled from an unpublished work; and we must say, that if such are the bricks which the author sends as samples of his house, the edifice must be an admirable one; although we do not agree in his opinion, that selections of this kind are in general better worth reading than any other part of the work, any more than that the spandrels, ogives, and corbels of a noble Gothic structure are better worth examining apart than when with the finished whole. Thus far, our critical taste differs from his own, which will be found in the preface.

Maxims, when embodied in a piquant and original form, are always pleasing to the reader; and we extract a few from the many good, to show what this specimen volume is:

"Woman has a fine index in her eyes, to which you may refer to see the contents of the book of the heart, whether it is such a one as you desire to read?"

"A man may have twelve houses, and yet no home."

"Religion is the 'light of reason,' illuminating, adorning, and directing it."

"Gold did not bring evil into the world, evil brought gold."

"Talent is like a torch, which, if you direct its light upwards, it increases in brightness; but, if you turn it to the earth, it perishes altogether."

"Cain was the first boy who had the school virtue of emulation."

"Men do a mean act, and then boast of it as clever; if they will skin a fitch, must they show me their choice collection of skins?"

"Our popular preachers preach not against blasphemers, drunkards, or libertines—they might hear and be offended; but against the Roman Catholic faith—that is sure not to be at church."


This excellent Manual is marked in every page with simplicity of purpose and profound sense. It is unique among treatises of the kind written by scientific men, who are in general so direfully afraid of transgressing their own rules, in their own diction, that their sentences are laughably cramped and enigmatical. We have often heard men of ability declare, that they have gained more real knowledge of the structure of their native language, from hearing their little sisters repeat the rules of Mrs. Lovechild's baby grammar (written by that admirable woman, Lady Fen, of Dereham), than by the most elaborate treatises on the subject in after life. We are happy to find that this grammar, so clear to the comprehension even of babes, and at the same time conveying scientific instruction of a high order, is making its way in boys' schools with rapidity. We trust that it will always precede the introduction of the Eton and other Latin grammars, for the younger classes, in all schools. Boys are generally made to learn, as Napoleon justly said, "the unknown by the unknown;" that is, the grammar of their own tongue, through
the obscure medium of the grammar of a dead language. Oh! the unhappy imps that are still mercilessly tormented, in the vain endeavour to make them comprehend the difference between a nominative and an accusative case, when they would, at least, have brought clear ideas to the task, if they had previously studied Mr. M'Culloch's little book.

This excellent work was sent us some months since, but our notice of it was somehow cast aside; meantime, it has run through an edition, and a copy of the second edition was forwarded to us, ungrateful as we seemed to be. There are many improvements in the new edition; but we should like to see in the third a page or two more of analysis, devoted to the use of the pronoun who in the accusative whom. We think these difficult points of our language are slighted over with the vague generalities of former writers in both editions, and we invite Mr. M'Culloch to further discussion of this subject in the luminous style in which he has explained other difficulties to juvenile capacities.


We are, in the 16th and 17th parts of this excellent work, conducted through the management of the flower-garden, comprising flowering shrubs and the herbaceous flowers for borders; likewise the greenhouses and stoves for the bringing exotics to perfection. The description of exotic fruits little known, with their representations by means of woodcuts, is a curious and attractive feature in the work. The lists of plants arranged as they are, to show the colour, height, nature, and time of flowering, are indispensable to all persons who are choice in their gardens. They comprehend most flowers practicable for cultivation, whether in land or water, in the stove or greenhouse. In this department the new edition of the "Encyclopedia of Gardening" is greatly enriched, as advantage has been taken of all the plants introduced into this country since the former publication. The eighteenth number is chiefly devoted to the plantation. Among these numbers we would point out the valuable instructions for the propagation of heaths or ericas, as being very little known among ladies who are amateur gardeners; but we can assure them the plan is infallible. The twentieth number closes this, the best edition of a valuable work. We bid it farewell with strong impressions of its utility.


The Montpelier maple is our favourite in this number, in outline and drawing. Among the wood-cuts, we prefer in these particulars, the *Cerasus acrota*, and the *Quercus pedunculata*. The curious acorn of the Turkey oak is well worth examination. The poplar candidus is well drawn, and is very like, though a little more cleanliness in drawing would have improved the effect in the high lights; and we think none of the figures ought to be longer than this tree, considering the size of the work. If the large-sized trees must still be introduced in their present proportions, we recommend one extra leaf to be devoted to two sets of the botanical specimens. The eye, for instance, is now distracted from the fine free outline of the greater elm (a tree of vast importance to artists), and also the field elm, by the accessories garnishing and crowding the plate at all corners. If the drawing of the leaves, &c., were separately grouped on one plate, we think the improvement would be great.


When Mr. Loudon promised that his "Architectural Magazine" should be rendered fitting the attention of the ladies, they were not, perhaps, aware how much their home comforts depended on a proper regard to domestic architecture. In the May number there is a paper on Gothic architecture, by J. A. Picton, Esq., with some excellent little cuts, altogether well deserving the attention of the general reader. We have derived information and pleasure from the numbers for June and July, but hasten on to that for August. The opening paper, "On the Conveniency of Architecture," is usefully handled for all classes: the first sentence is thus wisely concluded, "convenience should be the first and
governing study." In speaking of St. Pancras Church, the writer says:—"The accomplished Mr. Inwood would have been incapable of interfering with the pure Ionic of his portico to St. Pancras Church: he has emulated the Caryatidal feature in the Erechtheion, as admissible to his vestry-room." We cannot but admire St. Pancras Church; yet, as a Christian temple, we have ever doubted—nay, without doubting—always thought those strange looking figures, part of the vestry, highly objectionable.

We open the door to just censure and ridicule, alike from the scoffer and the more simple worshipper. We say put aside such foolish things; and rather transfer them to the National Gallery, Charing-cross, where they could be placed in some very appropriate situation.

"Painful subjects should never be hung up in a sitting-room—they should be confined to the portfolio."—Enc. Agric.

Much of this number is devoted to "the dwelling rooms of a house," a very interesting paper, and the observations are well worthy attention from families and others about to fit up houses.


A new competitor for public favour, in a volume of no small pretensions, has been sent to us for critical review. The object of this periodical is doubtless, in our respect, the same as that of every other, to obtain a profitable circulation, but a political intention is put forth. The following extract will give our readers a clear and wholesome view of the present political struggle:—

At present, public opinion has been represented as usurping royal prerogative—as having enabled the executive to control the monarch; and therefore it might be argued, if this has been effected, to what further measures may it not proceed? The danger lies, not in public opinion, but in political parties; each of which maintains that it is the representative of public opinion. If it were so, then is public opinion of no value—simply because it ceases to become the expression of a general sentiment. Upon their own mode of showing, the Tories speak the sense of the property of the country, or at least that portion of it, the sense of which they think worth attention; whilst the Whigs claim the intelligence of the state; and the Radicals assert their right to the people: and what is remarkable amongst them all at this juncture is, they have reached the very point of projection when their party is in the ascendancy. Unquestionably each of them represents a section of the political opinions of the community; and as all acknowledge the popular voice as the basis on which they rest—and as all are on the move—we come to Reform as the irressible tendency of opinion.

If we analyse this opinion—if we trace it to its source, we find it to arise from the spread of intelligence, and from extreme pressure upon the lower and middle orders—a pressure which re-acts powerfully upon the entire framework of society. The causes of this pressure are manifold, but chiefly an enormous weight of taxation, in a multitude of forms, aided by rapid and unprecedented changes in our commercial and industrial conditions. One mighty lever working upon opinion is the press; but another more mighty than this is our executive government, which has ramified itself into the mass of the community, till every man is made to feel its operations. If it be an evil that every individual in a state should interest himself in public affairs, our condition is pre-eminently evil. We have thrown into the hands of the executive an universal power—a power which acts as a perpetual stimulant upon the public mind, and which has been the direct agent of giving force and concentration to opinion, and bringing it to bear upon the House of Commons. This is an influence which has been in very rapid progress; and if a system of centralization could be perfected, Government would become overwhelmingly powerful. As the principal depositary of legislative power, the House holds that constitutional balance, which has been our sheet-anchor; and in which the royal, the aristocratic, and the popular influences have been so amalgamated, as to prevent the undue preponderance of any one division. By the operation of the Reform Bill, by the growth of dissent, and by the pressure mentioned above, with the late continual changes and repeated parliamentary elections, an extent of democratic feeling has been brought in the House, which gives rise to the suspicion that the Lords and the King, the two other essential portions of the Legislature, are likely to be overweighted, and their separate official functions rendered null and void. Whatever may be the aim of parties in that assembly, we assert that the national temper is preservative, and that no sanction will be lent by it to any wide departure from the acknowledged boundaries of our constitution. Nations, like individuals, cannot easily change their character; and our history speaks trumpet-tongued on this point. The danger arises not from without, but from distracted councils and divided opinions in and around the cabinet. A session of vi-
gorous financial reform would have secured popular opinion, and have paved the way for the ameliorations which are required both in our civil and ecclesiastical institutions; but to push at measures known to be impracticable, is ruinous to the cause of safe and healthy reformation. If it be wise to bring on a collision between the different branches of Government, these are the steps to accomplish it. If the House of Commons is determined, as the legitimate organ of the people, to assume the sole power of judging of what is right and what is wrong, we say boldly that such a Government would not be the Government of the Constitution. We deny, however, that public opinion would sanction this; and we know that the present Ministry holds no such doctrines: but so long as their position is what it is, so long as they are the mere echo of a great Liberal party, acting together for the purpose of excluding the Tories, without analysing its own ingredients, they may become the agents for accelerating a struggle, which, in the present temper of the people, is full as likely to end in their own discomfiture as in any great advance of the doctrines of liberality. The spirit of the age will inevitably work out reform—that is, will disencumber our institutions of useless complexity, and modify their bearing to the wants of society. The progress it has already made is the guarantee for this. We cannot sink back into apathetic indifference.

It will be seen, then, that the politics of this periodical are—that 'public opinion is the actual basis of a government;' that "Reform, instead of being the watch-word of a party, has become the cry of a nation."

We cannot devote further space than to remark, that our new brother possesses merit; but we advise him, whilst having in hand, a great work, to abandon his ridiculous diaries and matter of that sort, which come very ill between "the Slave Emancipation Bill" and Irish Distress; we think the editor committed a bull in thus introducing "The Bachelors."

We would have the proprietors look for favour in making this really a business publication. The index to books reviewed was much wanted, and is extremely useful. In a similar manner we published, January, 1832, from page 49 to 56, an index to, or contents of, all the annuals, thus, as in this work, enabling the public, at a glance, to refer to the contents and illustrations of those popular productions for the season.

We feel indebted for the impartial courtesy of the editor, in indexing our reviews; and whilst requesting ourselves to be named "Lady's Magazine and Museum," suggest for all magazines to be quoted by the name of the month when the reviews appeared.

Price 1s. 6d. Hurst.

The author has performed a good task, by which parents may gain much useful and practical knowledge, not only for the nursery, but in making their infant offspring a future comfort, by proper discipline in early childhood, medical and moral.

Florigraphy Britannica. Ridge.
The first number appeared on the 1st of August. The plates are well executed and the colouring good. It promises to be a work of utility. The Linnean arrangement is intended to be followed, at the same time that the natural order of each genera is purposed to be given. The cover bears on its face a curious quotation:

"Nature, like 'Virtue,' has no partial favours or exclusions: she is open to all, she admits all, she invites all; she asks no wealth nor ancestry, but she asks the man—the master or the slave, the cottager and his lord, the sovereign and the exile."

Fine Arts.

Finden's Byron Beauties, 8 and 9. Tilt.
This is a singular looking number, in which we admire the engravings more than the designs. The figure of Katinka is too short in the waist and body, in proportion to the head: the engraving by Mote is finely done; the transparency of the veil flowing over the person is a delicate piece of art. Gulbezar, whose expression admirably accords with the stanza quoted in the letter-press, would be a perfect piece of engraving, were it not for the hardness in the light of the right eye; otherwise the head is very highly finished. The head called Dudu is much inferior as a work of art, in each department: the damsel looks hot and tired, as if resting after considerable ex-
eration in an honest, humble calling. Marion, drawn by Miss E. Corbeau, engraved by C. Thomson, is in execution really so good in every respect, that we cannot find a single fault; but the "discontented air" is rather pensive melancholy, and the "frowns which become not one so fair," and an air of sad doubling. "Caroline" is a fine girl, but if disarmed, we should like her better. The "Duchess of Fitzfulke," drawn by Mortock, engraved by W. H. Motz, "if ghost it were," might well seem to be "a sweet soul." We like this much: it was a difficult subject.


The exquisite engraving of Mount Bernard by moonlight, has the high merit of vrai semblance to add to its other excellencies: the best praise that can be offered to a delineator of nature: we have, besides, never seen a finer moonlight sky issue from the hands of the engraver. Cousins will add to his well-won fame by this plate. We can recommend it as a beautiful study to young ladies who draw in pencil or chalk. The Ponte Alto gives a vivid idea of the appearance of the Alpine bridges; and though an easy subject, the engraving deserves praise. The tones of distance in the back ground of Unterseen are good: to an eye unpractised in the country, there appears to be a want of true perspective in the foreground and gradations of distance. The letter-press is devoted to the historical traditions concerning William Tell, which are highly interesting.* Dr. Beattie holds up to deserved ridicule the impertinence of the paradoxical writers, who insist that Tell is a fabulous character.

* "I'm weary of thee, William Tell, The reason why, is plain to tell, One hears of nought but Tell, Tell, Tell!!! A tell-tale. "Sept. 2, 1834. R. A. Martineau."

No. 13, contains a view of the Lake of Lausanne, above Pandyx; it is a plate of great merit. The town above which the road passes, conceals a great portion of the lake. On the left are seen the villages, occupying every inch of land, jutting into the water, as is usual, for the great convenience, among other things, of washing both linen and the house windows, which are frequently taken out and cleansed in the stream. In the distance, are the snow-clad mountains, exhibiting only a soft whiteness in the horizon, and the little barks are pursuing their safe career over the expanse of smiling waters. The inhabitants are certainly not favoured by the artist.

Balse, is not so attractive, but some opinion may be formed of its rank among towns, from its many churches, whose camponiles, or towers, are of a form different to those in other parts of Switzerland, which are generally most elegantly spiral.

The valley of Grindelwald is accurate. But previously to arriving at the pass, exhibited amongst these grand and terrific mountains, the traveller is perplexed to tell what course he is to pursue, for his route seems to be terminated by mountains in every direction.

L'Hôpital is a very good engraving, and a fine subject.

The letter-press contains an interesting account of Goldau, and its district, upon the fatal catastrophe of the 2d Sept., 1806. Dr. Lay's book, has gone through a great number of editions, and was lately sold on the spot for the benefit of the poor sufferers.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. Parts 2 and 3. Smith and Elder.

The Mill-scene, in Brittany, near Dol, is our favourite in this number. In the views of Dartmouth, we notice a little of that hardness of effect in the distances and aerial tints of perspective, which often strikes us in engravings from Stanfield: we should be grieved to see a defect of the kind creep in, to mar a work of such national promise, and trust the publishers will note it. St. Malo is not altogether free from this fault, though a respectable engraving. The historical account of St. Malo contains many curious particulars. Porchester Castle, engraved by W. Floyd, is really excellent; the mother and children are well done.
If we question any thing, it would be the man’s legs at the water’s edge. The Needles, by G. Bradshaw, is strikingly effective. We remember well the hazard we once ran at the rising of the tide, by too long gazing at this commanding object, and gathering the many coloured sands which lie side by side in strata down the precipitous pathway. Stonehouse Bridge (W. B. Cooke), Plymouth, is also very good; and we see much to be pleased with in St. Malo. This number warrants us in wishing the work most extensive patronage.

Music.

Music.

The Almack’s Comic Song: Oh! give me new Partners.

This lively lay is worthy the attention of all lovers of dancing, music, and sprightly wit. The words are spirited enough to deserve extract; let them, therefore, speak for themselves. The fair Thalia of the day, gives some very seasonable advice in choosing partners from the army, the bar, &c.; but the following verses relate particularly to Almack’s;—

Never tell me of friendships’ eternal, unchanging,
That’s all very well if in love I should fall;
But the friendship of ball-rooms for ever is ranging,
There must be new partners to make a new ball.

’Tis useless exerting one’s genius for flirting,
With those who for ages have been at our call;
And we ne’er look so bright as in love’s first sight,
So give me new partners for every gay ball.

Oh! give me new partners—pray bring me new partners—
Present me new partners at every gay ball!
And I’ll tell you a secret, so pray don’t repeat it—
Unless I’ve new partners, I won’t dance at all.

I dance not with cousins, who haunt me by dozens,
On family quarrels we’d certainly fall;
Nor with a friend’s lover, for fear I’d discover
His thoughts were with her, ’stead of me at the ball.

Each family friend (to my list there’s no end)
Shall find me engaged twenty deep, if they call;
No lamp is so bright, but burns out in one night,
Fresh lustres, new tunes, and new beau’s for a ball,

So give me new partners—oh! bring me new partners—
Present me new partners at every gay ball!
Since no lamp is so bright, but burns out in one night,
Present me new partners for every gay ball—
Unless I’ve new partners, I shan’t dance at all.

The Clever Woman.

We had not given the Hon. G. F. Berkeley credit for the wit and knowledge of character we find in this clever satirical poem; being only acquainted with some sentimental stories from his pen in the “Keepsake,” we did not think he could have penned stanzas containing such fire and spirit as in these under review, which certainly give a very just view of the conduct of some females who have made the word “clever” an appellation implying approach when applied to ladies. We do not deal in gossip, and therefore forbear a guess in print as to the name of the literary fair one, whose coquetties have driven the gentle knight of the shire to such an act of desperation as publishing this song.

The Gipsy Girl’s Song.

A pretty scena might be made of this song, it is so well adapted for action, if sung by a person with talent of that description.


Whittaker has done every justice to the melodies that are inherent in our lamented lyrist’s beautiful song. The music is worthy the author of “Rest thee, babe.”


This is the prize-ballad which gained the silver cup at the Melodists’ Club, by the author of a former prize ballad. It was sung at the Cambridge Installation this year, and really appears before us redolent with poetical honours. The words are exquisitely plaintive, and must awaken feelings in the midst of festivity, allied to devotion; indeed, the warning voice therein, must sound more solemnly than many a hymn. The species of troubadour talent, manifest in the composition of this poetry and music, is peculiarly deserving the honorary distinction it has gained.
NEWS FROM PARIS.

PARIS, AUGUST 27, 1832.

Que de tristes choses se sont passés dans notre capitale, ma bonne amie, depuis ma dernière lettre! Quel horrible attentat! And by what a happy intervention of Providence were the king and his sons saved. But, alas! how many brave men and fellow-citizens were we to mourn? The poor marshal, who had escaped the dangers of war, to fall thus by the hand of the assassin—is it not dreadful? On the morning of the fatal review, Marshal Mortier was entreated by his family, on account of the heat of the weather, not to attend; but his reply, and which proved so prophetic, was—"I must go, for I am tall, and may shield the king, should any attempt be made." And then there was Mademoiselle Louisa Josephine René—who can help feeling a melancholy interest in her fate? so young, for she had not yet attained her seventeenth year, and was, they say, a very fine girl—the only child of a rich farmer. She had been brought from her boarding-school that morning to see the review. Alas! little did she think of quitting her companions, that she embraced them for the last time: and little did they imagine, that they would, ere one little week had passed over their heads, be called upon to fill the sad office of pall-bearers to the gay and happy girl then before them! How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! Are not such events likely to make one believe that we are destined to die at a certain moment? One of the victims, an officer, had but an instant before the explosion took place changed places with another, for the purpose of having a conversation with a friend: he fell—the one who had changed with him was spared. Another was in the act of presenting arms to the king, who was passing; his comrades on each side fell dead, the ball that must have entered his forehead, lodged in the part of his musket which was immediately before his brow. Such exact accounts of the funeral procession have been given in the English papers, that a repetition would only fatigue you. It was the finest sight I ever saw. The expenses of the living in state, embalming, &c., together with the funeral expenses, were three hundred thousand francs; two hundred and twenty-eight thousand francs of which were for the funeral expenses alone. The corpses remained in the "Chapelle Ardente," in the Invalides, for several days; indeed, it was only at the end of the last week that they were lowered into the vault destined to receive them. The sufferers who were wounded is much improved—their recovery seems no longer doubtful.

The house from which the infernal machine was let off, has been purchased by the city of Paris; it is to be pulled down, and a passage, leading from the Boulevard to the streets at the back, to be constructed on the ground where it stands; it is to be called "Passage Infernal."

The trial of M. Bancal, for the murder (if murder it could be called, where lovers mutually agree to die together) of his mistress, has taken place. He has been acquitted. He acknowledged having attempted to poison her, as well as himself, with morphine, and, finding that ineffectual, he opened her veins and even cut the arteries; but he said it was by her own desire. When asked, had she struggled much, he said, "Not at all, that she had died quite easily." He has pledged his word to the judges and procurer du roi, that he will not make any further attempts on his own life; at the same time, he said he would take no pains to prolong it, but would devote his medical talents to the cure of such diseases as the cholera, plague, &c., when he hoped to find a speedy death. He has set out for some part of the south of France.

You must have heard of the extraordinary trial of M. de la Roncière. Nothing of the sort has ever occurred that created such a sensation in Paris. He was condemned to ten years' solitary confinement; some say unjustly, for they believe that Mlle. Morel is not in her right mind, that she wrote all the letters herself, and that, in short, the whole story was a fabrication, the coinage of her own disordered imagination. Amongst others, one circumstance, which she alleges to have witnessed, serves to support her opinion: one evening that she went to her chamber for a music book, on going down stairs, she said she had seen a man throw off his cloak, and plunge into the river opposite the window; now it has been positively ascertained that no such thing took place. M. de la Roncière has appealed en cassation, to have the sentence annulled.

You have no doubt heard of, and perhaps read, a pamphlet written by a person of the name of Hebert, or Richmond, calling himself the Due de Normandie, Louis XVII., the son of Louis XVI. He was sentenced at his last trial (for he has been tried several times) to twelve years' imprisonment. He made his escape a few nights since from Ste-Pélagie, accompanied by three prisoners, who were there for political offences. It seems, this pretended Due de Normandie had procured the key of one of the court yards, leading to the kitchens: at about a quarter before eight o'clock, he, with a large pocket or memorandum book in one hand, and a
pencil in the other, and accompanied by the three other individuals, entered the yard, and addressing his companions, exclaimed (loud enough to be heard by the sentinel on duty) "Decidedly this is an ill-constructed prison, and affords too many facilities for escape; all the prisoners must be removed, and I shall at once lay my reports before the proper authorities." So saying, he and his friends passed the guard, and walked out of the prison. The sentinel, taking them for architects in the service of government, made not the slightest difficulty in letting them pass. However, it seems the sentinel's orders were, to let no one pass, without giving the watch-word: so, although innocent of the evasion, he may be brought into trouble.

Silvio Pellico, in his memoirs, mentions having known this person in the prisons at Milan.

On last Saturday week a grand dinner was given by the Comte de Sussy, director of the Mint, at which his guests narrowly escaped being poisoned. Immediately after dinner, twelve persons, amongst whom were the Comte and Comtesse de Sussy, their son, and their daughter, the Duchesse d'Orranto, were taken so violently ill, that medical aid was instantly sent for. At first it was believed that that dreadful scourge the cholera, had again made its appearance amongst us; but when the doctor analysed the contents of their stomachs, he declared that arsenic in large quantities had been taken. Remedies being speedily administered, he had the happiness of saving the lives of all his patients. The Duchesse d'Orranto, and one or two others, however, continued for some days in a most alarming state. They are now perfectly recovered, and Madame la Duchesse was well enough to pay her respects to the queen a few days since. On examination, it was found that a dish of haricots blancs (white beans) contained the poison; and one or two able chemists have asserted, that each bean contained sufficient arsenic to poison a man. It seems that it was, in a great measure, to the overdose that their recovery is to be attributed. It is said, that a female, who lived formerly as cook in the family, has been taken up on suspicion of being the perpetrator of this diabolical act.

I had a letter from Madame St. B—— the other day. She mentions a singular wager that had been laid by a M. S—— in the town near her residence (Charleroi). He wagered that he would ride ten leagues, in the time that a black beetle would crawl the space of ten inches on a stone covered with powdered sugar. He laid another with a friend, to see which of them would remain longest in the water. After having been in so many hours, he called for his night-cap, declaring he meant to pass the night where he was. Upon this, his opponent gave up, and acknowledged himself vanquished. M. S—— also won the wager with the beetle.

I read in a German paper, that a manuscript symphony, by Beethoven, had just been discovered behind the wainscot of a saloon, in a house that was undergoing repair. This discovery will interest all lovers of harmony. It has been sold to the house of Brunat for the sum of 2,000 florins.

I was near forgetting to tell you that we have a new omnibus started, called the "Al-gerienne," which goes from Bercy to Neuilly, all along the Boulevards (more than three leagues), for six sous! The only disadvantage in it is, that the police have given orders that it shall not stop either to take up or let down passengers, en route; so people must get in and out at the risk of breaking their necks. It will, nevertheless, I think, succeed amply.

Oh! de grace, ma bonne, tell me if you drive horses to match in London. Here such a thing is quite obsolete. We drive a grey and a bay, or a black and a grey. Indeed, it is the fashion to have every thing dépouillés as much as possible. No two chairs, nor any two articles of furniture in the saloon should match. One thing should be of the age of the bon roi Dagobert; another of the time of François premier; something else of the siècle of Louis XIV; la chambre à conche de même. Your bed should look as if it belonged to the fair Gabrielle d'Estrees; your toilette to Diane de Poitiers; your easy chair to the belle Marquise de Pompadour; and your writing table to the Marquise de Maintenon; your pendule should have belonged to the lovely la Vallière; and, in short, every article of furniture should be of a different epoch. A good deal of buhl furniture is to be seen in the saloons of our haute noblesse.

Many of the streets of Paris have been undergoing repair. We have been taking a lesson from les belles rues de Londres. These rizers, as I may call them, which were so dreadful to pass in the centre of the streets, after rain especially, have been filled in: the streets have been raised at that part, and the water runs off at the sides into drains. This improvement was certainly very much wanted. But if I go on with all this banvadage, I shall not have space to tell you what ourickle goddess "la Mode" has been doing this last month, though, in truth, she has been very quielt. October and November once come, adieu to the pretty summer toilettes, cessant nous en avous de jolies en hiver.

— PARIS COSTUME.—

White and coloured muslins, particularly the former, are still de grande mode; these dresses are generally made en demi-peignoir,
that is, the back breadth of the skirt are cut
the proper length from the waist down, a
back with a little fullness at the lower part
is put in, and the two front breadths are left
loose, cut the entire length from the throat
down; this dress is confined at the waist by
the ceinture; the sleeves are excessively
large all the way down, taken in at the wrist
by a poignet, or wristband. Some have an-
other narrow band a little higher up, which
confines the sleeve, and prevents it dropping
over the hand. A round pelerine of the same
is worn with this dress. If the poenier be
made of null muslin, a narrow lace put in
all round is of great improvement. For a
fête champêtre a pink, blue, or straw colour
ribbon run into the heuvs, with ceinture,
cravatte, &c., to match, makes an exceedingly
pretty costume. Light-colored muslins, made
in this way, are frequently trimmed down
the fronts, and round the pelerine, with
narrow Valenciennes lace. Gingham, or
coloured callicie muslins, made so, are
fashionable down the fronts, with bows of ribbon
to match; the pelerines are trimmed with a
quilting of the same material as the dress;
this quilting is sometimes continued down
the front.

The Corsages of nearly all the dresses
we see at petite réunions, which you know
are the only soirées given chez nous at this
season, are made à la Grecque, or à l'enfant,
which is much the same; these dresses are
mostly white; indeed, for one coloured, you
see twenty white dresses, and they look very
light and pretty with coloured ribbons. You
shall have the newest make for silk dresses
in my next, mais c'est encore un secret.

Hats. Hats of paille de riz still main-
tain a primérence over all others with
our elegantes. We have new ribbons, called
rubans de Chine, ils sont d'un prix fort—
tant mieux, the bourgeois will not be able
to adopt them. Flowers, feathers, and birds
of Paradise, are much worn in these hats.
Drawn capotes of crape and poux de soie
are, I think, next in vogue; they are light
and pretty for this weather. They are orna-
mented with a bouquet placed in front, or a
whole or half wreath of roses, heath, jas-
mine, or mixed field or garden flowers; the
half wreath commences at the top of the
front of the crown, where it is fastened with
either a small full bouquet, or bow of ribbon;
it crosses the crown at the right side of the
capote, and finishes just above the bow,
placed over the bavoir, or curtain, at the
back. A short veil of tulle illusion is an im-
provement, put on round the edge of the
front. Leghorn bonnets are likewise very
much worn, trimmed as ther simply with
white or straw-coloured ribbons. The
most fashionable shape, and which is the very
newest, for Leghorn and poux de soie, or
fancy silk hats, is tout à fait à l'Anglaise,
the cottage, or rather what I believe is called
the coal-skillet shape, the front and crown
perfectly on a line, the crown not at all
raised: these bonnets look very lady-like.
The trimming is, generally speaking, very
simple; it consists of a wide sarsnet or gauze
ribbon (white in preference, if the bonnet be
of straw, otherwise the colour of it) put round
the crown, crossed, and descending at the
sides to form the strings; a loose hanging
bow or a rosette (such as are put in infants'
caps) is placed at the side; a bavoir, or
small bow at back.

Flowers.—Those most fashionable, are
moss roses, hedge roses, and the rose de
meaux; blue bells, heath, jasmine, violets,
dalias, and camomiles.

Hair.—The only coiffures worn, are ban-
deaux, or ringlets à l'Anglaise, not falling
very low at the sides. We think that some
of the belles Anglaises disfigure themselves,
by wearing their ringlets too long. The
front hair is not divided straight down the
front of the head, but somewhat en pente,
that is, rather a broad space of hair in the
centre, turned back from the roots with the
back hair, and only the temple hair left in
front. The back hair is worn on a thick
braid, very much towards the back of the head.

Colours.—White, particularly for dresses,
but coloured muslins and gingham, pink,
blue, lilac, and green; straw-colour, pink,
and white, for hats; ribbons of nearly every
colour.

Maintenant allié, ma belle et aimable
amie, je n'ai que la place de te dire combien
tu es chère à ton amie.

L. de F—

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 17.) TOILETTE NEGLIGEE DE
MATIN. — Low dress of jacanot muslin, the
corsage fitting tight to the bust; the skirt
and sleeves excessively full: pelerine of
sprigged India muslin, trimmed with nar-
row lace, put on with some degree of ful-
ness. The pelerine has two falls and a
colar; it is plain at back, rounded off at the
shoulders, and crosses beneath the ceinture
in front (see plate), in the style of a half
handkerchief. Cap of tulle brodé; the crown
has a small round piece put in at the top
of the head (see plate), and the head-piece, or
caul, is rather deeper at the right than at
the left side; the borders, which are fussfrès,
are made to stand back from the face; a
large bow of sarsnet ribbon is placed at
the left side; in the temples are a few small
bows, or puffs of ribbon; the hair is in
bandeaux; a very small chain crosses the
brow; a guise of a feminine parasol of poux
de soie; black shoes of drap de soie, silk
stockings, and white silk gloves. The sit-
ing figure gives the reverse of the dress.

(No. 18.) TOILETTE DE VISITEUR.—Dress
of white embroidered muslin, with a man-
telet to match. The sleeves of the dress are excessively wide all the way down, and finished at the wrist with a narrow poignet. The skirt is ornamented at bottom (see plate) with a deep flounce. The mantelet is large, reaching with the trimming (see plate), which, however, is tolerably deep, as low as the waist at back; it is still deeper on the shoulders, and is sloped off gradually towards the front, where it passes beneath the cincture, the ends reaching as far as the knees. A large flat round collar finishes the mantelet at the neck; trimming of lace or embroidered muslin put on full. Chapeau à l’Anglaise; the crown and front perfectly on a line. The hat of the sitting figure is of straw, and ornamented with a garniture de paille, a roll of straw put on at the edge (see plate). The trimming consists of a simple sarsnet ribbon put across the hat. That of the standing figure is of paille de riz; it is likewise of the coal-skuttle form (see plate), but more trimmed, having a large bow of sarsnet ribbon placed at the right side, from which springs a branch of moss roses. A veil of tulle illu-
sion ornaments the front of the hat. The dress of this second figure is of poux de
soie. Brown shoes of satin Turc, white or straw coloured gloves, fan, hair in ringlets or bandeaux.

Miscellany.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE KING OF
THE FRENCH.—The fifth anniversary of the
revolution of July, has been stained by a
horrible crime. Rumours had for some time
prevailed, that an attempt would be made
against the life of Louis Philippe. We
cannot do better than extract the graphic
account which the Moniteur has given of
this terrible event:

"The day dawned under the happiest ann-
pices. One of the most brilliant reviews which
the capital ever witnessed was in progress.
The king, surrounded by his fine and numerous
family, and by a staff composed of all that was
illustrious among our warriors, and our civilians,
had reached the Boulevard du Temple, and was
passing the line of the 8th Legion, when a de-
tonation was suddenly heard, resembling platoon
firing badly executed. To this noise there suc-
cceeded the most frightful disorder. It was a
horrid, an infernal machine, which had com-
mitted a shower of balls on the group which sur-
rounded the king and his family. One of our
ancient glories, the venerable Duke de Trevi-
so, fell bathed in his blood, and expired without
uttering a word. General de Vergny was mor-
tally wounded in the forehead. A lieutenant-
colonel of the National Guard, an aide-du-camp,
a woman, and several privates of the Guard,
expired amidst the horses, which were in great
disorder, and an ignominious group, which became
ungovernable at the sight of such a horrid assas-
sination. In the midst of the tumult, cries
could be heard—'The king is not hurt!' 'None
of the princes are wounded!' The king, in
fact, was calm in the midst of the disorder, and
only pressed his horse into the ranks of the
National Guard. The discharge took place from
the second floor of a house situated a few paces
from the Jardin Turc. In one minute the house
was invaded by the National Guard, which
lined the Boulevard. They rushed up into the
chamber from which the crime had been com-
mittcd, and found there the horrible machine,
smoking; it was composed of twenty-five
barrels, placed collaterally, which had been
charged to the muzzle with balls and grape-
shot."

To this we have to add, that the assassin,
who was desperately wounded, by the burst-
ing of two or three of the barrels, was ar-
rested, endeavouring to escape from a back
window. His name is supposed to be Fieschi,
but very little appears to be accurately known
respecting him. He has made no confession,
and seems obstinately bent on withholding
the names of his associates. The king went
through the review with firmness, and did
not leave the ground until five o’clock; he
appeared, however, deeply affected, by the
awful tragedy. Numerous arrests have since
taken place; and opinion appears to be di-
vided, as to the (or whether a) faction which
instigated this frightful attempt. In addi-
tion to the names of the victims, which we
have already given, there are to be added,
four grenadiers of the 8th Legion, Captain
Villatte, a colonel in the army, two citizens,
a woman, and a child. About twenty persons
were wounded at the same time; many
of whom have since died from their wounds.
Thanksgivings and prayers have been offered
up in all the places of worship in Paris for
the preservation of the king and his family.
The victims who met their deaths on this
lamentable occasion were all interred at one
hour. The greatest possible solemnity was
observed, and the day was one of real mourn-
ing to the gay population of Paris. It was
only a week previously that four men, on the
road to Neuilly, made the attempt, alluded
to in our last number, on the king’s life.
His Majesty and M. Thiers knew of the in-
tention, and the police were in readiness to
seize the men. However, when the carriage
passed by, they were so much frightened,
that they could not fire, and were easily
taken into custody: ten other persons were
afterwards arrested.

CONFIRMATION OF THE PRINCESS VIC-
TORIA.—The Princess Victoria was confirmed
on the morning of the 30th of July, at the
Royal Chapel, St. James’s. The King, the
Queen, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, were present at the ceremony, which was performed by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, dean of Canterbury. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Hadow, and the lessons by the Rev. C. Wesley. The service was Arnold's in F. The Duchess of Kent remained, during the ceremony, on the right of the Princess, and the King on the left. The ceremony was concluded by the Archbishop of Canterbury delivering an impressive and appropriate address. His Royal Highness Prince George of Cumberland, was likewise confirmed during the past month.

The Prince George.—On the 15th ult., their Royal Highnesses Prince George of Cumberland and Prince George of Cambridge, were instituted knights of the most noble Order of the Garter. After the ceremony, the King gave a state dinner to the knights and officers of the order, and a large party, in St. George's Hall.

Admission of Ladies to the House of Commons.—List of the minority of eighty-four, who voted for the admission of ladies into the Gallery of the House of Commons:


We will not put to the blush the un-gallant ladies, who refused to admit the ladies, by publishing their names to the elite of the female world.

Lord Melbourne has, it seems, granted a pension to Thomas Moore, Esq., of 300l. a year.

Halley's Comet was, it appears, by Sir James South's account, seen by him on Mon-

day, August 24, a little before 4 o'clock in the morning.

"At 11h. 35m. and 47s. sidereal time, this morning, its right ascension was about 5h. 43m. and 18s.; whilst its northern declination was 23deg. 49m. and 43s.—Observatory, Kensington, Aug. 24, 1833."

It appears also from the account of the Collegio Romano, that on the 5th August, at about half-past 7, Roman time, Halley's comet was seen from the observatory, in that part of the heavens, calculated according to Damoiseau. Its light was very faint, much resembling that of Biela's comet. It is near the star Zeta, in Taurus. The approach of the morning, and the clouds which overcast the sky, hardly, it seems, allowed them time to determine its place with accuracy. Its right ascension was found to be 5 deg. 26 m., and its north declination 22 deg. 17 m.

Fires about London.—By official returns to the head fire-office, from the twelve Metropolitan stations, it appears that, from the 31st of July to the 20th of August, after omitting fires in chimneys, and minor accidents, there have been one hundred and eight distinct houses, or warehouses, in London and its immediate environs, fairly on fire; thirty-nine were destroyed, twenty-six greatly damaged. The property destroyed is valued at a quarter of a million. Add to these, many great agricultural fires near London.

Wansled Flats on Fire.—We went to see this extensive waste, and found the accounts greatly exaggerated, as to the extent of the mischief, and the nature of the burning. From twelve to fifteen acres of the fenhave been destroyed, by a consuming fire, which burning the heath, dry grass and bush, also ignited the roots or peat, and the whole was in a state of combustion; but in the daytime very little, except smoke, flames, here and there, and burning embers, could be seen to satisfy the curiosity of the multitudes, who were allured to the spot by most wonderful accounts from toll-takers and innkeepers. We must, however, condemn the great want of caution and prudence to extinguish the fire at the first. A broad pathway was made of turned-up peat to stop the burning, but a very small portion of ignited matter carried across the public road which divides it, might have set fire not only to the other half, but to barns, cornfields, &c. &c., in the direction of London.

A similar circumstance is just now interesting the authorities at Clapham, but this seems to be the work of an incendiary.

Fall of a Bridge.—A suspension bridge, on a new principle, was some time since erected over the Scaur, by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch. On Saturday, the 22nd ult., three of his Grace's servants were returning from the lime-works, with six horses and carts, and in consequence of the pres-
sure being too severe at one end, the bridge fell with a tremendous crash into the river. It seems almost incredible that both men and horses were not instantly killed. The men escaped with a few bruises. One of the horses had its fore-leg broken. — Edinburgh Advertiser.

**Polish Festival.**—A grand fête was given in Vauxhall Gardens for the benefit of the Poles, unfortunately driven from their own country by the hand of oppression. The fireworks were particularly splendid and novel, exhibiting at one time “Poland is not lost,” in letters of fire. At twelve at night, Mr. Green ascended in his balloon, amidst fumes of sulphur, which greatly interfered with the spectators’ view. When the company afterwards assembled in the brilliant promenade, there was quite a crowd of people, among whom were many grieved and distinguished persons. How much the liberal found worthy on this occasion, we have not heard.

**National Education for Ireland—What it Ought to Be.**—Mr. S. Rice trusted the principle of giving to all classes of his Majesty’s subjects the advantage of equal education, and of preserving to all of them freedom of conscience, would never be any thing but approved of in the Commons’ House of Parliament. What Mr. O’Connell professes it is. —“The plan (now produced) was working great good in Ireland (we hope we may see the fruits). It gives hopes that, in the next generation, the children of some of them, and the grand-children of others, would have kindly feelings of Christian benevolence and charity towards each other. (Hear, hear.) Fair play, and no proselytism, was the principle of the Board; and as it acted impartially upon that principle, it was giving satisfaction to all parties, save the high Orangemen in Ireland.”—Debates, July 13, 1835.

**Horrid Case of Hydrophobia.**—The following are the circumstances attending this truly frightful and melancholy case, as detailed in the Limerick Chronicle. The deceased was a lad about twenty years of age. He was working on the repairs of a road about three weeks since, and was bitten in the hand by a small dog. From that time until Thursday afternoon no effects were apparent, when he complained of drowsiness and head-ache. He left off work and came home, when his mother prepared some mulled porter for him. At sight of the liquid he evinced some uneasiness, and when it was offered him he became delirious, and shortly afterwards raving mad. The intervals between the violent paroxysms of spasm were never more than three or four minutes, at which time he was perfectly in his senses, and talked most rationally. He was secured and tied to a bed by two policemen (his relatives and friends, as well as all the neighbours, having run away from him), but he broke both the bindings and the bedstead to pieces, and was, at his own request (during one of the lucid intervals), handcuffed by the police, to prevent his injuring himself and those who were about him. He continued in the most excruciating torments for about sixteen hours, when nature gave way under such sufferings, and the unfortunate being was released by death from his agony. During some of the intervals of freedom from pain, he asked for some milk, but requested it might be conveyed into his mouth through a quill, and that he should not see liquid, and frequently cautioned the police to keep away from him when the paroxysms came on, lest he might bite them. He frequently spoke of his approaching death, asked for the priest and for his mother. The jury found a verdict—“That deceased came by his death from the bite of a mad dog.”

**The Late Countess Ferrers—Curious Superstition.**—We have lately noticed the untimely death of this amiable lady; but it is, perhaps, not generally known to our readers, says the Staffordshire Chronicle, that a singular tradition is current in this most ancient and noble family, which, if not sanctioned by the established principles of sound philosophy, still claims a kindred with those more memorable events in connexion with which it has been handed down from by-gone ages. The park of Chartley is a wild and romantic spot, in its primitive state, untouched by the hand of the agriculturist, and was formerly attached to the royal forest of Needwood, and the honour of Tutbury, of the whole of which the ancient family of Ferrers were once the puissant lords. Their immense possessions, now forming part of the Duchy of Lancaster, were forfeited by the attainder of Earl Ferrers after his defeat at Burton-bridge, where he led the rebellious barons against Henry the Third. The Chartley estate, being settled in dower, was alone reserved, and handed down to its present possessor. In the park is preserved, in its primitive purity,
the indigenous Staffordshire cow, small in stature, of a solid white colour, with black ears, muzzle, and tips at the hoofs. In the
city-park of Charlestown, a black calf was born, and the downfall of the great
house of Ferrers happening at the same
period, gave rise to the tradition, which to
to this day has been held in veneration by the
superstitious reverence of the common peo-
pal, that the birth of a party-coloured calf
from the wild breed in Charlestown-park is a
sure omen of death within the same year
to a member of the lord's family; and by a
most remarkable coincidence, a calf of
this description has been born whenever a
death has happened in the family of late
years. The deceased of the last earl and his
cousins, of his son, Lord Tamworth, of
his daughter, Mrs. William Joliffe, as well
as the deaths of the son and heir of the
present nobleman and his daughter, Lady
Frances Shirley, have each been forewarned
by the ominous birth of a spotted calf. In
the spring of the present year an animal
perfectly black was calved by one of this
weird tribe in the park of Charlestown, and
it has been followed by the death of the coun-
tess, which it is now our melancholy duty
to announce.

A NEW LIGHT.—WORKING OF THE
APPRENTICESHIP SYSTEM IN JAMAICA.—
By the Jamaica papers it would appear
that the new system does not work well.
"We regret," they state, "that at a public
meeting of interested parties in the parish of
Trinidad, held at the court-house, in the
town of Falmouth, on Monday, 4th of May,
1833, the Hon. Wm. Miller Custis in the
chair, resolutions were unanimously agreed
to, that the system of apprenticeship in the
apprenticeship system having verified the
worst anticipations of all practical men of
its unprofitable working, the meeting can
no longer shut its eye to the alternative, that
the cultivation of the staple productions of
the island must shortly be abandoned;—
that the only chance of preserving the island
from destruction is offered by the
settlement of white families in the interior,
where the climate is so temperate that
Europeans could perform all the labour
required in cultivating!!"—and lastly, that a
memorial be presented to His Excellency the
Governor-General, to lay the state and
apprehensions of the petitioners before his
Majesty's ministers, and to solicit the aid
of the mother country to promote an object
so necessary to procure the safety and tran-
quility of all classes of his Majesty's sub-
jects in this island, and to afford the most
likely means of continuing the colony on a
much smaller scale than hitherto, the culti-
vation of the staple products which yield so
large a revenue to Great Britain." Pow-
lett, Scurr, Esq., M.P., should have been me-
norialised, that he might use his en-
deavours to get appointments in Jamaica for
every branch of his family, lateral and collat-
eral, in this very temperate portion of the island
of Jamaica; and he might, moreover, prevail
upon the next cargo of settlers for Canada, and
other less favourable spots, to change their
destiny for this new land of promise. Prac-
tically they might make half-days with the
negroes, so that they may have time to learn
their lessons, and to see the just appropriation
of the 25,000l. voted this year by Parliament
to meet "their earnest desire to instructed,"
together with the subscriptions so liberally, we
hope, made Sunday, Aug. 16, at the churches,
upon the King's royal letter, for the same
purpose, and other sums liberally subscribed
by different institutions. We thought the
cry was, the West Indies must be lost, if the
slaves are not compelled to work, because
no whites can perform the labour—times
are, however, changed. It is, though,
always kind in the owners of plantations
and estates to have so fatherly a regard for
the "receive" of Great Britain.

THE MONUMENT AT KING'S CROSS.—
The original intention of erecting a statue of
George IV., on the summit of King's
Cross, at Battle-bridge, is now nearly com-
pleted. The figure, which is of compo,
when finished, will have the appearance of
stone. The height about eleven feet. Se-
veral further embellishments are to be added
to the cross, which, when finished, will form
a very splendid ornament to that part of the
town.

MONUMENT TO EDWARD KEAN.—This
monument, erected by subscription, to com-
memorate the histrionic genius of the late
Edward Kean, has been placed in the Ro-
tunda of Drury-Lane Theatre—the most ap-
priate place that could have been selected
for its reception. The work is one of ex-
quised beauty. The deceased actor is repre-
sented in the character of Hamlet, moralizing
over the skull of Yorick. The expression
of the countenance is grave and contempla-
tive. Mr. Carew has, we think, succeeded
in giving an extremely characteristic like-
ness of Kean. The statue is of the purest
white marble, and is upwards of six feet in
height.

ELEPHANT HUNTING.—There is now
exhibiting a panoramic view of the capture
and taming of wild elephants in the island
of Ceylon, in Pall Mall East. This inter-
esting exhibition of the hunting and taming
of this stupendous animal, is seen in its
most minute details, forming certainly a
very novel sight to the public of London.
The painting has been executed from stu-
dies made during a residence in Ceylon, by
Mr. Samuel Daniell. A curious pamphlet
has been published, explanatory of the ex-
hibition, which also embraces an interesting
account of many of the natural productions
of Ceylon.
BIRTHS.

August 11, at Clare, Priory, Suffolk, the lady of J. Barker, Esq., of a son.—August 9, at Montague-place, Clapham-road, the lady of Capt. J. P. Macdougall, of a son, still-born.—August 12, at Kingscote, Gloucestershire, the lady of J. Kennaway, of a son, still-born.—August 10, the lady of R. Gipps, Esq., of a daughter.—August 17, the wife of J. Guy, Esq., of Robert-street, Adelphi, of a daughter, still-born.—At Truro, the wife of Mr. J. James, of twins.—August 19, in Chester-terrace, Regent's-park, the lady of W. G. Hayter, Esq., of a son.—August 18, in Great Marlborough-street, the lady of G. Harrison, Esq., of a son.—August 19, Mrs. Meluish, of Walworth-house, of a son.—August 20, the lady of Dr. S. Hall, of Trinity-square, Southwark, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

August 11, at St. George's church, Bloomsbury, the Rev. W. Holmes, B.A., rector of West Newton, in Norfolk, and perpetual curate of Fletcham, in the same county, to Jemima, youngest daughter of the late Sir C. Flower, Bart.—August 11, at Trinity church, Marylebone, O. Mosley, Esq., eldest son of Oswald Mosley, Bart., eldest son of the late collector of General Bradshaw, K. C. B.—August 13, at St. Leonard's, by the Rev. M. Monday, Thos. L. Patch, Esq., of the Madras army, to Mary Cecil, eldest daughter of the late Captain Mundy, R.N.—August 11, at Grantham, George Blake, Esq., of Upper Norton-street, Portland-place, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Peter King, Esq., of Leicester.—August 1, at Fulham church, by the Lord Bishop of London, Edward Villiers, Esq., brother to our minister at Madrid, to the Hon. Elizabeth Charlotte Liddell, one of the daughters of Lord and Lady Ravensworth.—August 13, at the parish church at Measham, the Rev. William T. Sandys, M.A., vicar of St. Mary's Beverley, and domestic chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Belhaven, to Catherine Elizabeth, only daughter to the late William Wootton Abney, Esq., Royal Horse Guards, Blue.—August 18, at Powick, County G. V. Wigram, Esq., of Plymouth, to Catherine, daughter of the late W. Parnell, of Avondale, Wicklow, Esq.—August 19, at Streatham, R. H. Lloyd, Esq., to Isabella Mary, eldest daughter of W. Borradaile, Esq., of Baltham, Surrey.—August 20, at St. Pancras, J. A. Hingeston, Esq., of Finchbury-circus, to Emma, youngest daughter of J. Arbon, Esq., of Brunswick-square.—August 17, at Souliampson, Mr. H. Brett, jun., of Drury-lane, brandy-merchant, to Miss Eliza Higgs, only daughter of Mr. R. Higgs, of Southamton.—August 15, at Winndow, Bucks, D. R. Willis, Esq., to Maria, youngest daughter of J. Cowley, Esq., both of Winndow.—August 20, at Droxford, A. Beattie, Esq., of Calcutta, to Mary Anne Elizabeth Theressa, youngest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir E. G. Colypsey, K.C.B.

DEATHS.

July 31, at Chisiolom, near Nice, the Rev. W. St. John Mildmay, rector of Dooms distinctly, Hants, son of the late Sir Henry St. John Mild-

May, Bart.—July 31, at Lower Walmer, Kent, Catherine, widow of D. Mackintosh, Esq., late colonel of the 63rd regiment, aged 61.—August 10, at Brompton-park, after a very long illness, G. Hamersley, Esq., aged 50.—August 10, Jane, second daughter of the late Sir J. Perring, Bart.—August 11, at Gower-street, North J. Boys, Esq., late of Maidstone, in the 83d year of his age.—August 4, at Brighton, Miss Hodgson, aged 68.—August 7, at Oswaldkirk, in the county of York, deeply regretted by his family and friends. the Rev. T. Comber, aged 71, many years rector of that parish.—August 14, Mrs. Dove, a respectable independent lady, in Charter-House-street. The late dreadful conflagration in Charter-House-square, which happened on the 3d inst., extended to within two doors of the residence of the deceased lady, who was, in consequence, thrown into such a state of alarm, as to be bereft of her reason; and although she has had lucid intervals, from that period to the time of her death, she was never heard to utter a word.—August 19, at her brother's house, Canterbury-row, Kennington, Surrey, after a severe and protracted illness, Catherine Elizabeth Littleleaf.—July 26, at Naples, T. J. Mathias, Esq., aged 82, the reputed author of the "Pursuits of Literature."—August 15, at the Bank of England, having just completed his 75th year, T. Rippon, Esq., chief cashier of that establishment.—August 18, at her father's house, in Down-street, Piccadilly, Miss Sarah Kay Ashton, in the 21st year of her age, deeply regretted by her family and friends.—May 9, at the Cape of Good Hope, Major C. F. Hart, deputy quarter-master-general, Bombay army, and eldest son of C. Hart, Esq., Upper Gove, Ken-
ington.—August 17, at Bridport, T. Colfax, Esq., in his 81st year.—August 18, at Lewington, in her 21st year. Elizabeth Catherine, the last surviving daughter of Captain Mungin, of the Royal Navy.
THE DUCHESS OF MAINE
Grand daughter to the Great Condé.

Born 1676. Died 1755.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady’s Magazine and Museum
VOL. VII. No. 24 of the series of ancient portraits.

Page and Bobbs publishers, 12 Fedor Lane, London.

1855
MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS DU MAINE.

(Illustrated by a whole-length original Portrait, beautifully coloured after Mignard.)

The beautiful Duchess du Maine had all the talent for political coquetry which we have seen remarkable in her aunt, the Duchess de Longueville.* This lady was also as willing and able to apply them to the purposes of faction as that celebrated personage; but the times were different. In the wars of the Fronde, the nobility of France laughed at every thing, and fought for they knew not what; but half a century after, under the regent of Orleans, they laughed a great deal more, and took care only to fight when it could not be helped. In every preceding century they had got up at least two civil wars, but had discovered, in the commencement of the eighteenth, that internal strife is a most expensive recreation for the aristocracy, and the greatest interruption possible to pleasure, although called to the field by the prettiest intrigueimaginable; so they suffered the lovely Duchess du Maine and the Spanish ambassador to work up the conspiracy of Cellamare by themselves, without troubling their heads about it.

We have seen, in a preceding bio-

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* Vide this memoir and portrait, published April 1, 1835.
Vol. VII.—No. 4.

† Vide portrait and memoir, July 1, 1835.

‡ Vide portrait and memoir, Sept. 1, 1835.
be able ever to make half the noise you have in the world." Louis exchanged glances of pleasure with Madame de Maintenon; but it was certain she had tutored her apt pupil into the repartee, for it was not the natural saying of a child of five years old. A smarter story is told of him by Madame de Sevigné:—

"A few days ago he supped in a gondola on the canal, near the king. He had been told not to call his royal sire ' papa;' nevertheless, when about to drink, he called out as loud as he could, 'The king, my father's, health!' and threw himself into Madame de Maintenon's lap, ready to die with laughing."

In 1692, Louis Auguste de Bourbon, Duc du Maine, espoused Louise Benedicta de Bourbon, grand-daughter of the great Condé. At this marriage there was another of those splendid carousals given at Versailles, for which the reign of Louis XIV. was famous. There was a sort of bazaar and fancy-fair held at Marli: four shops were placed in the great hall of the palace, filled with the richest and most exquisite curiosities the Parisian artists could produce. They represented the productions of the four seasons of the year. Madame de Montespan kept one of them, with the dauphin; Madame de Maintenon, her rival, with the Duke du Maine; and the Duchess du Maine, with Madame du Chevreuse. The favoured nobility, who were invited to this festival, drew by lot the jewels displayed at the stands. Madame de Montespan's youngest daughter was on the same day married to the Duc de Chartres, afterwards the regent Orleans. The scandalous chronicles of the day, declare that the family of Orleans was enraged at this alliance; and that Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria even beat her son, when she found him resolved to marry the king's natural daughter.

After this marriage, Madame de Montespan appeared no more at court. The doating affection of the king, and the attachment of Madame de Maintenon, made the duke a leading character; and the beautiful young duchess divided the admiration of the courtiers with the Dauphiness of Burgundy, who was, perhaps, even more beautiful. The Duchess du Maine continued to act the part of a brilliant flirt in the royal circle; she set a thousand ridiculous fashions, and was the inventress of patches, or, rather, she revived the custom of spotting the face, arms, and bosom with little black spots, in order to set off the fairness of her skin by the contrast. No one took her for anything but what she appears to be in her portrait,—a pretty affected creature, full of laughable airs and minauderies. The sweep that death made in the royal family of France of all the peers of the family,* excepting the great grandson of Louis XIV., a child in the cradle, awoke dormant ambition in the fair bosom of this fluttering coquette. A report was, it is supposed, spread by her, that the Duke of Orleans, afterwards the regent of France, had poisoned the prince, whose loss France was so frantically deploring. Orleans was stung to agony by this insinuation. The people called aloud for vengeance—the duke demanded a trial at the hands of the king, and sent to request a lettre de cachet to take him and the officers of the household to the Bastille. Louis XIV., overwhelmed with age and sorrow, but convinced of his nephew's innocence, refused this desperate request. He sent one of his friends to comfort the duke, who had thrown himself on his bed, and had refused to rise for any purpose, except being conveyed to prison. Meantime, the baby-heir of the dynasty recovered from the purple fever that had carried off his father, mother, eldest brother, uncle, and cousin; and, as he would evidently survive, the whole matter was to provide beforehand a regency during the long minority. This office had been previously always placed in the hands of the female relative nearest in blood. There was, however, no such relative in existence in the kingdom. The next male heir, Philip V., uncle to the baby dauphin, was King of Spain: the right then was vested in the Duke of Orleans, son to the king's only brother; but the extreme unpopularity of this prince, occasioned by this report of poisoning, joined to the partiality Madame de Maintenon had for her pupil, and the doating affection of the king for the Duke du Maine, caused Louis XIV. to settle the regency on this illegitimate son, and for the present he made him (the duke) the dauphin's governor. The Duchess du Maine then looked forward to a long series of glo-

* This melancholy event will be elucidated in the memoir of the Duchess de Burgogne, November 1.
Memoir of the Duchess du Maine.

rious ambitious triumph, swaying the
delegated sceptre of France, and exhib-
biting her pretty person as queen, for
some fifteen or eighteen years. The
king died; a council of regency was
formed, whose first act was to annul the
settlement of the regency, and place the
legitimate prince, Philip of Orleans, in
the station to which his birth entitled
him. Of course the Maine faction were
desperately malcontent; and the fair
duchess, who speedily busied herself as
a political intrigante, made violent ef-
forts to raise a civil war. The French
noblesse were wiser than to fly to arms,
as they did at the call of her aunt of
Longueville. Few partisans at court
countenanced the tracasseries of the
pretty duchess, who, baffled at home,
turned her eyes abroad for aid to shake
the regency. She found this succour in
Philip V. of Spain, the son of Louis
XIV. who had renounced the contin-
gency of the crown of France when he
accepted, in right of his mother, that
of Spain." Philip surveyed with jea-
losy the advancement of his cousin
Orleans, with only a baby between him
and the throne of France, of which he
was in possession. He laid claim to
the regency. The duchess intrigued
with the Spanish ambassador, the Prince
de Cellamare; and between them they
got up the plot against the regent, called
in the history of France the "Conspi-
raci of Cellamare." The care of the
infant king's person and education still
rested in the hands of the Duke du
Maine. The regent, however, took
speedy measures to remove the infant
from his care, and left him in the hands
of the Duke de Bourbon, one of the
nearest princes of the blood. The
duchess was forced to vacate the infant
king's apartment to this comer.
She did not, however, make a quiet re-
treat, for, at her departure, she broke
the windows of the royal saloon, and all
the looking-glasses.

The regent—philosopher of the world
—smiled on the vixen airs of the pretty
fury, and permitted her, unmolested, to
depart in the whirlwind she herself had
raised. The next movement was an at-
temted insurrection, to raise which the
gold of Spain was most liberally showered
by the means of her liaison with the
Spanish ambassador, Cellamare. Her
partisans, however, took the gold, and be-
trayed her plans. The Abbé Dubois,
the most wicked man of his time, and
the wittiest, except his master, had been
agent in the pleasures of the voluptu-
ous Orleans: now called to action in a
political sphere, he showed great talents,
—he ferreted out the whole plot. Orleans
laughed, caroused, wrote satirical verses
on the conspirators and conspiratesses,
and gave Dubois orders for the most
vigorous measures, consistent with elu-
cency. Dubois went to arrest Cella-
mare; the Spaniard, haughtily secure in
his sacred character, the power of his
king, and near alliance between Spain
and France, refused to submit to the
mandate; and when he saw force was pre-
paring, as breaking was the order of the
day, he stepped out of the Spanish gra-
avity, so far as to knock down with his fist
a valuable statue, and it fell in shivers at
the feet of Dubois. It was, doubtless,
meant to crush him.

"Better that than me," replied Du-
bois, coolly looking upon it.

"Every one in his turn," replied Cel-
lamare, aiming a blow, that the dexterous
abbé eluded.

Dubois seized a paper in the Duchess
du Maine's hand-writing, containing a
list of the conspirators. To obtain this,
he had a personal scuffle with Cellamare
to pull it out of the fire, into which the
ambassador had thrown it. Having sec-
cured it, he departed instantly to the gay
regent.

"Keep it to yourself, Dubois," said
Orleans, "I wish not to learn the names
of those who have betrayed me. France
will go with me, and will support the
legitimate line of her princes."

"Such carelessness will hurl you from
your high station," replied the abbé.

"Well, abbé, we must divide the parts
we wish to play—to you justice; to me
mercy."

The next hour, the Duke du Maine
was arrested, as he came out of chapel,
at Sceaux: it was said he was in a des-
derate fright, but cowardice is, in reality,
very uncommon in men, and certainly
not an ingredient in the character or tem-
perament of the Bourbon family—man, woman, or child; let their detractors say what they will, history contradicts them. But that a man with one foot cannot be so actively pugnacious as a man with two, is a truth that the French nobility of that day had not found out, as their duelling encounters were then all carried on with the sword, where physical strength and activity took the credit of moral courage.

The news of the arrest of her lord was carried to the fair duchess, and she was told to prepare for the same destiny. She answered in the words of Guise, murdered by Henry the Third, “They dare not!”

At six o’clock next morning, the Marquis d’Ancenis, an old lover of hers, with the Abbé Dubois, came to arrest the pretty vixen, but she vowed she would not quit her bed. They, however, entered her chamber.

“Allow the fair duchess time to finish her sleep,” said d’Ancenis to Dubois.

“She will have plenty of time to sleep at Dijon,” said the merciless abbé.

The duchess flew into a violent rage at the name of Dijon. She reviled the abbé, but he was only amused by her violence. Her rage increased, when she saw him strip her toilet of her ornaments and jewel-caskets; she called him a thief, and bade him restore her diamonds.

“With so many charms, set off by these diamonds, beautiful duchess,” replied the abbé, “you would find your way out of thirty prisons.”

“Oh, Satan of an abbé!” she replied, “you are confiscating my jewels, in order to spend their proceeds in your orgies.”

On the journey she fell ill—but it availed her not; she was conveyed forward to Dijon. As soon as the conspiracy was suppressed, the personal restraint of the Duke and Duchess du Maine ceased; but they were banished for seven or eight years from the court.

The duchess kept a splendid little court at Sceaux, which was the resort of the literary world; for she, like her aunt of Longueville, cultivated her mind in retirement. “No person,” says Madame de Stael, “ever spoke with more clearness, fluency, or precision; never was there a manner more noble or natural. Her mind struck vividly by objects, like a bright mirror rendered them back without change, addition, or ornament.”

Among the literati who gathered round her at Sceaux, may be mentioned Fontenelle, St. Aubaine, and La Motte.

This princess died in the year 1758, aged seventy-seven years.

**DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.**

The latter years of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth give a totally different style of head-dress from the graceful curls of the Duchesses de Fontanges* and la Vallière. Following the old lady fashions of Madame de Maintenon, the youngest beauties tucked up their flowing hair under lace caps, and wore the pyramidal coiffette of three stages of point or Brussels lace, with long lappets flowing down the back. In this scarcely a curl is visible, out of flattery to the king’s second wife, Madame de Maintenon, who was married to him at a time of life when the hair had long ceased to be ornamental. The dress of the Duchess du Maine, though becoming to her person, is in that elaborate style of cutting and snipping which injures fine outline. The sleeves are straight and narrow on the shoulders, in the fashion that Horace Walpole reprobates in his mother’s picture. These narrow-shouldered sleeves were brought into fashion in 1700, and, with very little variation, excepting long or short, continued till about 1824, when all sorts of balloon and gigot sleeves formed a contrast of equal ugliness. For true gracefulness, the rich falling sleeves of Rembrandt and Vanderky’s styles are the most ornamental to the female figure, as in the portraits of Queen Henrietta Maria, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Arundel; or in the portraits by Mignard and Petitot, published in the *Lady’s Magazine,* of the Duchesses de la Vallière, Montespan, Longueville, and Fontanges. These sleeves give a fall to the shoulders, without narrowing the bust, while the modern sleeves destroy the form of the shoulders and the symmetry of the female form. In the fashion of the dress of the Duchess du Maine, we see the first indications of the wide falling ruffles, which, giving width to the elbows, made the shoulders look still more pinched. The corsage is made of stripes of green and gold-coloured velvet, stiffened with whalebone;  

* Vide August 1, 1835.*
it is monstrously long, and laced in at the waist; it is belted with a diamond buckle and gold-coloured ribbon. There are from the shoulders robbings of swan’s-down, barred with gold and diamond studs: a yellow brocaded stomacher is seen beneath the fur. The robe is of striped green velvet and gold-coloured brocade, lined with green satin. The stripes in the sleeves and train are arranged horizontally. The petticoat is of pale yellow brocaded stripes, bordered with swan’s-down; above which is a heavy swan’s-down flounce. The robe is very fantastically looped back to show the lining; it is bordered entirely with swan’s-down. The gloves are white, worked with gold, and have sable-fur tops. She holds up a sable-fur muff, only large enough to cover the hands. The necklace round the throat is of immense pearls. The shoes are barred green and gold. The French ladies in the beginning of the last century wore patches in profusion on the face and bosom, of various sizes, round and in stars and half moons. Sir Richard Steele, in the “Spectator,” often launches playful satire at this mode. This lady, who seems to have been the foundress of all the tasteless costumes of the last century, has certainly to answer for the unnatural, yet (and we are almost ashamed to say) witchery of patches.

THE EYE OF LOUGHOR.

A FRAGMENT.

In the sweetly romantic village of Loughor, I had past a fine summer’s day, wandering amid the majestic mountains in which it lies embossed, exploring the dark recesses of its glens, and bathing on the golden sands of the river which gently meanders by. Towards evening, I set out to walk over the mountains to Kidwelly. The delightful scenery unconsciously beguiled my attention, and induced me to linger on the way until twilight began slowly to steal on around: my observation was awakened to this, by perceiving the tops of the distant, and lately sun-burnished mountains, grow gradually less and less perceptible, and shortly entirely disappear. The darkness increased; and after wandering a considerable time, I became assured of having mistaken my path. In vain I listened for the sound of the shepherd’s bell; the flocks had long since sought their pens; and I climbed to the mountain-tops to endeavour to descry some cottage light, but none was to be seen. I was bewildered! I knew not where to go, or what path to take.

The beauty and serenity of the night upheld my spirits, and encouraged me onwards. I descended from the hills, and pursued my way at their feet, until my path was suddenly stopped by a forest, impenetrable to every creature except its wild inhabitants. I turned again, and after walking a short distance, the noise of what appeared to be a waterfall arrested my attention, and disturbed the silence, which hitherto had only been broken by the blackbird’s last evening notes.

The moon had now risen over the opposite hills, and her light discovered to me a path, which appeared to have been recently trodden by men and cattle: it led towards the place whence the noise came, as I could perceive by its gradually increasing; taking a sudden turn, it conducted me to the side of a rivulet, which ran on foaming and raging amongst the rocks and stones which impeded its course. The pathway continued along the bank of the stream, and I followed it. Suddenly turning an angle of the mountain, a most romantic and enchanting scene lay before me. Not a vapour obscured the brilliancy of the moon, which shone full on the prospect, and enabled me to discover that I had found my way to the black mountain, and to the far-famed eye of Loughor; celebrated in the songs of Cambria’s ancient bards, and the scene of many a tradition still preserved among the mountain inhabitants. Here the river Loughor has its rise. It proceeds from the mountain’s side—not as some of the mightiest rivers of the earth—infants, and their birth-place scarcely perceptible! It rushes forth in the strength of manhood, a broad and rapid stream; sending no harbinger before, it bursts out as a wild meteor, long hidden by impenetrable clouds.

The river issues through a most extraordinary cavern, which is reported to run a mile into the bowels of the mountain.
This is truly one of nature's wonders, and a scene which has all the appearance of enchantment.

The cavern is sufficiently spacious to permit of persons walking into it by the side of the stream. The moon shone full on the one side, and the beautiful stars, and the silver flood beneath, reflected its beams in a manner truly defying description.

I stood for a considerable time riveted to the spot whence it first broke on my view, and my senses were so absorbed in its charms, that the situation in which I was placed did not for a time recur to my mind. When it did, the beauties which surrounded me had so usurped possession of my mind, that I was most unwilling to leave them. At length, however, seeing that the moon had reached her highest altitude, and was again about to descend, which told me the night was far advanced, I turned with deep reluctance away: even now, I knew not which way to guide my steps, and the fatigue I had undergone had much wearied me. I was inclined to make the heather my bed, and had thrown myself upon it, but finding it damp and wet, I rose again, and walked down by the side of the stream, the way I had passed up. I soon discovered a different path, and followed it; but had proceeded only a short distance, when my attention was aroused to the distant notes of a harp, which poured so sweetly melodious on the ear in the night's unbroken stillness, that fancy could easily have imagined them to proceed from some inhabitant of the celestial world. As noiselessly as possible, I went towards the place whence they appeared to come. Amid the ruins of what, in its glory, had been a most magnificent castle, sat a man, or rather he appeared as the genius of the place: his countenance, which the now-waning moon rendered clearly perceptible, was noble and venerable in the highest degree—his snow-white beard, gently moved by

the undulating breeze, flowed down upon his breast; sorrow and care, as well as time, appeared to have furrowed his brow. When I first observed him, he had ceased to play, and seemed bewildered in thought. Ere long he again commenced, and enraptured, I listened to one of those airs of the olden time, which had often caused Cambria's hills to echo to the shouts of her patriot sons, and had been a tyrant's plea to wreak his deadly vengeance on her sweet bards. He accompanied it with his venerable voice: I caught the following stanza:—

Wales! the land where British freedom
Sought a refuge in the hour,
When the Roman bands assail'd her;
When she sank beneath their power.

He had scarce concluded this, when a loose stone, on which I had been standing, slipped from under me, and I fell; causing a considerable noise. He immediately ceased to play, and approached the spot where I was. As soon as he saw me, he addressed me in a calm and serious tone—"Youth! why intrude on one who seeks to shun the world; though not from misanthropy:—I left it not until it had long, long departed from, and forgotten, me. Is it my property you seek?—I have none: it cannot be my life—it is too, too valueless." I explained to him that I had lost my way; that I had unknowing stolen upon his privacy, and entreated him to direct me right.

Bland and affable, he beckoned me to follow him, and led the way to the opposite side of the ruins, and pointed out a path which would lead me into the road I wanted. He perceived too plainly that I would fain have lingered, and did not give me time to express my wish. He cried, "Yonder is your road, depart! I deplore it, but circumstances admit not of my giving you shelter for the night. I have long been dead to the world. Take with you all the unhappy can give—a blessing!"

W. L. G.

Curious Prophecy of John Wesley's for 1836, published in the Manchester Chronicle of the year 1782:—

"Mr. John Wesley preached in the parish church of Bradford, on Sunday last, to the most numerous and respectable congregation that ever appeared in that place. His text was, 'The end of all things is at hand; be sober and watch unto prayer.' He enforced this awful doctrine with uncommon energy, assuring his audience that the world would be at an end in the year 1836. But he intimated that a new world would succeed the old one, far better, and infinitely more enlightened; in which there would be no false teachers, no hypocrites, but universal holiness and angelic purity."

It is evident that Wesley, as well as Edward Irving, like many false prophets of old, who looked to the signs of the times, founded his prophecy of the destruction of the world on the return of Halley's comet.
STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR BURNETT.

BY ONE WHO KNEW AND ESTEEMED HIM.

Before the leaves of Autumn strew'd the ground,
Before the winds assumed a stormy tone,
Thy spirit left its tenement, and found
A rest congenial in a land unknown.
Student of Nature! proudly hast thou shown
The energies that fire the human frame,
And, intertwined with Fancy's starry zone,
For many an age shall live thy spotless name,
On which the impious breath of slander never came.

Oh! there are some whose sympathies are cast
In gentle mould (and such, indeed, were thine);
Who love to scan the glories of the past,
And bend the knee to Nature's hallowed shrine.
The sweet repose of eventide benign,
The voice of billows, as they foam and roll,
The wintry winds, that rend the giant pine,
Speak with a thrilling cadence to the soul,
And bring its secret thoughts within their own control.

And theirs shall be the fame—not won by blood,
Or purchased with the sword—the calm renown
Which Time's unceasing changes have withstood,
Like Idria's pines, which on her mountains frowned;
For them the Goddess weaves no laurel-crown,
Wet with the orphan's tears, or stained with gore,
But gently as the western orb sinks down
Behind the hills, when daylight's reign is o'er,
They glow, at their decease, more glorious than before.

Oh! thou—lamented, and beloved by all—
How fondly to thine image Memory clings!
Nature's enthusiast! silent is the hall
In which thy genius plumed its starry wings;
And shall the fire of thine imaginings
No more illume thy dim and death-seal'd eyes?
Yes! radiant hope within the bosom springs,
As sparkling founts amid the desert rise,
And claims thee as a saint, commissioned for the skies.

Away regret! be still, thou voice of weeping!
The Christian's hope shall pierce the rayless gloom;
And shadowy Grief, her silent vigils keeping,
Shall look beyond the midnight of the tomb.
Although this earth no more reveals its bloom,
Or beauty to thine eye; in distant lands,
Thy pure ethereal spirit shall resume
Its robe of light, and break the victor's bands,
To claim a kindred home—"a house not made with hands!"

"After life's fitful fever thou sleep'st well!"
And guardian sylphs shall haunt thy lowly grave;
But o'er thy dust no mourner's plaint shall swell,
Or cypress dark its pendent branches wave:
For He, who came to succour and to save,
The Lord of life! the universal King!
He shall restore the spirit which he gave
In realms above, where countless angels sing
Their triumph o'er the grave, and Death's relentless sting!

King's College, London.
LIFE'S LOTTERY.

"I have no personal adventure," said Benjamin, when next called upon for a tale,* worthy your attention; but I recollect a circumstance related to me some years ago, by a young and fascinating woman, the wife of a receiver-general, and if you think it likely to contribute to the amusement of the company, I will do my best to please."

"Yes, yes! tell it us," was the unanimous exclamation.

About the beginning of the year 1826, I returned to Paris, after a lengthened absence, and took up my abode in one of those houses in the Faubourg St. Honoré, overlooking the Champs Elysées, where I shortly formed an acquaintance, which soon ripened into intimacy, with the lady in question, and her husband. One evening, on entering their saloon, as was my almost daily habit—for they received much company—I was surprised to find Madame de la—— alone, occupied in the inspection of a splendid album, for which she had that morning paid the sum of three thousand francs at a charity bazaar. Having, with her usual kindness of manner, placed my chair in a warm corner, we entered into one of those captivating tête-à-tête conversations, which a French woman knows so well how to keep up with interest. We spoke of her husband, who was, she told me, gone to the country for a few days on affairs of importance, relative to his situation. We next discussed politics, the theatres, fashions—that subject ever uppermost in the minds of her countrywomen—pronounced such and such new publications excellent—such and such others trash; when all at once, whether from curiosity, or merely to fill up a pause, I know not, she asked me abruptly, and in a tone half serious, half jesting, the reason why I had never married. Not choosing exactly to state the cause, I answered her singular query by another. "And you, madam," I said, "will you permit me to inquire why you have married a second time?" This question, put without any particular motive on my part, seemed evidently to embarrass her; she looked down, and even exhibited a rising blush. Shortly, however, recovering her self-possession, she looked up smilingly—

* Vide "Fatal Signs," September 1, 1853.

"Why did I marry a second time?" she said; "it was because—because—in short, I could not do otherwise; and then the adventure was so singular—so—so very dull!"

At the mere recollection, she could scarcely refrain from laughter.

"Oh!" I said, drawing my chair nearer, "adventures of all things I love; do, pray, relate this to me."

"What!" she exclaimed, blushing deeply, "do you really imagine that I shall tell you all the circumstances that brought about my second marriage? Suppose, now, that the story should turn out to be very horrible!"

"I love the horrible," I replied; "but, in truth, I do not imagine that it can be so, for M. de la—— is certainly the most elegant man—the most finished gentleman of my acquaintance."

"Do you think so?" she inquired, evidently pleased.

"Undoubtedly, madam; and to assert the contrary in my presence, would be to me a personal insult."

"Well, you are really very kind—very flattering; and you deserve a tale, so——" she added, after a moment's pause, "as you say you are fond of adventures, I will relate one to you that I think will surprise you."

"I would rather hear your own," said I, "about your marriage——."

"Well, perhaps, I may relate that to you some day: now put another log on the fire, and listen to me. It is several years since the circumstance happened. One night I had retired to rest at an earlier hour than usual——"

"What!" I interrupted; "you are, then, the heroine of the tale?"

"I am," she replied, laughing; "but, pray, do not interrupt me, or I shall forget where I was."

I promised to observe a rigid silence, and the fair narrator continued.

My intention was to have gone to the Opéra, and I had myself denied to some visitors; but I know not how it was, I changed my mind; you know (she added, looking at me with an arch expression,) that ladies will occasionally change their minds—but to proceed: I was in bed, my lamp burning brightly; the second volume of the "Pirate" open in my hand; but I read not—I lay in one
of those happy moods, between sleeping and waking, when the soul, separating itself, as it were, from its earthly tenement, soars to regions far distant, bringing back upon the mind, with wonderful accuracy, the scenes of other times—of other days. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted, by the door of my chamber being opened gently. My femme de chambre was in the habit of locking it every night on the outside; and so certain was I that she had returned for something she had forgotten, that I did not even raise my head. "Josephine!" I said; "I thought you were in bed—what would you have?"

Receiving no answer, and hearing footsteps approach, I looked up; but how shall I describe my dismay—my horror—my astonishment, at seeing a man before me! A second look convinced me it was a person I had met in society; our acquaintance was, however, so slight, that I should have considered a visit from him at noon-day an intrusion, if not an impertinence.

"M. Edward!" I cried, as soon as I could summon sufficient courage to speak.

"Edward!" said I, surprised, and interrupting her.

Madame de la —— looked at me for a moment, as if she would scrutinise my thoughts.

"Yes," she replied, "his name was Edward; but, as I told you, I had no acquaintance with him that could at any time have authorised his visit; but, pray, let me proceed."

"One word more!" said I, eagerly, "were you a widow at that time?"

"I was."

I was about to call my maid, when my visitor stepped forward, and seizing my handkerchief, held it upon my mouth, saying at the same time, in a tone in which sang froid and good breeding were strongly blended—

"No noise, madam, I request; neither attempt to call nor to ring your bell. I pledge you my word, as a man of honour, that I have no intention whatever of offering you violence; but the instant any person enters that door, that is your last moment and mine."

So saying, he drew a pair of scissors from his pocket, and cut the bell-ropo; at the same time letting me perceive, as if unintentionally, a brace of pistols, and the handle of a poignard, which were thrust into his bosom.

"Be composed, madam," he continued, "and permit me to explain myself." He then drew a chair and seated himself by my bed-side. "Madam," said he, seeing me silent and resigned to my fate—what ever it might be—"an immediate engagement, which would, I am persuaded, were I at liberty to acquaint you with the particulars, appear to you as sacred as to myself, together with the failure of expected supplies, have determined me to seek the honour of this interview. Being aware of the generosity and kindness that distinguish all your actions, I am come to —— to borrow the sum of one thousand pounds."

"One thousand pounds, sir!" I cried, astonished at his coolness and impudence; "you jest—I have not such a sum in my house!"

"Pardon me, madam, you have at this moment more than double that sum in your cabinet," pointing to the piece of furniture at the opposite end of the room. "You received the money three days since in bank-notes; it is in a purple morocco pocket-book, which, together with a parcel of receipts and tradesmen's bills, is in the second drawer on the left hand side."

"But, sir, who could have ——"

"Oblige me with the key for a moment. I could, if you had mislaid it, open the cabinet without; but I should regret spoiling so pretty a piece of furniture—real India, is it not? A friend of mine, who has lately new-furnished his house, on the occasion of his marriage, has had a room fitted up in this style, I understand, by an English artist, who does it in perfection. Where did you say the key was?" he added, turning towards me.

Terrified and unable to speak, I pointed to a crystal vase upon the mantel-piece, into which I was in the habit of putting my rings and keys at night. "The largest, sir," was all I could articulate.

He unlocked the cabinet. "This," he said, opening a drawer half filled with five-franc pieces, "this is destined for your household expenses; far be it from me to deduct a single piece—you do the honours of your house too well. This, madam," he continued, taking up a purse, containing about thirty double Napoleon, "I know to be your privy purse,
its contents are to be appropriated to the expenses of your toilet—God forbid that I should lessen it; your taste in that particular is so exquisite, that we should all suffer by any diminution,—and none more than he who has the honour of addressing you. But here is what I seek,” opening the second drawer—“you perceive, madam, that I only borrow the sum I am in need of—one thousand pounds, no more; the remaining notes, with the pocket-book, I restore to their place. You are, I hope, convinced of the pleasure I shall have in returning this sum, as soon as it is in my power.” So saying, M. Edward transferred the borrowed notes to his own pocket-book; and having locked the cabinet, and replaced the key, he once more seated himself by my bed-side.

“Now, madam,” he continued, “suffer me to place in your hands the false key, by means of which I entered your apartment. You, no doubt, expect that I shall take my leave; I even perceive that you consider my presence an intrusion; but I regret to say that I cannot immediately oblige you.”

“Now, sir!” I cried—my alarm increasing momentaril, “what would you more?”

“Fear nothing, madam. I know sufficient of the female heart to be aware that it is not fear we must employ to subjugate woman; but the shortness of my stay would give an air of improbability to the motive I have alleged to your porter for my visit. I have, at least, twenty minutes longer to remain; for would it be possible to believe that he who is fortunate enough to enjoy a tête-à-tête with you at such an hour, would not willingly prolong his happiness as much as possible?”

In saying these words, my visitor drew from his waistcoat pocket a beautifully enamelled watch, set with pearls, and which was suspended round his neck by a fine gold chain of exquisite workmanship. I was highly provoked. “What, sir!” I exclaimed with dignity; “not content with taking my money—you would also rob me of my reputation!”

“Rob, madam!” he repeated, a slight smile passing over his handsome countenance; “the expression is a harsh one, but fear not. I am a man of honour, and your reputation is quite safe with me; but your porter, madam, is a villain, and forgets that his duty is to protect you. On inquiring whither I was going, and on hearing my reply, he remarked that you did not receive to-night, and that you were probably in bed by this time. “I make no doubt of it,” I replied. “The servants are also in bed,” he rejoined. “I know that,” said I, producing my false key, and slipping a Napoleon into his hand; he thanked me, with a knowing wink, and I passed on.

I was almost annihilated at the thoughts of this double misfortune.

“Oh!” I exclaimed, nearly suffocated with tears, “this is too much—such audacity—such villainy—is abominable— is——”

“Dreadful, madam, I admit; and could I presume to offer advice, I should say—discharge him to-morrow: he is a fellow without principle, and knows not the duties of his office. I have still ten minutes to remain, but as I am unwilling to intrude if my conversation displeases you, I shall retire to the further end of the room.”

“Not in the least, sir,” I replied, my wrath completely appeased by his excessive politeness and gentlemanly manners.

“In that case, there is no indiscretion in asking the name of the book you were reading when I entered?”

“The second volume of the ‘Pirate.’”

Here M. Edward entered into so interesting a disquisition upon literature and authors in general, that the moments passed like lightning, and shall I confess—that it was almost with regret I saw him rise to take his leave!

Again he reiterated his assurances that I should shortly hear from him, and in a manner that would effectually obtrude from my mind all unpleasant traces of his nocturnal visit. Then bowing with that air of distinguished courtesy and elegance of manner which characterises one long accustomed to mix in the higher class of society, he took his leave, leaving me completely bewildered, and equally unable and unwilling to have him either stopped or followed. A few seconds more, and I heard the heavy porte-cochère turn on its hinges and close after him.

“Well,” inquired Madame de la——, “what do you think of my story?”

“Oh!” replied I, “it is for your own —for the story of your marriage—that
The Chinese Mother.

I shall reserve my reflections; this one certainly is singular—"

"What!" she cried, bursting into a fit of merriment, "you did not understand that—"

"Good heavens! can it be possible that this—(robber I was going to say)—this M. Edward was your husband?"

"He has become my husband since," she replied.

"Then I conclude he was as good as his word, and repaid you faithfully the thousand pounds that he—borrowed!"

"Not so, not so!" she cried, "he owes them to me still, and, in truth, I despair of ever being paid."

"Well, madam," I said, "you must yourself admit, that there was something at least original in your becoming his wife."

She seemed much amused, at what she termed my antiquated notions, and I took my leave, ruminating on the strange caprice of a woman, who had bestowed her heart and hand upon a man whom a word from her would have condemned to the galleys for life.

L. V. F.

THE CHINESE MOTHER.

A Dialogue.

BY MRS. KINGSTON.

Captain.—List! woman, would you wish to see
    Your son by hunger press'd?
    Take gold, and give the lad to me,
    Our life will suit him best.
    He will not, it is true, each day
    Greet a fond mother's gaze,
    But soon he'll mark, I dare to say,
    With pleasure the white sprays,
    The bounding wave, the howling voice
    Of winds, that are a brave boy's choice.

Mother.—Take him! Strangers never know
    The griefs they often cause to flow;
    They feel not pity.—Take my son!
    Aye! take him ere more hours have run.
    Would that my form were turned to bread,
    Then with my heart I e'en had fed,
    The urchin given me from above,
    Memorial of a husband's love!

Captain.—Many there are on earth that dwell,
    Who have not food, nor yet a shed
    Wherein to lie; who try to tell
    Their tale to the dainty, who are fed
    From luxuries, whose daily cost
    Had been to them a golden store;
    And yet on them their words are lost:
    They know not to relieve the poor.
    But I to the boy will be a sire,
    From scorn shall he be free:
    Less chilling than the worldlings are
    Is the loud and foaming sea.
    But peace within the hammock's found,
    Tho' hardship's in the watch I own;
    A mariner's sleep is sweet and sound,
    To fear he's never prone!

Mother.—Yet, stranger—when far off he bideth,
    And the sad sea from me divideth
    This child of my soul and care;


**Evening Hymn.**

Should sickness come, with heavy limb,  
Reckless of me, and rest on him  
Who has no mother there  
To soothe him with an aspect mild,  
And ask, what ails thee now, my child?  

**Captain.**—Woman, I'll frame him for the main,  
His Hardy limbs will know no pain,  
He'll play our manly part:  
The rough winds shall his doctors be,  
They never take a patient's fee  
From those of the oaken heart!

**Mother.**—No more shall I mark his artless smile,  
Chiding away my care;  
As he chases—(the minutes to beguile)—  
Butterflies—flowers o'the air:—  
With eyes, by sorrow dimm'd, I'll view  
Thy sails unfurl'd, and flowing free;  
As fun'ral-servers, will thy crew,  
In sorrow seem to me:—  
Ah! what a pang will rend my heart,  
When I see thy ship depart!

**Captain.**—God speed thee, woman! should the sea  
With tempests, winds, and sands agree  
To spare our lives awhile,  
We'll land again upon this shore,  
The boy shall bring thee back a store,  
And meet thee with a smile,  
Thine age to comfort; and his care  
Will soon efface the heavy share  
His absence round thee cast.  
Thou'lt see him safe, with manly brow,  
And fairer e'en than he is now,  
And all thy sorrows past.

**Mother.**—Let him not need his mother's kiss,  
Nor yet her fond caress;  
Be his the tearless eye; and bliss  
Around his pillow press;  
But I shall wear upon my head  
A mourning badge, as for the dead!

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**EVENING HYMN.**

Ere yet the sun's declining rays,  
Shall leave you distant sky,  
And 'ere the parting streak of day  
Has clos'd upon the eye;  
Come balmy eve'ning kindly spread,  
Thy dark ensabl'd vest,  
And teach reflective thought to shed  
Devotion o'er the breast.

Oh, raise the mind to bless the power—  
The mercy that shall last,  
And bid him seize the present hour,  
Whose folly lost the past.  
Instructive tell the pomp of state,  
The pride of mighty blood,  
That none are ever truly great  
Who are not truly good.

To all this admonition give,  
Unfearful of reply,—  
"That he alone deserves to live,  
Who is prepared to die."

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**Wiseton.**

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**J. C. Hall, Jun.**
THE ADVENTURES OF MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER:*

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF HIS EXAMINATION BEFORE THE FATHERS OF

THE INQUISITION AT BOLOGNA, IN ITALY:

GIVING

AN ACCOUNT OF AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY

In the midst of the Deserts of Africa;

The Origin and Antiquity of the People, their Religion, Customs, Polity, and Laws.

From the Original Manuscript in St. Mark's Library at Venice, taken previously to the Year 1720.

(To be concluded in our next.)

I will pass hastily over the discourses between the pophar and my great ancestor, concerning philosophy, politics, and matters of that description; likewise the account of the loss of his wife and children, and too minute a detail of divers accidents that befell him during his stay in Africa, which were the real cause of his quitting the country. I will pause for a while upon one touching religion, which seemed to have made a very great impression on the mind of a person of so much penetration as the regent was, in so much, that he seemed resolved, when his regency was out, which then wanted only a year, to go along with me into Europe, after the stay he was to make at Grand Cairo, that he might have an opportunity of examining matters of the fountain-head; wisely judging a consideration of such consequence, as that of religion, to be no indifferent thing. For my own part, notwithstanding the beauty and riches of the country, I could find no satisfaction in a place where I had lost all that was dear to me, though I had the comfort to have my dear Isyphena, and her three children, all baptized by my own hand before they died; neither could length of time allay my grief; but, on the contrary, every thing I saw revived the memory of my irreparable loss. I considered the instability of the fleeting joys of this world, where I thought I had built my happiness, for a man of my fortune, on the most solid foundation. But, alas! all was gone, as if it had been but a dream, and the adorable Isyphena was no more. The good old pophar was in a very little better condition, having lost his dearest daughter, and his little grand-children, particularly the eldest boy, who is in that picture with his mother. This reflection on the vanity of human felicity, made him more disposed to hear the truths of our divine religion, so that he was resolved to go and search further into the reasons for it. Another yet more forcible reason, induced me to solicit the pophar for my return to my native country, which was the care of my future state. I had lived so many years without the exercise of those duties our church obliges us to perform, and, though I had not been guilty of any great crimes, I was not willing to die out of her bosom: however, to do all the good I could to a country where I had once enjoyed so much happiness, this being the last year we were to stay, I at length persuaded the regent that there might be some danger of an invasion of his country, from the opposite side towards the southern tropic; at least, I did not know but there might be some habitable climate so far over the sands, as towards Libya and Egypt. I had often signified my thoughts to him in that respect. I told him that though his kingdom was safe, and inaccessible to all but ourselves on that side, it was possible it might be higher the great ocean on the opposite one, or that the sands might not be of such extent; or, in fine, there might be ridges of mountains, and from them rivers running into the ocean, by which, in process of time, some barbarous people might ascend, and disturb their long uninterrupted rest, without some fence to guard against such an emergency. This last thought alarmed him; so we were resolved to make a new trial, without communicating the design to any but the chief council of five, where we were sure of inviolable secrecy. What confirmed me in my notion was, that, when we were on the utmost point of our mountains southward, looking over the deserts, I could perceive something like clouds, or

* Compelled to make several divisions of this interesting and authentic history, the parts will be found in vol. v., pages 14, 114, 135, 218, 305, and in January and September, 1833.
fogs, hanging always towards one part. I imagined them to be fogs, covering the tops of some great mountains, which must have habitable vales. Being resolved to make a trial, we provided all things accordingly, and set out from the furthest part of the kingdom southwards, taking only five persons in our company, steering our course directly towards that point of the horizon, where I observed the thick air always hanging towards one place. We took provisions and water but for ten days, leaving word that they need not trouble themselves about us, unless we made a considerable stay, because in case we found mountains, we should always find springs and fruits to subsist on, by making a further search into the country: otherwise, if we saw no hopes at the five days' end, we would return the other five, and take fresh measures. The third day of our voyage we found the deserts nothing so barren as we expected, the ground grew pretty hard, and the fourth day we discovered some tufts of moss and shrubs, by which we conjectured we should soon come to firm land; the evening of that day we discovered the tops of hills, but further off than we thought, so that though we travelled at a great rate all that night and most of the next day, we could only arrive at the foot of them the fifth day at night. After some little search we came to a fine spring, and, to our comfort, no signs of inhabitants; if there had, we should have returned immediately to take further advice. The next morning we got up to the top of the highest hill, to discover the country; but found it to be only the point of a vast mountainous country, like the worst part of our (the Italian) Alps, though there were some fertile vales and woods, but no footsteps of its ever having been inhabited, as we believe, since the creation. Finding we could make good provision for our return, we were in no great pain about time; but wandered from place to place, carefully viewing and observing every way. After proceeding along those craggy hills and precipices in this manner for five days, they began to lessen towards our right, but seemed rather to increase the other way: at length, in the most dismal and horrid part of the hill-brow, one of our young men thought he spied something like the figure of a man, sitting by a little spring under a craggy rock just below us; we sent three of our people round another way to keep him from running into the wood, while the pophar and myself stole quietly over the rock where he was. As soon as he saw us, he sprang up to a broken chink in the rock, and disappeared immediately: we were sure he could not get from us, so we closed in upon the spot and searched, till we found a little cave in the windings of the rock, where his retiring place was. His bed was made of moss and leaves, with little heaps of dried fruits, of different sorts, for his sustenance. When he saw us, he was surprised, and rushed at us like a lion, thinking to make his way through us, but being all five at the mouth of the cave, he stood ready to defend himself against our attempts. Viewing him a little nigher, we saw he had some remains of an old tattered coat, and part of a pair of breeches, with a ragged sash, or girdle, round his waist, by which, to our great surprise, we found he was European. The pophar spoke to him in Lingua Franca, and asked him who, or what he was; he shook his head as if he did not understand us. I spoke to him in French, Italian, and Latin, but he was a stranger to those languages; at length he cried out Inglis, Inglis. I had learnt something of that language when I was a student at Paris: for knowing my father had a mind I should learn as many languages as I could, I had made an acquaintance with several English and Scotch students in that university, particularly with one F. Johnson, an English Benedictine; and could speak it pretty well for a foreigner, but had almost forgot it from want of use. I bade him take courage, and fear nothing, for we would do him no harm. As soon as ever he heard me speak English, he fell down on his knees, and begged us to take pity on him, and carry him to some habitable country, where he might possibly get an opportunity of returning home again, or, at least, of living like a human creature. Upon this he came out to us, but looked more like a wild beast than a man; his hair, beard, and nails were grown to a great length, and his mien was as haggard as if he had been a great while in that wild place; he was a stout, well-built man, and showed something above the common rank. We went down to the fountain together, where he made us understand that his father was an East-India merchant, and his mother a Dutch
woman of Batavia; that he had had great part of his education in London, but being very extravagant, his father, whose natural son he was, had turned him off, and sent him to Batavia, to his mother's friends; that by his courage and industry he was in a way of making his fortune, having been advanced to be a lieutenant in the Dutch Guards at Batavia; when unluckily he was cast away on the coast of Africa, where they had been on a particular adventure: that he and his companions, four in number, wandering up in the country to seek provisions, were taken by some strange barbarians, who carried them a vast unknown way into the continent, designing to eat them, or sacrifice them to their inhuman gods, as they had done by his companions; but being hale and fat at the time of his capture, they reserved him for some particular feast; that, as they were carrying him through the woods, another party of barbarians, enemies to the former, met them, and fell a fighting for their booty: which he perceiving, knowing he was to be eaten if he stayed, slunk away during the scuffle into the thickest woods, hiding himself by day, and marching all night he did not know where, but, as he conjectured, still higher into the country. Thus he wandered from hill to hill, and wood to wood, till he came to a desert of sands, which he was resolved to try to pass over, not daring to return back, for fear of falling into the hands of those merciless devourers. He passed two days and two nights without water, living on the fruits he carried with him, as many as he could, till he came to this mountainous part of the country, which he found uninhabited; taking up his abode in that rock, where he never had any hopes of seeing a human creature again: he neither knew himself where he was, nor which way to go back. In fine, he told us he had then lived in that miserable place upwards of five years. After he had comforted himself as well as we could, I asked him which way the main sea lay, as near as he could guess, and how far he thought it was to it? He pointed with his hand towards the south, a little turning towards the east, and said, he believed it might be thirty or forty days' journey, but advised us never to go that way; for we should certainly be devoured by the barbarians. I asked him whether the country was habitable from that place down to the sea; he told me yes, except that desert we had passed; but whether it was broader in other places he could not tell.

All the time he was speaking, the paphar eyed him from top to toe; and calling me aside, "What monster," says he, "have we got here? There is a whole legion of wild beasts in that man. I see the lion, the goat, the wolf, and the fox, in that one person." I could not forbear smiling at the paphar's skill in physiognomy; and told him, we should take care he should do no harm. Then I turned to the man, and asked him, whether he would conform himself to the laws and rites of the country, if we carried him among men again, where he should want for nothing. He embraced my knees, and said, he would conform to any laws or any religion, if I would but let him see a habitable country again. I stared at the man, and began to think there was some truth in the paphar's science. However I told him, if he would but behave like a rational creature, he should go along with us; but he must suffer himself to be blindfolded, till he came to the place. He startled a little, and seemed to be prodigiously suspicious, lest we should deceive him. But on my assuring him on the faith of a man that he should come to no harm, he consented to accompany us.

After we had refreshed ourselves, being both glad and concerned for the information we had received of the nature of the country, which was the intent of our journey, in order to guard against all inconveniences, we covered his eyes very close, and carried him back with us, sometimes on foot, sometimes on one of the spare dromedaries, till we arrived safely from where we set out. We then allowed him to see where he was, and what a glorious country he was come into. We clothed him like ourselves, that is, in our travelling dress, to show he was not an entire stranger to our race. He seemed lost in admiration of what he saw, and embraced me with all the signs of gratitude imaginable. He readily conformed to all our customs, and made no scruple of assisting at all their idolatrous ceremonies, as if he had been as good a heathen as the best of them. Which I seeing, without declaring myself to be a Christian, told him I had been informed, the people of the country where he was educated were Christians, and that I wou-
dered to see him join in adoring the sun.
“Pugh!” says he, “some bigotted people
make a scruple, but most of our men
of sense think one religion is as good as
another.” By this I perceived our savage
was of a new set of people, which I had
heard of before I left Italy, called Politici,*
who are a sort of atheists in masquerade.
The pophar, out of his great skill in phy-
siognomy, would have no conversation
with him, and commanded me to have a
strict eye over him. However, the in-
formation he had given us of the possi-
bility of invading the kingdom the way
he came, answered to the intent of our
voyage, and my former conjectures; about
which there was a grand council held,
and orders given to secure the foot of our
outermost mountain southwards, which
ran a great way into the desert; so that
it was sufficient to guard against any of
those barbarous invaders of the continent.
But to return to our European savage,
for he may be justly called so, being more
dangerous in a commonwealth, than the
very Hycksoes themselves; though he
was a person who had had a tolerably
civilized education, hating the want of all
sense of religion, which was owing to his
perpetual conversation with libertines.
He had a smattering of most kinds of
polite learning, but without any solid
foundation. After he had been with us
some time, his principles began to show
themselves in his practice. First, he began
to be rude with our women; married or
single, it was all alike to him, and by an
unaccountable spirit of novelty or con-
tradiction, our women seemed to be in-
clined to be very fond of him; so that
we were at our wits ends about him.
Then he began to find fault with our
government, despising and condemning
all our ceremonies and regulations; but
his great aim was, to pervert our youth,
eticing them into all manner of liberties,
and endeavouring to make them believe
that there was no such thing as moral evil
in nature; that there was no harm in the
greatest crimes, if they could but evade
the laws and punishments attending them.
As I had endeavoured to create a confi-

dence in him, he came to me one day,
and said, that since I was European as
well as himself, we might make our-

* These Politici were forerunners of our
modern freethinkers, whose principles tend to
the destruction of all human society, as our
author shows incomparably well by-and-by.

selves men for ever, if I would join with
him. “You see,” says he, “these men
cannot fight: nay, will rather be killed
themselves, than kill any one else: can’t
you show me the way out of this coun-
try, where we will get a troop of stout
fellows well armed, and come and plunder
all the country? we shall get immense
riches, and make ourselves lords and mas-
ters of all.” I heard him with a great
deaI of attention, and answered him,
“that I thought the project might easily
take, only for the horrid wickedness of
the fact; especially for us two, who had
received such favours from the pophar and
his people: he, in his being delivered
from the greatest misery; and myself, in
having been freed from slavery, and made
one of the chief men of the kingdom:
that the action would deserve to be branded
with eternal infamy, as one of the black-
est ingratitude; beside the infinite vil-
lanies, injustices, crimes, and deaths of
innocent persons, who must perish in the
attempt, which would always stare us in
the face, and torment us with never-

ceasing stings of conscience till our death.”
“Conscience!” says he, “that’s a jest;
a mere engine of priestcraft: all right is
founded in power: let us once get that,
and who will dispute our right? As for
the injustice of it, that’s a mere notion;
distinction of crimes, mere bigotry, and
the effect of education, ushered in under
the cloak of religion. Let us be but
successful, and I’ll answer for all your
scrapes.” I told him, it was a matter not
to be resolved upon on a sudden, and
that I would consider of it. But I bade
him be sure to keep his matters to him-
self. I went immediately to the pophar,
and gave an account of what had passed.
He was struck with horror at the recital;
not so much for the consequences, as that
human nature could be brought to such a
monstrous deformity. “If,” says he, “your
Europeans are men of such principles,
who would not fly to the furthest corner
of the earth to avoid their society? Or
rather, who can be sure of his life among
such people? Whoever thinks it no
greater crime in itself to kill me, than to
kill a fly, will certainly do it, if I stand
in his way. If it were lawful,” continued
he, “by our constitutions, to kill this
man, he deserves a thousand deaths, who
makes it lawful to destroy all the world
besides.” I answered, “That all Euro-
peans were not men of his principles,
their friends, and only eat their enemies; whereas your principles spare nobody, and acknowledge no tie in nature." At length he owned himself in a mistake, and seemed to renounce his errors; I then told him, if he would engage, by his most solemn promise, to suffer himself to be blindfolded, and behave peaceably, we would carry him to a place where he might find an opportunity of returning to his own country. "But," I said, "what signify promises and engagements from a man who laughs at all obligations, and thinks it as just and lawful to break them, as to make them?" He cursed himself with the most dreadful imprecations, if he were not tractable in all things we should command him. "But," repeated he, "you will not deliver me back to the savages?" I answered in the same tone, "Should we do you any wrong, if we did?" At length, to appease him, I promised him faithfully we would put him in a way to return into his own country; but bade him consider, if there were no such thing as right and wrong, what would become of the world, or what security could there be in human life?

In a few weeks, the time drew on for our great journey to Grand Cairo, where I was in hopes of seeing my native country once more. All things were now as good as ready; the pophar and myself had other designs than usual, and were in some pain to think of leaving that once so happy country; though, as I said, all things that could make me happy were buried with my dear Isypheena. The pophar had some serious thoughts of turning Christian; the evidences of our religion were soon perceived by a person of his deep penetration; though persons of little learning, and great vices, pretend they do not see them. But, like a wise man, he was resolved to examine into it, in the places where it was exercised in the greatest splendour. We provided a good quantity of jewels, and as much gold as we could well carry, for our present expenses at Grand Cairo, and elsewhere, in future exigencies. I went to my deist in his grotto, and threw him in as much gold and jewels as were sufficient to glut his avarice, and make him happy in his brutal way of thinking. But I would not trust myself with him alone for all his promises, as he on his side expressed still a diffidence of trusting any body, from, I suppose, the consciousness of his own vile
principles. Then I threw him a blinding-cap, which we had made for him, that he should not see our way over the deserts. This cap was made like a head-piece, with breathing places for his mouth and nose, as well as to take in nourishment, opening at the back part, and clasp ing with a spring behind, that being once locked, he could not open it himself. He put it on his head two or three times, before he durst venture to close it. At length he clapped it, and he was as blind as a beetle. We went to him, and tied his hands, which he let us do quietly enough; but still entreated us, that we would not betray him to the savages. I bid him think once more, that which his own interior sense now told him, that to betray him would be a crime; because there was such a thing as evil.

All things being in readiness, we mounted our dromedaries. The pophar and all the rest kissed the ground as usual; I did the same, out of respect to the place which contained the remains of my never too much lamented Isaphena, the ashes of whose heart are in the hollow of the stone, whereon is her picture. Not to mention the ceremonies of our taking leave, we were conducted in a mournful manner over the bridge, and launched once more into the ocean of sands and deserts, which were before us. Our savage was on a dromedary which would follow the rest, led by a cord fastened to one of them for security. It stumbled with him twice or thrice, and threw him off once, but without any great hurt. But the fear of breaking his neck put him into a great agony, and though he was as bold as a lion on other occasions, he was prodigiously startled at the thoughts of death. We arrived at Grand Cairo at the usual period of time, without any particular disaster. As soon as we were settled, the pophar ordered me to send the deist packing as soon as we could. "This brutal race," says he, "next to the cannibals, are the fittest company for him." I unlocked the blinding-helmet, and told him we had now fulfilled our promise; that he was at Grand Cairo, where he might find some way or other to return into Europe; and, to convince him, carried him to some European merchants, who assured him of the same. Delivering to him his gold and jewels, begged him to reflect on his obligations to us, and the grateful acknowledgments due to our memory on that account: we had taken him from a miserable solitude, where he lived more like a wild beast than a man; and where he was in danger of being found and devoured by the cannibals: we had brought him into one of the happiest countries in the world, if he would but have conformed to its laws; and now had given him his liberty to go where he pleased, with riches sufficient to make him easy, and benefits to make him grateful all his life. I then took my leave of him. But to our sorrow we had not done with him yet. As soon as the pophar and the rest had performed the ceremony of visiting the tombs of their ancestors, or rather the places where the tombs had been, the good old man and myself began to think of measures for our journey into Italy. He ordered his people to stay at Grand Cairo till the next annual caravan; and in case he did not return by that time, they were to go home, and he would take the opportunity of the then next following caravan, because he was upon business that nearly concerned him. We had agreed with a master of a ship to carry us to Venice, which, as I have before stated, was a French ship, commanded by Monsieur Godart. We had fixed the day to go aboard, when, behold! our savage, at the head of a band of Turks, came and seized every one of us, in the name of the great bassa. By great good fortune, while I stayed at Grand Cairo, I had the grateful curiosity to inform myself what was become of the former bassa's daughter, when we quitted this place five-and-twenty years before. The people told me, the daughter was married to the grand sultan, and was now sultaness, mother to the present sultan, and regent of the empire; adding, that her brother was their present great bassa. This lucky information saved all our lives and liberties. We were carried prisoners before the great bassa, the faithless savage accusing us of crimes against the state; that we were immensely rich (a crime of itself sufficient to condemn us), and could make a discovery of a country of vast advantage to the grand signior. To be short, we had all been put to the torture, had I not begged leave to speak a word or two in private to the great bassa. There I told him who I was; that I was the person who had saved his sister's, the now empress', life; and, to convince
Adventures of my Great-Great-Grandfather.

him, told him all the circumstances except that of her love, though he had heard something of that too: I showed him the ring she had given me for a remembrance (which he also remembered), adding, that we were innocent men, who lived honestly, according to our own laws, going there to traffic, like other merchants, and had been tradi-
cuced by one of the greatest villains upon earth. In a word, this not only got us off, and procured us an ample passport from the great bassa for our further voyage, but he also ordered the informing wretch to be seized, and sent to the galleys for life. He offered to turn Turk, if they would spare him; but, being apprised of his principles, they said he would be a disgrace to their religion, and ordered him away immediately. Upon which, seeing there was no mercy, being grown mad with rage and despair, before they could seize his hands, he drew out a pistol, and shot himself through the head; not being able to find a worse hand than his own. The pophar, good man! bore these misfortunes with wonderful patience, though he assure my he greatest grief was to see human nature so far corrupted, as it was in that impious wretch, who could think the most horrid crimes were not worth the notice of the Supreme Governor of the universe. “But we see,” said he, “that Providence can make the wicked themselves the instruments of its just vengeance; for can any thing be so great a blot upon human nature as to be its own destroyer, when the very brutes will struggle for life till the last gasp?”

However, he was uneasy till he had left that hateful place. There were, besides, some signs of the plague breaking out; so we went down to Alexandria as fast as we could; and, to encourage Monsieur Godart, he made him a present beforehand of a diamond of considerable value. We set sail for Candy, where Monsieur Godart was to touch, the 16th day of August, anno 1712. But, alas! whether these troubles, or not being used to the sea, or some infection of the plague he had caught at Grand Cairo, or all together, is uncertain; but that great good man fell so dangerously ill, that we thought he should scarce get him to Candy. He assured me by the knowledge he had of himself and nature that his time was come. We put in at the first creek, where the land air a little refreshed him; but it was a fallacious crisis, for in a few days all of us perceived his end draw near. Then he told me he was resolved to be baptized, and die in the Christian faith. I got him instructed by a reverend priest belonging to Monsieur Godart; his name was Monsieur le Grelle, whom I had formerly known when he was a student in the college for foreign missions; and the only comfort I had now left, I saw him baptized, and yield up the ghost with a courage becoming the greatest hero and the best of men. This was the greatest affliction I ever had in my whole life, after the death of his daughter. He left me all his effects, which were sufficient to make me happy in this life, if riches could have procured happiness.

We had some days to stay before Monsieur Godart could make an end of his business. I was walking in a melancholy posture along the sea-shore, and reflecting on the adventures of my past life, occasioned by those very waters wherein I was looking, when I came, or rather my feet carried me, to a hang-
ing rock, on the side of the island, just on the edge of the sea, and where there was scarce room enough for two or three persons to stand privately under covert, very difficult to be discerned; going to sit down, and indulge my melancholy thoughts, I espied a Turk and two women, as if concealed under the rock: my own troubles not allowing me the curiosity to pry into other people’s concerns, made me turn short back again; but the elder of the two women, who was mistress of the other, seeing by my dress that I was a stranger and a Chris-
tian (being now in that habit), came running to me, and, falling on her knees, laid hold of mine, and begged me to take pity on a distressed woman, who expected every moment to be butchered by one of the most inhuman villains living, from whose violence they had fled and hid themselves in that place, in expectation of finding a boat to convey them off. I lifted her up, and thought I saw something in her face I had seen before, though much altered by years and troubles. She did the same by me, and at length cried out, “O, heavens! it can’t be the man, I hope!” I remembered confusedly something of the voice, as well as the face; and after
a deal of astonishment, found it was the
Curdish lady, who had saved my life
from the pirate Hamets. "Oh!" said
she, "I have just time enough to tell
you, that we expect to be pursued by that
inhuman wretch, unless you can find a
boat to carry us off before he sees us,
otherwise we must fall a sacrifice to his
cruelty." I never stayed to consider con-
sequences, but answered precipitately
that I would do my best; so I ran back
to the ship as fast as I could, and with
the help of the first man brought the
boat to the rock. I was just getting out
to take hold of her hand, when we heard
some men coming rushing, as well
than, and one of them cried, "Hold, villain!
that wicked woman shan’t escape so!"
then firing a pistol, it missed the lady,
but shot the man attending her in the
belly, so that he fell down presently,
though not quite dead. I had provided
myself with a Turkish scimitar, and a
case of pistols under my sash, for my de-
defence on shipboard; I saw there was no
time to deliberate, so I fired directly at
them, for they were three, and had the
good luck to drop one of them. But
Hamets, as I found afterwards, minding
nothing but his revenge on the woman,
shot again, and missing the lady a se-
cond time, shot her maid through the
arm, and was drawing his scimitar to
cleave her down, when I stepped in be-
fore the lady, but shooting with too much
precipitancy, the bullets passed under his
arm, and lodged in the body of his se-
cond; he started back at the fire so near
him, which gave me time to draw my
scimitar. Being now upon equal terms,
he retired two or three paces and cried,
"Who art thou that ventrest thy life so
boldly for this wicked woman?" I knew
his voice perfectly well, for he was not
so much altered as the lady. "I am the
man," said I, "whose life thou wouldst
have taken, but this lady saved it, whose
cause I shall now revenge, as well as my
own, and my dear brother's." We made
no more words, but fell to with our
scimitars with all our might; he was a
brave stout man, and let me see I should
have work enough to biew him down.
After several attacks, he gave me a con-
siderable wound on my arm, and I cut
him across the cheek a pretty large gash,
but not to endanger his life. At length
the justice of my cause would have it,
that striking off his turban at one stroke,
and with another falling on his bare head,
I cut him quite into the brain, that some
portion spurted on my scimitar. He
fell down, as I thought quite dead, but
after some time he gave a groan and mut-
tered these words, "Mahomet, thou art
just, I killed this woman's husband, and
she has been the occasion of my death."
With these words he gave up the ghost.
By this time the lady's attendant was
dead, so I took the lady and her woman
without staying, for fear of further diffi-
culties, and putting them in the boat
conducted them to the ship. Monsieur
Godart was extremely troubled at the in-
cident, saying we should have all the
island upon us, and made great difficulty
to receive the lady; but, upon a just re-
presentation of the case, and an abun-
dant recompense for his effects left be-
hind, we got him to take her in, and
hoist sail for Venice as fast as we could.
The lady had now time to thank me for
her deliverance, and I to congratulate my
happy fortune in being able to make a
return to her for saving my life. During
our passage I begged her to give us the
history of her fortunes since I left her,
which I prognosticated could not be very
happy, considering the hands she had
fallen into. "You remember," she said,
"I made a promise to Hamets that I
would marry him on condition he would
save your life." "Yes, madam," said I,
"and am ready to venture my own
once more in return for so great a ben-
fit." "You have done enough," said
she, and with that acquainted us that
when I was sold to the strange mer-
chants, Hamets carried her to Algiers,
and claimed her promise. "I was en-
tirely ignorant," said she, "of his having
a hand in the death of my dear lord; but,
on the contrary, the villain had contrived
his wickedness so cunningly, that I
thought he had generously ventured his
own life to save his, and being, as you
know, a very handsome man, of no very
inferior rank, and expressing the most
ardent love for my person, and I having
no hopes of returning into my own coun-
try, fulfilled my promise made on your
account, and married him. We lived
contentedly enough together for some
years, bating that we had no children,
till his constant companion, the man
attending me at the rock, was killed by
that villain, with whom he fell out
about a fair slave, whica Omar, so he was
called, had bought or taken prisoner in some of their piracies. Hamets, as well as he, fell in love with her, and would have taken her for his concubine, but the other concealed her from him; they had like to have fought about it; Hamets vowed revenge. The other, who was the more honest, was advised to be upon his guard, and to deliver the woman to him, which he never would consent to, but was resolved to run all risks, rather than the young lady should suffer any dishonour. In the mean time her friends, who were rich people of Circassia, hearing where she was, made interest to have her ransomed, and taken from both of them, by the authority of the Dey of Algiers, who was otherwise no friend to Hamets. This last had been informed that Omar, because he could not have her himself, contrived to get her ransomed from his rival, and I myself had a hand in the affair; for which he threatened revenge on both of us; and being also disgusted with the dje, he gave orders to have his ships ready to move, to follow his trade of piracy. Then Omar informed me how Hamets had murdered my first husband, by hiring the Arabians to do it, while he pretended to defend him to prevent my suspicions, with such circumstances of the fact, that I saw the truth clearly. The horror and detestation I was in is not to be expressed, both against Hamets and against myself, for marrying such a monster. Omar added, that he was certainly informed that as soon as he had us out at sea he would make away with us both; and told me if I would trust myself with him he would undertake to carry me off in a boat, and conduct me into my own country. I was resolved to fly to the farthest end of the earth to avoid his loathed sight; so I resolved to pack up our most precious things, and go along with him. He procured a boat to meet us at a little creek of the island, by a person he thought he could confide in, who, however, betrayed the whole affair to Hamets. We had, indeed, timely notice, and removing from the station where we expected the boat, we fled along the coast as privately as we could, and hid ourselves under the rock where you found us, expecting either to find some favourable occasion to be carried off, or to die by the hand of Hamets; which we certainly had done, had he not met his just death at your hands." The lady had scarce given us this short account of her misfortunes, and we were not only congratulating her for her deliverance, but admiring the justice of Providence which reached this villain, both to bring him to condign punishment for the murder of the innocent Curd, and make him die by my hand, five-and-twenty years after he had robbed and killed my brother with all his crew, sold me for a slave, and attempted to kill me also, had not the strange lady saved my life; I say we were making such reflections on this strange accident, when they told us from above two vessels seemed to come full sail upon us, as if they were pursuing us with all their might. We made all the sail we could, but our ship being pretty heavily laden, we saw we must be overtaken. Some of us were resolved to fight it out to the last, in case they were enemies. But Monsieur Godart would not consent to it, saying the bassa's passport would secure us, or by yielding peaceably, we might be ransomed. They came up to us in a short time, and saluted us with a volley of shot, to show what we were to trust to. We struck our sails, and let them board us without any resistance. Monsieur Godart, with too mean a spirit, as I thought, told them with cap in hand that he would give them any satisfaction, and assured them he would not willingly fall out with the subjects of the grand signior. They seized every man of us, and spaying the lady and me, "There they are," said they, "the adulteress and her lover, with the spoils of her murdered husband." Which words, showing they were Turks in pursuit of us from Candy, quite confounded Monsieur Godart at once, and made me imagine I should have much ado to find any quarter. They hauled us upon deck, making show as if they were going to cut off my head. I never thought myself so nigh death before; but had the presence of mind to cry out in the hearing of the whole crew, that we were servants of the grand sultanas, and produced the passport of the great bassa her brother, charging them on their peril not to touch us. This stopped their fury a little; some cried out, "Hold! have a care what you do;" others cried, "Kill them all for robbers and murderers: the sultana will never protect such villains as these."
When the hurryburly was somewhat appeased, Monsieur Godart reasoned the case with them, and told them if they murdered us they could never conceal it; since all the crew of the three ships heard our appeal to the sultaness's mother; the passport setting forth among other things, that I had saved the life of the grand sultaness. This brought them to a pause. The chief personages began to consult among themselves what was best to be done, when I, begging leave to speak, told them if they would carry us to Constantinople, we would willingly submit our lives, and all that belonged to us, in case the sultaness did not own the fact, and take us under her protection; that in case they put us to death, some one or other in such a number would certainly inform against them, the consequences of which they knew very well. I touched also but tenderly on the death of Hamets and our innocence. The first part of my speech made them pass over the other. They demurred again, and at length resolved to carry us to Constantinople, and proceed against us by way of justice, not doubting to make good prize of us, on account of our being Christians. Thus was our journey to Venice interrupted for some time by this accident. When we came to the port, Monsieur Godart got leave to send our case to Monsieur Savigni, the French resident, who found means to represent to the sultaness's mother that there was a stranger in chains, who pretended to be the person who had saved her life when she was at Grand Cairo, and would give her proofs of it, if he could be admitted to her highness's presence. I would not send the ring she gave me for fear of accidents. The sultaness gave orders immediately that I should be brought to her presence, saying she could easily know the person, although it was so long before. I put on the same kind of dress I was in when she first saw me; which, if my readers remember, was the travelling dress of the Mezorians. When I was brought into her presence, I scarce knew her, being advanced to a middle age, and in the attire of the grand sultaness; she looked at me with a great deal of emotion, and bade me approach her. I immediately fell on my knees, and holding the ring in my hand which she gave me at parting, as if I were making a present of it, "Madam," said I, "behold a slave, who had the honour to save your highness's life, and now begs his own and that of his companions; and most humbly requests your highness to accept of this jewel as a token of our last distress." Instead of answering me, which put me in great pain, as doubting whether I was right or not, she turned to her highest attendants, and said in a pretty soft voice, "'Tis he; I know him by his voice as well as dress;" and rising off her seat, came and took the ring; then looking attentively at it—"Yes, sir," said she, "I own the ring and bearer; and acknowledge you to be the person who saved my life, for which reason I give you yours, and all that belongs to you; forbidding all, under pain of death, to give you the least trouble." Moreover, she ordered a very rich Turkish robe to be thrown over my shoulders, as a sign of her favour. Orders were sent immediately to the port to set Monsieur Godart and all his crew at liberty, and to feast us as particular friends of the grand sultaness. The company being dismissed, she made a sign for me to stay, having further business with me. When all but two of her chief favourite women were gone, she came to me without any ceremony, and taking me in her arms, as if I had been her brother, embraced me with a great deal of tenderness, her joy to see me making her lay aside her grandeur, and yield to the transports of undisguised nature. She led me by the hand into a most magnificent apartment, saying, "Come, Signor Gaudentio," for so I think you are called; after you have refreshed yourself, you shall tell me your adventures." She made no scruple to sit down with me, being now not only mistress of herself, but of the whole Ottoman empire, as well as sure of her attendants. We had a refreshment of all the rarities of the East, with the richest wines for me, though she drank none herself. "I long to hear your adventures," continued she, "of so many years' absence." So I told her, in short, how I was carried by that strange merchant into an unknown country, without tell--

* Not wishing too soon to unfold the mysteries of this narrative, we have hitherto abstained from giving any name to the chivalrous hero of this extraordinary history, preferring to leave him for awhile nameless, rather than introduce one word of fiction.
Adventures of my Great-Great-Grandfather.

not been entirely assured of her goodness, I should not have dared to have touched on that head. She blushed with a little confusion at first, but, putting it off with a grave air, "Grandeur," says she, "does not always make people happy. Ten thousand cares attend a crown; but the indifference I have for all things, make mine sit easier than it might have done otherwise. 'Tis true," continued she, "that young people very seldom see their own good, and oftentimes run into such errors, by the violence of their passions, as not only deprive them of greater blessings, but render their misfortunes irretrievable. Some time after you were gone, my father, the grand bassa, was accused by some underhand enemies of mal-administration, a thing too frequent in our court, and privately condemned to be strangled. But having some trusty friends at the Porte, he had notice of it before the orders came: he immediately departed from Grand Cairo, and took a roundabout way towards Constantinople, to prevent, as the way is, the execution of them. He sent me before to prepare matters, and to intercede with the young sultan, my late deceased lord, for his life, leaving word where I might let him know the success of my intercession. I presented myself before the sultan with that modest assurance which my innocence, my youth, and grief for my father's danger, gave me. I fell down on my knees, and with a flood of tears begged my father's life. The sultan looked at me with some amazement, and, whatever it was he saw in my face, not only granted my request, and confirmed my father in his former post, but made a profession of love to my person, and even continued it with more constancy than I thought a grand sultan capable of, having so many exquisite beauties to divert him, as they generally have. I consented, to save my father's life! and whether the indifference I had for all men made him more eager, I cannot tell; but I found I was the chief in his favour. He had some other mistresses now and then, of whom he was very fond. But never teasing him, nor fretting myself about it, I easily found I continued to have the solid part of his friendship; and bringing him the first male child, the present emperor, I became the chief

ing her the way we went thither, where I had married the regent's daughter. She blushed a little at that part, and showed the remains of all her former beauty. But it put me in mind of my own discretion to touch on such a nice point. She passed it off with a great deal of goodness, and, recovering myself, I continued to acquaint her of the reasons of my return, as well as the manner in which I was taken by Hamets the first time, which she had not been acquainted with before; and, lastly, how I met with the same Hamets again, killed him, and by that means came into that misfortune. "I called it then a misfortune," said I, "but look upon it now to be one of my greatest happiness; since by that occasion, I have the honour of seeing your highness in that dignity of which you are the most worthy of any one in all the Ottoman empire." She seemed to be in admiration at the course of my life; and added, "I think, signor, you said you were married, is your spouse with you?" "No, madam," said I; "alas! she is dead, and all my children, and I am going to retire, and lead a private life in my native country." With these and other discourses we passed the greatest part of the day, when she bade me go back to the ship in public, attended with all the marks of her high favours; but she said she would send for me privately in the evening; "for," added she, "I have a thousand other things to ask you." Accordingly, I was introduced privately into the seraglio; which she, being sultaness regent, could easily do. There she entirely laid aside her grandeur. We talked all former passages over again, with the freedom of friends and old acquaintances; in our conversation, I found she was a woman of prodigious depth of judgment, as indeed her wading through so many difficulties, attending the inconstancy of the Ottoman court, particularly the regency, evidently showed. I made bold to ask her how she arrived at that dignity, though she was the only person in the world that deserved it; and took the liberty to say, in a familiar way, that I believed her highness was now sensible of the service I did her, in refusing to comply with her former demands, since the fates had reserved her to be the greatest empress of the world, not the consort of a wandering slave. Had I
sultaness, and by his death, and the minority of my son, am now regent, by which I am capable of rendering you all the service the Ottoman empire can perform, which I esteem one of the happiest events of my life." I returned her the most profound bow, and humble thanks a heart full of the most lively sense of gratitude could profess. She offered me the first post of the Ottoman empire, if I would but become a musulman, or only so in appearance; "or if," said she, "you had rather be nigh me, you shall be the chief officer of my household. I have had assurance enough," added she, "that neither your inclinations nor principles can be forced; neither will I endeavour to do it, but leave you as much at your liberty as your generous master did, when he bought you of Hamets." I expressed all the grateful acknowledgments possible for so generous an offer; but assured her with an air that even expressed sorrow for the refusal, that I lay under religious obligations, which bound me indispensably to return into my own country. She became now as much mistress of her inclinations, as she had acquired prudence and experience by the long command she had over her husband's heart, and the whole Ottoman empire. So after a month's stay she let me go, with all the marks of honour her dignity would suffer her to express. She would have punished the persons that took us, but I interceded for them. Monsieur Godart, who was well rewarded for the loss of his time and confinement, can testify the truth of this history. The last words she said to me were, to bid me remember, that a Turk and a woman were capable of generous gratitude and honour, as well as Christians.

Accordingly, we set sail from the Porte, and steered our course directly for Venice, where we happily arrived, without any considerable accident, the 10th of December, 1712. Monsieur Godart is well known to several merchants, and some of the senators of that famous city, whom he informed of what he saw with his own eyes. But there were some particular passages wherein I had like to have made shipwreck of my life, after so many dangers. It happened to be the carnival time during our stay at Venice. Curiosity led me, as well as a great many other strangers of the first rank, to see the nature of it. I put on my Mezorian habit, spangled with suns of gold, and the fillet-crown on my head, adorned with several jewels of very great value, which I believe was the most remarkable and magnificent dress of any there. I went unmasked, being assured my face and person were unknown to all that world. Every one's eyes were upon me. Several of the masqueraders came up to me, and talked to me, particularly the ladies. They spoke to me in several languages, as Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, High-Dutch, &c. I answered them all in the Mezorian language, which seemed as strange to them as my dress. Some of them spoke to me in the Turkish and Persian languages, in Lingua-Frana, and some in an Indian language I really did not understand. I answered them still in the Mezorian, of which nobody knew one word. Two ladies particularly, very richly dressed, followed me wherever I went. One, as it proved afterwards, was the lady who was with me when I was taken up, and who was the occasion of my settling at Bologna. Notwithstanding their diligence, I got away unknown at that time. The next time I went I appeared in the same dress, but with richer jewels; I had more eyes upon me now than before. One of the two pursued me again in a different, but richer dress than the former. At length she got me by myself, and, pulling off her mask, showed me a wonderfully pretty face, only there was too fierce an assurance in it. She cried in Italian, "O, signor, you are not so ignorant of our language as you would seem to be! you can speak Italian, and French, too: though we don't know who you are, we have learnt you are a man of honour. If you would not understand our words, you may understand a face which very great personages have been glad to look at; and with that she put on one of the most ensnaring airs I ever saw. I was just going to answer her, when the other lady came up, and pulling off her mask also, said almost the same things, but with a modesty more graceful than her beauty, which was most exquisite, and the likest the incomparable Isyphena I ever saw. I made them both a most respectful bow, and told them that it had been much safer for me if I had kept myself still
unknown, and never seen such dangerous charms. I pronounced these words with an air that showed that I was more pleased with the modesty of the last lady, than the commanding assurance of the first. The former, though a little nettled at the preference she thought I gave the other, put on a more serious air, and said she had been informed there was something very extraordinary in my character, and should be glad to hear more of it by herself; that her name was Favilla, and that she lived in such a street, where I should find her house remarkable enough. The Bolognian lady, who was then at Venice on account of the death of her uncle, one of the senators, had left all her effects, said modestly, if I would favour her with a visit, as she had been informed that I was a learned man and a virtuoso, being inclined that way herself, she should be glad of an hour's conversation with me on that subject, telling me her name and where she lived; adding, "if I would inform myself of her character, I need not be ashamed of her acquaintance." "Nor I hope of mine, madam," said the other, thinking she had been reflected on by that word. It was Monsieur Godart, who, with a levity peculiar to his nation, had made the discovery who I was, though he knew nothing of me but what passed since I came from Grand Cairo. I was going to reply to the ladies, when company came up, and broke off the discourse; I was resolved to see neither of them, and would go no more to the assembly, though almost unavoidably I saw both afterwards. I inquired into Favilla's character, though I scarce doubted of it by what I saw and heard, and was informed that she was an impecunious woman, who had enslaved several persons of the first rank, of different nations, and enriched herself by their spoils. This determined me not to see her; but, as Monsieur Godart and myself were walking to see the town, he brought me either by design or accidentally by her door; she was sitting at the window of one of the most magnificent palaces in Venice (such spoils had she reaped from her bewitched lovers). As soon as she espied me, she sent a servant to tell me that that lady would speak with me. I made some difficulty, but Monsieur Godart told me a man of honour could not refuse such a favour as that; so I went in, and Monsieur Godart with me. The lady received me with a most charming agreeable air, much different from her former assurance, and conducted me into a most magnificent apartment, leaving Monsieur Godart entertaining a very pretty lady, her companion. Finding I would not understand what she meant, she offered me marriage, with the inheritance of all her effects; I was, indeed, put to a nonplus. I assured her with a most profound bow, that though I was not worthy of such happiness, I had an indispensable obligation never to marry. The blood came immediately into her face: I did not know what she was going to do, but, finding her in that disorder, I made another bow, saying, I would consider further of her proposal, walking directly out of the house, and designing to leave Venice as soon as my affairs would give me leave. Some time after, Monsieur Godart came to me and told me he was forced to do as I did, that the lady was in such an outrageous fury, he did not know what might be the consequence. Three nights after, as Monsieur Godart, and a young kinsman of his, and myself, were going towards the Rialto, in the dusk of the evening, four ruffians attacked us unwares; two of them set upon me, the other two attacked Monsieur Godart and his kinsman. The poor young gentleman was run through the body the first push; I made shift to disable one of my adversaries, but, in doing it, the other pierced me through the ribs, but the sword took only part of my body, and, missing my entrails, the point went out on the side of my back. Monsieur Godart, who, to give him his due, behaved with a great deal of courage and bravery, had killed one of the men, and wounded the other; and the ruffians, seeing us now two to two, thought fit to march off as well as they could. I was forced to be led to my lodging, not doubting but the wound was mortal, though it proved otherwise. The affair made a great noise about town: we very rationally supposed it was Favilla who had set the assassins on; but we knew her to be so powerful with the senators, that there was no hope of justice. While I was recovering, I was told there was a lady with two waiting women who desired to see
me on very earnest business, if it would not incommode me. (Monsieur Godart would not stir from my bed-side, for fear of accidents.) Who should this be but Fovilla, who came all in mourn-
ing for my misfortune; I pretended to be a dying man, and took the liberty of telling her of her way of living, to what a dismal pass her passions had brought her; in fine, I said so much, and begged her, by all that was dear to
her, to consider her state, that, bursting into a flood of tears, she promised me, if I died, she would become a penitent nun. I effected so much by letters afterwards, that, though I recovered, she per-
formed her promise.

The Bolognian lady had heard of my misfortune, and, by a goodness peculiar to the tender sex, particularly with regard to strangers, she sent often to know how I did, with presents of the richest cordials that could be got in Venice. Finding my illness continued longer than was expected, she sent me word that, though it was not so decent for her to make the first visit, she had heard so much of my adventures, as very much raised her curiosity to hear them from my own mouth, when I was capable of conversation without doing me any prejudice. I had informed my-
self of her character from very good hands; so that I was very curious to con-
verse with a person of those incompar-
able talents I heard she was mistress. She was the only woman, next to Izy-
phena, and the great bassa's daughter, I ever much liked in my life. To sum up all, in short, she came several times to see me, insomuch that we contracted the most virtuous friendship, by our mutual inclination for learning and the sympathy of our tempers, that ever subsis-
ted between two persons of different sexes. It was on her account I resolved to settle at Bologna; and having some knowledge in nature and physic, I took
on me that character, to be the offener in her company without scandal. We were neither of us inclined to marry. As she is one of the most virtuous women living, and I am pretty much advanced in years, being both entirely masters of ourselves, we thought our innocent friend-
ship could be offensive to no one.

THE ELFIN KING'S SONG.

Come hither! come hither! come over the sea,
Our feasting is ready, we wait but for thee.
Where the flow'rets have jewelled the emerald green,
Where no mortal footstep for ages has been,
There is our bower—tis lovely and bright,
And its covering is only the blue arch of night.
Then come hither, come hither, the fairy bells chime,
Come hither, for our's is the evening time.

Delay not! the hours are gone ere begun,
And our revels dare meet not the glare of the sun;
The cold planet of night will shine on our way,
Then queen of my bosom, oh! do not delay:
The Elfin King calls thee, then haste to his side,
Let him hear that glad music, the voice of his bride.
Oh, come hither, come hither, the fairy bells chime,
Come hither, for our's is the evening time.

We will dance where the turf like velvet is spread,
Our bright brilliant lamps are the stars overhead;
We will sing, and lone echo shall take up the strain,
To repeat it more sweetly in distance again.
Then come, let thy feet glance light o'er the green,
For the Elfin King's joy is his own fairy queen.
Then come hither, come hither, the fairy bells chime,
Come hither, for our's is the evening time.

Louisa Julia Norman.
JOHN JOBSON; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A GRUMBLER.

How agreeable is the company of grumblers! I allude more particularly to that species of the genus who are for ever bewailing the condition of times present, and eulogising the past. "Ah! how different it was once;"—"there is no love, virtue, faith, or honesty in the world now-a-days;"—"people are sadly changed;"—"we can do nothing in these times!"—such expressions as these form the everlasting burden of their songs; and, really, many good honest people fancy they are sincere in their lamentations, and are induced to wish for the return of "good old days," believing themselves to see something very deplorable in those in which they live and move. Were this confined to the old, the ugly, the unhappy, it might probably be accounted for; but it really extends to every class, and abounds amongst every people. It is, however, generally supposed to prevail more in our own land than in any other portion of the globe; and it is this, I suppose, which has procured us the name of a "nation of grumblers."

"Alas!" exclaims the unwilling patriot, "there are no good things to be picked up in our days: the fishes, surely, have swum away, and the loaves are sadly diminished in size." His sigh is echoed by the man in office, who considers that he has very weighty reasons to be discontent. "There is no getting forward in these days; the paths of preferment are open only to upstarts—creatures possessed of nothing but impudence; honesty is no longer rewarded; office is no longer worth holding; fees are fallen almost to nothing; living in a continual terror of salary being reduced; and as to patronage, the remembrance of it alone survives. Where will all this end? These are sad, sad days!"

How often the face of the merchant becomes elongated. Hear him as he paces "Change with a brother raven—"Things absolutely fetching nothing; funds low; positive bankruptcy stares us all in the face; an insurrection in Barbadoes; an inundation in Bengal; more incendiary fires; war broke out in Mexico. We live in fearful times; we shall all be ruined, and the country with us."

An agriculturist, who has come to London to mortgage part of his estate, strays into the Exchange while the lawyers are preparing the deeds, and catching the last observation, responds—"Yes! yes! the country is going to ruin in a gallop; fearful times: corn won't pay for raising——" "So much the better!" exclaims he merchant, as he hurries off to deposit an hundred thousand pounds in the hands of his banker, leaving the poor landlord awestruck at the man's ignorance, who actually seemed to imply that a country could go on while corn remained at a low price.

Behold that goodly row of twelve big wigs: they sit to behold the sheriff present his lordship with a pair of white gloves, no cause being for trial: be sure they are musing upon the days that are past; their glum countenances proclaim volumes. "Ah! brother," that knowing shake would say, "our occupation's gone: the laws are regarded with contempt, their administrators with suspicion: awful days! the next step is outrage: but the torrent must be checked in its outset; we must enact other laws, rake up new offences, and spread our nets like skilful fowlers: without litigation, how can a nation prosper! It was not thus in the days of our fathers."

Let it not be supposed, as none of the foregoing remarks apply to the ladies, that they dwell in an elysium of contentment; any one who supposes this must be a stranger to the mysteries of the tea-table. We propose illustrating this part of our subject in a memoir of Mrs. Martha Jobson. We shall, however, confine ourselves in this paper to an adventure of John Jobson, a retired citizen, a member of the honourable Lumber-troop, one who, through the vista of civic honours, had beheld his lordship's barge, and "right honourable" attached to plain "John Jobson."

Honest John, when he forsook his counter and sugar-casks, retired to a cottage near Norwood; and his time, for the most part, was puffed away, with pipe in mouth and glass in hand! at the White Lion. John was well to do in the world; rushlights and long moulds, slippery as they are, had not passed through his hands without leaving something behind; but he was, nevertheless, an unceasing grumbler. He was the life and soul of the left hand parlour at the Lion; for no one could so well expati ate
on the splendour of the days gone by, or on the misery of those present, as himself. One evening, he left his favourite retreat, and his favourite subject, to go home to Mrs. Jobson: the night was rather dark, but John had not far to go, and it was averred by many, that he had not drunk more than his head was able to carry. He had gone a very little distance, however, before he was overtaken by a genteel sort of person in black, whose manners, and more than all, the concomitancy of whose company Jobson did not much approve of, and by this person he was asked to take a little trip to the centre of the earth. John did not agree to this; he had too much love for the surface of the earth, with all its faults, to wish to leave it; but his companion would have no refusal, and taking him by a single hair of his head, away they went, at a far more rapid pace than a witch rides, mounted on a broomstick; or even, than a Phutonian steam-coach rattles over roads, which “good intentions” have so well served to macadamize. Of his journey poor Jobson knew nothing; it was effected at such a dashing pace, that he had no time to take notes by the way.

As soon as they arrived at the end of their trip, his compagnon du voyage, who seemed very well acquainted with the strange regions into which they had come, desired John to follow him, and to take good notice of all he saw. A sudden turn brought them to a pair of huge brazen doors, as sombre and dark as night itself; on each side sat a monster of indescribable shape, and over the portal was inscribed in large letters, grumblers’ hall. The doors flew open of their own accord, as our travellers approached them; and John, though much against his will, entered into a spacious cavern, dull and dark, which extended farther than sight could pierce. It was full of life, but not much animation; and its numerous inhabitants were collected together in various groups, conversing with so much seriousness and decorum, that John could scarcely persuade himself but they were listening to some of his profoundities.

Approaching one of the coteries, he was amazingly surprised, at hearing a person declaiming in the same terms, and even in the very same words, which he had employed himself a short time previous in the left hand parlour of the White Lion; but after looking at the speaker for a minute or two with the earnest attention which this naturally excited, he was thunderstruck at beholding in him his poor grandson, who had been dead and buried at least fifty years back. John really thought himself demented, and inwardly vowed, that his companion could be none other than the d—l himself. With fearful astonishment he listened to his own nightly tale. “There is no living in these days: when I was a young man—ah! then we could do something; but now—there is nothing but ruin for us all.”—“I will tell you a tale, gentlemen,” continued Jobson’s grandfather, which was the very way in which his grandson always wound up his harangues; but poor Jobson could bear no more, and quite overcome by these prodigies, he fainted in the arms of his companion.

How long he remained in this condition he knew not, but on his recovery the scene was entirely changed; the groups had all vanished, even his companion was gone, and he found himself in a moderate-sized apartment, with three young ladies, who might once have been pretty. Two of them were busily engaged in spinning; the third was endeavouring to restore himself.

As animation returned, Jobson listened very attentively to their conversation, which appeared to be interesting; though he was unable to take part in it.

“Oh! my dear Clothos,” said one of the ladies who was spinning, “the patriot, you mention, thinks he shall soon accomplish his hopes—soon win the golden prize, the object of his ambition; but I decree otherwise.”

“Right, sweet Lachesis,” returned the dame who was attending poor John; “and I will have an eye on that grumbling beast, who holds a certain office, and whom we have advanced so far beyond his deserts.”

“When you go to earth, my dearest Clothos,” added Lachesis, “I wish you to call on a pair of unhappy mortals, a merchant and an agriculturist; go, dear, and steal the pocket-book of the one, and tread upon the other’s corn—they are unworthy of our future regard.”

“Alas! and am I no longer on earth then,” sighed Jobson.

“And in your next ramble, Lachesis, let me beg of you not to forget a certain roaring parson; you alone know how to deal with him: I have tried every means,
but cannot prevent him from railing against our arrangements: perhaps, as a **dernier ressource**, you will try him with a mitre."

"I promise," answered Lachesis, "if you, in return, will engage to take in hand a couple of ladies, a dowager and an old young lady, who are for ever abusing us, though their complaints are ostensibly directed against the males of their species, because we do not choose to annihilate time and space to accommodate them. Visit them, dear, and let them glance at your truth-telling mirror."

"What ails you, dear Atropos? you take no part in our conversation," cried Clotho.

"No, sweet sister, I was musing, in silence and sorrow, upon the folly and ingratitude of mortals. Strange perverse beings! There is a certain John Jobson (here John pricked up his ears), and to this man I have given every good thing; he revels in plenty; has ease, health, and happiness; but, in return, the ungrateful fool never ceases to abuse the daughters of old Nox. He scarcely ever opens his mouth, but it is in our disparage; he shall, however, feel our power in another way;—we can take away, as well as give: I allow him ten days, by mortal calculation, for amendment. If obstinate, I swear by old Chaos, and by that upset usurper, Saturn, to cut his stick.** Would he hearken to my voice, I should say, ‘amend, John Jobson.’**"

Poor John was terribly frightened by the lady’s vehemence. Observing Atropos rise and approach him, with a pair of huge shears in his hand, he gave a fearful start, which was followed by an awful splash, and John found himself immersed in water.

At this moment, he underwent some very great change; in an instant he was perfectly recovered from his swoon, and feeling land near him, he crept on to it. Who can paint his astonishment, as he beheld himself emerging from a ditch by the road-side, between his own house and the White Lion, and not more than a hundred yards from the latter. He crept back to the inn, terrifying the inmates by his amphibious appearance; after satisfying them that he was really himself, he related this wonderful adventure. Two or three sceptics in the company would fain have persuaded him, that he had fallen asleep on the bank of the ditch, and had only awoke by falling into it. This elucidation of the affair was very improbable, for John is an honest man, and he swore to the truth and reality of his wonderful journey. The sensible and believing part of the congregation agreed with him in this respect.

I am unable to say, positively, whether or not it cured him of his habitual moanings, but I imagine it did, for he removed his quarters from the left hand parlour at the White Lion to the right, which is occupied by a set of **bon vivants**, who are not only content with times past, but more so with those present; and the future they await with joy, being aware that it will serve to ripen their mutual friendship as well as their wine!

W. L. G.

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THE BROKEN TOY.

(Before me was a little child playing with a toy—breaking it he began to cry—and he who the moment before was happy without a single care, now appeared miserable.)

I gaze 'pon a fair and a beautiful child,
In form like an angel, beneficent mild;
Engag'd in diversion it plays with a toy,
Thinking life's journey is without any alloy.

I gaze 'pon the ocean, it's silvery spray,
Is sparkling 'mid beams of a bright sunny day:
The calm soon 'tis broke, the billows they foam,
The waves on the rocks of Charybdis are thrown.

The child now no longer is happy—it's joy
Is ended; for spoilt is the beautiful toy:
Thus oft life's calm's broke, the fair infant form,
Like ocean is ruff'd by tempest and storm.

Wiseton. J. C. HALL, JUN.

* Query?—Cut his thread. - Printer's Devil.
SALLY.

Alas! how changed the former scene appears,
How dark a prospect does the present give;
No sunny gleam of friendly comfort cheers,
No ray of hope encourages to live.

Charles Bertram, standing upon the quarter-deck of the “Victory,” exclaimed (as he again beheld the land of Old England), “Welcome! welcome! thrice best-beloved shore! soon shall I revisit the scenes of childhood—soon again wander by the side of the stream, where Sally and I have so often wandered—soon shall I with her, in the bower where we parted, renew those vows—vows never to be broken; fate smiles upon us, the perils of the sea, the dangers of the enemy, are now no longer before me; all, all is happiness!” Such were the thoughts of Charles, and of many, who forget, during the bright sunshine, that the night may produce storms. How frequently are our most sanguine expectations blighted! how often are we doomed to see the tree, the flower, the object best beloved, vanish, at the moment we thought it ours for ever! Such airy castles often delight us for a moment, like streams before the thirsty sight of the African traveller, and disappear, when, like him, we expected our cares were at an end, our thirst quenched, or our difficulties overcome.

The breeze quickly brought the vessel into port: from her deck let us follow Charles to a comfortable corner of a stage-coach, which is now going ten miles an hour, and therefore it will be necessary to leave him, in order briefly to introduce that part of his and Sally’s history, with which we are as yet unacquainted, and that we may be ready when the coach stops to revisit scenes endeared by a thousand pleasing reminiscences. We pat the head of the old worn-out dog, that was young and blithesome when in spring-tide’s happy hour we left our home; and midst our joy, how bitter the pang we experience, when we see, by the “new stone,” the “lettered wall,” that many who were once gay and happy, the companions of our fire-side when we parted, are, upon our return, sleeping, unconscious alike of the foot that tramples upon the mossy hillock under which they repose, and the briny tear that waters the willow that shadows it.

The fathers of Charles and Sally had both served on the deck of the same vessel—fought side by side—and more than once the one had saved the life of the other; no wonder that a sincere and lasting friendship was formed. When the storm had ceased to blow, the billows to foam, and the battle to rage, they both retired to a romantic part of Yorkshire, to live near each other; enjoying the delightful task of cultivating the minds of their children. This bliss, after some half-dozen or ten years, was, however, interrupted by the death of Sally’s father. His old friend, Admiral Bertram, was left her guardian. The two houses being so very short a distance apart, the young people saw much of each other, and it was under the garb of friendship that love imperceptibly stole upon them; the timid blush, the averted face, and downcast eye, “the more than words can tell,” as Lord Byron expresses it, told a secret of which, at the moment, they themselves were ignorant; nor did they know how dear each was to the other before the hour of separation came: it was then in a small bower (made by Charles with the branches of the rose and woodbine) at the bottom of the garden, that “those vows, never to be broken,” were repeated,—heard only by themselves, and witnessed but by the stars of heaven.

The sudden stopping of the coach announced the conclusion of his journey, and Charles hastened from it towards his own home, which was only a short distance from the place where he alighted. As he passed through a romantic glen, bounded on one side by a dark wood of fir-trees, on the other by lofty hills, he looked at the shadows of Cynthia playing in the waters of that stream, where he had so often strayed: he paused a moment to gaze at it, and particularly at that part which is called the “Stridd;” it is very narrow, but particularly deep, as its appearance is alike calm and deceitful; but before it comes to that particularly narrow and rocky part, the silvery foam is dashed from side to side
a shriek arrested his attention: looking in the direction of the sound, he beheld a female struggling in the waters—it was Sally: she was coming to meet him, but in attempting to cross the "Stridd," a piece of the rock had given way, and precipitated her into that vortex where so many have perished. With difficulty Charles succeeded in saving her from a watery grave, and conveyed her home.

"Is it for this," said Charles, "that I have escaped the perils of the sea, the dangers of the enemy—to see her, my best-beloved, torn from me—and for ever?" At length she opened her eyes, looked up for a moment, and exclaiming, "Charles, my deliverer—my preserver!" again relapsed into a state of insensibility. Long did this death-like trance continue—long was it doubtful whether her spirit was lingering in its earthly prison, or had winged its flight to other climes. The colour, however, again gradually returned to her cheek, the lustre to her eyes, and in a few weeks she was as well and as happy as ever. Then was it that many things had to be related—anecdotes of the sea, battles with the enemy. But the remembrance of these things were obliterated by present enjoyment; and Charles and Sally were to be united on the first of the ensuing May.

At this time Napoleon had returned from Egypt, and the eyes of Europe were anxiously directed to his movements: war was expected to break out immediately. Anxiously did they on each Monday, Thursday, and Saturday (post days), look for the papers. The old admiral thought himself young again, swore vengeance against the whole French nation, and wished he could get at the French fleet to blow it and the frog-eaters to—; I don't know where. On Monday morning a letter and a paper arrived. The old gentleman soon found out the "Latest Intelligence.—War proclaimed. Supposed Russia will join England and the allies against France. Lord Wellington left yesterday for the head-quarters of the army. We will give further particulars in a second edition." The letter was from Captain Ross, and ran thus:—"Dear Charles,—You will see by the papers that they are at the old game. I am ordered to sail immediately. I shall expect you on Thursday, when my brave young lieutenant will again accompany me to glory." This was an unexpected blow to old Admiral Bertram. Charles to leave to-morrow—impossible!

At length all was ready—the carriage was at the door: tears were shed, leave taken of Sally, and Charles upon the point of entering the carriage, when his father presented him with a sword, saying—"Take this, Charles; your father received it of his sovereign; I am sure my brave boy will never disgrace it. Farewell, Charles, continue in the path of honour; perhaps my grey hairs may be laid in the grave before you return; we may never meet again—may Heaven bless you. Go—go; on peril's brink we part, and if we never——" tears prevented his saying more; and Charles left the home of his youth—alas! never to return.

Slowly turned the wheels of the carriage till they came to the top of the hill; here Charles stopped the horses, got out, and

—"turned to take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook."

He saw his beloved girl at the window of the cottage, waved farewell, and was out of sight in a moment.

They sailed the next morning in pursuit of a privateer which had captured several small merchantmen in the channel. At 10 p.m. a sail was discovered to the leeward, and at night they came up to her, just as the moon arose in all her glory. Captain Ross hailed, asked her whence she came, and where bound? She said she was the Mary and William, and was returning from Hamburg to Hull, but had met with bad weather, and had shipped some very heavy seas, which had carried away all her boats, that the ship made a great quantity of water, and the men were done over by hard work at the pumps.

"Go on board, Lieutenant Bertram," said the captain, and in a few moments he was at the side of the vessel; but was no sooner on board the strange vessel than his boat was overturned, and the whole of his men sunk under her side, whilst Charles himself was seized by the crew.

"We are pirates," said a dark villain, at the same moment cocking a pistol and putting it against his head; "hail your ship, say the boat is upset, and bid them
send another immediately to take you away."

The moon shone brightly upon the face of Charles, he looked at it for the last time—"Sally," exclaimed he, "we shall meet no more on earth, but we shall in heaven!" Then drawing his sword—that sword he had received from his father—he plunged it into the body of the pirate, who fell dead at his feet—then rushing to the gangway he cried—"They are pirates, captain, fire! fire!" He was surrounded in a moment, overpowered by numbers, and fell covered with wounds. In a moment the tricolour was hoisted, the guns unmasked, and the battle commenced. The Frenchman had 48, the Victory 40 guns. Long did the action continue (for though a Frenchman commanded, they were English sailors—men who had murdered the captain of their own ship, and leaving her embarked on board the French vessel), but at last the tricolour was struck, and Captain Ross boarded her. The first thing that met his sight was Charles, grasping the sword firmly in one hand, and around him lay five of his enemies. Charles survived only long enough to desire the captain to convey him to England, which was complied with. He fell, covered with glory, "by his country honoured, by his country mourned."

Sally fell a sacrifice to blighted hope: we find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one so lovely—one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty—should so speedily be brought down to darkness and the worm.

J. C. H.

MY BROTHER.

A plague on relatives, say I!
But worse than any other,
Is that which many sisters have—
An interfering brother.
I could have beaux, at least a score!
To suit both sire and mother;
But not a single one will do
For my confounded brother.
I must not look, I must not smile,
Or he makes such a pother;
'Tis truly a vexations thing—
To have a tyrant brother.
I met Tom Hardy yester-noon
(I did not mind my mother);
But I was forced to bid him go,
Because I saw my brother.
I dearly love—ah! you know who—
But I my love must smother;
The youth is handsome—yes, divine!
But does not suit my brother.

'Tis "dearest Will:"—full well you know,
I ne'er could love another;
I have a mind with him to start,
And cheat my silly brother.
Will's last sweet verses made me weep,
And so they did my mother;
But even verse this being scorns—
O! out on such a brother.
He thinks that I must take his choice;
As soon thy waters, Rother,*
Should flow above my head, as I
Yield to this stubborn brother!
He'd bring some old and gouty churl,
As nurse, to make me pother;
But such a thing won't do for me—
Ah! no, indeed, good brother!
I'll have some brisk and gay young lad;
Dear Will—thee, and none other:
Come and propose—I'll not say no!
Whate'er may say my brother.

W. L. G.

A ROYAL ADVENTURE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MRS. G. S. KINGSTON.

"His Majesty did not think me too young to enter upon command when he sent me to his good camp at St. Omer. I had passed youth's childhood, and would not leave a stain upon my country's honour: still I am but a child! and, by the king's decree, must be sepa-

* A beautiful little river of Sussex, peculiarly adapted for such purpose by either "knights or ladyes true."

rated from a wife I adore, whom I received from his own hands. Aye! I am a child, forsooth! unfitted for the cares—nay, the bliss, the monarch means—of the connubial state! Pshaw!"

Thus did the Duke of Bourbon, who had just attained his fifteenth year, and to whom Louis the Fifteenth had given
in marriage, in the presence of his court, Louise Marie Thérèse Bathilde d’Orléans, address himself to his confidential attendant. The king, who conceived the youthful duke unfitted to take upon himself the cares and duties of wedlock, ordered the princess to a monastery immediately after the ceremony, until time should work those changes which he deemed necessary for the happiness of the youthful couple. How great soever had been the deference which the young duke had been accustomed to pay to mandates from the throne, this warred so directly against his inclinations, that it excited no small degree of rebellion within his breast. His wife!—she, for whom he fancied he could have given his heart’s best blood, to be detained a prisoner within the gloomy walls of a convent, until it should please his Majesty to release her! Ah! the very thought was maddening! He could not submit to it! And upon that very night she should be his for ever! or he would end his life in the attempt to free her from thraldom.

“Francois?”

“Monseigneur!”

“Are you well assured that everything was understood aright? The time was midnight precisely. Above all, can you answer for the fidelity of those by whom we are surrounded?”

“I can answer for them as for myself, monseigneur.”

“How my blood boils! I almost hate the king, who, in the arms of Dubarry, signed a decree to separate those whom God had joined! Nay, I feel that even a Bourbon could be a traitor, engaged in such a cause as mine!”

“Softly, monseigneur; you may be heard.”

“Wherefore silence! Francois! I am in a humour to defy the king, and to encounter a legion of the spies of Dubarry.”

The convent in which the Duchess de Bourbon was detained, was that of Val de Grâce; and the apartment which she occupied, was the same in which Anne of Austria had shed so many tears, when ‘neath the ministry of Richelieu she so often had retired to meditate, in silent solitude, upon the cold conduct of her husband, and the frequent persecutions of which she was the victim. A signal was heard from the interior, and the Duc de Bourbon and his faithful valet cautiously approached the convent wall. A silken ladder was thrown up, and firmly fastened. His highness could not coolly await the coming of his beloved: scaling the wall with agility, he descended on the other side, and beheld the lady, with visage blanched by fear. The duke seized his treasure in his arms, and with more than lover-like precaution in avoiding danger, he conveyed her safely to the spot where a carriage was in readiness to receive them. The horses were fleet as the wind; and in a few minutes they reached the Palais Bourbon, where the young duchess found a train of tire-women, and other attendants, ready, with courtesy and compliment, to greet and welcome her as their mistress.

Great was the surprise at court, when the young de Bourbon’s nocturnal exploit became known. The king laughed heartily at it.

“By the saints!” said he, “he is far in advance of his years; for at his age, I should not have dared attempt the like of this.”

Louis the Fifteenth himself was, at the same period of life, a timid and submissive youth; completely governed by the Bishop de Fréjus, he knew no other will than that of his preceptor. Time and evil counsellors had worked hard to divert his mind of its native candour, and to cause him, unblushingly, to set an example of immorality to his people, by clothing la Dubarry with his royal mantle, and inflicting an indelible stain upon the lily of France, by placing the sceptre of his power in hands so impure.

The Prince de Condé and the Duke d’Orléans arrived at Versailles, whither the Duc de Bourbon was summoned to attend. He presented himself beforehand, bold and fearless, and apparently delighted with his adventure, and fully determined to defend his conquest, inch by inch. As he walked through the ante-chambers, he perceived a merry expression upon the countenances of each person he met; the women smiled and tittered, for a love-adventure is sure ever to find interest with the fair.

The prince was announced, and he found the king in his cabinet, in the company of the Duke d’Orléans and the Prince de Condé.

“Here, then, you come at last,” said the monarch, with affected gravity.
Sonnet on Madame Maintenon.

"Sire, I hastened to obey your com-
mands——"

"And are come, we trust, to give a
good account of yourself."

"I cannot believe that I have offended
your Majesty?"

"Pray, what was your last night's
feat?

"Sire!"

"Come, come, Sir Scapegrace, no
falsehood or prevarication, if you please,
answer us with frankness."

"I did nothing which the severest
laws of morality could condemn."

"You violated the sacred walls of a con-
vect, and carried off one of its inmates."

"'Tis true, sire; but that inmate was
my wife!"

"Aye! aye! sir; but since we had
thought proper to separate you from her
for awhile."

"Your Majesty did not reflect upon
the torments such a separation would
cause me."

"Oh! therein, my boy, I think there
bideth more pride than love."

"Pardon me, sire; there bideth more
of love than of pride."

"Be that as it may, it is not the less
true that you have braved our orders,
and, as a subject, transgressed against
our wishes."

"Ah! sire, it was so much easier for
you to give those orders than for me to
obey them——"

"Why so, pray?"

"Sire! Madame la Comtesse Du
barry was with you; and, by her side,
your Majesty, glowing with love, never
dreamt of the torments inflicted by a
stroke of her pen upon a poor husband,
thus strangely condemned to celibacy."

The king bit his lip, and knew not
what to answer; but the Duke d'Or-
leans, thinking fit to arraign the boy,
thus addressed him——

"Even, sir, should the king indul-
gently condescend to pardon your auda-
city, I, who am father to Madame la
Duchesse de Bourbon, have some right
to complain of you."

"You! monseigneur!"

"Aye, assuredly! My daughter was
united to you, I confess, but was, in
reality, to become your's only at the
time appointed by his Majesty: until
which period, placed under the govern-
ment of pious sisters, what had you to
fear?"

"Nothing, monseigneur; and I should
not have dared attempt to obtain her had
she not been my wife."

"But were I to implore against you
the king's justice?"

"It would be well you did so whilst
holding Madame de Montesson by the
hand! your highness might then con-
stitute himself my accuser."

"Well said, young brave one," cried
the monarch, laughing; "Cousin of
Orleans, you must hold yourself fairly
beaten: forgive the boy, and let all be
forgotten. Come, my young hairbrain,"
added he, tapping the Duc de Bourbon
upon the cheek, "hie ye home quickly
to your wife, to-day she cannot spare
you, and bring her to me as your happy
bride on Sunday at audience."

SONNET ON MADAME MAINTENON.

COMPOSED AFTER READING THE "LADY'S MAGAZINE" FOR SEPTEMBER.

Prostrate before Madonna's holy shrine,
More fervent admiration, devotee
Ne'er felt, than what, O Maintenon, for thee
My heart delighted owns. Thou didst combine
Each virtue which can make a woman shine;
Prudence to Beauty—stranger: Chastity,
In a lewd court unsullied, as we see
Midst summer suns, unmelted, snows entwine
The giant mountain's brow. Though patient, mild;
Firm, in thy brave career. In thy soft eyes
Sweetest affections gleam'd. Thou wert the child
Of stern Adversity, who made thee wise,
Humble, and kind; and, when late Fortune smil'd,
Thy lofty soul could e'en a crown despise.  

J. W.
BLUE JACKETS AND RED COATS.

A TALE OF SEA AND LAND.

It was on the recent anniversary of the birth of our sovereign, that several of the disabled veterans of the navy and army had met to celebrate the event. Hannibal Haversack had seen much service in the army of the Potomac; had lost his hand, which was now replaced by a wooden stump. He was naturally a good-natured old fellow; but if any person cast the slightest reflection on the army, his blood was up in a moment. Among the seamen present, was one Dick Oakum, a brave fellow, whose gallant exploits had gained him the regard of the fleet. He, on the other hand, was extremely jealous of the honour of the navy; and although he respected the army, yet he could not fancy that a soldier could be placed on an equality with a sailor. No wonder then if the opposite opinions of these two veterans should jar a little, when they met on occasions like these. So it occurred in this instance; Dick had expressed a doubt whether Haversack ought to claim the full benefits of Chelsea, he having only been in three battles.

In a moment, Haversack, knocking his wooden fist on the table, exclaimed, "How dare he cast reflections on me! What, tho' I have only been in three battles, yet I've had many severe skirmishes abroad with the enemy, and have fought manfully against odds."

"Aye, to be sure you have, friend Haversack," replied Buntline, the gunner's mate. "What's the difference?" retorted Haversack, "between a soldier and a sailor? They both fight in defence of the same cause. A sailor has his troubles aboard, and risks the dangers of the sea; he fights his battle and he wins it, after all's over he goes down below, gets his grog and pipe in comfort, turns into his hammock, and sleeps as sound as a top. Now look at the soldier—he has a forced march of twenty miles, in bad weather, over a rugged country, and when he halts, he finds himself on the enemy's flank. The order of battle is formed, and at it they go ding dong: after hard fighting, the soldier gains the day: half famished and overcome with fatigue, he overhauls an ill-stored knapsack, and with difficulty obtains a drop of water to moisten his parched lips—he then retires to sleep, (not in a snug hammock like the sailor,) but under a hedge; the only shelter he gets from the pelting rain, which is falling in torrents. Look at this, Master Buntline, and you'll find that the soldier's duty on land is quite as hard as the sailor's at sea."

"Right, friend Haversack, right," ejaculated Buntline, as he took out his tobacco-box to fill his pipe: "but, however, Dick Oakum will soon be here, and then we'll have the matter settled. I'll have you brought close alongside each other, and then you may fire away, and let the best man gain the day."

"Buntline, a hoy!" cried Dick at some little distance.

"There, that's his voice!" exclaimed Buntline; "now then clear for action, here he comes.

The door flew open, and in hobbled Dick Oakum, singing "Hearts of Oak," and beating time with his wooden leg. "What cheer, old Buntline! how goes the grog? Ah! old timber-fist, are you there? How go the Chelsea buns?" vociferated Dick, as he gave Haversack a smart slap on the shoulder.

"Why, the Chelsea buns go just as smooth as the Greenwich cakes," retorted Haversack; "and as to my timber-fist, it's a match for your wooden leg any day."

"Well, come, that's pretty well for a soldier," exclaimed Dick, ironically.

"And a soldier's quite as good as a sailor, or I'll be—" Haversack would have finished the sentence, but was interrupted by Buntline calling out, "Don't swear about it, old friend; never mind Dick's jibing and jeering, you know he was always a queer fish."

"Don't you go to call me a fish," said Dick, "I'm no fish—old Chelsea's the fish, 'cause he's a lobster."

"What you can't let the red coats alone," retorted Haversack. "Your head seems to have been quite turned since you've got your pension raised; you fancy yourself the Great Mogul now, because your captain happened to speak a good word for you, and all for what—Why, just because during the heat of an action, when the enemy attempted to board, you seized the French captain by the collar, the moment he reached the deck, and presenting a pistol at his head, swore, unless he surrendered himself prisoner, you'd blow his brains out."

"Well, old timber-fist, and you need not run so hard aboard," retorted Dick.

"What have you done to deserve that silver medal that's dangling at your button-hole? Why, merely when the enemy made a sudden attack on your flank, your ensign was shot through the head, and two of the enemy were about to seize the colours, when you grasped them tightly in one hand, and seizing the sword of the dead ensign, defended them resolutely; and, when one of them cut off the hand that held the staff, you seized the colours with your teeth, and laid about your two
assailants in such a wild harem-scarem manner, that you cracked both their heads, and carried off the colours in triumph. I do believe, since that event, you have thought yourself to be as brave a fellow as any in the army.

"Well done, Greenwich! Bravo Chelsea!" vociferated Buntline; "you're a precious pair to pick holes in each other's coats, sure enough. I think you might save yourselves the trouble; seeing the enemy's bullets have well done that job for you already. What's the use of all this shy fighting? Here's just enough grog left to serve out a round; fill 'er up your cups, my boys, and hob a nob: "Here's Greenwich and Chelsea for ever; meet hands, my boys. The army and navy thus united may bid defiance to the world."

The cans were soon emptied, and three hearty cheers followed.

"Give me your father hand, old Firelock," said Dick, "you are a brave old veteran; and if I've now and then run you rather hard on the lee, I meant no harm; I've had a good opinion of you ever since the skirmish which happened at Privy."

"I heard of you there, my old boy; it was a hard, hot work, and I hope the government have not forgotten to reward you for it. This day we have an extra gallon of ale each man allowed to us, as well as threepence for tobacco, or what else we like to have."

"Ah!" said Haversack, "I remember; it was on that day our brave captain fell into the hands of the enemy. I was then attached to the cavalry, and was one of the troop that followed him when he volunteered to cut his way through the enemy's line. The French Imperial Guard showed us a bold front, but our brave captain was not to be weaned from his purpose. 'Follow me, my brave lads,' cried he, and rushed into the midst of them. Three musket-balls struck him; but he still rode through the ranks, encouraging his men, while the blood poured forth from his wounds; his face turned deadly pale; the reins fell from his hands, and, in a few moments, he dropped from his horse into my arms. The French bayonets were raised against him; and, in endeavouring to protect him, I received a severe wound on the head. At this instant a French officer rode up, and seeing the bleeding captain, interposed his authority, and claimed him as his prisoner. I felt relieved then, for I knew he had fallen into good hands; for the mourners always behaved well to their prisoners, and I felt assured my captain would have decent burial among them."

I have been in a French prison," observed Buntline, "and I can bear evidence that they treat their English prisoners honourably. I remember when we boarded the H——, a capital French seventy-four; we met with a most determined resistance, but we carried the vessel, after a spirited attack. At the moment the colours were struck, the son of the French captain (a lad of sixteen) was by some accident knocked overboard. His father saw him fall, and never shall I forget the look of horror which his features displayed. He was taken all aback, and his whole frame shook like the trisail in a ground swell. 'My son! my dear boy!' he exclaimed. I could stand it no longer; so I began to twist a rope round my waist, meaning to have a jump after him, but this mad-cap Dick, like an envious swab, smoked the business, and jumped slap into the water at once. He seized the young Frenchman as he rose above the waves, and I being quickly lowered by the rope, caught hold of Dick by the waist. 'Haul away, my lad,' cried I, and in a few moments we were safely on board.

The Frenchman clasped his son in his arms, and, turning to our commander, said, 'Briton, I have been vanquished twice this day—one, by the chance of battle, and a second time by the generous, the humane conduct of officers who observed the captain and officers had fixed their eyes upon us, sparkling with satisfaction. The captain beckoned to us, we approached; 'Bill Buntline, Dick Oakum,' said he, 'you have done your duty like Britons. I felt proud, very proud, but I couldn't speak, my tongue had cast anchor, and was morded fore and aft. 'Mr. Meadows,' said he to the lieutenant, 'order these brave fellows a double allowance of grog, and note their conduct in the dispatches.' We reached England soon after, and brought up in Spithead. An exchange of prisoners took place, soon after, and the French captain and his son were among those who returned to France. Before his departure he sent for me and Dick, and made us a handsome present in money, and this ribbon, which I have permission to wear. One morning the captain came on deck and called me aft; 'Buntline,' said he, 'you and I are going to part.' 'Lord forbid,' says I, 'your honour; I hope no part of my conduct——'

'Stop, my good fellow,' added he, 'I do not find fault with your conduct; on the contrary, it is in consequence of your exemplary behaviour that I am about to lose you. In this ship you are only rated as an able seaman; but in the brig to which you are now attached, you will be rated as boatswain—a similar promotion awaits your messmate, Oakum; and if you both continue to follow the same line of conduct which you have pursued while under my command, you will become bright examples to the service. The remainder of
this day I give as a holiday among the
crew; make merry, but do not fall into
excess. If you take your parting glass with
your old companions, and then away to your
new station.' Well, we had a merry day of
it, sure enough; and after bidding fare
well to the captain and crew, we departed,
and went over-land to Dover, where Dick
and I parted, to go on board our respective
vessels. That in which I entered, was or
dered to receive the honour of the whole
squadron off Cherbourg; and we executed our
task with tolerable success, until one
night we were enveloped in a thick fog,
and the wind beginning to blow rather
stiff on the land, we were run foul of by
a French frigate, which carried away our
bow-pipe. Here, said he, this makes sure of
us as a prize—he was not out of his reck
oning either; but we gave him a great
detail of powder and shot before he cap

tured us, nor did we strike until our cap

tain was killed, and hardly a man left
without some mark of honour about him:

it was in that his eye caught sight of my starboard eye; and when I was taken on
shore among the prisoners, I was placed in
the hospital. I had several slight wounds about me, and when the surgeon
stripped off my jacket his eye caught
sight of the ribbon which I had received
from the French captain. When I was

a little recovered, he questioned me re
specting it; and I could easily perceive
that my explanation had made a great
impression on him. A few days after, the
door of my room was slowly opened, and
an old officer and a young man entered.
He paused a moment, and eyed me from
stem to stern, and said, ‘Yes! I am sure
it is he!’ He grasped me tightly by the
hand, and said, ‘Brave Briton, you do
not recognise me, but I have not forgotten
the services you rendered me. Look on
this young man, but for your praiseworthy
conduct he would have been numbered
with the dead.’ I started at him with my
starboard eye, and sure enough it was the
very French captain whose son had been
rescued from a watery grave by Dick and
myself. The French captain continued,
‘The brave are never ungrateful; I owe
you an obligation, and I have now come
to repay it in its full order for your release, and you are free to return
to your own country as soon as you have
sufficiently recovered.’ He handed me
the paper, and having given directions
that I should have the best allowance,
gave me a hearty squeeze of the hand,
which I made a safe return to England, and
departed. Three weeks afterwards I
quitted the French coast, and, landing
in England, was received into Greenwich
Hospital, where I have now cast anchor
for the rest of my life.”

By the time Buntline had concluded his
narrative, the evening had advanced; they
therefore separated, under promise that
when the next birth-day arrived, Haver
sack should pay them another visit.

Haversack had full three miles to travel
before he reached his quarters: the night
was mild, but cloudy; and he had pro
ceeded about half way across some fields,
when the moon broke forth in all its gran
deur. The veteran paused a moment; the
recollected of by gone days flashed across
his memory. It was on such a night as this
he saved the colours of his regiment. He
lifted up the medal, which glittered in the
moonlight, and gazed upon it with a thrill
ning satisfaction.

‘Honourable token,’ exclaimed he; “although maimed, but a weak old man, still
I would fight as boldly to preserve you, as I
did for my country’s ensign.”

“Will you, indeed!” exclaimed a rough
looking fellow, as he darted from behind
a hedge, flourishing a huge cudgel.

Haversack stepped back a few paces,
and grasped his crutched stick firmly.

“Oh, you need not be afraid of losing
your medal, old boy!” exclaimed the in
truder; “but if you have got an odd shil
ling or two to spare, why can I ease you of
them, that’s all.”

“Why, look you, Mister Black-whis
kers,” replied old Haversack; “I don’t
know who you may be, but I am thinking
you belong to a d—n blackguard regi
ment; and if you don’t face about, and
make a speedy retreat, you may, perhaps,
receive such a drizzling from an old soldier,
as may last you during your life. It’s my
opinion you are following such a disorderly
line of march, that when the muster-roll
is called above, you’ll find yourself likely
to be drummed out of the regiment.”

“Come,” said the footpad, “no more
preaching, but deliver your money.”

“Not a farthing,” said old Haversack;
“ I have fought for every shilling I pos
sess, and I’ll fight till the last drop of my
blood to preserve it.”

“Will you?” exclaimed the footpad,
“then here’s at you.”

The footpad raised his bludgeon, and
attacked him; but old Haversack poised
his stick so well, that he parried every
blow, and would have beat the robber off,
but his slight stick was too weak for the
weighty bludgeon of the robber, who,
making a heavy blow at his head, broke
the stick in two, which Haversack had
raised to receive it. The robber seized
Haversack by the collar, but in an instant
he received such a severe blow in the face
from the wooden stump of the old soldier,
that he dropped on the ground, senseless
and bleeding, as sudden as if he had been
struck by a sledge-hammer.
Haversack crossed the field, and got into the public road, and halted at a public-house; where, having given information of what had occurred, several persons went to the spot he had described, where they found the footpad, partially recovered, venting his curses upon the soldier's iron fist; this Haversack related. The robber was brought to the public-house, and was there identified by Haversack. Information was given to Captain Marlowe, the neighbouring magistrate, and the parties were ordered to be brought before him next morning.

Captain Marlowe had seen much service in the army, in consequence of which, as well as the wounds he had received, he enjoyed a handsome pension, which, with other rewards from government, placed him in independent circumstances. He resided in the country, and by care and good management, had so far improved his circumstances as to be considered an opulent gentleman.

It was before him that the prisoner and his accuser appeared on the following morning. When Haversack entered the justice-room, he saluted the captain in the military style, who seemed not a little pleased with this mode of recognition. Haversack related the circumstances exactly as they occurred, and the prisoner nothing to urge in his defence, was committed to the county gaol to await the assizes.

Haversack made his bow, and was about to depart, when the captain bade him remain. "Come hither, young man," said he. "Haversack approached him. "Were you not at the battle of P——?"

"I was, your honour," replied Haversack.

"Did you not receive that cut on your forehead during that conflict?"

"I did, your honour," replied Haversack, as the glow of self-approval mantled on his cheek.

"Your captain received a musket-shot while attempting to cut through the Imperial Guard?"

"He did, your honour," replied Haversack.

"He fell from his horse," continued the captain; and in the agonies of death——" I caught him in my arms," eagerly rejoined Haversack, "and begged of the Frenchmen to give him decent burial; for he died like a hero."

"He did not die," ejaculated the captain; "his wound was healed, and by careful treatment he recovered—reserved by Providence to reward his preserver. I am that captain whom you saved; I have long anxiously desired to meet you; but now I've found you, let me resign that which now becomes your own. Receive this packet, break it open, and examine its contents."

Haversack placed his wooden stump on the packet, while with his right hand he hastily broke the seal. A folded paper, inscribed "The Reward of Merit," was the first which met his eye—he hastily unfolded it, and to his surprise and joy, found an order for Two Hundred Pounds; a sum which had been subscribed by the captain and officers of the regiment, in consequence of his praiseworthy and soldier-like conduct. Old Haversack stared like one beside himself; he could hardly believe his eyes, and hastily looked over the paper a second time—it was true, he attempted to stammer out his thanks, but was unable, and the tears gushed down his furrowed cheeks—"Thank you, my dear sir, thank you, your honour, you've made a man of me!" exclaimed he; "I shall now be able to lay up in snug quarters for life."

The old soldier took leave of his captain, and marched forth with greater glee than he had ever done since he quitted the regiment.

Haversack began to reflect what was best to be done with the money—the more he reflected the more he was puzzled, and at length made bold to ask the captain's advice. He accordingly waited on him, and after naming his request, the captain told him that the person who kept the canteen had lately died, and as he was a sober man, he thought him likely to succeed in it. Haversack did not hesitate a moment; he considered it the very thing for him, and with a good recommendation from the captain, he posted off towards the canteen. A few days settled the business, and he was put into possession of it. But he did not forget his old acquaintances, Ben Bun- line and Dick Oakum, they were invited to the house-warming, together with a goodly company of old associates. Well might England bid defiance to surrounding nations, while possessing the brave hearts which now assembled at Haversack's canteen: here might you daily see the sailor and the soldier, in social converse, fighting their battles o'er again. Here were the heroes assembled, who had fought under Nelson, Duncan, and St. Vincent, hand in hand, with those who had served under Abercrombie, Lake, and Wellington. It was the happy union of the British army and navy: and while they thus remain, they may bid defiance to surrounding nations.

EXURBAN CEMeteries.—The cholera still fills Italy with anxiety; but at Rome it has had the effect of inducing the people to conquer the habit of burying their dead in the churches of the city, and several burying-grounds are preparing outside the walls. One was consecrated on the 3rd ult. — Times, September 26.
By Emma Roberts. 3 vols. Allen and Co.

How pleasant it is to be charmed into being, for a time, though only a reader. Mrs. Lee lately laid that pleasing spell on our feelings, and now Miss Roberts has done the same, by her brilliant and close-observing work on India, in which the reader feels the satisfaction of knowing that the author has seen all she vividly describes, for the evidence of truth and reality is impressed on every page. Connected, as English society is with India, the publication of these volumes is a national benefit; we could say that Emma Roberts is the Lady Mary Wortley Montague of India, only the moral worth of our contemporary gives a superior tone to her works; but, in point of active utility, as well as literary merit, they equal the letters of that highly-gifted orientalist.

Her sketches of domestic life in India strike, as being peculiarly valuable to ladies of every age, who are resident, or likely to become resident, in India; her description of the nursery establishments is new, striking, highly amusing, and, above all, extremely important to parents in India; as such, we prefer it as an extract to a vast profusion of statistical and topographical treasure, with which the volumes abound.

The Baba Logue.

"It is possible to penetrate into the drawing-room of a mansion in England, without being aware that the house contains a troop of children, who, though not strictly confined to the nursery, seldom quit it except when in their best dresses and best behaviours; and who, when seen in any other part of the house, may be considered in the light of guests. It is otherwise in India. Traces of the baba logue, the Hindostanian designation of a tribe of children, are to be discovered the instant a visitor enters the outer verandah; a rocking-horse, a small cart, a wheeled chair, in which the baby may take equestrian or carriage exercise within doors, generally occupy conspicuous places; and probably—for Indian domesties are not very scrupulous respecting the proprieties in appearances—a line may be stretched across, adorned with little white muslin frocks, washed out hastily, to supply the demand in some extraordinarily sultry day. From the threshold to the deepest recesses of the interior, every foot of ground is strewed with toys of all sorts and dimensions, and from all parts of the world—English, Dutch, Chinese, and Hindostanian. In a family, blessed with numerous olive-branches, the whole house is converted into one large nursery, drawing-rooms, ante-rooms, bed-rooms, and dressing-rooms, are all peopled by the young fry of the establishment. In the first, a child may be seen sleeping on the floor, under a mosquito-net, stretched over an oval bamboo frame, looking like a patent wire disheaver; in the second, an infant of more tender years reposeth in the arms of a bearer, who holds the baby in a manner peculiar to India, lying at length on a very thin mattress, formed of several folds of thick cotton cloth, and croaking a most lugubrious lullaby as he paces up and down; in a third, two or more of the juveniles are assembled, one with its only garment converted into leading strings; another sitting under a punkah; and a third running after a large ball, with a domestic trotting behind, and following the movements of the child in an exceedingly ludicrous manner.

"Two attendants at the least are attached to each of the children; one of these must be always on duty, and the services of the other are only dispensed with while at meals: an ayah and a bearer are generally employed; the latter being deemed the best and most attentive nurse of the two. These people never lose sight of their respective charges for a single instant, and seldom permit them to wander beyond arm's-length; consequently, in addition to the company of the children, that of their domesties must be endured, who seem to think themselves privileged persons; and should the little master or miss under their care penetrate into the bedchamber of a visitor—no difficult achievement where all the doors are open—they will follow close, and make good their entrance also. It is their duty to see that the child does not get into any mischief; and as they are certain to be severely reprehended if the little urchin should happen to tumble down and hurt itself, for their own sakes they are careful to prevent such a catastrophe, at any personal inconvenience whatever to their master's guests. When the children are not asleep, they must be amused—an office which devolves upon the servants, who, Fortunately, take great delight in all that pleases the infant mind, and never weary of their employment. They are a little too apt to resort to a very favourite method of beguiling time, that of playing on the tom-tom, an instrument which is introduced into every mansion tenanted by the baba logue, for the ostensible purpose of charming the young folks; but in reality to gratify their own peculiar taste.
An almost constant drumming is kept up from morning till night; a horrid discord, which, on a very hot day, aggravates every other torment. The rumbling and squeaking of a low cart, in which the child is dragged for hours up and down a neighbouring verandah; the monotonous ditty of the old bearer, of which one can distinguish nothing but the word baba, added to the incessant clamour of the tom-tom—to say nothing of occasional squawks—altogether furnish forth a concert of the most hideous description.

Nevertheless, the gambols of children, the ringing glee of their infant voices, and the infinite variety of amusement they afford, do much towards dispelling the teedium and ennui of an Indian day.

"The climate depresses their spirits to a certain point; they are diverting without being troublesome; for there is always an attention paid to them by others, so that they can be consigned, if unruly; and, certainly, considering how much they are spoiled and petted, it is only doing Anglo-Indian children justice to say, that, generally speaking, they are a most orderly race. There can scarcely be a prettier sight than that of a group of fair children, gathered round or seated in the centre of their dark-browed attendants, listening, with eager countenances, to one of those marvellous legends, of which Indian story-tellers possess so numerous a catalogue; or convulsed with laughter, as they gaze upon the antics of some merry fellow, who forgets the gravity and dignity considered so becoming to a native, whether Moslem or Hindoo, in his desire to afford entertainment to the baba logue.

"In one particularly well-regulated family, a little boy anxiously expressed a wish that we would go very early to a ball, which we sometimes attend, on account of the hot weather, because, he said, he and his brothers were to have a dholi, and the bearers had promised to dance for them. A dholi is an instrument of forty drum-power; fortunately, both children and servants had the grace to reserve it for their own private recreation; and, doubtless—for that night at least—the jackalls were scared from the door.

"The dinner for the children is usually served up at the same time with the tiffin, placed before the seniors of the family. The young folks sit apart, accommodated with low tables and arm-chairs, of a corresponding size; and as they are usually great favourites with all the servants, it is no uncommon thing to see the whole posse of khidmatgars desert their master's chairs to crowd round those of the babus. One of the principal dishes at the juvenile board is denominated pish push, weak broth thickened with rice, and a salt of pepper and the like, called dhal bat, consists of rice and yellow peas stewed together; croquettes, a very delicate preparation of chicken, beaten in a mortar, and mixed up with fine batter, and fried in egg-shaped balls, is also very common; and there is always a kaaree (curry). Europeans entertain only one notion respecting a curry, as they term the favourite Indian dish, which they suppose to be invariably composed of the same ingredients. There are, however, infinite varieties of the kaaree; that which is eaten by the natives differing essentially from that produced at European tables; while there is a distinct preparation for the children, and another for the dogs; rice and turmeric are the constant accompaniments of all.

"The khana, dinner of the baba logue, is washed down with pure water; and in about an hour or two after its conclusion, preparations for the evening exercise commence. The children are to be bathed for the second, and re-attired, perhaps, for the tenth, time in the day. In the hot weather, it is not until this hour that the slightest pangs are considered necessary about the personal appearance of the young folks, who, until they are four or five years old, are permitted to go about the house, during the earlier part of the day, sometimes more than half naked. In the evening, however, the toilet is a more serious affair; babies are decked out in their laced caps, and a pair of pajammas (trousers) added to the frocks of their elder brothers and sisters; while those still more advanced in years are enrobed in their best suits, and flourish in ribbon sashes and embroidered hems; but, excepting in the cold weather, there are no hats, bonnets, gloves, or tippets, to be seen.

"It is not often that parents accompany their children in the evening drive or walk; the latter are taken out by their attendants at least an hour before grown people choose to exhibit themselves in the open air. The equipages of the baba logue are usually kept expressly for their accommodation; and of a build and make so peculiar, as to render them no very enviable conveyances for their seniors; palanquin carriages of all descriptions, drawn by one horse, or a pair of bullocks, in which the children and servants squat together on the floor; common palanquins, containing an infant of two or three years old, and its bearer; taun janns, in which a female nurse is seated, with a baby on her lap, together with miniature sociables, chaises, and shanderyams; in short, every sort of vehicle suitable to the Lilliputian order is put into requisition. Many of the little folk are mounted on ponies; some of these equestrians are so young, as to be unable to sit upon their steeds, without the assistance of a chuprassey on each side, and a groom to lead the animal; others, older and more expert, scampers along, keeping their attendants who are on foot at full speed, as they tear across the roads with their heads uncovered, and their hair flying in the wind."
“One of the prettiest spectacles afforded by the evening drive at Calcutta, is the exhibition of its juvenile inhabitants, congregated on a particular part of the plain, between the Government-house and the fort by the side of the river. This is the chosen spot; all the equipages, a strange grotesque medley, are drawn up at the corner; and the young people are seen in crowds, walking with their servants, laughing, chattering, and full of glee, during the brief interval of enfranchisement. For the most part, they are pale, delicate little creatures; cherry cheeks are wholly unknown; and it is only a few who can boast the slightest tinge of the rose. Nevertheless, there is no dearth of beauty; independent of feature, the exceeding fairness of their skins, contrasted with the Asiatic swarthiness round them, and the fairy lightness of their forms, are alone sufficient to render them extremely attractive. Not many number more than eight years; and perhaps in no other place can there be seen so large an assemblage of children, of the same age and rank, sporting in a promenade. Before night closes in upon the gay crowd, the juvenile population take their departure; and, being disposed in their respective carriages, return home. At day-break, they make their appearance again in equal numbers; but their gambols are per force confined to the broad and beaten path; they dare not, as in Europe, disperse themselves over the green sward, nor enjoy the gratification of rolling and tumbling on the grass, filling their laps with wild flowers, and pelting each other with showers of daisies. Their attendants keep a sharp look out for snakes: and though these reptiles are sometimes seen gliding about in the neighbourhood, there is no record of an accident to the baba logue from their poisonous fangs.

“Pettimount venders of toys take their station in the favourite haunt of their most liberal patrons, exhibiting a great variety of tempting articles, all bright and gaudy with gold and silver. These glittering wares are formed out of very simple materials; but a good deal of ingenuity is displayed in the construction: elephants, more than a foot high, richly caparisoned, hollow, and made of paper, coloured to the life, with trunks, which move about, to the admiration of all beholders, may be purchased for a few pice; nearly equally good imitations of budge-rows and palaquins, also of paper, bear a still smaller price: there are, besides, cages, containing brilliant birds of painted clay, suspended from the top bars by an almost invisible hair; and so constantly in motion, as to be speedily demolished by cats, should they happen to hang within reach of their claws; many and curious are the ends made of the pith of a plant, which is turned to many purposes in India, and which, in China, is manufactured into paper; to these, whirli-

The description of the children’s natch is very pretty and lively, especially of the little audience:—

“The youngest babies occupy the front rows, seated on the ground, or in the laps of their nurses, who look very picturesque in the Eastern attitude, half-shadowed by their long flowing veils; beyond these seated groups small arm-chairs are placed, filled with little gentry capable of taking care of themselves; and behind them, upon sofas, the mammas and a few friends are seated, the rest of the room being filled with servants, male and female, equally pleased with the baba logue at the exploits of the wooden performers.

“Generally, several of the native children belonging to the establishment are present, clad in white muslin chemises, with silver bangles round their wrists and ankles; their fine dark eyes sparkling with pleasure, as they clap their little hands, and echo the wah! wah! of their superiors. Many of these children are perfectly beautiful.”

There are some remarks on the early education of the babas in the Hindooantee arts of singing and scolding, which we think should be read by all mothers, whose infants are likely to be reared among native servants; and here we must leave unwillingly the babas, although there is much that is highly novel and entertaining recorded of these amusing little creatures, who, with their attendants, seem to form a sort of separate community in India, to note the most curious and systematic mode of libel that ever entered into human imagination:—

“When a person conceives himself to be aggrieved by his superior, in a way which the law cannot reach, he frequently revenges himself by hiring two old women out of the bazaar, adepts in secrurity, to sit on either side of his door. These bags possess a perfect treasury of foul words, which they lavish upon the luckless master of the house with the heartiest good will, and without stint or limitation. Nor are their invectives confined to him alone: to render them more poignant, all his family, and particularly his mother, are included; nothing of shame or infamy is spared in the accusations heaped upon her head—a stainless character avails her not, since she is only assailed merely to give a double sting to the malicious attacks upon her son. So long as these trades are wasted upon the ears of the neighbours, they are comparatively innocent; but, should they find their way to the tympanums against which they are directed, the unfortunate man is involved in the most irre-
mediate disgrace; if he be once known to have heard, he is undone; consequently, for the preservation of his dignity, the object of this strange persecution keeps himself closely concealed in the most distant chamber of his house; and a troop of horse at his gate could not more effectually detain him prisoner, than the virulent tongues of two abominable old women.

"With such examples before their eyes—for there is not a woman, old or young, in the compound, who could not exert her powers of elocution with equal success—a great deal of care is necessary, to prevent the junior members of the family from indulging in the natural propensity to scold and call names. Spoiled and neglected children abuse their servants in an awful manner, using language of the most horrid description; while those parents, who are imperfectly acquainted with Hindoostanees, are utterly ignorant of the meaning of words that come so glibly from the lips of their darlings."

Besides these excellent hints to Anglo-Indian mothers, we find much lively dissertation on the domestic economy of life in Hindoostan; also a great deal of information, extremely interesting to the female world, respecting the important events of courtship and marriage, curious historical anecdotes, and thrilling details of the atrocities of the mysterious association of the Thugs, or organised murderers of India, which seems to us perfectly new.

Miss Roberts will more than add to her former well-earned fame, by her "Scenes in Hindoostan;" for the collection is the most important which she has yet published. Such works as these are our peculiar line of reviewing; for we do not often recommend to our readers the cloying banquet of fiction, unless the work presents first-rate claims to our attention and their notice; but we have great pleasure in drawing their attention to books that will enrich their own libraries, and those of their children.

The Hindoostanees, we would remark, is very accurately written.


Like Mr. Leigh Hunt with "Rimini," the author of the "Bride of Siena," has lighted her lamp of inspiration from the antique shrine of Dante. She has taken that memorable sentence, where La Pia touchingly commemorates her evil destiny, in words powerful in their brief simplicity, for her text; and has produced a volume, that proclaims the true poet in every page, though our admiration is mixed with regret, that it was not reserved for a more poetical age, than the present era of iron and steam. Italian tradition has handed down the name of Pia's malignant lord, Nello, who properly observing the decencies of life, does not incur the crime, now so fashionable among the lower orders of British subjects of man-slaughter, by violently killing his wife: but by making use of his conjugal authority to imprison her in his castle, on the pestiferous Maremma, where his estate was situate, he thereby effects his purpose. Unfortunately for the honour of the masculine character, the tradition says nought of the "late repentance, long despair," of the cold-hearted murderer; although the gentle lady who has introduced La Pia's sufferings to the English public, has invested Nello with those redeeming feelings. It is very evident, from the mysterious manner in which Dante rather alludes than mentions the circumstances, that one of this unfortunate couple was living at the time he wrote, and that the matter was of recent occurrence; and when we consider the stern moral justice of the Florentine, we can scarcely imagine that public opinion deemed La Pia guiltless, by her being placed, though in a mild circle, in the irremitable Inferno, with the guilty, though pitable, Francesca. Had La Pia been, by public report, as innocent as she is described in the after Italian romances, Dante would have placed her in the glorified circles above, near his own angelic Beatrice. Mr. Cary, in his excellent translation of Dante, thus renders Pia's address:

"Thou remember me,
I once was Pia; Siena gave me birth,
Maremma took it from me, that he knows,
Who me with jewelled ring did first espouse."

Dante's words are,

"Ricordite di me che son La Pia,
Siena mi fe, disfece, mi Maremma,
Salii colui che'n m'annellata pria,
Dispoando, m'avea con la sua gemma."

The literal translation is,

Rememberest thou me, who am La Pia?

In which she evidently challenges the recollection of an intimate friend.

Siena made me, Maremma destroyed me, (un-made me.)

That knows he who first enringed me, (she m'annellata.)

Divorcing—though pledged with his gem.

This translation is literal, with the exception of the implied word pledged. There is more reproach in the literal words of Dante, than in Mr. Cary's poetical translation. She seems to say, "I was wedded with the solemn exchange of rings, yet was I doomed to death by the pestiferous Maremma, so different from my pure native sir; and that he knows well who took this"
means of effecting an untimely divorce, though he had pledged me with his own seal ring." The pledge of the seal ring, or gem, being, from the earliest times to the middle ages, the most important token a man could give of the inviolability of his faith. We require to comprehend every word that Dante has written, and the peculiar customs of that age, before we can enter into the depth of the indignant Pia's reproach. She mentions no fault of her own, though it is to be feared she was a sinner, by the place where the poet of the Inferno, Purgatorio and not Paradiso, has consigned her, and the company this Christian lady is found in. The name of La Pia, signifying Piety, was not uncommon in the south of Europe; in Spain, baptismal names from the cardinal virtues are still to be found, as La Piedade, Mercede, Candida, Esperanza; nay, in a remote district in England, we could point out cottages, where dwell infant and mature Honours, Virtues, Charities, and Patiences; who though, poor souls, charitable and patient to a marvellous, considering what they have to endure, have but small claims to honour and renown, which flee from the state of pauperism, voluntary or involuntary. We must now return to our author, passing over much beauty in the first canto, where the plot is laid, that inflames the mind of the Signore Nello with murderous jealousy: we commence our extract with Pia's first introduction to the Maremma, which is in a fine nervous strain of poetic and dramatic feeling:—

"Their way was by the sea, o'er which there hung A mournful mist: its thickening vapours flung A gloom o'er all the scene. Still, on they went, Till night drew near. La Pia's strength was spent; They were compelled to rest a few long hours, Though Nello seemed with supernatural powers Endowed, and urged her on, said soon that she Would meet well company. When morning dawned, surprised, La Pia gazed; The distant Apennines their summits reared; nearer, his glorious brow St. Julian raised; Giglio, Argento through the mists appeared. Toward noon a ruined castle met their view, Grey in the distance. Nello on his bride A look of mingled rage and triumph threw: 'There stands the castle meet for thee!' he cried,

'And wide domains where nothing human lives, Save one old guardian of you godly pile, But where the wild fox with the serpent thrives, And poisonous herbs beneath bright flow'rets smile.'

She cast a glance around; 'twas even so: Numberless reptiles in the sunbeams played, The snake's green scales seemed in the sun to glow, The wild wolf's eyes stared them on from the shade; No human form was seen. Nature appeared To glory that the tyrant of the world

Disturbed her not: luxuriantly she reared Her tallest, proudest trees; each plant unfurled Its varied hues; the marshes round were seen With hemlock, moss, and lichens richly green; And birds and beasts of prey seemed there to throng.

And every kind of reptile crawled along: But far as eye could reach, she could not trace One human creature in that boundless space. And there was something awful in a spot So full of life where man appeared not:

It seemed Corruption's kingdom, and the breeze Was as a noxious vapour, while the trees Were choked with ivy whose embraces kill, And Atropa the deadly flowering still.

'Nello!' La Pia cried, 'this noxious air, This scorching sun, I feel, I sink beneath.'

'Nay, say not so: see! see the castle there,— It is the finest air that thou canst breathe.'

They stood before the castle-gates. He cried,

'Welcome, thrice welcome, my own faithful bride,

To the Maremma! here, where serpents dwell, The fairest of her sex will thrive full well.'

'What mean you?' she exclaimed. 'Is this to me,

Whose life has been one dream of love for thee?

And the Maremma! Nello, know you not

'Tis death to dwell in this infected spot! Oh, let us hence!'

'Hence! no, no; here dwells one,

An alien from mankind, but yet to me

Faithful and true; and he has dwelt upon

This spot, and lived,—it is more meet for thee. Come! ere I leave thee—'

'Leave me! what, alone?

God grant me patience! let thy will be done!'

There is much of tender beauty of thought and metre in the following:

'One evening, far beyond the accustomed time

La Pia lingered in the shades of night:
The moon came forth, and wan, but how sublime! Appeared her features in that silver light; A sad, an earnest seriousness supplied The place of her eye's darkly-glorious ray, From their long silken lashes slowly glide Tears, that some fond regrets yet cause to stray; In large, loose folds her faded form around Her silk robe hung; neglected and unbound, (But oh, how beautiful!) her dark hair streamed. She knelt, her hands were clasped, and the moon beam'd On a small silver crucifix, which taught Of pangs which made all other pangs seem nought, Pangs of the sinless, suffered for the sake Of those who sleep in Christ, with God to wake.

The moonbeams fell upon her faithful breast, As though they deemed it a pure fitting shrine, And to the cross her cold pale lip she pressed: 'Lord!' she exclaimed, 'make my heart wholly thine;

Forgive and bless him whom in thy great name I vowed to love; restore my sullied fame; And for the sake of him Thy blessed Son, O Father, take a broken-hearted one!' With morn the old man came: surprised to see La Pia prostrate on the turret floor, He knelt, and placed her head upon his knee, Which trembled, though so slight the weight it bore:
The lifeless hand fell from her cold still breast,
To which the cross proclaimed eternal rest.
There was a holy smile upon that face,
And tears yet wet on those dark lashes lay.
But grief had left a calm, a heavenily trace,—
La Mia’s soul had passed in peace away.
Ye who have known how desolate appears
A home deserted by what made it blest;
Ye who have shed the bitter heart-wrung tears
For one ye saw would banish from your breast;
Ye whom the fierce conflicting passions move,
Revenge, despair, and yet undying love;
Ye may conceive how awful was the gloom
That hung o’er Nello’s lately happy home.
While her uncertain doom weighed on his mind,
But half revenged, and oh! not half resigned,
He knew no rest, he shrank from every eye,
His was a ceaseless, sleepless misery.
He could not bear himself from that lone home,
But waited there the tidings of her doom;
With lips compressed, and with contracted brows,
Pale cheek, quick pulse, and heart that scorned repose,
He sat for hours, and no one dared intrude
Upon his strange, his fearful solitude.”

“One day he entered the deserted room
Where ’twas La Mia’s wont to watch alone;
There reigned the sickly stillness of the tomb,
Where late her sweet voice joined her harp’s soft tone.
All lay around as she had left it last,
All spoke the maddening language of the past.
Books he had given, songs he had loved lay there,
A chain unfinished formed of Nello’s hair.
One volume partly open caught his eye,
A withered flower forbade its leaves to close;
It was his favourite book, and with a sigh
His favourite page, through blinding tears, he knew.
There stood an antique cabinet inlaid
With curious woods; a feeling undefined
Made Nello burst it open; it displayed
Affection’s offerings, bellowed and enshrined;
And long-forgotten tributes caught his eye,
Each gift of love a pledge of misery!
Nought but these treasured offerings met his view:
By chance he pressed a spring, and open flew
A secret drawer. How his pale cheek was fired;
For letters there were stored. Should they contain
The confirmation dreaded yet desired:
He grasped them with a sickening sense of pain.
A long black tear of her unrivalled hair
Was bound around them with a woman’s care.
He rent that silken cord; with glaring eyes,
And hands convulsed, he turned each treasured page,
And for a moment love and wild surprise
Replaced his jealous heart’s consuming rage.
These letters his own hand had traced, when he,
With all a youthful lover’s ecstasy,
First from admiring rivals sought to bear
Sieno’s idolized, unequalled fair.
There the first violets he gave were stored;
Though faded, they a rich perfume impart.
Ah! thought he, how had my fond heart adored
Her charms, though faded thus, if true her heart!
And could she treasure up each early token
Of love and faith, by her own falsehood broken!

Bowed by despair he sat him down and tried
From his own heart his deathless love to hide,
Rested his brow upon his folded arms,
And closed his eyes; as though La Mia’s charms
Were not so firmly stamped on memory’s leaf,
That outward darkness could bring no relief.
A low, a gentle moan stole on his ear;
He started: “Whose that moan? for none are near.
It was the winds which o’er her harp-strings glide;
But to his ear it seemed La Mia sighed.
And closing eye still found him lingering there,
For what is time to victims of despair?”

Our extracts have been copious, but we feel more eager to cherish and make known a real poet, in the present times, than when there was a rich supply of genuine poetry.

“On a white bier, but whiter than that bier,
Lay all his soul adored, his heart held dear:
Fresh flowers around and o’er her form were spread.
There was a holy calm upon that face
So like soft slumber,—is the true one dead?
Has the soul left its pure fair dwelling-place?
Oh, wrong her not! while yet she lived, that cheek
At his approach told joy no words could speak;
Warm from her heart the quick pure current came
Responsive to his whisper of her name.
Oh, how that lovely form, now stillly cold,
Was wont with quick delight her lord to meet,
And those fair arms in warm embrace to fold,
And those closed eyes with smiling joy to greet!
Silent reproach of Death! oh, what to thee
Are living strains of soul-wrought agony!
What power have all the tears the wronged can weep,
Like those pale lids now closed in Death’s long sleep?
What all the heart-wrung anguish words can pour
To those cold silent lips that part no more?
What daggar at the heart can aim a blow
Like that the loved, the injured, and the dead
Unconsciously on writhing hearts bestow
By that chill couch we seek, yet seeking dread?
Oh, what appeals to Nello’s writhing mind
Are those pale relics of the dead, the loved?
That face, where resignation seemed enshrined
Amid a wreck, an awful wreck that proved,
Pangs long protracted, sufferings bestowed—
By whom? oh, what a harrowing thought was there!
Beside the faded form Lord Nello bowed:
It was not calm, it was the soul’s despair,
Though not by virgin hands, the pure, the dead
Was laid to rest upon her flower-strewn bier;
By that old convert her last couch was spread,
His the last office, his regret’s last tear.
And had not feeling hallowed for that task
One rude by nature, and of mind uncouth?
Oh, who could doubt its power? oh, who would task
Why immortelles, proclaiming deathless truth,
Now crown her brow, and with their lasting bloom
Speak of a love that lives beyond the tomb;
And roses, late so fresh in beauty’s charm,
Drooping betray the latent power to harm;
There sickly rosesmary and woful rue
Were twined with wreaths of cypress and of yew.
But Nello marked not these; he only saw,
And saw with thrilling anguish, that pale form;
Marked each sad change, and gazed with trembling awe
Upon her altered features' marble charm!
Oh! what sad tale of suffering was revealed
By that sunk cheek, those lips in silence sealed,
Those eyes, oh! shall he never meet their ray?
Then life is endless night—they formed his day.
Then came quick crowding thoughts of her despair,
Her horror of that spot if left alone;
Her sweet content if we were with her there:
He seemed to hear her voice's thrilling tone.
He gazed with tearless burning eyes, until
He deemed she smiled, and that her bosom rose;
He seized her hand; but—O the death-cold chill
Of those unconscious fingers that still close
O'er flowers of death,—he let it fall, and he
Shuddered to hear it sink all heavily.
Her long black hair in still luxurious hung;
Oh, how his memory to those glad hours clung
When first she gave, with blushing loveliness,
The long-implied, the long-expected treat?

We need not occupy our time with panegyric; those who have read these extracts will be desirous to read more, and to them we commend the author.


As we have, in former numbers, fully analysed the labours of this truly original and useful writer; and as the author has, in the present volume, corrected his chief fault, viz. a certain flippant rambling from the subject in satirical remarks on other professors, we have only to add, that he now proceeds with vigour and ability in the path of instruction which he has marked out; and in this second portion, judiciously imparts to his pupils a higher knowledge of the French language. His sagacious observations on the terminations of verbs are worthy close study. We could not help smiling at his observation on "persons desirous of learning French, who made it a condition never to be spoken to on the subject of verbs.”


Mr. Gaskell has been among the first and most zealous supporters of the “Labourers' Friend Society;” and the poor, by his writings, and practically in favour of the land-allotment system—the same humane principles—form the groundwork of this pamphlet. He is a benevolent politician; and rare, indeed, we regret to say, is such a character at the present crisis of the poor-laws. Deeply and philosophically has he reasoned on the sad condition into which the progress of change of employment has led the agricultural poor. We can most solemnly bear witness to the truth of his statements regarding the country labourer; and, as such, we are anxious that the commissioners appointed to carry the new poor-laws into effect, should consider the kind of employments which this able pamphlet recommends, before they hurry away crowds of agricultural labourers' families to supply a sudden spirit of work, in the already thickly-packed towns in Lancashire; to be thrown back again—perhaps directly—on the agricultural districts, in morals still more miserable and corrupt than they are at present. Let landholders and glebe-holders listen to Mr. Gaskell, and they will find that their interest, and that of their peasantry, goes together; but let them not listen to the holders of over-grown farms—the middle men of England—for they are constantly adverse to the allotment system. Mr. Gaskell, in speaking on the subject of emigration, would prevent swarms leaving the parent hive; the policy of which is, from practical experience, very much to be doubted.

The Young Queen: a Tale. 3 vols. Cochrane.

"The Young Queen" is very original in style and story. We scarcely know how to class it, without we call it a domestic romance of royal life. The events are entirely fictitious. A mysterious emperor, in the last century we presume, as the habits of life are perfectly modern, has an only daughter, whom he sets up to reign by herself in an adjoining kingdom, which is under his sway; his subjects rebel; the young lady is dispossessed, and has to find her way back to her father on foot. The story opens in a manner that must at once strike and interest the reader. It represents a young soldier keeping watch over the young queen, who is in very pitiable plight, having just escaped from prison, where murderous thoughts were harboured against her by the adverse faction. Her flight through the hostile country, and the dangers and hardships she goes through, with no other guard than this young officer (who, of course, becomes her lover), and a huge dog named Lion, are very well imagined, and in some portions pleasingly wrought up. Too often the puerilities of circumstance and style are fatiguing, and approach to downright nonsensical gibbergabble; indeed, the author's powers of producing original design and outline far exceed his powers of finishing and filling up. He is like a painter who is capable of making a fine bold sketch, and has only the ability to finish up the toes and fingers of his figures; and these are worked up too minutely for any picture. Such is the species of ability shown in the construction of this tale. The author has genius—he
wants skill: he is an original thinker—he wants taste: he is overflowing with noble and honourable feeling, and yet he is sometimes unrefined—to say the best we can of some passages, of which we think he will deeply regret he is the author, particularly a scene or two at the conclusion of the third volume. If the author can ever be made aware of his peculiar faults, he will make a great and successful writer, and there is more hope of this, as we think the tale is written by a young person. The dedication leads us to this conclusion, being evidently the emanation of a young and ardent, as well as candid, mind. Like the rest of the work it is singular:—

"To one whom in thought and word I deeply injured, and who took the revenge of making me a friend for life, this book is affectionately inscribed."

In the same style often intervene passages of the most original thought, mixed up with digressions and hyperboles, so apparent, that the reader is angry for suffering the work to occupy attention, and yet—half angry and half admiring—no one will leave the volumes until they have been read. We have said the tale is not historical, though it is apparently so: we find no fault with this arrangement; we detest to see real landmarks of history removed, and characters, costume, and chronology distorted by unskilful fiction: yet there is no cause to show why fiction may not invent emperors and queens, as well as dukes, lords, and ladies. The Queen Maria is something like Maria of Portugal in age, person, and behaviour; her father is avowedly taken from the late kind and good Emperor Francis. Her situation is a little like the succession dispute about the Pragmatic Sanction (what an admirable descriptive word that pragmatic was in the business) regarding the heirship of Maria Theresa, to the throne of Hungary, save and except Maria Theresa did not ascend the Hungarian throne till her father's death, and when she made the pathetic appeal to the diet which caused the magnates to draw their sabres and exclaim—

Moriamus—but we spare the Latin to the ladies, the speech sounds well in English—"We will die for our king, Maria Theresa!" the said young queen had, it must be remarked, at the time a baby in her arms, which infant was Joseph the Second, the future emperor. It is a novel plan of inventing circumstances like history without assuming to be historical. We will now, as customary, give our readers a specimen of the author's style:

"On a heap of ferns and leaves, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, lay a fair young girl. She slept, but not in peace. That face, made only for smiles and joy, now was pale, and showed that the anxiety of her waking hours was not forgotten in her dreams. There, where God had written happiness, man, with impious hand, had dashed it out, and deeply engraved sorrow. Her full lips were pressed firmly together, and her hands clenched fast against her cheeks, giving the idea that the soul within, although it struggled, was yet made up for some stern purpose. Her long brown tresses were tangled over a brow on which a crown had rested. There was nothing in her appearance royal—except, indeed, her troubled sleep.

"Forlorn as was her situation now—night and darkness around her—the dripping rock her only shelter—the wild winds moaning aloud—yet there lay one on whom a nation had been content to rest its hopes of future happiness. Where were her courtiers now? Where the heads that should have counselled; the hands that should have shielded her! Did the subtle politician lay deep schemes for her deliverance, or the headlong warrior throw himself between her and danger? No! they had proved false to their honour and their oaths, their sovereign and their God—but for no fault of her's."

"Leaning his back against the rock at whose foot lay the once 'brilliant young queen,' with one hand tightening down the bottom of the cloak to keep her feet warm, and with the other holding up the cape to shelter her face from the wind, there sat a youth whom no prudent young lady would choose for her sole protector—except only as far as Gretna-green; that is, if prudent young ladies ever go there: but this young lady, although the most prudent in the world, I have already said, could not help doing so.

"The youth, whom we must call Montfort, being a soldier, this was not the first time this 'brave over-hanging canopy' (a marvellously uncomfortable one to sleep under) had been his only bed-curtains. He therefore knew, that if you cannot have both, it is better to do without a good bed than without a good pillow. For which reason he had taken off his coat, and so cautiously placed it under the sleeper's head, that she only awoke sufficiently to mutter something, but not to know what was taking place; so heavy was the drowsy god upon her, from over-fatigue and long watching.

"For being thus exposed to the cold night air, Montfort was amply repaid by seeing that the head he had sought to ease slept with apparently more comfort,—fewer turnings and twisings and face-makings being observable, than when her little ear seemed nearly cut off by the hard stump she had before been resting it on.

"The fading morning star now looked in upon them through the hazel-bushes; but the gazer heeded it not. No! the star which hung so lonely in the heavens was given up for that far lovelier star which now had only him to hang on for support. At this moment the troubled sleeper awoke with a start and a shudder; and, throwing around a hurried glance, said, half aloud, 'Thank God, we are safe.

"Notwithstanding the young lady had been accustomed to use the royal 'We,' I do not think that in the present case she meant 'We ourselves.' No! I verily believe her Majesty meant to include in that little word all the subjects over whom she at that moment held sway;"
a very absolute sway, it must be confessed, in spite of all her very correct notions about liberty. At least, this is the only way in which I can account for her blushing so much when their eyes met, and, from a certain something in his, she became aware she had been overheard.

"Where is the woman without art? I never met one, and I never wish to meet one! that is, such art as I allude to. How often does it not get man out of an awkwardness which his own blundering efforts would never accomplish? The circumstance of Montfort's coat being off was instantly seen, and as instantly seized upon to create the diversion which both required; for now his cheeks were glowing, and he was beginning to look very silly too.

"'This is unkind kindness and cruel pity,' said the lady; in a tone almost severe. 'Oh, do not, I entreat you, ever again spare my bodily sufferings at the expense of my feelings. I ought to owe you, I am proud to owe you; but think better of me than to suppose I would wish to escape my own share of sufferings by heaping tenfold on you.'"

Noble Deeds of Woman. Hookham. This collection of anecdotes deserves popularity as a reading book for young people. Some of the narratives show research, as that relative to Joanna of Naples, usually scandalized by historians more than she really deserved. We wish that some of the other anecdotes had not been so much generalized, as the original historians have a most attractive manner of narrating them. For example, who could tell poor Gertrude de Wurtz' heart-breaking tale, in more touching language than herself—not even Mrs. Hemans. That agonizing story is then, with great propriety, left in its original state.

"Our chief objection to this work, is the same we have found in all others of its class—a want of moral perception in placing actions that were inconsequential, or that sprang from worldly motives, in the rank of the highest virtues. For instance, to quote the fact that the ladies of England raised the statue in Hyde Park to the Duke of Wellington, as an example of patriotism, degrades every other instance which manifested mental courage and lofty virtue to a very low level. The instance of patriotism related of the late Duchess of Gordon, that she raised a Highland regiment to fight against the Americans, in the war of independence, is little better. We do not enter into the merits of the political questions connected with these occurrences; our objection is their classification under the head of virtues: the actors had no claim to personal merit, and the circumstance is altogether devoid of attraction as an anecdote.

The bonny Duchess of Gordon was by no means renowned for her loyalty; and this exuberance of patriotism against America, clashed somewhat with her usual conduct. It is rather drolly reminds the reader of the colloquy, so well known in the Highlands, that took place at the raising of one of these regiments, between a great lady and her butler—

"'How many volunteers to-day, John?'
"'Twenty, my ledgy.'
"'Where are they?'
"'Ou, ay! my ledgy, bound hand and foot in ta barn.'

These Highland regiments were officered, without purchase, by the cadets and connexions of the noble family which raised them. This is a more respectable and soldier-like way of leading armies to the field, than by sale and barter at the War-office; but still it impairs the abstract patriotism of the head of the clan, who ought not to insist on the credit of such a virtue, while commissions bear a price.

We repeat, that proper information and moral perception are indispensable in forming an unexceptionable collection of anecdotes, illustrative of feminine virtues, what can we say to a narrative that thus commences?" Queen Elizabeth, who excelled in every feminine grace and accomplishment." One who sometimes even swore, and beat her maids! Pretty feminine graces, truly! Elizabeth was a vigorous-minded ruler, it is true; but the less said of her feminine graces the better.

Among the anecdotes which have novelty to recommend them, we quote the following, as illustrative of gratitude:

"Among the persons liberated by the Emperor Alexander of Russia, on his ascending the throne, was a British sailor of the name of John Duncan. His mother, a poor woman in Scotland, thinking it her duty to acknowledge this act of justice on the part of his imperial Majesty, sent him the following artless epistle:

"'Unto the most excellent Alexander Empereor of that great dominion of Russia, and the territorys there unto belonging, &c. &c. &c.)

'Your most humble servant most humbly beges your most gracious pardon for my boldness in approaching your most dread sovring for your clemency at this time.

'My sovring, the candour of this freedom is on account of your sovring's goodness in the serving and inlarging of my son, whose name is John Duncan, aged twenty-
six years, who was on a prentice, who was prisoner with Robert Spittle, his master, captain of the Han, Spittle, of Alloa, at the time of the British embargo in your sovereign's dominions in Russia, who is the only sepoit of me, his mother, and I beseech I have no other friend for my sepoit; and on the account of your gracious benevolence, be pleased to accept of this small present from your ever well-wisher, whilst I have breath.

"The small present is three pairs of stockings, for going on when your sovring goes out a hunting; I would have sent your sovring silk stockings, if that my son could go in search for it, but the press being so hot at this time, that he cannot go for fear of being pressed.

"If your sovring will be pleased to accept of this, and favour me with an answer of this, by the bearer, and let me know what famely of children your sovring has, I will send stockings for them for the winter, before winter comes on, as also what sons and daughters you might have.

"Most dread sovring, I am your most obedient and humble servant, till death,

ELIZABETH WILCOX.


"Please to direct me to the care of Robert Raunce, in St. Neunsons, by Sterling.

"So far was his imperial Majesty from despising the humble token of the gratitude of the writer, that he ordered her a remittance of 100L., which was paid her through the Russian ambassador in London. Unfortunately, some busy man of letters took upon himself to correct her second letter to the emperor, and has robbed it of that originality, which renders the preceding specimen so truly picturesque.

"When the late Emperor Don Pedro was one night at the Opera, during the war with the Argentine Republic, a woman in deep mourning threw herself at his feet, and told him that from a state of comparative affluence she was reduced, nearly at one blow, to complete destitution; in addition to which she had just lost her favourite son, who had been killed in a recent battle in the Banda Oriental. With the news of his death, she was also informed that a brig, in which her husband, who was at Oporto, had risked all he was worth, had been taken by one of the enemy's privateers; and by an almost incomprehensible fatality, on the very night she received this disastrous intelligence, her house, which was not insured, was burnt to the ground, her youngest child perished in the flames, and not a single article of her property was saved. 'Her heart,' she added, 'was almost broken.' The emperor, in the course of his reply, said, 'We have all our trials and tribulations—in this world none are exempt; but the sun sometimes shines out from behind the darkest clouds:' then telling her he would see what could be done, desired a gentleman of the bedchamber, Senor P——, and, if it must be told, the minister of his private pleasures, to give her immediately such relief as her accumulated misfortunes entit- ted her to; adding, in the same breath, 'Hand her whatever money you have about you.' Now it so happened that P—— had been gambling in the course of the evening, and had then not less than 600 milreás in notes in his pocket; and by way of a joke, which he knew he could play off upon his Majesty with impunity, he determined to oblige him to the very letter; and when the emperor retired, said, 'My good dame, I am very sorry for your sake that all the money I have with me is but 600 milreás; nevertheless, I hope it will suffice for your present necessities, and placing the notes in her hands, he walked away, leaving her speechless with wonder at Don Pedro's munificence. When, however, the emperor was duly informed of the sum which had thus been disbursed on his account, he flew into a great passion, and after reproaching P—— with indifference to his interests, told him, with great displeasure, that he would not have been so lavish of his own money. Here the matter rested. Among the first who flocked to congratulate Don Pedro on his entering Oporto was this very woman, who it appeared left the Bollandi to join her husband soon after the events related above; since when she had succeeded, through the death of a relation, to very considerable property, which her husband had preserved from Miguel's rapacity, by effectually concealing his real principles.

"On the day when Pedro's troops landed, however, he could contain himself no longer, but mixing with a body of the Constitution- alists, attacked a party of the retreating enemy, and miserabile dictu! lost his life in the conflict.

"Having presented her only sons to the emporer. (prior to their joining a regiment as volunteers,) and expressed her heartfelt gratitude for his former goodness, the widow returned to her house, and the same day transmitted to him betwixt 10,000 and 12,000 dollars for the public service. That this sum had been lent to the government by a rich widow was currently reported at the time, but the above facts were only known to a few in his Majesty's suite."


It is truly delightful, in these unpoetical times, to open a volume of genuine poesies like this of Clare's. While other poets are silent and neglectful of their talent, or fretter it away in writing very de société. Clare refines his diction, and cultivates his genius, devoting it to nature, and to nature's God, and looking
calmly forward to that immortality which
the virtuous poet in his lays will one day
arrive at, although his lot at present has
fallen in iron times, and an ill-boding
age, in which the egotistical outrages of
swarms of imitators drown the sweet
voices of the genuine poets by their
monotonous clamours, rendering the
name of poetry as disgusting as a nau-
seous drug.

With what different feelings do we
clave to every page of this lovely little
volume, to those excited by the hosts of
vapid imitators that for ever beset us—
what finding there is of rare and highly-
polished gems, as soon as this volume
makes its appearance among circles of
young country ladies, who live amid all
things fair, and pure, and bright, and
blooming; who, in the absence of feverish
dissipation, enrich their minds by the
study of natural history, of the flowers
of the field, and of all the wonders of the
creation. To such do we commend this
last best volume of the Northamptonshire
poet—our native Burns—yet no imitator
of Burns. The memory of these verses
will throw a sweeter spell on "Summer
Images," and on "Autumn," which last
exquisite poem has long been familiar to
us by its place in Allan Cunningham's
ill-requited volume of the "Anniversary."
They will peep into a nightingale's,
or a yellowhammer's, or a skylark's, or a
seagull's nest, will think of Clare;
may, his very words will, unbidden, come
murmuring to their lips. Clare has all
the rare simplicity of such parts, as dear
old Isaac Walton loved to quote. Isaac
would have quoted him had Clare lived in
the golden, though unjustly despised,
days of James the Peaceable. We are
pleased to see him defending Isaac Wal-
ton from the attacks of the sickly senti-
mentarians of the present day, who insist
on being holier and more humane than
either St. Peter or his master; but if we
allude much longer to Clare's charm-
ing sonnets, we shall love to steal them
one by one. In the poesy we now select,
there is a classic richness of polish that
reminds us of some highly-finished gems
in the "Greek Anthology."

INSECTS.

"Thee who loiter on the barley's beard
Are happy units of a numerous herd
Of playfellows, the laughing summer brings,
Mocking the sunshine on their glittering wings. How merrily they run, and creep, and fly!
No kin they bear to labours' drudgery,

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Smoothing the velvet of the pale hedgerose,
And where they fly for dinner no one knows. The dew-drops feed them not—they love the shine
Of noon, whose suns may bring them golden wine.
All day they're playing in their Sunday dress.
When night repose, for they can't do less,
Then to the heath-bells' purple hood they fly,
And like to princes in their slumbers lie,
Secure from rain, and dropping dewas, and all,
In silken beds and rainbow painted hall.
So merrily they spend their summer day,
Now in the corn-fields, now the new-mown hay.
One almost fancies that such happy things,
With coloured hoods and richly painted wings,
Are fairy folk, in splendid garments,
Disguised as if of mortal folk afraid,
Keeping their joyous pranks a mystery still,
Lest glaring day should do their secrets ill."

THE YELLOWHAMMER'S NEST

"Just by the wooden bridge a bird flew up,
Scared by the cow-boy, as he scrambled down
To reach the misty dewberry. Let us stop
And seek its nest. The brook we need not dread,
'Tis scarcely deep enough a bee to drown,
As it sings harmless o'er its pebbly bed.
Aye, here it is! stuck close beside the bank,
Beneath the bunch of grass, that spindles rank
Its huak-seeds tall and high: 'tis rudely planned
Of bleached stubble, and the withered fare
That last year's harvest left upon the land—
Lined thinly with the horse's sable hair.
Five eggs pen-scribbled o'er with ink their shells,
Resembling writing scrawls, which fancy reads
As Nature's pensive, and pastoral spells—
They are the yellowhammer's, and she dwells
Most poet like, where brooks and flowery weeds
As sweet as Castaly her fancy deems;
And that old mole-hill is Parnassus' hill,
On which her partner haply sits, and dreams
O'er all his joys of song. Let's leave it still
A happy home of sunshine, flowers, and streams.
Yet it is the sweetest place exposed to ill,
A noisome weed that borthens every soil.
For snakes are known, with chill and deadly coil,
To watch such nests and seize the helpless young;
And like as if the plague became a guest,
To leave a homeless house, a ruined nest.
Aye! mournful hath the little warbler sung,
When such like woes have rent his gentle breast."

We must make a choice among his
delightful sonnets, the "Sudden Shower,"
the "Hailstorm," the "Wren," the "Sycamore," all tempt us, but we fix on the
the "Old Willow:"—

"The juicy wheat now spindles into ear,
And trailing pea-blooms ope their velvet eyes,
And weeds and flowers by crowds, far off and near,
In all their velvet liveries appear,
For summer's lustre bursts unnumbered dyes.
How pleasant 'neath this willow by the brook—"
Its ancient-dwelling place for many a year—
To sit; and o'er those crowded fields to look,
And the soft drooping of the shower to hear,
Ourselves so sheltered, even a pleasant book
Might lie uninjured from the fragrant rain,
For not a drop gets through the bowery leaves,
But dry as housed in my old hut again.
I sit, and troublesome care but half its claim
receives."

There are three very pretty illustrations adorning this volume, drawn and engraved by C. Marr; among these we must note the very clever handling of the vignette sketch of Northborough Church.


This history of the American war is peculiarly interesting; it is narrated briefly, but with great spirit; and the exploits of that heroic broad-brimmed quaker General Greene, successfully opposed to the fiery courage of Lord Moira, forms a most extraordinary chapter in military history. We must bear in mind the dashing sort of partisan warfare carried on in Maryland, and the Carolinas, by the patriot Marion, whose valour is so finely commemorated by Bryant; and then be a little amazed to find that the erratic movements of this brilliant American patriot were regulated by the commands of a quaker.

"Well know's the fair and friendly moon,
The band that Marion leads;
The glittering of their rifles—
The scamporing of their steeds."

Mr. Hughes does great justice to General Greene, whom he considers second only to Washington. The dreadful execution of André, which Greene pertinaciously expedites, has made our country regard him with horror; but years and party violence have rolled away together, and Englishmen now see the hideous treason of Arnold in its proper light; and are aware that André was the agent of the most diabolical treachery ever attempted against suffering country; and when Sir Henry Clinton refused to give up Arnold, Washington and Greene had only to choose between striking terror, by hanging the gallant, noble-minded André, as proxy for the villain who had escaped, or have the more discontented and selfish spirits in the American army outrival the vile example of Arnold. The passage is too long for extract; yet we consider it admirably calculated to show how an historian can do justice to both enemies, without unnaturally taking the situation of a partisan against his country. We have, in the preceding volume, given Mr. Hughes the credit of being an honest, impartial histo-

rían, without any tendency to egotism; if in opinionated digression, he is a relator of facts; and it so happens, that the incidents of the reign of George the Third become more interesting towards the close of the last century—this has the effect of making the present volume more entertaining than its predecessor; he has, too, we think, admitted a greater number of personal anecdotes, which throw a light on the peculiar characters of the great people than on the political stage. We greatly approve of the passage descriptive of the manner in which the English ministers received the disastrous tidings of the close of the American campaign; such passages, where an historian can depend upon authentic sources of information, if frequent, would render modern history as fine a study of human nature as are the pages of Comines, Sully, Sir Thomas More, Lord Herbert, and Clarendon.

The rational object of reading history is to see how human beings, placed in peculiar circumstances, feel and act; it is said that this is the end of biography; but we know not how history and the biography of public characters can be disunited, without depriving it of half its interest. Our ancient annalists know how to effect that desirable union; and we recommend to modern historians to adapt the materials they find scattered in private letters from distinguished characters, authentic memoirs and anecdotes, to the enriching of their pages, in the proper places.

We prefer the illustrations in the present volume to the last; they are much better drawn, and more clearly engraved; the subjects are the death of Major Pierson, at Helliers, and the riots of the year 1780. The first is from one of Copley's best historical pictures; the original of the last we do not know: the perspective and the sky are good: they are designed by Wheatley.


The last named volume may be considered a successor to Mr. Swainson's Introduction. Although they both possess great merit, we consider that the "Treatise on the Geography and Classification of Animals," is the most important to students in zoology, and is truly worthy the high rank the author bears as a philosopher. In the first division of the second volume, he follows the traces of animals throughout the great divisions of the world with profound knowledge, and luminous reasoning on their habits, dispersion, and migrations. This part of the volume is illustrated by some good mar-
original vignettes, cut in wood; on which head we cannot help saying, that the bird-capturing spider is the most ill-looking mantis, and we with opinion, doubtless, our worthy naturalist would improve us seriously, if we were within reach of an exordium, and assure us that the creature was no more a monster than ourselves, and was even, perhaps, handsomer, according to its species; nevertheless, we feel very happy to be out of the reach of such atrocious looking vermin, and despite of a very reasonable share of zoological philosophy, all things considered, we doubt we should be in a desperate taking if we felt those villainously hairy paws scurrying over us. But enough of this, we are reviewing books, not spiders, and must go on to the second division of this volume, which treats of the various systems of zoologists, and the best modes of acquiring the science. He has thoroughly converted us to the system he has ably perfected of considering creatures in circular groups; and by comparison with many duds, as convictions from the perusal of his work, we are disposed fully to admit his theory of typical, sub-typical, and aberrant species.

The last chapter is written in the very spirit of old Isaac Walton, and is, besides, very full of good advice to the student; with that immediacy we take leave for the present of the worthy master who has done so much to make us properly acquainted with the living things of air above, earth beneath, and waters below us, and wait as patiently as can be expected for the conclusion of the series.

We would here suggest to the publishers that there would be a greater convenience if they numbered the parts of their Cyclopedia differently; viz. when any parts or numbers are unpublished, if they omitted or passed over those numbers (premising they can nearly tell whether the remainder will be contained in one or two books), at the same time, on the external lettering, noticing that the absent numbers are unpublished, and stating the subject matter. By the absence of this arrangement we find it rather perplexing so to arrange our set, as best to answer the end of speedy reference.


The great value of Dr. Clark's "Treatise on Teething," appears to consist in his admirable observations on the prevention of deformity of the mouth. He endeavours to prove that deformities of the jaw, as underhung or rabbit-shaped mouths, proceed from malformation of the second set of teeth; an evil, however, which can by sur-}

1. The Merchant's and Banker's Commercial Pocket Guide.
2. The Mother's Pocket Medical Guide.
3. The Pocket Guide to Domestic Cookery.

M'Phun, Glasgow. 1835.

If the "Lady's Magazine and Museum" were a publication solely for the ladies, even then, in commending this book (No. 1) in our columns, we feel assured we should have the thanks of those who had the opportunity of looking at its very interesting and instructive pages. But as our province is known to be (exclusive of a few pages, which are about articles of toilet and dress) that of caterers for families,
whom the ladies form so important and
elegant a part, the intelligent publisher
would fain have, and well he deserves it,
our recommendation to fathers and sons,
over whom our remarks have influence.
The little book abounds in information re-
Iative to domestic trading of all kinds, as
well as commerce; and the youth who
carefully scans its contents, may be as
knowing as an old merchant upon 'Change,
and if he have a retentive memory, wise
beads will say he is a clever lad. We
shall take some future opportunity of
giving an extract or two. By-the-bye, we
wish the stock list had not ended at 1831:
why so tardy? when the rest of the infor-
mation is down to a recent date.

2. This begins with directions for mar-
keoting—information, useful, at some time
or other, to almost every consumer. The
fifteen plates, illustrative of carving, may
enable a foreigner to learn the useful
and elegant art of serving his neighbour
gracefully and gratefully. "Cookery for
the sick," is a useful chapter of reference
to every feeling mind.

We think our own method of dressing
macaroni—which, however, differs little
from the book—preferable: first boil it
gently in milk, then strain the milk off,
and place layers of grated cheese between
it in the dish. Melted butter, made with
milk (that is, a thick white sauce), should
then be poured over it, and it is to be
afterwards nicely browned at the top: for
children, simply boiled in milk is suffi-
cient.

This nice little book concludes with ge-
neral directions for making wines and
preserves. We do not wonder that it has
received a third edition.

3. This volume treats of the rearing of
infants, and will be found a very service-
able auxiliary and friend. The three books
form, indeed, a nice addition to Mrs.
Child's very useful and clever little library,
published in the same intellectual portion
of the United Kingdom.

A Manual of Entomology. From the German
of Dr. Hermann Burmeister. By W. E.
Schuckard, M.E.S. Churton.

This publication was continued in six
monthly parts of 1s., when it appears that
an anxiety to have it completed at an
earlier day caused a demand for double
monthly numbers. The 9th and 10th is the
last published: as a book for the perusal of
the general reader, it is not suitable; but
it is admirably adapted for those who wish,
in diving into the anatomy of the structure
of the insect tribe, to make themselves
thoroughly acquainted with the subject.

To such we willingly commend it. This
prelude, however, finished, we expect, in
subsequent numbers, matter suitable for
every reader; if such be the case, we
would have the publisher divide the work
into two volumes.

The Sea-side Companion. By Mary Ro-
berts, author of "Domesticated An-

Since the family of the Aikens first set
the example of writing on natural history
in a familiar and attractive style, it has
been a favourite study with the educated
classes of the present generation, from
childhood upwards. The present volume,
by Miss Mary Roberts, is admirably adap-
ted to improve a taste so desirable to be
cherished in well-regulated minds; it is
the work of a naturalist of minute obser-
vation, who possesses a rich store of in-
formation: it is a book that will improve
a sea-side ramble, and the reflections
springing from the perusal of its delight-
ful pages will bring a healthful and vigorous
tone to the mind, at the same time that
the sea-breezes brace and refresh the bodily
health. It is a pleasant thing to know the
names and habits and manners and modes
of life of every shining or curious creature
that comes across our path, when we are
roving on the sandy margin of the sea-beat
shore. We miss, indeed, the description
of various objects on our eastern coast, familiar
to us from childhood; and wish that Miss
Roberts's elegant style would dedicate the
echinoids, or sea-urchins, the hermit-crabs,
the needle-fish, the star-fishes, the stinging-
rays, the sea-mouse, and the beautiful fuci,
and many other animals and marine pro-
ductions which are as well worthy atten-
tion as the corallines: all these are want-
ing to make this pretty volume complete as
a sea-side companion, for a lady, during her
sojourn at a bathing-place on our coasts;
and we are a little surprised that a work
that is certainly unique of its kind, should
not have embraced the description of all
that is usually found by wanderers on the
sea-beach; and we think Miss Roberts
would be well employed in adding these
sea-side creatures to her next edition, plac-
ing them before those excellent chapters
that put out boldly to sea, descriptive of
animals that inhabit the deep waters.

Having mentioned the omissions of this
volume, we must now name more parti-
cularly what it contains. The corallines and
animal plants are particularly well de-
scribed; and the corals, with their insects,
will give great satisfaction to the reader.
The chapter headed corals is illustrated by
a branch of red coral in its natural state,
a very good wood-cut; and the next chap-
ter, by the portraits of the little artists
that form this gem like substance. From
the history of coral we extract the follow-

—
"The bone of the red coral constitutes that beautiful and much esteemed production, the true or red coral of the jewellers. This coral is found in the Mediterranean, Adriatic, and Red Sea, and appears to be no where more abundant than in the seas about Marseilles, Corsica, Sicily, the coasts of Africa, and in the vicinity of Barbary; the coral fisheries being carried on with great spirit in those parts, and proving very lucrative. It equals the most compact marble, in hardness and durability; and these material qualities, in addition to its beautiful texture and colour, have contributed to render it valuable in the world, from the earliest ages. Thus in the book of Job,—

No mention shall be made of corals, or of pearls; for the price of wisdom is above rubies."

A new scene was now presented to the attention. It consisted of a number of boats skimming rapidly over the transparent water, each of which was tipped with vivid light; and a fleet of more than twenty small vessels, with their sails expanded to catch the breeze. They were employed in the coral fishery, which is carried on from the entrance of the Faro, to the part of the strait opposite the church of the Grotto; or through a space of the mills in length, and to the distance of three miles from Messina. Each vessel was manned by eight men, who separately moored them above a range of submarine rocks, and then proceeded to bring up the branches of coral, by means of an instrument formed of two poles of wood, crossing each other at right angles, and sustaining a large net on the under side; a stone having been previously fixed at the points where the poles cross each other, in order to facilitate the descent of the instrument; and a cord strongly tied round the middle. Each of the fishermen held one of these instruments in his hand, and, by the help of a companion, he guided the net to those places where the coral was supposed to grow, which was then enclosed in the meshes of the net, broken off, and immediately drawn up.

"Some of the branches were completely perforated. They had, no doubt, been the habitations of minute insects, either in consequence of having been accidentally broken from the rocks by some marine animal, or else by the nets of the fishermen, which often leave behind them considerable portions of the ruptured branches. Several beautiful specimens of perfect as well as perforated coral were obtained from the different boats. One of them was immersed in a glass vessel filled with sea-water, and it was very amusing to observe the polype insects coming out of their cells, as soon as the little ocean that surrounded them was at rest.

"Coral fishermen divide the tract from the entrance of the Faro to the church of the Grotto into ten parts: every year they fish only in one of these divisions, and do not visit it again for ten years. This interval is necessary, in order to enable the coral to acquire its full growth in height and consistence. It would otherwise be smaller, less beautiful, and solid; for the brightness of the colour also depends upon its age.

"The quantity of coral generally amounts in each year to three thousand pounds' weight; the gain acquired is, therefore, adequate to the labour. Yet the fishery is a secondary and wearisome occupation; and the fishermen only follow it when they cannot obtain a more profitable employment."

The wood-cuts by Baxter are very excellent, and altogether it is a charming volume, and the only fault we can find is, that there is not more of it. We have pointed out several tribes of sea-animals and plants which require familiar discussion, and trust the publishers will soon favour the public with a more extended edition.


This history of Greece is evidently written by an eminently learned scholar, who most usefully displays his talents in deep research, concerning the aboriginal inhabitants of the celebrated country which is the subject of his labours. Like many other learned persons, he is slow of belief on matters appertaining to tradition or poetry; accordingly, he gives small credence to the tale of Troy divine. Helen he altogether abjures as a mere mythological invention: yet it is proceeding, we think, too far to refuse existence to characters, because their history is somewhat involved in the marvellous; because Fiction, by means of her fascinating spells, has won her way into the hall of History, and seated herself so close to the venerable sage, that her songs are sometimes heard mingling with his narrative, must we on that account reject every name mentioned by both? If we are forbidden to believe that such personages as Queen Helen and Prince Achilles existed, because the flatterers of the one declared that she was the daughter of Jupiter, and of the other, that he was the son of a sea-goddess, ought we to disbelieve that there existed an Alexander the Great seeing that he was called, nay called himself, the son of Ammon. And we are at a loss to know, why the heroines and heroes of the "Iliad" should not take similar liberties with their parentage? We are told, that Alexander flung a spear at the man who had saved his life, for asserting that he was the son of good King Philip: and we have no reason to suppose that Achilles would have taken in better part from Homer, or any one else, the intimation, that he was the son of mortal damsels, instead of the offspring of the silver-footed dame. The assumption of immortality beggars, is a laughable proof of the pride of human nature; but it is no just cause for imputation upon a person's identity: if it were so, Romulus, and even Julius Caesar, must be blanks in history; and Numa will be strongly suspected of being an airy..."
nothing, from his connexion with the nymph Egeria. This objection to the work is by no means a vital one; on the other hand, it possesses many valuable points. The patient investigation of the condition of that mysterious race, the Helots—the proof that such serfs existed in every Greek state—the unravelling of the migrations of the Heracleids—the discussions on the arts, customs, and manners of the Grecian states—every portion deserves great praise. The history is, moreover, written with the most purifying, which will render it a most acceptable work for the purposes of education. As to the historical narrative, we think that the most deficient part of the work, with the exception of one portion—that of the Messenian wars, the events of which were never more beautifully told, though with needful brevity. We wish the same plan had been pursued in the histories of other states, rather than the space devoted to critical comment on unrelated facts: for the narration of which, the reader is referred to Pausanias, Herodotus, or Thucydides. There is nothing that displeases us more, than argumentative discussion on facts supposed to be known. When indulged in by the writers of these popular cabinet volumes, the readers of which, in most cases, purchase them as a first initiation into history, we would rather, with Sir Roger de Coverley, read a hero's life at the ten with the morningury. If an event is considered too atrocious for narration, as the effect of the evil passions of the mother of Periander, why allude to her at all? The readers of these histories require a powerful, though bounded stream of connected facts, instead of marginal references to ancient writers, as to which are best to be believed in the version of events that are not related. As far as the learned research of Mr. Thirlwall throws new light on the customs and national character of the Greeks, it is alike welcome to his equals in the literary arena, and to the young persons who open his volume for a first taste of classical history; but he has no consideration for this last and very numerous class of readers of the Cabinet Library. This is shown in his plan of adopting the Greek names of the heathen divinities, instead of the Roman, that are in common parlance. He mentions his intention to that effect in his preface. This is a matter of small importance, if each unusual appellation had been accompanied by explanation. But we do not collect any interpretations, excepting Here, Juno, and Athené (Minerva): meantime, Hephæstus, Dionysus, Selene, Aphrodite, and Poseid, are left without any direct intimation, whereby the unskilled in Greek may guess which of these worthies happen to be their old acquaintances, Vulcan, Bacchus, Diana, Venus, or Neptune; and there is not even a clue as to whom Demeter and Artemis are. Now this is pedantry, and pedantry of the worst sort, being a thought's aggravation on the thousands of readers of the Family Library, who do not understand Greek. We see, in like manner, little master, on his return from a grammar school at the first vacation, ask the footman for bread and drink in Latin, and his sister talk French to the housemaid. Rev. Sir, we speak to you in the name and on the behalf of the ladies, few of them understand Greek, nor is it fit they should, but they ought to be informed on the subject of Greek history; and they would read yours with greater pleasure, if you would communicate your deep knowledge and extensive learning with the same spirit of elegant simplicity in which you have written the Messenian wars.

Rainbow Sketches. By John Francis.
Author of "Sunshine, or Lay for Ladies."—Thomas.

Several of the papers in this little volume deserve considerable praise; for they are not only comic and playful, but possess good moral satire, being founded on acute observation of character, as it is modified by fashionable life. Of this nature are the sketches called "Morning Calls," "Confessions of a Coxcomb," "The Dinner in Harley-street," and "Situation as a Governess.

The more serious and pathetic stories are complete failures, being copies from bad imitative models in the annals; the tale of the "Cameronian," for instance, is the eighth or tenth shadow of a shade. We enjoin Mr. Francis to laugh at the world, and to give up folly as she flies, and to excise forthwith lachrymals and heroics, as out of his line—to beware of imitating the imitators; and, when fools of all sorts and sizes throng round him by dozens, to make his sketches as large as life, yet forgetting all personality, as well as all persons who have ever written on the same subjects. His comic poems are too Baylyish. The Mr. Bayly is too inveterate a copier of himself, to afford room for another to poach in the same manner. The story of the brother and sister being taken from life, must form an exception to what we have said concerning our author's failure in handling serious subjects. This tale is worked up with care and skill; but the author is not correct regarding the law of appeal by battle, which was only available when the prisoner was proved to have been unjustly acquitted, and then the law suffered the challenge to be given, without any direct intimation, whereby the unskilled in Greek may guess which of these worthies happen
a second trial for the same offence. After all, the light gay scenes of the drawing-room are the author's proper regions. The "Love Letter" is a droll stave, and is original, as far as young ladies' sentimentalities can be deemed original.

LOVE LETTER!

I have dreamed my dear Edward of you,
In the silence and beauty of night;
I have thought of our meeting at Kew,
I know that my heart is a sight:
My father has found out our meeting,
And read all the letters you wrote;
He swears we shall have no more greeting,
Or sails on the sea in a boat.

They call you bad names, they abuse you,
My firmness they try to allure;
Of crime upon crime they accuse you,
But the climax of all is—you're poor:
They may say what they please, but I never
Can cease to remember the vows;
We spake by the side of the river
O'erhung by the chestnut's green boughs.

Oh, come to my help I entreat you,
For another they wish me to wed;
And if I should fail, love, to meet you,
You may make up your mind that I'm dead:
Bring with you a mind full of hope,
Bring with you a fond heart and true;
Bring with you a ladder of rope—
But—good gracious! take care that it's new!

If your dinner is waiting, don't stay;
Come up on the swiftest of sleds;
Don't keep to the high turnpike way,
But come the short cut through the meads.

Come up with a comet's velocity!
Come up with a soul firm as steel;
Did you guess my father's ferocity,
You'd long all my sorrows to heal.

Get ready a carriage and four!
Don't forget (most important) a ring!
And before many hours are o'er,
To your breast like a bird I shall cling!
Gretta, pray how do they marry?
My dresses and shawls I must save;
And how many trunks can we carry?
What a love of a ride we shall have!
'I've been tracing our route on the map;
But, oh! how I wish we had met, love!
I shall bring my pet dog in my lap,—
There's no chance of our being apt, love?
But how shall we manage, I pray,
Supposing the ladder should break;
Or, supposing my feet should give way;
Or, supposing papa should awake!!

Oh! what in the world shall I do?
I'm certain my brother would make me
Come back, if he could, without you.
But no, I will bid them defiance,
Their threats and their promises spurn;
And, placing on you my reliance,
But a pathway of flowers discern!

The less we say on the subject of illustrations the better; the binder would have acted with praiseworthy consideration to the interests of the publisher, if he had altogether forgotten to put them into the book.

Philosophy of Manufactures. By ANDREW URE, M. D. C. Knight.

In our last number we entered some-what at large upon the subject of Sunday schools, we have now before us a work which may well be taken as an appendix, showing not merely the value, but the necessity of such seasons for enabling children engaged in factories to be something above the animal, capable alone of calling into action its powers of body under the guidance of a master. We will begin at an early page of Dr. Ure's book. It would seem that 614,300 work-people constantly engaged within the factories of Great Britain; that five-tenths are under 21 years, and three-tenths of these are young females.

It has sometimes happened, nay often, that a great abuse has existed, and that, after much outcry, that abuse is put an end to, and that the authors then turn round upon their just accusers, and, abusing them in turn, defy them to say that any such evil as that complained of exists. We would refer these remarks to the subject matter before us; and first, independently of the general outcry, seize upon some strong holds, to show that a humane public has wisely called upon the Legislature to regulate these enormous establishments for the good of the whole kingdom.

Dr. Ure says,

"The constant aim and effect of scientific improvements and manufactures are philanthropic, as they tend to relieve the workmen, either by the niceties of adjustment, which exhaust his mind, and fatigue his eyes, or from painful repetition of effort, which distorts or wears out his frame."

Such, indeed, is the effect of machinery, and the philosophic inventors may have had that object in view; but how to make money the fastest is, we are disposed to think, the real object in using machinery; for, upon its first introduction, what was the situation of tens of thousands of industrious people?—starvation, or the workhouse. The sufferers, doubtless, thought there was not much real humanity in the cessation from toil. However, we are not arguing against machinery. If we had it not, we could have no foreign market, and our colonies would sadly grumble to be compelled to be supplied from the mother country, whilst from any other quarter their wants could be provided against at a far less rate.

Again we quote Dr. Ure—

"Struggling, a process between carding and spinning the wool, which converts the spongy rolls, turned off from the cards, into a continuous length of fine porous cord, is a handi- craft operation, depending on the skill of the stabler. If he be a steady, temperate man, he will conduct his business regularly, without needing to harass his juvenile assistants, who
join together the series of card-rolls, and thus feed his machine; but, if he be addicted to liquor, and passionate, he has it in his power to exercise a fearful despotism over the young piecellers, in violation of the proprietor's benevolent intentions—that is as may be. This class of operatives, who, though inmates of factories, are not, properly speaking, factory-workers, being independent of the moving power, have been the principal source of the obloquy so unsparingly cast on the cotton and other factories, in which no such capricious practices or cruelties exist. The wool slubber, when behind-hand with his work, after a visit to the beer-shop, resumes his task with violence, and drives his machine at a speed beyond the power of the piecellers to accompany; and, if he finds them deficient in the least point, he does not hesitate to lift up the long wooden rod from his slubbing-frame, called a billy-roller, and beat them unmercifully."

Upon any trial, the foreman of the jury would spare the time of the judge and the court, by being instructed to say the case was clearly made out. Dr. Ure, with his benevolent intentions, may well say, "I rejoice to find that science now promises to rescue this branch of the business from handicraft caprice. But what has been the fate of thousands of poor suffering children?"

Dr. Ure has a strong leaning towards the masters, and by no means gives support to the busy-stirring factory commission; he well explains himself, saying, "As a stranger, and who was treated with courteous hospitality, I have no motive or wish to make a single remark in a sarcastic spirit."

Again, on the subject of ventilation. At page 393, is an account of the corridor at Anderson, near Glasgow, where 500 workpeople reside. If we mistake not, we have seen these buildings, and were much pleased by their comfortable appearance—"But the occupants were so careless of cleanliness and ventilation, that they have been frequently visited with typhus fevers of the most malignant and fatal kind." Mr. H. Houldsworth, the proprietor, has now led along the ceiling of the corridor a large iron pipe, shut towards the door of the passage, and connected by a valve at its other open extremity, with the great chimney of the mill. From the side of this horizontal pipe, opposite to each house, a tin tube, an inch and a half in diameter, enters through the wall, so as to present its open end immediately over the bedstead of each apartment. Whenever the steam-engine is stepped, either at meal hours or at night, the mechanism which shuts the fire-damp is so constructed, as to open at the same instant the valve at the inner end of the corridor pipe; whereupon a brisk current is established in each tin tube, and a stream of air rushes from it into every apartment; so that the factory barracks have been not only completely delivered from the every appearance of pestilential fever, but have become, in fact, a remissibly healthy habitation."

The same evils existed in many manufactories; but the admirable fan ventilator has, as we have fully described at page 246 in the present number, enabled all masters, at a trifling first cost, properly to ventilate each apartment.

Every one must rejoice at these great changes; the iron hand of a despotic factory ruler is no longer to wound a poor helpless child; nor are the manufacturers to be pent up in an atmosphere, if not contagious, yet so corrupt, as to undermine their constitutions. But to proceed. In quoting the evidence of Sir David Barry, Dr. Ure says, "Mr. Kempston, a respectable manufacturer in New England, assured our Central Board, that factory labour for twelve or fourteen hours!! is not found to be injurious to the health or growth of the children of ten years of age and upwards in the states, because they are well fed, their board being paid out of their wages by the proprietors—an excellent practice, which would not, however, be permitted by the pauper parents in this country, who live much upon their children's earnings. In their manufacturing districts, upwards of 4,000 children are employed, under twelve years of age."

Alas, America! thou land of boasted freedom, where slavery is, in all its horrors, in your very kingdom, where to advocate the cause of personal freedom is a crime worthy of death; thus would you doom your infant population to pass their lives, as Grotius says, "like cattle."

Far be it from us to allow the children of the poor, or any children, to pass their younger days in idleness: the children of the rich have their mental studies to bring forth fruits in good season for the national benefit; the children of the poor their early labours to gain proficiency, and habituate them to toil: but is this the sum of their existence? fourteen hours, alas!! In public offices from 9 till 3, from 10 to 2, or 4, are deemed to be all the service that is necessary. Even the paid magistrate works but from 12 till 2, and from 6 till 8, while perhaps an unfortunate prisoner, offender, or charged only with an offence languishes in the dungeon! each official department, indeed, takes its ease and rest, all, save the most praiseworthy of all public officers, the judges of the land, who give to their duties the utmost of their existence—would that to such a tribunal as this the case and care of the poor were intrusted. We cannot add to these honest and upright men the members of the Lower House of the Legislature, until we see less of self-interest in their struggles, more real thought of the public good. Give their relief to these children, time to gain the rudiments of useful knowledge, to acquire the art of reading and writing; do as is done and well de-
scribed at New Lanark, and then you may do, as we have done, at seeing the gratifying sight—leave a factory rejoicing, that every needful help is given for the wants, mental and bodily, of this numerous and hard-working class. With attention like this, in a future edition of Dr. Ure's works, we should read the converse of what he states as fact, which, indeed, is known to all the world. "Nothing," he says, at page 368, "strikes the eye of a stranger more in Manchester than the swarms of empirical practitioners of medicine. Nearly a dozen of them may be found clustered together in one of the main streets, all prepared, with drastic pills and alterative potions, to prey upon the CREDULOUS spinners!!!" Yes; their bodies have been suffering, because the mind was a void, brute passions have taken strong hold upon them, the desire for and indulgence in exciting food and ardent spirits; but let the mind have some field for exercise, and a better state of things may be brought about, whilst hitherto suffering in body, and degraded in mind, they have been the prey of every factious demagogue: but mark the change. The following are extracts from the admirable address of this class at Preston, in Lancashire, for a ten hours' bill. It is headed—

"Let labour live!—Let Industry be Rewarded!—Let Children be Protected!"

From some parts we differ entirely, such as—Whoever imagined that human depravity could so far vitiate the best blessings of Heaven, as to transfer, by means of our boasted ingenuity, the labour of the parent to the child, and of the man to the woman. We see no objection, neither would we wish to have women and children released from toil, whilst others must work to maintain them; we argue only for a moderate claim, leaving leisure for improvement, enjoyment, and exercise. We are averse from compulsory emigration in any and every shape; where the poor, or any class, voluntarily migrates, they pursue their own will, how hard soever the necessity; but far be it from us to sanction compulsion. This address emphatically asks,

"Does Christianity deprive the young of the balmy air of heaven, and of the gay pastimes of childhood, and leave them when Manoum's bond is paid—when his civil claim (15 hours a day) for labour and occupation together is satisfied, neither time nor physical capacity for the schoolmaster's lessons, nor for the counsels of the minister of Christ's religion. Is this Christianity? Is it not besti-ism? Is not barbarism itself refinement to this; and is not Paganism divine when compared with such Christianity as this?"

In another part, the address continues—

"The first cause of the evils endured, is our ignorance, and under the factory-hours of labour, that ignorance is hopeless." Dr. Ure, however, informs us, that there is a great increase in Sunday schools.

"The second is our divisions and our jalousies, which spring in a great measure from our ignorance. The third cause is the want of all, and the least excusable—our intemperance."

We admire this honest yet painful declaration. How can the men be said to be ill-paid, whilst they can find the means of revelling in such expensive, such fatal, debauchery—THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL? "We debase ourselves, and invite tyranny to trample upon us; our enemies see in the vices of a large portion of our body, the opportunity and pretext for oppression."

"Fellow workmen! let us, at all events, strive to deliver ourselves from the last of these evils. Unless this be done, our cause is hopeless: we are and must be the victims of imposition; we can neither, by pecuniary nor by moral means, do anything for our emancipation from the yoke which others impose, till we have broken the iron fetters of intemperance, which our own hands have rivetted."

"The money-mongers and party politicians find us an easy prey. They perceive that we are easily amused and divided by party ribbons, and banners, and clap-traps; and then we become, by turns, the playthings and tools of Whigs, Tories, and even Radicals. Each of these parties are striving for place, power, and pension—these are the gods of their idli-arity. Each in turn is, or else would be, patriots when out of office, and tyrants when in. We are becoming the nation's life and blood; and only stopping to take breath, and to utter the insulting cry of 'Prosperity, prosperity! and to tell us that for them the machine works well.' Oh! the trickery of this game between the outs and the ins. 'Ambition insipires it, curiosity urges it, and hypocrisy disguises it.' We have, however, to pay the smart. Let us not be misunderstood. In each of these three parties there are some good men, real philanthropists; but they are led away by party spirit. This is our national ruin—scrapping for power and place under Colour of Patriotism."

"We claim the bill of Mr. Hindley for ourselves; we are parents, we have families who are looking up to us for instruction, and we have no time either to acquire information for ourselves, or to communicate it to them."

"Once more, we ask the help of all those who love their country. We invoke the arm of Omnipotence, humbly imploring his power and approbation. To our countrymen, we say, 'Even for your ribbons and banners, support party struggles no more; leave them to die, to exhaust themselves; support those men of all parties and shades who will espouse and maintain the good old rule of Christianity, 'Do unto all others as you would they should do unto you.' Here is our rallying point.'"

Here we must draw our remarks to a close: our attention has been engrossed by called-forth interest for the labouring manufacturers, and we have hardly touched upon Dr. Ure's able investigation into the
"Philosophy of Manufactures." In that respect the treatise is able and learned, yet adapted admirably for the general reader. Legislators and manufacturers should know its contents, and workmen study the many useful arrangements for their better health and general comfort. There are many investigations of great novelty, which will serve our readers at a future day as amusing and instructive miscellany.

The Constitutional Magazine for Sept. 1835.
Valpy.

We shall look with anxiety for the third number of this periodical. We thought constitutional intended matter of the state and kingdom, but in this sporting season of September,

The editor seems to be other game after, a
And tries to convulse his readers with laughter.

Does he think to rise higher, by making his periodical, which should wage honourable literary war with Blackwood and Fraser, lighter. We know not what course our brother contemporary means to steer. We are far from finding fault with the amusement in his pages, but we looked for a bolder stroke of policy. Perhaps "the session" is over!! However, whilst we make these remarks upon the general selection, we are much pleased with the opening paper—"The Lords, their position, and their prospects;" and it would be well if inactive Conservatives took to themselves the justness of this remark, that there was a great error of judgment committed by them in the Lower House—the want of determined and active resistance to those parts of the (Corporation) Bill, with which they were at issue. They should have considered themselves as guarding the outposts, and not have suffered their enemy to have marched almost triumphantly to the citadel itself. We speak thus authoritatively of our contemporary: for an indifferent shot, who bags but little game, shooting alike at great birds and little birds, leaves the field open for some other keen political sportsman.

History of England; vols. 4 and 5—continued from the late Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh—Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, No. 69.
The fourth and fifth volumes of the "Cabinet Cyclopaedia" have been continued by an author to whom Dr. Lardner consigned the pen after Sir James Mackintosh's lamented death. In diction and literary powers, we consider the chasm in that able history well filled up; yet we think, notwithstanding Sir James Mackintosh's avowed Whiggish principles, he would have touched on the Stuart era with more humanised feelings than his continuator; that he would have scorned to retail as genuine history the dirty scandals of Antony Welldon, who wrote private memoirs with the venom of a discarded servant, and the low gossip of a washerwoman. We believe that Sir James was philosopher sufficient to name a good action good, even if performed by a Stuart! Surely, when James the First pardoned Grey and Markham, and the other conspirators on the scaffold, Sir James would have allowed it to have been a worthy deed, let it have been performed by whom it might; and he certainly would not have wasted two pages in railing and sneering on an action unexampled in the annals of the Plantagenets and Tudors. In a word, we think Sir James would have bestowed more attention on the statistics of Great Britain, and less on court scandal. Small attention, indeed, does our author bestow on the mighty rise of genius, commerce, and colonisation, which distinguished the first thirty years of the seventeenth century, when the palaces of a learned nobility teemed with sound wealth, and the cottages of the peasant with plenty, we ask whether these things would not have afforded more profitable discussion than personal scandals on James the First, even supposing the said scandals were true?

With this mode of viewing this arduous era of English history, our readers will perceive that the author has written entirely to please the Republican party. In their eyes it would have been a mortal crime in any person of less name and weight than Sir James Mackintosh to have allowed a human feeling to Charles the First. Perhaps Sir James could have afforded to have been more liberal; but the time has not yet arrived when an author dare represent those times as they really were. The dynasty of the Stuarts is still a party-political question; and can we look for truth on either side whilst such is the case? We trust authors in the present century have more conscience than they had in the last, when Mrs. Macaulay, a now-forgotten party historian, was detected destroying letters and papers in the British Museum, to which she had access, for the purpose of illustrating history, because she found those silent and forgotten witnesses spoke too favourably in the cause of the unfortunate Stuarts, and her personal hatred to them was venomous, rancorous, and unquenchable.

"So blind is error—so false a witness hate!"

We recommend the honest feelings, the high moral perceptions, of an historian we have lately reviewed, the Rev. Mr. Hughes, to the contemplation of the author of the present continuation; he will know by that recommendation that we are vindica-
ing the cause of humanity and truth, and not that of an ultra-party. There is a class of readers who look on history as a mere story-telling mirror, wherein they may clearly trace the causes and effects of human passions, and the modes of thinking and acting pursued by individuals placed by chance or design in difficult circumstances, and to note wherein they erred, suffered, or triumphed. What can such readers say to a one-sided historian who will allow no human feelings to a king, merely because he is a king; forgetting that he is, at the same time, a man exposed to peculiar trials more than other men?—historians who falsify evidence in order to bring railing accusations against him. The last volume is occupied by the reign of Charles the First, and this reign is not yet brought to a close; but the party spirit we have alluded to pervades most of the volume. Well knowing the train of thought that actuates writers deeply pledged on one side of the question, we marvelled what induced him to bestow praises on the character of Henrietta Maria, whose restless disposition and indifferent temper brought her little popularity from the king’s friends; while she was the mask of a thousand calumnies from her husband’s enemies. At length, however, the secret comes out: our author beseeches a spirit to commit infidelities against her husband, and then to despise him instead of her guilty self. However, both charges are unsupported slanders. Henrietta, whose worst fault was having a bad temper, was a true wife; courageous and faithful in the hour of adversity; the letters of this unfortunate pair breathe the very spirit of confidential and domestic love. But the misrepresentations of private character, are not the only faults we find in this history. Read the passage, and the comments thereon, at pages 196 and 197, when the Spanish fleet was attacked by Van Tromp.

Now supposing that the king had protected the overwhelming Spanish force against the brave Dutch admiral, what vittuperations would have been poured forth by the author on the subject of Charles’s aiding and abetting popish tyrants against the young liberties of the struggling states of Holland. The king was perfectly right to let the two nations decide their quarrel without his interference.

Our author has learnt scandal from studying the pages of Antony Walden, the ugliness and republicanism of Pym does not protect him.

The republican spirit of the author is in our opinion directly avowed in these words—

“The impeachment of Strafford was one of those master strokes in the science of revolution which manifest the great leader, like certain master-strokes in that of war.”

Our author cannot help, like the republican Whitelocke before him, falling in love with the bold bearing of Strafford in the hour of trial and of suffering. He has forgotten to mention that most notable historical circumstance, that, among the other articles of impeachment fabricated by the “champions of public liberty skilled in the science of revolution,” was one charging Strafford with the crime and tyranny of introducing...
the linen manufacture into the north of Ireland. Poor Ireland! well for her if she had a few such enemies as Strafford in the present day.* We are strange reviewers to pity Ireland and vindicate, at the same time, slanders heaped on Charles and Strafford. Alas! we are reviewers without any party, excepting that of historical truth, and an honest perception of moral right.


This number opens with a paper by Charles Fowler, Esq., on the erection of the new Houses of Parliament, and as it is a "national subject of great interest and importance," we leave the architects to discuss the exterior, whilst for the business world, we make the following wholesome extract from Dr. Ure's able work on the "Philosophy of Manufactures;" and we think the doctor's "Medical Architecture" will make many of the clamorous patients:

"Our legislators when bewailing, not long ago, the fate of their fellow-creatures, doomed to breathe the polluted air of a factory, were little aware how superior the system of ventilation adopted in many cotton mills was to that employed for their own comfort in either House of Parliament. The engineers of Manchester do not, like those of the metropolis, trust for a sufficient supply of fresh air into any crowded hall, to currents physically created in the atmosphere by the difference of temperature excited by chimney-draughts; because they know them to be ineffectual, to remove with requisite rapidity the dense carbonic acid gas generated by many hundred powerful lungs. The factory provides for the use of a train of measurable volumes, by mechanical means, of the simplest but most unfailing kind, especially by excentric fans, made to revolve with the rapidity of nearly 100 feet per second; and thereby to ensure a constant renewal of the atmosphere in any range of apartments, however large or closely pent they may be. The effect of one of Fairburn and Lillie's four-guinea fans upon a large factory is truly admirable; it not only sweetens the interior space immediately, but renders the ingress of odorous nuisance from without altogether impossible."

There is an old proverb "look at home," regulate well your own house and your own affairs, and then give some time to your neighbours. Were a Manchester man in the gallery when the ventilation of factories was under discussion, he would surely say, "they seem to know nothing practically."

The chief point in Mr. Fowler's paper is grateful acknowledgment to the government for the public competition permitted on this occasion.

"Remarks on Street Architecture" is a clever paper, by Mr. W. J. Short. And here we would direct public attention to the fact, that if there be great landowners and capitalists, it is to them we owe the beautiful uniformity and magnificence of most of our streets and squares. The evil of a great purse to those whose it is not, is, then, imaginary. The possessors of great wealth, or their heirs, are great and beneficient stewards for public good.

We have often thought that arches, as suggested, might with advantage and ornament be thrown over the streets which intersect them. These mounting passes would be at a premium when the snows did not render them dangerous. We think a design would really be adopted, if prepared for some particular and needful locality.

Mr. Leeds has a disquisitive paper on plans for rooms: we shall look with eagerness for his "ambuscade bed," which is promised at some other opportunity.

With "Scrutator" we perfectly agree, that it is a most scandalous practice that estimates are generally little more than half or two-thirds of the actual cost of any work, public or private. It is provertial that this is the fact, or, in other words, civilly speaking, such takers-in are the most smooth-faced cheats in the whole kingdom.

Had we space to dwell longer upon this number, we would follow Mr. I. J. Kent through all the dwelling rooms of some house of his own construction.

"Censor," on heating apartments, is correct in saying that there is a signal objection to the use of hot water, or other fluxes, in living rooms. There is no current of fresh air in itself, and it is impossible to give that ventilation which is essential to health. We hope with him that the hot water (and hot air) mania will never expel our ancient cheerful and wholesome open hearth. How we deplored the loss at the British Museum, the Temple, and elsewhere; but why need "Censor" spoil in several parts a good paper by unkindly reproaches upon the celebrated Mr. Rowland,* or injurious writing of this character. This plan of hot water was only a new branch to make money, or rather to allure it into the coffers of those concerned. We might as well declare "Censor" to be,

* During the year 1825, 16,087,176 yards of Irish linen, worth 918,383l.; 53,993,038 yards of British linen, worth 1,309,616l., were exported from the United Kingdom.—Dr. Ure's Philosophy of Manufactures.—[What beneficial employment is thus found for thousands of families.]

* We never ourselves tried Rowland's Macassar, but we willingly assert that friends of our own, of sound understanding and sagacity, have by experience pronounced it to be most admirable in its qualities, confirming it by a willing transmission for a guinea bottle of it.
which he evidently is not, a stove-grate manufacturer.

The conductor is justified in calling this number excellent; we add, "useful."


Pickering

We know not when we have been better pleased, more satisfied with literary pages, than with the present number of our old companion in arms! "The Gentleman's Magazine." It is a mass of recreative science; let such of our readers, who possess it not, take it home from their libraries, and see if we have not provided for them such a treat as they like.

We steal one paper:—


Sir,—I am that identical William Cobbett (called Peter Porcupine) whose writings you have now and then honoured with your approbation. I take the liberty of enclosing you a file of my Gazette for the month past, which I shall repeat at the end of every month, begging of you to send me in return your useful and entertaining Magazine. This shall, however, be optional with you. I send you my paper, because, in your hands, I know it may become of use to my countrymen. Mark well all the passages respecting the Republican Britons amongst us. Depend on it they are sunk here below even the par of rascality and wretchedness.

Few booksellers in the United States carry on that branch of business with more life than I do. If you choose, and can fall upon any arrangement, I will receive from you a few volumes of your Magazine half yearly? I could get 50, if not 100 subscribers to the work, and this would take off a good number of your surplus dead stock. This I must leave to yourself, sir, but let me beg of you not to omit sending me your Magazine half yearly. I want also the two volumes for 1796. I will fall upon some method of getting you the money for these things. Let me have the honour of a letter from good "Old Sylvanus," and please to communicate to me the mode in which I can be most useful to your excellent publication.

America is become an interesting scene. Let me request you to pay particular attention to the humiliation we now experience on account of the weakness of our government, and to beg you to observe that that weakness grows out of the abominable system of universal suffrage. But, by reading the Gazette through, you will choose for yourself.

I have the honour to be, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

Wm. Cobbett.

Philadelphia, 1st August, 1797.

There are somewhere about 110 pages of closely printed letter-press.


Mr. Loudon has in the 8th and 9th numbers of the "Arboretum," chiefly confined the wood-cuts to the ever-green trees and shrubs; the firmness and depth of colouring in their leaves, is wonderfully well represented by this style of engraving. The Portugal cypress, or cedar of Goa, is one of the most perfect wood-cuts we ever saw. The junipers, the Irish yew, and several of the pines, are likewise cuts of great merit. Among the deciduous trees, the common walnut-tree we deem the best wood-cut; but are not the leaves in the enlarged botanical specimen a little too pointed? Sometimes we have observed in our own grounds, that the round fruited walnut-trees have round leaves, and the long fruited long leaves. Before we leave the wood-cuts, we must observe, that there is a fault lingering among these cuts of hard outlining round the ground at the base of the trees, we mean as in the Genevieve wood-pine, which is in other respects not a good cut; the wild pear tree is likewise hard, and has this fault of ground outlining, in a lesser degree. The heart-shaped alder is a lovely specimen of art, both in drawing and impression: among the zinc engravings, all the alders and birches are free, natural, and beautiful.

This is perhaps, on the whole, the most richly-embellished number of a monthly periodical ever published. It is a perfect specimen of art in the department of trees.

The Gallery of Paintings. By the late Benjamin West, P.R.A. J. Thomas.

This first essay contains three pieces; "Thetis bringing the Armour to Achilles," "Christ blessing Little Children," and "The Captive." Mr. H. Moses has undertaken the execution of the task.

The second engraving exhibits a scene of paramount interest, and the artist has retained the mild and effective characters of the painter. "The Captive" is also striking and just. The whole work is in bold outline, and when finished, will, together with the letter-press, form a nice historical record of much celebrated master's works.

Finden's Byron Beauties. Part 10 Tilt.

A burst of delight must succeed a gaze at Medora. It is indeed the lovely wife; but whether it be one "bushed in patient wretchedness at home," is the question
for the critic. The eyes well betokened 
as and silent expectant resignation; but there is 
a strength in the upper lip, und, indeed, a thickness in both, which betokens 
not what the eyes express. We have placed a small piece of paper over half the 
mouth, and we are inclined to think if 
the talented artists did the same, they might set a value upon our comment, and 
make some slight alteration. It is drawn 
by Meadows, and engraved by H. J. Ryall. 
"Beatrice," beloved of Dante, as the little 
narrative briefly and pleasingly sets forth, 
is in every respect an honest, amiable 
woman. This also is engraved by H. J. 
Ryall, from a design by J. W. Wright. 
"Olympia," drawn by Miss F. Corebeaux, 
and engraved by W. Finden, is a highly-spirited production. The history 
is, that, at the sacking of Rome, she flies 
to the altar of St. Peter's, and threatens to 
hurl a golden crucifix upon her pursuers. 
We much commend the drawing and execu-
tion of every part except the face. 
Whether the faulty face be the work of 
Miss F. Corebeaux, or Mr. W. H. Mote, 
the engraver, we know not. The cheek 

wants depth, the upper lip is curved in a 
most unnatural manner, and the eyes seem 
to us to be in a totally different direction 
to the rest of the figure, or the objects 
which are supposed to be approaching her. 
We speak, however, as strict critics.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery: Part 4. Smith, 
Elder, and Co.

This number has a so-called "View of 
Portsmouth Harbour," engraved by W. J. 
Cooke, respecting which we have nothing 
particular to say. The letter-press gives 
an interesting account of the loss of the 
Royal George. There is also a very ap-
propriate and interesting history of Por-
chester Castle. "The Semaphore, Ports-
smouth," engraved by W. Finden, is a far 
more striking plate. You may there take 
a peep into the depths of the sea. Added to 
these, is the "Arched Rock," Isle of Wight. 
The arch and water please us. " Havre de 
Grâce," engraved by W. Miller, presents in 
itself nothing very attractive to the eye, 
but the artist has succeeded with tolerable 
credit in a difficult task.

Music.

Life: a Cantata. By W. M. TOLKIEH. Sung by 
Mr. H. Phillips. Music by J. M'CALLA. Key B 
flat. T. Welsh.

The words are written with poetic feeling, 
and have besides moral beauty; they are 
by the author of "Roving! Roving!" a 
highly popular duet, which we mentioned 
with approbation in the spring. "Sung 
by Phillips," is no small guarantee of its 
musical merits.

The best Song that ever was Sung. By E. LAN-
CASTER. Composed by W. KIRBY. Key C. 
Mori and Lavenou.

We are not very partial to the inspirations of 
Bacchus. The play on the word "No-
thing," is something in the style of the old 
catch, and will, we doubt not, bring the 
song its peculiar admirers.

One little Word, my Love whispered to me: a Ballad. 
Sung by Miss Bruce, Mrs. Honey, Miss Byton, &c. 
By E. LANCASER. The Music by W. KIRBY. 
Key G. Mori and Lavenou.

Mr. Lancaster has here provided "metal 
more attractive," we doubt not but that 
the tenderness of the words and lithograph 
will make this song the most popular in 
England among young ladies and gents in 
their teens.

La Belle Dame: a celebrated set of Quadrilles. 
Composed for the Piano, by G. C. MOUTH. 
"Alma," Key A; "Edith," Key G; "Eileen," 
Key G; "Elizabeth," Key D; "Nina," Key C. 
T. Welsh.

These fair ladies will, we have no doubt, 
dance their day, and share the popularity 
awarded to new quadrilles.

The Noisy Bella: a lively Glee for three voices. 
Words and Music by T. Welsh. Key A. 
T. Welsh.

An especial warning to belles whose clap-
pers sound too loudly. Many a true word 
is spoken in jest, Mr. Welsh.

"All have feared to ring the belf 
With such a noisy tongue."

That monitory stave is the burden of this 
very, very useful song.

Grand Variations Brilliant, for the Piano, on the 
favourite air. "Life's like an April-day." By 
HEROLD. Key B flat. Composed by H. C. 
LITOLF, T. Welsh.

Very excellent music, well worthy atten-
don from the musical world.

I will come to the Bower of Roses: a Duet for two 
trebles, or a treble and tenor, with an accompani-
mint. T. WELSH. Key E flat, with a change to 
the Major Key of C. T. Welsh.

The music is truly charming. This song 
is said to be written by a certain anonymous 
duchess, who has taken the notion from an 
ancient Welsh lay.

SECOND VOICE.

"Wilt thou come ere the rook repose, 
And the bat begins her flight; 
Wilt thou come to the bower of roses 
Ere fall the dewes of night. 
There the graceful woodbine twining 
Around our much loved tree, 
With the perfum'd bay combining, 
Our sweet shade shall be."

FIRST VOICE.

"I will come to the bower of roses," &c.
Tu sais ma chère Clarinde, that we have in our language a very old but very expressive proverb, and which I cannot resist quoting, so apropos does it appear to me at this moment, "que les absens ont toujours tort." There must be truth in it, when I am tempted to forego the pleasure I always feel in writing a long letter to you, for the sake of devoting myself to a set of frivolous beings, about whom you can judge how much, or plutôt how little I care, when I tell you they are M. de F—'s two sisters, with their families, who are come from the south of France on a visit to me: it would be insupportable, only that I have invited a party to meet them; so my house is full, car tu sais chère amie, combien je deteste, les paren's de mon mari : mais que faut-il faire ? dans ce monde—one must appear civil to such people. They are very anxious that we should go and pass the winter with them. Only think, to pass the winter in Paris, is painted out of Paris hors du beau-monde, en Province enfin ! M. de F. would be delighted; but I asked him, did he really wish to shorten my days—car c'est mourir que de passer l'hiver loin de Paris. I expect the next thing he will ask me to do, will be to promise to imitate myself upon his tomb, as the Hindoo women sacrifice themselves upon the bodies of their husbands. Combien elles doiuent etre bêtes les femmes là ! Mon joli cousin writes that he will be in Paris this winter : hélas, ma bonne, had he not been so poor, I would have been his wife instead of M.'s. The day before M. de F.— reproached me for receiving my cousin better than I did him—c'était quand il me faisait la cour: so I thought of my cousin's poverty, and of M. de F.—'s splendid establishment, and the large settlements he was to make upon me. I quoted Molière : "Le mieux reçu," said I, "n'est pas toujours le plus cher." He was flattered. I grieved a little at first, but when I found that grieving made me look pale and thin, and laide, I soon left it off: however, after such a sacrifice on my part he ought not to expect to have his own way in any thing, unless my will coincides with his; and, indeed, frequently where it does, I resist it, sooner than I would let it appear that I give up to him; I am afraid of giving him a bad habit; and the old men are so obdurate, and the young ones have such a high opinion of themselves, and are so conceited, that, selon moi, a woman should never give up to either. I know you maintain a contrary opinion, but then you are a pattern for wives, and I am—not.

The château of Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne, formerly the property of the Duc de Bourbon, is to be sold by auction on the 6th October. It is to be put up at 180,000 francs. I wish M. de F— would purchase it, but he has no intention of doing.

Oh! lest I should forget, be so kind as to send me a few dozen of white and coloured perforated cards; we have them here, but I think those made in England must be much more beautiful; we make all sorts of pretty things with them. Some have lovely little drawings done in the centre for putting into albums; with others we make baskets, needle-books, court-plaister cases, allumette stands. There is a painting in the centre, and we work the border of the card in coloured floss silks, or chenilles, in the cross stitch, in which tapestry is done; the holes in the card answer the same purpose as the threads in canvas. A friend of mine has got a pretty pair of bell-ropes made of them. The cards are a long square, rather larger than visiting tickets; on each card is painted either a landscape or flower, which are placed alternately; the border round the cards is worked in coloured chenilles, and then they are tacked with fine silk, one after another, on a broad ribbon, the colour of the furniture of the room: a small space may be left between each card. They have a pretty, but very singular effect. Card-racks made of them are exceedingly pretty.

Merinos, or, rather, Cashmere purses, are very fashionable; long ones I mean; they are embroidered in small white seed beads, not those that are transparent, but thick ones, and very small gilt beads. The stalk of the flower in the latter, and the little flowers and leaves ("forget-me-nots" generally) in the white, with a gilt bead in the centre of each flower; two wreaths, with a row of little stars in gilt beads, is about as much as we put at each end of the purse. The flowers must be very minute; one centre bead and six white ones round, form a flower. The white beads are preferred to all others, on account of their matching any coloured Cashmere. Of course the purse must be done in a frame; the stitches taken up and down. The part where the slides run is not embroidered; mother-of-pearl slides and tassels are very pretty, and match them very well.

Paris is likely to be excessively gay and full this winter. It is really wonderful to see the number of strangers that arrive daily from all parts, especially from Italy, where the cholera is raging with such violence. It was reported here that Paganini had fallen a victim to the cholera in Italy; but it turns out to be his brother. The late
cold damp weather we had made us think that winter was coming upon us with rapid strides; many returned to Paris from their châteaux; and we began to think seriously of ordering our winter dresses; but the sun has re-appeared, and put all these gloomy intentions to flight, for at least, I hope, another month or six weeks. Ainsi ma belle, pas de Nouveautés pour le moment. White muslin dresses are, however, going out very fast; and mousselines de laine, and fancy materials of the same kind, coming in. They make the prettiest spring and autumn dresses. The dessins (patterns) are neither large nor are they very small; they are also rather bizarre, being flowers, but not natural, and as great a mixture of colours as possible. With these dresses, the corsages à la Sévigné, are again coming into vogue; or what has the same effect, corsages made tight to the bust, with draperies put on à la Sévigné. The sleeves are still immensely wide all the way down; they are finished at the wrist with a poquet (wristband). Some, who do not like the sleeves to fall over the hand, have made them narrower; to it, which goes round the arm, confining the sleeve, and fastening with a button. I think this is certainly an improvement. Large round pelerines, the same as the dress, are much worn.

Coloured muslins and ginghams are still fashionable; these are also worn with pelerines to match. We see occasionally a few gros de Naples or poux de soie redingotes, trimmed all round with a double listeli or piping of a different colour, and tied down the front or side with bows of ribbon to match; but whether this will be a prevailing fashion or not, it is yet too soon to decide.

I cannot yet give you any renseignemens on the subject of ball-dresses: it is supposed the corsages, à la Sévigné, will be the most prevailing made; in fact, they are more becoming to the figure than any other: and, nous autres belles, we must always study the becoming.

It is as yet premature to talk of cloaks, whilst the trees still retain their verdure, and all nature wears a smiling face. Maintenant il faut voir tout, couleur de rose—le noir viendra assez tôt!

The hats have undergone no material change since my last. They are large, the fronts coming very low at the sides of the face. The crowns are not quite as high as they have been. A good deal of wide rich sarsnet ribbon is the general trimming for a fashionable hat; feathers are worn, but not very much as yet, and flowers are far from being as much sought after as lately. Drawn capotes are still very much worn. Hats of paille de riz are the most distingué; but those of poux de soie and fancy silks still maintain their vogue. Leghorn bonnets are as much worn as ever in morning cos-
tume. The English cottage bonnets, which I mentioned to you in my last, are worn by several of our belles of the haut ton; but are not become by any means general as yet.

Small wreaths or bouquets of very minute flowers are de grande mode, underneath the fronts of the hats; consequently blonde is not very much adopted.

Short veils of tulle Illusion, put on round the edge of the front of the hats, are very prevailing.

Aprons.—I must not omit to tell you of our new aprons. They are made of ribbons, and are exceedingly bizarre and distingué. You get pieces of very wide rich figured sarsnet ribbons—all different of course—so as to make the greatest possible variety, cut them into squares and sew them together, so as to make one large square, which makes the apron: of course you must display your taste in putting them together, as that they may harmonize both in colour and pattern: when the squares are put together, you make up your apron, and trim it all round with either a narrow black lace put on rather full, or else with a quilting of ribbon; you may diversify the quilting by sewing several coloured ribbons together. I advise your making some of these aprons yourself, they are an amusing passe temps.

Mantelets of black taffetas, which you know is a silk resembling the ancient "mode," of which our grandmothers used to wear cloaks, are likely to be much worn this autumn: they are trimmed with deep black lace, and lined with rose-colour or blue sarsnet; but they have been so long in, that we wanted some change; so, instead of having the taffetas made into a mantelet now, it is made into a tolerable large square shawl, which is trimmed all round with a very deep black lace or blonde (the former preferred), put on very full, especially turning round the corners. I cannot tell you of any thing more elegant and distingué than these shawls. They are not worn (nor, indeed, are any other shawls) doubled in half. One corner is turned over merely a little way, falling about as low as the waist at back, but the lower corner of the shawl reaches almost to the hem of the dress.

Étoles of ribbon, as the pompadours are now called, are very much adopted; they are made of immensely wide brodé ribbons, or, instead of being broché, the ribbon is sometimes plain, with embroidered ends done in coloured floss silks: a fringe with long ends, resembling netting, is sewed to each end of the ribbon, and makes a good finish. You are aware that these étoles are merely put round the neck, fastened in front with a brooch, and brought beneath the ceinture; the ends reach the hem of the dress. I only speak here of the rich expensive ones; but there are others, and very pretty too, consisting merely of a sarsnet or gauze ribbon, not very wide. These are
also fastened at the neck by a brooch, the ends of some reach to—, of others a little beyond the ceinture, and some have merely the shortest ends possible; they may indeed be made any length, at the fancy of the wearer.

**Ceintures** fastened in front, with long ends, are très à la mode just now, especially in dinner or small soirée costume. I have even seen them au bois de Boulogne, but do not think them so genteel; for in-doors they are very pretty. Now the *etoles et pompons* form part of the walking costume. Of course a ceinture with long ends cannot be worn with them, and your ceinture must match your dress as nearly as possible.

**Hair.**—The hair is worn in every style of coiffure; the front in ringlets, bandeaux (which two styles are the most general), or large frizzled curls, the back in a braid, or in coques or bows; the bow is left very much uncovered, and the ringlets fall quite to the sides.

The **cap borders** made of blonde, quilled on to a wide guaze ribbon that ties under the chin, and ornamented with small bows or ends of ribbon cut like leaves, or even with small flowers (for dinner, theatre, or concert costume), are in high estimation. I have already described these borders to you: a wide ribbon is now put across the back of the head to keep it in its place, with a bow in the centre. This is an improvement. These borders look lighter and more dressy, especially for dinner or evening toilet, than caps, and keep the ears equally warm. For those subject to colds in the head, they are an excellent mode.

**Shoes and Gaiters, or Brodequins,** as nearly the colour of the dress as possible, are more distingué than any others. Black shoes are, of course, fashionable.

**Colours.**—The prevailing colours for hats are pink, straw colour, light green, white, and blue; the latter not very general, for you know that we Frenchwomen are scarcely fair enough to wear blue, so we suit our colours to our complexion: for dresses, lavender, pearl grey, cedar, or a kind of light fawn, and a sort of violet, are worn: for ribbons, every colour.

Maintenant chère amie, I believe I must really leave you, as I am going to drive to Meudon with some of my guests. I hope to have more interesting matter, pour t'amuser la première fois. If my visitors should leave me by the end of the month, I think I shall take my children to Dieppe, for sea-air and bathing; the worst of it is, that it makes them grow so tall, et on a l'air si vieille with a set of tall children! I often wish that we mamas had some secret to make our children look like babies a few years longer; it is so absurd; people seem to think we must be old, if we have great, tall, overgrown children, and malheureusement, mine grow amazingly; que les enfants sont ennuyeux! Mon mari m'embrasse ainsi que moi, adieu aimable et chère Clorinde, quoi qu'on disc que "les absents out toujours tort," do not believe that you can ever be forgotten by Your sincere friend,

L. de F. —

**DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.**

(No. 19.) **Costume de Demi-Deuil, or Morning Dress.**—Dress of gros d'Ecossé; the corsage made low, à la Sevigné, with a guimpe inside, which gives it the appearance of a plain high corsage, fitting tight to the bust, with draperies put on (see plate). The guimpe, or high part of the corsage, being merely fastened on to a lining, and putting on or taking off at pleasure; the draperies are continued across the back: sleeves excessively full to the wrist; the plaits on the shoulder confined by a double liseré or piping. Hat of poux de soie, to match the dress. The front of the hat is rather ecossé; the crown rather smaller at top than below; it is ornamented with rich sarsenet ribbon, a small bow at the right side (see plate) of the front from which a ribbon goes across each side of the crown, and finishes at the back in a bow, placed over the bavette or curtain. Two ostrich feathers, placed nearly upright, are at the left side of the hat; beneath the front of the hat, immediately over the brow, is a wreath of small flowers. The front hair is in bandeaux, the ends falling into ringlets. Brodequins of satin Turc, to match the dress; lace ruffles, white kid gloves, embroidered handkerchief. The dress of the second figure is of poux de soie, the hat of paielle de riz, and the scarf of China crape.

(No. 20.) **Toilettette.**—Dress of English clear muslin, embroidered all over in small spots or sprigs done in coloured silks. The corsage made à la Sevigné, with the draperies continued across the back (see plate); short full sleeves, finished by a quilling of net. The lower part of the skirt of the dress ornamented with four rows of narrow quilled satin ribbon, put on very close to each other (see plate); the lower one, at the very edge of the hem. Ceinture of wide satin ribbon, with long ends, in front. The front hair is in full tufts of curls, falling low at the sides; those at the left, intermixed with bows of ribbon. The back hair in very high braids, and one high coque (see plate): a wide guaze ribbon to match the colour of that on the dress is quilled to a ribbon wire, and brought over the two high braids (see plate). This is a new and very elegant style of coiffure. Necklace and ear-rings of pearls, long white kid gloves, black satin shoes, plain white silk stockings. The dress of the sitting figure is of crape, made precisely as the one just described.

*Vol. VII.—No. 4.*
Miscellany.

**The Domicile, en pension.**—In our other pages, will be seen an unpretending invitation by the owner of a very large house and grounds, at Petersham, by Richmond (Middlesex), offering a grand desideratum to the female world—a real home for the homeless. To strangers we would mention that the lady, Miss Miller, had there for many years a large school, in which were educated many distinguished members of the first families. Since giving up this arduous duty, several ladies have found it to be an agreeable and desirable residence. Upon the recommendation of her friends, Miss Miller has prepared for an extension of the plan, the house and grounds being upon a large scale, intending to follow in some measure the pensions abroad; so that whether for the benefit of a temporary or occasional change of air in so delightful a spot as at the foot of Richmond Hill, or the security and comfort of a home for those who have it not, we feel great pleasure in having it in our power thus to make known the plan to our subscribers and the public, not doubting that those whom it may suit would have every reason to be satisfied.

** Omnibus Conspiracy.**—New Court.—This case, after occupying the attention of the court for five days, was terminated on the 25th ult., and the defendants were all found guilty, and adjudged to pay the following fines: two of them 100L each; six 50L; four 30L; two 20L: and six 5L. To put the public on their guard, and to show that omnibus proprietors, drivers, &c., may commit their outrages and indulge in their insolence with impunity, we need only state that one of the defendants instantly wrote a check for the whole amount, which will be paid from the funds of an Omnibus Association. But the public may feel a cure for the oppressed individual, by giving his omnibus the preference.

** Cleopatra's Needle.** it is understood, is at length arrived in this country, and is to be erected in Waterloo-place.

**Gloster Music Meeting.**—This musical festival, we are happy to state, has been far more numerous attended than has been known for many years. It is calculated that, on the first morning, in the cathedral there were upwards of 1,600 present, and, on the second, nearly 2,000; and that, at the first evening concert, the company amounted to at least 650, and on the second exceeded 700. The sum collected at the church-doors was 229L 7s., on the first morning, and on the second only 20L. The stewards, we are glad to hear, are likely to be secured this year from all pecuniary risk; at the preceding meeting they sustained a loss of nearly 1,500L. The orchestral department, both vocal and instrumental, was most efficiently filled, and the general effect, from the combination of talent displayed, was eminently grand and sublime.

**Signor Bellini.**—The musical world throughout Europe, will learn with regret the premature death of Signor Bellini, the Italian composer. This event took place on the 23rd ult. at Putean, near Paris, where the deceased had retired some time ago, for the purpose of pursuing his musical labours, and making new efforts to reach that first-rate eminence as a composer, to which his distinguished talents entitled him to aspire.


**Miles Coverdale.**—A correspondent informs us that Miles Coverdale, the first publisher of the entire Bible in English, was buried under the communion-table, in the parish church of St. Bartholomew, by the Exchange, as appears by the register in that church. He was buried on the 19th of February, 1568.

** Burning of the Sir Walter Scott by Lightning.**—Captain Clarke, of the Sir Walter Scott, arrived in this city on Saturday last, and proceeded yesterday morning to Boston. From his own lips we have received a full account of the burning of this gallant ship, an accident of a more extraordinary kind than has happened in the American seas for a long time past. The Sir Walter Scott sailed from New Orleans on the 21st of May, with a cargo of 1,794 bales of cotton, 18 seamen, and three passengers, one of them a lady, Mrs. Hamilton, in a state of domestic solicitude. The ship was owned in Boston, was only two years old, and was valued at 22,000 dollars. Her destination was Liverpool. In coming down the Gulf stream this vessel encountered a heavy gale from the south-west. The sea was running mountains high. On the morning of the 21st of June, about 8 o'clock, in latitude 31 24, long. 75 43, when under double-reefed topsails, and bearing upon the wind, opposite, or nearly so, to Charleston, South Carolina, a heavy peal of thunder broke over the ship. It seemed as if the heavens had been rent asunder. The captain and his three passengers were in their cabins. The lady started up in fright, and the captain jumped on deck in so much haste as to be without his shoes. The electric fluid had struck the foremost, ran into the forecastle, where the seamen were at breakfast, dashed every thing into pieces, sent the men sprawling in all directions, and completely raked the vessel fore and aft, and between decks and in the hold. The suddenness and force of the terrible blow made the vessel hang in suspense for a moment on the top of the billow. Every person was astonished, but no one yet knew the extent of the injury.
In a few minutes the cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" was raised, and the terror of that cry may be imagined—far at sea, surrounded with storms, and at the mercy of the enraged element. The seamen were almost struck senseless by the electric shock. This cry awakened them to a new sense of danger. The passengers almost lost their senses, and the lady, Mrs. Hamilton, was the only one whose courage rose up to meet the danger with promptitude and energy. The long-boat—the long-boat!—was shouted. It was now six or eight minutes since the lightning had struck, and every part of the cargo, fore and aft, was already on fire. The long-boat was full of various articles, and could not be got out at the moment. The captain now ran below, and seized a cutlass and a pistol, came on deck, and nerved himself to the occasion. "Men," said he, "you never yet deserted me in danger—rouse yourselves now—I'll shoot the first man that does not at once do his duty. Clear out the long-boat—down with the gig—stir, stir, or in ten minutes we shall see eternity!" The lady jumped up so on deck, with her hair in disorder, stood by the captain, and appeared to be a very spirit of heaven animating the trailer mortals to their task. The thunder-struck men, headed by the mate, hurried as well as they could, cleared out the long-boat, launched the gig, and then swung down the boat in the boiling ocean below. "Put the lady in the long-boat," shouted the captain. The ship was at this moment rolling tremendously—the flames bursting forth in all directions—her masts tottering to the gale. The lady reached the boat in safety. "Thank God!" said the captain. The diameter and speed of the six others put in the gig. The captain and his mate were the last to leave the deck of the burning ship. All were now in the boats. "Cut adrift—cast off," shouted the captain. They cut adrift from the burning ship, and pushed out of her wake. "All is lost," said the mate, "but our lives are yet left us. We have another chance to live out the gale!" The moment the long-boat and the gig left the burning vessel her masts fell by the board, the flames burst forth in greater magnificence than ever, the thunder rolled, the lightning still flashed, the sea was roaring around, and the two small boats floated over the billows before the wind, and entirely at its mercy. At last, in about fifty minutes from the first stroke, one long sheet of flame covered the wreck, and the whole gallant fabric of the Sir Walter Scott sank down into the water, and was seen no more. "It's all over with the gallant Sir Walter," said the lady. The captain, crew, and passengers now sailed for the coast. They had little provisions, everything had been lost, and their prospect was gloomy enough. The two boats kept each other's company all that day and the succeeding night. It was still blowing hard. At the peep of dawn next day the captain espied a sail to the leeward. It was immediately determined to send the gig to the vessel in sight, and endeavour to get aboard, if possible. Accordingly, a sail was rigged out of an old sack, a mast was raised, and this sail was spread before the wind. "Mates," said the captain, "you must go alone to that vessel, and get on board the best way you can." "Ay, ay, sir," said the mate. Away started the gig on the swelling billows before the gale, with the mate at the helm. "What a cheering sight it was," said the captain; "she tacked, sir, over the billows like the forked lightning itself down the masts of the Sir Walter, now under, now above the waves." In a short time the gig reached her destination. The vessel proved to be the Saladin, Humphries. She backed her yards. In another brief space the long-boat appeared; all were taken on board, not forgetting the lady, who in the greatest danger had cheered and animated the men to their task. Captain Clarke, his crew, and passengers, were landed at Norfolk. The captain himself had lost everything on board. He had 15,000 dollars in English coin, but it went all to the bottom. When the people of Norfolk knew their situation, offers were made to raise a subscription, but he refused any aid of that kind. He sold his two boats, and with some private aid paid all his own expenses, and those of his men, and when he reached New York had just ten dollars in his pocket. These he presented to Mrs. Hamilton. Captain Clarke, throughout the whole of these horrible scenes, exhibited the highest gallantry and presence of mind. Such a man can provide against all ordinary accidents; but when the lightning of heaven itself strikes a ship to the bottom, we must all submit in silence.—United States Gazette.

Mr. Green's Balloon Voyage.—The following narrative, by Mr. Green, of his aerial voyage, possesses more than ordinary interest:—

"Royal Gardens, Vauxhall, Sept. 20.

"I ascended from Vauxhall-gardens, accompanied by Mr. Butler, of Woolwich, at a quarter before six o'clock on Thursday evening, and a gentle breeze from the south-west took us in a north-easterly direction, crossing the river at Blackfriars-bridge. The huzzas of the populace as we passed over the town, being reflected by that part of the balloon immediately over our heads, were loud almost to an unpleasant degree. We descended in the parish of Walthamstow at about a quarter past six, and having announced to Mr. Butler my intention of remaining up all night, he was very anxious to re-enter the car and accompany me. This I did not deem prudent, for in case of being carried out to sea, it would be much more advantageous to have his weight in disposable ballast. Having accordingly taken
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Births.

Sept. 15, at Stoke Newington, Mrs. F. J. Jourdain, of a son.
Sept. 9, at Hope Hall, the lady of the Rev. W. W. Wilson, of a son.
Sept. 12, at the Rectory, Cuxton, Kent, the lady of the Rev. W. W. Shaw, of a daughter.
Sept. 14, in Fenelchur-street, the lady of J. W. Borradaile, Esq., of a son.
Sept. 16, in Saville-row, the lady of Dr. Bright, of a daughter.
Sept. 16, at Bisham Cottage, Berks, Lady Hinrich, of a daughter.
Sept. 22, at Hampstead, the lady of H. Merivale, Esq., of a son.
Sept. 22, in Connaught-terrace, the lady of G. S. Hayter, Esq., of a son.
Sept. 27, the lady of R. S. Chambers, Esq., of Doughty-street, of a daughter.
Sept. 18, Mrs. J. Clifford, of Palace-terrace, of a daughter.

Marriages.

Sept. 15, at St. Littlebredy Church, in Dorsetshire, A. H. Dyke, second son of Sir Thomas Dyke Ackland, Bart., of Killerton, Devon, to Fanny, only daughter of R. Williams, Esq., of Bridehead, Dorset.
Sept. 15, at Christchurch, Maryborne, J. T. Bell, Esq., younger son of Captain Bell, of Ormeside-lodge, Westmorland, to Louisa, only daughter of the late J. Glenn, Esq., of Wilton-place.
Sept. 16, at St. John's, Hackney, G. D. Tyser, Esq., of Hackney, to Maria, third daughter of W. Moule, Esq., of Clapton.
Sept. 9, at Lurgan Church, county of Armagh, Charles, second son of J. J. Deacon, Esq., of Ulster-place, Regent's-park, to Anna, third daughter of G. Ower, Esq., of Woodville, near Lurgan, County Armagh.
Sept. 10, the Rev. W. G. Giles, of Enfield, to Grace Charlotte Cooper, of Hammersmith.
Sept. 10, at Colwick, near Shugborough, the Hon. C. Murray, second son of the Earl of Mansfield, to the Hon. Frances Elizabeth Anson, daughter of the late Viscount Anson, and sister of the Earl of Litchfield.
Sept. 15, at East Stoke, Dorset, the Rev. W. Buller, second son of Lieut.-general Buller, to Leonora Sophia Bond, daughter of the late John Bond, Esq., of Grange, in the same county, and niece of the late Right Hon. Nathaniel Bond.
Sept. 17, at Lynn, the Rev. H. E. Knatchbull, son of the late Sir E. Knatchbull, of Marsham-hatch, Kent, to Pleasance, daughter of the late T. Bagge, Esq., of Stradbeth-hall, Norfolk.

Deaths.

Sept. 12, at her brother's (the Hon. Colonel Townsend's), Charles-street, Berkeley-square, the Hon. Georgiana Townsend, in the 75th year of her age. She was 31 years housekeeper at Windsor Castle.
Sept. 13, in Upper Brook-street, Mary, the infant daughter of Sir J. M. Burgoyne, Bart., aged seven months.
Sept. 12, at Ham Common, aged 22, J. T. Sutton, Esq., only son of the late Admiral Sir John Sutton, K. C. B.
Sept. 12, in the Stable-yard, St. James's Palace, Caroline, the wife of Mr. C. Edison, aged 24.
Sept. 7, at her house in Nicholas-street, Chester, in the 87th year of her age, Anne Glynn, the eldest surviving daughter of the late Sir John Glynn, Bart., of Harwarden Castle, Flintshire.
Sept. 12, at Fair-oak Lodge, aged 13, Frederic Augusta, daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir C. and Lady Paulet.
Sept. 13, at Cambridge, in the 73d year of her age, Catherine, relics of the late J. A. Eock, of Kingswood.
Sept. 13, at Putney, Surrey, Mrs. Elizabeth Dearlove, at the advanced age of 83.
Sept. 13, at Alphington, near Exeter, G. Scott, Esq., formerly of Pucke Oaks, Surrey, aged 73.
Sept. 16, at Kulludges, Ensign R. Hudson, Bombay army, aged 25, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, and grandson of Sir W. W. Daveton, of St. Helena.
Sept. 4, at Deptford, after a tedious illness for nearly two years, which he bore with Christian fortitude, Arthur Putt, Esq., aged 85 years.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons

l'Administration Bouvard S. Martin, 61.

Chapeau en paille de vigone l'une voilette- chapeau à bords en paille
robe et Mantelet en mousseline bordée

Lady's Magazine and museum

Published by J. Page and Dobbs, 113, Fetter lane London
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.

Administration Boulevar d'Artois 61
Bonnet et Pèlerine en tulle des M. de M. Bayon, Rue Vivienne. 13 — Robe en Tournesol.

Lady's Magazine and museum

Published by Pope and Dobbs, 12, Fetter Lane London.
Le Fétet Courrier des Salons.

Voilette de demi-veau.

Chapeau en paillle de feu de Mme. Beauvais.

Robe en gros soie des ateliers de M. le capitaine Garache, l'art. de la Reine, rue St. Denis, N. 8.

L'Administration, Rue St. Martin, No. 81.

Published by Page and Dobbs, No. 112 Fetter Lane, London.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.

L'Administration - Boulevard St. Martin 61.

Coffre en cuir de rubans exécuté par M. Leconte, 16 Rue des Cars de France et d'Angleterre, R. Ceullier, 32.
Robe en Muselaine anglaise brodée de soie par les ateliers de Mme Delanoe, R. Richelieu, 35.

Lady's Magazine and museum
Nous ne citerons de bien remarquable pendant la semaine qui vient de s’écouler qu’un bonnet que nous avons remarqué aux Italiens. Ce bonnet en blonde était orné de roses frisées, roses, et de scabieuses de velours noir. Il était garni de rubans roses et noirs; il était d’un effet charmant.

Le velours épinglé couleur mais obtient un grand succès pour mo-
des parées. Nous avons remarqué une redingote de cette étoffe, dont le corsage à cœur devant était garni de draperies à la Sévigné, en crêpe; la jupe ouverte sur le devant laissait voir une robe de dessous en crêpe brodée, devant, en tablier.

Aux spectacles, on voit beaucoup de redingotes habilées dont les corsages sont garnis de un ou de deux rangs de pélérines décotées, découpées à dents tout autour.

Beaucoup de robes décotées se portent avec une guimpe en blonde montante et garnie autour du cou d’une blonde froncée et retombant tout autour environ de trois ou quatre doigts. Ces guimpes, d’un effet tout-à-fait gracieux, garnissent fort bien les épaules.

On en fait du même genre en lingerie; mais celles-là se terminent au cou par un poignet large d’un pouce, et au bas du poignet seulement est fixée la garniture.

Description des trois planches de modes qui accompagnent cette livraison du Lady’s Magazine and Museum, du 1er janvier 1833.


No 2. Costume de bal. Bonnet-béret en blonde, robe tunique en moire; jupe en satin.

UNE DETTE D'HONNEUR.

L'apocryphe suivante sur M. Fox a été racontée par un Anglais à madame la duchesse d'Abrantès, qui la rapporte dans ses Mémoires :
« M. Fox a eu une existence fort agitée par sa propre volonté, ou plutôt par celle de sa destinée qui l'entraînait à jouer, à faire des dettes, et à ne pas avoir toujours dans le monde l'attitude convenable à celui qu'un grand peuple chargeait de ses intérêts. Or, il y avait parmi ses créanciers un homme possesseur d'une lettre de change, signée par Charles Fox, dont il ne pouvait parvenir à se faire payer. User de rigueur, faire mettre son débiteur en prison, le créancier y répugnait fortement. On va voir que ce créancier-là avait une manière de voir à lui, et je crois qu'il avait la meilleure; du moins l'est-elle à mon avis. Cet homme allait régulièrement trois fois par semaine chez M. Fox pour demander les trois cents guinées qui lui étaient dues. Le valet de chambre de l'honorable débiteur répondait qu'il n'avait pas d'argent, et le créancier s'en retournait désespéré, car il avait vraiment besoin de ses fonds. Enfin, un matin, il arrive déterminé à forcer la consigne et à parler à M. Fox. Le valet de chambre lui faisait sa réponse ordinaire, lorsque cet homme le repoussa en entendant le bruit sonore d'une somme d'argent que l'on comptait dans la chambre voisine, et qui était celle de M. Fox. Le créancier prend son parti, et, se précipitant sur la porte de cette chambre avant que le domestique ait pu l'en empêcher, il l'ouvre et se trouve en présence de M. Fox, qui comptait et rangeait devant lui plusieurs centaines de guinées dont il faisait des rouleaux. En voyant son créancier, il ne parut nullement embarrassé : « Il me paraît, Monsieur, lui dit celui-ci, que ce n'est pas l'impossibilité qui met obstacle à ce que vous vous acquittez envers moi ? Je suis charmé de vous voir en position meilleure que ne le disait votre valet de chambre. »

— « Vous vous trompez, mon cher, lui répondit M. Fox, car je n'ai pas dix guinées dont je puisse disposer. Il faut que vous attendiez une meilleure chance. »

— « Vous voulez sans doute plaisanter, Monsieur ? » Et le créancier montrait, du regard et de la main, les sept à huit cents guinées étales
sur le tapis de la table, où elles étaient fort visibles, tant en or qu'en billets de banque. « Cet argent n'est plus à moi, dit M. Fox; il doit acquitter ce matin même, avant midi, une dette d'honneur, une dette sacrée. »

— « Cependant, monsieur, je doute que le créancier que vous allez satisfaire ait des droits plus anciens que les miens. Songez que vous me devez cet argent, que je vous ai prêté sans intérêt, depuis plus de trois ans. »

— « Oh! dit M. Fox en riant, non-seulement le créancier que je vais satisfaire n'est pas, à beaucoup près, aussi ancien que vous, car je ne suis même son débiteur que depuis quelques heures!.... mais, ajouta-t-il plus sérieusement, c'est une dette d'honneur, et vous savez que ces-là ne se remettent jamais au delà du vingt-quatre heures. » Le créancier ne savait pas ce que le beau monde est convenu d'appeler une dette d'honneur. M. Fox le lui expliqua: « J'ai perdu cette nuit, sur ma parole, cette somme de huit cents guinées contre M. Sheridan, lui dit-il: il n'a aucune garantie que cette simple parole. Si quelque accident venait à me frapper avant que je l'eusse payé, quel serait son recours?.... Vous, du moins, vous avez un billet de moi; vous avez ma signature. Ma famille ne le laisserait pas en souffrance. » L'honnête homme auquel s'adressait l'homme du monde l'écouterait avec une expression de figure qui décelait une peine assez vive. « Ainsi donc, dit-il enfin, c'est parce que j'ai le nom de M. Charles Fox sur cette lettre de change que je ne suis pas payé de lui? Eh bien! ajouta-t-il en mettant en morceaux le billet qu'il tenait à la main, maintenant ma dette est aussi une dette d'honneur, car je n'ai plus que le vôtre pour garantie de mon paiement, et j'ai, sur le créancier de cette nuit, l'avantage de la priorité. » M. Fox avait vu l'action de cet homme avec un étonnement qui peut être aisément compris. Mais il était fait pour sentir promptement tout ce qu'une telle action avait de beau et surtout de remarquable par la confiance que son créancier mettait en son honneur. Elle ne fut pas trompée. Il prit trois cents guinées sur sa table, et, les présentant à cet homme: « Je vous remercie d'avoir compté sur moi, lui dit-il; voilà votre argent : Sheridan attendra pour avoir sa somme complète. Adieu, je vous rends grâce encore une fois d'avoir compté sur moi. »

(Cabinet de Lecture.)

PARIS.—IMPRIMERIE DE AUGUSTE AUFRAY,
PASSAGE DU CAIRE, N. 54.
Il n'y a pas de mode bien déterminée pour les coiffures de bal ; c'est la physionomie de la femme et le goût du coiffeur qui en décident. Nous avons remarqué, au même bal, des coiffures tout-à-fait à la grecque à côté de coiffures très-élevées, et même quelques coiffures qui rappellent celles de Louis XIV.

Beaucoup de robes de bal nous reportent à ce règne ; c'est la même taille très-basse et se terminant en pointe ; c'est le même corsage orné de riches blondes ; quelquefois même, des blondes forment garniture.
Nous avons remarqué, à un bal paré donné cette semaine, rue de la Chaussée-d’Antin, une fort jolie femme qui portait une colletête à la Médicis, très-élevée, jetée un peu en arrière, et laissant un peu à découvert les épaules; elle avait une coiffure de fantaisie, les cheveux plats et deux nattes mêlées de perles autour de l’oreille; une robe de crêpe oriental cerise, et une mathilde en perles blanches. Cette toilette originale, et du reste très-bien portée, a fait sensation, et nous ne serions pas étonnés qu’elle ne trouve des imitateurs.

On voit quelques femmes coiffées avec des nœuds de velours retenus par des boucles d’or; un petit nœud de velours fixe également une petite boucle sur le front, en guise de féronnière.

Les robes les mieux portées pour toilettes de spectacle ou pour bal, lorsque l’on ne danse pas, sont celles de satin broché à grandes fleurs; nous en avons vu qui rappellent, pour la couleur et le moelleux de l’étoffe, les anciens lampas.

On remarque au spectacle beaucoup de femmes coiffées en turbans; ils sont, pour la plupart, en crêpe tissu, et n’ont aucun ornement.

Les écharpes les plus goûtées aujourd’hui sont en gaze de laine unie; elles sont terminées par un effilé très-long et très-épais, ou, mieux encore, par un gland de soie très-léger.

Dans les bal, beaucoup de femmes élégantes conservent, entre les contredanses, des manteaux de gros-de-Naples blanc, bleu ou rose, recouverts de mousseline de l’Inde. Ces manteaux remplacent les cachemires et les boas.

Cette année, les dominos de satin blanc paraissent être choisis de préférence par les élégantes. Jusqu’à ce jour ceux de satin noir avaient été seuls adoptés.

Description des deux planches de modes qui accompagnent cette livraison du Lady’s Magazine and Museum, du 1er février 1833.

N. 4. — Toilette de soirée dansante. — Robe en crêpe garnie de rouleaux en rubans et de fleurs; corsage garni de blonde, coiffure floride.

N. 5. — Toilette de bal. — Coiffure ornée d’un chaperon en têtes de plumes. Robe-folie, en blonde; ceinture écharpe en ruban; corsage à la Marguerite.
EXTRAIT
DE LA GAZETTE DES TRIBUNAUX.

Ne vous fiez pas aux réputations : tel souvent qui est réputé doux et débonnaire, n’est au fond quelquefois qu’un sounoix et un énergumène ; témoin Azor, le chien de M. Lesacq, propriétaire à Sannois, qui passait dans sa commune pour la perle des barbets, le prototype de l’espèce canine, et pour réunir au plus haut degré toutes les qualités de cette gente essentiellement amie de l’homme et ennemie des chiffonniers. (Il est bien entendu que nous parlons d’Azor.)

Le 10 septembre dernier, le sieur Saligot, qui d’après l’opinion publique croyait à la longanimité de M. Azor, chercha à le détourner de la route d’une jeune fille qui revenait des champs, et dont il avait épouvanté la vache. Peu touché des excellentes intentions, et surtout des menaces de Saligot, Azor lui saute à la gorge, et le maltraite tellement que, malade pendant plusieurs jours des suites de ses blessures, il avait assigné le sieur Lesacq fils, alors conducteur du chien, en réparation du dommage à lui causé.

A l’audience de ce jour, Lesacq père étant civilement responsable du fait de son fils mineur, ne pouvait, pour la justification de son fils, de son chien, et pour la sienne, en définitive, que parler de l’aménité des meurs d’Azor antérieurement à l’accident ; lequel Azor, n’étant alors âgé que de cinq mois, était incapable de se livrer à de semblables extravagances.

A l’appui de la moralité de son chien, le sieur Lesacq produisait sur un papier timbré, et couvert de nombreuses signatures, le certificat suivant, que nous nous empressons de donner fidèlement :

« Nous, soussignés, habitants de la commune de Sannois, département de Seine-et-Oise, arrondissement de Versailles, canton d’Ar-
genteuil, certificats que le sieur Lesaq (Jean-Baptiste), propriétaire, membre du conseil municipal, ex-capitaine de la garde nationale de cette commune, qu'il est à notre parfaite connaissance qu'il a un jeune chien, de l'âge d'environ six mois, de la taille de vingt-un pouces de hauteur, deux pieds, sept pouces de longueur, d'un poil couleur rayé, gris noir, le nez, la poitrine et les quatre pattes blancs, une courte queue; il circule journellement, et libre, dans la commune, soit avec M. Lesaq ou quelqu'un de sa maison, et même avec des voisins. Par son âge il n'a que du jeu; il ne fait pas encore aucun service défensif ni de fidélité; jusqu'alors ne donne aucun signe de mauvaises habitudes; il a les oreilles coupées. Nous certifions, en outre, que le sieur Lesaq n'a pas d'autre chien que le susdit, lequel est né et élevé chez lui provenant d'une chienne qu'il avait précédemment. (La paternité n'est pas indiquée.)

« Nous certifions le présent, pour servir au besoin, sincère et vérifiable.

« Sannois, le 10 janvier 1833. (Suivent plus de trente signatures.)

« Pour l'égalisation, par nous maire de la commune de Sannois, des signatures ci-contre, certifions que le contenu au présent est nécessaire et vérifiable, et qu'il né nous est parvenu aucune plainte au sujet dudit chien.

« En la mairie de Sannois, le 10 janvier 1833.

Signé, RAURIENT, maire.

Malgré l'excellence de ce certificat, auquel il ne manquait que la legalisation de la signature du maire de Sannois par le préfet de Seine-et-Oise, la culpabilité d'Azor n'en était pas moins démontrée; et, quoique le sieur Lesaq obstinât à répeter au tribunal qu'à peine âgé de cinq mois, Azor n'était pas un chien à mordre; il n'en était pas moins évident qu'il avait mordu: le maître devait donc subir la conséquence de l'imprudence de son fils et des sottises de sa bête. Il a été condamné à : 16 fr. d'amende et 200 fr. de dommages-intérêts envers la partie civile.
LE FOLLET

Courrier des Salons,

JOURNAL DES MODES,

RUE NOTRE-DAME-DE-NAZARETH, 25, A PARIS.

1st MARCH 1835.

MODES.

On a tellement hâte d’oublier l’hiver et ses tristes frimats, que déjà, dans nos premiers magasins de modes, on voit apparaître les fleurs du printemps ; les primevères, les jacinthes, la violettes et le lilas sont déjà posés sur les nouveaux chapeaux, dont la forme paraît devoir éprouver cette année un changement total.

Les petits chapeaux baissans et fermés sont entièrement abandonnés, et les capotes négligées sont légèrement relevées et évasées. Ce-
pendant il faut attendre que les premières maisons aient fait paraître leurs formes nouvelles de la saison, pour pouvoir se faire une juste idée de la forme et de l'ornement qui prévaudra.

Chez Herbaut et dans une autre maison qui nous fournit une foule de jolis modèles, nous avons vus de charmans bonnets en dentelles noires. Ces bonnets, qui sont à barbes, sont toujours ornés de roses de haies, roses. Les bonnets de gaze de kaine, qui avaient été au commencement de la saison bien portés, sont tout à fait abandonnés maintenant; la cause en est que ces bonnets, étant très-faciles à monter, ont paru dans les moindres magasins de modes, et par conséquent vendu à vil prix et portés par des femmes communes. Les modes sont comme la sensitive: touchées par une main profane, elles meurent... À cette occasion, faisons une remarque : c'est que les femmes de province rejettent maintenant les modes surchargées d'ornemens de mauvais goût, et que les marchands ont été contraints d'abandonner les magasins des quartiers renommés autrefois, pour aller aujourd'hui chercher leurs articles dans les magasins cités aujourd'hui, à Paris, pour leur élégante simplicité. Sans amour-propre, le Follet peut s'attribuer une bonne part dans cette victoire remportée sur un vieux préjugé au profit du bon goût.

En constatant le succès prodigieux des Malheurs d'un amant heureux, au Gymnase, nous avons omis de parler des toilettes pleines de goût de madame Allau; rien de plus gracieux que son chapeau; rien de plus léger, de plus original et de plus élégant que son bonnet.

Les bals sont en pleine activité, mais les toilettes sont si simples cette année, que le talent des Victorine, des Palmyre n'est pas mis à une bien rude épreuve. Point de garniture, peu d'ornemens de fleurs, et toujours des corsages à l'antique.

Dans les robes de crèpe lisse, de gaze Dona Maria, et de toutes les autres gazes et étoffes légères, l'ourlet que l'on fait très-haut produisait toujours un mauvais effet, en ce qu'il était toujours plus foncé que le reste de la jupe; pour y remédier, nos premières couturières font aujourd'hui les robes d'étoffes légères entièrement doublées, et par conséquent sans ourlet. Cette innovation nous a paru fort heureuse.

Deux toilettes que nous citerons sont les suivantes:

Une robe de satin royal rose, corsage à la Sévigné, des manches à la Henri IV; c'est-à-dire longues et ouvertes du haut en bas, en de-
dans du bas, et fermées en plusieurs endroits par des nœuds de rubans, trois bouquets de violettes placés à égale distance du côté gauche de la ceinture au côté droit du bas de la robe; pour coiffure, un toquet de velours noir à trois pointes garnies de perles fines, et orné d'un bouquet de plumes roses.

Une robe de crêpe blanc, dessous de gros de Naples, corsage à l'antique; un chou de ruban de gaze derrière la taille, un chou par devant à la pointe du corsage; des manches à deux bouffans, descendant au-dessous du coude, et terminées par des pointes de rubans très-saillantes et gauffrées à très-petits plis; pour seul ornement, un bouquet jeté de lilas blanc mêlé d'épis d'or. Les coiffures à la Corinne, une touffe de lilas blanc derrière l'oreille droite, un bandeau de perles à un seul rang sur le front; derrière la tête, et placé bien bas, un bouquet de lilas blanc mêlé d'épis d'or.

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Tableau de la mort du duc de Reichstadt.

Plusieurs journaux annoncent qu'un voyageur arrivant de Francfort s'exprime en ces termes sur ce tableau: « Je sors de l'hôtel d'Angleterre; j'y ai vu un tableau de M. Gobaud, représentant la mort du duc de Reichstadt. Je me suis cru dans la chambre du jeune duc. Le prince était étendu sur son lit, pâle, livide, les mains croisées sur la poitrine et près d'exalter le dernier soupir; soulevant sa paupière mourante, il jeta un dernier et vague regard sur le portrait de son père, dont la chambre était décorée; regard de douleur, où se peignait peut-être à la fois le regret de la vie et celui de la gloire! Agenouillé près de ce lit où le sang de Napoléon va s'étendre pour ne plus revivre jamais, un ecclésiastique vénéreux bénit le jeune mourant et prononce les prières sacrées. C'est l'aimonier de la cour, M. Scheiner. Le docteur Malfatti recueille, avec les dernières pulsations, les derniers signes de cette courte existence, à laquelle s'attachèrent tant d'espérances et tant de sympathies. La mère du jeune duc, l'archi-duchesse Marie-Louise, s'agenouilla et fond en larmes. Vers la tête du lit s'incline pieusement l'archiduc François-Charles, dont l'auguste tristesse se refléchit sur les traits des généraux-majors comte d’Hartmann et.
baron Marschals; les capitaines Moll et Standeisley, le chirurgien militaire et quelques domestiques fidèles dont on entend les sanglots, complètent cette triste et solennelle cérémonie. Ce n’est pas seulement à la clarté des cierges qu’expire le duc de Reichstadt. Son dernier regard a pu voir l’aurore, et un doux rayon de ce soleil qui ne doit plus éclairer que sa tombe, se prolonge encore vers sa noble et pâle figure. Infortuné jeune homme! à quoi servirent tant de soins pour orner ton esprit, tant de récits glorieux pour élever ton âme et agrandir ta pensée? Voyez tous ces objets qui l’entourent et attristez-vous sur son sort! Ici, sur une armoire, des sabres, des giberne dévoilent ses études pratiques et je ne sais quel instinct du sang dont il est sorti; il aimait à manier, à caresser ces armes. Le bruit du fusil le faisait tres-saillir d’émotion….. Mais le fils de Napoléon a abordé le séjour de l’éternelle paix! Une pendule marque cinq heures et deux minutes. C’est l’époque précise où le prince expire. Une sphère, une ardoise, quelques figures géométriques indiquent quelles étaient ses études; une esquisse vague de la colonne de la place Vendôme dit quels étaient par fois ses sentiments. Ce tableau existe, et la vérité y est toute palpitante de tristesse et d’expression; il dénote non-seulement un habile peintre, mais un homme plein d’âme et de talent. M. Goubaud, dont la réputation comme artiste est déjà faite, assista en France à la naissance du roi de Rome et obtint la permission de faire le portrait de ce prince. Admis à Vienne auprès du lit du jeune duc de Reichstadt, il apu, sur le visage du prince mort, rechercher d’anciens souvenirs et d’anciennes émotions sans doute. Son pinceau religieux a saisi le jeune Napoléon entrant dans la vie, et il l’a quitté pour le rendre à la terre. A Paris, à Vienne, à si peu de distance, il a pu disputer un moment son noble modèle au berceau et à la tombe. Il y a quelque chose de mélancolique et de pittoresque dans cette destinée d’artiste. 

Description des deux planches qui accompagnent cette livraison du Lady’s Magazine and Museum, du 1er mars 1833.

N° 5. toilette de bal. — Coiffure ornée de fleurs, robe en crêpe, corsage à pointe.

N° 6. toilette de bal. — Robe en crêpe à crevés et garniture en rubans, façons tablier, corsage en pointe avec rosettes.

PARIS. — IMPRIMERIE DE AUGUSTE AUFRAY,
PASSEIG DU CAIRE, N. 54.
Voici la saison des bals presque terminée; depuis long-temps on n'avait tant dansé à Paris, et, chose étrange, jamais les toilettes de bal n'avaient offert autant de simplicité; jamais, peut-être, le génie des Palmyre, des Victorine ne s'était montré aussi paresseux. Si l'on excepte les robes à l'antique, rien n'aurait distingué les toilettes de cette année de l'année précédente. Espérons que l'hiver de 1833 verra reparaitre ces garnitures si fraîches, si riches qui ajout-
tent un charme de plus à la grâce de la danseuse. La simplicité est nécessaire dans les toilettes de ville; c'est même ce qui distingue, à Paris, les femmes comme il faut; mais au bal, ces robes à simple ourlet font regretter les blondes, les fleurs, les rubans et même les perles que les couturières savaient si habilement employer.

Parmi les derniers bals, celui donné à la salle Ventadour, au profit des Polonais, peut être cité comme le plus brillant, et, cependant, il était facile de voir que peu de toilettes avaient été faites exprès pour ce jour. La couleur cerise était la couleur dominante. Une grande partie des femmes qui se faisaient remarquer par leur toilette, étaient coiffées avec des plumes posées très en l'air; il y avait plusieurs chaperons de plumes; cette coiffure est charmante, lorsqu'elle est posée avec grâce. Quelques femmes avaient encore fait un essai en faveur de la poudre! Jamais une jolie femme ne consentira à poudrer sa chevelure.

Parmi les toilettes à citer, nous remarquerons les suivantes: Une robe faite en rubans, ainsi ajoutés les uns contre les autres; un ruban de gaze nacrée cerise, un ruban de satin blanc et un ruban de gaze diamantée, vert-colibri, produisaient un effet nouveau et joli; le dessous était de satin blanc, et le corsage fait légèrement à l'antique; la cordelière, qui était une natte de ruban, rappelait les nuances de la robe.

Une robe de crêpe était vert-pomme; cordelière verte et cerise. Coiffure à la juive, en gare cerise; un collier et des boucles d'oreilles en perles fines.

Chez M. Popelard, boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, n. 4, chez mademoiselle Delatouche, rue Vivienne, nous avons vu des formes de bonnets et de canezous charmants; mais presque toutes ces nouveautés avaient rapport à des antiquités. Les canezous, par exemple, n'ont plus la même forme que l'an dernier; ils se font toujours en tulle ou en dentelle, mais ils ont plus d'analogie avec l'antique mantelet qu'avec les canezous de 1832; ils n'en sont pas pour cela moins gracieux, et destinés à faire fureur. C'est ainsi que nous avons vu une mante décolletée, en tulle noir, venant former canezou et se terminer en pointe dans la ceinture, et former par derrière une ample mantille tombant jusqu'à la taille. — Les petits bonnets blancs ou noirs sont aussi époque dans les nouveautés; mais ils sont toujours extrêmement simples. Nous avons vu un petit bonnet à la Chevreuse; il était en tulle blanc: la garniture très-peu haute, mais évasée sur le front et
autour des touffes, ne descendait que très-peu près des oreilles ; la coiffe était doublée en satin bleu et surmontée d’un chou en ruban bleu, d’où partaient trois longs bouts de rubans qui retombaient jus-
que près de l’épaule gauche. Il est bon de dire que le fond du bonnet formait un peu le pain de sucre et que le nœud était posé tout-à-fait de côté, au-dessus de l’oreille gauche.

Les chapeaux ont subi un changement notable. On a abandonné entièrement les bibis. La forme des capotes négligées est maintenant légèrement relevée, et celle des capotes de toilette est assez évasée, mais enveloppe cependant la figure.

Nous annoncerons, comme un fait positif, que la moire est proscrite des magasins de modes en vogue, du moins pour cette année ; nous n’avons pas vu un seul chapeau de cette étoffe, chez Herbaut, ma-
dame Thomas, ou madame Beauvais. C’est le gros africain, ou mieux encore le poux de soie, qui sont le mieux employés.


Depuis long-temps, on n’avait vu autant de variété dans les rubans. Nous avons remarqué le ruban diamanté, le ruban iris, et surtout le ruban de gros de Naples transparent.

Description des deux planches qui accompagnent cette livraison
du Lady’s Magazine and Museum, du 1er avril 1833.

No 8. TOILETTE DE GRANDE SOIRÉE. — Robe en crêpe brodé d’or, jupe à retroussis en crêpe brodé.

No 9. TOILETTE DE VILLE. — Chapeau en gaze nacrée, robe en mousseline de laine garnie de velours.
Variétés.

Une figure colossale de Pierre-Léopold s'ébauche en ce moment dans les carrières de Carrara. Ce bloc immense, qui excède de beaucoup en dimension celui du Christ de Thorwaldsen (statue qui a environ 12 pieds de haut), sera transportée par mer à l'embouchure de l'Arno, et de là, par rivière, à Pise où l'artiste Luigi Pamponi, de Florence, se propose d'achever son œuvre.

On écrit de Bordeaux, 3 mars : « Un événement qui pouvait avoir des suites graves, est arrivé ces jours derniers à la ménagerie des Quinconces. L'habile instituteur des animaux, jaloux de prouver au public jusqu'où la puissance de l'homme peut atteindre, irritait le tigre en lui présentant des viandes ; l'animal fut plus prompt que le maître ; en saisissant sa proie, il atteignit la main de celui qui la lui présentait, et lui fit une blessure, qui, fort heureusement, après avoir causé l'enflure du bras et obligé l'élève de M. Martin à fermer sa ménagerie, se trouve guérie et lui a permis de recommencer hier ses exercices. Cet événement a servi à constater un fait que Buffon avait décidé autrement. Suivant cet homme célèbre, la vue du sang humain mettait le tigre en fureur. Eh bien ! nous avons vu l'élève de M. Martin entrer dans la loge du tigre ayant la main couverte de sang, et, assis sur l'animal, le forcer à lécher la blessure qu'il avait faite. Jamais le tigre n'avait été si calme et si docile.

Le village de Lemmes, canton de Souilly (Meuse), offrait un exemple de longévité fort rare. Une ancienne vigneronne, veuve du sieur Jean Brice, âgée de 102 ans, vient de mourir le 1er de ce mois ; elle était née à Verdun, en 1731. Cette femme centenaire, qui demeurait chez sa fille à Lemmes, a travaillé à la vigne jusqu'à l'âge de 78 ans ; elle était très-courbée, mais elle avait toutes ses dents et bon appétit, et, ce qui est plus surprenant, elle avait conservé toutes ses facultés intellectuelles.

PARIS. — IMPRIMERIE DE AUGUSTE AUFFRAY, PASSAGE DU CAIX, N. 54.
La réputation dont jouit la maison Ga-gelin, rue de Richelieu, n° 93, nous fait un devoir d'indiquer à nos dames une partie des charmans articles qui composent les assortimens de cette maison dont l'accroissement et la vogue prennent chaque jour un plus grand essor.

Centre du monde élegant, c'est là que se rendent et la noble dame du faubourg Saint-Germain, et la petite-maîtresse de la chaussée d'Antin, et tout ce qui en France et à l'étranger est soumis aux caprices de la mode. Les élégantes de tous les pays, en s'adressant à ce magasin, même par correspondance, seront toujours certaines d'avoir les étoffes les plus nouvelles, les schalls les plus élégans, et tout ce qui se rattache aux exigences de la mode. Nous citerons d'abord : les robes foulard, si jolies pour les demi-toilettes, dont la variété est infinie ; mais nous ne pouvons nous empêcher de désigner comme objets charmans les schalls tapis, tellement cachemires, que le brillant de la soie de l'étoffe est seul dans le cas d'empêcher l'illusion complète, et ceux damassés avec rayures de cachemires tissées dans l'étoffe.

Parmi une foule d'étoffes pour robes, nous avons distingué : les mousselines d'Alger qui viennent de paraître, et dont les dessins irréguliers ont bien le cachet du pays dont ils prennent leur nom, mais sont modifiés avec tant de goût, qu'ils séduiront la Parisienne la plus difficile ;

Les mousselines de laine dont les riches couleurs se disputent, pour la fraîcheur et l'éclat, à nos plus belles fleurs ;

Les gros de Naples chinés, de couleurs vives, pour les physionomies fortement dessinées ; ceux à couleurs plus douces pour les figures délicates ;

Les toiles sylphides, celles à petites rais ou à carreaux pour peignoirs.
Nous dirons le succès des robes Pompadour, sur fond noir émaillé de fleurs, qui se portent avec une richesse dentelle noire autour de la poitrine. Cette toilette rappelle ces femmes si célèbres et si vantées au grand siècle.

Nous parlerons aussi des nuances de gros de Naples, soit unis, soit à cordes de lyre; de ce lilas à l'ourseille, si vif et si frais; de ces couleurs qui s'assortissent avec tous les chapeaux, de tout enfin ! …

Nous ne passerons pas sous silence les mousselines de soie imprimées, les robes d'organdi brodées et peintes, celles en mousseline pour la campagne, celles en toiles pour les promenades dans les bois.

En un mot, chaque heure de la journée a son étoffe, son tissu et ses dessins.

Les écharpes, si variées et de si bon goût, les schalls légers ont fait l'objet de notre attention; particulièrement ceux en réseaux appelés schalls mautelets, et qui sont d'une élégance recherchée.

Nous avons vu des mautelets en étoffes, garnis de dentelles noires ou blanches, doublés de rose ou de bleu, qui nous ont paru délicieux.

L'assortiment des schalls cachemires des Indes est des plus magnifiques; la richesse des dessins, leur disposition peu commune, leur finesse, leur réduction en font un objet d'art tout-à-fait extraordinaire. Nous invitons nos dames à aller les voir; elles se convaincroient qu'elles n'ont jamais vu un parfum trésor égal avec plus de profusion. Ici nous nous arrêtons: Mais n'ayant rempli faiblement notre tâche, car il y aurait toujours du nouveau à citer, ce serait à n'en plus finir s'il nous fallait énumérer toutes les ressources du luxe étales aux yeux dans ce temple du goût; mais nous dirons, d'un mot, ce que toutes les phrases combinées ne sauraient définir: la maison Gagelin, c'est la mode elle-même.

Les fleurs les plus recherchées pour orner les capotes ou même les chapeaux habillés sont: l'accacia, le rhododendron et même le géranium. Ces fleurs sont parfaitement imitées, et les plus jolies que nous ayons vues sortaient des magasins de MM. Chagot frères, rue Saint-Denis, 317; déjà depuis longtemps cette maison jouit d'une grande vogue.

Description des deux planches qui accompagnent cette livraison du Lady's Magazine and Museum, du 1er mai 1833.

No 12. Toilette de promenade. — Cape en crêpe crêpe garnie de baleines. — Robe en foulard broché.


RÉVERIE CHAMPÊTRE

AU DEUXIÈME ÉTAGE.

Aujourd'hui, en rentrant chez moi, j'ai trouvé des lilas sur ma cheminée. Le printemps a mis sa carte chez moi. Printemps, je te rendrai ta visite avant peu. Il faut que j'aile au pré St-Gervais, ou à Neuilly, ou à Montmorency, ou en Italie, ou ailleurs! Pourvu que je ne reste pas au milieu de cet entassement de pierres appelée Paris, en présence de ce ciel si pur, si riant! Voyez comme la voûte bleue se détache de ces cheminées enfumées! comme cette vie de théâtres et de cafés devient insipide à côté du beau spectacle que nous donne la nature par l'entremise du mois de mai, son brillant représentant! Voyez comme il fait les honneurs de sa souveraine! Dites-moi si les Rothschild, les di-
plomates et les amiraux donnent des fêtes semblables!

Italie! Italie que tu dois être belle maintenant! En ce moment tu mets tes habits de fête, et ton ciel bleu donne des soirées magnifiques! Ah! que ne suis-je au mont Cenis, ou au moins à St-Mandé! Ah! que ne suis-je en tête-à-tête avec les pieds des Alpes, au lieu de l'être avec mon encerc ! Comment peut-on écrire, quand l'âme a franchi la banlieue et qu'elle s'élance à travers prairies, montagnes et vallées !

O mon mai! douce et gracieuse saison! séduisante avant-garde de l'été! sirène enchanteresse qui m'appelles aux champs! coquette, qui sembles t'exercer de préférence sur ceux qui ne peuvent répondre à tes avances! Car enfin moi, qui voudrais traverser le Rhin et enjamber les Alpes, je n'ai pu encore que traverser le passage des Panoramas et enjamber un ruissellement fanégeux.

Et tout cela, grâce au journalisme! grâce à lui, me voilà claquemuré dans cet ignoble Paris! Ouf! donnez moi de l'air!

Journaux, je vous aborre! Cafés, je vous déteste! Nouvelles de Constantinople, que me demandez-vous? Gazette d'Augsbourg, que me veux-tu? Théâtres, vous me dégoûtez! Paris, tu es absurde!

J'ai beau bannir ce riant ciel de mon imagination, et m'enfermer dans ma chambre, mes voisins semblent s'être donné le mot pour réveiller en moi des idées champêtres. L'un, à travers sa fenêtre ouverte, me fait entendre les âgres sons de son violon; l'autre, aspirant à une rebelle embouchure, tourmente sa flûte et mon nerf auditif. Au milieu de ce bruit discordant, mêlé au concert mélodieux des oiseaux, une petite fille me fait payer son apprentissage musical sur les touches d'un piano-chandron. Les éclémens de musique sont bien pénibles pour ceux qui l'apprennent, mais plus pénibles encore pour ceux qui écoute.

Oh! quand on entend tout cela, que la campagne est belle! Alors, aux souvenirs des beaux jours, aux regrets de l'âme, aux peines du cœur, viennent se joindre les souffrances de l'oreille et les crispatons de l'impatience! oh! alors on voudrait, à tout prix, briser les entraves qui nous pèsent, fuir l’épaisse atmosphère de Paris, n'eût-on qu’une âme sensible à défaut de rentes, et s'élancer à travers champs avec un ami du cœur et trois pantalons d'été! (Veri-Vert.)

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La Tirelire d'un Joueur.

Les joueurs se méfient de tout le monde, et ils ont raison. Ils se méfient surtout d'eux-mêmes, et ils ont raison bien plus encore. Tout le monde connaît le moyen employé par le poète Dufresny, pour ne pas reperdre l'argent qu'il avait gagné au jeu, quand, par aventure, il y avait gagné. Il avait acheté une grosse de fagots d'épines dont il avait meublé son antichambre, et, chaque soir, il y jetait tout l'argent qu'il rapportait du dans le sert. Un de mes amis, très-répandu dans le monde, glissait dans sa botte chaque pièce de vingt francs qu'il parvint à prélever sur les hasards de l'écarté ou de la bouillotte. C'est de la haute prudence; le jeu est un usager qui prête à gros intérêts. A ce propos, écoutez une aventure toute récente: Un pauvre diable, valet de chambre dans une bonne maison, était dévoré de la manie de la roulette et du trente et quarante. Son maître avait fait sa fortune à la Bourse. Lui, qui n'avait pas de capitaux, allait dans les maisons de jeu du Palais-Royal: c'est la Bourse qu'il traversait. Il avait constamment été malheureux; chaque soir la banque s'emparait de ses économies. Enfin,
un jour, la chance semble tourner en sa faveur; en fort peu de temps, il avait gagné seize napoléons. Dans l'intervalle d'une taille à l'autre, il se retira dans un coin de la salle, et, tout en comptant son or, il se demanda s'il continuerait de jouer ou s'il n'était pas plus prudent de s'en aller avec son bénéfice. Enfin, pour la première fois peut-être, la raison se fit entendre à l'oreille d'un joueur, et l'heureux valet de chambre quitta le tripot avec ses trois cents vingt francs dans sa poche. Mais il n'est pas au bout du Palais-Royal que les remords lui arrivèrent; il était en veine, peut-être eût-il rattrapé dans cette seule soirée tout ce qu'il avait perdu depuis trois mois; s'il retournait sur ses pas!... Oui, mais s'il allait reprendre!... Enfin, au milieu de ce combat entre l'ambition et la prudence, une idée lui traverse la tête: pour être sûr de ne pas succomber à la tentation, il avala une à une les seize pièces d'or qu'il venait de gagner, et, pour faire passer ce mets un peu indigeste, il entra au café où il boit trois verres d'eau sucrée avec la monnaie qui lui restait. Deux jours se passent sans qu'il ait la moindre nouvelle de son argent; il commença à se repentir de l'avoir confié à un dépositaire si inexact, lorsqu'il se sent pris de douleurs qui lui font croire qu'il va rentrer dans ses fonds. Mais les douleurs augmentent sans lui amener de résultat, et l'heureux diable est pris d'affreuses convulsions. Le médecin arrive; à l'aspect du malade dont les douleurs avaient bleui la face, il opère une large saignée. Quelques heures après, le pauvre valet de chambre était revenu à lui, mais pour sentir plus vivement d'affreuses tortures. Dès qu'il put parler, il fit part au docteur de la cause de son mal; celui-ci employa en vain tous les remèdes; le mal heureux mourut dans des tournements noirs. L'autopsie fut faite par le docteur Flogergues. L'estomac était dans un état épouvantable; tel qu'il eût pu résulter de la présence du poison. Les seize pièces d'or étaient intactes et serrées les unes contre les autres. M. Flogergues ne voulut rien déranger à la disposition du gastre, qui a été immédiatement porté à l'École de médecine, où deviendra l'objet de curieuses observations. Tout extraordinaire que soit ce phénomène, les annales de la chirurgie nous en fournissent de plus curieux encore. On voit au cabinet de l'École de médecine un foie couvert d'aiguilles, absolument comme une pelote. C'est celui d'une femme qui, étant enceinte, avait la manie d'avaler toutes les aiguilles dont elle pouvait s'emparer. Elle a vécu plus de deux mois avec ce singulier genre de nourriture.

(L'Entr'acte.)

PARIS. — IMPRIMERIE D' AUGUSTE AUFRAY, PASSAGE DU CAIRE, N. 54.
UNE FÊTE BIEN MOINS CÉLÉBRE PARMI LE PEUPLE QUE CELLE DE SAINT-CLOUD, MAIS ChOMÉE AVEC EMPREINSEMENT PAR LA CLASSE OPULENTE, LA FÊTE DES CAMADULES AVAIT ATTIRÉ CETTE ANNÉE UNE FOULE PLUS CONSIDÉRABLE QUE DE COUTUME. COMME LONG-CHAMPS, LES CAMADULES ÉTAIENT JADIS LE BUT D'UNE PROCESSION RELIGIEUSE; COMME LONG-CHAMPS, ELLES SONT AUJOURD'HUI UN BUT DE TOILETTE ET DE DANSE. C'EST AU MI-LIEU DES BOIS DE LAGRANGE, PRÈS DE BRUYÈRE, DE GROSBOIS, QU'À LIEU CETTE FÊTE; TOUTES LES NOTABILITÉS DES VILLES ET VILLAGES ENVIRONNANTS S'Y REUVENT CHACUNE ANNÉE, ET LES PLUS RICHES ÉQUIPAGES DE PARIS ARRIVENT EN FOULE DANS LA FORÊT.

COMME À TOUTES LES RÉUNIONS DE LA CLASSE FASHIONABLE DE LA SOCIÉTÉ, PRESQUE TOUTES LES ROBES DES FEMMES ÉTAIENT BLANCHE, EN MOUSSELINE OU BATISTE; LA PLUPART ÉTAIENT FORMÉE D'ÉDINGOTE ET RETENUES, PAR-DÉvant OU SUR LE CÔTÉ, PAR DES ROSETTES DE RUBAN DE SOIE BLANC, OU COULEUR TENDRE, OU CHINÉ; QUELQUES-UNES ÉTAIENT EN TABLIER; D'AUTRES, FERMÉES EN FORME DE ROBE HABILLÉE, ÉTAIENT CEPPENDANT ENRICHIES DE BRODERIES QUI FIGURAIENT LE TABLIER OU LA REDINGOTE. NOUS AVONS REMARQUÉ QUELS CORRICES ENTIÈREMENT PLISSÉS À PLUS EXCESSIVEMENT FINS. UNE TRÈS PETITE QUANTITÉ DE CES ROBES ÉTAIENT ACCOMPAGNÉES D'UN PAR-DESSOUS DE COULEUR, MAIS TOUTES ÉTAIENT D'UN JUPON DE SOIE BLANC; SOUS LA MOUSSELINE, UNE JUPE DE GROS DE NAPLES EST INDISPENSABLE.

LES PAILLES D'ITALIE ET DE RIZ ÉTAIENT ABSOLUMENT LES SEULS CHAPEAUX REMARQUABLES; LES PAILLES D'ITALIE AUGMENTENT CHAQUE JOUR EN GRANDEUR; DES PLUMES SONT TOUJOURS LES SEULS ORNEMENTS QUE NOUS Y AYONS REMARQUÉS, MAIS LE PAR-DÉSOUSS DE LA PASSE ÉTAIT ORNÉ, SOIT D'UNE ESPÈCE DE GUIRLANDE DE LIERRE, SOIT D'UN BANDEAU DE BLUETS ENRÔMÉLÉS D'ÉPIS DE BLÉ, SOIT
enfin de touffes de petites marguerites mêlées.

Parmi les pailles de riz, nous en avons remarqué une ornée de rubans blancs frangés de paille et d’une guirlande de Némphar; une autre, plus jolie peut-être de toutes, était ornée d’une guirlande de feuilles de Géranium rose, semée de quelques fleurs de diverses nuances. Une autre l’était d’une guirlande de feuilles de lierre, accompagnées de quelques petites graines brunes, terminée par une touffe de petites roses multiflores; une autre enfin était ornée d’une demi-guirlande de violettes marines. Toutes les passes de ces chapeaux ou capotes, étaient très enlevées et très-évassées.

Nous avons assisté aux apprêts des toilettes destinées aux eaux de Bade, et nous avons remarqué que les capotes de paille cousue étaient entièrement bannies; elles sont remplacées par des capotes à coulisse en mousseline de l’Inde, ornées d’un voile de dentelle; puis des chapeaux de paille d’Italie, de riz, et quelques chapeaux de crêpe blanc ou citron, ornés de touffes de pavots doubles, liés dans de couleur; des bonnets de blonde ou de tulle bouillonné, ornés des fleurs printanières.

Description

DES TROIS PLANCHES QUI ACCOMPAGNENT
NOTRE NUMÉRO DE CE JOUR.

N° 15. Costume de campagne ou de chez soi.
Coiffure ornée de lilas, robe en mousseline de l’Inde à volant.

Chapeau en crêpe, garni de feuilles de roses; redingote garnie de ruches en rubans.

MADAME DE MONTESPAN.

Françoise-Athenais de Rochechouard de Mortemart, naquit en 1641, de Gabriel de Rochechouard, duc de Mortemart, pair de France, mort à Paris, dont il était gouverneur en 1675; et de Diane de Grandseigne.

Pour la beauté, madame de Montespan l’emportait sur tout ce que la cour avait encore vu de plus aimable. C’étaient les cheveux les plus beaux, de grands yeux pleins d’esprit et de vivacité, un regard où tous les charmes de la modestie cédaient à ceux de la volupté. Fais pour tous les mouvements du cœur, ses yeux les exprimaient toujours avec force ou avec dignité. Tous ses traits formaient un ensemble accompli, et le teint le plus brillant et le plus uni en augmentait les grâces. La beauté des bras et des mains répondait à celle de la gorge, et une taille avantageuse et de la plus élégante proportion, s’attirait le premier hommage. Qu’on joigne à tant de charmes l’agrément d’une négligence noble et intéressante, qui est à la beauté ce que les ombres sont au tableau, et on aura une idée de Mme la marquise de Montespan.

Elle mourut le 28 mai 1707, à l’âge de 66 ans.

LA NAPPE TRANCHÉE.

L’ancienne chevalerie, cette belle et noble institution tuée par le ridicule et la civilisation, avait pour but, comme on sait, de redresser les torts, de soutenir les dames, et de combattre pour les souverains.

La tradition rapporte un usage assez étrange: c’était celui de trancher la nappe; coutume chevaleresque, d’où
vient sans doute l'expression populaire : Mettre les pieds dans le plat, dire son fait à quelqu'un.

On tranchait la nappe pour faire affronter à un chevalier et lui reprocher, par cet enseignement, sa lâcheté et sa bassesse.

Exemple :

Le jour de l'Epiphanie, Charles VI, ce nouveau roi Léar, donnait à dîner à plusieurs princes et chevaliers, parmi lesquels figurait Guillaume de Hainaut, comte d'Estrevent ; avant le premier service, un héritier s'approche du banquet royal, tire son glaive, coupe la nappe devant le comte, et prononce ces paroles :

« Comte de Hainaut, vous n'avez pas d'armes, vous n'êtes donc pas digne de vous asseoir à la table de notre seigneur et maître. » — Guillaume pâlit de colère et de surprise. — « Par notre Dame ! repliqua-t-il, je porte le haume, la lance et l'écu, ainsi que peut et doit le faire tout loyal et brave chevalier. — Noble comte, cela ne peut-être car votre oncle a été occis par les Frisons, et si vous aviez des armes, sa mort serait vengée depuis long-temps. »

Cette haute leçon frappa l'esprit et le cœur du chevalier ; il serra la main du héritier, prié congé de Charles VI, et sa honte fut bientôt lavée dans le sang des ennemis de sa maison.

Si de notre temps, on ne trancherait plus la nappe devant tout fâton et lâche personnage, c'est afin de mieux ménager le linge de table, qu'en n'en peut mais.

LE DÉPART DE LA DILIGENCE.

Pour un observateur, je ne sais rien de plus amusant que de flâner dans une cour de messageries. C'est un mouvement continu, un bruit à fendre le crâne, une émeute en pantoufles ou en bottes fourrées, une révolution de casquettes et de bonnets de coton. On va, on vient, on se presse, on se heurte, on s'embarasse, on se questionne, on se parle sans se répondre. Celui-ci trouve les chevaux trop maigres, celui-là les déclare poussois, un troisième redoute qu'ils ne prennent le mors aux dents ; l'un s'infore où l'on doit dîner, l'autre à quelle heure on arrivera, tous s'impatientent, le conducteur crie, les chevaux frappent du pied, le postillon jure, et les dames prennent le fausset pour se plaindre qu'on écrase un de leurs trente-six cartons.

Enfin tous les préparatifs sont achevés, les paquets sont rangés, il ne s'agit plus que d'embrasser les voyageurs ; l'employé arrive avec sa feuille, mais l'appel se termine rarement sans quelque nouvel incident. Tantôt c'est une place qu'on se dispute en dépit de l'autorité du registre et contrairement à l'ordre des numéros d'inscription ; tantôt c'est un oreiller qui menace d'envahir la moitié de la banquette, ou un pannier qui gêne les pieds. Du reste, les contestations les plus divertissantes sont encore celles qu'on nomme les querelles de chiens. — Et tenez, vous pouvez en juger, car en voici une qui commence à deux pas de nous.

Le numéro 2, individu à moustaches : Non, monsieur, je vous dis qu'il ne montera pas ! — Le numéro 5 : Mais monsieur.

Le numéro 2 : Il n'y a pas de mais ; les voitures ne sont pas faites pour les chiens ! — Le numéro 5 : Mais monsieur, puisqu'il y a de la place ....

Ici, tout beau, Milord ! — Une grosse face rouge à la portière du coupé : Qu'est-ce que c'est qui ? qui volez-vous à moa ? — Le numéro 5 : Excusez, monsieur, ce n'est pas à vous que je parle, c'est à mon chien. — L'Anglais : Oh ! oh ! il était bien impertinent ce maître dé chieng ! — Le numéro 2 : Encore une fois, monsieur, je vous dis de retirer vo-
tre chien! Conducteur, empêchez donc ce monsieur.... — Une voix dans la rotonde : Sont - y embêtans avec leu chien! nous ne partirons pas d'aujourd'hui... Allons donc les autres! oh! eh! oh! eh! — Un gamin faisant les cornes au chien : Brrrrr., Keikiki.... — Le chien : Houp! houp!.... — Le numéro 5, d'un air attendrissant : Ma foi, il faut être bien peu complaisant.... cependant, puisque cela ne gêne pas ces dames. — (Le numéro 1 et le numéro 2 se regardent en faisant une petite moue). — Le numéro 2 qui s'en aperçoit : Eh, qu'importe, monsieur, puisque cela me gêne, moi! — (Sourire des dames.) — Le numéro 5 à part : Animal, va! — Le numéro 6, un jeune homme : Dites-donc, monsieur, nous pourrions bien, si vous le désirez, mettre votre chien dans le coiffe? — (Tout le monde rit.) — Le numéro 5 exaspéré : De quoi vous mèlez-vous? Cela ne vous regarde pas, vous! — Le numéro 6 : Comment! cela ne me regarde pas? Voyez donc quels yeux il me fait! — Le conducteur : Allons, messieurs, décidez-vous, la portière ne peut pas rester toujours ouverte. — Le numéro 5 : Eh bien, puisque c'est comme ça, je monte là-haut, plutôt que d'avoir affaire à des patauds. — Le numéro 2 : Comment dites-vous? — Le numéro 5 : Je dis que je vais en haut. (Le numéro 5 monte à l'échelle, tirant après lui son chien qui attache la langue d'un pied.) — Le numéro 2 : Conducteur, prenez garde que ces messieurs ne se cassent les pattes! — (On rit.) — Une voix dans la rotonde : Il est bon là, le caniche! oh! oh! pas vrai, la petite mère? — La nourrice : c'est tout de même bien discordant quant à t'être en voyage avec des bêtes. — Une dame dans le coupé : Oh! Dieu! voyager en diligence!.... Peut-être.... C'est bien la dernière fois! — Un hussard en congé sur l'impériale, fumant sa pipe et se trouvant nez-à-nez avec le chien : Bonjour la compagnie.... Excusez, il ne paraît que vous n'êtes pas tous dedans.... Dis-donc, camarade barbet, est-ce que tu m'as volé ma chabraque?.... couche là, mon vieux! tiens-moi chaud aux pieds et ne mange pas mes éperons! — Le conducteur : Postillon, en route. — Le fouet du postillon : Clic, clac, clic, clac. — Chœur finit : Adieu, mon chou! — Prends garde de t'enrhumer, ma poule! — Adieu, mon vieux! — Adieu, pauvre bijou! — Bon voyage! — A dimanche! — Ecris-moi! — Mets bien ton bonnet! — Mille choses aimables de ma part. — Je n'y manquerai pas. — Adieu, mon lapin! — Adieu, ma petite chatte. — Clic, clac. — Houp! houp!

Les fêtes de Tivoli ont eu, dès la première de cette année une vogue que justifie l'excellente direction de ce délicieux jardin.

"., Les concerts du Gymnase musical attirent les amateurs de la bonne musique, mais cet établissement a besoin de varier davantage ses soirées.

"., Depuis les concerts gratuits qui se donnent aux Tuileries, les Champs-Élysées sont déserts.

"., En attendant la Madeleine et le Christ, la Porte-Saint-Martin nous donne les Amours de Frédéric, ballet assez soporifique et passablement immoral, qui a réuni à M. Moissant l'occasion de se distinguer dans le genre chorégraphique.
LE FOLLET,
Courrier des Salons.
JOURNAL DES MODES.

BOULEVART SAINT-MARTIN, 61.

1er AUGUST 1835.

MODES.

Nous avons remarqué au bois, que Mme la comtesse de D... portait une robe en batiste, dont la jupe était brodée à colonnes ainsi disposées: une, de cinq rangées de pois; une autre, d'une riche guirlande de bluets et une troisième de cinq cordonnets. Le corsage carré était froncé; les manches fort larges, ouvertes en trois endroits, sur le dessus, étaient rattachées par des nœuds de gros de Naples blanc.

Nous avons appris que cette robe sortait des ateliers de Mie Mouton, à qui les élégantes doivent souvent de jolies toilettes. Nous profitions de cette occasion pour annoncer à nos abonnées que MMie Mouton, forçée de donner plus d'extension à son établissement, vient de le transférer rue Saint-Honoré, 548, près de la place Vendôme.

Mme de M... avait une robe en poul de soie velouté, couleur lilas, avec une pèlerine sans garniture; deux ruches d'étoffe découpée formaient Mathilde par-devant; un chapeau de paille de riz, orné d'une touffe de plantin de fontaine et de rubans blancs unis; un mouchoir de poche de fine batiste à ourlet très fin, puis un encadrement de la largeur de deux doigts, en points de tulle, travaillés à même la la batiste. Mme d'I.... avait un peignoir de batiste d'Ecosse, de larges broderies figuraient l'ouverture d'une redingote; une capote de paille de riz, avec demi-guirlande de jasmin mêlé de scabieuse; une écharpe de blonde noire.

Une femme auteur avait une robe d'organdi, couleur bleu à la vierge, semée de paquerettes brodées au plumeti; des tulipes d'une dimension plus grande étaient jetées en moins grande quantité au milieu de ces petites fleurs, et produisaient un aspect agréable; une très grande pèlerine en organdi blanc, garni de Valenciennes; une paille de riz ornée de rubans de gros
de Naples blanc uni, et d’une rose mousseuse de Nattier avec les gouttes de rosée sur le feuillage.

Au total, beaucoup de robes blanches, quelques chapeaux de crépe-citron, paille ou rose, avec deux plumes de même nuance.

Voici le moment où les dames font régarnir leurs pailles d’Italie; cette fois, on substitue aux plumes de couleur, qui supportent difficilement les feux du soleil, des plumes blanches; les rubans blancs sont, par la même raison, les mieux employés.

Au total, pendant la saison qui vient de s’écouler, les couleurs les seules portées, ou à peu près, sont le paille ou le blanc.

Il est impossible de se figurer combien l’on rencontre de toilettes blanches; jamais on n’a fait encore un aussi grand usage de la mousseline, de l’organdi, et surtout de la tartanante, tissu qui tient de ces deux premiers, mais qui a plus de légèreté et de transparence.

On double beaucoup de robes en tartanante avec de la gaze de couleur; ces deux étoffes produisent un effet des plus agréables.

Aux robes de promenade, on voit force volants brodés.

Les manches se font d’une ampleur progressive; maintenant, au poignet, elles sont presqu’aussi larges qu’à l’épaule.

Un objet tout-à-fait recherché en ce moment, c’est l’écharpe-Faîtel, modification gracieuse de ces vastes pièces d’étoffes de soie noire, dont s’envolpent les dames belges, dernier vestige de leur costume national; nos nouvelles écharpesse sont en soie gros grain, sont excessivement longues et entourées d’une dentelle noire assez haute.

La première que nous ayons vue sortait des ateliers de M. Violar (1), notre grand artiste en nouveautés, lui qui a donné aux dessins de la blonde et de la dentelle une extension telle que maintenant ce sont de vrais objets d’art; nous avons été admis dans les secrets de l’atelier de cet habile artiste, et nous avons admiré un tissu merveilleux, qui fera bientôt raffoler toutes les femmes: plus léger que la blonde, plus souple que la dentelle, il prendra place parmi les articles de luxe; son nom est tout ce que nous pouvons en dire: c’est le tissu d’Arachné.

Nous avons aussi à constater les succès qu’obtient chaque jour MM. Desertine, boulevard Montmartre, 9. Cette dame nous a soumis un trousseau dont elle a fait les robes, et nous avons remarqué que partout dominait une coupe gracieuse et de bon ton.

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**Description**

**DES TROIS PLANCHES QUI ACCOMPAGNENT NOTRE NUMÉRO DE CE JOUR.**

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**N° 15. Toilette de Promenade.**

Robe en jaconas, chapeau en elyseenne.

**N° 16. La Promenade.**

Costumes d’enfants.

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(*) Rue de Choiseul, 26.
MARIE-ANGÉLIQUE DE SCORAILLE
DE ROUSSELLE,
Duchesse de Fontanges.

Marie-Angélique de Scoraille de Rous-
selle, qui fut depuis duchesse de Fontanges,
était fille de Jean Rigaud de Scoraille,
comte de Roussille, et d’Aimé-Léonor de
Plas. Née en 1662, elle n’avait que dix-
sept ans lorsqu’elle parut à la cour, où elle
obtint une place de fille d’honneur chez
Madame (Henriette d’Angleterre, épouse
de Monsieur, frère du roi). La cour, alors
fertile en beautés, n’avait encore rien vu
qui éût tant d’éclat que celle de Mᵐᵉ de
Fontanges. Son teint était celui de la
blonde la plus accomplie; le brillant de
ses yeux était tempéré par cette langueur
intéressante qui, sans promettre beaucoup
d’esprit, annonçait au moins beaucoup de
tendresse; sa bouche bien coupée, des
dents parfaitement belles; tous ses traits
réguliers présentaient le tableau de ces
glaces auxquelles l’antiquité a donné le
nom distinctif de nécessités et d’ascèses.
Ses cheveux, dit-on, tiraient un peu sur
le roux, sa taille était au-dessus de la
moiennet et lui donnait une démarche
noble et un port de reine. Son caractère
était la douceur même, et son hümor un
peu mélancolique.

La tendresse du roi pour Mᵐᵉ de Fon-
tanges n’était point oisive, et les marques
particulières qu’il lui en avait données
devinrent publiques. Elle accoucha d’ab-
bord assez heureusement d’un fils, mais
les suites de son accouchement lui furent
funestes: elle tomba dans une langueur
qui la rendit méconnaisssable, et on crai-
gnait avec raison pour sa vie. Les graces
disparurent avec la beauté, l’amour du
roi ne put tenir contre une pareille dé-
sertion, il se changea en sentiment de
morale et de pitié. Mademoiselle de Fon-
tanges, qui aimait encore, sentit bien
qu’en perdant ce qui l’avait rendue aim-
able elle allait cesser d’être aimée;
elle demanda au roi la permission de se
retirer de la cour, et elle lui fut accordée.
Le couvent de Port-Royal, au faubourg
Saint-Jacques à Paris, fut le lieu de sa
retraite. Le duc de la Feuillade fut chargé
du roi de l’aller voir de sa part trois fois
la semaine. Cette attention distinguée ne
lui conserva pas la vie. Elle mourut le 28
juin 1681, à l’âge de vingt ans, dans le
monastère du Port-Royal, où elle fut in-
humée. Son cœur fut porté à Chelles, où
elle avait une sœur religieuse.

RECETTE CONTRE LES CAQUETS.

La médiasance des petites villes n’est
rien. Vous voulez vous engouffrer dans
un tourbillon de caquets? habituez le vil-
lage pendant quelques jours, et vous m’en
direz des nouvelles.

Au village on n’est ni candide, ni ré-
serve, ni champêtre, ni modeste, ni dis-
cret. Au village on est curieux, bavard,
indiscrét, mauvaise langue. O Florian, ô
Gessner, ô Virgile, ô Bucoliques, comme
vous m’avez trompé!

Sitôt qu’il arrive un étranger au village,
on l’épie, on chuchotte, on s’informe, on
conjecture, on épluche, on invente, on
glose, on médit. Est-il riche? est-il pau-
vre? d’où vient-il, que fait-il? qui sont
ses parens? est-il marié? est-il garçon?
C’est à n’y pas tenir.

Un jeune lettré de Paris voulant s’éta-
blier pendant quelques mois dans un village
aux environs, et vivre à l’abri des impor-
tuns, vient de prendre un singulier parti:

Le lendemain de son arrivée dans le
village il pria les principaux habitants,
hommes, femmes et demoiselles, d’acc-
accepter un dîner chez lui, sous un berceau. On s’étonna, mais on accepta. Les conviés se présentèrent au jour indiqué.

Après le dessert, les conviés s’essuyèrent la bouche et firent mine de se retirer. Mais l’Amphryton les retint du geste et de la voix; et debout sur sa chaise, prononça le discours suivant:

« Messieurs et mesdames, je suis de Paris;
» Je demeure rue des Martyrs;
» J’ai une toute petite rente;
» J’exerce la profession d’homme de lettres, sauf votre respect.
» Je m’appelle C.... B....;
» Je me suis retiré à la campagne pour terminer un roman historique dont le sujet n’a aucun intérêt pour vous.
» Mon père était avocat au barreau de Paris; il est mort il y a trois ans.
» J’ai perdu ma mère fort jeune.
» J’ai une sœur avantageusement établie à Lyon et un oncle à Bordeaux, rue du Cahernau, n° 24.
» Je suis garçon, et n’ai aucune envie de me marier.
» Je ne suis ni bon ni méchant; je vis sobrement. Je ne vais pas à l’église; je n’aime pas la danse ni les fêtes patronales. Je ne joue ni à l’écarté, ni à la bouillotte, ni au loto.
» Je prise et je fume.
» Je dois de l’argent à mon tailleur, et je le paye au mois.
» Je ne me mêle pas de politique et n’ai aucune opinion.
» Je me fais la barbe trois fois par semaine.
» L’hiver, je porte un gilet de flanelle.
» Je me lève à sept heures et je me couche à onze.
» J’ai trois habits et une redingote.

Si je vous apprends toutes ces choses, messieurs et mesdames, c’est uniquement dans votre intérêt, et afin que vous ne vous tourmentiez pas l’imagination à mon sujet.

« Je ne suis pas un ours; et quand vous voudrez me parler, vous me trouverez; mais comme je ne veux faire la connaissance de personne, ma société doit vous être parfaitement indifférente. »

Après ces mots, l’amphryton congédia ses conviés ébahis. Les uns trouvèrent l’allocution impertinente; les autres comique et originale. Mais le démon de la médisance y perdit son latin.

— Une invention nouvelle vient de nous être signalée, et nous la trouvons si importante et si utile, que nous nous empressons de la publier. Le papier de sûreté dont il nous est impossible en quelques lignes de parler avec détail, est fabriqué de telle sorte que toutes acides employés pour raser l’encre, l’altèrent complètement. Nous n’avons pas besoin de faire remarquer combien cette découverte peut éviter de crimes et de malheurs. Elle s’adresse aux hommes d’état, aux gens d’affaires, au commerce et à tous les chefs de famille. Que de procès n’auraient pas lieu, que de faux ne seraient pas exécutés, si l’écriture devenait inaltérable. Les expériences ont beaucoup d’intérêt. Le dépôt central de M. Mozart est rue Vivienne, 5.

— L’Académie de l’Industrie française a nommé une commission pour examiner les pianos à vis de pression de M. Clusmann, facteur, rue Favart, n° 4. Après un mois et consciencieux examen, cette commission a reconnu le nombre de divers avantages résultant du nouveau procédé inventé, et en a fait un rapport à l’Académie, qui, dans sa séance annuelle du 31 mai dernier, lui a décerné une médaille d’or.

Nous recommandons à nos lectrices les pianos de cet habile industriel, qui, outre les avantages réels que présentent ses vis de pression, réunissent aussi les qualités qui les distinguent des meilleurs instruments.
Les pailles de riz, qui avaient été jusqu’alors l’apanage de l’aristocratie et de la classe fashion, ont été généralement portées cette année; mais il ne s’en suit pas, ainsi que quelques modistes l’avaient prédit, que la paille de riz doive être abandonnée incessamment.

Il en sera de ces chapeaux comme de ceux de crêpe, de paille d’Italie; la coupe et l’ornement en feront désormais tout le prix. Déjà cette année la coupe d’un chapeau indiquait en quelque sorte à quelle classe de la société appartenait la personne qui le portait: passe très évasée, longue des joues, calotte large et basse, étaient le type de la coiffure fashion; dans les maisons du second ordre, les calottes étaient hautes et pointues: la passe courte et basse.

Tous les chapeaux de paille de riz de nos premiers faiseurs étaient généralement ornés de rubans unis; la majorité l’était de blancs; pas de rubans façonnés, si ce n’est le ruban égyptien de Tuvée qui était d’un prix si élevé que trois femmes aussi riches qu’élégantes l’ont seulement choisi pour orner leur chapeau. Les guirlandes ont fait fureur; celles de tilleul surtout, chez Maurice Beaufrais et Baudrart; celles de géranium et de ronces, chez L. Hocquet; puis ensuite les demi-guirlandes; puis enfin les petites fleurs mêlées à des coques de rubans.

Nous avons été appelés à voir une caisse de modes d’une de nos premières maisons qui était destinée à une cour étrangère; nous avons distingué une capote forme négligée, en crêpe blanc, ornée de rubans blancs de Chine et d’une rose rose mousseuse, accompagnée de plusieurs boutons également mousseux; la passe était ornée d’un voile de tulle dentelle gothique d’un travail excessivement riche.

Puis une paille de riz, forme totalement
habillée, ornée du ruban égyptien et d’une branche de polyphile; cette fleur marine est imitée par Nattier avec une vérité qui tient du prodige.

C’est au bal donné dans les bosquets du parc de Versailles que l’on retrouve quelques femmes élégantes qui n’ont pas encore sacrifié le séjour de la capitale pour celui des eaux de Nériss ou de Spa. Au dernier bal, nous avons remarqué entre autres coiffures une paille de riz ornée d’une touffe de grenades blanches, et un chapeau de crépe blanc orné de bruyères mêlées à des grenades blanches verdis. Nous avons vu également quelques mantels dont le corps, au lieu d’être en poul de soie, était en tulle brodé; ils étaient bordés d’un seul rang de dentelle cousue à un rouleau de satin noir. Nous citerons également quelques écharpes en mousseline de l’Inde.

Nous avons remarqué dimanche dernier au joli bal de Bellevue un nombre assez considérable de toilettes distinguées.

Les dames qui habitent ce délicieux village, et qui s’étaient rendues à la soirée champêtre, semblaient avoir fait assaut de coquetterie, comme si ce n’était point assez de briller à la ville et de se fatiguer à Paris des tracasseries qu’entraînaient les apprêts d’une toilette.

Il y avait ce soir-là des coiffures ravissantes, de charmantes capotes; une était en poul de soie, ornée de roses de haies dites roses vendéennes, l’autre était en cordeine blanche, garnie d’une rose mousse.

Nous avons aperçu un chapeau rose orné d’une branche de petites bruyères des Alpes, un autre garni de clochettes.

Une dame était coiffée d’une belle paille de riz, ornée d’une guirlande de volubils; deux autres dames avaient des pailles ornées de plumes blanches.

Plusieurs élégantes étaient coiffées d’un petit bonnet à la Fermière, coiffure ravissante de Maurice Beauvais; à droite et à gauche sont posées des touffes de myoporron; une rose rosée, placée sur le sommet de la tête, forme aigrette.

Nous avons vu un turban à la Juive, en gaze-iris blanche et un turban en gaze brochée mauresque.


Les cavaliers ont en partie adopté le frac vert russe clair. Le bouton est en or guilloché, à l’instar des anglo-américains; la coupe est imitée du quaker; le pantalon blanc est étroit, tombant sur le soulier; le bas est en soie grise.

Le chapeau de paille d’Italie à larges bords et le chapeau gris, la cravate écosaise et le gilet à petits dessins complètent l’ajustement d’un fashionnable.

Les gants sont toujours clairs, très justes; la canne d’un élégant doit avoir une pomme d’or ciselée. Nous en avons vu d’un prix très élevé. Lord G…… en a plusieurs qui ont coûté plus de cinq cents francs.

Description

DES TROIS PLANCHES QUI ACCOMPAGNENT

NOTRE NUMÉRO DE CE JOUR.

TOILETTE NÉGLIGÉE DU MATIN.

N° 17. — Bonnet et canneau en tulle brodé, robe unie.

COSTUME DE VISITES.

N° 18. — Chapeau en paille de riz orné d’une voilette. — Chapeau avec bordure en paille, robe et mantelet de mouseline brodée.
MADAME DE MAINTENON.

Françoise d’Aubigné, d’abord dame Scarron, ensuite marquise de Maintenon, naquit le 8 septembre 1635. A l’âge de 16 ans, elle épousa Scarron. Veuve, elle sollicita long-temps et vainement auprès de Louis XIV une pension dont avait joui son époux. Mme de Montespan la lui fit obtenir et la charge de l’éducation de ses enfants. C’étaient aussi les enfants de Louis XIV, et le prince, qui d’abord avait eu de l’antipathie pour la veuve Scarron, conçut bientôt d’autres sentiments. À de l’éloquence elle joignait de beaux yeux; Mme de Maintenon a toujours eu du feu dans les yeux, mais elle avait la bouche pincée et enfait ses narines, ce qui lui donnait un air méchant.

(Fragment de Lettres originales.)

Admirez peu à peu dans l’intime confiance du Roi, Mme de Maintenon suit la culture, et si bien que peu à peu elle se rendit nécessaire.

(Mémoires de Saint-Simon.)

Par le conseil du père Lachaise, Louis XIV épousa Mme de Maintenon secrètement vers la fin de 1685. Il était alors dans sa quarante-huitième année, et la personne qu’il épousa dans sa cinquantième. En 1686, Louis XIV fonda, à la prière de Mme de Maintenon, dans l’abbaye de St-Cyr, une communauté pour élever et instruire trois cents jeunes demoiselles. Après la mort du prince, Mme de Maintenon se retira dans cette communauté, et y mourut en 1719, âgée de quatre-vingt-quatre ans.

DEUX EXISTENCES EN PRISON.

Trois heures sonnaient à l’horloge du Palais-de-Justice. Un pauvre condamné à mort attendait à la Conciergerie l’instant fatal qui devait le retrancher du nombre des vivants. A cette heure suprême, où l’existence devait lui échapper comme un jouet trop lourd à la main débile d’un enfant, il se prit à serrer sur l’abandon auquel il était alors réduit. Cependant un joli papillon aux ailes diaprées, sans doute échappé des parterres du Luxembourg, pénétra dans la prison.

La vue de ce brillant insecte réveilla dans son cœur les idées si fraîches de campagne et de liberté. Il répandit quelques larmes et s’écria: Que viens-tu faire ici?... Qui t’amène vers le pauvre prisonnier?... Emblème de l’âme qui se dirige vers les cieux, viens-tu me donner l’enseignement que mon âme doit se préparer à quitter ce corps périssable; ou peut-être égaré dans ta course, quelques tyrans de l’air t’ont-ils poursuivi jusqu’à cet asile de la douleur! Hâte-toi de quitter cette retraite funèbre où l’ennui et le défaire t’attiraient mourir. Je te remercie de ta visite à l’infortune; mais l’humidité d’un cachot ne peut convenir à qui ne vit que de fleurs et de liberté. Pars, mon ami; voie aux lieux qui t’ont vu naître, aux lieux que je ne reverrai plus!...

Le papillon voltigeait toujours et réjouissait le cœur flétri du pauvre condamné.

— Non, je ne reverrai plus cette verte campagne, témoin de mon amour et de mon crime!... Jenny!... Jenny!... Quel poids sur ma poitrine! Ton nom est un remords pour moi. Je t’aimais plus que ma vie, et je t’ai arraché la tienne! La jalouseie fascina mes yeux. Ce monstre, plus insatiable que l’arvice, car celui-ci ne veut que de l’or, et l’autre réclame du sang; la jalouseie, dis-je, guida mon bras sur le sein que je devais adorer à deux genoux!...

Le papillon volait toujours, aussi agréable à la vue du prisonnier que la colombe qui apparut à Noé au sortir de l’arche.

— Mes juges furent inflexibles; ils ne firent pas la part de ma passion fougueuse et désordonnée; le crime était trop évi-
dent, trop palpable. Leur cœur d'homme resta froid comme le glaive et positif comme le code. Ils prononcèrent ce mot échappé du néant : Mort ! ! !

Le papillon, en voulant traverser les barreaux étroits de la prison pour se jeter dans les champs de l'air, se trouva pris dans les réseaux pressés d'une hideuse araignée qui guettait une proie.

Des pas bientôt se firent entendre dans le corridor qui voisinait la prison : c'était l'exécuteur !... Il mit la main sur sa prochaine victime. Le prisonnier leva les yeux vers le papillon et le vit aux prises avec l'araignée ; il soupira et partit.

A quatre heures il y avait un homme et un papillon de moins sur la terre !

J. CABASSOL.

LES VOLEURS GASTRONOMES.

Naguère une maison de roulage d'Angoulême s'aperçut que beaucoup d'objets expédiés par elle n'arrivaient pas à destination ; inquiète, elle voulut savoir la cause de ces accidents, et après quelques recherches, elle apprit que ces marchandises lui étaient volées en route. Les pertes étaient déjà considérables, et il importait de découvrir au plus vite les voleurs. Le chef de cette maison, sur quelques renseignements, se mit en route, et arriva un soir sur le lieu désigné, distant d'Angoulême d'une poste seulement.

Sur sa demande, l'autorité l'introduisit dans une maison située sur le bord de la route de Paris à Bordeaux, où se passait le plus singulier spectacle ; on y était en fête continue ; les convives n'étaient point du plus haut étage, c'étaient de pauvres diables dans l'ivresse d'une aisance et d'un bien-être inaccoutumés, dont le vêtement grossier contrastait grotesquement avec de magnifique linge de table, avec de la vaisselle en porcelaine dorée ; on y portait des restes de bœuf, et on s'y moucrait dans la batiste.

La ménagère de cette joyeuse réunion était coiffée d'un beau foulard des Indes, le cachemire du Thibet flottait sur ses épaules, ses gros pieds pouvaient à peine contenir dans une jolie et élégante pantoufle. Une table bien servie rassemblait tous les convives, on y buvait à profusion d'uns vins étrangers, le Champagne surtout ; à l'extrémité de la table était, en ce moment, un énorme chaudron rempli d'eau-de-vie allumée, dans laquelle un des assistants jetait un pain de sucre entier ; la flamme bleutée de ce punch monstrueux donnait aux convives, déjà bien repus, un air de gaiété, que la figure du magistrat du chef de la maison du roulage vint changer tout à coup en inquiétude ; les chants cessèrent à leur arrivée, l'embarras se peignit sur toutes ces faces énuméries, et cette gaité bachique s'évanouit avec la flamme du punch, que le vent de la porte entrouverte venait d'éteindre.

Ce fut bien autre chose quand il fallut justifier cette orgie, si étrange dans une habitation pauvre, et indiquer la source d'où sortaient tant de mets et de boissons recherchés, tant d'étoffes somptueuses marquées à tant de guenilles, enfin cette opulence mêlée à cette misère, chacun sentit sa langue embarrassée, nul ne put donner une explication raisonnable, car on ne s'était pas concerté ; le vol était si évident que le magistrat n'eut plus qu'à faire prendre par la force armée, qu'il avait en soin d'amener, cette bande de joyeux voleurs, qui firent le lendemain leur entrée dans Angoulême, montés sur une charrette, au nombre de neuf. Ainsi finirent le bonheur de ces voleurs épicuriens, et les pertes de la maison du roulage, qu'on n'estimait pas moins de trente mille francs.
A Mme de Monf.....

Je l'avais bien prévu, ma bonne Anna, votre mari me trouve folle, inconsiderée, parisienne enfin; car chez les maris de la province, ce mot renferme à lui seul autant de défauts que la fatale boîte de Pandore. Et pourquoi parce que nous autres ne voulons pas, à votre exemple, nous tourner la tête de détails de commerce, nous inquiéter du cours des effets publilés; de l'arrivée et du départ des bâtiments, de la politique même; car à mon dernier voyage à Bordeaux, vous voulez à tout force vous mêler du ballotage des députés. Vous, ma bonne Anna, vous pourriez, je crois, en l'absence de votre mari, diriger sa maison de banque: nous autres, bornons nos conquêtes à l'esprit, au cœur et à la caisse de nos maris; leur esprit, quand ils en ont, leur cœur, quand nous y atta-
aussi quelques équipages se croiser dans les beaux quartiers de Paris, mais pas de toilettes nouvelles encore ; on espère un retour de beau temps. Dans ce moment, comme chaque année, les femmes les plus riches portent des robes d’indienne, en toile de matin ; c’est une transaction entre le jaconas et la douillette. Je serais bien embarrasée de t’indiquer les dessins qui m’ont paru les plus jolis, car à bien prendre, les fabricants se sont attachés cette fois à réunir les couleurs les plus bizarres en dessins plus bizarres encore. Néanmoins, sous cet imbroglio de palmes jetées les unes sur les autres, on aperçoit des carreaux comme sur les mousselines de la saison passée. Les plus belles indiennes sont croisées ou imitent une étoffe de laine.

Pour robe d’automne, une jolie étoffe en lévantine rayée de couleur ; le gros-vert et le bleu Haïti paraissent devoir être encore en faveur cet hiver, ainsi que le marron foncé ; une lévantine de cette nuance, rayée de vert émeraude, est d’un effet charmant.

Rien de nouveau quant à la forme des robes négligées : toujours d’immenses pélerines descendant très bas sur les hanches, formant le cœur par devant, s’arrêtant dans la ceinture et laissant voir la taille par derrière.

Maintenant que le châte n’est pas encore une nécessité, on porte beaucoup d’étoles sur les robes de soie ; les plus jolies sont en satin glacé, orné de gros papillons de nuances vives et variées. Pour le spectacle et les soirées, il y aura cette année un grand luxe de rubans. Les petites maîtresses ont abandonné pour leur négligé ces petits bonnets de lingères à rubans, qui imitaient maladroiment les bonnets habillés des modistes, qui servent de toilette aux grisettes. Aujourd’hui une femme élégante n’admet le ruban que dans ses bonnets de blondes ; les bonnets de lingères sont entièrement en mousseline ou organdi. Le bonnet négligé le plus coquet pour une jolie femme est à trois bouillons inégaux en organdi ou mousseline de l’Inde, formé tout-à-fait à la juive ; les barbes du bonnet sont également en organdi ; ce bonnet est simple et sans broderie. Les pantoufles d’une femme sont aujourd’hui en velours doublé de satin blanc.

En venant des Tuileries, j’ai fait arrêter ma voiture rue Neuve-St-Augustin, chez Beaudran, et rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, chez Hoequet ; dans ces deux maisons, dont le genre est également simple, et dont les formes avaient beaucoup de similitude cet été, j’ai remarqué que les calottes des chapeaux sont un peu plus hautes que celles de ceux que nous allons quitter ; que les passes sont grandes. J’ai remarqué de jolies fleurs de velours, quelques nuances foncées, mais des bleus et des roses toujours excessivement tendres.

Les bouquets de petites plumes orneront les capotes demi-toilette ; deux ou trois plumes seront posées sur les chapeaux habillés.

Les turbans auront probablement une vogue égale à celle de l’hiver dernier : les riches bonnets se seront à barbes de blonde.

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**Description**

**DES TROIS PLANCHES QUI ACCOMPAGNENT NOTRE NUMÉRO DE CE JOUR.**


LA DUCHESSÉ DU MAINE.

Anne-Louise-Bénédicte de Bourbon, petite-Fille du grand Condé, naquit le 8 novembre 1676, et fut mariée le 19 mars 1692 à Louis-Auguste de Bourbon, duc du Maine, fils légitime de Louis xiv et de Mme de Montespan. Après la mort du roi, l’édit de 1711, et la déclaration de 1714, en faveur du duc du Maine et du comte de Toulouse, son frère, ayant été annulés par le conseil de régence, la duchesse conspira, fut arrêtée, et ne recouvra sa liberté qu’au bout de quinze mois. « Personne, dit Mme de Staël, n’a jamais parlé avec plus de justesse, de netteté et de rapidité, ni d’une manière plus noble et plus naturelle. Son esprit frappé vivement des objets, les rendait comme la glace d’un miroir, qui les réfléchit, sans ajouter, sans orner, sans rien changer. »

Parmi les hommes d’esprit qui composèrent à Sceaux sa petite cour, on distinguait Saint-Aulaire, Fontenelle et La Motte.

Cette princesse mourut en 1753, âgée de soixante-dix-sept ans.

FLEURS D’AOUT ET DE SEPTEMBRE.

On peut remarquer que les fleurs qui sont l’ornement des jardins en août et septembre, sont sans parfum et dépourvues de senteur. La famille rayonnante des Reines-Marguerite y a, la première, étalé ses nuances si variées : rose tendre, rose vif, violet clair, violet foncé, bleu mourant, bleu ciel, gris de perle, nuances d’un attrait enchanté.

Cette jolie plante, qui domine sur nos modestes Marguerites, sans les faire oublier, est originaire de la Chine. Une autre fleur, plus riche et plus brillante que l’or, les Tagêtes, que l’on connaît sous le nom, l’une de Rose et l’autre d’Œillet de l’Inde, possèdent une odeur désagréable.

Nous voyons la Belsamine, qui fait naître aussi l’idée des pâquerettes de l’Inde, se développer sur une tige épaisse et transparente, comme de petits arbres chargés de fleurs blanches, rouges, couleur de chair, purpurnes, mi-partie blanches, roses, veinées ou marbrées. On la nomme Impatiente, parce que ses cosses élastiques, au moment de la maturité, s’ouvrent au moindre choc et lancent les graines qu’elles renfermaient.

Dans cette saison encore, sur une tige plus élevée, avec un feuillage rougeâtre, l’Amarante laisse pendre ses longues grappes cramoisies. Ces fleurs en queue sont des épis de fleurlettes rapprochées l’une de l’autre, et offrant à l’œil un tissu qui ressemble au velours. Son nom signifie une fleur qui ne se flétrit pas, par l’illusion de sa floraison singulière unie à une couleur foncée. Elle nous est venue du Pérou.

Un an avant de déposer sa couronne, Christine de Suède fit de cette fleur un ordre qu’elle distribua dans un bal aux dames et aux seigneurs de sa cour.

L’Amarante en émail, suspendue au ruban, avait pour devise : « doux souvenir, qui ne doit pas mourir. »

A une époque de notre littérature, où l’imagination ne s’inspirant plus à nos sources bocagères, et laissant tomber à ses pieds les fleurs riantes de nos champs, donnait la préférence aux fleurs rares et lointaines; cette plante, avec son nom savant, fut aussi adoptée dans les vers, comme emblème; et, un poète célèbre, prédisant l’immortalité au bon Henri IV, « couronnait sa gloire d’Amarante. »

Enfin, on voit à présent les Dahlias élever dans nos parterres leurs roses pom-
peuses, jaunes dorées, orangées, pourpre clair, pourpre brun, lilas, blanc pluches-
se. Ils y prennent la place des magnifi-
quées Roses. Premières, ces belles roses d'outre-mer, que les Croisés nous avaient apportées de la Palestine, et qui passaient la vraie rose en éclat, non en beauté. Cette rose, large et grandiose, riche aussi de couleurs et de nuances, est négligée aujourd'hui pour les familles de Dalhias, nouveaux-venus d'un autre con-
tinent.

Roses premières, Oeilllets d'Inde, Dal-
hias, Reines-Marguerite, Asters américi-
cains aux yeux bleus-mourans, touffes de
Verges d'or apportées des Savannes, fleurs éblouissantes de coloris et de formes élé-
gantes, mais toutes sans odeurs. L'im-
pression des douces haleines du printemps est effacée ; le souffle embaumé de l'été semble épuisé : C'est à présent un épa-
nouissement calme et splendide, en har-
monie avec la saison qui, aux fleurs, fait succéder les fruits.

Florent Richomme.

A UNE JEUNE DAME
ASSISE PARMI DES RUINES.

Lorsque j'ainsi la beauté repose
Sur les dépbris d'un antique château,
Il me semble voir une rose,
Au matin éclose,
Égayant doucement les ombrés du tombeau : Touchante et suave harmonie,
Dont la voix monte à l'âme exempte de remord,
Et qui révele aux yeux une nouvelle vie,
S'éveillant au sein de la mort.

Bonvalot.

LOGOGRIPHE.

Ah ! si je vous contais les maux que je produis !
Les enfants appauvris, les mères désolées,
Et sous les ondes troublées
Les pères se jetant dans la terreuse des nuits,

Pour expier leur faute irreparable ;
L'homme d'honneur parfois mourant comme un
[oublable ;
Celui qui vingt-cinq ans demeura vertus,
Qui vingt ans fut irreproachable,
Devient un faussaire odieux !
Dans les excés les plus affreux,
Du jour au lendemain soudain se precipite ;
Les fortunes qu'un siècle amassa jour par jour,
Du sort subissent le retour,
Et, lentes à venir, disparoissent bien vite.
Je mène les esprits au gré de mon pouvoir ;
Je règne surtout par l'espoir ;
Je perds par l'attrait de l'exemple ;
Mon nom est terrible et fatal ;
Je suis le sombre dieu du mal,
Et pourtant les Français m'élèveront un temple ;
Qui que tu sois, mortel, si ton cœur generieux
Aime d'un vif amour tes enfants et ta femme,
Si de les voir souffrir est pour toi douloureux,
Oh ! détourne tes pas de ce repaire infame ;

Avec courage et probité,
Par le sentier de la classe commune,
Fais lentement une fortune,
Que tu pourras léguer à ta postérité.
Tu me crois, n'est-ce pas, ton cœur restera ferme;
C'est fort bien. Maintenant nous pouvons de sang,
Sans terreur et sans effroi,
[frôlant,
Rechercher ce que je renferme.

Je devoile d'abord ce que cache toujours
La femme dévouée au culte des amours ;
Certain fleuve fameux du pays des oranges ;
L'ornement des Romains ; ces parures étranges
Que portent par nature ou par goût du bon ton
Les belles de Paris ainsi que le mouton ;
Ce qui soutient le lys, la rose, l'anémone,
Et ce qui donne aux rois les plus beaux droits au
[trône ;

Ce que fait Régulins près des Carthaginois ;
Ce qui reste au prêtre rassuré sur ses droits ;
Un animal criard que pour bête on renonce,
Et qui, mieux que les chiens, jadis a sauvé Rome ;
Ce que doit le chrétien au pauvre voyageur ;
Cet ulcère cruel, indomptable, rongeur,
Qui dévore la France, effroyable systéme
Qui créa mon entier, si ce n'est pas lui-même.
